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LIFE,

LETTERS, AND JOURNALS

OF

GEORGE TICKNOR.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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THE preparation of this Memoir was originally undertaken by me, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Ticknor's family. This selection was determined mainly by my long intimacy with him. Mr. Ticknor survived most of his contemporaries, and at his death there was no one, of those who had known him in early youth, who was both willing and able to write a biography of their friend. My task was to be principally that of selection from a very rich mass of journals and correspondence. When, however, the first ten chapters only had been completed, I was suddenly seized by illness, which withdrew me from all literary labour. After an interval of some months the work was necessarily assumed by others. Since it approached its conclusion, my health having much improved, the manuscript has been submitted to me, and I have been able to give it a faithful perusal and cordial acceptance.

The ten chapters prepared by me were stereotyped before my illness, and the early direction thus given to the first portion of the book determined some points of its entire character. Its form and appearance were necessarily then settled, and the proportions to be assumed by the other parts were in great measure fixed. The next six or eight chapters were only partially sketched. The transition may be felt, and needs to be thus explained.

When the work was resumed, it was undertaken by Mrs. Ticknor and her eldest daughter, who, thenceforward, devoted themselves conscientiously to the task.

Some readers may think that a memoir largely prepared by the immediate relatives of its subject, though it has the advantage of their complete familiarity with the mental and moral traits of the person portrayed, is apt to be coloured by their affection and sym-
pathy, even at the partial sacrifice of truth. It is indeed difficult for those who saw him from so near a point to write with judicial coldness and fairness of one who was loved and honoured in life. As in life we accept the fact that in each of us there are weaknesses to be pardoned, and not to be dragged into light, so in reading of one gifted and useful to his generation, we do not need to be told that he was human.

But forewarned is forearmed. The compilers of this work have striven to make it a truthful sketch, and to paint Mr. Ticknor as he was. As the Memoir consists mainly of his writings, their responsibility has been chiefly that of selection. I think it will be admitted by Mr. Ticknor's surviving friends, that the picture herein given of him is faithful in outline, and not too warmly coloured.

Kind friends have furnished letters and information, and thanks are due to many for help of different kinds. Some of these are already gone beyond the reach or need of human gratitude, and those who remain are conscious of a heavy loss in the deprivation of their sympathy, and of the interest they would have felt in this memorial of their friend.

One controlling purpose prevailed in Mr. Ticknor's life, that of acquiring knowledge and the power of using it for the benefit of others, and it is hoped that this will be found distinctly developed in these pages, amid all the varying experiences described in their contents. At the University of Göttingen, in the brilliant society which was opened to him in Europe, and in his library or his lecture-room at home, he was constantly seeking knowledge as a means of usefulness; his was the spirit of Chaucer's Oxford scholar,—

"Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Boston, December, 1875.
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GEOGE TICKNOR, son of Elisha and Elizabeth (Billings) Ticknor, was born in Boston, on the first day of August, 1791.

The circumstances of his birth were all favourable for happiness, and for moral and intellectual growth. His parents were of the true New England character,—firm in principle, amiable and affectionate, well instructed, and with a thorough value for all culture. In external condition they were neither rich nor poor, and his early life, therefore, was not pampered by luxury nor chilled by poverty. They lived in a free and active community, surrounded by intelligent friends, whose position and tastes were like their own, and with whom social intercourse was a benefit as well as a pleasure.

To have been born of such a father as his was especially a cause of daily and life-long gratitude. Elisha Ticknor was a man of great purity of character, considerable cultivation, an affectionate nature, and amiable manners, who through life enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and respect of the community in which he lived. Never were the duties of a father more faithfully and tenderly discharged than by him, and never was a father's memory cherished with more reverence, affection, and gratitude than was his by his son. Born at Lebanon, Conn., March 25, 1757, he was educated at Dartmouth College, where he took his degree in 1783. For the next two years he was the head of Moore's Charity School, so called, a preparatory academy connected with Dartmouth College. He then taught a school for about a year in Pittsfield, Mass.; and afterwards, in Boston, became principal of the Franklin public school. But his health declining under his labours, in 1795 he went into business as a grocer in Boston, in which he continued till 1812, when, not liking the occupation, and having acquired a property sufficient for his moderate wants and simple tastes, he retired from business, and lived a happy, useful, and active life, much occupied in measures of public good, until his death, which took place...
June 26, 1821, at Hanover, N. H., where he was on a visit to some friends.

While he was master of the Franklin School, he made a modest contribution to the literature of his time in the shape of a small grammar of the English tongue, called "English Exercises," which went through several editions, and was much used in the schools of Boston and other places, till superseded by the work of Lindley Murray.

During his life of active business, Mr. Elisha Ticknor had much to do with the establishment of the Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was one of the originators of the excellent system of primary schools in Boston, by which the blessings of education were extended to children of tender years, so that they could be prepared, without charge to their parents, for the grammar schools.  

He was, in conjunction with his friend, James Savage, a principal founder of the earliest Savings-bank in Boston,—the first in New England, and the parent of numerous similar institutions, which have done more than any other single agency to teach habits of economy and thrift, and thus lessen the burden of poverty.

Mr. Elisha Ticknor's appearance was striking and attractive. Tall and slim, his movements were dignified and easy. His features were strong and his expression grave, but a gentle blue eye and a bright smile prevented any shade of sternness. High principles carried into every movement of his life, thorough cultivation within moderate limits, strong practical sense, with energy to apply it for the benefit of others,—these admirable qualities were brightened and enriched by warm affections which never failed those who had the claims of kindred or had earned his regard by worth.  

1 By the city regulations, no children could be admitted to the grammar schools under seven years, and those only could be admitted who could read. This excluded all who were too poor to pay for instruction, or whose parents were too ignorant to teach,—precisely the class to whom free schools are most important. In 1805, Mr. Ticknor, feeling deep interest in these neglected children, made efforts to draw attention to the subject; but it was not till 1818 that the selectmen could be induced to appropriate sufficient funds for these elementary schools. In that year four thousand dollars were voted for the experiment. There are at present (1873) three hundred and twenty-seven primary schools in Boston.

In the Connecticut "Common School Journal" for 1841, the establishment of these primary schools in 1818 is spoken of as "the most important step in the improvement of the public-school system in Boston."

2 A small trait illustrative of his character is worthy of being preserved. When in failing health, he was advised by his physician to take brandy once a
Mr. Ticknor's mother was born in Sharon, Mass., and belonged to a family, composed mostly of farmers, which was scattered over the county of Norfolk, in considerable numbers, in the seventeenth century. At the age of sixteen she was employed as a teacher in one of the town schools of Sharon, and afterwards found similar occupation in the adjoining town of Wrentham. Being attractive in person, and more cultivated than most of her contemporaries, she early won the heart of Mr. Benjamin Curtis, of Roxbury, nephew of the Rev. Philip Curtis, long the clergyman of Sharon, who died in 1797. Young Curtis was graduated at Harvard College in 1771, when he was nineteen years old. They were married, when quite young, by the bridegroom's uncle. Meanwhile Mr. Curtis pursued his education in medicine, and served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary army.  

At the end of the war he established himself as a physician in the south part of Boston, and with fair promise of success; but in 1784, when thirty-two years old, he died of an acute fever, leaving his widow with four children, the oldest of whom was only six years old, and without property, except a very good house in Essex, then Auchmuty, Street.

Mrs. Curtis, resuming her former occupation, opened in her own house a school for girls, which she found no difficulty in filling. She went on with her work for several years, having among her pupils the daughters of some of the best families in town. She always said that she liked the occupation, and certainly continued it, when it was no longer necessary, after her marriage with Mr. Ticknor, which took place May 1, 1790.

The children by her first marriage were Eliza, who married William H. Woodward, a respectable lawyer in Hanover, N. H., day. He had never used it, and so strong was his dread of its power, and so thorough his resolution to resist it, that he every day walked from his store near the Old South Church to his house in Essex Street at the hour prescribed, drank the stimulant there, and returned to the store, fearing that a dangerous habit might be formed if he permitted himself to take the brandy at the latter place, where it was always at hand.

He was one of the first importers of Merino sheep into this country, and a large flock kept near Hanover, N. H., received his constant care, and at one time became valuable and remunerative. His frequent fatiguing journeys to Hanover were chiefly for this business. The flock was not sold till several years after his death.

3 We have heard Mr. Ticknor mention a somewhat romantic incident connected with the first marriage of his mother. The ceremony took place privately, when young Curtis was about to join the army, and for some time, while the secret was kept, his letters to her bore the appearance of a lover's letters, but between the lines, in sympathetic ink, were written the husband's words for her eye only.
and the defendant in the memorable case of Dartmouth College vs. Woodward; Benjamin, a captain of a merchant ship lost at sea, who was the father of the two eminent members of the bar, Benjamin Robbins Curtis and George Ticknor Curtis; Harriet, who died at the age of twenty-two; and Augustus, who was lost at sea, on a northern voyage, at the age of eighteen.

Mr. Ticknor was the only child of the second marriage.

William Ticknor, father of Elisha, was a farmer, residing in Lebanon, N. H. He lived to a great age, dying in 1822, the year after his son.

We give here some recollections of him, and of his own early life, dictated by Mr. Ticknor in the leisure of his last peaceful years.

My grandfather's farm was at Lebanon, on Connecticut River. Dartmouth College, in Hanover, N. H., where my father was educated, was only a few miles off, and he liked to visit both. My mother went with him, and so did I, beginning in 1802. But it was a very different thing to travel then, and in the interior of New England, from what it is now. The distance was hardly one hundred and twenty miles, but it was a hard week's work, with a carriage and a pair of horses,—the carriage being what used to be called a coach. One day, I recollect, we made with difficulty thirteen miles, and the road was so rough and dangerous that my mother was put on horseback, and two men were hired to go on foot, with ropes to steady the carriage over the most difficult places. But we got through at last, and I enjoyed it very much, for it was all new, and full of strange adventure. I was eleven when I took this, my first journey.

At Dartmouth College (or rather Hanover), we stayed at President Wheelock's. His wife was a daughter of a Dutch gentleman, governor of the island of St. Thomas, and connected with the Boudinot family, of New Jersey. Some of the furniture of her house, which I suppose she brought with her, made a curious contrast with the life about her. I remember that the sheets on my bed were of delicate linen, and that the pillow-cases were trimmed with lace. There were no carpets on the floors, and the cookery was detestable. I remember how I hated to sit down to dinner.

Dr. Wheelock was stiff and stately. He read constantly, sat up late, and got up early. He talked very gravely and slow, with a falsetto voice. Mr. Webster could imitate him perfectly. He had been in England, he had had a finger in politics, and had been a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Revolution; but there was not the least trace of either of these portions of his life, in his manners or conversation, at this time. He was one of the most formal men I ever knew. I saw a great deal of him, from 1802 to 1816, in his own house and my father's, but never felt the smallest degree of familiarity with him, nor
do I believe that any of the students or young men did. They were generally very awkward, unused to the ways of the world. Many of them, when they went to the President on their little affairs, did not know when the time had come for them to get up and leave him: he, on the other hand, was very covetous of his time, and when the business was settled, and he had waited a little while, he would say, "Will you sit longer, sir, or will you go now?" It was a recognized formula, and no young man—that I ever heard of—ever sat longer after hearing it.

There was a political quarrel about the affairs of the college which changed its constitution in 1819. President Wheelock died in 1817.

My father took little interest in the college after this. He still, however, continued to go every summer to see his father at Lebanon.

It was at Hanover, at the house of an old and valued friend, that he died of sudden paralysis, in the summer of 1821. My grandfather died the next year, very soon after I had visited him. The old gentleman was a good farmer, gentle and winning in his ways, and much liked by his neighbours. He had enough to live upon, but nothing more. In my boyhood, I took great delight in all the farming operations, in which I was allowed to take such share as was suited to my age and strength. I remember I was very fond of a frock of checked stuff my mother made for me to work in, which I very soon spoiled. But I never knew anything of farming. There was one farm of a hundred acres, and another of forty. The house was of moderate size, with two large barns; but there was nothing pretty or attractive in the appearance of the place. We often stayed there a month, sometimes longer.

One summer, when I was about thirteen, before I went to college, my grandfather, my father, and I went to Bath and Littleton, to see some relatives,—my father and I in a chaise, my grandfather on a famous mare that he was very proud of. Sometimes he exchanged with my father. I went to my grandfather’s occasionally while I was in college, but not to stay. He came to the Commencement, when I took my degree, in 1807, and was then quite an old man.

My father, who was a good scholar for his time, fitted me for college. I never went to a regular school. He was much connected with Dartmouth College, where he was educated, and where, after he was graduated, he was the head of Moore’s Charity School, then, and still, connected with that institution. In consequence of this circumstance, President Wheelock, Professor Woodward, and other persons connected with it, in later years, made my father’s house their home when they came to Boston, in the long winter vacations. They took much notice of me, and, at the suggestion of President Wheelock, he examined me for college, and gave me a certificate of admission, before I was ten years old. I only remember that he examined me in Cicero’s Orations and the Greek Testament.

Of course, I knew very little, and the whole thing was a form, perhaps a farce. There was no thought of my going to college then, and I did not go till I was fourteen; but I was twice examined at the college (where I went with my father and mother every summer) for
advanced standing, and was finally admitted as a Junior, and went to reside there from Commencement, August, 1805. Meantime, I continued to study with my father at home. In 1803 I was put to learn French with Mr. Francis Sales, with whom I made very good progress, though his pronunciation was bad, as he came from the South of France, and both he and I had to correct it later. I also learnt a little Spanish with him,—but very little; though he knew it tolerably well, having lived some time in Spain with an uncle, who, like himself, was a refugee in the time of the Revolution.

About the same time, Mr. Ezekiel Webster, an elder brother of Daniel, a graduate of Dartmouth College, kept a school in Short Street, near my father's house, which was in Essex Street; and my father, thinking Mr. Webster might know more Greek than he did, sent me to him at private hours, to read Homer's Iliad. It was a mistake. I very soon found out that Mr. Webster knew less Greek than my father, and could teach me nothing. But I did not tell of this. I read about half the Iliad with him, much amused by the original, and more with Pope, of which I read the whole.

At Hanover, from 1805 to 1807, I was in Dartmouth College. One main reason for my going there was that my half-sister, Miss Curtis, was married to an extremely respectable lawyer of that place, Mr. William Woodward, and I lived in her family. I had a good room, and led a very pleasant life, with good and respectable people, all more or less connected with the college; but I learnt very little. The instructors generally were not as good teachers as my father had been, and I knew it; so I took no great interest in study. I remember liking to read Horace, and I enjoyed calculating the great eclipse of 1806, and making a projection of it, which turned out nearly right. This, however, with a tolerably good knowledge of the higher algebra, was all I ever acquired in mathematics, and it was soon forgotten.

I was idle in college, and learnt little; but I led a happy life, and ran into no wildness or excesses. Indeed, in that village life, there was small opportunity for such things, and those with whom I lived and associated, both in college and in the society of the place, were excellent people.

Of my classmates, Joseph Bell afterwards became an eminent lawyer; Hunt, the father of the artist and the architect, was a member of Congress; Newcombe distinguished himself in the navy. But the two whom I knew the most were Holbrook—a gentle, careful, but not very successful scholar, who died at the South, where he was a schoolmaster—and Thayer, Sylvanus Thayer, who was the first scholar in the class, and with whom my intimacy, for sixty years, has never been at any time impaired. He made West Point what it has been to the military character of the country, and is still alive (1869) at a great age,—a man of very great ability, of the highest distinction in his profession, and of the purest and truest honour and virtue.

Soon after I left college,—in 1807,—my father, who had a great regard for classical learning, and knew that I had acquired very little

* General Thayer died September 7, 1872.
of it, proposed to me to study with the Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner, Rector of Trinity Church, who was in the habit of preparing a few pupils for Harvard College, and instructing others who had left college. Dr. Gardiner was a very good scholar, bred in England under Dr. Parr, and his teaching was undoubtedly better of the sort than any to be had elsewhere in New England. He received his pupils in his library, in his slippers and dressing-gown. I went to him after the other scholars had left him, from twelve to one o'clock, but sometimes a little earlier, in order to hear some of the recitations. He was a strict and accurate teacher, stern and severe to the inattentive and stupid, but kindly and helpful to willing workers.

I prepared at home what he prescribed, and the rest of the time occupied myself according to my tastes. I read with him parts of Livy, the Annals of Tacitus, the whole of Juvenal and Persius, the Satires of Horace, and portions of other Latin Classics which I do not remember. I wrote Latin prose and verse. In Greek, I read some books of the Odyssey, I don't remember how many; the Alcestis, and two or three other plays of Euripides; the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus; portions of Herodotus, and parts of Thucydides,—of which last I only remember how I was tormented by the account of the Plague at Athens. This was the work of between two and three years.

Dr. Gardiner's manners were kind and conciliating to me, and he always received me good-naturedly. He was fond of having a small circle at supper, and often invited me,—an attention which he showed to no other of his pupils, most of them being too young. I was then seventeen. I met, at these pleasant suppers, Mr. William S. Shaw, the founder of the Athenæum; Mr. William Wells, a pretty good classical scholar, bred in England, from 1798 to 1800 a tutor in Harvard College; the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, the most brilliant and cultivated preacher of the time; James Ogilvie, a Scotchman, who gave very striking lectures in Boston, on various subjects, and made very effective recitations from Scott, Campbell, and Moore, some of which he sometimes repeated to us after supper; and Mr. James Savage, already one of my friends, and my father's.

Other persons were there, and sometimes ladies, amongst whom was Miss Lucy Buckminster, sister of the clergyman, one of the most charming persons in society.

These little symposia were always agreeable, perfectly simple and easy, full of fun and wit, and always rich in literary culture. It was my first introduction to such society.

I attended Dr. Gardiner for nearly three years, and acquired a love for ancient learning which I have never lost. At the end of that time, that is, in the autumn of 1810, I entered the law-office of William Sullivan, Esq., son of Governor James Sullivan, and one of the most popular lawyers in Massachusetts. I read law with some diligence, but not with interest enough to attach me to the profession. I continued to read Greek and Latin, and preferred my old studies to any other. The only law-books which I remember reading with much interest were Plowden's Reports, Blackstone's Commentaries,
Saunders’s Reports, in Williams’s edition, and Coke in black letter, which I think I never mastered.

In 1813 I was admitted to the bar, at the same time with my friend, Edward T. Channing; who knew, I think, just about as much law as I did, and who afterwards deserted it for letters, and became a professor, as I did, in Harvard College.

Mr. Buckminster, whose acquaintance I had made at Dr. Gardiner’s, I met also at the houses of other friends. I often went to hear him preach, and, a little later (1810), began to visit him on Sunday evenings, when he liked to receive a few friends in his library, and to continue brilliant conversation, over a simple supper below stairs, at nine o’clock, with his sisters, if they were staying with him. There I found, generally, Mr. Samuel Dexter, the eminent lawyer, and Chief Justice Parker, both of them Mr. Buckminster’s parishioners. The conversation was mostly theological and political. Mr. Buckminster was very brilliant and charming, but sometimes uncertain and abrupt. He was very fond of music, and played on a small organ which stood in his study. I grew gradually more familiar with him, and during the last year of his life was with him frequently. I was then a member of the Anthology Club, as he was also.

I was at his church the last time he ever preached. He had for many years been liable to slight attacks of epilepsy, and once or twice they had occurred in the pulpit, but never so seriously as to disturb the service or the congregation. In the afternoon service of this last Sunday he stopped in the midst of his discourse, rolled up his sermon, and stepped down; then instantly came to the desk again, opened his papers, and went on as if nothing had disturbed him. No one moved. I sat with Dr. John C. Warren, Senior, and he whispered to me, “I don’t know but I had better go to him; it has never been so bad before in the pulpit.” But it was not necessary. I did not go to his house that evening.

The next day, or the next but one, he was prostrated by a violent attack of epilepsy. Some one—I forget who—came to tell me of it, and I went immediately to his home. Dr. Oliver Keating, a connexion of the family, was there, and Dr. John Warren. Dr. Keating, after consulting with Miss Lucy Buckminster, asked me if I could stay there, adding that he should be in the house as much as he could. Though formerly a physician, he was then an active merchant.

I was much gratified at being asked, and gladly consented. I left the house very little while he lived, attending to whatever I could do, and occasionally going to the room where lay my unconscious friend. Mrs. Theodore Lyman, also a connexion, was much in the house, supporting the sorrowing sisters; and, with energy and good judgment, moved about like a presiding spirit, with a perfectly sustained and quiet manner.

At the time of his death no one was present but the two Dr. Warrens—father and son—and myself. I had my arm under his head when he passed away, without suffering.  

5 Their home was in Portsmouth, N. H.

6 This was in June, 1812, when Mr. Ticknor was just twenty-one years old.
It was 1813 when I was admitted to the bar, and I immediately opened an office in Court Square, near where Niles’s Block stands now, having for a neighbour in the same building, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had also studied with me, under Mr. Sullivan’s auspices. We neither of us were earnest in the study of our profession, but I did rather more law business than he did, and, at the end of a year, paid the expenses of the office, such as rent, boy, etc.

But I tired of the life, and my father understood it; for I was very frank with him, and told him—what he knew very well—that I was more occupied with Greek and Latin than with law-books, of which he had given me a very good collection.7

In consultation with him, it was settled, that, after he had advised with Dr. Gardiner, Chief Justice Parker, and other friends, I should go to Europe, and study for two or three years. I therefore gave up my office, and turned all my attention and effort to learning what I could of the German language, and German universities, to which my thoughts and wishes had been already turned as the best places for education.

The first intimation I ever had on the subject was from Mme. de Staël’s work on Germany, then just published. My next came from a pamphlet, published by Villers,—to defend the University of Göttingen from the ill intentions of Jérôme Bonaparte, the King of Westphalia,—in which he gave a sketch of the University, and its courses of study. My astonishment at these revelations was increased by an account of its library, given, by an Englishman who had been at Göttingen, to my friend, the Rev. Samuel C. Thacher. I was sure that I should like to study at such a university, but it was in vain that I endeavoured to get further knowledge upon the subject. I would gladly have prepared for it by learning the language I should have to use there, but there was no one in Boston who could teach me.

At Jamaica Plains there was a Dr. Brosius, a native of Strasburg, He had the care of Mr. Buckminster’s papers, after his death. Mr. Samuel Dexter, the distinguished lawyer, Judge Parker, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts,—members of Mr. Buckminster’s congregation,—and Mr. Ticknor, met early every morning, at Mr. Buckminster’s house, and read together, for an hour or more, the sermons, to make a selection for publication. When they left the house, it became their habit, in fine weather, to walk together in the Tremont-Street Mall (the only one at that time), when the talk was animated and interesting. This was a period of excitement about the war with England; town meetings were frequent, and feeling ran high. At one of these meetings Mr. Dexter made a speech of a very different character from his usual tone and from what was expected from him, and it created a great sensation. The following morning the gentlemen met as before; but the work was done more silently than usual, no allusion was made to public affairs, and, when they left the house, Mr. Dexter and Mr. Parker bowed, and turned in opposite directions. Mr. Ticknor locked the door,—and the pleasant walks were given up.

7 This collection, with many well-chosen volumes of classical and general literature, was stored in a house in Roxbury, when Boston was supposed to be in danger from the English in 1812. There were between three and four thousand books, most of which were sold when Mr. Ticknor went to Europe.
who gave instruction in mathematics. He was willing to do what he could for me in German, but he warned me that his pronunciation was very bad, as was that of all Alsace, which had become a part of France. Nor was it possible to get books. I borrowed a Meidinger's Grammar, French and German, from my friend, Mr. Everett, and sent to New Hampshire, where I knew there was a German Dictionary, and procured it. I also obtained a copy of Goethe's "Werther" in German (through Mr. William S. Shaw's connivance) from amongst Mr. J. Q. Adams's books, deposited by him, on going to Europe, in the Athenæum, under Mr. Shaw's care, but without giving him permission to lend them. I got so far as to write a translation of "Werther," but no farther.

I was thus occupied through the summer and autumn of 1814. It was all very agreeable. I enjoyed my pursuits and mode of life very much. I had been much in whatever was most agreeable and intellectual in the society of Boston for four years, and was really familiar with it. A few agreeable young men came every Saturday evening to my study in my father's house, and we occupied ourselves entirely with reading and writing Latin, and repeating passages we had committed to memory, ending the evening with a little supper, which was often a hasty-pudding frolic. When I say that Alexander and Edward Everett, Edward T. Channing, Nathan Hale, William Powell Mason, and Jacob Bigelow constituted this symposium, it is plain that it must have been pleasant and brilliant. The first nucleus of it, for two years, was Hale, Bigelow, Channing, and myself. We kept our records in Latin poetry and prose, but we so abused one another that I afterwards destroyed them.

At this period I very much frequented the families of Mr. Stephen Higginson, Mr. S. G. Perkins, Mr. Richard Sullivan, Mr. William Sullivan, Dr. John C. Warren, Senior, and Mr. William Prescott.

But my first real sight and knowledge of the world was in the winter of 1814—15, when I made a journey to Virginia,—then a serious undertaking,—and for three months was thrown much on my own resources, in the Atlantic cities, as far south as Richmond. I was provided with excellent letters to each city. Among the rest, the elder President Adams gave me several, that introduced me to persons very interesting and important in public affairs.

When I visited him in Quincy, to receive these letters, I had a remarkable interview with him, which at the time disturbed me not a little. I was then twenty-three years old, and, though I had seen him occasionally, there was no real acquaintance between us. It was a time of great general anxiety. The war of 1812 was then going on, and New England was suffering from it severely. The Hartford Convention, about which I had known a good deal, from Mr. William Sullivan and Mr. Harrison G. Otis, was then in session. Mr. Adams was bitterly opposed to it. Mr. George Cabot, who was my acquaintance, and in some degree my friend, was its President.

Soon after I was seated in Mr. Adams's parlour,—where was no one but himself and Mrs. Adams, who was knitting,—he began to talk of the condition of the country, with great earnestness. I said not
a word; Mrs. Adams was equally silent; but Mr. Adams, who was a man of strong and prompt passions, went on more and more vehemently. He was dressed in a single-breasted, dark-green coat, buttoned tightly, by very large, white, metal buttons, over his somewhat rotund person. As he grew more and more excited in his discourse, he impatiently endeavoured to thrust his hand into the breast of his coat. The buttons did not yield readily; at last he forced his hand in, saying, as he did so, in a very loud voice and most excited manner, "Thank God, thank God! George Cabot's close-buttoned ambition has broke out at last: he wants to be President of New England, sir!"

I felt so uncomfortably, that I made my acknowledgments for his kindness in giving me the letters, and escaped as soon as I could.

A few days afterwards (22nd Dec., 1814) I set out on my journey, having the advantage of Mr. Samuel G. Perkins's company as far as Washington. He was one of the prominent merchants in Boston,—a man of no small intellectual culture, and of a very generous and noble nature. He had been a great deal about the world, and understood its ways. His manners were frank, open hearted, and decisive, and, to some persons, brusque. All men respected, many loved him.

Mrs. Perkins was the daughter of Mr. Stephen Higginson, Senior,—an important person at one time in the political affairs of the town of Boston, and the head of the commercial house of which Mr. Perkins was a member. Mrs. Perkins was at one time very beautiful. Talleyrand, when I was in Paris in 1818, spoke to me of her as the most beautiful young person he had ever known, he having seen her when in exile in this country. She was always striking in her person, and very brilliant in conversation. Her house was a most agreeable one, and I had become intimate and familiar there, dining with them generally every week.

The journey to Hartford occupied two days then; and one of those days, there being no one in the coach with us, Mr. Perkins filled wholly with an account of the Revolution in St. Domingo, where he then lived, and from which he barely escaped with his life. I have seldom been so much interested and entertained. We arrived at Hartford on Saturday afternoon. The Convention, as I have said, was in session. The members from Massachusetts—Mr. George Cabot, Mr. William Prescott, Mr. H. G. Otis, Mr. Timothy Bigelow, Mr. Stephen Longfellow, Mr. Wilde, and Mr. Waldo—had taken a house, and lived by themselves. We called on them immediately. Mr. Otis alone was at home, detained, by a committee, from the morning session where the other gentlemen were.

Mr. Otis was an intimate friend of Mr. Perkins, and he invited us both to take two rooms in their house that were unoccupied, an offer that we accepted at once. It was a most agreeable opportunity for seeing some of the most distinguished statesmen of New England.

The next day, Sunday, was Christmas, but in Connecticut they then
paid little attention to that day. We went to church in the morning, but gave the rest of the day and evening to solid conversation, for which there were such rich materials in the circle. In the evening a considerable number of the members of the Convention came to pay their respects to Mr. Cabot (the President), and made a few hours very agreeable and interesting. Among them I recollect the modest and wise Mr. West, of New Hampshire, and the vigorous, decisive Mr. Hillhouse, of Connecticut.

I, of course, learnt nothing of the proceedings of the Convention, which sat with closed doors; but it was impossible to pass two days with such men, and hear their free conversation on public affairs, without feeling an entire confidence in their integrity and faithfulness to duty.

On Monday forenoon we drove to New Haven, where I saw Prof. Kingsley and Prof. Day, but more of Prof. Silliman than of any one else. Prof. Nathan Smith, the eminent anatomist and surgeon, whom I had known at Dartmouth College, Hanover, took Mr. Perkins and myself to one of Prof. Silliman’s Chemical Lectures. He had a large audience,—about one hundred and eighty; and many of them took notes in a way I had never seen done before. He lectured with great spirit, extemporaneously, and with an earnestness I had not witnessed before in such teaching.

We also went about three miles from the town, to see a manufactory of muskets, made by very ingenious machinery, invented by the Whitney who made the fortune of the South, if not his own, through the invention of the cotton-gin,—which, more than any other single circumstance in the history of the South, gave the Slave States their resources for rebellion. I remember still with great interest the conversation we had with Mr. Whitney, and the explanations of his remarkable inventions, which he gave us with great earnestness. He was a man of clear and powerful mind, and a well-made, vigorous frame.

We arrived in New York the 28th. It was a larger city than I had ever seen; it seemed to me very large, though it then contained only a fifth of its present population. We stayed there till after the 1st of January, and witnessed and shared that high holiday of Dutch origin, but at that time of almost universal observance.

The house I most frequented was that of Mr. Robert Lenox, a rich Scotch merchant, intelligent, hearty, and hospitable, with a very agreeable family.

We went to Philadelphia the 2nd, and there Mr. John Vaughan, the Secretary of the Philosophical Society, took charge of me, and made me acquainted with every one whom I could desire to know. I was a great deal at the house of Mr. William Meredith, a lawyer held in much respect; but his wife (of the Morris family in New York) was so uncommon for talent, knowledge, and brilliant conversation, that he was rather overshadowed at home. She educated her large family herself, entirely fitting her sons for college. She was a lady of warm feelings, strong prejudices, and great energy, and much attached to Philadelphia. Her oldest son, Mr. William Meredith, is a leading
lawyer in Philadelphia, and at one time was Secretary of the Treasury, under General Taylor.

I dined with a large party at Mr. Daniel Parish's, and, for the first time in my life, saw a full service of silver plate, for twenty persons, with all the accompaniments of elegance and luxury to correspond, and a well-trained body of servants in full livery.

But—what was of more interest to me—John Randolph was one of the guests. The instant I entered the room my eye fell on his lean and sallow physiognomy. He was sitting; and his head, with long hair, straight like an Indian's, seemed hardly larger than that of a well-grown boy. When I was presented to him, he rose to receive me, and seemed to tower at once a foot and a half above my own height. This arose from the peculiar conformation of his person: the upper part was small, and, until one was near enough to him to see the wrinkles in his face, it seemed boyish; but his extremities were unnaturally protracted, and his hands and feet long and large. He talked but little at table.

I was a good deal at Mr. Hopkinson's, who was distinguished for the union of wit, sense, culture, and attractive manner. He was the son of Francis Hopkinson, of the Revolution, who wrote the Battle of the Kegs, and whose works have been published. Mr. Hopkinson was a prominent lawyer, and, later, was Judge of the United States District Court, for Pennsylvania. His house was one of the most agreeable in Philadelphia, for Mrs. Hopkinson was a lady of much cultivation and knowledge of the world.

At their table I met one day a brilliant party of eleven or twelve gentlemen. Amongst them were Mr. Randolph, the Abbé Correa, Dr. Chapman, and Mr. Parish. It was an elegant dinner, and the conversation was no doubt worthy of such guests; but one incident has overshadowed the rest of the scene. The Abbé Correa—who was one of the most remarkable men of the time, for various learning, acuteness, and wit, and for elegant suave manners—had just returned from a visit to Mr. Jefferson, whom he much liked, and, in giving some account of his journey, which on the whole had been agreeable, he mentioned that he had been surprised at not finding more gentlemen living on their plantations in elegant luxury, as he had expected. It was quietly said, but Randolph could never endure the slightest disparagement of Virginia, if ever so just, and immediately said, with some sharpness, "Perhaps, Mr. Correa, your acquaintance was not so much with that class of persons." Correa, who was as amiable as he was polite, answered very quietly,—"Perhaps not; the next time I will go down upon the Roanoke, and I will visit Mr. Randolph and his friends." Mr. Randolph, who was one of the bitterest of men, was not appeased by this intended compliment, and said, in the sharpest tones of his high-pitched, disagreeable voice, "In my part of the country, gentlemen commonly wait to be invited before

8 The Abbé Correa de Serra, Portuguese Minister to the United States, was member of three classes of the French Institute and founder of the Royal Academy of Lisbon.
they make visits.” Correa’s equanimity was a little disturbed; his face flushed. He looked slowly round the table till every eye was upon him, and then replied, in a quiet, level tone of voice,—“Said I not well of the gentlemen of Virginia?” There was a pause, for everyone felt embarrassed; and then a new subject was started. Many years afterwards Mr. Walsh told me that Randolph never forgot or forgave the retort.

Correa and Mr. Walsh were very intimate. Walsh lived for some years in Washington, and Correa, who was a single man, lived with him. One day Mr. Randolph called on Mr. Walsh. Mr. Walsh was not at home, but Mr. Randolph’s penetrating voice was heard in the parlour by Mrs. Walsh. “Mind,” said he to the servant, “that card is for Mr. Walsh,—I do not call on Ministers who board out.” This was told me by Mr. Walsh.

CHAPTER II.

Manners and Society in Boston at the time of Mr. Ticknor’s Birth.—His College Life.—Admitted to the Bar.—The Law not Congenial.—Determines to abandon it and devote Himself to a Life of Letters.—Decides to go to Europe and study there.—Visits Washington and Virginia in the Winter of 1814-15.—Visit to Jefferson at Monticello.—Sketch of Jeffrey.

Mr. TICKNOR’S sketch of his early life is so full and graphic that little need be added by his biographer. I have only to describe, very briefly, the state of society and manners in Boston during his childhood and youth, thus suggesting some of the influences which helped to train his mind and character, and exhibit the poverty and limitations of that period in the means of education, compared with present resources, but which yet produced ripe scholars through individual resolution and desire for knowledge.

Boston, at the time of Mr. Ticknor’s birth, was a small town, of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, forming a homogeneous community, nearly all of whom were of native birth and English descent. They were a people of primitive habits and a plain way of life, with certain peculiarities of character and manners which the great increase in wealth, population, and luxury during succeeding years has not entirely effaced. Though Dr. Freeman had been settled over King’s Chapel in 1787, as a Unitarian
clergyman, yet the stern faith of the Puritan settlers of New England held very general sway. Dr. Channing, Mr. Norton, and Mr. Buckminster, the real founders of liberal Christianity in New England, were in their childhood,—Dr. Channing, the oldest of them, having been born in 1780. And with the Puritan faith there lingered something of the Puritan spirit, which threw a shade of gravity and sternness over life and manners. One expression of this spirit was the drawing of the line of moral distinction in the wrong place, and branding as essentially evil that which was evil only in excess. Many amusements, now justly deemed innocent, were frowned upon as snares of Satan, spread for the capture of the soul. Indeed, in the austere Puritan code, happiness itself was almost regarded as a sin. Repression was the general rule of life. The joyous sense of existence common to healthy childhood was not allowed full play. The discipline of families was strict. Children were taught, not merely to obey, but to reverence, their parents. In the presence of their elders, they were not expected to speak unless first spoken to. They were rarely caressed, and a sense of restraint was always present, which, while it pressed heavily upon the timid and sensitive, had the good effect of producing a valuable habit of self-command.

While the narrowness of Puritan Protestantism was thus slowly yielding, before the advances of social civilization, it was not yet strenuously attacked, either by the influx of a foreign population bringing with it its own foreign creed, or by the cold scepticism of what is called modern thought. For many years after this there was but one Roman Catholic church in Boston. At the same time the means of intellectual training were infinitely less than they are now. Books were scarce.

Mr. Ticknor was present at "the dedication of the first Roman Catholic church, built with the aid of Protestants. In 1865 he dictated the following account of the scene:

"In 1803 the Catholic Church in Franklin Street was dedicated, and now, at sixty-two years' distance, I remember it as if it were yesterday. I went to the dedication, and to the service there the next Sunday, and was thoroughly frightened. There were very few Catholics here then, and the church was half filled with Protestants. We little boys were put on a bench in front of the upper pews, before the chancel. Bishop Cheverus,—who spoke English pretty well,—before he began the mass, addressed the Protestants, and told us all that we must not turn our backs to the altar. I dare say we boys had turned round to look at the singers, for the music was a good deal more gay and various than we were used to. Cheverus told us we must not turn round, for the Host would be raised, and the Holy Ghost would descend into the chancel and fill it. I didn't know what was coming; but I was well frightened, and didn't turn round."
and there were no large libraries rich with the spoils of learning. But a taste for reading and a love of knowledge were generally diffused, and there were few homes of those in comfortable circumstances where there was not at least a closetful of good books. These were carefully, almost reverently, read; and such reading was productive of sound intellectual growth. Johnson was the favourite author in prose, and Pope in verse. Hervey's Meditations and Zimmerman on Solitude were popular books, and the glittering monotony of Darwin found admirers and imitators.

Few were rich, and none were very poor. The largest estates were not more than what would now be deemed a modest competence. Political independence and popular government were of too recent a date to have wholly effaced the social customs of a colonial period. A certain line of distinction was drawn between men, according to their wealth and station. Magistrates, men in authority, the learned professions, were treated with peculiar deference and consideration. Clergymen, especially, enjoyed from their office simply an influence now given to personal superiority alone.

Friends and acquaintances saw much of each other in a simple and unostentatious way. Those in easy circumstances exercised a frequent, cordial, and not expensive hospitality. Time was not so precious, and life was not so crowded then as now, and men and women could afford to give a larger portion of the day to social pleasures. The traditions of the fathers did not forbid a certain measure of conviviality. Excellent Madeira flowed generously at rich men's tables, and punch was a liquor that held up its head in good society. It was a pleasant life they led, in spite of the Puritan frost that yet lingered in the air.

The resources of wealth and the refinements of luxury, however, fail of their end if they do not awaken the faculty of discourse, and make conversation finer and brighter. This result of society was secured in those days in measure not less ample than in our own. The women of that day were, in beauty of person, in grace of manner, in a high sense of duty, in the power of quiet self-sacrifice, and in clearness of thought, not inferior to those of later times. The contrasts of life were not so marked: if its lights were not so bright, its shadows were less deep. The struggle alike for subsistence and superiority was less eager; and every capacity found employment in the rapid growth of a young country.

Boston has been compared to Athens, sometimes in good faith and sometimes as a sneer; but there is and was at least one marked point of resemblance between the two. In both cities
the people were accustomed to hear public measures discussed by leading citizens, and were thus educated to a knowledge of their political duties. Athens and the Acropolis, Rome and the Capitol, are not more associated ideas than are Boston and Faneuil Hall. From a period earlier than the Revolutionary War, the people of Boston were accustomed to crowd that hall, and listen to men whom wisdom and eloquence raised to the rank of popular teachers and speakers; and at the time of Mr. Ticknor's birth there were two men in Boston—Harrison Gray Otis on the Federal side, and Charles Jarvis on the Democratic—who, in any age or country, would have been deemed excellent speakers.

Mr. Ticknor thus states his recollections of the town meetings of Boston in his youth:

"I now (1865) feel sure—though at the time I did not so look upon them—that the town meetings held in Boston during the war of 1812 were more like the popular meetings in Athens than anything of the kind the world has ever seen. Commerce and trade were dead; the whole population was idle, and all minds intent on the politics of the day, as affecting their individual existence and happiness. Faneuil Hall could be filled with an eager and intelligent crowd at any moment of day or night. Town meetings were often continued two or three days, morning and evening. Caucuses were constantly held on Sunday evenings, and often it was necessary to adjourn from the small hall, where they might have been collected, to the Old South Church, for greater space. The orators were eloquent, and sometimes adverse parties met to discuss questions together. Governor Eustis, Mr. George Blake, and others on one side; Mr. H. G. Otis, Mr. Samuel Dexter, Mr. William Sullivan, on the other. All the speeches were extemporaneous; it would have lowered a man's reputation materially if it had been supposed that he had prepared and committed a speech to memory. Such a thing was never known; and no one thought of reporting any speech. Mr. Otis was a very captivating speaker; handsome, gesticulating gracefully, with a beautiful voice and fervent manner, he excited an audience sometimes to such a degree, that it was said, if it had pleased him, at the end of one of his speeches, to give a hurrah, and call on the people to follow him to burn the town, they would have done it. His manner was very natural."

In politics the town was strongly Federal. This was especially true of the educated and wealthier classes. The clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and merchants were nearly all of that party. Towards Washington their feeling was such as was due to his unequalled virtues and services, and hardly stopped short of idolatry. The opening scenes of the French Revolution were watched with the keenest interest by both parties, soon passing, with the Federalists, to aversion deepening into horror.
Mr. Ticknor remembered Washington's death, and says of it:

"There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than here in Boston, when the news came of Washington's death (1799). It was a little before noon; and I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store as a matter of course, without consultation; and in two hours all business was stopped. My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome; my mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, till he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm; no boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only eight years old."

In the household in which George was reared there was nothing of the Puritan austerity which has been spoken of as tinging the domestic manners of New England at that time. Of the peculiar characteristics of the Puritans, his father had only their pure morals and their strong religious faith. Being the only child of his father, and much younger than his half brothers and sisters, he was naturally a good deal petted, but never unwisely indulged. He was a docile, affectionate, and engaging child, easily controlled, taking kindly to instruction, and early showing that love of knowledge which continued in him through life. He was very delicate in his childhood, and he believed it was owing to his mother's devoted care, and a very nourishing diet, that he was reared to man's estate. Brought up by parents whose daily occupation had been instructing young persons, it was natural that they should give him the elements of knowledge early. He showed, especially, skill and facility in penmanship; and a copy-book is still preserved, filled by him very creditably when only four and a half years old.

Between him and his father there was the perfect love that casteth out fear. From the first he gave to this wise, good, and kind man his whole heart and full confidence, and was repaid by the most judicious care, the most thoughtful affection, the readiest and most comprehending sympathy. Mr. Ticknor carried with

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1 When eight or ten years old, he was allowed to get up as early as he pleased, to occupy himself quietly. In the winter he went to the kitchen, opened the fire, which, being of wood, was always covered with ashes the last thing at night, and there he read, or otherwise amused himself. He remembered and told with much amusement, his mortification when, coming down one winter night, with part of his clothes on his arm, he found the servants just preparing to go to bed; and, amidst many jokes, he was ignominiously dismissed to his own.
him through life the sweet remembrance of a happy childhood, a blessing the full value of which is only appreciated by those who have never had it.

It has always been deemed to be a sort of moral duty in New England for every one to study some profession or take up some calling. In Mr. Ticknor's youth the church and the bar divided between them the young men of studious habits and literary tastes. Mr. Ticknor's strong religious faith, pure morals, facility in writing, and easy and graceful elocution well qualified him for the sphere of a clergyman; but his thoughts were never turned that way; and, almost as a matter of course, he chose the law.

In due time he was admitted to the bar, opened an office, surrounded himself with a fair library of law-books, supplied by the kindness of his father, and stood for a year at the receipt of professional custom: nor was it a barren year; for the young lawyer who, at the start, pays all his office expenses during that period does well, and has no right to complain of fortune. And there can be no doubt that, had circumstances made it his duty to apply himself to the law, Mr. Ticknor would have been useful and eminent at the bar. He would have secured all the advantages that can be gained by invincible industry, sound judgment, and uncommon capacity in all business matters. Every lawyer knows that industry and judgment form the chief elements of professional success; and his habits of order, method, and punctuality would have secured the full confidence of his clients. He was the best man of business I have ever known of men not trained to it. His judgment in all things relating to the investment and care of property was excellent.

But having faithfully prepared himself for the law, and for a year patiently attended to its practice, Mr. Ticknor decided that the life of a lawyer would not satisfy his most simple ideas of usefulness or happiness. He therefore gave up his office, and turned his thoughts to plans of study and travel which should prepare him for the greater advantages of Europe. This was a conclusion not suddenly or unadvisedly formed, nor without the approval of his father, upon due consideration of the reasons which influenced his son in thus changing his course of life.

His motives for the step he took, and his hopes and views as to the future, may be learned from the following extract from a letter to his friend Mr. Haven, a young lawyer of Portsmouth, N. H., written in July, 1814:

"My plan, so far as I have one, is to employ the next nine months in visiting the different parts of this country, and in reading those
books and conversing with those persons, from whom I can learn in what particular parts of the countries I mean to visit I can most easily compass my objects. The whole tour in Europe I consider a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. I value it only in proportion to the great means and inducements it will afford me to study—not men, but books. Wherever I establish myself, it will be only with a view of labour; and wherever I stay,—even if it be but a week,—I shall, I hope, devote myself to some study, many more hours in the day than I do at home."

In August of the same year he gave to Mr. Daveis, of Portland, Maine, much the same sketch of his plans:—

"This next winter I shall pass at the South, to see the men the cities contain, and get some notion of the state of my own country; and, in the spring, I shall go to the land of strangers. The prospect of the pleasures and profits of a voyage to Europe, and of travelling there, grows dim and sad as I approach it. One who, like myself, has always been accustomed to live, in the strictest sense of the phrase, *at home*, and never to desire any pleasures which could not be found there,—one who has never had enough of curiosity to journey through his own country,—can hardly feel much exultation at the prospect of being absent two or three years from that country in which all his wishes and hopes rest, as in their natural centre and final home.

"I began, long ago, a course of studies which I well knew I could not finish on this side the Atlantic; and if I do not mean to relinquish my favourite pursuits, and acknowledge that I have trifled away some of the best years of my life, I must spend some time in Italy, France, and Germany, and in Greece, if I can. . . . The truth is, dear Charles, that I have always considered this going to Europe a mere means of preparing myself for greater usefulness and happiness after I return,—as a great sacrifice of the present to the future; and the nearer I come to the time I am to make this sacrifice, the more heavy and extravagant it appears.

"But the resolution is taken and the preparation begun."

From these letters we learn the motives which led Mr. Ticknor to give up the law. Such a change is no very uncommon experience. Our paths in life are usually marked out by the force of circumstances over which we can exert but little control, and especially by that necessity of earning one's bread which is laid upon nine men out of ten. A young man of literary tastes may not like the profession to which he has been trained; but if he have good sense and strength of purpose, he will perseveré in it, feeling assured that in this way he is certain of a sufficient support; while literature, which, as Scott well said, is a good staff but a poor crutch, gives no such pledge. But to this general rule there are exceptions. Some men, sooner or later, come
to the dividing of the ways, and must decide for themselves whether they will take the right hand or the left. Some choose the wrong turn, and then the whole life becomes a failure, embittered by the feeling that the true vocation has been missed. Mr. Ticknor decided rightly. He gave up the law, not from a fickle temper, not from a restless and dissatisfied spirit, not because he preferred a life of indolence and ease to a life of toil, but because, upon reflection and experiment, he was satisfied that he should be more useful and happy as a man of letters than as a lawyer. He saw that the country would never be without good lawyers, because the bar presented such powerful attractions to able and ambitious young men; and that it was in urgent need of scholars, teachers, and men of letters, and that this want was much less likely to be supplied. Feeling in himself a strong love of literature, and, from the circumstances of his life, being able to indulge in it, he came to the conclusion that he should be of more service to his generation as a scholar than as a lawyer. A mere preference of taste would not alone have determined his choice; and it should always be borne in mind that, in turning from law to literature, he was merely exchanging one form of hard work for another. It was his purpose to labour in his new vocation as manfully as his contemporaries in the laborious profession he had left, and we shall see how nobly in the future he redeemed his self-imposed pledge.

This change in the plan of life involved a change in the course of study. If he were to be a scholar, and not a mere literary trifler, he must prepare himself for his new calling by diligent study, and must go where the best instruction was to be had,—to Europe, and first of all to Germany. Even at this day the earnest American scholar seeks to complete his education in Europe, for there he finds larger libraries, more accomplished teachers, and better appointed universities; but in all these respects the difference between the two countries was much greater forty or fifty years ago than it is now. The literary poverty of this country at that time cannot be better illustrated than by the fact which Mr. Ticknor gives, that when he wanted to study German he was obliged to seek a text-book in one place, a dictionary in a second, and a grammar in a third; the last two very indifferent in their kind. There are now, doubtless, more facilities in New England for the study of Arabic or Persian than there were then for the study of German.

But Mr. Ticknor spoke the simple truth when he said that he
considered a residence in Europe as a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. He had all the elements of happiness in his own country. Very domestic in his tastes, he found under his father's roof a home in which affection, sympathy, and cultivation gave sweetness to every moment of life. The intelligent and agreeable society of Boston and its neighbourhood, where he was always warmly welcomed, filled up pleasantly his hours of leisure, and we have seen by what strong ties of love and confidence he was bound to his friends. His was not the vacant mind which goes abroad in search of some object in life; nor did he sigh for the more highly flavoured pleasures of a riper civilization than that of his own country.

Mr. Ticknor's journey to Washington and Virginia in the winter of 1814-15 was undertaken more as a matter of duty than of pleasure; for travelling in those days, in our country, was attended with wretched discomforts, of which those who were born in an age of railroads can have no conception. He felt that he ought not to go abroad without seeing something more of his own country than he had yet done; and he also hoped, in the course of his journey, to fall in with persons who had been in Europe and could give him information as to its universities and means of study. His letters during this journey form a natural sequel to the autobiography. They were all written to his parents, except one to his friend, Mr. Edward T. Channing.

TO MR. E. TICKNOR.

NEW YORK, December 31, 1814.

I devoted the greater part of this morning to Fulton's steam machinery. The first and most remarkable, of course, is the ship of war, which, instead of being called a frigate, is, in honour of its inventor, called a "Fulton," and instead of an appropriate appellation is numbered "1;" so that the mighty leviathan I went to see this morning is the "Fulton, No. 1." It is, in fact, two frigates joined together by the steam-enginery, which is placed directly in the centre, and operates on the water that flows between them. It has two keels and two bows, and will be rigged so as to navigate either end first. Its sides are five feet thick, and its bulwarks will be in proportion; so that it is claimed

2 In the course of his journey Mr. Ticknor met at dinner, and I believe sat next to, Mr. William B. Astor, who, having recently returned home after a long residence in Germany, could have given him most valuable information as to its universities and teachers. But, unluckily, Mr. Ticknor was not aware of the fact, and the conversation did not take such a turn as to open the subject; and so the opportunity passed by unimproved, to his great regret when he learned what he had lost.
that it will be impervious to cannon shot. It will carry forty 32-
pounders, and is intended chiefly for harbour defence. Here you have
all I know, and perhaps all the inventor yet knows, of the prospects of
this strange machine.

PHILADELPHIA, January 6, 1815.

I dined to-day with Mr. Parish, a banker and a man of fortune.
He is a bachelor, and lives in a style of great splendour. Everything
at his table is of silver; and this not for a single course, or for a few
persons, but through at least three courses for twenty. The meat and
wines corresponded; the servants were in full livery with epaulets,
and the dining-room was sumptuously furnished and hung with
pictures of merit.

But what was more to me than his table or his fortune, John Ran-
dolph is his guest for some weeks. The instant I entered the room
my eyes rested on his lean and sallow physiognomy. He was sitting,
and seemed hardly larger or taller than a boy of fifteen. He rose to
receive me as I was presented, and towered half a foot above my own
height. This disproportion arises from the singular deformity of his
person. His head is small, and, until you approach him near
enough to observe the premature and unhealthy wrinkles that have
furrowed his face, you would say that it was boyish. But as your
eye turns towards his extremities, everything seems to be unnaturally
stretched out and protracted. To his short and meagre body are
attached long legs which, instead of diminishing, grow larger as they
approach the floor, until they end in a pair of feet, broad and large,
giving his whole person the appearance of a sort of pyramid. His
arms are the counterparts of his legs; they rise from small shoulders,
which seem hardly equal to the burden, are drawn out to a dispropor-
tionate length above the elbow, and to a still greater length below, and
at last are terminated by a hand heavy enough to have given the
supernatural blow to William of Deloraine, and by fingers which might
have served as models for those of the goblin page.

In his physiognomy there is little to please or satisfy, except an
eye which glances on all and rests on none. You observe, however,
a mixture of the white man and the Indian, marks of both being ap-
parent. His long straight hair is parted on the top, and a portion hangs
down on each side, while the rest is carelessly tied up behind and flows
down his back.

His voice is shrill and effeminate, and occasionally broken by those
tones which you sometimes hear from dwarfs and deformed people.
He spoke to me of the hospitality he had found in Philadelphia, and
of the prospect of returning to a comfortless home, with a feeling that
brought me nearer to him for the moment; and of the illness of his
nephew Tudor, and the hopes that it had blasted, with a tenderness
and melancholy which made me think better of his heart than I had
before. At table he talked little, but ate and smoked a great deal.

TO MR. E. TICKNOR.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., January 17, 1815.

As we drew near to the metropolis I got out and rode forward with
the driver, that I might see all that was strange and new. We were travelling on the very road by which the British had approached before us. We crossed the bridge at Bladensburg by which they had crossed, and saw on its right the little breastwork by which it was so faintly and fruitlessly defended. The degree and continuance of the resistance were plainly marked by the small mounds on the wayside, which served as scanty graves to the few British soldiers who fell; and the final struggle, which took place about a mile from the spot where the opposition commenced, was shown by the tomb of Barney's captain and sailors. These few mounds, which the winters' frosts and rains will quickly obliterate, are all the monuments that remain to us in proof of the defence of the capital of the country.

We drove forward three miles farther, and in the midst of a desolate-looking plain, over which teams were passing in whatever direction they chose, I inquired of the driver where we were. "In the Maryland Avenue, sir." He had hardly spoken when the hill of the Capitol rose before us. I had been told that it was an imperfect, unfinished work, and that it was somewhat unwieldy in its best estate. I knew that it was now a ruin, but I had formed no conception of what I was to see,—the desolate and forsaken greatness in which it stood, without a building near it, except a pile of bricks on its left more gloomy than itself, and the ruins of the house from which General Ross was fired at,—no, not even a hill to soften the distant horizon behind it, or a fence or a smoke to give it the cheerful appearance of a human habitation.

Mr. Ticknor dined with President Madison soon after his arrival in Washington. In a letter to his father he gives an account of the dinner.

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1815.

About half the company was assembled when I arrived. The President himself received me, as the Secretary was not on hand, and introduced me to Mrs. Madison, and Mrs. Madison introduced me to Miss Coles, her niece. This is the only introduction, I am told, that is given on these occasions. The company amounted to about twenty. There were two or three officers of the army with double epaulets and somewhat awkward manners, but the rest were members of Congress, who seemed little acquainted with each other.

The President, too, appeared not to know all his guests, even by name. For some time there was silence, or very few words. The President and Mrs. Madison made one or two commonplace remarks to me and others. After a few moments a servant came in and whispered to Mr. Madison, who went out, followed by his Secretary. It was mentioned about the room that the Southern mail had arrived, and a rather unseemly anxiety was expressed about the fate of New Orleans, of whose imminent danger we heard last night. The President soon returned, with added gravity, and said that there was no news! Silence ensued. No man seemed to know what to say at such a crisis,
and, I suppose, from the fear of saying what might not be acceptable, said nothing at all.

Just at dark, dinner was announced. Mr. Madison took in Miss Coles, General Winder followed with Mrs. Madison. The Secretary invited me to go next; but I avoided it, and entered with him, the last. Mrs. Madison was of course at the head of the table; but, to my surprise, the President sat at her right hand, with a seat between them vacant. Secretary Coles was at the foot. As I was about to take my place by him, the President desired me to come round to him, and seeing me hesitate as to the place, spoke again, and fairly seated me between himself and Mrs. M. This was unquestionably the result of President Adams's introduction. I looked very much like a fool, I have no doubt, for I felt very awkwardly.

As in the drawing-room before dinner, no one was bold enough to venture conversation. The President did not apparently know the guest on his right, nor the one opposite to him. . . . Mrs. Madison is a large, dignified lady, with excellent manners, obviously well practised in the ways of the world. Her conversation was somewhat formal, but on the whole appropriate to her position, and now and then amusing. I found the President more free and open than I expected, starting subjects of conversation and making remarks that sometimes savoured of humour and levity. He sometimes laughed, and I was glad to hear it; but his face was always grave. He talked of religious sects and parties, and was curious to know how the cause of liberal Christianity stood with us, and if the Athanasian creed was well received by our Episcopalians. He pretty distinctly intimated to me his own regard for the Unitarian doctrines. The conversation, however, was not confined to religion; he talked of education and its prospects, of the progress of improvement among us, and once or twice he gave it a political aspect, though with great caution. He spoke of Inchiquin's letters and the reply to them, but gave no opinion as to the truth or merits of either; and of Jeffrey, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," whose name, when he had mentioned it, seemed to strike him with a sudden silence. I promise you I was careful in my replies, and did not suffer him to know that I had ever seen Jeffrey or his journal. He spoke to me of my visit to Monticello, and, when the party was separating, told me if I would go with him to the drawing-room and take coffee, his Secretary would give me the directions I desired. So I had another tête-à-tête with Mr. and Mrs. Madison, in the course of which Mr. M. gave amusing stories of early religious persecutions in Virginia, and Mrs. M. entered into a defence and panegyric of the Quakers, to whose sect, you know, she once belonged. . . . At eight o'clock I took my leave.

To Edward T. Channing, Boston.

Georgetown, D. C., January 22, 1815.

At the head-quarters of the assembled wisdom of the nation, I suppose, dear Edward, you will expect from me something on politics; and if I write you anything, it must be about the last act or the last
rumour, for such things here never survive the day or the hour that produced them. The last remarkable event in the history of this remarkable Congress is Dallas’s Report. You can imagine nothing like the dismay with which it has filled the Democratic party. All his former communications were but emollients and palliatives, compared with this final disclosure of the bankruptcy of the nation. Mr. Eppes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, read it in his place yesterday; and when he had finished, threw it upon the table with expressive violence, and turning round to Mr. Gaston, asked him with a bitter levity between jest and earnest: “Well, sir, will your party take the Government if we will give it up to them?” “No, sir,” said Gaston, in a tone which, from my little acquaintance with him, I can easily believe to have been as equivocal as that in which the question was put. “No, sir; not unless you will give it to us as we gave it to you.” The truth is that this report is considered a plain acknowledgment that the administration can go forward no longer; and though it is utterly impossible to foresee what will be the next measure, it is easy to believe that it will be violent and desperate.

To Mr. E. Ticknor.

Port Tobacco, Maryland, January 26, 1815.

We left Washington the 24th, just at sunrise, and drove five miles to a ferry, where our troops in their infatuation had burnt a bridge. It took an hour to cross the river through the ice, and then our way led through open fields, where only one wagon had preceded us. We had hardly driven a quarter of a mile when we broke through some ice; one horse fell, and the carriage, as the phrase is, “mired up to the hubs.” In half an hour we were extricated, and went on carefully by the track, often walking to lighten the carriage; when the track suddenly turned into the woods, and left us without a guide. The snow was ten or fifteen inches deep, unbroken for a mile or two, when we again followed a cart a short distance. At last we reached the “Half-way House,” a miserable hut of one room; and as I went in, I saw a girl sitting by the fire, pale and feeble from illness; and turning from her, lest she should think me too curious, saw a young man on a bed behind the door, whose countenance showed that he had not long to suffer. I was glad to leave this wretched hut. We went on at a moderate walk, foundered twice in the snow and mud, and at last broke the pole, when two miles from the nearest house. So Gray and I mounted one of the leaders and rode on, fording three brooks, one of them pretty deep. It was after three when we reached an inn, and soon sat down to our breakfast! I had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours, and had worked hard, besides all the walking in the snow. When we had finished our meal we took another carriage, being solemnly warned of the difficulty of crossing the Matasmin, which, like all the other streams hereabout, has no bridge. We reached the ford just before sundown, found it frozen, broke the ice
with poles; an hour and a half’s hard driving and whipping got the horses into the middle of the stream, where they refused to go any farther. We got out of the carriage, and reached the bank on the ice. I left all my luggage, but a blanket, with the carriage in the middle of the stream. Through deep snow we walked a mile and a half to the first house. Though called a tavern, it was a miserable hovel; and when I went in I found two slaves stretched by the fire on one side, and two pigs on the other. As soon as the landlord had gone to the help of the driver, I began to look for accommodations for six passengers, two of whom were women. In the kitchen I found plenty of snow, but no fire or cooking utensils or eatables. I asked the boys if they had any beds. "Yes; one," "No more?" "No." "Have you any hay or straw?" "No." "Why, what does your master’s horse live on?" "Oh, he lives on the borry." What "the borry" was, was not clear at first, but, finding it meant "borrowing," I told the boy to get in a good parcel of "borry." In an hour the coach was dragged up, and I began to talk about supper. It was a long time before the woman of the house would answer distinctly; but, after much urging and much searching, she gave us each a small tumbler of milk, and a short allowance of Indian cake. At ten o’clock the table was moved away, the pigs and negroes kicked out of the room, and two things misnamed beds were thrown down on some "borry," and I went supperless to bed. The wind came in through large cracks in four doors and two windows; yet I slept well, with three white companions and two negroes. I waked in the morning more hungry than when I went to sleep; but at "sun up," as they say here, set off without a mouthful of food. We went two miles, half on foot, and then stuck fast in the mud; and, after wasting our little strength in vain, Gray and I again mounted one of the horses, took a wrong track, went a mile before we discovered our mistake, at twelve reached the tavern only four miles from where we slept, sent back a yoke of oxen to pull out the coach, sent a man forward seven miles for horses and help, and then ordered breakfast. The people were very poor, and we found sickness and suffering more moving than we had seen it yesterday.

The breakfast was so poor that, hungry and fainting as we were, we could hardly eat enough to support us; but we could not complain, with such misery about us. Two miles farther we came to another stream; we had to break the ice, and, after an hour’s delay, make our way to the opposite bank as we could. There, from a hill, we saw two saddle-horses and a tandem chaise coming to our relief; Gray and I took the horses, thinking a horse for each a luxury indeed. We soon reached this place, having in fifty-six hours had but one proper meal! We are in very good lodgings, and are promised better roads to Richmond. . . . On many accounts I am not sorry that I have gone through these difficulties. You, my dear father, often talk to me of your sufferings as a Revolutionary soldier, and you, my dear mother, look down a little on the pet your indulgence has made,—but now I can answer you both.
To Mr. E. Ticknor.

RICHMOND, February 1, 1815.

You will expect from me some account of Mr. Wickham, and of the Chief Justice of the United States, the first lawyer—if not, indeed, the first man—in the country. You must then imagine before you a man who is tall to awkwardness, with a large head of hair, which looked as if it had not been lately tied or combed, and with dirty boots. You must imagine him, too, with a strangeness in his manners, which arises neither from awkwardness nor from formality, but seems to be a curious compound of both; and then, perhaps, you will have before you a figure something like that of the Chief Justice. His style and tones in conversation are uncommonly mild, gentle, and conciliating; and, before I had been with him half an hour, I had forgotten the carelessness of his dress and person, and observed only the quick intelligence of his eye, and the open interest he discovered in the subjects on which he spoke, by the perpetual variations of his countenance.

Mr. Wickham, who has long been at the head of the Virginia bar, was by far too well bred to let me learn anything more of him in the course of a visit of twenty minutes, than that he was an uncommonly courteous, elegant gentleman. Mr. Wirt, who is the author of "The British Spy," etc., seems a little more reserved, and perhaps affected, in his manner and remarks. Indeed, on the whole, if I had not known better, I might have set him down for one of those who were "pretty fellows in their day," but who were now rather second-hand in society. But this is all wrong. He is undoubtedly a powerful advocate and a thorough lawyer, by general consent.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, February 7, 1815.

We left Charlottesvile on Saturday morning, the 4th of February, for Mr. Jefferson's. He lives, you know, on a mountain, which he has named Monticello, and which, perhaps, you do not know, is a synonym for Carter's mountain. The ascent of this steep, savage hill, was as pensive and slow as Satan's ascent to Paradise. We were obliged to wind two-thirds round its sides before we reached the artificial lawn on which the house stands; and, when we had arrived there, we were about six hundred feet, I understand, above the stream which flows at its foot. It is an abrupt mountain. The fine growth of ancient forest-trees conceals its sides and shades part of its summit. The prospect is admirable. . . . The lawn on the top, as I hinted, was artificially formed by cutting down the peak of the height. In its centre, and facing the south-east, Mr. Jefferson has placed his house, which is of brick, two stories high in the wings, with a piazza in front of a receding centre. It is built, I suppose, in the French style. You enter, by a glass folding-door, into a hall which reminds you of Fielding's "Man of the Mountain," by the strange furniture of its walls. On one side hang the head and horns of an elk, a deer, and a buffalo; another is covered with curiosities which Lewis and Clarke found in their wild and perilous expedition. On the third,
among many other striking matters, was the head of a mammoth, or, as Cuvier calls it, a mastodan, containing the only *os frontis*, Mr. Jefferson tells me, that has yet been found. On the fourth side, in odd union with a fine painting of the Repentance of St. Peter, is an Indian map on leather, of the southern waters of the Missouri, and an Indian representation of a bloody battle, handed down in their traditions.

Through this hall—or rather museum—we passed to the dining-room, and sent our letters to Mr. Jefferson, who was of course in his study. Here again we found ourselves surrounded with paintings that seemed good.

We had hardly time to glance at the pictures before Mr. Jefferson entered; and if I was astonished to find Mr. Madison short and somewhat awkward, I was doubly astonished to find Mr. Jefferson, whom I had always supposed to be a small man, more than six feet high, with dignity in his appearance, and ease and graciousness in his manners. . . . He rang, and sent to Charlottesville for our baggage, and, as dinner approached, took us to the drawing-room,—a large and rather elegant room, twenty or thirty feet high,—which, with the hall I have described, composed the whole centre of the house, from top to bottom. The floor of this room is tessellated. It is formed of alternate diamonds of cherry and beech, and kept polished as highly as if it were of fine mahogany.

Here are the best pictures of the collection. Over the fireplace is the Laughing and Weeping Philosophers, dividing the world between them; on its right, the earliest navigators to America,—Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Magellan, etc.,—copied, Mr. Jefferson said, from originals in the Florence Gallery. Farther round, Mr. Madison in the plain, Quaker-like dress of his youth, Lafayette in his Revolutionary uniform, and Franklin in the dress in which we always see him. There were other pictures, and a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration.

We conversed on various subjects until dinner-time, and at dinner were introduced to the grown members of his family. These are his only remaining child, Mrs. Randolph, her husband, Colonel Randolph, and the two oldest of their unmarried children, Thomas Jefferson and Ellen; and I assure you I have seldom met a pleasanter party.

The evening passed away pleasantly in general conversation, of which Mr. Jefferson was necessarily the leader. I shall probably surprise you by saying that, in conversation, he reminded me of Dr. Freeman. He has the same discursive manner and love of paradox, with the same appearance of sobriety and cool reason. He seems equally fond of American antiquities, and especially the antiquities of his native State, and talks of them with freedom, and, I suppose, accuracy. He has, too, the appearance of that firmness and simplicity which Dr. Freeman has; and, if the parallel holds no further here, they will again meet on the ground of their love of old books and young society.

On Sunday morning, after breakfast, Mr. Jefferson asked me into his library, and there I spent the forenoon of that day as I had that
of yesterday. This collection of books, now so much talked about, consists of about seven thousand volumes, contained in a suite of fine rooms, and is arranged in the catalogue, and on the shelves, according to the divisions and subdivisions of human learning by Lord Bacon. In so short a time I could not, of course, estimate its value, even if I had been competent to do so.

Perhaps the most curious single specimen—or, at least, the most characteristic of the man and expressive of his hatred of royalty—was a collection which he had bound up in six volumes, and lettered "The Book of Kings," consisting of the "Mémoires de la Princesse de Bareith," two volumes; "Les Mémoires de la Comtesse de la Motte," two volumes; the "Trial of the Duke of York," one volume; and "The Book," one volume. These documents of regal scandal seemed to be favourites with the philosopher, who pointed them out to me with a satisfaction somewhat inconsistent with the measured gravity he claims in relation to such subjects generally.

On Monday morning I spent a couple of hours with him in his study. He gave me there an account of the manner in which he passed the portion of his time in Europe which he could rescue from public business; told me that while he was in France he had formed a plan of going to Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and that he should have executed it if he had not left Europe in the full conviction that he should immediately return there, and find a better opportunity. He spoke of my intention to go, and, without my even hinting any purpose to ask him for letters, told me that he was now seventy-two years old, and that most of his friends and correspondents in Europe had died in the course of the twenty-seven years since he left France, but that he would gladly furnish me with the means of becoming acquainted with some of the remainder, if I would give him a month's notice, and regretted that their number was so reduced.

The afternoon and evening passed as on the two days previous; for everything is done with such regularity, that when you know how one day is filled, I suppose you know how it is with the others. At eight o'clock the first bell is rung in the great hall, and at nine the second summons you to the breakfast-room, where you find everything ready. After breakfast every one goes, as inclination leads him, to his chamber, the drawing-room, or the library. The children retire to their school-room with their mother, Mr. Jefferson rides to his mills on the Rivanna, and returns at about twelve. At half-past three the great bell rings, and those who are disposed resort to the drawing-room, and the rest go to the dining-room at the second call of the bell, which is at four o'clock. The dinner was always choice, and served in the French style; but no wine was set on the table till the cloth was removed. The ladies sat until about six, then retired, but returned with the tea-tray a little before seven, and spent the evening with the gentlemen; which was always pleasant, for they are obviously accustomed to join in the conversation, however high the topic may be. At about half-past ten, which seemed to be their usual hour of retiring, I went to my chamber, found there a fire, candle,
and a servant in waiting to receive my orders for the morning, and in the morning was waked by his return to build the fire.

To-day, Tuesday, we told Mr. Jefferson that we should leave Monticello in the afternoon. He seemed much surprised, and said as much as politeness would permit on the badness of the roads and the prospect of bad weather, to induce us to remain longer. It was evident, I thought, that they had calculated on our staying a week. At dinner, Mr. Jefferson again urged us to stay, not in an oppressive way, but with kind politeness; and when the horses were at the door, asked if he should not send them away; but, as he found us resolved on going, he bade us farewell in the heartiest style of Southern hospitality, after thrice reminding me that I must write to him for letters to his friends in Europe. I came away almost regretting that the coach returned so soon, and thinking, with General Hamilton, that he was a perfect gentleman in his own house.

Two little incidents which occurred while we were at Monticello should not be passed by. The night before we left, young Randolph came up late from Charlottesville, and brought the astounding news that the English had been defeated before New Orleans by General Jackson. Mr. Jefferson had made up his mind that the city would fall, and told me that the English would hold it permanently—or for some time—by a force of Sepoys from the East Indies. He had gone to bed, like the rest of us; but of course his grandson went to his chamber with the paper containing the news. But the old philosopher refused to open his door, saying he could wait till the morning; and when we met at breakfast I found he had not yet seen it.

One morning, when he came back from his ride, he told Mr. Randolph, very quietly, that the dam had been carried away the night before. From his manner, I supposed it an affair of small consequence, but at Charlottesville, on my way to Richmond, I found the country ringing with it. Mr. Jefferson's great dam was gone, and it would cost $30,000 to rebuild it.

There is a breathing of national philosophy in Mr. Jefferson,—in his dress, his house, his conversation. His setness, for instance, in wearing very sharp-toed shoes, corduroy small-clothes, and red plush waistcoat, which have been laughed at till he might perhaps wisely have dismissed them.

So, though he told me he thought Charron, "De la Sagesse," the best treatise on moral philosophy ever written, and an obscure Review of Montesquieu, by Dupont de Nemours, the best political work that had been printed for fifty years,—though he talked very freely of the natural impossibility that one generation should bind another to pay a public debt, and of the expediency of vesting all the legislative authority of a State in one branch, and the executive authority in another, and leaving them to govern it by joint discretion,—I considered such opinions simply as curious indicia of an extraordinary character.

Georgetown, February, 19, 1815.

... This evening, Mr. Sullivan, Colonel Perkins, and myself passed delightfully at Mr. Thomas Peter's, who married Miss Nellie
Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, whom you see in the picture of "The Washington Family." They are both of the Boston stamp in politics; and while Mr. Peter, as an extraordinary treat for an extraordinary occasion, regaled the "delegates" with a bottle of wine from General Washington's cellar, Mrs. Peter gave me an account of her grandfather's mode of life and intercourse with his family. He rose at six during the whole year, and breakfasted precisely at seven in the summer and at eight in winter. After breakfast he went to his study for an hour, which he devoted to writing letters; then rode out, and was absent on his plantation till two; returned and dressed for dinner carefully; sat down to table at three, without waiting for any guests whom he might have invited; remained at table all the afternoon, if there were strangers who could claim such civility, but otherwise retired soon to his study; came to tea at seven or eight, and finished the evening with his family and friends.

Mrs. Peter also gave us, with a good deal of vivacity, the best account I have ever heard of the proceedings of the British at the capture of Washington; for, as she said, she was too much of a Tory to run, and therefore was an eye-witness of what happened. Of her politics you may judge by the names of her daughters, one of whom she has called Columbia Washington, another America Pinkney, and a third Britannia Wellington. What familiar abbreviations they use in common parlance for those names I did not venture to inquire.

Georgetown, February, 1815.

I passed the whole of this morning in the Supreme Court. The room in which the Judges are compelled temporarily to sit is, like everything else that is official, uncomfortable, and unfit for the purposes for which it is used. They sat—I thought inconveniently—at the upper end; but, as they were all dressed in flowing black robes, and were fully powdered, they looked dignified. Judge Marshall is such as I described him to you in Richmond; Judge Washington is a little, sharp-faced gentleman, with only one eye, and a profusion of snuff distributed over his face; and Judge Duval very like the late Vice-President. The Court was opened at half-past eleven, and Judge Livingston and Judge Marshall read written opinions on two causes.

After a few moments' pause, they proceeded to a case in which Dexter, Pinkney, and Emmett were counsel. It was a high treat, I assure you, to hear these three lawyers in one cause. Pinkney opened it as junior counsel to Emmett; and it was some time before I was so far reconciled to his manner as to be able to attend properly to his argument. His person, dress, and style of speaking are so different from anything which I ever saw before, that I despair of being able to give you an idea of him by description or comparison.

You must imagine, if you can, a man formed on nature's most liberal scale, who, at the age of fifty, is possessed with the ambition of being a pretty fellow, wears corsets to diminish his bulk, uses cosmetics, as he told Mrs. Gore, to smooth and soften a skin growing somewhat wrinkled and rigid with age, and dresses in a style which would
be thought foppish in a much younger man. You must imagine such
a man standing before the gravest tribunal in the land, and engaged
in causes of the deepest moment; but still apparently thinking how
he can declaim like a practised rhetorician in the London Cockpit,
which he used to frequent. Yet you must, at the same time, imagine
his declamation to be chaste and precise in its language, and cogent,
logical, and learned in its argument, free from the artifice and affecta-
tion of his manner, and, in short, opposite to what you might fairly
have expected from his first appearance and tones. And when you
have compounded these inconsistencies in your imagination, and
united qualities which on common occasions nature seems to hold
asunder, you will, perhaps, begin to form some idea of what Mr.
Pinkney is.

He spoke about an hour, and was followed by Mr. Dexter, who,
with that cold severity which seems peculiarly his own, alluded to
the circumstance of his being left alone (his coadjutor not having
come) to meet two such antagonists; then went on to admit all that
Mr. Pinkney had said, and to show that it had nothing to do with the
case in hand, and finally concluded by setting up an acute, and, as
I suppose it will prove, a successful defence.

Mr. Emmett closed the cause in a style different from either of his
predecessors. He is more advanced in life than they are; but he is
yet older in sorrows than in years. There is an appearance of prema-
ture age in his person, and of a settled melancholy in his countenance,
which may be an index to all that we know of himself and his family.
At any rate, it wins your interest before he begins to speak.

He was well possessed of his cause, and spoke with a heartiness
which showed that he desired to serve his client rather than to dis-
play himself. He was more bold and free in his language, yet per-
haps equally exact and perspicuous; and if Mr. Pinkney was more
formally logical, and Mr. Dexter more coldly cogent, Mr. Emmett
was more persuasive.

When he had finished, I was surprised to find that he had inter-
ested me so much that, if he had not stopped, I should have lost my
dinner.

February 21, 1815.

I was in court all this morning. The session was opened by Judge
Story and the Chief Justice, who read elaborate opinions. During
this time Mr. Pinkney was very restless, frequently moved his seat,
and, when sitting, showed by the convulsive twitches of his face how
anxious he was to come to the conflict. At last the judges ceased to
read, and he sprang into the arena like a lion who had been loosed
by his keepers on the gladiator that awaited him.

The display was brilliant. Notwithstanding the pretension and
vehemence of his manner,—though he treated Mr. Emmett, for
whom I had been much interested yesterday, with somewhat coarse
contempt,—in short, notwithstanding there was in his speech great
proof of presumption and affectation; yet, by the force of eloquence,
logic, and legal learning, by the display of naked talent, he made his
way over my prejudices and good feelings to my admiration, and, I

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had almost said, to my respect. He left his rival far behind him; he left behind him, it seemed to me at the moment, all the public speaking I had ever heard. With more cogency than Mr. Dexter, he has more vivacity than Mr. Otis; with Mr. Sullivan's extraordinary fluency, he seldom or never fails to employ precisely the right phrase; and with an arrangement as logical and luminous as Judge Jackson's, he unites an overflowing imagination. It is, however, in vain to compare him with anybody or everybody whom we have been in the habit of hearing, for he is unlike, and, I suspect, above them all.

He spoke about three hours and a half, and when he sat down, Emmett rose very gravely. "The gentleman," said the grand Irishman, in a tone of repressed feeling which went to my heart,—"the gentleman yesterday announced to the court his purpose to show that I was mistaken in every statement of facts and every conclusion of law which I had laid before it. Of his success to-day the court alone have a right to judge; but I must be permitted to say that, in my estimation the manner of announcing his threat of yesterday, and of attempting to fulfil it to-day, was not very courteous to a stranger, an equal, and one who is so truly inclined to honour his talents and learning. It is a manner which I am persuaded he did not learn in the polite circles in Europe, to which he referred, and which I sincerely wish he had forgotten there, wherever he may have learnt it."

Mr. Pinkney replied in a few words of cold and inefficient explanation, which only made me think yet less well of him, and impelled me to feel almost sorry that I had been obliged so much to admire his high talents and success.  

Baltimore, March 1, 1815.

I called this morning on the venerable Archbishop Carroll. The good old man was employed in writing a pastoral letter to his Massachusetts diocesan. By his side was a beautiful copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," open on a frame, an apt indication of the union of letters with official duties. He recollected me, inquired after Mr. Jefferson and his library, and seemed interested in what I told him. When I came away he bestowed a patriarchal benediction upon me.

I dined at Mr. Robert Oliver's, with a large company of some of the more considerable men of Maryland; the most distinguished being Mr. Charles Carroll, the friend of Washington, one of the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, at one time Senator of the United States, and the richest landholder, I suppose, in the country. At eighty he reads and enjoys his classical books more than most young men of the present generation. He is a specimen of the old régime, one of the few who remain to us as monuments of the best bred and best educated among our fathers. He wears large gold buckles in his shoes and broad lace ruffles over his hands and bosom, the fashion, I suppose, of the year '60. His manner has a grave and

2 The case in which Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Emmett came into collision, described in this letter, was the Nerice, reported in 9 Cranch, 388. That spoken of in the previous letter, in which Mr. Dexter was opposed to Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Emmett, must have been The Frances, 9 Cranch, 183.
stately politeness, and his tact and skill in conversation lead him to the subjects most familiar to his hearer; while he is so well read that he appears to have considered each himself.

Mr. Ticknor, like all young men of full minds and warm hearts, was a frequent and copious correspondent. Of the letters written to his friends before his departure for Europe, many are still preserved, and of these two are given as specimens of his intellectual activity and the warmth of his affections. The sketch of Mr. Jeffrey, in the letter to Mr. Daveis, will be recognized as an admirable pen-portrait, especially for so young an artist. The power of drawing characters with a firm and discriminating touch does not usually come till later in life. Mr. Jeffrey came to America in a cartel, in the depth of winter. Having, in Edinburgh, made the acquaintance of Miss Wilkes, of New York, he crossed the ocean to seek her for his wife, and won her.

TO EDWARD T. CHANNING.

Essex St., April, 1812, 11 P. M.

Dear Ned,—By Jove you are a rare one! Nature may run over all the old spoons in her mint, and never make two ninepences like you. Two such as you don’t come in one generation. “Non terra duos soles, neque Asia, duos reges tolerare potest;” and if two Ned Channings should fall together, the world would not know which end it stood upon. Only an hour ago you went off, convincing me that I was a fool, and did not know my Horace. You shut up my mouth, when I was right, by a sleight of hand peculiar to yourself; and these presents are to let you know that I shall understand you for the future.

Touching that passage,—Sat. 1, line 100,—the facts are these. Horace, in conversation with a miser, endeavours to dissuade him from parsimony, by telling him that Numidius had his brains beat out for it by his servant. This wench he calls “fortissima Tyndaridarum,” not because she was one of the descendants of Tyndarus, but because she was more brave than the daughters of Tyndarus, Helen and Clytemnestra, who had murdered their husbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon. The same objection, therefore, lies against this, which meets us in Paradise Lost, Book IV.; for Horace had no more right to say that this liberta was the boldest of the daughters of Tyndarus—when she was none of them—than Milton had to call “Adam the goodliest man of men since born his sons.”

The cases, you must confess, are parallel, and, to save your feelings, literary vanity, etc., etc., I will acknowledge that the case of Milton is the strongest and most obvious.

Homer, however, settles the whole question. He says that Thetis went to heaven and implored Jupiter to honour her son, telling him, as a motive, that his life would be very short. But, on your ground, how could he be the most short-lived of the rest?
My last example is similar to this one. In enumerating the Grecian heroes, and assigning them their several qualities and virtues, he gives Nereus beauty.

Here it is again. Milton is a fool to this! The example is tangible,—it cannot be evaded; you may as well try to jump clear of space, or forget yourself into nonentity, as to run away from it. To make assurance doubly certain, however, I will show you, on the authority of Pope, that I have not mistaken the meaning of the passages I cite. The first is done badly enough, to be sure:—

"Some mark of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short," etc.

This is miserable enough; the other is better:—

"Nereus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race."

I suppose you are convinced against your will; and I know from Hudibras what I am to expect in such a case; but still, in spite of precedent and authority, I calculate on your submission to Horace, Homer, Milton, and George Ticknor! *Vive atque vale.*

To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, February 8, 1814.

"If all the world had their deserts," said the heir-apparent of Denmark in my hearing last night, "who should escape whipping?" And so, my dear Charles, though I knew when I received your letter, a few moments ago, that it was a great deal more than I deserved, yet I felt much less compunction, I fear, than I ought, and less than I should have felt, if I had not been persuaded that other people were the objects of greater kindness than they merit.

I had seriously intended to send you a sketch of the Abraham of the "Edinburgh Review," while I was running over with speculations and opinions about him; and as you seem to regret that I did not, and as it is impossible to hear too much about a man who exercises some influence over every one of us, I think I may venture to give you a page about him.

You are to imagine, then, before you, a short, stout, little gentleman, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the restlessness of a will-o'-wisp, and all that fitful irregularity in his movements which you have heretofore appropriated to the pasteboard Merry Andrews whose limbs are jerked about with a wire. These you are to interpret as the natural indications of the impetuous and impatient character which a further acquaintance develops.

He enters a room with a countenance so satisfied, and a step so
light and almost fantastic, that all your previous impressions of the dignity and severity of the "Edinburgh Review" are immediately put to flight, and, passing at once to the opposite extreme, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be frivolous, vain, and supercilious. He accosts you, too, with a freedom and familiarity which may, perhaps, put you at your ease and render conversation unceremonious; but which, as I observed in several instances, were not very tolerable to those who had always been accustomed to the delicacy and decorum of refined society. Mr. Jeffrey, therefore, I remarked, often suffered from the prepossessions of those he met, before any regular conversation commenced, and almost before the tones of his voice were heard. It is not possible, however, to be long in his presence without understanding something of his real character,—for the same promptness and assurance which mark his entrance into a room carry him at once into conversation. The moment a topic is suggested—no matter what or by whom—he comes forth, and the first thing you observe is his singular fluency.

He bursts upon you with a torrent of remarks, and you are for some time so much amused with his earnestness and volubility, that you forget to ask yourself whether they have either appropriateness or meaning. When, however, you come to consider his remarks closely, you are surprised to find that, notwithstanding his prodigious rapidity, the current of his language never flows faster than the current of his thoughts. You are surprised to discover that he is never, like other impetuous speakers, driven to amplification and repetition in order to gain time to collect and arrange his ideas; you are surprised to find that, while his conversation is poured forth in such a fervour and tumult of eloquence that you can scarcely follow or comprehend it, it is still as compact and logical as if he were contending for a victory in the schools or for a decision from the bench.

After all this, however, you do not begin to understand Mr. Jeffrey's character; for it is not until you become interested in the mere discussion, until you forget his earnestness, his volubility, and his skill, that you begin to feel something of the full extent of his powers. You do not, till then, see with how strong and steady a hand he seizes the subject, and with what ease, as well as dexterity, he turns and examines it on every side. You are not, until then, convinced that he but plays with what is the labour of ordinary minds, and that half his faculties are not called into exercise by what you at first supposed would tax his whole strength. And, after all, you are able to estimate him, not by what you witness,—for he is always above a topic which can be made the subject of conversation,—but by what you imagine he would be able to do if he were excited by a great and difficult subject and a powerful adversary.

With all this, he preserves in your estimation a transparent simplicity of character. You are satisfied that he does nothing for effect and show; you see that he never chooses the subject, and never leads the conversation in such a way as best to display his own powers and acquirements. You see that he is not ambitious of being thought a wit; and that, when he has been most fortunate in his argument or
illustration, he never looks round, as some great men do, to observe what impression he has produced upon his hearers. In short, you could not be in his presence an hour without being convinced that he has neither artifice nor affectation; that he does not talk from the pride of skill or of victory, but because his mind is full to overflowing, and conversation is his relief and pleasure.

But, notwithstanding everybody saw and acknowledged these traits in Mr. Jeffrey's character, he was very far from winning the good opinion of all. There were still not a few who complained that he was supercilious, and that he thought himself of a different and higher order from those he met; that he had been used to dictate until he was unwilling to listen, and that he had been fed upon admiration until it had become common food, and he received it as a matter of course.

There is some ground for this complaint; but I think the circumstances of the case should take its edge from censure. It seems to me that Mr. Jeffrey has enough of that amiable feeling from which politeness and the whole system of the petite morale springs, but that he has not learned the necessary art of distributing it in judicious proportions. He shows the same degree of deference to every one he meets; and, therefore, while he flatters by his civility those who are little accustomed to attention from their superiors, he disappoints the reasonable expectations of those who have received the homage of all around them until it has become a part of their just expectations and claims.

This, at least, was the distinction here. The young men and the literary men all admired him; the old men and the politicians found their opinions and dignity too little regarded by the impetuous stranger. The reasons of this are to be sought, I should think, in his education and constitution; and I was, therefore, not disposed to like him the less for his defect. I was not disposed to claim from a man who must have passed his youth in severe and solitary study, and who was not brought into that class of society which refines and fashions all the external expressions of character, until his mind and habits were matured, and he was brought there to be admired and to dictate,—I was not disposed to claim from him that gentleness and delicacy of manners which are acquired only by early discipline, and which are most obvious in those who have received, perhaps, their very character and direction from early collision with their superiors in station or talents.

Besides, even admitting that Mr. Jeffrey could have been early introduced to refined society, still I do not think his character would have been much changed; or, if it had been, that it would have been changed for the better. I do not think it would have been possible to have drilled him into the strict forms of society and bienséance without taking from him something we should be very sorry to lose.

There seems to me to be a prodigious rapidity in his mind which could not be taken away without diminishing its force; and yet it is this rapidity, I think, which often offended some of my elder friends, in the form of impatience and abruptness. He has, too, a promptness
and decision which contribute, no doubt, to the general power of his mind, and certainly could not be repressed without taking away much of that zeal which carries him forward in his labours, and gives so lively an interest to his conversation; yet you could not be an hour in his presence without observing that his promptness and decision very often make him appear peremptory and assuming.

In short, he has such a familiar acquaintance with almost all the subjects of human knowledge, and consequently such an intimate conviction that he is right, and such a habit of carrying his point; he passes, as it seems to me, with such intuitive rapidity from thought to thought, and subject to subject,—that his mind is completely occupied and satisfied with its own knowledge and operations, and has no attention left to bestow on the tones and manners of expression. He is, in fact, so much absorbed with the weightier matters of the discussion,—with the subject, the argument, and the illustrations,—that he forgets the small tithe of humility and forbearance which he owes to every one with whom he converses; and I was not one of those who ever wished to correct his forgetfulness, or remind him of his debt.

You will gather from these desultory and diffuse remarks, that I was very much delighted with Mr. Jeffrey. . . . All that he knew—and, as far as I could judge, his learning is more extensive than that of any man I ever met—seemed completely incorporated and identified with his own mind; and I cannot, perhaps, give you a better idea of the readiness with which he commanded it, and of the consequent facility and fluency of his conversation, than by saying, with Mr. Ames, that "he poured it out like water."

You have by this time, I suspect, heard enough of Mr. Jeffrey; at any rate, it is a great deal more than I thought I should send you when I began, as soon as I received yours. I was very soon interrupted. The next day was Edward Everett's ordination, but still I wrote a little. Yesterday I added another page, and this morning (February 11) have finished it. I hope it has coherence and consistency. . . .

Yours affectionately,

Geo. Ticknor.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Europe.—Arrival in England.—State of feeling there.
—Mr. Roscoe.—Chirk Castle.—Dr. Parr.—Arrival in London.—Mr. Vaughan.—Mr. Sharp.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Gifford.—Lord Byron.—Anecdotes of Bonaparte.—Mr. Murray.—Mr. West.—Mr. Campbell.—Mrs. Siddons.—Leaves London.—Arrival in Göttingen.

Mr. TICKNOR was now twenty-three years old, in full vigour of health and activity of mind, having faithfully used his powers and opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge,
both of books and men. In person he was slight, of medium height, and well proportioned. He was light and active in his movements, and continued so through life. His complexion was dark and rich; his eyes, large, and so dark that they might almost be called black, were very bright and expressive. His hair, also dark, was thick, and inclined to curl. His memory was exact and retentive, enabling him to enrich conversation with fact, anecdote, and quotation. His vivacity of feeling, quick perceptions, and ready sympathy not only made him socially attractive, but secured him attached friends.

He was cordially welcomed in the society of Boston, and was a favoured guest in its best houses. Intercourse with cultivated minds, the affection of a few friends of his own age and similar tastes, and the happy influences of his home were necessities to him; while, with fresh, unworn spirits, he enjoyed, like others, the forms and amusements of general society.

He had now completed, as far as was possible, his preparation for a residence and course of study abroad; and, on reaching home after his journey to Virginia, found, to his surprise, that his passage had been taken for the voyage. During his absence several of his friends had decided to go to Europe, some in search of health and some of instruction; and his father, anticipating his wishes, had secured for him a place in the same vessel. The separation from home cost him a severe struggle, and nothing could have enabled him to keep his resolution but the clear perception that it was the only means by which he could fit himself for future usefulness in the path he had chosen. He sailed in the Liverpool packet, on the 16th of April, 1815. He had the happiness of the companionship of four of his most valued and intimate friends—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Perkins, Mr. Edward Everett, and Mr. Haven, of Portsmouth, N. H. Among other passengers were two young sons of Mr. John Quincy Adams, on their way to join their father, then United States Minister at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Ticknor wrote many pages during his voyage to his father and mother, full of affection and cheering thoughts, and giving incidents and details, to amuse their solitary hours. The last page gives his first natural feeling at the startling news that met the passengers as they entered the Mersey.

May 11, 1815, evening.

The pilot who is carrying us into Liverpool, told us of Bonaparte’s return to Paris, and re-establishment at the head of the French Empire. We did not believe it; but from another pilot-boat, which we have
just spoken, we have received an account which is but too sufficient a confirmation of the story. Even in this age of tremendous revolutions, we have had none so appalling as this. We cannot measure or comprehend it. . . . When Napoleon was rejected from France, every man in Christendom, of honest principles and feelings, felt as if a weight of danger had been lifted from his prospects,—as if he had a surer hope of going down to his grave in peace, and leaving an inheritance to his children. But now the whole complexion of the world is changed again. . . . God only can foresee the consequences, and He too can control them. Terrible as the convulsion may be, it may be necessary for the purification of the corrupt governments of Europe, and for the final repose of the world.

Many years later he dictated his recollections of the state of feeling he observed on his arrival in England.

In May, 1815, I arrived in Liverpool. When I left Boston, Bonaparte was in Elba, and all Europe in a state of profound peace. The pilot came on board as we approached the mouth of the Mersey, and told us that Bonaparte was in Paris, and that everything was preparing for a general war against him. Having been bred in the strictest school of Federalism, I felt as the great majority of the English people felt, in that anxious crisis of their national affairs; but, on reaching Liverpool, I soon found that not a few people looked upon the matter quite differently. Mr. Roscoe, mild and philosophic in his whole character, was opposed to the war, and, at a dinner at Allerton, gave the usual Whig argument against it, in a manner that very much surprised me.

On my way up to London I stopped at Hatton, and made a visit to Dr. Parr. He certainly was not very gentle or philosophic in his opposition. "Sir," said he, in his solemn, dogmatical manner, with his peculiar lisp, which always had something droll about it,—"thir, I should not think I had done my duty, if I went to bed any night without praying for the success of Napoleon Bonaparte."

Another fact belonging to this period and state of feeling in England was told me at Keswick, in 1819, by Mr. Southey. He said that in the spring of 1815 he was employed in writing an article for the "Quarterly Review" upon the life and achievements of Lord Wellington. He wrote in haste the remarkable paper which has since been published more than once, and the number of the "Review" containing it was urged through the press, so as to influence public opinion as much as possible, and to encourage the hearts of men throughout the country for the great contest.

At the same time a number of the "Edinburgh" was due. Sir James Mackintosh had written an able and elaborate article to show that the war ought to have been avoided, and that its consequences to England could only be unfortunate and inglorious. The number was actually printed, stitched, and ready for distribution; but it was thought better to wait a little for fear of accidents, and especially for
the purpose of using it instantly after the first reverse should occur, and to give it the force of prophecy.

The battle of Waterloo came like a thunder-clap. The article was suppressed, and one on "Gall and his Craniology" was substituted for it. There it may still be found. I think Mr. Southey said he had seen the repudiated article.

While in Liverpool, Mr. Ticknor made the acquaintance of Mr. Roscoe, then in the enjoyment of wealth as well as fame, and gives a sketch of him in a letter to his friend, Mr. Davis:

"Of the acquaintances whom I found or formed in Liverpool, I know not that you will be much interested to hear of any but Mr. Roscoe, whom you already know as an author, and probably as the Lorenzo of his native city; for, like the happy subject he has chosen, he is himself a lover of, and a proficient in, the fine arts, and has done more to encourage and patronize learning than all his fellow-citizens put together. But he is now beginning to bend with age, and has retired from active pursuits, both as a man of letters and a banker. Still, however, he loves society, and his fine house (Allerton Hall, eight miles from Liverpool) is open to all strangers,—whose company he even solicits. There he lives in a style of splendour suited to his ample fortune; and, what is singular, he lives on the very estate where his father was gardener and his mother housekeeper. There I passed one day with him, and called on him afterwards and spent a couple of hours, and found him exceedingly simple in his manners, and uncommonly pleasant in his conversation.

"For a man of sixty-five, his vivacity and enthusiasm were very remarkable, and were very remarkably expressed, as he showed me a large collection of Burns's original MSS., beginning with the earliest effusions, as contained in the copy-books mentioned. I believe, in his brother's letter to Dr. Currie, and ending with the last letter he ever wrote,—the letter to his wife,—which, if I recollect right, concludes Dr. Currie's collection. These papers, Mr. Roscoe seems to preserve with a sort of holy reverence, and he read me from among them several characteristic love-letters, and some Jacobite pieces of poetry, which have never been, and never will be published, with a degree of feeling which would have moved me in one of my own age, and was doubly interesting in an old man."

Mr. Ticknor left Liverpool on the 17th of May, and arrived in London on the 25th of the same month, travelling in the leisurely style of those days; passing through Chester, St. Asaph, Llangollen, Shrewsbury, Birmingham, and Warwick; everywhere charmed with the aspect of a rich and cultivated country glowing with the bloom and verdure of an English spring. In addition to a copious correspondence with relatives and friends at home, it was
his custom to keep full journals of his life and experiences during his whole residence in Europe, from which we shall often draw.

JOURNAL.

May 20, 1815.—A few miles after we left the valley [Llangollen], to which we cast back many a longing, lingering look, we came to Chirk Castle, the seat of the Middletons; which seems, in all its more ancient division, one extensive monument of fidelity to the Stuarts. Even the old housekeeper, who showed us the apartments, was a thorough Jacobite. The banqueting-room was filled with pictures which proved their sufferings from Cromwell, and their loyalty to their sovereign; and the chamber of state was preserved with a sort of reverence in the same condition, with the same tapestry, furniture, and bed-clothes that it had when Charles I. slept there, on his way to his ruin at Chester. Among the fine pictures in the collection, I was struck with that of a beautiful lady, with an uncommonly meek and subdued expression of countenance, and dressed in the humble weeds of a nun. I inquired of the old housekeeper, who claimed to know the private history of every piece of furniture in the establishment, who the nun was. "She was the sister of Owen Tudor," the old lady replied, "but no nun at all, sir, for her seventh husband was a Middleton, and that's the reason the picture is here. They tell an odd story," the old lady went on, "that when she was riding to the burying of her fourth, the gentleman she was behind—for it was before carriages were known in England—thought it was best to be in season, and so put the question to her as they came home from the grave. She told him, she was very sorry indeed he was too late, but if she had that melancholy office to perform again, she would certainly remember him."

Hatton, May 23, 1815.—Dr. Parr lives at Hatton, but four miles from Warwick, and I was resolved not to pass so near to one who is the best Latin scholar, and almost the best Greek one in England, without seeing him, at least for a moment. Mr. Roscoe had volunteered me a letter, but I left Liverpool half a day before I intended, and the consequence was, that I did not receive it till I reached London. So I went to the doctor's with a traveller's effrontery, and sent in a note, asking leave to visit him, as a stranger. He came out to the carriage immediately,—received me with a solemnity of politeness which would have been grotesque, if it had not obviously been well meant,—carried me in, asked me to stay to dinner,—and come again when I had more time; and, in fact, treated me with as much kindness as if I had carried a volume of introductions. He is, I should think, about seventy; and though a good deal smaller, looks somewhat like his old friend Dr. Johnson,—wears just such a coat and waistcoat, and the same kind of dirty bob-wig,—and rolls himself about in his chair, as Boswell tells us Johnson did. His conversation was fluent and various,—full of declamation and sounding phrases like his writings,—and as dictatorial as an emperor's. He chose those subjects which he thought would be most interesting.
to me; and, though he often mistook in this, he never failed to be amusing.

On American politics, he was bold and decisive. He thought we had ample cause for war, and seemed to have a very favourable opinion of our principal men, such as Jefferson and Madison, and our late measures, such as Monroe's conscription plan, and the subject of taking Canada,—though it was evident enough that he knew little about any of them. "Thirty years ago," said he in a solemn tone, which would have been worthy of Johnson,—"thirty years ago, sir, I turned on my heel when I heard you called rebels, and I was always glad that you beat us." He made some inquiries on the subject of our learning and universities, of which he was profoundly ignorant, and spoke of the state of religion in our section of the country,—in particular of Dr. Freeman's alterations of the Liturgy, which he had seen—with a liberal respect, much beyond what I should have expected from a Churchman. When I came away, he followed me to the door, with many expressions of kindness, and many invitations to come and spend some time with him, on my return to England, and finally took leave of me with a bow, whose stately and awkward courtesy will always be present in my memory whenever I think of him.

His first evening in London was spent at the theatre, witnessing the performance of Miss O'Neil in "The Gamester," of whom he thus writes to his father: "I can truly say I never knew what acting was until I saw her. The play was 'The Gamester.' I cried like a school-boy, to the great amusement of the John Bulls who were around me in the pit. All night my dreams did homage to the astonishing powers of this actress, and my first waking imaginations this morning still dwelt on the hysterical laugh when she was carried off the stage. I absolutely dread to see her again."

Mr. Ticknor remained in London a little more than a month, which was to him a period of animated interest and high enjoyment. It was the height of the London season, when Parliament was in session, and the great metropolis gathered within its folds a large proportion of the science, literature, and art of the whole country. Uncommon social opportunities were held out to him, and the kindness with which he was received was an unbiased tribute to his social gifts; for London society, though hospitable, is fastidious, and will not tolerate any one who cannot contribute his fair share to the common stock of entertainment. In some respects his good fortune was rare and exceptional, for it

3 This must be taken as a proof of the power Miss O'Neil exercised, for Mr. Ticknor had often seen Cooke in Boston, and placed his acting above that of any male actor whom he saw in Europe. He saw Cooke in Shylock nine times in succession, generally leaving the theatre after Shylock's last scene.
so happened that he saw frequently, and on easy and familiar terms, Lord Byron, the most brilliant man of letters in England, and Sir Humphry Davy, the most brilliant man of science. Every hour of his time was agreeably filled with social engagements or visits to the many points of interest with which his reading had made him familiar, and the high pulse of his enjoyment is felt in his letters and journals.

To Elisha Ticknor.

London, May 26th, 1815.

At last, my dear father, I address you from this great city. . . . I feel no uncommon elation at finding myself in the world's metropolis. I only feel that I am in the midst of a million of people, whom I know not, and that I am driven forward by a crowd in whose objects and occupations and thoughts I have no share or interest. . . . I fear, my dear father, that you may be anxious about my going to the Continent, in consequence of the change of affairs in France. I assure you there is not the least occasion for anxiety. . . . It is not at all dangerous. Mr. Adams, who arrived in town the same day that we did, assures us there is, and will be, no hazard or embarrassment in going now, or after hostilities have commenced, even directly to France, much less to Holland, and to a university which knows no changes of war or peace. Besides, Americans are now treated with the most distinguished kindness and courtesy wherever they are known to be such. This I know from the testimony of very many of our countrymen, who have just returned from France and Germany. But not only Americans, but Englishmen go every day to the Continent, without molestation. I pray you, therefore, be perfectly easy, for I shall run no risk. . . . We left Liverpool on the 17th, and arrived here on the 25th, and are just settled in our respective lodgings, and ready to present our letters of introduction.

Journal.

May 30.—To-day I dined at Mr. William Vaughan's, the brother of Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell, and of Mr. John Vaughan, of Philadelphia, and as actively kind and benevolent as either of them. Dr. Rees, the editor of the Cyclopædia, was there, and though now past seventy, and oppressed with the hydrothorax, he still retains so much of the vigour and vivacity of youth, that I think he may yet live to complete the great work he has undertaken. He is a specimen, in excellent preservation, of the men of letters of the last century, and is full of stories in relation to them, which are very amusing. He was present, and gave us a lively account of Dilly's famous dinner, when Wilkes won his way, as Boswell says, by his wit and good-humour, but, as Dr. Rees says, by the grossest flattery, to Dr. Johnson's heart. Dr. Rees said, that long before Johnson's death it was understood that Boswell was to be his biographer, and that he
always courted Boswell more than anybody else, that he might be sure of the point of view in which he was to be exhibited to posterity. Boswell, in his turn, ruined his fortune, and alienated the affections of his wife, by living so much of his time—at considerable expense—in London, that he might be near his subject, and in good society.

June 6.—We dined at Mr. Vaughan’s with several men of letters, but I saw little of them, excepting Mr. Sharp, formerly a Member of Parliament, and who, from his talents in society, has been called “Conversation Sharp.” He has been made an associate of most of the literary clubs in London, from the days of Burke down to the present time. He told me a great many amusing anecdotes of them, and particularly of Burke, Porson, and Grattan, with whom he had been intimate; and occupied the dinner-time as pleasantly as the same number of hours have passed with me in England.

He gave me a new reading in Macbeth, from Henderson, to whom Mrs. Siddons once read her part for correction, when Mr. Sharp was present. The common pointing and emphasis is:

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we’ll not fail.

“No,” said Henderson, on hearing her read it thus, “that is inconsistent with Lady Macbeth’s character. She never permits herself to doubt their success, and least of all when arguing with her husband. Read it thus, Mrs. Siddons:

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth (with contempt). We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we’ll not fail.”

June 7.—This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Sharp, and had a continuation of yesterday,—more pleasant accounts of the great men of the present day, and more amusing anecdotes of the generation that has passed away.

After breakfast he carried me through the Stock Exchange into the London Exchange, the square area of a large stone pile built in the time of Charles II.; from there to Lloyd’s Coffee-House, and finally to Guildhall.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor.

London, June 8, 1815.

... I cannot tell you how happy your letters have made me. It is all well, and I am sure home must still be to you what it always has been to me, the place of all content and happiness. You, my dear father, are now, I suppose, at Hanover, and I know all that you are enjoying there. ... Tell the children how dear they will be to me
wherever I may go, and do not suffer them to forget me, for there are few things I should dread so much as to return, after my long and wearisome absence, and find the little hearts that parted from me in so much affection receiving me as a stranger. You, dear mother, are at any rate at home, and I fear may have some wearisome hours in your solitude. Would that I could be with you, to relieve them of some of their tediousness.

... England and London have much more than satisfied my expectations, as far as I have seen them, which is only on the surface. The country is much more beautiful than I thought any country could be, and the people to whom I have presented letters are much less cold, and more kind and hospitable, than I expected them to be.

JOURNAL.

June 13.—I breakfasted this morning with Sir Humphry Davy, of whom we have heard so much in America. He is now about thirty-three, but with all the freshness and bloom of five-and-twenty, and one of the handsomest men I have seen in England. He has a great deal of vivacity,—talks rapidly, though with great precision,—and is so much interested in conversation, that his excitement amounts to nervous impatience, and keeps him in constant motion. He has just returned from Italy, and delights to talk of it,—thinks it, next to England, the finest country in the world, and the society of Rome surpassed only by that of London, and says he should not die contented without going there again.

It seemed singular that his taste in this should be so acute, when his professional eminence is in a province so different and remote; but I was much more surprised when I found that the first chemist of his time was a professed angler; and that he thinks, if he were obliged to renounce fishing or philosophy, that he should find the struggle of his choice pretty severe.

Lady Davy was unwell, and when I was there before, she was out, so I have not yet seen the lady of whom Mad. de Stael said, that she has all Corinne's talents without her faults or extravagances.

After breakfast Sir Humphry took me to the Royal Institution, where he used to lecture before he married a woman of fortune and fashion, and where he still goes every day to perform chemical experiments for purposes of research. He showed me the library and model-room, his own laboratory and famous galvanic troughs, and at two o'clock took me to a lecture there, by Sir James Smith, on botany,—very good and very dull.

June 15.—As her husband had invited me to do, I called this morning on Lady Davy. I found her in her parlour, working on a dress, the contents of her basket strewn about the table, and looking more like home than anything since I left it. She is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety
of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But, then, it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant; and, though I should not think of comparing her to Corinne, yet I think she has uncommon powers.

June 16.—We dined at Mr. Vaughan's, with Dr. Schwabe, a learned German clergyman, who gave us considerable information on the state of letters in Germany; Mr. Maltby, the successor of Porson in the London Institution (Gifford says he is the best Greek scholar left, since Porson's death), and Elmsley, the writer of the Greek articles in the "Quarterly Review." He expressed to me his surprise that I spoke so good English, and spoke it, too, without an accent, so that he should not have known me from an Englishman. This is the first instance I have yet met of this kind of ignorance. He is himself a cockney.

June 19.—Among other persons, I brought letters to Gifford, the satirist, but never saw him until yesterday. Never was I so mistaken in my anticipations. Instead of a tall and handsome man, as I had supposed him from his picture,—a man of severe and bitter remarks in conversation, such as I had good reason to believe him from his books, I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but, withal, one of the best natured, most open and well-bred gentlemen I have met. He is editor of the "Quarterly Review," and was not a little surprised and pleased to hear that it was reprinted with us, which I told him, with an indirect allusion to the review of Inchiquin. He very readily took up the subject, and defended that article, on the ground that it was part of the system of warfare which was going on at that time,—and I told him that it had been answered on the same ground, and in the same temper. As he seemed curious to know something about the answer, I told him I would send it to him; and, as he is supposed to be the author of the article in question, I could hardly have sent it to a better market. He carried me to a handsome room over Murray's book-store, which he has fitted up as a sort of literary lounge, where authors resort to read newspapers and talk literary gossip. I found there Elmsley, Hallam,—Lord Byron's "Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek," now as famous for being one of his lordship's friends,—Boswell, a son of Johnson's Biographer, etc., so that I finished a long forenoon very pleasantly.

June 20.—I called on Lord Byron to-day, with an introduction from Mr. Gifford. Here again, my anticipations were mistaken. Instead of being deformed, as I had heard, he is remarkably well-built, with the exception of his feet. Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and

4 In a note subsequently added, Mr. Ticknor stated that Elmsley was not the writer of the articles ascribed to him.
careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, during which the conversation wandered over many subjects. He talked, of course, a great deal about America; wanted to know what was the state of our literature, how many universities we had, whether we had any poets whom we much valued, and whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. He certainly feels a considerable interest in America, and says he intends to visit the United States; but I doubt whether it will not be indefinitely postponed, like his proposed visit to Persia. I answered to all this as if I had spoken to a countryman, and then turned the conversation to his own poems, and particularly to his "English Bards," which he has so effectually suppressed that a copy is not easily to be found. He said he wrote it when he was very young and very angry; which, he added, were "the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire." When he returned to England, he said, Lord Holland, who treated him with very great kindness, and Rogers, who was his friend, asked him to print no more of it, and therefore he had suppressed it. Since then, he said, he had become acquainted with the persons he had satirized, and whom he then knew only by their books,—was now the friend of Moore, the correspondent of Jeffrey, and intimate with the Wordsworth school, and had a hearty liking for them all,—especially as they did not refuse to know one who had so much abused them. Of all the persons mentioned in this poem, there was not one, he said, with whom he now had any quarrel, except Lord Carlisle; and, as this was a family difference, he supposed it would never besettled. On every account, therefore, he was glad it was out of print; and yet he did not express the least regret when I told him that it was circulated in America almost as extensively as his other poems. As to the poems published during his minority, he said he suppressed them because they were not worth reading, and wondered that our booksellers could find a profit in reprinting them. All this he said without affectation; in fact, just as I now repeat it. He gave great praise to Scott; said he was undoubtedly the first man of his time, and as extraordinary in everything as in poetry,—a lawyer, a fine scholar, endowed with an extraordinary memory, and blessed with the kindest feelings.

Of Gifford, he said it was impossible that a man should have a better disposition; that he was so good-natured that if he ever says a bitter thing in conversation or in a review he does it unconsciously!

Just at this time Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do in negotiating Jay's Treaty, came suddenly into the room, and said abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron,—"is it true?" "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true; an aide-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing Street this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady
Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am d—d sorry for it;" and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I sha'n't, now." And this was the first impression produced on his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo. . . .

As I was going away, he carried me up-stairs, and showed me his library, and collection of Romaic books, which is very rich and very curious; offered me letters for Greece; and, after making an appointment for another visit, took leave of me so cordially that I felt almost at home with him.

While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful,—for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness in her own right, has a large fortune, is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month.

June 21.—I passed an hour this morning very pleasantly indeed with Sir Humphry Davy, from whom I have received great courtesy and kindness. He told me that when he was at Coppet, Mad. de Staël showed him part of a work on England similar in plan to her De l'Allemagne, but which will be only about two-thirds as long. Murray told me she had offered it to him, and had the conscience to ask four thousand guineas for it. When I came away, Sir Humphry gave me several letters for the Continent, and among them one for Canova, one for De La Rive at Geneva, and one for Mad. de Staël, which I was very glad to receive from him,—for there is nobody in England whom Mad. de Staël more valued,—though I have already two other introductions to her. I parted from Sir Humphry with real regret. He goes out of town to-morrow.

We dined to-day with Mr. Manning—brother of Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan,—a very intelligent gentleman. He told us a story of Bonaparte, which, from the source from which he had it, is likely to be true. Lord Ebrington, son of Lord Fortescue, was in Elba, and Bonaparte, finding he was the nephew of Lord Grenville, asked him to dinner. Nobody was present but Drouot, who soon retired, and left the host and the English guest tête-à-tête. The nobleman is a modest, indeed bashful man, and was so disconcerted by the awkwardness of the situation, that conversation began to fail—when Bonaparte said to him, "My lord, at this rate we shall soon be dumb; and so I propose to you that you shall answer all the questions I put to you, and then I will answer all that you put to me." The convention was accepted, and the first inquiry made by Bonaparte was, whether the people of England hated him as much as they were reported to hate him. To this, and to a series of similar
questions, the Englishman answered very honestly, as he says, and in return asked several no less personal; for his courage, like that of most bashful men, on being roused, went to the opposite extreme. Among other things, he inquired about the murder at Jaffa, and Bonaparte admitted it, with all its aggravations, but defended himself with "the tyrant's plea,—necessity." Soon after this they separated.

There was a Captain Fuller present, who was in one of the frigates stationed off Elba to keep in Bonaparte and to keep out the Algerines. He told us several anecdotes of the rude treatment of Bonaparte by the English sailors, which were very amusing. Among them he said that Captain Towers, or "Jack Towers," as he called him, gave a ball, at which many of the inhabitants of Elba were present, and Bonaparte was invited.

When he came alongside, and was announced, the dancing stopped, out of compliment to him, as Emperor; but "Jack Towers" cried out, "No, no, my boys, none of that. You're aboard the King's ship, and Bony's no more here than any other man. So, strike up again." The band was English, and obeyed.

When they first received an intimation of the unfriendly dispositions of the Algerine government, and before their determinations were known, two of the frigates went down to Algiers, to ascertain by personal inquiry. Captain Fuller and the other captain had an audience of the Dey, but the only answer they could get was this: "Your masters were fools, when they had the Frenchman in their hands, that they did not cut off his head. If I catch him, I shall act more wisely."

At three o'clock, I went to the literary exchange at Murray's bookstore. Gifford was there, as usual, and Sir James Burgess, who, I find, is the man of whom Cumberland so often speaks, and in conjunction with whom he wrote the Exodiad; and before long Lord Byron came in, and stayed out the whole party. I was glad to meet him there; for there I saw him among his fellows and friends—men with whom he felt intimate, and who felt themselves equal to him. The conversation turned upon the great victory at Waterloo, for which Lord Byron received the satirical congratulations of his ministerial friends with a good-nature which surprised me. He did not, however, disguise his feelings or opinions at all, and maintained stoutly, to the last, that Bonaparte's case was not yet desperate.

He spoke to me of a copy of the American edition of his poems, which I had sent him, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing it in a small form, because in that way, he said, nobody would be prevented from purchasing it. It was in boards, and he said he would not have it bound, for he should prefer to keep it in the same state in which it came from America.

He has very often expressed to me his satisfaction at finding that his works were printed and read in America, with a simplicity which does not savour of vanity in the least.

June 22.—I dined with Murray, and had a genuine booksellers' dinner, such as Lintot used to give to Pope and Gay and Swift;
and Dilly, to Johnson and Goldsmith. Those present were two Mr. Duncans, Fellows of New College, Oxford, Disraeli, author of the "Quarrels and Calamities of Authors," Gifford, and Campbell. The conversation of such a party could not long be confined to politics, even on the day when they received full news of the Duke of Wellington's successes; and, after they had drunk his health and Blücher's, they turned to literary topics as by instinct, and from seven o'clock until twelve the conversation never failed or faltered.

Disraeli, who, I think, is no great favourite, though a very good-natured fellow, was rather the butt of the party. The two Duncans were acute and shrewd in correcting some mistakes in his books. Gifford sometimes defended him, but often joined in the laugh; and Campbell, whose spirits have lately been much improved by a legacy of £5000, was the life and wit of the party. He is a short, small man, and has one of the roundest and most lively faces I have seen amongst this grave people. His manners seemed as open as his countenance, and his conversation as spirited as his poetry. He could have kept me amused till morning; but midnight is the hour for separating, and the party broke up at once.

June 23.—We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret, that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window, without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "D—in it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's—"will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us.

After leaving Mr. West, I went by appointment to see Lord Byron. He was busy when I first went in, and I found Lady Byron alone. She did not seem so pretty to me as she did the other day; but what she may have lost in regular beauty she made up in variety and expression of countenance during the conversation. She is diffident,—she is very young, not more, I think, than nineteen,—but is obviously possessed of talent, and did not talk at all for display. For the quarter of an hour during which I was with her, she talked upon a considerable variety of subjects—America, of which she seemed to know considerable; of France, and Greece, with something of her husband's visit there,—and spoke of all with a justness and a light good-
humour that would have struck me even in one of whom I had heard nothing.

With Lord Byron I had an extremely pleasant and instructive conversation of above an hour. He is, I think, simple and unaffectcd. When he speaks of his early follies, he does it with sincerity; of his journeys in Greece and the East, without ostentation; of his own works he talks with modesty, and of those of his rivals, or rather contemporaries, with justice, generosity, and discriminating praise. In everything, as far as I have seen him, he is unlike the characters of his own "Childe Harold" and "Giaour," and yet, those who know him best and longest, say that these stories are but the descriptions of his early excesses, and these imaginary characters but the personification of feelings and passions which have formerly been active, but are now dormant or in abeyance. Of this, of course, I know nothing, but from accounts I have received from respectable sources, and the internal evidence, which I have always thought strongly in favour of them.

This morning I talked with him of Greece, because I wished to know something of the modes of travelling there. He gave me a long, minute, and interesting account of his journeys and adventures, not only in Greece, but in Turkey; described to me the character and empire of Ali Pacha, and told me what I ought to be most anxious to see and investigate in that glorious country. He gave me, indeed, more information on this subject than all I have before gathered from all the sources I have been able to reach; and did it, too, with so much spirit, that it came to me as an intellectual entertainment, as well as a valuable mass of instruction.

An anecdote was told me to-day of the Great Captain, which, as it is so characteristic, and, besides,—coming to me only at second-hand, from his aide who brought the despatches,—so surely authentic, that I cannot choose but record it. "During the first and second days," 5 said Major Percy, "we had the worst of the battle, and thought we should lose it. On the third and great day, from the time when the attack commenced in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, we attempted nothing but to repel the French. During all this time we suffered most terribly, and three times during the course of the day we thought nothing remained to us but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Under every charge the Duke of Wellington remained nearly in the same spot; gave his orders, but gave no opinion,—expressed no anxiety,—showed, indeed, no signs of feeling. They brought him word that his favourite regiment was destroyed, and that his friends had fallen,—nay, he saw almost every one about his person killed or wounded,—but yet he never spoke a word or moved a muscle, looking unchanged upon all the destruction about him. At last, at five o'clock, the fire of the French began to slacken. He ordered a charge to be made along the whole line,—a desperate

5 By the "first and second days" Major Percy must have meant the battle at Quatre Bras on the 16th and the retreat to Waterloo on the 17th. The battle of Waterloo was begun and ended in one day.
measure, which, perhaps, was never before ventured under such circumstances; and when he saw the alacrity with which his men advanced towards the enemy, then for the first time, laying his hand with a sort of convulsive movement on the pistols at his saddle-bow, he spoke, as it were in soliloquy, and all he said was, ‘That will do!’ In ten minutes the rout of the French was complete. And yet this great man, twice in India and once in Spain, had almost lost his reputation and even his rank, by being unable to control the impetuosity of his disposition. In the night one of his aides passed the window of the house where he had his quarters, and found him sitting there. He told the duke he hoped he was well. ‘Don’t talk to me of myself, Major,’ he said; ‘I can think of nothing, and see nothing but the Guards. My God! all destroyed! It seems as if I should never sleep again!’ This was his favourite regiment; and when they were mustered after the battle, out of above a thousand men, less than three hundred answered.’

June 25.—Mr. Campbell asked me to come out and see him to-day, and make it a long day’s visit. So, after the morning service, I drove out, and stayed with him until nearly nine this evening. He lives in a pleasant little box, at Sydenham, nine miles from town, a beautiful village, which looks more like an American village than any I have seen in England. His wife is a bonny little Scotchwoman, with a great deal of natural vivacity; and his only child, a boy of about ten, an intelligent little fellow, but somewhat injured by indulgence, I fear. . . . They seem very happy, and have made me so, for there was no one with them but myself, except an old schoolmate of Campbell’s, now a barrister of considerable eminence. . . . Campbell had the same good spirits and love of merriment as when I met him before,—the same desire to amuse everybody about him; but still I could see, as I partly saw then, that he labours under the burden of an extraordinary reputation, too easily acquired, and feels too constantly that it is necessary for him to make an exertion to satisfy expectation. The consequence is, that, though he is always amusing, he is not always quite natural.

He showed me the biographical and critical sketches of the English Poets which he is printing. . . . They will form three volumes, and consist, I imagine, chiefly of the lectures he delivered at the Institution, newly prepared with that excessive care which is really a blemish in his later works, and which arises, I suppose, in some degree from a constitutional nervousness which often amounts to disease. Lord Byron told me that he had injured his poem of “Gertrude,” by consulting his critical friends too much, and attempting to reconcile and follow all their advice. His lectures at the Institution, from the same cause, though extremely popular at first, gradually became less so, though to the last they were remarkably well attended.

June 26.—I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day. Soon after I went in, Mrs. Siddons was announced as in
an adjoining parlour. Lord Byron asked me if I should not like to see her, and on my saying I should, carried me in and introduced me to her. She is now, I suppose, sixty years old, and has one of the finest and most spirited countenances, and one of the most dignified and commanding persons, I ever beheld. Her portraits are very faithful as to her general air and outline, but no art can express or imitate the dignity of her manner or the intelligent illumination of her face. Her conversation corresponded well with her person. It is rather stately, but not, I think, affected; and, though accompanied by considerable gesture, not really overacted. She gave a lively description of the horrible ugliness and deformity of David the painter; told us some of her adventures in France, a year ago; and, in speaking of Bonaparte, repeated some powerful lines from the "Venice Preserved," which gave me some intimations of her powers of acting. She formed a singular figure by Lady Byron, who sat by her side, all grace and delicacy, and this showed Mrs. Siddons's masculine powers in the stronger light of comparison and contrast. Her daughter, who was with her, is the handsomest lady I have seen in England. She is about twenty.

After she was gone, the conversation naturally turned on the stage. Lord Byron asked me what actors I had heard, and, when I told him, imitated to me the manner of Munden, Braham, Cooke, and Kemble, with exactness, as far as I had heard them. Kemble has been ill ever since I arrived, and is now in Scotland, and of course I could not judge of the imitation of him.

Afterwards I had a long and singular conversation with Lord Byron, in which, with that simplicity which I have uniformly found to mark his character, he told me a great deal of the history of his early feelings and habits; of the impressions of extreme discontent under which he wrote "Childe Harold," which he began at Joannina and finished at Smyrna; and of the extravagant intention he had formed of settling in Greece, which, but for the state of his affairs, that required his presence in England, he should have fulfilled. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he told me, he wrote at his paternal estate in the country, the winter before he set forth on his travels, while a heavy fall of snow was on the ground, and he kept house for a month, during which time he never saw the light of day, rising in the evening after dark, and going to bed in the morning before dawn. "The Corsair," he told me, he wrote in eleven days, and copied on the twelfth, and added, that whenever he undertook anything, he found it necessary to devote all his thoughts to it until he had finished it. This is the reason why he can never finish his "Childe Harold." It is so long since he laid it aside, that he said it would now be entirely impossible for him to resume it. From some of his remarks, I think it not unlikely that he may next turn his thoughts to the stage, though it would be impossible, in a mind constituted like his, to predict the future from the present.

After all, it is difficult for me to leave him, thinking either of his early follies or his present eccentricities; for his manners are so gentle, and his whole character so natural and unaffected, that I have
come from him with nothing but an indistinct, though lively impression of the goodness and vivacity of his disposition.

June 27.—This evening I went to Drury Lane, to see Kean in the part of Leon. Lord Byron, who is interested in this theatre, and one of its managing committee, had offered me a seat in his private box. . . . There was nobody there, this evening, but Lord and Lady Byron, and her father and mother. It was indeed only a very pleasant party, who thought much more of conversation than of the performance; though Kean certainly played the part well, much better than Cooper does. In the next box to us sat M. G. Lewis; a very decent-looking man compared with the form my imagination had given to the author of the "Monk," and the "Castle Spectre."

Lord Byron was pleasant, and Lady Byron more interesting than I have yet seen her. Lord Byron told me one fact that surprised me very much,—that he knew the Prince Regent to be very well read in English literature, and a pretty good scholar in Latin and Greek, the last of which he had known him to quote in conversation. Fas est et ab hoste doceri.

Lady Milbank, Lady Byron's mother, is a good-natured old lady,—a little fashionable, however, I fear,—and her husband, a plain, respectable Englishman, who loves politics, and hates the French above everything. The afterpiece was "Charles the Bold," a genuine melodrama, full of drums and trumpets, and thunder and music, and a specimen of the state of the English stage, which I had never felt fully till now. However, the pleasant conversation in the box prevented me from being much annoyed by the piece, and I was really sorry when it was over; and I shook hands with Lord Byron for the last time with unexpected regret.

I think I have received more kindness from Lord Byron than from any person in England on whom I had not the regular claim of a letter of introduction. Besides the letters he has sent me for Fauriel and Ali Pacha, he accompanied the last with a present of a splendid pistol, which is to ensure me a kind reception with the pervers Turc, and a copy of his own poems, and one of Dr. Holland's "Travels in Greece," which was given to him by the author,—with whom he has authorized me to use his name, to procure further facilities for my journey, if I should meet him on the Continent.

June 29.—To-day, after some trouble, though none arising unnecessarily in the public offices, I have obtained my passport, and gone through the melancholy duty of calling on the friends who have been kind to me,—bade farewell to the loungers at Murray's literary Exchange, and called on Lord Byron, who told me that he yet hoped to meet me in America. He said he never envied any men more than Lewis and Clarke, when he read the account of their expedition.

Mr. Ticknor left London on the 30th of June with the same delightful party of friends with whom he had crossed the ocean, and, crossing by Harwich, landed at Helvoetsluyys. There, he says, "We took the only two machines in the village,—a coach,
which seemed to be without springs, and a wagon, which did not even pretend to have any,—to transport us to Rotterdam. Our road, the whole distance, went over a dike, and some portions of it were on the coast, 'where the broad ocean leans against the land.' From Rotterdam, they went to the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, where he parted from Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and Mr. and Miss Haven; and with Mr. Everett and young Perkins, went on his way to Göttingen. Of this parting, he says: "It was not, indeed, like the bitterness of leaving home, but it was all else, and, indeed, in the sense of desolation, the same. For more than three months we had lived together as one family, ... and the affections which had long existed were ripened into the nearest intimacy."

On the 13th of July, at Amsterdam, he tells his father that he has been busy in buying books and seeing sights, and then says:

"The country itself is a standing miracle perpetually before my eyes, which loses none of its power to excite my wonder by losing its novelty. It is impossible to give any good reason for it, but I cannot entirely divest myself of a sensation of insecurity, whenever I recollect that I am living many feet below the surface of the sea, and protected from its inundation only by works of human invention and strength, which in other cases avail so little against the power of the element. "When, on entering Amsterdam, I passed over the narrow neck that unites it to the mainland, and saw the sea chafing against the shores on each side of me, much higher than the road on which I was traveling, I could not help feeling something as a French gentleman did, who, after receiving an invitation to dine in Amsterdam, had occasion to pass over the isthmus on a stormy day, when the ocean was rather more violent than it commonly is, and, instead of returning to observe his engagement, hastened to the Hague, and sent back, for an excuse, that he had seen the water breaking over the dike, and was sure that Amsterdam could not exist two days longer; and yet nothing can be more absurd, though I am sure nothing can be more natural, than these feelings and fears. ..."

From Amsterdam he proceeded directly to Göttingen, where he arrived on the 4th of August.

6 To be placed at school in Göttingen.
CHAPTER IV.

Residence in Göttingen till the end of 1815.—University Life.—His own Studies.—Benecke, Eichhorn, Blumenbach, Schultz, Michaelis, Kästner.—Wolf.—Excursion to Hanover.

On arriving at Göttingen, which was to be Mr. Ticknor's home for twenty months, he felt like the pilgrim who had reached the shrine of his faith; here he found the means and instruments of knowledge in an abundance and excellence such as he had never before even imagined. Göttingen was at that time the seat of the leading university in Germany, occupying much the same comparative position as that of Berlin does now. Founded by George II., it owed its rank and eminence, in a great measure, to the fostering care of the king's enlightened Hanoverian minister, Baron Münchhausen, who watched over its interests with a vigilance and constancy which had something of the warmth of personal affection. Another of its benefactors, in a different way, was the illustrious Heyne, who had died in 1812, after having been connected with it, in various capacities, for half a century. He was not only a scholar of eminence and varied attainments, and an unrivalled teacher in the department of philology, but also a man of sound practical wisdom and tact in the conduct of life, and had, for many years before his death, been the leading spirit in the government and administration of the University. His high and wide reputation had brought to it a great number of pupils.

At the time of Mr. Ticknor's residence in Göttingen, there were many distinguished teachers and scholars connected with its University, such as Dissen, Benecke, Schultz, Eichhorn, and others, and especially two men of world-wide fame,—Gauss in mathematics, and Blumenbach in natural history. The latter was attracting pupils from all over Europe, not merely by his immense and accurate knowledge, but by his peculiar felicity in communicating it. His learned and instructive lectures were brightened by a rich vein of native humour, which was always under the control of tact and good sense, and never degenerated into buffoonery. He retained to the last the high spirits of a boy, and was not entirely free from a boy's love of mischief. Though not much interested in natural history, Mr. Ticknor attended the lectures of Blumenbach, who seemed to have formed a strong attachment for his studious and animated pupil from the far-distant West. Easy and cordial relations grew up between them, and
when Mr. Ticknor took leave of the great naturalist, he felt almost as if he were parting from a European father.  

The way of life into which he fell at Göttingen, continuing with little interruption for twenty months, was not only in marked contrast with his brilliant experience in London, but was unlike that which he had been accustomed to lead at home. Though he had always been a diligent student, yet his warm domestic affections and strong social tastes had claimed some portion of his time; but now all his hours, from early morning till night, were given to hard work, unrelieved by either amusement or society. A daily walk with his friend Mr. Everett was all that varied the monotony of continuous study. Having never been dependent for happiness upon amusements, it cost him little to renounce these; but it was a loss and a sacrifice to give up society,—that full and free exchange of feelings and opinions with those whom we love and trust, which is one of the highest pleasures of life. His only relaxation was found in a change of employment.  

But his life in Göttingen was a happy one. For all his privations and sacrifices there was this great compensation, that here, for the first time, a deep and ever-flowing fountain was opened to him in which his passionate love of knowledge could be slaked. Here, for the first time, he was made to understand and feel what is meant by instruction. At home he had had teachers, that is, he had had men who knew somewhat more than he did, to whom he recited his lessons, who corrected his mistakes and allowed him to learn. But at Göttingen he was made to understand the difference between reciting to a man and being taught by him. Here he took lessons in Greek, for instance, of a scholar who had not only learned Greek thoroughly, but had also learned the art of teaching it. The delight he took in his new charters and privileges was in proportion to his ardent love of knowledge and his previous imperfect opportunities for gratifying it.  

Another source of happiness, as well as of intellectual growth, was opened to him at Göttingen in its magnificent library of over two hundred thousand volumes, especially rich in modern literature, and administered so liberally that any number of books might be taken from it and kept as long as the student had any need of them. This immense treasury of knowledge was all the more impressive and the more welcome from its contrast with the meagre collections he had left at home. Every student knows

7 Mr. Ticknor once said to me that nothing more marked the change pro-
what a pleasure it is to be able to lay his hands on every book he wants when he is studying a subject, as well as the exaggerated value he will put upon the particular book he cannot find. Here our ardent young scholar could be sure of lighting upon every book of which he had even ever heard; and the delight with which his eye ran along the endless shelves of the University library was only tempered by the sigh called forth by the thought of the disproportion between these boundless stores of knowledge and the length of any human life, or the measure of any human powers.

Mr. Ticknor's enjoyment of the new and copious sources of knowledge which were now opened to him, and his sense of the intellectual growth derived from them, were alloyed both by the painful comparison he was forced to make between what he found in Göttingen and what he had left at home, and the sad thought of how much more he might have done and known if, in childhood and youth, he had had the advantages he was now enjoying. He saw men around him, his contemporaries, not superior to him in capacity or industry, but far beyond him in extent and accuracy of knowledge, and he could not but recall with a bitter pang the precious hours he had lost for want of books and teachers. The tone of his correspondence, however, is never desponding, but always cheerful. The following extract from a letter to his father, written in November, 1815,—certainly not a season of exhilarating influences in Northern Germany,—is but a fair specimen of the spirit which animates all his communications.

"The shortest days are soon coming, and I am glad of it. . . . . At home I used to delight in the silence and darkness of the morning, produced in him by his long residence in Europe than the different impressions made by the library of Harvard College before his departure and after his return. "When I went away," he said, "I thought it was a large library; when I came back, it seemed a closetful of books."

8 This feeling occasionally finds expression in his letters. Writing to his father, November 10, 1815, and speaking of his Greek tutor, Dr. Schultze, he says: "Every day I am filled with new astonishment at the variety and accuracy, the minuteness and readiness, of his learning. Every day I feel anew, under the oppressive weight of his admirable acquirements, what a mortifying distance there is between a European and an American scholar! 'We do not yet know what a Greek scholar is; we do not even know the process by which a man is to be made one. I am sure, if there is any faith to be given to the signs of the times, two or three generations at least must pass away before we make the discovery and succeed in the experiment. Dr. Schultze is hardly older than I am. . . . . It never entered into my imagination to conceive that any expense of time or talent could make a man so accomplished in this forgotten language as he is."
and a long, uninterrupted winter's evening had pleasures that were all its own; but here, where the sun hardly rises above the damp and sickly mists of the horizon through the whole day, where candles must be burnt till nine in the morning and lighted again at three,—here the darkness becomes a burden of which I shall rejoice to be rid. It no longer seems to me like that 'grateful vicissitude of day and night' that Milton says 'flows from the very throne of God,' but like the Cimmerian darkness in which Homer has involved the gloomy regions of death and despair. I would not write thus to you, my dear father, if I did not know that, when you receive this letter, you will be able to console yourself with the recollection that I have already emerged to the light of day. The climate and weather are much like our own in 'fickleness, though more damp and rainy. . . . But I care nothing for this. My health is perfect and constant; and, as for 'the seasons and their changes, all please alike.'"

Mr. Ticknor always was an easy and ready writer, and the exercise of writing was never distasteful to him. His letters and journals, during his residence in Europe, were so copious that they alone, had he done nothing else, would have saved him from the reproach of idleness. They contain so full and continuous a record of his life and thoughts, that little is left for his biographer to relate. They should be read, however, not merely as fresh and animated sketches of what he witnessed and felt, but as unconscious revelations of character, addressed, as they were, to his father and mother, with that frank and affectionate confidence which had always existed between them. They reveal to us a rare degree of self-denial and force of character in a young man of four-and-twenty, suddenly exchanging the loving and watchful supervision of a New England home for the absolute freedom of Europe, but yielding to none of the temptations of his new position; devoting himself to an unbroken life of hard study, making his plans deliberately and adhering to them resolutely, and renouncing not merely all debasing but all frivolous pleasures. And from these letters and journals we also learn that his love of study was not the effect of a solitary temper or an ascetic spirit, but that he was fond of society as well as of books, that he was a social favourite, everywhere well received, and treated with marked kindness by many of the most distinguished men in Europe.

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR, BOSTON.

Göttingen, August 10, 1815.

Well, my dear father, here I am regularly settled in my own lodgings, and regularly matriculated as a member of the "University of Göttingen;" and the first and pleasantest use I can make of my new
apartments and privileges is to sit down and give you an account of them.

The town itself, as you know, is now within the dominions of Hanover, and was formerly just comprehended within that of Westphalia. It is an old town, and all the houses I have observed are old, though evidently comfortable and neat, and quite filled with tenants from all quarters of the world. The whole town was originally surrounded with pretty strong walls; but they are now in ruins, and serve only as the foundation of a public walk, shaded with fine trees, which extends round the city. The number of inhabitants is about ten thousand, and, as far as I have come in contact with them during the last three days, I have found them as all the Germans are reputed to be,—kind, courteous, and not only willing, but anxious, to assist the strangers who come among them. One circumstance, I believe, must strike everybody who establishes himself at Göttingen: it is a place which subsists so entirely upon literature, the town and the University have been by the policy of the government so completely adapted to the wants of foreigners, and the manners and habits of the citizens and faculty so entirely accommodated to this fluctuating population, that the moment a student comes here, his situation is so well understood that every request and wish is anticipated. Wherever you go, it seems to be the express business of the persons you meet,—whether they be professors, faculty, or citizens,—to see that you are in lodgings, that you know the persons whom you ought to choose for instructors, and that you are properly furnished with everything you want. In consequence of this, a student can hardly feel himself to be a stranger here, after the first day or two.

The University, as you know, was founded by George II., and was always under the especial patronage of the British throne, until Hanover was seized by the French. Ever since then it has shared a better fate than the other literary establishments of the Continent. Bonaparte, indeed, once sent Denon, the Egyptian traveller, and another savant, to look among the treasures of its Library, but they carried nothing away. While Halle, Leipsic, and Jena were suffering under his brutal depredations on their funds and among their books, he declared that he considered Göttingen as an establishment which belonged neither to Hanover nor to Germany, but to Europe and the world; and he was not only true to the promise he made to the faculty here, to protect them, but, under the government of Jerome, they were liberally assisted by the influence and even the wealth of the throne. In consequence of this, Göttingen, instead of coming from the hands of the French nearly abolished, like the universities of Holland, or mutilated and abridged in its funds and privileges, like those of Saxony, now stands higher than it ever stood before, and at this moment—when an immense proportion of the young men of the country are in the ranks of the army, from choice or compulsion, and all the other literary establishments, even those at Halle, Leipsic, and Berlin, are languishing for want of pupils—reckons on its books above eighteen hundred and forty regular pupils. The number of professors is
proportionally great. There are nearly forty, appointed and paid by the government, and there are, besides, as many more men of science and letters, who live here for the purpose of lecturing and instruction; so that at least seventy or eighty different courses of lectures, all in the German language, are going on at the same time.

Two courses of lectures, or two semestres, as they are called, are given by each professor, or lecturer, in each year, with a vacation of three weeks at the end of every semestre. One semestre begins a fortnight after Easter (in April), and ends a week before Michaelmas; the other begins a fortnight after Michaelmas, and ends a week before Easter. Everything is done by solitary study and private instruction (privatissime, as it is called), or else by public lectures. . . .

My first object, of course, will be German. This will be taught me by Prof. Benecke, the Professor of English Literature, who speaks English quite well. . . . Besides him, however, I intend to procure some scholar who will come to my chambers and read and speak with me. In this way, by October I think I shall be able to attend the lectures profitably, and then I shall probably resort to those of Eichhorn on literary history, and to those of some other professors on Greek, Roman, and German literatures. If I find this mode of instruction profitable, and nothing calls me sooner to France, I shall remain here until next April.

You now know, my dear father, all that I know myself about Göttingen and my prospect in it. . . . There is no such thing as a royal road to learning; but in the means, opportunities, and excitements offered here, there is a considerable approximation to it. Nothing now remains but to see how I shall improve my advantages. . . .

JOURNAL.

Göttingen, August 22. —Michaelis, I find, was not much respected here. He had a quarrelsome and fretful temper, a mean and avaricious heart. A great many stories are told to his discredit, and to the credit of the wit and good feeling of Kästner, who was at the same time Professor of Mathematics, and was always a thorn in Michaelis's side. A scholar here, whose poverty had not extinguished his love of learning, went to Michaelis, and told him that he was extremely desirous to hear his lectures, but had no money, explained the reasons of it, and begged him to admit him without the customary honorarium. Michaelis hesitated, said he had a family to support, etc.; but, observing that the young man wore silver buckles in his shoes, told him that he did not think one in his circumstances should wear such ornaments, and actually had the brutality to hint that he would receive them instead of his fee. The young man gave them to him, and with a heavy heart, and unstrapped shoes, went to Kästner on the same errand. Kästner forgave him the fee, and said, "If you are so poor, you must like to buy clothes cheap;" and going to his wardrobe brought out a pair of old leather breeches. "Here," said he, "are a pair of breeches,—very good, too, though you don't seem to like them,—which you shall have for half nothing." What will you
give?" The young man was confounded,—tried to excuse himself,—said he did not want clothes, etc., but in vain. The professor insisted, said they were as good as new, though they were really not fit to be seen, and ended by saying he should have them for half a dollar. The poor fellow took them, gave to Kästner all the money he had, and went away more overwhelmed with this insult than with the first. He sat down in his chair is despair, and threw the wretched breeches on the table. They fell like something heavy, and, on examining, he found a purse of gold in the pocket. He hurried with it to the professor. "No," said Kästner, "a bargain is a bargain. When you bought the breeches, you bought all there was in them," and pushed him out of the room to avoid his thanks and gratitude.

Kästner lost no occasion to trouble and vex Michaelis, and at last his persecutions proceeded to open insult, and the Regency at Hanover interfered and ordered him to beg Michaelis's pardon. On receiving the intimation, Kästner, the next morning at daybreak, dressed himself in a full suit, with a sword and chapeau, and went to the house of Michaelis. The servant said her master was not up; but Kästner insisted on his being called, and, instead of waiting till he came down, followed the maid directly into his chamber, and, pretending to be surprised beyond measure in finding him in bed with his wife, darted suddenly back, cried out, "I beg ten thousand pardons," turned on his heel, and never made the professor any further satisfaction, or in any other way fulfilled the commands of the Regency.

Being rather weary after six weeks of constant study, Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett made a visit of five days to Hanover, leaving Göttingen September 19th, and returning the 24th, and found much interest in making the acquaintance of Föder,—for twenty-nine years professor in Göttingen,—Count Munster, Minister of State, Professor Martens, author of a work on the Law of Nations, "much read in America," and Mad. Kestner, the original of Goethe's "Charlotte." The following are passages from his journal in Hanover:

Hanover, September 20, 1815.—This morning I called on Count Munster, Minister of State for Hanover. I found him a man of about forty-five, well-built, tall, and genteel. He speaks English like a native, and though his conversation was not very acute, it was discursive and pleasant. I remained with him only a few moments, as there were several persons in waiting, when I was admitted, whose business was much more important, I doubt not, than mine; but the impression I brought away of his character was distinct,—that he is a man of benevolence, considerable activity, and, though not of extraordinary talents, yet of such talents as fit him to be at the head of such a little principality as this. I shall not soon forget the praise which Blumenbach gave him, that he is a minister who never made a promise which he did not fulfill... The rest of the morning I passed in the library. I found there many curiosities. Indeed, the
library itself, considered as the work of Leibnitz,—which for a long
time was so small that he kept it in his house, but which now amounts
to eighty thousand volumes,—is no common curiosity. But, besides
this, we were shown the MSS. of the Bishop of Salisbury (Burnet),
which Dr. Noehden has recently published; his letters to Leibnitz,
and indeed the whole of Leibnitz's immense correspondence, filling
forty or fifty large drawers; the handwriting of Luther, which was fine;
that of Melancthon, which was execrable; a curious and exquisitely
beautiful MS. of the German translation of the book of Esther,
made about a hundred years ago, on one roll of parchment; but,
above all the rest, the entire collection of Leibnitz MSS. on sub-
jects of politics, mathematics, philosophy, history, divinity, and
indeed nearly every branch of human knowledge, in Latin, Greek,
English, French, Italian, and German, in prose and poetry, printed
and unprinted. They made an enormous mass. . . . Yet no man
ever wrote with more care, no man ever blotted, and altered, and
copied more than Leibnitz. There are instances in this collection in
which he had written the same letter three times over, and finally
amended it so much as to be obliged to give it to his secretary
to make the last copy; and all this, too, on an occasion of little
importance. Still he found time for everything, and was, I imagine,
the most general scholar of his time. At any rate, in the extent
of his acquirements he far surpassed his more fortunate and greater
rival.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR, ESQ., BOSTON.

GÖTTINGEN, November 5, 1815.

The time has passed with surprising speed since I have been here.
This evening finishes the third month since I drove into Göttingen
with a heavy heart, doubtful, from what I had seen of the towns on
the road, whether I should be contented to live here even the five or
six months I then proposed to myself. A month's experience deter-
mined me to remain till the spring, and now I am ready to tell you
that I do not think I shall ever again find its equal. Even while I
was struggling with the language, and of course was cut off from half
the means and opportunities the University could afford,—even then
the conviction was continually pressing upon me of the superiority of
their instructions and modes of teaching. Now I know it. . . .

Now I am ready to tell you just how I shall divide and dispose of
my time for five months to come. In the first place I rise precisely
at five, and sit down at once to my Greek; upon which I labour
three mornings in the week till half past seven, and three days till
half past eight. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the
striking of eight o'clock, I am at Prof. Benecke's for my lesson
in German. This has become a light study. I read with him only
some of the most difficult parts of the poets, and carry to him the
passages I do not understand in books I read for other purposes. He
is perfectly at home in all their literary history and familiar with all
the secret allusions and hints in their ancient and modern classics,
and is an uncommonly good English scholar, so that I find this hour's instruction very pleasant and useful.

At nine, every day, I go to Prof. Eichhorn's lectures on the first three Evangelists. Though I do not agree with him in his doctrine respecting the origin and formation of the Gospels, and am not often satisfied with his general reasoning, yet this forms but a small part of his course; and in return I am delighted with his exposition of particular parts, his luminous elucidation of dark and doubtful passages, his acute and curious learning, which he brings most happily to the assistance of the exegetical part of his work, and, above all, with his eloquence and enthusiasm, and deep and genuine love of truth. At ten this lecture breaks up, and I catch a walk of fifteen minutes as I come home, and from that time till dinner at twelve I go on with my Greek, and thus divide my day pretty equally,—at least my day of labour. After dinner I take a nap of half an hour, which refreshes me very much, and then half a cup of coffee, which wakes me up and gives me spirit for the afternoon.

At half past one I read the passages in Blumenbach's Manual which he will expound in his lecture, and at three go to his lecture on natural history, which would be amusement enough for me, if I had no other the whole day. He is now nearly or quite seventy years old, has been professor here above forty years, and is now delivering, to an overflowing class, his eightieth course of lectures on natural history. He is the first naturalist in Germany,—perhaps in the world,—has an astonishingly wide and intimate familiarity with his subject, and a happy humour in communicating his instruction, which makes doubly amusing what is, itself, the most interesting of all studies. His jokes, however, are never frivolous; they are always connected with some important fact or doctrine which they are intended to impress; and when we come out of his lecture-room, after having laughed half the time we were there, we are sure to have learnt twice as much, and to remember it twice as well, as if we had never laughed at all. After this I take a walk, and at five go to Dr. Schultze, a young man, but at least to me an extraordinary Greek scholar, and held to be decidedly the best Greek instructor in Göttingen, and recite to him in Greek. . . . He is as completely at home in Greek as if it were a modern language which he had learnt in the ordinary way; and before the spring comes, I trust I shall have learnt something from him which I shall not forget.

Finding it impossible, from the continual rains and intolerable mud of the streets, to get exercise enough, Everett and myself have fallen into the universal fashion, and go an hour to the University fencing-master three times a week, from six to seven. We find it useful and pleasant too; for, except at Blumenbach's lectures, where we cannot talk, we seldom meet in the week, except at these fencing hours. The evenings I pass in reading German, principally such books as will profit me in Italy and Greece. Just before ten I go to bed, and "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" till my punctual Frederick comes in and says, "It is striking five, sir, and your breakfast is ready."

You will ask whether my acquaintance and visitors do not som
times interrupt me. Visiting, as it is done in our colleges, is a thing absolutely unknown here. If a man, who means to have any reputation as a scholar, sees his best friend once a week, it is thought quite often enough. As for acquaintance, except an English student in divinity, whom I see at my two lectures and the fencing master's, a German student, whom I do not visit, but who comes to see me about once a fortnight, and a modern Greek, whom I see about once a month, I have no acquaintance. Our Sunday evenings Everett and I commonly spend either at Blumenbach's, Heeren's, or Eichhorn's.

To ELISHA TICKNOR, ESQ., BOSTON.

GÖTTINGEN, November 10, 1815.

. . . . I wrote you, in my last, less decisively about my Greek instructor than about the rest. . . . . This week, however, has satisfied me that he will soon become my favourite instructor, as his subject has always been my favourite branch. I learn the language entirely through the German. My lexicon, grammar, etc., are German, and from this language I mean hereafter to acquire my Greek, since the means in it are vastly better than our language will afford, or even the Latin. At first we had some difficulty in fixing upon a common medium of translating. I did not like to render it into broken German, and I would not disgrace the language of Pericles and Demosthenes by rendering it into French. Latin, of course, was all that remained; and, after discarding my Latin and Greek lexicons, and renouncing for ever the miserable assistance of Latin versions, I undertook to render it, with some misgivings. I had never done it, I had never spoken a word of Latin; but the moment I began, the difficulty vanished. I found that I could translate thus nearly as fast as into my mother tongue; in short, I found that I knew a great deal more Latin than I suspected; I shall hereafter use it upon all emergencies without hesitation.

My instructor, Dr. Schultze, is one of the private lecturers here, and is considered very skilful in teaching; how he is, comparatively with others here, I cannot tell from my own experience, but I know that he is such a scholar as we have no idea of in America. To be sure, he looks as if he had fasted six months on Greek prosody and the Pindaric metres, but I am by no means certain that he has not his reward for his sacrifices.

Schultze was a man of genius, and a poet as well as a scholar. He wrote "Psyche," "Cecilia," "The Enchanted Rose" (which last has been translated into English), and many miscellaneous poems. He was but two years older than Mr. Ticknor, having been born in 1789. He died in 1817. After his death, his works were collected and published by his friend Bouterweck, with a short sketch of his life. A new edition appeared in Leipsic in 1855, in four volumes, with a more full biography. An account of his life and works may be found in the third volume of Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry."

F 2
To E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, November 18, 1815.

... If I desired to teach anybody the value of time, I would send him to spend a semestre at Göttingen. Until I began to attend the lectures, and go frequently into the streets, I had no idea of the accuracy with which it is measured and sold by the professors. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin and four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students, with their portfolios under their arms, hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another,—generally running in order to save time, and often without a hat, which is always in the way in the lecture-room. As soon as they reach the room, they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out, the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for an instant cease. The diligence and success with which they do this are very remarkable. One who is accustomed to the exercise, and skilful in it, will not only take down every idea of the professor, but nearly every word; and, in this land of poverty, lectures are thus made to serve as a kind of Lancastrian education in the high branches of letters and science.

About two minutes before the hour is completed, the students begin to be uneasy for fear they should lose the commencement of the next lecture they are to attend; and if the professor still goes on to the very limit of his time, they make a noise of some kind to intimate that he is intruding on his successor, and the hint is seldom unsuccessful. Eichhorn, who has a great deal of enthusiasm when he finds himself in the midst of an interesting topic, sometimes asks, with irresistible good-nature, for "another moment,—only a moment," and is never refused, though if he trespasses much beyond his time, a loud scraping compels him to conclude, which he commonly does with a joke. The lecture-room is then emptied, the streets again filled, to repeat the same process in other halls.

Just so it is in the private instruction I receive. At eight o'clock I go to Benecke, and though in three months and a half I have never missed a lesson or been five minutes tardy, I have seldom failed to find him waiting for me. At the striking of nine, I must make all haste away, for the next hour is as strictly given to somebody else. At five p.m., I go to Schultze for my Greek lesson. As I go up stairs he can hear me, and, five times out of six, I find him looking out the place where I am to recite. The clock strikes six, and he shuts up the book. From the accuracy with which time is measured, what in all other languages is called a lesson is called in German "an hour." You are never asked if you take lessons of such a person, but whether you take "hours" of him....
To E. T. Channing.

Göttingen, December 9, 1815.

. . . . Your apprehensions for the quiet of Göttingen, in case Bonaparte had succeeded, were very natural. Amidst all the fluctuations of empire, this little spot has stood as the centre of German learning, unconscious of convulsions; and though all calculation and precedent would have been confounded if this new Marius, rushing from the marshes of Minturnae, had attained his former power, yet I think, unless the students had been as patriotic as they were at Jena, everything would have continued to go on in its accustomed order. They did, indeed, discover a strong and honourable and even imprudent feeling, on Bonaparte’s retreat from Moscow, and Jerome was for the moment very angry; but I think he would soon have forgotten his vengeance. Even before the spirit had begun to awake in Poland and Prussia, the young men here felt its deep and dangerous workings. Secret clubs, which even the vigilance of the police could not discover, though it suspected them, were cautiously but resolutely formed, and the whole cemented into a body by an institution which they called “The League of Patriotism.”

Bonaparte’s routed army crossed the Beresina, and the Prussians (students) disappeared; it entered the borders of Germany, and the Mecklenburgers were gone; and in this way, as he advanced towards any country or principality, the young men escaped, to share and encourage the spirit which finally crushed him. The dangers they ran were very great. The French government and police were still in full activity here, and more vigilant than ever, because more than ever stimulated by fear and suspicion. The young men, therefore, were obliged to escape in secret and in disguise, and make their way through unfrequented roads, through the woods, and in the night, with the constant apprehension of arrest and death before them. . . . The benches in the lecture-rooms began to be obviously empty, and the streets grew still and deserted.

The retreating army was now about a hundred and fifty miles from the Westphalian capital, and Jerome began to think that, for a time, he might be himself exiled, and thought it necessary to make some show of personal spirit. He therefore came with a suitable guard to Göttingen, and called the professors together in the library hall.

He was extremely impudent and abusive, but had not self-command enough to know when he had come to the end of a set speech somebody had written for him, and so began again at the beginning, and repeated it word for word. The professors concealed first their indignation and then their mirth and contempt, as well as they could, but still both were visible, and the little tyrant was put beside himself by it. “Do not think,” said he, “that I am ignorant of the disaffection in Göttingen, or that it will escape unpunished. You flatter yourselves that I shall lose my throne, but you are mistaken. As long as my brother sits on the throne of France, so long I shall be your king, and I will use my power to punish your ingratitude. The University shall
be remodelled,—it shall be a French University. I will have French professors,—men of virtue and patriotism," etc., etc.

After a considerable tirade like this, his Majesty returned to Cassel, and Eichhorn, in the next number of the University’s Review,—which he conducts,—gave a side-blow at "the never-to-be-forgotten speech of his Most Gracious," etc., for which, but that the Cossacks stopped all heart-burnings a week later, he might have lost his head.

This is the only time the privileges of the University have been in danger, and Jerome was such a weak and uncertain little blockhead that he would probably never have had resolution and constancy enough to execute his threat. Since I have been here, everything has been as still as if it were one vast monastery, except that about five thousand of the Russian Guards marched through the city, three weeks ago, and made a beautiful show, and gave me a splendid proof of the fidelity of Bürger’s description of the march of an army in "Lenore," with horns and cymbals, etc.

The life here would in many respects suit you remarkably well. There is a regularity, evenness, and calmness, which are fitted to one who was almost made to be a hermit, and, at the same time, a freedom which is absolutely necessary to one who never was and never will be quite patient under family government. All that is wanting is a few friends and a little more variety. . . . Remember me to your brother William, and to my old master, and don’t let your sister Susan’s children forget me.

Yours affectionately,

Geo. T.

To E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, December 17, 1815.

. . . . No change has taken place in my condition or circumstances, dear father, since I wrote last. The only thing which has happened, which does not happen every day, is that Everett and myself have been taken into the only club in Göttingen, and, of course, you will expect some account of it. Its name is "The Literary Club," and, like all literary clubs that ever survived the frosts of the first winter, its chief occupation is to eat suppers. There are twenty-four members, eight or ten of whom are professors; and the students who make up the number are only such as these professors choose, and, of course, are commonly the best of the University. As many of these members as like—for there is no compulsion—meet once a fortnight at eight o’clock, eat a moderate supper, drink a little wine, laugh and talk two or three hours, and then go home. We were taken in as a kind of raree-show, I suppose, and we are considered, I doubt not, with much the same curiosity that a tame monkey or a dancing bear would be. We come from such an immense distance, that it is supposed we can hardly be civilized; and it is, I am told, a matter of astonishment to many that we are white, though I think in this point they might consider me rather a fulfilment than a contradiction of their ignorant expectations. However, whatever may be the motives from which we
were taken in, there we are, and we have as good a right to be there as the best of them. The only time I have been I found it pleasant enough, but I doubt whether I shall go often.

**Dictated in 1859.**

A Mr. Balhorn dedicated to Mr. John Pickering the thesis which he wrote for his doctorate, and, when I went to Germany, Mr. Pickering asked me, if I ever met Mr. Balhorn, to say that he had written twice to thank him for the compliment, but did not believe his letters had ever reached him, and that he begged him to receive his thanks through me. Their acquaintance was formed at Utrecht, where Balhorn was studying, and when Mr. Pickering was Secretary of Legation in Holland. I had been some time in Göttingen, and had neither heard nor thought anything of the Herr Balhorn; but one day, remembering my commission, asked Prof. Blumenbach if he knew such a person, "Why, to be sure; he's here, he's here"; and I found that he was tutor to some small prince, and probably when he had educated him he would be his Prime Minister. I made his acquaintance and delivered my message.

Before I left home I had made several attempts to read Dante, and found it not only difficult to get a copy, but impossible to get help in reading. Balhorn knew everything about Dante. He was not fully occupied, but he could not be hired,—he was too well off to be paid in money. A brother of my friend Mr. James Savage had sent me from Hamburg a box of very fine Havana cigars, and I found that Herr Balhorn would read and explain Dante to me, and consider some of those fine cigars—so rare in Germany—a full compensation; and he continued the reading, certainly as long as the cigars lasted. Mr. B. was a lawyer,—an upright, strong man,—and he was virtually promised, that, if he would superintend the education of the young princes of Lippe, he should have the place of Chancellor of their little principality when it was completed; and I suppose the promise was fulfilled.

A memorandum made in 1868, by Mr. Ticknor, on the fly-leaf of the first volume of his early journal, contains some facts about his Göttingen studies, and though it refers also to later experiences, it seems appropriate here.

It is only that part of my time which I gave to travelling, society, and amusements, of which I have spoken at any length in this journal, written out wherever I stopped long enough to do it, from slight memoranda made on the spot, in small note-books which I carried with me. I, however, prepared myself as well as I could, by collecting beforehand, in other manuscript note-books, statistical, historical, and geographical facts concerning the countries I intended to visit. This was no very easy task. Murray's Hand-Book, or anything of the sort worth naming, was not known in 1815. There was not even a good Gazetteer to help the traveller, for I think the first was Constable's,
published at Edinburgh, a little later; and as for such works as Reichard's for Germany, and Mrs. Starke's for Italy,—which were the best to be had,—I found them of little value. . . .

I read what I could best find upon Italy, and took private lectures on the Modern Fine Arts, delivered in Italian by Professor Fiorello, author of the "History of Painting"; on the Ancient Fine Arts, by Professor Welcker, in German, afterwards the first archaeologist of his time; on Statistics, in French, by Professor Saalfeld, and in German, on the Spirit of the Times; of all of which I still have at least six volumes of notes, besides two miscellaneous volumes on Rome, and other separate cities and towns of Italy. . . . But in Spain and Portugal I was reduced very low, travelling much on horseback, though with a postilion, who took a good deal of luggage; but I like to remember that even in those countries I carried a few books, and that I never separated myself from Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and the Greek Testament, which I have still in the same copies I then used.

CHAPTER V.

Residence in Göttingen till the close of 1816.—German Literature.—German Metaphysics.—Anecdotes of Blumenbach and Wolf.—Leipsic.—Dresden.—Berlin.—Weimar.—Visit to Goethe.—Receives the offer of the Professorship of French and Spanish Literature at Harvard.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Göttingen, February 29, 1816.

. . . You will perhaps expect from me some notices of German literature, as I am now established in the very midst of it; and if you do not, I may as well write you about it as about something not half so interesting. . . . To come to the subject, then, and begin in defiance of Horace,—ab ovo Leda,—you know there are in this land of gutturals and tobacco two dialects: high German, so called because it is indigenous in the interior and higher parts of the country; and low German, so called because it is indigenous in the North, among the lowlands, and on the coast. How long these dialects have existed, it is not now possible to determine; but they are probably as old as the earliest population of the country, since traces of them have been found in Tacitus. The low German, which is the vernacular of the lowest class in this part of the country, is a much more harmonious and happy language in its elements than the high German, which is the language of all people of any education through the whole country, but which is a vernacular only at the South. Both were equally rude, indigent, and unpolished, until the time of
the Reformation,—the epoch from which all culture is dated in Germany.

This great revolution accidentally gave the empire of literature to high German. It happened to be the native dialect of Luther. He translated his Bible into it, wrote in it his hymns and catechisms, which are still in use, and made it the language of the pulpit and religion, and, of course, the language of letters; for in Germany they have ever since been inseparably connected. The Thirty Years' War, however, which immediately followed, and wasted and degraded Germany more, perhaps, than a country was ever wasted and degraded by war before or since, effectually stopped the progress of cultivation, and to this, and to the troubles which for above a century afterwards continued to arise as often as they were appeased, from their division into religious parties and principalities, is clearly to be traced the slow progress the Germans made, while the nations around them were fast advancing to the luxuries of a refined literature. At length, when time and collision had worn them down to an uncomfortable kind of quietness, such as you would naturally expect from their clumsy and shapeless constitution, they began to put forth their awkward strength. Their circumstances, however, did not all favour them. From local situation and political interest they were more connected with France than with any other nation; and the gay splendour of literature at the Court of Louis XIV. at once carried captive their imagination and taste. Nothing could be more unfortunate than this, for nothing would less apply to the rude and powerful language, and the fiery, but untempered talents of Germany, than the straitlaced rules of French criticism. In this prison-house, however, the shorn and manacled strength of the land toiled half a century with ignominious skill and success; and the many monuments it has left behind are as much the subject of patriotic abhorrence and contempt at the present day as the more recent ones, which lately covered their hills, to mark their political servitude and degeneracy. . . . At length, between 1760 and 1770, from causes which perhaps it is impossible accurately to trace and estimate, but the chief of which are certainly to be sought in the humble servitude under which it had so long suffered, German literature underwent a sudden and violent and total revolution. It is equally difficult to determine precisely to whom is to be given the honour of leading the way in this emancipation. If any one author or work must be selected, it would probably be the "Literary Letters,"—a periodical publication managed by Lessing; but this was so instantly succeeded and surpassed by the earliest works of Klopstock, Wieland, and Goethe, that it is evident the spirit of regeneration had long been working in the land, and that, if Lessing was the first to call it forth, it was rather from accident than extraordinary genius or boldness.

The literature of Germany now sprang at once from its tardy soil, like the miraculous harvest of Jason, and like that, too, seems in danger of perishing without leaving behind it successors to its greatness. Besides the four whom I have named, I know of no others who have enjoyed a general and decisive popularity, and who have
settled down into regular classics, except Haller, Müller, the elder Voss, Schiller, and Bürger. This number is certainly small, and Goethe alone survives, to maintain the glory of the deceased generation of his friends and rivals. But, narrow as the circle is, and though the strictness of posterity will perhaps make it yet narrower, still I know of none in the modern languages—except our own—where one so interesting can be found as the circle of German literature. It has all the freshness and faithfulness of poetry of the early ages, when words were still the representatives of sensible objects, and simple, sensible feelings rather than of abstractions and generalities; and yet, having flourished so late, it is by no means wanting in modern refinement and regularity. In this singular state, uniting much of the force and originality of the barbarous ages to enough of the light polish of those that are more civilized, it has continued just about fifty years; but in the last thirty no considerable author has appeared. Much of this barrenness is, I am persuaded, to be charged to the philosophy of Kant, which for nearly twenty years ruled unquestioned, and absorbed and perverted all the talents of the land. It was a vast "Serbian bog, where armies whole have sunk," and from which even the proud and original genius of Schiller hardly escaped. Its empire, however, was soon gone by; but then followed the French usurpation which overturned at pleasure the literary establishments of the land, and silenced systematically all authors who did not write as they were bidden. This, too, has gone by; but whether their literature will return with their returning independence and peace, is a problem time only can solve.

To Edward T. Channing, Boston.

Gottingen, April 19, 1816.

... You tell me you have been amused with the occasional hints I have given you of the life of a student at a German university. You shall then have more of them, and particularly an account of some events connected with this subject, which have lately occurred here under my immediate observation.

There are, at all the considerable literary establishments in Germany, secret associations among the students, consisting of all persons from the same country or province, which are not only connected with all similar associations at the same university, but with all similar associations throughout Germany. The bond of their union is a chivalrous, or, if you please, a captious rule of honour, and its basis is the sword. The object is, not literary, but strictly municipal, and the whole advantage is the irresistible influence which the combination can give to its decisions, either against a student or a citizen.

At Gottingen, there have been, time out of mind, seven of these societies,—according to the seven principal States from which the students come,—as the Hanoverians, the Prussians, the Brunswickers, etc. They are in defiance of the laws of the University, and have often been broken up by the government, but have always
reappeared under new names. Sometimes they have been called "Orders," sometimes "Bonds of Virtue," sometimes "Clubs of Honour," etc. The last were called "Landsmannschafts," or "Associations of Countrymen." Their object was twofold; to settle quarrels among their members, and to defend themselves against all impositions of the citizens. But the great power their combination gave them proved tyranny in injudicious hands, and the members were obliged to fight duels where no offence was really given, and the citizens were punished where no injustice or fraud had been practised. They had but two modes of proceeding, and both were sufficiently summary. If one member was offended with another, his society compelled him to fight a duel, appointed the seconds and the witnesses, and saw that satisfaction was properly given. To be sure, these duels hardly deserve so imposing a name, for they were fought with such weapons and such armour that they were seldom bloody and could never be fatal; but still their number was so considerable that they were absolutely a nuisance, for every slight offence was settled by them.

This was the first mode; the second was when a member offended the club, or a citizen a member, and then the punishment was by "verschüss," or non-intercourse. If, for instance, a tradesman had cheated a student, if his landlord had treated him unkindly, or anybody with whom he had connexion had offended him, he complained to his club. If they found the complaint supported and sufficient, the offender was put into "verschüss,"—that is, no student was allowed to have anything to do with him. If he was a shopkeeper, his custom was gone; if he was a restaurateur, nobody would have his dinner from him, any more than if he sent out poison; and if he let rooms, nobody would take lodgings of him. In short, whatever might be the occupation of the offender, it was gone. Instances of this sort of punishment are not at all rare. Last year, a student, for having spoken disrespectfully of the "Landsmannschaft," was put under the ban of the Empire, and, after braving the whole University some weeks, and its marked contempt, went to Leipsic, but found himself received there with the same injuries, and was finally obliged to change his name and go to Jena. A baker, who had done nothing worse than sue a student for his regular bill, was put into "verschüss," and, after striving in vain to live independently of the students in a town supported entirely by them, found himself so much in debt, that in despair he shot himself. And the very man in whose house I live, having offended a student in his capacity of confectioner, was compelled, above a year since, to let his shop to another, and has been starving on its rent in the vain hope that the students will at last give up the persecution; but he has just sold it in despair.

These are the bad effects of this remarkable system. That it has its good effects also, you will easily believe; for, if it had not, it would not be tolerated a moment by the government, and indeed could not long exist among a large body of young men who are really studious and regular to a remarkable degree, and whose notions of justice are, like those of all young men, essentially pure and unperverted.

The advantages of the system are, that it gives a character and
esprit de corps to the whole motley mass of the students, which, in universities like these in Germany, could not otherwise be given to them; that it enables the pro-rector and professors, by governing a few of the heads of the clubs, to control the entire multitude under them more effectually than the laws will enable, or the spirit of the institution permit them to do directly; and that it introduces in their behaviour to one another, and their conduct to the government, a degree of order and decorum, and a general gentlemanly spirit, which nothing else can give to a thousand young men brought together where they have no responsibility, at an age when they have not yet learnt to behave well without a superior influence in some sort to compel to it. The evils, on the contrary, are the captious rules of honour which are maintained by it among the students, terminating in innumerable contemptible duels, and occasionally a flagrant injustice to a citizen,—though certainly to the citizens it does much more good than harm, for they are much more disposed and interested to cheat the students than the students can be to oppress them.

On the whole, therefore, the system seems to me to be bad, and one which ought to be exterminated, though at the same time I must confess to you that many of the professors think otherwise, and are persuaded that, while the laws of the University are so loose and weak, the students must have a municipal system of their own.

Much undoubtedly depends on the government for the time being. Under a vigilant pro-rector, who prevents these clubs from gaining too much strength or boldness, they may do good; but under such pro-rectors as professors may commonly be expected to be, who are interested to preserve their own popularity, and especially under a decidedly weak pro-rector, they must do much mischief. This has lately been the case here.

During the year ending in February, the pro-rectorship had fallen to two professors who did anything rather than execute the duties of first magistrates of the University, and, of course, during their government these secret "Landsmannschafts" had increased in boldness until their existence and acts were as notorious as those of the academical senate; and the duels multiplied till, contemptible as they are individually, they became an intolerable nuisance. Just at this time Prof. Mitscherlich, the editor of Horace, became in his turn pro-rector, and proved to be as much too severe as his predecessors had been too feeble and lax. He cited at once many students for inconsiderable and forgotten offences, committed under the reign of the last pro-rectors, and was going on to purge the University of its follies more thoroughly than was prudent, or even desirable, when an event occurred which gave a higher direction to his inquiries and punishments. A student quarrelled with his club in the following manner. A house had been put into "verschüss," and a student being found still to frequent it, the sentence he had violated fell on himself. Exasperated at this, he threatened, if he were not reinstated, to expose the whole secret system to the pro-rector. You
will easily imagine that this injudicious threat produced exactly the opposite effect from what he had intended. He was excommunicated with book and bell, and received with contempt and injuries wherever he went. Still further enraged at what he ought to have expected, he actually sent a regular and ample memoir to the pro-rector, and fled the city. The moment the fact was known, or rather suspected, such a sensation was excited as no one can imagine who did not witness it.

There was no tumult or violence, but the whole appearance of the city was changed. The streets, always before filled only with young men hastening to their lectures, were now crowded with little "assemblages," as Governor Gerry would call them, so that it was difficult to pass on the side-walks; the benches in the lecture-rooms, where a vacant seat was a rarity, grew visibly thin and empty, and wherever you met a student he had the hurried and anxious air of a man of business. The whole character of things was altered. The first determination was to have personal vengeance on the traitor. Guards were posted on the roads to prevent his escape; for two nights a watch of three hundred patrolled the ramparts and the streets; and if he had been caught, he might have escaped with his life, but he would have boasted of nothing else. Fortunately his prudence, or that of the pro-rector, had secured his flight before his treason was suspected, and he has not since been seen or heard of. His information, however, has enabled the pro-rector to arrest the heads of the clubs, and possess himself of their records, where he found a regular list of all the officers and members, amounting to between five or six hundred; and, among other curious documents, seized a protocol containing a detailed account of ninety-six of these harmless duels fought in five months.

So full a discovery precluded all subterfuge or defence. After a week of excitement and cabal, during which all study was suspended, and there was a kind of reign of terror in the University, the most prominent members of the clubs began to leave the city. This was immediately prevented by a public ordinance, laying them all under city arrest, and forbidding them to go out of the city gates under any pretence. This excited a new effervescence, for it indeed was a measure of needless severity, and fell upon the just as well as the unjust. New councils were held, and after much deliberation a deputation was sent to the government at Hanover, praying for its interference. This, however, produced no effect. The pro-rector still went on with his investigations, which were undoubtedly often vexatious and unwise, though certainly, in general, just; and at length, after three weeks of anxious and burning excitement, such as I should not have imagined the affair would have justified, five students were publicly exiled, ab urbe et agro; twenty-four received a consilium abeundi, or common expulsion; and the rest a general reprimand and warning.

Thus for the fifth or sixth time these secret clubs—which really grow out of the circumstances of the German Empire, and are perhaps formed by a kind of instinct in the German character—have
been suppressed. About two hundred students have left the University in disgust; but they will not be missed three months hence, even if none of them return, as I suppose many will, on cooler reflection.

It is thought, however, that the want of these troublesome aids to the order of academic life will be occasionally felt during the next year in the rudeness, which, in such an interregnum, is always observed to creep into the manners of the students; and nobody doubts that under some other name or form they will reappear and be again crushed.

I did not mean, my dear Edward, to have written you such an alarming epistle, and you will perhaps repent having set my pen going on a subject where it is so much easier to be voluble than amusing. But this is your affair; and, good or bad, it is a double letter, and I shall expect two in return....

Do you think of me sometimes as the sun sets behind the Brookline hills? We have a sunset here, too, and I never see it without thinking how often we have admired it together from the Mall.

Farewell,

Geo. T.

To Dr. Walter Channing.

Göttingen, May 17, 1816.

... You ask me a great many questions about Blumenbach, and I imagine you have received anticipated answers to them, for in several letters to you and to other friends I have said a great deal about him. He is the first man in the University, past all doubt, whether in relation to his original talents, to the vast variety and accuracy of his knowledge, or to his influence over the other professors and with the government, and his general knowledge of the world and of men. ... His collections in all the different branches of natural history are very remarkable; the most curious is that of one hundred and seventy-three skulls, of all ages, countries, and people, which he has brought together to illustrate his doctrines respecting the human anatomy, and which are arranged with philosophical neatness in a room to which his family have well given the name of Golgotha. It is extremely amusing, as well as instructive, to hear the old gentleman pour out his learning and enthusiasm in explaining the advantages of the collection, and the distinctive peculiarities of each of its members. "What can be more beautiful," said he, day before yesterday, "than the fair forehead and Grecian nose of that Circassian,—what can be more deformed than the wide interval between the eyes of that Calmuck and the projecting chin of that Hottentot,—or what more loathsome than the low sensuality expressed in the sharp projection of the upper jaw of that Jew?" The marks he pointed out were certainly all there; but it is impossible to go into the details of this system here...
To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, June 5, 1816.

... I was telling you of my acquaintance. Saturday evening I commonly spend with Eichhorn, whose immense learning, joined to his extreme vivacity, make it as pleasant as it is useful. In the last respect, however, I find the time I spend with Prof. Dissen the most profitable. He is still a young man of hardly thirty, and yet has been already called as professor to three universities, and is looked upon here as superior to Heyne. I desired to have two hours a week of him, to pursue the literary history of Greece systematically, under his direction. This, however, he declined, saying that what he could do for me in this way he should not consider as instruction, but as an amusement; and therefore, if I would come every week and spend one or two evenings with him, his advice and assistance would always be at my service. I commonly go, therefore, once or twice in the week at eight in the evening to him, and if I get home before eleven I think I am early, though I have trespassed beyond my rule.

Indeed, there is no man in Göttingen of my acquaintance who comes so entirely up to my idea of what a scholar ought to be as he does. His prodigious learning has not by its amount impaired the freshness of his feelings, or quenched an enthusiasm which is so lively as to be even injurious to his feeble constitution, nor by its minute-ness prevented him from having the most general and philosophical views of the nature and objects of his profession; while at the same time he has a deep religious sensibility, of which I know no other example here, and an earnest and prevalent desire to impart his learn-ing and do good, which consecrates all his exertions.

You see, therefore, my plan. I have every day three recitations, and besides these study nine hours, which is as much, I suppose, as my health will bear. My chief objects are still Greek and German, my subsidiary objects Italian and French, my amusement literary history, chiefly ancient, and books that will fit me for my future travels. ... Add to all this that I am perfectly well, and just contented enough to keep me always industrious, that I may not fall into the horrors of homesickness, and I do not think you will be dissatisfied with my situation.

To Edward T. Channing.

Göttingen, June 16, 1816.

... In one of your last letters, dear Edward, you told me that your brother William¹ would like to hear something about the kind of metaphysics taught in the schools here. I forgot at the moment to answer this inquiry, and should perhaps have forgotten it still longer, if I had not last week read his third pamphlet in the controversy with Worcester; and the natural desire which this excited, of

¹ The Rev. William Ellery Channing.
recalling myself to the memory of one who had just given me so much pleasure, reminded me of his wish, and I determined to take the first leisure hour I should find to fulfil it.

In the first place, it is necessary to take a few dates, to see how rapidly the metaphysical systems have followed each other. From 1790 to 1800 Kant ruled unquestioned through all Germany. For three or four years succeeding, Fichte was the lord of the ascendant, till Schelling pushed him from his stool, and kept it a few years. But before 1809 had closed, a rebellion of common-sense through the land had dispossessed them all, and since that no one has succeeded to their influence. Of their systems it is not necessary to speak. It is only necessary to know that Fichte and Schelling divided the system of Kant, and that the one, by pushing his idealism too far, in the German phrase, made Nature independent of God, or undeified Nature; while the other, being a man of poetical feeling, went into the other extreme, and almost identified God and Nature, so that before the defeat of Kant’s system as a whole, and then in both parts separately, his school came to a total bankruptcy. In this state you must now consider German metaphysics, taken as a system, or a collection of systems, and in this state they must remain till some man of high talents comes forward, like Kant, at once to destroy and to build up.

But you will ask whether these systems and revolutions left no traces behind them which are still visible. Certainly, very many and very important ones. First you may observe an extreme excitement in the minds of the Germans upon all metaphysical subjects, produced by such rapid and important revolutions. These three great metaphysicians were men of very rare endowments, of uncommon weight and force of talents, and to the sort of uproar and tumult in which they kept the country for twenty years, is undoubtedly to be traced no inconsiderable portion of that general metaphysical activity and acuteness, and that spirit of philosophical vehemence, which now distinguish Germany from all other nations. I mean that vehement exertion which is now making to have all sciences and knowledge reduced to philosophical systems, which is certainly doing wonders in some respects. And, secondly, you may observe an extreme unwillingness to receive any new system. The whole generation, in this respect, seem like men who have just come out from a long campaign, and are pleased with nothing less than the thought of beginning a new one.

To these two consequences of the success and failure of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, is, I think, in a great measure to be traced the present condition of metaphysics in Germany. Within the lives of the present generation of instructors, these three systems have had their respective triumphs, and of course every one who wishes to be thought a metaphysician must lay the very foundation of his pretensions in a thorough knowledge of them all. But within the same period, too, they have all been exploded, and of course every one who recollects the mortification of that fall will be careful how he exposes himself to a similar fate. The first makes them thorough,
deep, and acute; the last makes them cautious. The consequence of both is that the number of powerful metaphysicians in Germany is at this moment very great, and that they are almost all eclectic.

I do not mean, when I talk of the overthrow of these three systems, that no adherents to them are now to be found. Far from it. In Leipsic, where revolutions in modes of thinking are effected with difficulty, perhaps the majority of those who examine such subjects are still followers of Kant. In Berlin, where Fichte still lives and has lately much distinguished himself by some very powerful pieces to arouse and sustain the Prussian spirit against the French usurpation, his philosophy has still some active friends. And, in Jena, the feelings awakened by Schelling's eloquence and enthusiasm have not yet grown cold.

But, after all, the number is comparatively small, and the spirit feeble; and if you go through Germany and take the whole mass of metaphysicians together, you will rarely, very rarely, find one who professes himself of either of the schools. Particularly at the universities, you will find that each one has a system of his own, collected from the *disjecta membra* of the systems of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. These fragments he has commonly formed, with his own additions, into a more or less harmonious whole, to which his hearers listen with all due attention and reverence, but in which they trust hardly more than in the forgotten heresies of Leibnitz and Wolf. So that you may set it down as an almost universal fact that the teachers and disciples are alike eclectics.

A young man at the university commonly gets this freedom by hearing three or four different professors expound and defend as many different systems.

This is a very remarkable, but I am not ready to say an unfortunate state of things. The worthiest object of metaphysical studies is to excite and enlarge the faculties, and form deep and thorough thinkers. Never was this so completely and so generally effected as it now is in Germany; and, as the object is attained, why should we complain or regret that it is not done by the means which we have usually considered indispensable?

As to the peculiar character of these metaphysics, you will get all the information necessary from Mad. de Staël. They are undoubtedly very different from the metaphysics taught by Locke, Reid, and Stewart. The Germans reproach the English with treating such subjects psychologically, or, in other words, not sufficiently distinguishing the difference between ideas and sensation; and the English reply that the Germans are unintelligible idealists. The difference between the two is very great, and, moreover, it is, I think, a natural and constitutional difference.

In England, from the character of the people, and the nature of the government, which for a thousand years have been continually acting and reacting upon each other, many things must be made to serve some practical purpose, and nothing is valued which is not immediately useful. In Germany, on the contrary, the national character, from...
the first intimation of it in Tacitus, and the tendency of the government, from its first development to the present day, have always had an effect directly opposite. A man of science here lives entirely isolated from the world; and the very republic of letters, which is a more real body in Germany than it ever was in any other country, has no connexion with the many little governments through which it is scattered without being broken or divided. From this separation of the practical affairs from science and letters to the extraordinary degree in which it is done in Germany, comes, I think, the theoretical nature of German literature in general, and of German metaphysics in particular.

This is the way in which I account for the origin and prevalence of Locke’s system of sensations, and Hartley’s and Priestley’s materialism in the one country, and Kant’s and Fichte’s high, abstract idealism in the other; because in England the man of letters must be more or less a practical man; in Germany, he is necessarily as pure a theorist or idealist as the Greeks were. But, whether my explanation of the cause be right or wrong, the fact remains unquestionable, and the next thing you will desire to know, will be the effects of this system of things.

They are undoubtedly manifold; more perhaps than I suspect, and certainly more than the Germans themselves believe; but two are very obvious, and more important probably than all the others. The first is an extreme freedom, and, as I should call it, latitudinarianism in thinking, speaking, writing, and teaching on all subjects, even law, religion, and politics, with the single exception of the actual measures of the government. A more perfect freedom, and in most cases a more perfect use and indulgence of it, cannot be imagined than is now to be found in Germany; and nobody can read the books published, without observing their high abstract nature, and seeing that their free tone is derived almost, perhaps altogether, from the general character of the prevalent metaphysics. The second is an extreme mental activity, produced by the necessity which every scholar has felt himself under to understand all three of the great systems which, within the last thirty years, everybody has been obliged to talk about; and then a consequent necessity that he who writes a book must, whatever be his subject, write it in a philosophical, discriminating spirit, and on a broad and systematic plan.

On this last are founded the chief improvements which the Germans are now making in literature and science, and both are to be almost exclusively attributed to the peculiar character of their metaphysics. These, then, are the two most important results of the German metaphysics: the first, bad in the extravagance to which it is now carried; and the second, essentially good, and continually tending, I think,—unless my views of human nature are too favourable,—to diminish and extirpate the evil of the first.

I have now, my dear Edward, explained to you as well as I am able in a letter the three points I intended to explain. . . . Such as it is, it is as good an idea as I can give you, in so short a space, of the present condition of metaphysics in Germany. . . .
To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, June 20, 1816.

... We have always been accustomed to hear and to talk of the republic of letters as a state of things in which talent and learning make the only distinction; and the good-natured Goldsmith even went so far as to make a book about it, and describe it as accurately as a dealer in statistics and topography. But, after all that has been said, and after all his description, the thing itself remained as unreal as Sidney’s “Arcadia,” or Sir Thomas More’s “Utopia.” The system of universal patronage in England, which it did not need Miss Edgeworth to show, is essentially bad, even when most successfully applied; the splendour of the Court of France, which made all its literature and literary men as cold and polished as itself; the little tyrants of Italy and the great ones of Spain and Portugal,—prevented everything like a liberal union of the men of letters, and an unbiassed freedom in the modes of thinking in all these countries.

In Germany, however, from the force of circumstances and character, a literary democracy has found full room to thrive and rule. Here, there can be no broad system of patronage, for the people are too poor and the governments too inconsiderable. The splendour of a court can have no influence where there is no metropolis; and as for tyranny, I do not think it has ever pressed very hard on Germany, except in the French times; and they were too short to produce a lasting effect, especially as the reaction has been so violent.

The men of letters here, therefore, have always been dependent for their bread and reputation on their own unassisted and unembarrassed talents and exertions; and as the higher and more responsible classes about the courts, etc., have always spoken a different language, and had different feelings, manners, and views, and a different literature (I mean French, which, however, is now going out of fashion), the men of letters gradually became separated from the active and political men, until at last this division became so distinct and perfect that they formed an entirely separate class through all the German States, and have long since ceased to be amenable to any influence but that of the general opinion of their own body. In this way, a genuine republic of letters arose in the north of Germany. At first it comprehended but a small portion of the territories of the unwieldy empire, hardly more than Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, and the small States lying round them; but, as Protestant learning and philosophical modes of thinking and liberal universities were extended, the limits of this invisible empire extended with them.

The German and reformed portion of Switzerland soon came in; soon after Denmark, and then a part of Poland; and now, lately, the king of Bavaria, by the establishment of gymnasia, and an academy on the German system, and by calling in the Protestants of the North to help him, has set his improvements in motion, and the Emperor Alexander, by founding German universities and appointing German
professors to them, have almost brought Bavaria and Russia into the league of letters. In this way, without noise and almost without notice from Berne to St. Petersburg, and from Munich to Copenhagen, a republic has been formed, extending through all the great and small governments, and independent of the influence of them all, which by its activity unites all the interests of learning, while by its extent it prevents low prejudice from so often oppressing individual merit; and finally, by its aggregate power resting, as it must, on general opinion, it is able to exert a force which nothing that naturally comes under its influence can resist.

I could give you many curious instances and proofs of the efficiency of this system, and of its power to separate the men of letters from the other classes of society in their opinions and feelings; but I have room for only two.

When you talk with a man in civil life of his country, you will find that he means that peculiar and independent district in which he was born, as Prussia, or Hesse, etc.; and you will find, too, that his patriotic attachment to this spot is often as exclusive and vehement as that of John Bull or a true American. But talk with a man of letters, and you will instantly perceive that when he speaks of his country he is really thinking of all that portion of Germany, and the neighbouring territories, through which Protestant learning and a philosophical mode of thinking are diffused. Nay, further, take a Prussian, or Hanoverian, or Hessian politician or soldier, and he will talk with as much horror of expatriation from Prussia, Hanover, or Hesse as Bonaparte ever did of "denationalizing" a flag; but a professor or a rector of a gymnasium moves as willingly from one of these countries into another, and feels himself as much at home after his removal, as if it were only from Cassel to Marburg, or from Berlin to Halle.

My second proof is, that they not only feel themselves to belong to an independent body of men, but are really considered to be so by the several governments under which they happen to live. I do not now refer to the unlimited freedom of the universities, and the modes of instruction there, which make each professor independent; I refer merely to the mode in which professors are removed from one country to another. The king of Prussia would not appoint to any military or civil service, or even to any clerical office in his dominions, any but a Prussian; the king of Hanover, any but a Hanoverian, etc.; but if a man of letters is wanted, all such distinctions are not even thought of; nor is it the least reproach to the person appointed, or the least offence to his government, that he is seduced from his native country, though it certainly would be the highest in the other cases. Thus Eichhorn was brought from Weimar; Boeckh, now so famous in Berlin, was a Hanoverian; Heyne was a Saxon; Buhle, the editor of Aristotle, is in Prussia, etc.; and new instances of this sort are occurring every day through the whole of Germany.

These two proofs are certainly sufficient to show the existence and power of a republic of letters. If I had room, I would like to
show you its especial influence upon the individuals, institutions, and territories which fall within its sphere; but this must be done by details too numerous for a letter; and besides, when you recollect the present political, moral, and local situation of Germany, you will easily see its most important tendencies, and conjecture many of its coming effects. . . .

Always your affectionate,

Geo. T.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, July 6th, 1816.

. . . I know not, dear father, that I can say anything more welcome to you than that my studies of all kinds go on well. I have lately taken upon me to learn something of the present political and moral condition of Germany. This I have undertaken under the direction of Prof. Saalfeld, a young man who has lately distinguished himself by several publications on the present politics of Europe, and by a course of lectures on the "Spirit of the Times." I have but little leisure to give to this branch of study; for, useful and interesting as it is, it is not necessary; and I have long since learned that what is not necessary to my purposes must be considered as amusement. . . . As yet I have met with nothing in my inquiries that has more struck and moved me than the means by which Prussia has made herself the first power in the German Empire, and perhaps placed herself in a condition at last to control its destinies.

By the peace of Tilsit, Prussia gave up to France about one half of her population, and became at once the subject of a system of plunder and outrage such as no nation, I presume, was ever before subjected to, and which soon brought her to the verge of despair. In the dark and melancholy winter of 1808, when the measure of French power and European suffering were alike full, at a moment when all hope of relief seemed to have fled from the Continent, and Prussia herself to have been marked out as the peculiar object of French vengeance,—at this moment, when the rest of Germany lay in abject subjection, the ministry of Prussia conceived and announced the determination of making up in moral strength what they had lost in physical. From that moment the character of Prussia began to change. The means were no sooner wanted than they were found. More freedom was gradually given to the lower classes; more schools were established for their instruction; societies were formed under the direction of the government whose object was to promote industry, order, and economy among the people; and finally the king founded a new university at Berlin, from which a free spirit has gone forth that has wrought like a fever through all Germany. In short, all the talents, influence, and activity which the councils of the king could command, were directly applied to repress luxury, to promote industry, and to diffuse information among the people, and thus give a new moral character to the whole nation.

Such designs were suited to the spirit of the times, and they
therefore succeeded beyond the hopes of those who first conceived them. It was in this way that Prussia was gradually and systematically prepared for emancipation, and enabled to act with more vigour and success when that moment arrived. The government now find this spirit dangerous. They have used it as long as it suited their purposes, and would now gladly suppress it. The people, however, who have thus been taught freer notions than they had before known, and who above all feel that they have emancipated themselves rather than been emancipated by the government, are not willing to return to their original subjection. In consequence of this, the spirit of the government and the spirit of the people are now decidedly at variance, and time must determine which will prevail.

To Mrs. E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, July 21, 1816.

... In my own situation I know not that any change has taken place since I last wrote to you, excepting in our dinner society at old Judge Zacharia's. Madame Blumenbach and her daughter have gone to the baths at Ems for their health and amusement; and as the knight does not choose to eat his dinner quite alone, he dines with us. His unwearied and inexhaustible gaiety of spirits, and his endless fund of curious and learned anecdote, make him at once the centre and life of a party, which, to be sure, was before neither very lifeless nor very sad. Every day he has something new and strange to tell; and as he takes a particular delight in teasing me, he commonly relates something out of the way respecting our North American Indians, which by a dexterous turn he contrives to make those present think is equally true of the citizens of the United States, and ends by citing some of the strange opinions of Buffon or Raynal to support himself, and put me out of countenance. Of course we come at once into a regular discussion, in which he goes on to allege more perverse authorities against me, calls us a younger and feebler creation, says that we have not yet freed ourselves from the rude manners of the wilderness, etc., etc. This soon finishes with a general laugh, sometimes against one side, sometimes against the other, though oftenest, I think, against me; for, if I have the best of the argument, he always has, and always will have, the best of the joke.

This, however, though it ends the discussion for the time, does not finally conclude it. The next day the old gentleman comes with his books and authorities to support all he had said the day before; and this he is generally able to do by some means or other, for there is nothing so absurd that has not at some time been said about us; and though he knows as well as anybody what is true, and what is exaggerated or false, he proceeds at once to argue for victory and not for truth. Still, with all his inexhaustible learning, he is often unable to find perverse authorities enough to support what in a moment of thoughtless humour he has said merely to tease me; and so, to supply what is wanting in the litera scripta, he invents extemporaneously
whatever suits his immediate purpose. Thus, a few days ago, as I had denied that the Americans use the Indian steam-baths made by pouring water upon hot stones, the old gentleman had come with a curious letter of William Penn's on the subject, which he read aloud in English; but as this went no further than to the Indians, and not to the whites, he adroitly inserted a sentence or two gratis, from which it seemed the practice was common in Boston; and he did the thing so admirably that I did not at first suspect the trick. Two days afterwards he undertook to play off a similar joke with a French book. But, as I had luckily remarked that it was printed in 1588, above thirty years before the first colonists came to New England, I obtained at once a famous victory, and turned the laugh decidedly against him.

Yesterday one of the servants of the library came to my room with three huge quartos, and Prof. Blumenbach's compliments, saying they were too large to bring to dinner, and therefore he sent them for his own justification, with marks put in where his authorities were to be found,—the whole of which were manifest falsehoods or exaggerations; but they served him as sufficient ground for crying an Io triumphi when we met at noon. In this way we have been going on these ten or twelve days, and I suppose shall continue to go on so till the ladies come back from Ems; so that you see I am not likely to relapse into low spirits for want of gay society and occasional excitement.

I gave Blumenbach, some time since, my dear father, your remembrance and your acknowledgments for the kindness he has shown me. The old gentleman was certainly well pleased to receive such a salutation from such a distance; as little George said, mine were "the farthest and longest kisses he ever had." I must hasten to close my letter. All well.

GEO. T.

JOURNAL.

Göttingen, September 12, 1816.—Within the last three days, I have seen a good deal of Wolf, the corypheus of German philologists, who is here on a visit, for the purpose of seeing the library. . . . His history is curious, and is an explanation of his character. He studied here when he was very poor and wretched, and, as he says in some of his publications, ill-treated by Heyne. His first occupation was, I think, an inferior place at Ilfeld, from which Heyne caused him to be expelled, no doubt with justice, for his excesses. He then went as pro-rector to an inconsiderable gymnasium at Osterode, in the Hartz. There he lived for some time unnoticed and unknown, till he attracted attention by his edition of Plato's Symposium, which is the more extraordinary, as the notes are in German. This gave him a professorship at Halle, to whose spirit his talents and temper were adapted, and where he at once made himself a name and influence. In 1795 he published his Prolegomena to Homer,—one of the most important works ever written on a philological subject. Then followed his bitter contest with Heyne, who was willing to claim for himself a part of the honours of the revolution in philosophy which this work effected. It ended with the triumph of Wolf, though in the
course of the controversy he discovered feelings which made good men regret that Heyne should have been defeated. When Heyne’s Iliad came out, in 1802, Wolf and Voss published one of the most cruel and scurrilous reviews of it that ever flowed from the gall of offended pride, to which Heyne replied by a vignette in his Virgil of 1806. After this, Wolf seems to have been tolerably quiet at Halle, till the change was made by the French, when he went to Berlin, with the title of “Geheimrath,” and a salary of 2,500 thalers and no duties, and now lives there, in his old age, in a kind of otium cum dignitate, which is almost singular in the annals of German universities, and which is the envy of his coadjutors and rivals.

As a man of letters and learning, I know of few living for whom I have so great a veneration as for Wolf. In genius he surpasses, perhaps, nearly all the philologists who have lived, and in learning and acuteness is behind very few. A genuine laziness and love of ease, however, have prevented him from publishing much; but what he has published has become a canon,—as his text of Homer, though he gives no notes to support his alterations; his rules of criticism, in his Prolegomena, though not carried out and exemplified; his editions of Herodan, and of the Disp. Tusculanæ, etc., etc.,—all things of little compass, but pregnant with important consequences and changes. . . . His course for Homer was commonly attended by 180 to 200, and I am persuaded that very few professors, in any faculty, have delivered so great a variety of lectures as he has, with such skill, thoroughness, and success. I do not know what more could be desired of him, but that he should have published more, and should not have ceased to instruct.

But the more I admire him as a scholar, the more I dislike him as a man. . . . He has openly quarrelled with most of his friends; he disgraced himself by his political conduct when the French were in Halle; and he has sunk from all respect by his vices in old age. . . . In intercourse I have found him pleasant, chiefly from his boldness and originality. His remarks on all subjects are striking and often new; he is arrogant and vain, talks much of himself, and repeated to me with ill-concealed satisfaction a remark he had found in the Classical Journal, published in England, that they knew of only two scholars now on the Continent,—Wyttenbach and Wolf. Of his enemies he never spoke, unless it were once of Voss, whose translation of Homer he ridiculed; and, though by a strange accident I walked with him this afternoon to the tomb of Heyne, it seemed to excite in him no feeling but curiosity. To like such a man is impossible; but as a matter of curiosity I must say that, during the last three days, in which I have been often and long with him, he has very much amused me.

Dictated in 1854.

When I was in Göttingen, in 1816, I saw Wolf, the most distinguished Greek scholar of the time. He could also lecture extemporaneously in Latin. He was curious about this country, and questioned
me about our scholars and the amount of our scholarship. I told him what I could,—amongst other things, of a fashionable, dashing preacher of New York having told me that he took great pleasure in reading the choruses of Æschylus, and that he read them without a dictionary! I was walking with Wolf at the time, and, on hearing this, he stopped, squared round, and said, "He told you that, did he?" "Yes," I answered. "Very well; the next time you hear him say it, do you tell him he lies, and that I say so."

When I went from Göttingen to Berlin, Wolf told me to go to his house,—a bachelor establishment,—and to look at his books. I went, and amongst many interesting things happened to see on his working-table a Latin and German lexicon, which I knew had been out but five years. I took it up, wondering what such a scholar should need it for, and, to my great surprise, found it much worn by use.

During a six weeks' vacation, Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett left Göttingen, September 13, 1816, for a tour in the North of Germany, visiting all the principal cities, and every distinguished university and school, whether in a city or small town; Mr. Ticknor always making a minute study of them, and writing full descriptions of them in his journal. He devotes nearly a volume of it to Leipsic, Dresden, and Berlin, having given a fortnight to Dresden, a week each to Leipsic and Berlin, and the rest of the time to Wittenberg, Halle, Weimar, Jena, Gotha, etc. They returned to Göttingen, November 5.

To Edward T. Channing.

Leipsic, September 17, 1816.

... Leipsic is a very remarkable place, and presents itself to everybody who comes with a judicious acquaintance with it, under three distinct forms,—a city associated with many famous recollections in early history, and the Marathon of our own times, where the inroads of a tumultuous barbarism were finally stopped; as a trading city for its size the most important in Europe; and as a University, one of the largest, most respectable, and ancient in the world.

The second is, of course, the aspect in which it is first seen by a stranger; and I assure you, when I came again into the crowded streets and noisy population of a commercial city, after having lived an entire year in the silence and desolation of Göttingen, I felt almost as I did when I was cast among the multitudes of London, or as Cato did when he complained of the magna civitas, magna solitudo. But that, of course, is wearing off. I am making acquaintance with the people attached to the University, and thus begin to forget that I am in a trading city, to whose semi-annual fair twenty thousand strangers resort. ... Among the great men of the University whom I have seen are Hermann, whose treatise on the Metric you know, I suppose,
about as well as I do Chitty's treatise on Pleading, and Beck, who is as familiar to you in his capacity of editor of Euripides, as Pollux-
fen & Co. are to me as editors of Coke, of whom I now recollect nothing but his full-bottomed wig and a long case which I had occa-
sion to look up. . . . Hermann and Beck are good men, and so is
Prof. Schäfer, who published Herodotus, though he is obliged to sup-
port himself by correcting proof-sheets of books he ought rather to com-
ment, because his person and manner are not sufficiently interest-
ing to fill his auditorium with hearers and his purse with Frederick
d'ors. _En passant_, I will tell you a story of him. You know Porson
is the god of idolatry to all the Hellenists of England, great and
small, whether 'Attikóttatos, like Cicero's instructor in rhetoric, or
Græculi esurientes, like Juvenal's, poor fellow!—and if you do not, you
can find it out by reading a Life of him in Aikin's Athenæum. He died
one day, and his successor in Cambridge, and another of the present
generation of Greek scholars in England, who are no more like Porson
than the degenerate heroes of Virgil's poetry were like their more
fabulous ancestors, published his Remains under the title of Adversa-
ria, so that the book came out with great circumstance, under the
authority, as it were, of the University of Cambridge. The book was
certainly, for a collection of disconnected critical remarks, a good
book, and Schäfer republished it here, taking the liberty to correct
some mistakes in the latinity,—a circumstance which he very mod-
estly notices in his preface. This was a tremendous blow to the
pride of the English scholars, though poor Schäfer, who had been
educated in the German notions of the importance of an exquisite
latinity, thought it an inconsiderable oversight. It seemed incredible
to the classical wits at Cambridge, that a book of Porson's, so carefully
and so often revised by those into whose hands his papers came, should
contain so vulgar a fault as a grammatical error; and Schäfer was
knocked down in the Cambridge Review very unceremoniously for a
calumniator and a liar. His friends immediately wrote to him to defend
himself, but he simply answered that quarrelling was not a branch of his
professorship, and that his best defence would be a collation of the
two editions; though, in turning over the leaves of his English copy,
he showed us, by accident, Chersonesus used as a feminine, and quem
as a relative consequent to cenotaphium, which, though I conceive
them to be no disgrace to Porson, and little to his publishers, are still
an entire justification of all Schäfer had said in his preface. . . .

Farewell. It is late, and I am tired, as I always am in a strange
place, if it be only from seeing unwonted objects and faces.

Still your Yankee friend,

Geo.

JOURNAL.

September 22.—In the afternoon we went through the gallery of
pictures which has made Dresden so famous through the world; and,
though I had read the admiration of Lessing, Herder, and Winckel-
Mann, it surpassed my expectations. From looking at a collection of above thirteen hundred pieces an hour or two, I cannot of course say anything; but of the effect of one piece on my unpractised eye I cannot choose but speak, for I would not willingly lose the recollection of what I now feel. I mean the picture called the Madonna di San Sisto. . . . I had often heard of the power of fine paintings, and I knew that Raphael was commonly reckoned the master of all imitation, and that this was one of the highest efforts of his skill; but I was not prepared for such a vision. I did not before imagine it had been within the compass of human talent to have formed a countenance of such ideal beauty as the Madonna’s, on which a smile would have seemed earthly and unholy, or a child like Jesus, where the innocence of infancy is consecrated and elevated, but not marred in any of its natural sweetness and fascination by the inspiration of the divinity which beams forth in the mild but fixed earnestness of his looks. I was not prepared for this, for I had never before seen a work of one of the great masters; and even now that I have felt the influence of Raphael’s genius descend upon me, I find it almost impossible to believe that there is still a point in the art that ought to produce the effect that this picture produced on me as I stood before it.2

Berlin, October 9, 1816.—I dined with Mr. Rose, the English minister, and a considerable party of strangers, the Bavarian envoy, the Count de Chastellux, a beautiful English lady by the name of Atterson, etc. Mr. Rose is about forty-five or fifty years old, has long been in the English diplomacy, and came here directly from Munich, a year since, where he has been minister nearly two years. . . . In his manners he is more American and democratic than English, and even in his dress there was a kind of popular carelessness which does not belong to his nation. He talks, too, without apparent reserve on subjects private and political, said a great deal of his mission to America, pronounced Jefferson to be a man of great talents and acuteness, but did not think much of Madison, spoke well of many democrats whom he thought honest, able men, etc., etc., and in general seemed to understand the situation of the politics and parties of the United States pretty well, though his mission lasted only five months, and he was hardly out of Washington. . . . Among other things, we talked of Lord Byron; and he mentioned to me a circumstance which proves what I have always believed,—that Lord Byron’s personal deformity was one great cause of his melancholy and misanthropy. He said that after his return from Greece, Lord Byron, in one of his fits of extravagance, sat up all night with a friend of his own character in a London coffee-house, for the purpose of going early in the morning to an execution. As they sallied out, a woman stood before the door, whom he supposed to be a beggar, and so gave her money, which she indignantly rejected, threw back upon him, and, with much other vulgar invective, called him a “clump-footed devil.” They went on to the execution, waited with the common crowd for their miserable amusement, and returned; but Lord Byron

2 A description of the picture is omitted.
said hardly a word the whole time, and it was not till they had been an hour or two longer together, that he burst out into a violent fit of passionate eloquence,—told them he was an outcast from human nature; that he had a seal of infamy set upon him more distinct than that of Cain, that the very beggars would not receive money from one like him, etc.; showing that during this interval of three or four hours he had, like Tiberius, kept these few words _alta mente reposta_. Mr. Rose added, that the time had been when he might have been cured of this deformity, which arose only from a weakness in the joints, but that he was too impatient to submit to the tedious and painful process necessary, and that this misanthropy is now a mixture of hatred of nature and himself for this fault of his person, added to a general satiety of all extravagance and debauchery.

_Halle, October 19th, 1816._—This evening we passed with a considerable party at the house of Halle’s Magnus Apollo, Chancellor Niemeyer. He is now, I imagine, about sixty-three years old, and—what is uncommon among German men of letters—he is a fine-looking, gentlemanly man. His whole career has, I believe, been confined to Halle, where he has long been the first man, head of all their establishments, ruler of the University, etc., etc. In 1806 he was thought by the French a man of so much consequence that he was one of the six whom they carried off to France as hostages for this quarter of the country, and he remained there half a year. During this exile he became acquainted with Jerome, and when the kingdom of Westphalia was established, obtained through him indulgences for Halle. Jerome had confidence in him, and he deserved it, not by becoming a Frenchman, but by remaining faithful to the University, and desiring nothing but its good. He was, therefore, in 1808, made chancellor and rector _perpetuus_, and soon after knight of the same order that Heyne received. The last honour, of course, vanished with the Westphalian dominion; the chancellorship he retains, but the rectorship he found a burden too great, and laid it down, having borne it eight years.

The party at his house was pleasant, and its tone more genteel and sociable than at Göttingen. The professors who were there, perhaps, less learned, and more polished in their manners. Among them was a son of the Chancellor, formerly professor at Marburg, Gesenius, author of the Hebrew lexicon, Jakobs, etc. All were gay. The evening passed off lightly, except the time I was obliged to listen in polite silence to a sonata of Mozart twenty-four pages long; the supper was better than German suppers are wont to be.

_October 20._—I called this morning on Professor Sprengel, and delivered him a letter from Dr. Mühlenburg of New York, with a small package of botanical specimens. He seems to be a man of quick feelings, and it was almost amusing to see how suddenly he passed from tears at receiving a letter from one he loved, who had so long been dead, to delight at receiving so many curious botanical specimens which he had never seen before. . . . When he had got partly through his delight at the specimens, he asked me a multitude of questions about Dr. Mühlenburg, and told me many anecdotes of
HOFRATH SCHURTZ.

him, which showed how true his feelings were to the memory of their early friendship. He interested me more than German scholars commonly do.

He remains, by general consent, not only one of the best botanists in Germany, but a good scholar, and an interesting and amiable man.

In the course of the forenoon we visited Professor Ersch, the librarian, who has shown at least enormous diligence in his works on German literature since 1750, a collection of titles of the books, treatises, pamphlets, etc., published during this period in Germany, making twelve octavo volumes. We called, too, on Professor Knapp, the oldest professor in this University, and Director of the Theological Seminary. He is very old. He is also at the head of the missionary societies in this quarter of Germany, and has recently written for one of their publications a short but interesting history of missions. As a literary man, his merit is his Latin, which he is supposed to write and speak as well as almost any man of his time.

I dined with Professor Sprengel. The dinner was poor,—such an one, perhaps, as few German professors would have been humble enough to have asked a stranger to; but, what I have not found before in a single instance, he made no apologies. The consequence was, that I was well contented, and had leisure to admire the extent of his literary knowledge, which, without the least show, was gradually opened to me.

After dinner he carried me to his neighbour, La Fontaine's, author of a great number of romances, one of which, "The Village Curate," has been republished in America. He is sixty or sixty-five, lives very pleasantly just outside the town, on the beautiful banks of the Saal. His mode of life is rather curious. He is in the church, but his place is merely nominal, and to support himself in living as he likes he writes. This he does not find pleasant, and therefore writes no more than is necessary. Twice in the year he labours night and day, produces a romance, sells it to the booksellers, and from the profits is able to have for the remaining five months the comforts and luxuries he desires. I found him with Professor Niemeyer; we were soon joined by Professor Ersch, Professor Jakobs, etc. The old gentleman's gay volubility, which indicated his literary fertility, kept everybody alive about him, and we passed two hours in a rational kind of happiness with him.

In the evening we made a visit to old Hofrath Schurtz, editor of Æschylus, and conductor, for I know not how many years, of the Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung. He was formerly professor at Jena; he is now above seventy years old, but possesses a vivacity remarkable even in a German man of letters. In good-nature he is said to surpass all his contemporaries. On this account, as Hermann told us, Wolf could never get along with him, for if he attacked Schurtz in conversation for any opinion whatever, Schurtz would always turn it off with a joke, and say nobody could be more willing to give up an opinion or a criticism than himself, for he advanced them only as specimens, and was ready to abandon them to their fate. This is true,
as any one may see, who reads the notes to his Æschylus, where, with learning and acuteness, there is often a carelessness which is inexplicable, without this key to his character. Yet with all this levity and learning, he is obliged to work like a dog: he reads his lectures, is editing Cicero, conducts the Philological Seminary, superintends the Journal, and from all these together is obliged to correct fifteen or sixteen proof-sheets every week. And yet I hardly know any young man of five-and-twenty that is more amusing.

I went to the Botanical Garden to take leave, but did not find Prof. Sprengel, who gave it all its interest, when I last saw it, and on my way home visited the Halloren. There are now only about fifty families, who live together, and earn a poor subsistence by working in a salt-mine here, by teaching swimming, showing their dexterity in the art for money, and by catching birds,—particularly larks. They are curious only as the last supposed remains of the ancient Wendish nation, who have preserved their dress and customs, though not their language, from the time that Charlemagne transplanted the Saxons here, and thus exterminated gradually this rude and dangerous people.

The evening we passed at the Chancellor's, with his family, in the usual simple gathering, which the Germans are generally too proud to permit a stranger to join. His children, the sons with their wives, and two or three intimate friends pass Monday evening with him; and I know not when I have seen anything more natural and refreshing. The girls were in their calico dresses and coloured vandykes, seated at their sewing and mending; the young men came in their frock-coats; and the Chancellor, with his wife, sat in homely simplicity on the sofa, and enjoyed the circle which affection had brought about them.

At eight o'clock, however, I took leave of them, and went with the Chancellor to a club supper, where most of the professors meet on Monday evenings. There were eighteen or twenty present this evening, and among them our old friend Knapp, Rudiger, who knows many languages, and looks like a raw farmer from the district of Maine, Voss, Professor of History, etc. The evening passed away pleasantly; there was little eating or drinking, but much amusing conversation, and at eleven o'clock everybody went home, and we bade farewell to the Chancellor and Halle.

Weimar, October 25.—We sent our letters to Goethe this morning, and he returned for answer the message that he would be happy to see us at eleven o'clock. We went punctually, and he was ready to receive us. He is something above the middle size, large but not gross, with gray hair, a dark, ruddy complexion, and full, rich, black eyes, which, though dimmed by age, are still very expressive. His whole countenance is old; and though his features are quiet and composed, they bear decided traces of the tumult of early feeling and passion. Taken together, his person is not only respectable, but imposing. In his manners he is simple. He received us without ceremony, but with care and elegance, and made no German compliments. The conversation, of course, rested in his hands, and was various.
He spoke naturally of Wolf, as one of our letters was from him,—said he was a very great man, had delivered thirty-six different courses of lectures on different subjects connected with the study of antiquity, possessed the most remarkable memory he had ever known, and in genius and critical skill surpassed all the scholars of his time. In alluding to his last publication, he said he had written his "Life of Bentley" with uncommon talent, because in doing it he had exhibited and defended his own character, and in all he said showed that he had high admiration and regard for him.

Of Lord Byron he spoke with interest and discrimination,—said that his poetry showed great knowledge of human nature and great talent in description; Lara, he thought, bordered on the kingdom of spectres; and of his late separation from his wife, that, in its circumstances and the mystery in which it is involved, it is so poetical, that if Lord Byron had invented it he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius. All this he said in a quiet, simple manner, which would have surprised me much if I had known him only through his books; and it made me feel how bitter must have been Jean Paul's disappointment, who came to him expecting to find in his conversation the characteristics of Werther and Faust. Once his genius kindled, and in spite of himself he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporary eloquence in Germany, and said, what I never heard before, but which is eminently true, that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. "Here," he said, "we have no eloquence,—our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation,—public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration sometimes comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach." We remained with him nearly an hour, and when we came away he accompanied us as far as the parlour door with the same simplicity with which he received us, without any German congratulations.

In the afternoon we called on Prof. Thiersch, who is here on a visit. He is thirty-two, and is one of the rare instances of a peasant raising himself to the learned rank in society. He was sent to the "Schule Pforte" by a village which had this right, and afterwards studied at Göttingen,—was an instructor in the gymnasium there, and, while thus employed, attracted the attention of John Müller, the historian, who said of Thiersch and Dissen, who were then not twenty-five years old, that if the art of studying the Greek classics was lost, these two young men had knowledge enough to restore it.

In the evening he took us to the house of a friend, Mr. Von Couta, a councillor of state; where we met a daughter of Herder, a cousin of Klopstock; Prof. Hand, the editor of Lucretius, a young man of thirty-five; and Myer, the archaeologist, now Goethe's intimate friend, an old man of sixty or seventy, short and fat, with very odd manners, but lively and amusing in conversation.

October 28.—Prof. Riemer, who is second librarian of the Public Library, called on us and amused us above an hour, by describing Goethe's mode of living, peculiarities, etc.,—facts one cannot get in books, or from any source but the knowledge of an intimate acquaint-
ance. Prof. Riemer lived nine years in Goethe's house, and knew him of course, from the lowest note to the top of his compass. He said that Goethe is a much greater man than the world will ever know, because he always needs excitement and collision to rouse him to exertion, and that it is a great misfortune that he is now without such influence and example as when Herder, Wieland, and Schiller were alive.

I asked what had been his relations with those extraordinary men. He replied that, from holding similar views in philosophy, Goethe and Schiller were nearest to each other, and Herder and Wieland; but that after the deaths of Schiller and Herder, Goethe became intimate with Wieland. Schiller, he said, had profited much by his connexion with Goethe, and borrowed much from his genius,—among other pieces, in his "William Tell," which Goethe had earlier thought to have made the subject of an epic poem; but now they are all dead, and since 1813 Goethe has been alone in the world.

He has much on paper which has never been published, and much in his memory which has not been put on paper, for he writes always by an amanuensis, to whom he dictates from memoranda on a card or scrap of paper, as he walks up and down his room. Of his views in physics and comparative anatomy, he has published little, but a programme by a medical professor at Jena (Oken) has lately made a great noise, in which the doctrine that the brain is formed from the medulla spinalis was, no doubt, from hints first given by Goethe.

Among the many unpublished things he has on hand, are parts of a continuation of "Faust," which Riemer had seen, in which the Devil brings Faust to court and makes him a great man; and some poems in the Persian style and taste which he wrote during the last war, to give a relief to his imagination and feelings by employing himself on something that had no connexion with Europe.

He lives now, in his old age, in unconsoled solitude; sees almost nobody, and rarely goes out. His enjoyment of life seems gone, his inclination for exertion gone, and nothing remains to him, that I can see, but a very few years of cold and unsatisfied retirement.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, November 9, 1819.

Once more, dear father and mother, I date to you from Göttingen, but from Göttingen how changed! Five days ago we arrived here, after an absence of eight weeks. As I entered the city, I felt in some sort as if I were returning home, for I knew that I was returning to that quiet occupation which in Europe is my only happiness; but I did not dream of what awaited me. I sprang from the carriage to go to my room, but was stopped by an Irishman of the name of Orr, who studies here, with the question, "Do you know two of your countrymen are here?" "Is it Cogswell?" said I, involuntarily; not because I trusted myself to hope it, but because it was what I desired beyond anything else in the compass of possibility.

In a moment I was with him, at the "Crown;" and though I had
not been in bed for thirty-six hours, I did not get to my room till midnight. . . . And yet, when I have been alone, I have had enough to think of.\(^3\) . . . I have thought seriously and thoroughly, and the state of the case is such that the final decision must rest with you, for the three difficult points are more your affair, my dear father, than mine.

The first is the amount of compensation offered to me. This is a salary of $1000 and fees, which, from the present state of literature among us, cannot in twenty years exceed from $300 to $500 more; so that from the professorship I cannot expect above $1300, or at most $1500 a year. This is enough for me, as long as I continue unmarried, and I could live upon it as contentedly as upon $10,000 a year; but I am now making an arrangement for life; and, though I assure you my hopes have not fixed on any particular person, yet I know very well that in any country, and most of all in America, marriage is a sine qua non to happiness, and that there are not many persons to whom it would be no more necessary than to me. This, then, is the condition to which I ought to look forward; but for this the professorship is no sufficient provision. I cannot, therefore, accept it, unless you are able and willing to make up the income to the amount necessary to support a family.

The second point is, the Spanish part. Here is at once a new subject of study proposed to me, to which I have paid no attention since I have been here, and which I have not taken into the plan of my studies and travels in Europe. If I am to be a professor in this literature, I must go to Spain; and this I cannot think of doing, without your full and free consent. This winter I must remain here, of course; the next summer I must be in France, and the next winter in Italy. I willingly give up Greece, but still I find no room for Spain. If I go there as soon as the spring will make it proper, in 1818, and establish myself at the University of Salamanca, and stay there six months, which is the shortest time in which I could possibly get a suitable knowledge of Spanish literature, my whole time will be absorbed, and England and Scotland will be sacrificed. This last I ought not to do; and yet, the thought of staying six months longer from home is absolutely intolerable to me. If it comes to my mind when I sit down to dinner, my appetite is gone; or when I am going to bed, I get no sleep. Yet, if I take this place, I must do it, and I do not question I could carry it properly through; for, after the last six months here, I do not fear anything in this way; or at least ought not to; but are you willing? Without your consent, I will not for an instant think of it.

Finally, are you satisfied with the office and the occupation? For myself, I say freely, that the occupation would be pleasant to me, and that I doubt not, in this office, I could, better than in any other, fulfil my duties to God and my neighbour; but still, if you be not satisfied, I do not desire it.

The case, then, stands precisely thus: you, my dear father, have done so much for me, and have made so many sacrifices for me, that

\(^3\) The first announcement of his nomination to be professor at Cambridge.
I have no other wish than so to spend the remainder of the time we
may live together in the world as will most promote your happiness
and my mother's. An offer is made to me of an establishment for
life, which necessarily implies farther exertions and sacrifices on your
part. I do not ask them, I do not desire them. I can live happy
with you at home, and easily earn in some other way the support
that may be necessary for me. If, however, you, of your own accord,
desire me to accept this office, and willingly make the sacrifices that
are necessary to it; if you are disposed to add to the income what is
necessary to support a family; if you are disposed to have me yet
another half-year absent, so as to make in all four years; and, finally,
if you are willing that I should live separated from you the greater
part of the year,—I will accept. I send you, therefore, two letters
for the President: one affirmative, one negative. Choose, dear father
and mother, whichever you please, and be assured your choice will
make me happy.

If you had mentioned the subject in your letters, or if from Cog-
well I could have gained a hint of your wishes, I should have sent but
one of them. As it is, your decision cannot be difficult, since in either
case it must be proper.

Your affectionate child,

George Ticknor.

To Edward T. Channing.

Göttingen, November 16, 1816.

Two months ago, my dear Edward, I wrote you from Leipsic, and on
my return here found your letters of August 9th and September 14th.
I thank you for them, as I do in my heart for all your letters, and read
them with grateful pleasure throughout, even that part of your last
in which you abuse the German literature. You must, however, per-
mit me to answer this. "I am an elder soldier, not a better," and
may claim to be heard on the ground of experience, if not of disin-
terestedness. If anybody chooses to say the literature of Germany
is poor, feeble, good for nothing, etc., I have no disposition to dis-
turb him in his opinion,—chacun à son goût. He cannot enjoy what I
can,—and I, on the other hand, no doubt, am incapable of some
pleasures which he perceives. But when a man comes out like the
author of a "Review of Goethe's Life," and says Schiller is the first
genius Germany has produced, or, like yourself, that German poetry
is obscure, artificial, etc., I am bold to say, with all due respect, the
man knows nothing about the matter. Again, if a man says, "I am
going to give an account of Goethe's life, as he himself represents it,"
and then draws a caricature of it, as is done by the Edinburgh Review, I
say he is dishonest, without entering into the question whether the book
is defensible. Or, if, like the author of the "Review of the Ancient
German Poetry," he says, Bouterweck's book on this subject is indif-
ferent, I reply, without inquiring whether the judgment be accidentally
right or not, that the man is a scoundrel, for every fact and every
opinion in his Review is pilfered from this very book, and he evidently knows nothing of the early history of German literature which he has not found in it. Yet this is the way the Germans are every day judged by foreign nations. Fortunately, however, the grounds of accusation are so different that all cannot be true, and their incoherence and inconsistency are the best possible testimony to the ignorance of the persons who make them.

To-day comes a Frenchman, and cries out, like Bonaparte, against the "métaphysique ténébreuse du Nord;" to-morrow comes another Frenchman, like Villers, and says he will build a bridge that shall conduct the empirics of France to the simplicity of German philosophy. Mad. de Staël complains of Goethe's tragedies for being too simple, and the Edinburgh Reviewers complain of them for being too artificial. You praise the Village Pastor, whose name I have never heard in Germany, except when I have inquired about it. The critics of the North say the reading of Schiller's Robbers makes an epoch in every man's life; from which remark, it is apparent the innocent do not know that, though Schiller's countrymen are aware of the strength of character and talent which were necessary to produce in his circumstances, and the circumstances of the country, such a tragedy as the "Robbers" at the age of twenty-one, yet that their good sense and good taste have banished it long, long since from the stage, and ceased to read it except as a curious proof of misdirected genius, though it is now domesticated in the English theatres.

Perhaps you will ask what I mean by all this tirade against other people's mistakes. I mean to show you by foreign proof that the German literature is a peculiar national literature, which, like the miraculous creation of Deucalion, has sprung directly from their own soil, and is so intimately connected with their character, that it is very difficult for a stranger to understand it. A Frenchman, or indeed any one of the Roman nations, generally makes as bad work with it as Voltaire with Shakespeare, and for the same reasons; for it deals with a class of feelings and ideas which are entirely without the periphery of his conceptions. An Englishman, too, if he studies it at home only, generally succeeds about as well,—but show me the man who, like Walter Scott, has studied it as it deserves, or like Coleridge, has been in the country, and who has gone home and laughed at it. Mr. Rose, in Berlin, told me he would defy all the critics of his nation to produce such an instance.

After all, however, you will come round upon me with the old question, "And what are your Germans, after all?" They are a people who, in forty years, have created to themselves a literature such as no other nation ever created in two centuries; and they are a people who, at this moment, have more mental activity than any other existing. I have no disposition to conceal that this literature has many faults; but if you had read Goethe's Tasso, or his Iphigenia, or his ballads, you would never have said their poetry lacks simplicity; or if you had read the tales of Musæus, or Wieland's Oberon,—even in Sotheby,—or fifty other things, you would not have said "the Germans do not know how to tell stories." I am not at all
disposed to conceal from you that this mental activity is in my opinion very often misdirected and unenlightened,—but, even when in error, you see that it is the dark gropings of Polyphemus round his cave, and that when such ponderous strength comes to the light, it will leave no common monuments of its power and success behind it.

So much for Germany,—a subject upon which I will thank you not to set me going again, for I do not know well when to stop, and have not time to run on. . . . Farewell. My respects to your mother.

George.

The subject of the professorship at Harvard College, opened in the letter to his father, but left unmentioned in this later one to Mr. Channing, was henceforward an important element in Mr. Ticknor's thoughts and plans. It was under discussion for a year, as the length of time necessary for receiving answers to questions and propositions made on opposite sides of the Atlantic prolonged the period of uncertainty. It will not appear again in these pages till after his return to America. His acceptance of the place which he was asked to fill was written by him in Rome, and is dated November 6, 1817.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Göttingen.—Frankfort.—Fr. von Schlegel.—Voss. —Creuzer.—Arrival in Paris and residence there.—A. W. von Schlegel.—Duke and Duchess de Broglie.—Humboldt.—Helen Maria Williams.—Madame de Staël.—Say.—Benjamin Constant.—Southey.—Madame Récamier.—Chateaubriand.—Adventure with the Police.—Marshal Davoust.—Visit to Draveil.

JOURNAL.

GÖTTINGEN, March 26, 1817.—Yesterday I went round and took leave of all my acquaintances and friends. From many I did not separate without a feeling of deep and bitter regret which I never thought to have suffered on leaving Göttingen. From Eichhorn, whose open-hearted kindness has always been ready to assist me; from Dissen, whose daily intercourse and conversation have so much instructed me; from the Sartorius family, where I have been partly at home because there is more domestic feeling and happiness there than anywhere else in Göttingen, and where the children wept on bidding me good-bye; from Schultze, whose failing health will not
permit me to hope to receive even happy news from him; . . . . and above all from Blumenbach, ante alios omnes praestantissimus, but whose health and faculties begin to feel the heavy hand of age,—from all these and from many others I separated myself with a regret which made my departure from Göttingen this morning an hour of sadness and depression.

At Cassel I stopped a few hours, and Prof. Welecker, who makes part of my journey with me, carried me to see Völkel,—a man who has made himself rather famous by a treatise on the Olympian Jupiter, and by a little volume, published 1808, on the plundering Greece of its works of art, just at the time Bonaparte had taken everything of this kind from Germany to Paris. . . . On returning to our lodgings, I took leave of Everett and Stephen Perkins, who had accompanied me thus far, and in the evening came on a few English miles to an ordinary inn.

Frankfort, March 29.—The first person I went to see this afternoon was Frederick von Schlegel, and never was I more disappointed in the external appearance of any man in my life; for, instead of finding one grown spare and dry with deep and wearisome study, I found before me a short, thick, little gentleman, with the ruddy, vulgar health of a full-fed father of the Church. On sitting with him an hour, however, I became reconciled to this strange discrepancy, or rather entirely forgot it, for so fine a flow of rich talk I have rarely heard in Germany. Luden of Jena and Schlegel are the only men who have reminded me of the genuine, hearty flow of English conversation.

The evening I spent at President von Berg's,—a man who was an important member of the Congress of Vienna, and is now an important member of the Diet here, representing many small principalities, Oldenburg, Nassau, etc., uniting in himself six votes. There was a large company there,—the French Minister and the Saxon, but above all, Frederick Schlegel, who was very gay, and talked with much spirit and effect upon a variety of subjects, chiefly literary and political.

Berg is a man of extensive knowledge, and knows more of the minute history of our Revolution than anybody I have seen in Germany. Learning I was from Boston, he told his wife to give me a very poor cup of tea, if indeed she would give me any at all; for that in Boston we once rebelliously wasted and destroyed several cargoes of it. He talked only on political subjects.

March 31.—I dined with Beauvillers, a rich banker, with a party of eighteen or twenty merchants, many of them foreigners who have come to the fair now going on here. My chief amusement was to observe how exactly these people from Vienna, Hamburg, Königsberg, and Trieste, are like the merchants in Amsterdam, London, and Boston, and to listen to their comical abuse, which all true Frankforters poured out against the Diet, its members, their operations, pride, etc., etc.

I passed an extremely pleasant evening at Senator Smidt's, a man of talent, Ambassador from Bremen, with much influence in the Bundestag. There was a large supper-party, consisting of Count
Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador, the Darmstadt Minister, Baron Gagern, the Minister of the King of Holland for Luxembourg,—the most eloquent member of the Diet, and one whose influence over public opinion is probably greater than that of any other, and his influence over the Diet as great as anybody's,—Frederick von Schlegel, again to my great satisfaction, etc., etc. Baron Gagern reminded me of Jeremiah Mason, 4 for the moment I entered the room he came up to me and began to question me about my country,—its great men, etc., like a witness on the stand, till I began to feel almost uncomfortable at this kind of interlocutory thumb-screwing; but when he had learned all he wanted to,—and his questions were very shrewd, and showed he knew what he was about,—I found him an extremely pleasant, instructive man, a true German, full of enthusiasm and hope, and trusting, as it seems to me, too much to the present flattering prospects of a more intimate union and consolidation of these independent and discordant principalities.

He told me many curious anecdotes, and, among the rest, one of his being present at a levee of Bonaparte's where our minister, Livingston, was so ignorant of all proprieties as to ask the Emperor whether he had received good news from St. Domingo lately,—at a time when everything had gone by the board there; of his having seen a letter from Napoleon to Jerome, when he was King of Westphalia, beginning, "Mon frère, tu ne cesses pas d'être polisson," etc.

Smidt told me that when the Crown Prince was in Bremen, he told him, that when Napoleon sent Le Clerc to St. Domingo (who died soon after his arrival), he sent him not only for the purpose of subduing and governing that island, but also with regular instructions and plans for extending his influence and power to the United States, and named, at the same time, four persons in France and one in America who were privy to the design, all of whose names Mr. Smidt had forgotten excepting that of Talleyrand.

The conversation, however, was not wholly political, as there were a number of ladies in the party; and, besides, Frederick Schlegel's good-nature, literature, and wit would have anywhere formed a counterpoise for the spirit of diplomacy; so that, on the whole, it was one of the pleasantest evenings I have passed in Germany.

4 Mr. Ticknor, on a visit to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, before he went to Europe, carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Jeremiah Mason, a distinguished lawyer of that city, and was invited to tea. Mr. Mason asked him endless questions, and he grew so tired and vexed that, as he left the house, he said to himself that he would never pass through that man's door again. The next day he met Mr. Mason at dinner at Mr. Webster's, when the style of address was quite changed, and he never after regretted knowing Mr. Mason. During Mr. Ticknor's absence in Europe, his journal was for a time in the hands of his friend, Mr. N. A. Haven, of Portsmouth. Mr. Mason insisted on seeing it. The passage above, comparing Baron Gagern to Mr. Mason in his style of questioning, met his eye. Years afterwards, when acquaintance had grown to friendship, Mr. Mason mentioned that he had read that passage, which drew forth a confession about the first call, and Mr. Mason replied that he always questioned young men so.
April 1.—Before leaving Göttingen I had made an arrangement with Hofrath Falcke, member of the Chancery at Hanover, to travel with him from Frankfort to Paris. This morning, therefore, we set out, and came to Darmstadt . . . . This afternoon I went to see Möller, the famous architect . . . . He showed me a great number of his own architectural drawings, particularly one of the interior of the cathedral at Cologne, as it should have been finished, and one of the wonderful cathedral at Strasburg, which were fine, but were by no means so interesting as an immense plan of the steeple of Cologne Cathedral, which extended across the room, and is the original drawing, made 1240, on parchment, and came accidentally into his hands, after having been plundered from the archives by the French. He himself was no less interesting by his simplicity and enthusiasm than his drawings were by their beauty and skill.

Heidelberg, April 2.—As soon as we had dined, I went to see the elder Voss,—now an old man between sixty and seventy,—tall, meagre, and beginning to be decrepit. Unlike most German men of letters, I found everything about him neat, and in some points approaching to elegance, though without ever exceeding the limits of simplicity. He received me with an open kindness, which was itself hospitality, and, after sitting with him ten minutes, I was at home.

He described to me his present mode of life, said he rose early and went to bed early, and divided the day between his garden, his books, his wife, and his harpsichord. Thus, he says, he preserves in his old age the lightness of heart which God gave him in his youth. At Eutin, he told me, where he lived a long time, he was poor, and when, at the end of the second year after his marriage, they struck the balance of their accounts, he found they were considerably deficient; “and so,” he added with touching simplicity, “we gave up our Sunday’s glass of wine and struck coffee out of our luxuries, and did it too without regret, for we were young then; and God has given my wife, as you will see when you know her, a heart no less happy and light than mine.” He showed me his library, not large, but choice and neatly arranged . . . . his manuscripts all in the same form. . . . Among them was his translation of Aristophanes,—written, as he himself confessed, because Wolf had undertaken the Clouds,—and six plays of Shakespeare, in which, he said, he intended to avoid Schlegel’s stiffness, but will not, I think, succeed. Of his “Louise,” he told me it was written in 1785, but not printed till ten years after; and, on my remarking that there was a vivacity and freshness about many parts of it that made me feel as if it were partly taken from life, he confessed that he had intended the character of the old pastor for a portrait of his wife’s father, Boier.

When we entered his parlour again, I was struck with the picture of a beautiful lady. On asking whose likeness it was, the tears started to his eyes, and he imperfectly articulated, “The Countess Stolberg;” and afterwards he added, more composedly, “She was an angel; one whom I loved more than any human being, except my wife.” So fresh and faithful are his feelings in his old age to the memory of
that extraordinary and unfortunate woman, who has been dead nearly thirty years!

Promising to return to supper, I went to see Creuzer, author of the "Symbolik," etc. He is now, I should think, about fifty,—a man apparently of a strong, decided character, and perhaps not very amiable. I found him pleasant in conversation, and much disposed to tell something of the much he knows; fond of anecdotes, particularly if they were a little scandalous; and in general a man, who, though so deep in his books, still enjoys society. I drank tea with him, in company with Wilken, who is just going to Berlin, and two or three others of the Heidelberg people, who, I thought, were more sociable, talkative, and inquisitive than the professors of the North are,—and then I walked back to the good old Voss, who lives in a beautiful retired situation just outside of the town. It was nearly eight o'clock, and supper was punctually on the table; no one was present except his wife, towards whom his manners were marked by a tenderness which, if it had not been so patriarchal, would have approached to gallantry; and she, though old and beginning to be feeble, discovered a kind of attention to him, which showed how deep was her affection. It was a supper of Roman simplicity, nothing but a perch from the Neckar and an omelette. The conversation was almost entirely of his early friends, of whom the world has since heard so much,—of Höltz, whose life he has written so well; of Leopold Stolberg, for whom, in spite of changes and errors, he seems to have lost none of his regard; and, clarum et venerabile nomen, of Klopstock, with whom he was intimate. Of the last he told me that, after visiting him in 1789, at Hamburg, Klopstock walked with him a mile out of the city, and when they parted, told him, as their conversation had been political, with a kind of prophetic emphasis which left an indelible impression on Voss's mind, "The troubles now breaking out in France are the beginnings of a European war between the patricians and the plebeians. I see generations crushed in the struggle. I see, perhaps, centuries of war and desolation, but at last, in the remote horizon, I see the victory of Liberty." The contest thus far has been carried on in the spirit he predicted, and the prophecy of such a man deserves to be recorded, to await the issue. Voss never publishes anything without his wife's advice; and in all cases where he himself doubts respecting any of his works, he makes her sole judge, especially in all matters of versification, as he himself told me. She too, as is well known, has uncommon talent.

April 6.—In the afternoon I left Strasburg, and for the first time came into genuine French territory. Nothing can be more mistaken than Mad. de Staël's remark, that the national character of the two people is sharply defined and accurately distinguished at the Rhine. From Frankfort to Strasburg I found it gradually changing, the population growing more gay and open, more accustomed to live in the open air, more given to dress, and in general more light. At Strasburg, German traits still prevail, and I did not lose the language entirely until two posts before I came to Luneville. There I found
all completely French,—people, houses, wooden shoes, impositions, etc., etc.

Paris, April 9.—I went this morning to see Oehlenschläger, the first Danish poet living, whose comedies are mentioned by Mad. de. Staël. I found him a man about forty, hearty, happy, and gay, enjoying life as well as anybody, but living in Paris knowing and caring for nobody. He is vain, but not oppressively so; and on the whole is as likely to live out all his days in peace and happiness and good cheer as any one I have seen for a long time.

April 11.—This evening I have been for the first time to the French theatre; and I hasten to note my feelings and impressions that I may have them in their freshness. It was rather an uncommon occasion,—the benefit of Mdlle. St. Val, now sixty-five years old, who has not played before for thirty years; and Talma and Mdlle. Mars both played. . . . The piece was Iphigénie en Tauride, by Guymond de la Touche, which has been on the stage sixty years, but I cannot find its merits above mediocrity. . . . Iphigénie was performed by Mdlle. St. Val, who is old and ugly. She was applauded through the first act with decisive good-nature, and in many parts deserved it; but in the second act, when Talma came out as Orestes, she was at once forgotten, and he well deserved that in his presence no other should be remembered. . . . The piece and his part, like almost everything of the kind in the French drama, was conceived in the style of the court of Louis XIV.; but Talma, in his dress, in every movement, every look, was a Greek. . . . To have arrived at such perfection, he must have studied antiquity as no modern actor has done; and the proofs of this were very obvious. His dress was perfect; his gestures and attitudes reminded one of ancient statues; and when, in imagination pursued by the Furies, he becomes frenzied, changes colour, trembles and falls, pale and powerless, before the implacable avengers, it is impossible to doubt that he has studied and felt the scene in Euripides, and the praises of Longinus. His study of the ancient statues struck me in the passage,—when, in his second insanity, he cries out in agony,—

"Vois-tu d'affreux serpens, de son front s'élançer,
Et de leur longs replis te ceindre, et te presser?"—

he started back into the posture of Laocoön with great effect. Like Demosthenes, he has had difficulties to overcome, and even now at times he cannot conceal an unpleasant lisp; but I have never seen acting, in many respects, like his. Cooke had a more vehement and lofty genius, and Kean has sometimes, perhaps, flashes of eccentric talent; but in an equal elevation of mind, and in dignity and force, Talma, I think, left them all far behind.

April 14.—I called this morning on A. W. Schlegel. His history, like his brother Frederick's, is singular and unfortunate. Their father was a man of considerable learning, and a poet, whose religious odes and hymns are still read. Augustus, who was his youngest son but one, was sent early to Göttingen, where he remained five years. As his reputation was already considerable, he was soon called as
professor to Jena, and married a daughter of Michaelis. . . . He resigned his place and left the University. When Mad. de Staël went to Germany, he was without a home; he attached himself to her, and has been with her through all her travels in Germany, Italy, Sweden, and England. . . . The consequence of his troubles and this mode of life is, that he now looks like a careworn, wearied courtier, with the manners of a Frenchman of the gayest circles, and the habits of a German scholar,—a confusion anything but natural or graceful.

I found him in full dress, with his snuff-box and handkerchief by his side, not sitting up to receive company, but poring over a folio Sanscrit Grammar; for he has recently left his other studies, even his Etruscan antiquities, that employed him so zealously a year ago, when he wrote his review of Niebuhr, and has thrown himself on the Eastern languages with a passion purely German. He talked very volubly in French, with an uncommonly pure accent, on all the subjects that happened to come up; but, con amore, chiefly on England, and above everything else on his Lectures and the English translation of them, which, he said, he should be much delighted to hear was reprinted in America. In writing them in German, he said, he endeavoured to keep before himself English and French prose, which he preferred to the German, and asked me with the eagerness of a hardened literator, whether I had not observed traces of this in reading them,—a question I was luckily able to answer in the affirmative, without doing violence to my conscience. On the whole, he amused me considerably, and I will seek occasion to see him often, if I can.

April 19.—Among other letters to Mad. de Staël, I had brought one from Sir Humphry Davy, and on coming from her house the other day, after having left them, I met him most unexpectedly on the Boulevards. Since then I have seen him two or three times at his lodgings and my own, and to-day I have dined with him at Mad. de Staël's, or rather with her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, who now receives her mother's friends; long illness preventing her receiving them herself.

The company was not large,—Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Baron Humboldt, the Duke de Laval, Augustus Schlegel, Auguste de Staël, and the Duke and Duchess de Broglie,—but it was not on that account less agreeable. It was the first time that I had felt anything of the spirit and charm of French society, which has been so much talked of since the time of Louis XIV.; and it is curious that on this occasion more than half the company were foreigners, and that the two who entertained the rest more than any others were Germans. It is but fair to say, however, that Baron Humboldt and M. de Schlegel have been so long in France that they have lost their nationality in all that relates to society, and, like Baron Grimm and the Prince de Ligne, have become more amusing to Frenchmen than their indigenous wits. The Duchess de Broglie is quite handsome, and has fine talents; her manners are naïve to a fault, without being affected, but her beauty and talent make one forget it. The Duke is a fine-looking man of about twenty-nine, with, it is said, an uncommon amount of political knowledge, with liberal modes of thinking and
speaking, still more extraordinary in the grandson of the proud and presumptuous Marshal de Broglie. Schlegel has remarkable powers for conversation, and often shines, because he unites German enthusiasm and force to French lightness and vivacity; and Humboldt was so excited by the presence of Sir Humphry Davy, that he became eloquent. . . . The conversation turned much on South America, of which everybody has been talking in Paris since the publication of the Abbé de Pradt's book, in which he expresses the most sanguine expectation of its speedy emancipation. In these expectations and hopes all the republicans in Paris, with Mad. de Staël at their head, heartily join; but the Baron de Humboldt, though his wishes are the same, is by no means of the same opinion.

April 26.—The two most interesting acquaintances I have in Paris, thus far, are Schlegel and Humboldt; and the manner of living adopted by both of them is original. Schlegel's is such, indeed, as partly to account for his success as a man of letters, and as a member of the gay society of Paris. He wakes at four o'clock in the morning, and, instead of getting up, has his candle brought to him and reads five or six hours, then sleeps two or three more, and then gets up and works till dinner at six. From this time till ten o'clock he is a man of the world, in society, and overflowing with amusing conversation; but at ten o'clock he goes to his study and labours until midnight, when he begins the same course again.

Humboldt's is entirely different, but not less remarkable. For him, night and day form one mass of time which he uses for sleeping, for meals, for labour, without making any arbitrary division of it. It must be confessed that this power, or habit, is convenient in the kind of life which must be led in a great metropolis by one who, with great talents, wishes to be at once a learned man and a man of the world. M. de Humboldt, therefore, sleeps only when he is weary and has leisure, and if he wakes at midnight he rises and begins his work as he would in the morning. He eats when he is hungry, and if he is invited to dine at six o'clock, this does not prevent him from going at five to a restaurant, because he considers a great dinner only as a party of pleasure and amusement. But all the rest of the time, when he is not in society, he locks his door and gives himself up to study, rarely receiving visits, but those which have been announced to him the day previous, and never, I believe, refusing these, because, as he well explained to me, when he can foresee an interruption, he prepares himself for it, and it ceases to be such. All this is, to be sure, very fine; but then, such a life presupposes two things: a constitution able to resist all fatigue, physical and moral; and a reputation which puts its possessor above the conventions of society, and allows him to act as a king. Baron Humboldt unites them both. His ample and regular frame, his firm step, and the decision and force with which he marks every movement, indicate the man who has survived the tropical heat of the Orinoco and ascended the peak of Chimborazo; . . . . while, on the other hand, his prodigious acquirements, extending nearly on all sides to the limits of human discovery, kindled by an enthusiasm which has supported him where every
other principle would have failed, and prevented from being oppressive or obtruding by a sort of modesty which makes it impossible for him to offend,—all together render him one of the most interesting men in the world, and the idol of Parisian society.

April 29.—I go often to see Bishop or Count Grégoire, who receives company every evening. He has played a distinguished part in French affairs, from the year 1789 till the fall of Bonaparte; but, like many other men of distinction, he plays it no longer. Amidst all changes and perils, however, he has supported with no common firmness the cause of religion; and if—zealous republican as he is—he had not soiled himself by accepting the place and revenue of senator from Bonaparte, he would deserve nearly unmingled praise as a politician. . . . . Amidst all his calamities, it is curious that what mortifies and exasperates him the most is the loss of his place in the Academy, which was taken from him because he voted for the perpetual exile of Louis XVI.

May 2.—This evening I have passed, as I do most of my Sunday evenings, very pleasantly, at Helen Maria Williams's. The company generally consists of literary Englishmen, with several Frenchmen, well known in the world,—such as Marron the preacher, whom Bonaparte liked so much, Stapfer the Swiss minister, who concluded the treaty of 1802, several professors of the Collège de France, etc. This evening Mrs. Godwin was there, wife of the notorious William Godwin, and successor to the no less notorious Mary Wollstonecraft. She has come to Paris to sell a romance, of which I have forgotten the title, that her husband has recently written, and thinks as good as "Caleb Williams." The booksellers of Paris, I believe, are not of his opinion, and probably they are right, for Mr. Godwin is no longer at the age in which the imagination is capable of such efforts. Miss Williams herself is evidently waning. Her conversation is not equal to her reputation, and I suspect never was brilliant; since, as I should think, it must always have been affected. But still she is an uncommon woman, and, except when she gets upon politics, talks sensibly. . . . . After having been successively royalist, republican, and Bonapartist, she finds it impossible, now she has again become Bourbonist, to get along in conversation. . . .

May 6.—I dined to-day with an uncommonly interesting party at Mad. de Staël's. Besides the family, there was the Russian Minister, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Censor-General of the French Press, Villemain, Palissot, author of the "Mémoirs on French Literature," and two or three other persons. The persons present were chiefly of the order of beaux esprits, but no one was so brilliant as the Russian Minister, who has that facility and grace in making epigrammatic remarks, which in French society is valued above all other talent. The little Duchess de Broglie was evidently delighted to an extraordinary degree with his wit, and two or three times, with her enthusiasm and naïveté, could not avoid going to her mother's room, to tell her some of the fine things he said. I do not know how a foreigner has acquired the French genius so completely, . . . . but certainly I have seen nobody yet, who has the genuine French wit, with its pecu-
liar grace and fluency, so completely in his power as M. Pozzo di Borgo; and on my saying this to M. Schlegel, he told me there was nobody equal to him but Benjamin Constant.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

PARIS, May 3, 1817.

Well, my dear father and mother, I can now say I am settled down to my occupations in Paris; and, if I am not happy, which you will not be so unreasonable as to expect me to say, I am at least quite contented. The only way I can keep myself quiet is to have so much business on my hands that, between rising in the morning and going to bed at night I have no idle hour or moment for other thoughts; and so I do not fret myself into discontent by thinking about home.

I rise at six o'clock. Punctually at seven, every morning, comes my French master,—a young man sent to me by the venerable Le Chevalier, who nearly half a century ago wrote a remarkable book on the "Plain of Troy;" he remains with me an hour and a half, to my great profit. When he is gone, I prepare my next lesson for him. At eleven, my Italian master comes,—a man of forty, who is a very fine scholar, not only in his own language and literature, but in the ancient and most of the modern. He remains with me as long as my French teacher, and then I prepare for the next recitation. At one, I lunch; for, as to meals, it is necessary to conform to the hours of the people you are among; and nobody dines in Paris before five,—fashionable people, not till six or seven.

At three o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I have an instructor in the Lanque Romane, or, in other words, the transition of the Latin language into the modern language of the South of Europe. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, a young man who has a thorough knowledge of French literature, with much taste and talent, reads with me and to me, that I may get French pronunciation and the spirit of the French authors, which I certainly could not get so well or so quickly in any other way,—probably not at all. At five o'clock I dine in my own room, which saves me the trouble and time of dining, as most strangers do, at a public eating-house.

Thus you see, that from six in the morning until five in the afternoon I am every moment employed; but from five, I consider myself free. About six o'clock, I generally go over the river, and pass an hour with Thorndike, who is still sick; and then go either to see some French acquaintance, or to the theatre, or else come home and amuse myself with whatever most interests me.

Miss Helen Maria Williams and M. Pichon, formerly French Resident in the United States in the time of the Republic, since Jerome's Minister of Finance, and now a member of the King's Council, receive each one evening in the week; and at Mad. de Staël's, or rather her daughter the Duchess de Broglie's,—for her mother is ill, so that I have not seen her,—there is a coterie every evening.

\*\* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I have learned since that he is a Corsican."
Good literary society is found at all, and at the Duchess de Broglie's the best in Paris. I have a general privilege at each of them; and, besides, know many other persons, whom I can visit when I choose, so that I do not get an opportunity to go to the theatre as often as I could wish for the sake of the language and pronunciation. At eleven o'clock, extraordinaries excepted, I am at home and in bed.

JOURNAL.

Paris, May 11, 1817.—At last I have seen Mad. de Staël. Ever since I presented my letters, she has been so ill that her physicians refused her permission to see above three or four persons a day, and those such of her most familiar friends as would amuse without exciting her. Yesterday, however, her son called on me, and told me if I would come and dine with them to-day alone, his mother would see me, whether her physician gave her leave or not. I went, therefore, early, and was immediately carried to her room. She was in bed, pale, feeble, and evidently depressed in spirits; and the mere stretching out her hand to me, or rather making a slight movement, as if she desired to do it, cost an effort it was painful to witness.

Observing, with that intuition for which she has been always so famous, the effect her situation produced on me, she said: "Il ne faut pas me juger de ce que vous voyez ici. Ce n'est pas moi,—ce n'est que l'ombre de ce que j'étais il y a quatre mois,—et une ombre qui peut-être disparaîtra bientôt." I told her that M. Portal and her other physicians did not think so. "Oui," said she, while her eye kindled in the consciousness that she was about to say one of those brilliant things with which she had so often electrified a drawing-room,—"ouï, je le sais, mais ils y mettent toujours tant de vanité d'auteur, que je ne m'y fie pas du tout. Je ne me releverai jamais de cette maladie. J'en suis sûre." She saw at this moment that the Duchess de Broglie had entered the apartment, and was so much affected by the last remark, that she had gone to the window to hide her feelings. She therefore began to talk about America. Everything she said was marked with that imagination which gives such a peculiar energy to her works, and which has made her so long the idol of French society; but whenever she seemed to be aware that she was about to utter any phrase of force and aptness, her languid features were kindled with an animation which made a strange contrast with her feeble condition. Especially when she said of America,—"vous êtes l'avant garde du genre humain, vous êtes l'avenir du monde,"—there came a slight tinge of feeling into her face, which spoke plainly enough of the pride of genius. As I feared to weary her with conversation, I asked her daughter if I should not go; but she said she was glad to see her mother interested, and wished rather that I should stay. I remained therefore half an hour longer,—until dinner was announced,—during which we talked chiefly of the prospects of Europe, of which she despairs.

When I rose to go she gave me her hand, and said, under the im-
pression I was soon going to America, "Vous serez bientôt chez vous,—et moi j'y vais aussi." I pretended not to understand her, and told her I was sure I should see her in Switzerland, much better. She looked on her daughter, while her eyes filled with tears, and said in English, "God grant me that favour," and I left her.

The impression of this scene remained upon us all during the dinner; but in the evening old M. St. Léon and MM. Lacretelle and Vilméain (the latter I find to be one of the most eloquent professors in Paris) came in, and gave a gayer air to the party and conversation.

May 13.—I passed this evening with Say, the author of the book on political economy, which is now considered one of the best, or the very best extant, as it is the full development of Adam Smith's system, with an explanation in the notes of the systems of the Economists. It is impossible to be in Say's presence without feeling you are before a man that thinks independently. All he says has a spirit about it which can be the result only of a well-disciplined mind, and even his native language, equivocal as it is, seems to acquire a precision and definiteness under his hands which are foreign from its nature. I have several times seen him alone; but this evening there was company at his house, and I thought its excitement had a good effect on him, since in general he is too serious and even severe for the French character.

May 14.—This evening I passed delightfully at Benjamin Constant's. It matters little to me what may be thought of him as a politician. . . I care nothing for all his inconsistency, and forget it all when I am in his presence, and listen to the vivacity and wit of his conversation.

There were several distinguished men of letters there this evening. St. Léon, Lacretelle, Schlegel, etc.,—two or three women who are at once wits and belles, etc. . . .

They were all assembled to hear the Baron de Humboldt read some passages out of an unpublished volume of his travels. This is precisely the sort of society that used to assemble in the coteries of the times of Louis XIV. and XV., and it required no great effort of the imagination to persuade me that I was at a soirée of those periods. Everything this evening was purely French; the wit, the criticism, the vivacity, even the good-nature and kindness, had a cast of nationality about them, and took that form which in France is called amiability, but which everywhere else would be called flattery. I was therefore amused, and indeed interested and excited; but the interest and excitement you feel in French society is necessarily transient, and this morning my strongest recollections are of Humboldt's genius and modesty, and his magical descriptions of the scenery of the Orinoco, and the holy solitudes of nature, and the missionaries.

May 16.—M. de Humboldt is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have seen in Europe,—perhaps the most so.⁶ I was sitting

⁶ One day Mr. Ticknor was walking in Paris with a friend and townsman, when they met Baron Humboldt. Mr. Ticknor bowed, and was passing on, when Humboldt stopped, and said that there was to be a function at the Institute the next day, and that if Mr. Ticknor would like to be present, he would give him a ticket.
with him to-day, and, turning round, observed a large Mercator's Chart of the World suspended in front of the table at which he studies, and it seemed to me at the instant to be an emblem of the immensity of his knowledge and genius, which reach on all sides nearly to the limits of human acquirement, and on some have certainly extended to those limits. I have been most surprised at his classical knowledge, at his taste, and familiarity with the ancient and modern languages, for here he might be to a certain degree dispensed from the obligation of extending his researches very far; and yet I know few professed in the depths of "the humanities" who have more just and enlarged notions of classical antiquity; few scholars who understand Greek and Latin as well as he seems to; and no man of the world who speaks the modern languages with more fluency. And these all lie, as it were, out of the periphery of his real greatness; how great must he then be on those subjects to which he has devoted the concentrated efforts of his talents, and where I have not even the little knowledge and power necessary to estimate what he is!

May 17.—I went this morning to hear a lecture from Lacretelle; not because I have any desire to follow his course,—for I have long awakened from the dream in which I supposed I could find instruction in the branches I pursue, in the German way, from French lectures,—but because I wish to know what is the precise style adopted by these men, who are famous at home and even abroad. I have not been so well pleased with the manner of anybody, whose instructions I have heard, as with that of Lacretelle. He has a fine person, a fine voice, excellent command of language, which never permits him to hesitate, and a prompt taste, which never permits him to choose the wrong word. His memory too is remarkable; for, though his department is history, he never uses notes of any kind, and in relating to-day the story of Regulus, he repeated not less than thirty different numbers. I prefer him to the other lecturers I have heard, because there is more seriousness and dignity in his manner, less attempt at point and effect, and in general a greater desire to instruct than I have yet found,—though still even his manner is not simple enough to produce the just effect of instruction. He is, still, to a certain degree, a Frenchman talking brilliantly.

May 18.—This evening, by a lucky accident, I went earlier than usual to Miss Williams's, and found there, by another mere accident, Southey. . . . There was little company present, and soon after I went in I found myself in a corner with him, from which neither of us moved until nearly midnight. He is, I presume, about forty-five, tall and thin, with a figure resembling the statues of Pitt, and a face by no means unlike his. His manners are a little awkward, but the openness of his character is so great that this does not embarrass him. He immediately began to talk about America, and particularly the

The offer was accepted with proper acknowledgments. Humboldt then added, "Perhaps your friend would like to go too?" His companion said he should be very glad, and a ticket was given to him also. As they parted, his friend said, "Now, is there a Frenchman in all Paris who would have done this?"
early history of New England, with which he showed that sort of familiarity which I suppose characterizes his knowledge wherever he has displayed it. Of Roger Williams and John Eliot I was ashamed to find that he knew more than I did. Roger Williams, he thought, deserved the reputation which Penn has obtained, and Eliot he pronounced one of the most extraordinary men of any country. Once, he said, he had determined to write a poem on the war and character of King Philip, and at that time studied the Indian history and manners, which he thinks highly poetical. So near has the Plymouth colony come to being classical ground! While engaged in these researches, and as he was once travelling in a post-chaise to London, he bought at a stall in Nottingham, Mather's Magnalia, which he read all the way to town, and found it one of the most amusing books he had ever seen. Accident and other occupations interrupted these studies, he said, and he has never taken them up again. He had read most of our American poetry, and estimated it more highly than we are accustomed to, though still he did not praise it foolishly. Barlow's Columbus, Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, McFingal, etc., were all familiar to him, and he not only spoke of them with discrimination, but even repeated some lines from them in support of his opinion of their merits. By accident we came upon the review of Inchiquin, which, he said, was written in a bad spirit; and he added that he had seldom been so chagrined or mortified by any event of his literary life, as by being thought its author, though he should rather have written the review than the New York answer to it. ... He talked with me about the Germans and their literature a good deal, and said if he were ten years younger he would gladly give a year to learn German, for he considered it now the most important language, after English, for a man of letters; and added with a kind of decision which showed he had thought of the subject, and received a good deal of information about it, that there is more intellectual activity in Germany now than in any other country in the world. In conversation such as this three hours passed very quickly away, and when we separated, I left him in the persuasion that his character is such as his books would represent it,—simple and enthusiastic, and his knowledge very various and minute.

May 28.—I dined to-day again at Mad. de Staël's. There were few persons there, but she likes to have somebody every day, for society is necessary to her. To-day, however, she was less well, and saw none of us. At another time I should have regretted this; but to-day I should have been sorry to have left the party for any reason, since, beside the Duc de Laval, and M. Barante, whom I already knew, there were Chateaubriand and Mad. Récamier, two persons whom I was as curious to see as any two persons in France whom I had not yet met. The Duchess de Broglie, with her characteristic good-nature, finding how much I was interested in these new acquaintances, placed me between them at dinner, so that I had an opportunity to know something more of them. Mad. Récamier must now be forty or more, though she has not the appearance of so much, and the lustre of that beauty which filled Europe with its fame is certainly faded. I do not
mean to say she is not still beautiful, for she certainly is, and very beautiful. Her figure is fine, her mild eyes full of expression, and her arm and hand most beautiful. I was surprised to find her with fair complexion, . . . and no less surprised to find the general expression of her countenance anything but melancholy, and her conversation gay and full of vivacity, though at the same time, it should be added, always without extravagance.

Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. It needs no skill in physiognomy, to say at once that he is a man of firmness and decision of character, for every feature and every movement of his person announce it. He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile;—not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require. It was natural for us to talk about America, and he gave me a long and eloquent description of his travels from Philadelphia to Niagara, and from Niagara across the unbroken forests to New Orleans; but I must confess he did not discover that eagerness and vanity on the subject which I think he does in his Martyrs and his Itinerary. . . . On the contrary, he seemed rather to prefer to talk of Italy and Rome, of which his recollections seemed more lively than of any other part of his travels; and, indeed, I doubt not he would like to return there rather than to revisit any country he has yet seen, for he spoke of Rome as a "place where it is so easy to be happy." His conversation, like his character, seems prompt, original, decisive, and, like his works, full of sparkling phrases, happy combinations and thoughts, sometimes more brilliant than just. His general tone was declamatory, though not extravagantly so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion.

Sunday, June 1.—Passing Mad. de Staël's this afternoon, I called to ask for her; but, seeing accidentally the Duchess de Broglie, she carried me to her mother's room, where I found her sitting up, with Schlegel, her son, and Rocca,—whom the world has talked about so much,—sitting with her. She was full of the news just received of troubles in Portuguese America,—from which she hopes much more than will ever happen,—and of a review that Constant has just printed in the Mercure, which she says is equal in felicity of diction to anything that has been written in France these thirty years. While we were talking of it several persons came in,—Barante, whom I almost always find there; Lady Jersey, a sensible, beautiful English woman; and finally Constant himself, who seemed well pleased to collect the tributes of applause which were offered to him by all, and especially by the beautiful Duchess de Broglie, who with her usual naïveté told him what she thought of his review, and what she had heard of the opinions of others. It was a very amusing scene, and there was a great deal of French wit, epigram, and compliment.
lavished in the conversation; but it was interrupted by the arrival of the patriarch of French medicine, Dr. Portal, who, of course, sent every one out of the apartment with as little ceremony as he himself came in.

In the evening I was—as I usually am on Sunday eve—at Miss Williams's, and was amused to hear Humboldt, with his decisive talent and minute knowledge of the subject, show how utterly idle are all the expectations now entertained of the immediate and violent emancipation of South America. Without knowing it, he answered every argument Mad. de Staël had used, this morning, to persuade me that the fate of the South was as much decided as the fate of our Independence was at the capture of Yorktown; and I note the fact at this moment to wait the event that will decide which of these two personages is right.

June 2.—I called this morning on Chateaubriand. He is now poor, for his occupation is gone, and he lives in a hôtel garni, not far from my lodgings. We talked a good deal about our American Indians, and the prevalent notions of civilizing them; upon which he has the rational opinions that nobody can entertain, I suspect, but one who has seen them. He told me, too, a good deal about his journey across Greece that interested me, and a good deal that would prevent my undertaking a similar excursion, in the assurance that less could be learned from it than I had supposed.

June 5.—Chateaubriand called on me this morning, and asked me to visit him this evening. There were only three or four of his friends there, for Mad. de C—— is ill. He talked a great deal, but was not so much excited—or, as the French call it, exalté—as he was at Mad. de Staël's; and, if he was more reasonable in consequence, he was less amusing. His character, however, appeared more amiable to-night. He talked with good-nature and candour of the review in the Mercure that cut him up a few days ago so terribly; played with his cat as simply as ever Montaigne did; and went often to see how his wife did. I saw him, therefore, in a new point of view, and one which interested me for him a good deal.

June 12.—The Duke de Broglie and Mons. de Staël, who had heard of my affair7 with the police from the secretary of our legation (to whom I had sent a note upon it), called on me this morning à la Française, to express their regret, etc., and asked me to dine, at Mad. de Staël's, with Lafayette. Nobody else was there; for Mad. de Staël on the whole grows worse, and the family do not like to see much company, though they still invite some, lest she should be alarmed more than her situation will bear. The dinner was very sad. Lafayette asked the Duchess some questions about her mother, but it was more than she could bear, and she was obliged to leave the table. The General himself—who is one of the most kind-hearted men in the world—was hardly less affected at finding he had unconsciously gone too far. . . . . I was indeed glad when the dinner was ended.

7 This affair is explained a few pages farther on.
June 16.—M. Vilmmain, of the Academy of Paris Faculty of
Letters, is so famous an instructor that I have long intended to hear
him, but have been prevented until this morning. He is now
lecturing on French eloquence, in a desultory and amusing manner
I should think, from what I have heard, and this morning he was on
Rousseau’s Emile. The number of his hearers could not have been
less than three hundred and fifty, and I endeavoured to find out what
were the merits or attractions which give him such an extraordinary
popularity. They are certainly neither a strong and vigorous eloquence,
like Lakretelle’s, nor amusing anecdotes and witticisms like those of
Andrieux, nor severe instruction like what all good lectures should
contain, for he evidently neither seeks nor possesses these merits;
but it was what hits the French taste more than any or all three of
them: it was an unhesitating fluency, though he spoke extemporan-
eously, and without notes, a great choice of happy and sparkling
phrases, though on a subject the most difficult to apply them dis-
creetly, and an abundance of epigrammatic remarks, which seemed
almost like arguments, because they struck the imagination so forcibly,
and yet were nothing less. In short, it was a kind of amusement
which ought to come rather under the great and indefinite class of
what is called in France spectacle, than what in any country should be
considered a part of public instruction. It was, however, fine of the
sort.

The evening I passed delightfully at Chateaubriand’s, with a few of
his friends; most of whom were members of the House of Peers. He
was in high spirits, excited, and even exalté, and poured out a torrent
of rich and various eloquence, which made me almost think better of
the language itself than I am accustomed to.

During the beginning of the evening the conversation turned upon
the condition of Europe, and he burst upon the discussion by saying,
“Je ne crois pas dans la société Européenne,” and supported his
ominous proposition with a kind of splendid declamation, to which
argument would have lent no force. “In fifty years,” said he, “there
will not be a legitimate sovereign in Europe; from Russia to Sicily,
I foresee nothing but military despotisms; and in a hundred,—in a
hundred! the cloud is too dark for human vision; too dark, it
may almost be said, to be penetrated by prophecy. There perhaps is
the misery of our situation; perhaps we live, not only in the decrepi-
tude of Europe, but in the decrepitude of the world;” and he pro-
nounced it in such a tone, and with such a look, that a dead silence
followed it, and every person felt, I doubt not, with me, as if the
future had become uncertain to him. In a few moments, from a
natural impulse of selfishness, the question arose, what an individual
should do in such a situation. Everybody looked to Chateaubriand.
“If I were without a family I would travel, not because I love travel-
ing, for I abhor it, but because I long to see Spain, to know what
effect eight years of civil war have produced there; and I long to see
Russia, that I may better estimate the power that threatens to over-
whelm the world. When I had seen these I should know the desti-
nies of Europe, I think; and then I would go and fix my last home
at Rome. There I would build my tabernacle, there I would build my tomb, and there, amid the ruins of three empires and three thousand years, I would give myself wholly to my God.” Now there was not much fanaticism in this; it was the out-breathed despair of the heart of a poet, whose family has been exterminated by one revolution, and who has himself been sacrificed to another; and, though I do not think of the destinies of Europe and the world very much as he does, yet I shall, as long as I live, respect him for what I saw of his feelings to-night.

To Elisha Ticknor.

PARIS, June 13, 1817.

... You tell me, in whatever country I am, “to say nothing against its government.” I have never done so, least of all in France, where, on the whole, an impartial man would respect the present government and the Bourbon family; and yet I have become, by some means of which I have no conjecture, suspected by the police here. Just as I was finishing my French lesson (on the 10th), at half-past six A.M., two persons asked to see me, but declined giving their names. I told my servant to admit them. The oldest, a respectable-looking man, asked me if I knew him; to which I replied in the negative; and then, inquiring whether I was an American citizen, he said he wished to speak to me in private; upon which my instructor withdrew. The stranger then, unbuttoning his coat, showed the badge of the police, and presented to me a royal order signed by the minister of police, requiring him to take the justice of the peace of my quarter, to proceed to my lodgings, and to institute a “severe search” for “all papers, libels or libellous writings, and books dangerous to the government,”—to seal up all such as might be found of this nature, and carry them to the office of the police.

I did not hesitate a moment what to do. The commissaries who were standing guard outside were called in. I opened—not without making a proper protest against the outrage—my drawers and my desk, sat myself quietly down, and told them to do what they saw fit, upon peril of their responsibility. The search occupied until nearly eleven o’clock; and, after reading all my letters, my journal, my copies, etc.,—or as much of them as was necessary to be sure they were merely domestic and commonplace,—they finished by drawing up a procès verbal of two folio pages, saying, as you may well suppose, that they had found nothing, for in truth there was nothing to find. On parting with the gentlemen, I read them a lecture on the nature of the fruitless outrage they had committed, of the cause of which they were of course as ignorant as myself; and the justice of the peace in return expressed his regrets, and his conviction that I was “not a dangerous person!” adding, however, that while I remain in Paris, I shall be under the surveillance of the police. The search was rigorous, but in general civilly conducted.

A Greek manuscript gravelled them a little; for, though the peace officer was a well-instructed man, and read English and German, he
knew nothing of Greek; but as the manuscript was from the royal library, and sanctified by the arms of the Bourbons, they were easily satisfied. One of the men was impudent to me about my curtains being closed, which he thought were kept drawn, not so much for the milder light, as to prevent my neighbours from seeing what was going on. But except that I had no difficulty with them.

One or two circumstances in the transaction are rather striking. In the first place, that four persons should be sent when it is usual to send but two, as I am told; in the second place, Mr. Warden says this is the first instance he has ever known that an American citizen has been subjected to such an insult and outrage as to have a search of any kind made in his quarters; also the form of the order itself was uncommon. It was a printed paper, the blanks of which were filled by some secretary, and the whole signed by the minister. The minister, however, had gone over and corrected it in his own handwriting; had added "libels or libellous writings;" and, instead of the words "perquisition exacte," had substituted "perquisition sévère," which was no doubt the reason why the officers proceeded so rigorously.

The fact is, I have been denounced, but not in consequence of any letters, and not by any one who knows me well, for my name was spelt wrong in the order, "Bignor;" but there is no doubt I was the person intended, as my lodgings and citizenship were rightly designated. This gives me great comfort; for it must be some vulgar spy, and not my servant or any one whom I see often,—otherwise I should have been suspicious of everybody who approaches me.

However, it is all over. I wrote a note to the American legation, stating the facts, the morning after it all happened, and when Mr. Gallatin returns in a few days from Geneva I shall call upon him. The secretary offered to write immediately to the French minister, but I told him I thought it better to wait till Mr. Gallatin arrives; though I have no idea that any satisfaction, or apology even, will be obtained under any circumstances.

I need not say, my dear father and mother, that there is nothing in all this which should give you a moment’s uneasiness. The government has done all it can, and is, of course, satisfied that my apparent objects here are my real ones. I may or may not be watched a little while by some of their familiars; but, you know, watching is unavailing where there is nothing to discover; and, as I shall not change my conduct in the least, because there is nothing in it either wrong or suspicious, I shall soon put to rest any doubts that may remain. My letters, like all Mr. Wells’s between Paris and Havre, never pass through the post-office; so, if I had written treason, the ministry would never have been the wiser for it.

It has been suggested to me that my habit of staying at home all day and going out in the evening, visiting no public places, and knowing such men as Count Gregoire, Benjamin Constant, the Marquis de Lafayette, Gallois, etc., may have drawn this inquisition upon me. It is possible, but I doubt it.

You will understand, of course, that the object of the government
was to find correspondence, etc., with refugees in America; of this there is no doubt. How I came to be suspected of it is a mystery which will never be explained to me.

June 23, 1817.

In my last letter I spoke of a visit and search to which I had been subjected from the French police. . . . Since the visitation I have not been molested, except that several of my letters have been broken open; and, as to the surveillance, I doubt whether it has been really carried into effect, except in regard to my correspondence. Mr. Gallatin returned from Geneva two days ago, and, after calling upon me himself when I was out, civilly sent his secretary to desire me to come to him, and give him some account of this extraordinary insult to my citizenship. I shall go this morning, but that will be the end of the whole affair; for, even if he should take the matter more seriously in hand than he will think prudent or I should desire, he would obtain no apology or explanation.

July 13, 1817.

My affair with the police has come to so singular a conclusion that, after all I have said about it, I cannot choose but finish its history. Yesterday morning Mr. Gallatin came to see me rather earlier than it is common to make visits, and, on entering my room, seemed not a little embarrassed. After considerable curious hesitation, he drew from his pocket a paper, gave it to me, and said, with the abrupt haste of a man desirous to get quickly through a business he does not like to begin, "That is the letter, sir, I wrote to the Duke de Richelieu on your case." I read it. It was a simple statement of the facts, followed by some remarks on the nature of the outrage, much more high-toned than I thought it demanded, or than I supposed a man as cool and calculating as Mr. Gallatin would have made. "Are those the facts, sir?" I said they were. "Well, sir," he continued, "there is the answer I received half-an-hour ago." On reading it, I found the Duke de Richelieu had informed him that his letter had been transmitted immediately to the Minister of Police, who had caused search to be made in his office, and in the office of the Prefecture of the Police for Paris, to find the records of the case; that none such had been found; that of course the search in question must have been made by persons unknown to the police; and that if the American minister would ascertain who they were, and would transmit their names to the Office of State, they should be immediately punished as such an unauthorized outrage deserved. I was thunder-struck; not because I imagined a trick had been played upon me, like that performed by the pretended inquisitors on Gil Blas, but because my word was now at stake against that of the Minister of Police, and at the same time I did not know how I could prove my statement. Mr. Gallatin asked me if I still supposed the persons to be officers of the police. I told him I did not doubt it in the least, for that they had done their business like men who were accustomed to do it every day. "Do you know the names of any of them?" "No," I answered;
but I did not doubt that one was the police-officer of my quarter, and described him as a man of fifty or upwards, fat, gray-headed, and bald; so that, on finding such a person, Mr. Gallatin might be sure there was no deception or mistake. For, though I do not think he doubted my veracity, yet his situation was so embarrassing, after a flat denial of his statement, that he really did not know what to believe or to do. I told him I would, if possible, find the commissary, and he proposed to go with me to his house. He was not at home, but his wife said he should come to Mr. Gallatin's at four o'clock, and I agreed to meet him there, and verify him. The three hours that intervened, you may be sure, I passed rather uncomfortably; for, if this were not the man, I knew not where to go for confirmation, and must stand convicted. Before four o'clock I was at Mr. Gallatin's hotel, but I was too late; the man had been there at three. Mr. Gallatin recognized him at once from my description, and said boldly, "I understand you are the person who made a search, some time since, of Mr. Ticknor's papers, etc., in the Rue Taranne, No. 10." After reflecting a moment, the man said "Yes," he had done it; saying, at the same time, "that he did not know the causes of it; that he hoped I did not complain of the manner in which it was done, etc." Mr. Gallatin assured him that it was not to know the causes, or to complain of the manner, that he had desired to see him, but to ascertain the fact, and gave him the Duke de Richelieu's letter. On reading it, Mr. Gallatin said, he was first very much alarmed at finding he had confessed something he should not have told, and then very angry that his conduct was thus disavowed. "But," said Mr. Gallatin, "can there be no mistake?" "Certainly not," said the officer; "for the order was directed to an American citizen, living in the Rue Taranne, No. 10; and, though there was a mistake in the name, it was only a mistake in spelling it, and I mentioned this circumstance expressly in my procès verbal, which Mr. Ticknor also signed himself, and therefore they know it all, as well as you and I do, and I can prove it, and exculpate myself, unless they have destroyed my procès verbal." He ended by saying that he hoped I should not push the affair any further, which certainly would be best for him, though I doubt not he acted with perfect prudence under his instructions.

There, then, the matter rests. I told Mr. Gallatin that I felt no further interest in it, and he replied that nothing could now be done, but to write to the Minister, and give him the name of the commissary, which he felt so reluctant to do that perhaps he should not do it at all. I acquiesced the more gladly, as this was precisely the man who had behaved most civilly; and thus, I presume, the affair ends. If it were carried further, the reply, no doubt, would be, that it was a mistake arising from similarity of names, which would be as true as that the examination of my papers was unauthorized.

In the Journal, the account of this singular visitation is almost identical with this,—perhaps with less vivacity; but, under the date of June 19th, there is this passage:
At last, I believe I have found out the cause of my difficulty with the police. M. de Humboldt, having heard of the visitation, called on me this morning, for the express purpose of cautioning me against an Englishman, whom we have both met at Benjamin Constant's. He has lived in Paris fifteen years, and is well known as a spy. M. de Humboldt adds that he is very ill-tempered, and that he never passes an evening in his company without recalling, at home, everything he has said, to know whether possibly he may have exposed himself at all. With this man I had a slight argument at Constant's, one evening, on German literature, in which Constant took my side; but the thing went but a little way, as the Englishman showed ill-feeling, and I chose to remain silent. Humboldt remarked it, and said he thought at the time that the fellow would play me a trick if he had the opportunity. What Humboldt did not know until I told him, is that I met this Englishman, a few evenings before the perquisition, at Chateaubriand's, when the conversation turning on the French refugees in America, I said they were not received there with the enthusiasm that is generally supposed in Europe. The Englishman denied this with uncommon promptness, and alleged, in proof, that a great dinner had been given to them in Boston. A charge of this kind, upon a town which had sung a solemn Te Deum for Bonaparte's defeats in Russia, and made an illumination for the restoration of the Bourbons, naturally vexed me, and I told him and Chateaubriand very circumstantially how things stood. The Englishman made no reply, but was evidently displeased, especially at the decided satisfaction Chateaubriand expressed. If, then, he is a spy, I doubt not he is the person who denounced me, not, perhaps, because he thought me dangerous or wished to revenge on me the little disputes I had with him,—though M. de Humboldt believes him capable even of this,—but because his bread depends on the information he gives, and he would be as well paid for denouncing me, as for denouncing any one else.

On the 27th July, Mr. Ticknor says: "From the early part of July almost all my French friends had left Paris, and I was very solitary, except that I had acquaintances more or less intimate among Americans." The remainder of his residence in Paris he gave to a careful study of the public places and institutions of the city, writing elaborate and historical notes on what he saw. In August, he made two visits at Draveil, the château of Mr. Parker, an American gentleman, who had lived in France for thirty years.

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It is a fine establishment, worthy of an English nobleman from its magnitude, its completeness, and its hospitality. Several persons who interested or amused me were staying there, and the days passed pleasantly in driving about the neighbourhood. . . . . Once I went
with the ladies to see Marshal Davoust, who lives at a fine château about three leagues from Draveil. Mad. Davoust received us, the Marshal having gone out hunting. She is a good-looking woman, of some cultivation. When her husband was absent, she shut herself up, and received no company. So once, when she went to court with her husband, after such a seclusion, Bonaparte asked her, “Eh bien, ma belle Princesse d’Eckmühl, pour combien avez-vous vendu votre foin, cette année?”

We fell accidentally into a discussion almost political, and as nothing touches the French and the Bonapartists like the loss of the battle of Waterloo, she began to give me reasons for it. I could have given her better, if it would have been polite; but one she gave was curious, as an authentic anecdote. To prove that the Emperor was ill that day, she said he did not rise until seven o’clock, and never spoke while he dressed. When his secretary gave him his sword, he drew it with a sigh, and then, thrusting it back into the scabbard, said with an air of weariness he had never shown before, “Encore une bataille!” sprang upon his horse and hurried to the field, as if more impatient to finish the day than anxious how it should be finished. This singular conversation came at last to the most delicate of all topics,—the conduct of the Prince himself at Hamburg; and, as I had made up my mind upon the subject in Germany, I suppose she perceived my impression in spite of me, for she said that, as she should like to have me know the truth, she would send me the Marshal’s defence. Just at this moment the Marshal met us in the avenue, with his rifle on his back, his collar unbuttoned, and his whole dress careless and dirty. He is a tall, stout man, with black hair and eyes, and very bald. There is little appearance of talent in his physiognomy, but there is something imposing in his air and manner, though perhaps it is nothing more than the remains of the command he exercised so long. With this there was politeness, and even an air of mildness, that surprised me not a little in the man who commanded at Hamburg in 1813. In conversation he seemed moderate, talked freely on all subjects but politics; . . . but, on leaving him, I remembered very little he had said, except that, in alluding to the troubles in South America, he said almost impatiently, “Je ne crois plus aux révolutions!” A few days afterwards the Maréchale returned the visit of the ladies, and brought the defence of her husband presented to the king. It is plain and simple, and showed that his orders from the Emperor were such as would have justified any general oppressions and cruelty, though I think hardly such special instances of inhumanity as I have heard of.

To Mrs. Walter Channing.

Paris, August 1, 1817.

. . . I have been above a week at Mr. Parker’s, at Draveil, about twelve miles from Paris, a superb establishment, whose completeness, splendour, and hospitality, equally struck me. Several persons were
staying there at the same time that I was, and among them two French ladies, remarkably well instructed, one of whom has a great deal of talent, so that there was no want of society such as I most desire to have. I used to get up early and occupy myself with my books in my chamber until noon; then I came down, and the French lady I mention gave me a regular lesson in reading French, which, among her other accomplishments, she had learned to read and declaim with uncommon elegance and power. After this we commonly went to ride, either round the superb park which surrounds the house, or in a wood near it, where there is an oak called the Père de la Forêt, preserved in memory of the times when Gabrielle d'Estrees and Henry IV. used to sit under its shade. After dinner one of the ladies always played on the piano, which in the course of the last year I have not only learned to like, but have learned to understand music so far that I can distinguish between that of the different nations in general, and have taste enough to prefer Italian and German to either French, which I find frivolous, or English, which seems to me unmeaning. At sunset always came a walk,—not as in our own more decisive climate, where the sun goes down

"Arraying in reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend,"

but still beautiful, as sunset must be everywhere, and followed by a prolonged, transparent, distinct twilight, such as is unknown in our more heavy atmosphere. The evening always brought us together in a little parlour, and it passed away too quickly in work and reading.

French was the language of conversation, but all the party understood English, and therefore Shakespeare and Milton came in for their share. This naturally produced discussions of the relative merits of the two literatures; and, though I found myself alone, you do credit enough to my obstinancy, if Walter will not to my taste, to believe I did not shrink from maintaining the supremacy of English literature in defiance of them all. . . . . The affair ended by a challenge, given and accepted, to stake Shakespeare and Milton against the whole body of French poetry. The French party was to begin by reading the best passages in their language, taking none but of the very first order, and I undertook to reply passage by passage, and page by page, taking only my two favourites. All the morning the ladies were in council with Voltaire, Racine, Corneille,—in short, a whole library. In the evening they covered the table with books till there was not room to put down a pin-cushion, and were a little abashed to find I took from my pocket nothing but your little "Paradise Lost," which alone exhausted their three great authors. In short, in four evenings they had no more passages of the first order of poetry to offer, and I had still Shakespeare's best plays in reserve, so that I prevailed on putting the vote, by four to two, without counting myself. . . . .

Farewell,

George.
TO DR. WALTER CHANNING.

PARIS, August 12, 1817.

... If you wish to have my opinion of the French theatre, I am perfectly ready to say that it affords an entertainment such as I have never known elsewhere, and for the most natural of all reasons,—because it is more cultivated and more important here; because it enters much more deeply and intimately into the system of life, and instead of being an accidental amusement, it is an every-day want. I do not speak now of their tragedy, which wants force and passion, and pleases me little; it has all the beauties of an inimitable diction, but as to the ordinary pretence of the French men of letters that it is the continuation and perfection of the Greek, I think it entirely false. How, for instance, can they compare a theatre, of which a story is related like that of the first representation of the Eumenides of Æschylus, with a theatre of proprieties and conventions? A Greek was not more unlike a Frenchman than the theatres of the two nations. But in respect to the comedy, I cannot avoid agreeing with the French critics. In fact, it seems to me to make a genus in the drama by itself, and it is a great injustice to it to call it by the same name that is worn by other genera in other nations. "The Misanthrope," for instance, or "Tartuffe," have but little in common with the English comedy, except inasmuch as Sheridan and a few others have imitated the French; and still less can the intriguing comedy of Spain, or the vulgar buffoonery of Italy, pretend to a relationship.

This excellency of the French comedy is, too, very natural and probable à priori. Their national character furnishes more material for it than can be found anywhere else; the forms of society and the tone of their conversation partake just enough of the nature of a representation to fit them admirably for the stage, and their light and flexible and equivocal language lends itself to express comical shades and inflections, of which all others are incapable, while at the same time the foppery and gallantry of their actors, and the levity and the coquetry of their actresses, are so natural and piquant, because they, like the nation they belong to, are playing the same parts all day in common life that they represent to the public in the evening.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not regret that we have none of this comedy in English, for I deprecate the character and principles out of which it grows, and should lose no inconsiderable proportion of my hope for England and America, if they had reached or were approaching that ominous state of civilization and refinement in which it is produced. ... After all, I had rather go to the French theatre than the English, as an entertainment. Shakespeare and Milton have more poetry than all France can show from the time of the Troubadours and Fabliaux to Delille and Chateaubriand; but no nation, I think, has hit like them the exact tone and grace of theatrical representation.
My love to all; and save me a corner in your new, old house in Summer Street, where I may feel at home when I come among you.

Geo.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Paris.—Visit to La Grange.—Geneva.—M. de la Rive.—Professor Pictet.—Sir Francis d'Ivernois.—Bonstetten.—Fête by a Russian Countess.—Madame Necker de Saussure.—Leaves Geneva for Rome.—Convent of St. Bernard.—Milan.—Venice.—Visit to Lord Byron.—Bologna.—Loretto.—Arrival in Rome.

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SEPTEMBER 2.—This morning I left Paris, and I have not left any city with so little regret. A few friends, indeed, I have left there, to whom I owe many favours and much genuine kindness; but I never knew so many people, and knew them so long, where I found so much occasion to be familiar, and so little to be intimate; where there was so much to amuse, and so little to attach my affections.

Two of those who have seemed to take the most interest in me, and whose kindness I shall never forget,—the Duke de Broglie and Auguste de Staël,—proposed to me to accompany them to La Grange, where they were to visit General Lafayette, without company. The General had often invited me to visit him, and as his château is not far from the route I was to follow to Switzerland I accompanied them.

I was much touched this morning by the Duke's kindness, in having asked M. Sismondi to meet me at breakfast, he having arrived last evening only, from Geneva, and whom I could not otherwise have seen. He is about fifty, a plain man in his manners and in his conversation, not affecting the appearance of a petit maître, nor the reputation of a wit, like the Paris men of letters.

We had a pleasant drive of five hours, and arrived in the afternoon at La Grange, near Rosoy, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne. It is the most venerable castle I have seen in France. The sweet little Duchess de Broglie was already there; more interesting than ever from her affliction,⁸ which, from her perfect openness of character, she hardly attempts to conceal. Coming with persons I knew so well, and to an establishment where everything is arranged as if on purpose for the most open hospitality, I soon felt, as it were, at home.

It is impossible to know General Lafayette in Paris and the world

⁸ The death of Mad. de Staël.
without feeling respect for his enthusiasm of character, his unalterable honesty, and his open simplicity; but it is impossible to see him in the country, in his home and in his family, without loving him. He is now sixty, with the constitution, health, and appearance of forty-five. His wife is dead; and as his three children, a son and two daughters, were married, he gave them a part of his fortune, and begged them to live with him as much as they could.

Lausanne, September 6.—I passed three short and happy days at La Grange. . . . Everybody rose at the time he pleased, and breakfasted at the hour he chose, in his own room, or at half past nine with the family. In the morning we drove or walked, and those who did not choose to remain in their chambers went to the salon, where company was always to be found. Dinner at half past five; somewhat later the household went to their apartments, but all met in the salon at ten and passed two very happy hours together.

Geneva, September 10.—This evening I passed at Mad. Rilliet’s, to whom the Duchess de Broglie gave me a letter. She was a particular friend of Mad. de Staël’s, and is a lady of large fortune, much talent, and elegant manners. Benjamin Constant said of her, with that kind of wit peculiar to the French, and which he possesses beyond any Frenchman I met in Paris, “Mad. Rilliet a toutes les vertus qu’elle affecte;” for there is a certain stateliness and pretension in her manner that reminds you of affectation.

September 11.—I dined to-day with M. de la Rive, to whom I had an introduction from Sir Humphry Davy. He is a specimen, I suppose, of the state of society, manners, and improvement in Geneva which deserves notice. In the first place, his fortune is large, and yet he lives without luxury; for wealth is often expressed here chiefly in simple hospitality. He is the representative of one of the oldest families of the republic, and yet he is devoted to science,—a man of genius and learning, and actually a public lecturer of eminence on chemistry. And finally, with all these strong occupations, and tastes, and high qualities, he is the chief magistrate of the canton, and a most respectable and amiable man, living happily in his home, and loved by his friends.

After dinner, he carried me to Prof. Pictet’s, the worthy successor of De Saussure in the University, and the chief man in the Bibliothèque Britannique. We stayed only a little while, and then went a mile out of town, to M. Favre Bertrand’s, where I was introduced by Auguste Schlegel, and where we passed a delightful evening. Here again I found a fine specimen of Genevan character. M. Favre is the richest, or one of the richest, citizens of Geneva, and lives here in a beautiful establishment on the borders of the lake, but it is as simple as it is beautiful; there is no appearance of luxury, no pretension in his manners, and it would be difficult to find any indication of a large fortune, except in his fine library, and in the leisure it has given him, through which he has gained an elegant and scientific cultivation.

September 12.—I went to-day with Sir Francis d’Ivernois, to dine at his country-place, a few miles from town. He is the man who was famous in Russia, who was knighted in England, and who has been
one of the prominent citizens of Geneva since the fall of Bonaparte has permitted him to return from exile, and he is now one of the important members of the Council of State. There were several other members of the Council there, and the President de la Rive; so that the dinner was very pleasant, and I heard many things which I have not time to write down, but which I should be sorry to forget.

Sir Francis, with a kind of hospitality which I begin to think belongs to the republican character, carried me to tea at M. Pictet Deodati's, brother of Prof. Pictet, and chief-justice of the canton; a plain, sensible gentleman, who reminded me of the same class of persons in America. I passed a couple of hours happily at his house, and then, with the same sort of hospitality which had brought me to him, he ordered his carriage and took me to Geneva, to a ball at Mad. de Saussure's, a distant relation of the famous De Saussure who first ascended Mont Blanc. I found there many English, and much of the fashionable and respectable society of the city; and I observed that the ladies were handsomer than at Paris, but not so graceful; and seemingly more genuinely and simply kind and amiable, but not so ostentatiously gracious.

Among other strangers, I found Simond, author of the Travels in England, a man of fifty, talking little, but in such a manner as to make others talk to him; with few apparent prejudices, and yet in all respects a decisive way of thinking and judging.

September 13.—The Baron de Bonstetten, formerly in the government of Berne, but a Geneva, and the author of several metaphysical and political works, has been uncommonly kind to me ever since I have been in Geneva. To-day he invited me to a dinner, where I found myself surrounded by the corpus Academicum, and a representation of the Bibliothèque Britannique. I was struck with the exhibition of talent I witnessed, and particularly with De Candolle, professor of botany, who has great powers of conversation, without that perpetual attempt at brilliancy and epigram which I found in Paris society, and which I have found here only in Dumont.

In the evening I went to a large party at Dr. Buttini’s, the first physician in Geneva. I found most of the society I met last evening, but was so much interested by the conversation of President de la Rive that I made few new acquaintances.

September 14.—A Russian Countess Bruess is living here, and finding it difficult to spend an income—said to be a million of francs a year—amuses herself with giving such entertainments as the simple Genevans rarely see. Just at this time the birthday of her friend Princess Kourakin occurs, and as she is here on a visit, the Countess determined to give a fête which should eclipse all her former magnificence. At eight o’clock we found ourselves at her country place, on the borders of the lake, and by nine, three or four hundred persons had arrived. After taking tea, we went to her theatre, which was neatly fitted up, and where “Le nouveau M. de Pourceaugnac,” which made much noise in Paris last winter, was performed by herself and half a dozen of her friends. When this was over, a practical charade in three acts, in honour of the princess, was performed.
with great success, and the whole ended with a Cossack dance, which seemed to me better than a French ballet. On leaving the theatre we were taken to the conservatory, which was fancifully illuminated, and where we found a supper was prepared; but the scene was so beautiful, and the arrangements made with so much taste, that a great many of the party preferred to walk up and down, to see this fairy feast prepared amidst odorous shrubs and illuminated orange groves, to sharing its luxuries. The entertainment ended with a ball, which finished I know not when, for I left it, wearied out, at two o'clock in the morning.

On the 16th of September Mr. Ticknor joined Dr. Edward Reynolds, Mr. Edward Brooks of Boston, and Dr. Wagner of South Carolina, in an excursion to Mont Blanc, which occupied three days, and excited and delighted him intensely. His description of these scenes, so new to him, is full, animated, and glowing.

In the evening of my return (19th), I passed a couple of hours at a party at Mad. Necker's, a cousin of Mad. de Staël, who is considered in Geneva but little her inferior in original power of mind, and of whom Mad. de Staël once said, "Ma cousine Necker a tous les talens qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus que je n'ai pas." She is about fifty, and resembles Mad. de Staël a little, and is interesting in conversation from a certain dignity and force in her remarks.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Geneva, September 19, 1817.

I left Paris, as I told you I should, September 2nd, with the Duke de Broglie and the Baron de Staël, who were to pass a week with the Marquis de Lafayette. My time was more limited, and when, after a visit of three days, I found I must leave his venerable castle, I felt that it had been much too short, for since I have been in Europe I have seen nothing like the genuine hospitality and patriarchal simplicity of his establishment.

From there I came directly to Switzerland, and when I first saw the Lake of Geneva at Lausanne recognized all the traits that poetry and romance have not been able to exaggerate. Such a view, such a variety and prodigality in the beauties of nature as I saw there, I never saw before. The day that I passed there—gazing with unwearied delight on the rocks of Meillerie, the mountains of Savoy, the Pays de Vaud, and, above all, the lake that rolls in the midst of them—is one I shall never forget.

By the kindness of friends in Paris, and especially the family of Mad. de Staël, I brought many letters here, so that from the evening

9 This lady, known as Mad. Necker de Saussure, published in 1828 a work in three volumes, called "L'Education Progressive, ou Étude du Cours de la Vie;" which for wisdom, delicacy of discernment, and acute observation is superior to any study of the subject of the time.
I arrived I have hardly been a moment alone. The society is such as I most like; much more to my taste than the gayer and more witty circles in Paris, of which I had a complete surfeit.

Almost every person I know here is an important man in the government of their little republic, and yet, such is the genius of the government and the tendency of society, that, except Sir Francis d'Ivernois, all are men of letters. For instance, Prof. Pictet, the worthy successor of Saussure, Prof. de Candolle, and Prof. Prevost, the three great pillars of the University, are at the same time important members of the Council of State. M. Favre, the richest man in the city, shows his wealth only in his hospitality, his fine library, and the good use he makes of his leisure; and what perhaps is an instance absolutely unique in the world, M. de la Rive, the chief magistrate of the state, and a man of fortune, is a very distinguished chemist, and actually gives lectures on the science as sedulously and thoroughly as if he were earning his bread by it. This is really not an unfair specimen of the state of letters in Geneva, where they certainly form the first caste in society, and where no man can hope to distinguish himself in private intercourse, or even in the state, without being to a certain degree a literary or scientific man. A man who is either of these needs nothing else to procure him estimation and deference. I do not believe there is another city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants in Europe or America of which this could be said.

But I forget my story. Five days ago I went to see Mont Blanc and the great glacier of Chamouni. I dare not attempt to tell you what I saw and felt in these strange solitudes, where the genius and power of ages and generations might be wasted in vain to obliterare or change the awful features of nature, or divert or disturb her more awful operations. The Falls of Niagara, where one sea precipitates itself into another, may surpass it; but I have never seen Niagara, and the Mer de Glace remains solitary in my recollections of the stupendous works and movements of nature.

Farewell, my dear father and mother,—farewell from the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva; from the birth-place of Rousseau, and the tomb of Mad. de Staël; and what is more, from the country made classical by the traces their genius has everywhere left in it.

Day after to-morrow, Brooks and I set forth for Venice and Cogswell.

Dictated, 1854.

One of the persons who was kindest to me in Geneva was M. de Bonstetten, of an old Bernese family much valued in Switzerland, whose correspondence with Gray the poet has been published, and who seemed to bring me into relations with the times of Gray and those of Madame de Staël, to whose family I owed my introduction to him.

He was seventy-two years old at this time, but very fond of society, and mingled much with it. His appearance was very venerable, but,
for his age, his vivacity was remarkable. Among his kindnesses to me, he drove me one afternoon to see M. Huber at his country place, where he lived through the year, and which was prettily laid out. He was nearly seventy years old,—the author of an extraordinary Treatise on the Economy of Bees, which was much praised in a long article in the Edinburgh Review some years before I saw him. To my fresh surprise, I saw for myself, what I had already known, that the man who had written this remarkable work, presupposing long-continued observations, was entirely blind, and had been so when they were made. In fact, all the curious remarks and inferences involved in his observations were founded on careful researches which he directed others, and particularly a favourite servant, to make; so that I looked upon his book as a wonderful result of acuteness and perseverance. He was very mild in his manners and conversation, sometimes even gay. His family consisted of his wife,—who was said to have married him for love, under some difficulties,—a sister, his son, and his son’s wife, with two sweet grandchildren.

M. de Bonstetten’s visit, from his position in society, seemed a matter of consequence and pleasure. After some time of very pleasant conversation, a little granddaughter, who seemed to have very familiar ways with him, came running in and climbed upon him, throwing her arms round his neck, and saying, “Venez goûter, papa,” led him out to the garden, where a simple collation had been prepared for us. Everything there was adapted to his infirmity: threads were stretched at a convenient height, along the pretty walks, to guide his steps when he was unaccompanied. He took his part in the collation without awkwardness, as if he saw everything; talking agreeably all the time. When it was over, the little girl led him back to the house, as if accustomed to the service.

In talking, he spoke very low, so that it was not easy for any one but the person he addressed to hear him. It seemed to me curious that his conversation was often on subjects connected with the arts, and presupposed the use of sight; and yet such was his exact recollection or skill on these subjects, that, as M. de Bonstetten told me to observe, there was nothing in what M. Huber said which would remind us of his blindness. When we came away he gave me some engravings of horses which he had made in his youth, and which were singular because the animals were represented in unwonted positions. We stayed until after dark, and then M. de Bonstetten took me to his own house, where I sat with him till a late hour, talking of his early life in Berne and his acquaintance with Gray.

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September 22.—I left the city of Calvin, Bonnet, Rousseau, and Mad. de Staël this morning at eight o’clock, with my friend Brooks, who makes with me the tour of Italy in a post-chaise. Our route was
the famous Route of the Simplon, which conducted us once more to the beautiful banks of the lake. When I came to Geneva, it was on the Swiss side, with the solemn mountains of Savoy for my prospect; in leaving it my eye was delighted with the grace, and beauty, and luxuriance of the Pays de Vaud. . . . At St. Gingoulph we entered the Valais, and stopped to sleep at the post-house, directly on the bank of the lake. It was the last time I should have the opportunity, and I could not resist the temptation to give half a day to sailing on these beautiful waters, which it seems as if I never could grow weary of admiring.

Before sunrise, therefore, we were in a boat, and enjoyed the beautiful scene of seeing its first gleams gild the mountains and disperse the mist about us. We sailed up the Valais side, covered with solemn groves of chestnuts, and came to the entrance of the Rhone, whose furious and turbid waters induced the ancients to think it rushed out from the secret recesses of the earth and the realms of eternal night.

After tracing the scenes described by Rousseau, and going over the Castle of Chillon, we crossed the lake to St. Gingoulph, and took horses in sad earnest to leave it. . . .

September 24.—As it is our intention to go up the St. Bernard, and as the weather is not good, we have spent the whole day at Martigny. This has given me a little opportunity of seeing something of the Valais.

September 26.—We have had two superb days to go to the top of St. Bernard. Yesterday morning we set out at seven o'clock on mules, with a guide, but our much surer guide was the Dranse, a little stream rising from the summit of the mountain near the convent and falling into the Rhone near Martigny. The road was very interesting. On one side it is overhung by rude and menacing rocks; on the other it sinks into precipices which the imagination hardly dares to measure. . . . One league before reaching the summit the pines and larches, which had for some time been growing shorter and rarer, forsook us, and finally on the top (8074 feet) we found only a few starved and sickly mosses, bare and bleak rocks, and eternal snow. The effect on human life was no less obvious. . . . The shepherds, in particular, whom we met occasionally above all human habitation, were deplorable beings, who reminded me distinctively and repeatedly of the "homines intonsi et inculti," with whom Livy has peopled these savage solitudes; while the poor monks living on the barren summits,

"Divisque propinquas
Rupes,"

as Silius Italicus calls them, are only a dozen in number, and none of them over thirty years old; since, after that age, the constitution is no longer able to resist the rigours of the eternal winter. The prior, to whom I had letters from Prof. Pictet, received us with great civility. As it was not sunset, he carried us out to see the grounds of the convent. It stands on the highest part of the passage, but still
in a sort of valley, between mountains two or three thousand feet higher than itself, whose summits are bright with eternal snows. Near it is a little lake, said to be about thirty feet deep, and on its borders, under the shelter of its high, rocky banks, the monks have placed some earth that they have brought up the mountain . . . . and in the months of September and August they are able, with great care and difficulty, to raise a little lettuce and spinach. . . . On the very summit of the road winds a brook, with a stone laid across it, divided by a line in the centre, and marked on each side with the arms of Savoy and the Valais; it is the boundary between the two powers, and, for the first time I found myself on Italian ground, and could not choose but exclaim, with the son of Æneas, "Italiam, Italiam!" for I seemed at once to have reached another of the great limits and objects of my pilgrimage. . . .

We supped with the monks, ten in number,—all young, all talkative, civil, and gay. They gave us a very good table and excellent wines; for it is absolutely necessary they should live well here in order to have the strength necessary to resist the climate. . . . In the morning we were waked between five and six by the bell that summoned the monks to their devotions. I rose and went to the chapel. It was a very cold morning, and their voices, even as they chanted mass, seemed to chill me. . . . After mass we breakfasted with the prior alone. Our conversation turned on the antiquities of the mountain, and the passages that have been made over it down to the times of Bonaparte. He was a firm believer in its being the place where Hannibal crossed, and alleged a tradition, and some inscriptions found on the mountain to Jovi Pannino, which he showed us, in proof of Carthaginian origin. All this, however, barely proves the existence of this opinion in the time of Augustus, etc., which Livy knew also, but did not credit. The kind-hearted little prior did not seem to know much about the passage in the Roman historian, and I did not tell him of it, though I had the book with me.

After breakfast, the last honours of the establishment were done towards us by carrying us through the building and opening to us the little collections in mineralogy and natural history, and a few interesting inscriptions and antiquities found on the site of the Temple of Jupiter. When this was finally over, the prior accompanied us a little way down the mountain, and left us full of gratitude for his kindness, and deeply impressed with the benevolent utility of this remarkable institution, and the still more remarkable exertions and sacrifices of the Augustine monks who conduct it.1

September 27.—Between Brigg and Domio d’Ossola, we have to-day crossed the Alps by the Simplon,—a most astonishing proof of the power of man. . . . It is impossible to give any idea of this magni-

1 Last year ten of the monks and two servants were overwhelmed by an avalanche, while guiding some travellers to the hospice, and all perished. As we descended the mountain we went a little out of our way to see a bridge and an avalanche which exactly corresponded to the description of one in Strabo.

—Note by Mr. Ticknor.
ficent work, which, for twenty miles together, is as perfect as a gentle-
man's avenue; of the difficulties the engineers were obliged to encounter, 
which, even after success, seem insuperable; or the terrors of the 
scenery, which reminded me of some of the awful descriptions in 
Dante’s Inferno. . . . We were eight hours in ascending, and four 
and a half in the descent.

September 29.—On going a little about Domò d’Ossola this morning, 
—which is a neat little town,—I found that not only the climate, but 
the architecture had changed. While coming down the mountains, I 
observed the “refuges” built on their sides, to serve as a shelter to 
travellers, were more appropriate in their forms and ornaments than 
the same buildings on the other side; but I attributed it to accident. 
Now, however, I see that it is the influence of the Roman arts and 
their remains, felt even to the summit of the Alps, but extending 
apparently no farther.

Our road to-day was still in a valley of the Alps. . . . The culti-
vation was fine and the crops abundant. All nature, indeed, had a 
gayer aspect than we had left on the other side of the Alps, and I 
thought that I recognized beauties which Virgil boasted when Italy 
was mistress of the world, and which Flicajal lamented when they 
had become only a temptation to violence which she could no longer 
resist. Among other things, I observed that the millet,—the potato 
of the ancients,—which Strabo says grew abundantly here, is no less 
abundant now; and that the vine is wedded to the elm as in the days 
of Horace, and passes from tree to tree in graceful festoons as when 
Milton crossed the same plains a hundred and fifty years ago. If, 
amidst these more classical fields, I saw for the first time in Europe 
the cultivation of Indian corn, the recollections it awakened of 
homely happiness were not discordant from the feelings with which 
they were associated, and I can truly say that I have seen few 
things since I left that home which have given me more heartfelt 
pleasure.

Milan, October 1.—We again commenced our journey early this 
morning, and when the sun rose found ourselves for the first time in 
the rich plains of Lombardy, where no mountains bounded the hori-
zon. . . . We were still accompanied by the mirth and frolics of the 
vintage till, after passing through a great number of villages, we 
entered Milan. . . .

In the evening I presented my letters to the Marquis, or Abbate, de 
Breme, a man of talents and learning, and son of one of the richest 
noblemen in Italy, who, in the times of French domination, was 
Minister of the Interior, and now lives in Turin, in the confidence and 
favour of the King of Savoy.

The son, to whom I was presented, is nearly forty I should think, 
and converses remarkably well, with taste and wit. He was formerly 
grand almoner to the court,—a place, I suspect, to which his religion 
did not promote him; and, though he seems to have been no friend to 
the French usurpation, he abhors Austria, and has refused all offers to 
come into the government. He carried me immediately to his box in 
the great theatre Della Scàla; for here everybody goes every evening
to the play, and what society there is ... is at this great exchange and lounge.

October 7.—The Marquis de Breme, whose kindness has been such that he has hardly left me an unoccupied hour since I have been in the city, proposed to me last evening, if I would stay to-day, to show me some curious things in the environs, that strangers are not generally permitted to see. This morning, therefore, we set off with a little party he had collected, consisting of Count Confalonieri, a young man of much culture, who has travelled Europe quite over; Borgieri, one of a few literary hopes of Italy, who, as well as Confalonieri, has often been with us in our excursions before; and a Russian general. ... The whole drive was about thirty-five miles; we reached Milan at eight o'clock, and we all dined very happily with the Marquis.

Placentia, October 9.—While waiting for our supper last night,—which we were obliged to wait for a long time, as the heir apparent of the throne of Sardinia lodged at the same inn,—I amused myself with looking out, in the two great Roman historians, all the notices I could find of this little city. They were not very interesting, but somewhat curious. It was founded by a Roman colony, about A.U. 534, and seems to have been so well built and fortified—probably because it was a frontier town—as to serve for shelter to the Romans, etc., etc.

In this manner Mr. Ticknor occupied himself in each city as he advanced, giving many curious facts. Few travellers in these days care for such details and this kind of knowledge, and those who do find enough of them in their guide-books. These proofs of faithful search for knowledge are, therefore, not given.

October 15.—Early this morning, and still with the finest weather, we continued our journey. ... At length we arrived at Fusina, and saw the Queen of the Adriatic, with her attendant isles, rising like an exhalation from the unruflled bosom of the deep. It was a beautiful spectacle, perfectly singular in its kind, and indescribable, and was so much more touching to my feelings, as I now first saw the ocean after an exile from it of above two years. ... The approach to Venice is striking and beautiful. The city is built, as it were, on the surface of the waves, and seems, at the first glance, just sinking into the deep waters. But on entering it, feelings very different take possession of you. You have left behind you the traces of vegetation; the animal creation seems to have forsaken you; you are in the midst of a great city, without its accustomed bustle and animation. ... Everything is strange, and everything seems uncertain; the very passage-ways are dark and narrow, and the massy

* The name of this accomplished young nobleman afterwards became widely known, and acquired a melancholy interest from his long imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.
architecture of the houses, ending in the water, seems to have no foundation.

October 16.—Over its [St. Mark's] pronaon stand the four famous bronze horses, which must always be numbered among the finest remains of antiquity. Their early history is uncertain, and has lately been disputed with much warmth, and with a waste of obscure learning, by Count Cicognara, President of the Academy of Venice, Schlegel, Mustoxidis, a native of Corcyra and a member of the French Institute, and Dandolo, a young Venetian patrician of talent and acute-ness. Six pamphlets have been published, and the war is not at an end. The question is, whether these four horses were a part of the Roman plunder of Greece, and, after having been placed by Nero on his arch at Rome, were transported by Constantine to ornament his new city, or whether they were originally of Chios, and, without having ever seen Athens or Rome, were brought in the fifth century, under Theodosius the younger, to Constantinople. It is a question that can never be decided, but it is a curious and interesting fact, that the young Dandolo, who has shown both learning and modesty in this controversy, is the direct lineal descendant of the blind old Doge of the same name, who in 1204 was the first to mount the breach at Constantinople, and, after having refused the Empire of the East, and placed Baldwin on the throne, brought these very horses as the trophy of his country's triumph. It is not a little singular that the father of this young man is the very man who, with fallen fortunes and proud blood, is appointed commander of the arsenal, and is obliged every day to visit the ruins of the glory his fathers founded.

October 17.—At the Academy of Arts we enjoyed an unexpected pleasure. It is in the former Convent della Carita, famous from the circumstance that Alexander III., escaping from the fury of the Emperor Frederick, lived here a long time incognito. A part of it is by Palladio, and one of the finest of his works. In this convent, now made into halls for the purpose, are collecting and collected from Paris, and from churches where they have slept in forgetfulness, the great works of the Venetian school. Two commanded my admiration, and dimmed the splendour of the rest,—one is Tintoretto's masterpiece, the miraculous liberation, by St. Mark, of a slave condemned to death; all is as confused as his wild genius could have devised, and yet it all centres on the one object, and the whole piece is as living as if the fact were passing before you. The other picture is a magnificent Assumption, by Titian, now, as it were, first produced to the world. All that is known of it is that it was extremely admired while in his possession, that it was put up in its place [the church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa] in a cross light, and that the three centuries of tapers that piety has burned under it, and of incense it has offered up to it, had so completely incrusted it with a coat of black varnish, that in the best and strongest light not a feature of the original work could be properly distinguished. On carefully cleaning it, the picture was found perfect, after three months' labour, for the smoke had preserved it; and on the 10th of August last (1817) it was first opened to the public. It is the finest picture, I suppose,
that I have yet seen in Europe, excepting the Madonna of Raphael at Dresden... This immense picture with its various subjects and groups becomes one work, and seems united in all its parts, as if the artist had breathed it upon the canvas by a simple volition of his genius. After standing before it above an hour, I knew not which most to admire,—the poetical sublimity of the invention, or the boldness of the execution, and that magic and transparency of colouring in which Titian has no rival.

October 19.—As in all the Italian cities, so in Venice, there is little society, and the persons I have known who have lived there, such as Botta, De Breme, the Baron de Bonstetten, etc., have all told me it was to be seen best at Count Cicognara's. To him, therefore, they gave me letters, and I have found their predictions justified, and his acquaintance sufficient for my purposes, and for all the time I could give to society. He is a nobleman of fortune, President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and author of several considerable works, particularly a History of Modern Sculpture,—beginning at the third century, where Winckelmann leaves it,—in three folio volumes, of which the last is now in the press. He is about fifty years old, has a pleasant family, a wife accomplished and still beautiful, and assembles at his house the elegant, cultivated society there is in the city. Yesterday I dined with him, and every evening since I have been here I have passed in his coterie; for I find that when you once go to a party of this sort in Italy, it is expected you should continue your visits, if you like, as regularly as if you went to the opera,—which so many never miss. This, however, is no disagreeable circumstance to a stranger, and at his house—with Dandolo and several other of the patricians, and a few men of letters—I have passed my evenings as pleasantly as I did at Milan, with De Breme and Count Confalonieri.

October 20.—This morning, like Portia’s messenger, we passed

"With imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice;"

embarked on the lagoon, and looked back for the last time on Venice, which seems from the opposite shore to dance like a fairy creation on the undulations of the ocean.

... At the little village of Mira, on the Brenta, and about fourteen miles from Venice, we came to the villa now occupied by Lord Byron, and, still feeling curious to see him, I went in. It was eleven o'clock, but he was not yet up, and the servant showed me into a room where I found a lively, intelligent gentleman, whom I recognized to be Hobhouse; who, after a youth of dissipation, has now become a severe student. His conversation is animated, acute, and sometimes earnest, but oftener witty. ...

In a short time Lord Byron came in, looking exactly as he did in London two years and a half ago. In conversation he was more lively and various, and came nearer to what a stranger might expect from him, but still he did not attain it; for I have never heard him
make one extraordinary or original observation, though I have heard him make many that were singular and extravagant.

He told me incidentally that M. G. Lewis once translated Goethe's Faust to him extemporaneously, and this accounts for the resemblance between that poem and Manfred, which I could not before account for, as I was aware that he did not know German. His residence in Italy, he said, had given him great pleasure; and spoke of the comparatively small value of his travels in Greece, which, he said, contained not the sixth part of its attractions. Mr. Hobhouse had already told me of a plan formed by himself and Lord Byron to go to the United States, about a year hence, if he (Hobhouse) should not get into Parliament; of which I imagine there may be some chance; but Lord Byron's views were evidently very different from his, and I know not how their plans could be reconciled. Hobhouse, who is a true politician, talked only of seeing a people whose character and institutions are still in the freshness of youth; while Lord Byron, who has nothing of this but the prejudices and passions of a partisan, was evidently thinking only of seeing our Indians and our forests; of standing in the spray of Niagara; even of climbing the Andes, and ascending the Oronoco. They are now in all respects so different that I hardly think they will ever undertake the expedition.

When I happened to tell Lord Byron that Goethe had many personal enemies in Germany, he expressed a kind of interest to know more about it that looked extremely like Shylock's satisfaction that "other men have ill luck too;" and when I added the story of the translation of the whole of a very unfair Edinburgh review into German, directly under Goethe's nose at Jena, Byron discovered at first a singular eagerness to hear it, and then, suddenly checking himself, said, as if half in earnest, though still laughing, "And yet I don't know what sympathy I can have with Goethe, unless it be that of an injured author." This was the truth, but it was evidently a little more than sympathy he felt.

In the whole I stayed an hour and half with them, and Lord Byron asked me to spend some days,—an invitation I, of course, felt no inclination to accept, in his present circumstances; and when I came away he left me at his gate, saying he should see me in America in a couple of years.

Bologna, October 24.—Of the society of Bologna I can have, of course, no right to speak; but the two evenings I have been here I have spent happily, and among as cultivated and elegant persons as any I have met in Italy. My introductions were to but two houses: to the Abbé Mezzofanti, who is absent, . . . . and to Mad. Martinetti. To her I owe two very happy evenings, which I shall always remember with grateful pleasure. Count Cicognara gave me a letter to her, and she immediately told me that her house, which is one of the finest palaces in Bologna, would be open to me every evening. She is still young, not above thirty, I should think, very beautiful, with uncommonly sweet and engaging manners and talents, which make her at once the centre of literary and elegant society in Bologna, and the friend and correspondent of Monti, Canova,
Brougham, and many others of the first men of the times we live in. Last evening there were few persons at her coterie. Only two or three men of letters, a young Greek from Coreyra, a Count Marchetti and his pretty wife, Lord John Russell, and a few others. The conversation was chiefly literary, and so adroitly managed by Mad. Martinetti as to make it general, but as two of the persons present were strangers it began to fail at last, and she resorted to the very games we play in America to keep it up, and with her wit and talent kept us amused till after midnight.

This evening it was a more splendid meeting, though still quite informal. She gave a concert, at which were present all the guests of the last evening, many of the Bolognese nobility, Prince Herculani and his family, the Cardinal Legate, who is Governor of the Province, etc., etc. M. Martinetti, who was in the country yesterday, was likewise there, and I found him a well-informed, pleasant man; but still he was not the charm that made his house the pleasantest in the city. The Cardinal is about sixty, as much a man of the world as I have seen. He thought it necessary to talk to me of America, and showed rather a surprising ignorance on the subject; though when I put him upon singers and operas, he was as much at home as a horse in his mill. All these personages went away before midnight, and then those of us who came to see Mad. Martinetti for her own sake, and not for the sake of her music, enjoyed a conversation which lasted till one o'clock, and made me regret more than ever that it is the last which I shall have with her and her polished and cultivated friends.

Ancona, October 28.—We had caught several glimpses of the glories of the Adriatic yesterday; and to-day, after passing through Pesaro, descended absolutely upon its beach, which we hardly left a moment for above thirty miles until we arrived at Ancona. The heavens were not dimmed by a single cloud; the long surge of the ocean came rolling up, and broke in foam at our feet, as it does on the beach at Nahant; the Apennines rose majestically on our right, and the little interval between was covered with the gayest and most luxuriant vegetation. It was a union of the grandeur of mountain scenery and the simple sublimity of the ocean with the calm and gentle beauty of an agricultural landscape such as I had never seen before, and it had a charm and magic in it all its own which I can never forget. ... I have not time to speak of the churches, the Exchange, the superb view of the town: ... They are all worth seeing; but the population of the city—its beautiful women, its busy, spirited citizens, the Jews, the grave Turks, and Persians, and lively Greeks that throng its narrow, inconvenient streets—are more interesting, and amused me until it was so dark I was obliged to go to my lodging.

Loretto, October 29.—We went, of course, to see the Spezieria, or apothecary's shop of the Holy House, which was originally founded to afford medicines unpaid to the poor pilgrims who resorted to the shrine, and still offers them to the few who claim its benevolence. Among the founders of this institution were some of the Dukes of
Urbino; and three hundred pots, vases, etc., to contain the medicines, all beautifully painted, and passing in the legends of Loretto for the works of Raphael, were among their presents, and are the objects that chiefly bring visitors to the apothecary's shop. The truth of the case is as follows. Even in the time of the Romans, an ordinary kind of ware resembling porcelain was made in the neighbourhood of Urbino, and about A.D. 1300 it is known that it was still made there, of a coarse quality indeed, but rare and curious, as genuine porcelain was not yet known in Europe. In 1450 to 1500, it grew finer, and the specimens that remain of that period are called *mezza majolica.* After 1500 it improved still farther, and is called *fina,* and from 1530 to 1560 it was at its greatest perfection, but after that it fell from, I presume, the competition with Chinese porcelain.

During its best days good artists were employed to paint it, whose ciphers are still recognized; but the fable that Raphael ever wrought on it arose from two singular circumstances: first, that Guido Baldo II. (Sforza) in 1538 bought a large number of Raphael's sketches, some of which he had used, though with alterations, on the Stanze, Loggia, etc.; and these sketches being copied upon the majolica by other artists, and yet not coinciding with Raphael's works entirely, were naturally supposed to be his by superficial inquirers; and secondly, that among the painters on this ware, there was a certain Raphael Colle, whose name was easily confounded with that of the most famous of painters.

The collection at Loretto is the best extant of all this kind of ware, and is beautiful and curious. The subjects are taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* the Roman History, the Old and New Testaments; the colours are fresh and fair, and the execution so fine that Christina of Sweden offered to replace them with silver jars of equal weight,—and they are thick and heavy,—but was refused.

After a long and careful sketch of the history of the Campagna from the earliest times, and of the speculations as to the causes of its unhealthiness, Mr. Ticknor says:—

The present situation is that of a boundless waste, over which the eye wanders without finding any other horizon than that formed by the gentle undulations which everywhere break it, without relieving its solemn monotony. Nothing can be more heart-rending than the contrast which the immediate and the present here form with the recollections of the past, gilded as they are by the feelings and the fancy. Here lived the brave and hardy tribes of the Albans, the Fidenates, and the Coriolani; here were the thirty-four famous cities, of which every trace was lost even in the time of Pliny; here was the crowd of population that found no place in Rome in the time of the Republic; here was the splendour of the Empire, when Honorius, from the magnificence of the buildings and monuments, seemed to be at the entrance of Rome when he was still fifty miles from its gates; and, finally, here resided the strength and rose the castles of the proud barbarism of the Middle Ages, when the contest remained so long
doubtful between the ecclesiastical usurpation within the city and the rude chieftains without. *Hæc tunc nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine campi.*

I cannot express the secret sinking of the heart, I would not acknowledge and could not control, which I felt in passing so many hours over this dreary waste,—these *lugentes campi*, so different from all the deserts nature has elsewhere left or created. The heavens are of such an undisturbed and transparent blue, the sun shines with so pure and white a light, the wind blows with such soft and exhilarating freshness, and the vegetation is so rich, so wantonly luxuriant, that it seems as if nature were wooing man to cultivation. . . . But when you recollect that this serene sky and brilliant sun . . . . serve only to develop the noxious qualities of the soil, and that this air which breathes so gently is as fatal as it is balmy, and when you look more narrowly at the luxuriant vegetation and find it composed only of gross and lazy weeds, such as may be fitly nourished by vapours like these,—when your eye wanders over this strange solitude, and meets only an occasional ruin . . . . or at most, a few miserable shepherds, hardly more civilized than Tartars, decrepit in youth, pale, haggard, livid . . . . it is then you feel all the horror of the situation.

*November 1.*—In the midst of this mysterious desolation, only ten miles from Rome, we were stopped for the night for want of horses, and enjoyed the tantalizing pleasure of seeing the evening sun reflected in long lines of fading light from the dome of St. Peter's and the tomb of Hadrian, which we could just distinguish in the distant horizon. . . .

*November 2.*—This morning we were already on the road when the same sun appeared again, in the cloudless splendour of an Italian sky, from behind the hills of Tivoli. . . . Turning suddenly round a projecting height . . . . Rome, with its seven hills, and all its towers and turrets and pinnacles, with the Castle of St. Angelo and the cupola of St. Peter's,—Rome, in all the splendour of the Eternal City, bursts at once upon us.

**To Charles S. Daveis.**

*Rome, November 19, 1817.*

. . . . What can I say to you that will not disappoint the expectations that my date excites? for it is not enough to tell you I have enjoyed myself more in Italy than in all the rest of Europe, and that Rome is worth all the other cities in the world, unless I add some distinct account of my pleasures . . . . so that you can in some sort share them with me. One of the great pleasures in Rome is certainly that of going out to see its churches, palaces, and ruins in the evening and by moonlight. Last evening there was a splendid moon, and not a cloud in the whole heavens. I could not resist the temptation, though I had already yielded to it so often before, and I set out on a long course. . . . The first place where I stopped was on the Bridge of St. Angelo. The beautiful statues of the angels seemed ethereal beings indeed, seen in this almost preternatural light. The moon was
reflected full and bright from the Tiber. . . . The whole of this scene, which tells so long a tale to the feelings, was sleeping in silence, except when at rare intervals a passenger passed the bridge, or a poor, blind beggar chanted his prayers for the souls in Purgatory.

I passed on, crossed the river, and a moment afterwards St. Peter's rose like an exhalation. The effect of its exterior is incomparably greater by night than by day. In the magical and indefinite light of the moon, you see nothing but the general outline and grand proportions of the façade, without any of the details that distract you in the day; the dome is more solemn, suspended as it seems to be in the very depths of the heavens, and the colonnades, which are always so bewitchingly beautiful, are tenfold more so broken and checkered with bold masses of light and shade; while the solemn silence, uninterrupted by a solitary human tread, and, if I may venture the phrase, only made audible to the feelings by the rushing of the two fountains that never rest, gives an unreal air to it all, and makes the whole scene that is spread around you show like a mysterious and glorious apparition. Crossing the bridge . . . . I passed on to the other extremity of the city . . . . and found myself before the solemn magnificence of the Coliseum. The long streams of light, which came reflected from those parts of its awful ruin where the moon fell or pierced the unalleviated darkness that covered the rest . . . . every pillar and every portal a monument that recalled ages now gone by for ever, and every fragment full of religion and poetry,—all this I assure you was enough to excite the feelings and fancy, till the present and immediate seemed to disappear in the long glories and recollections of the past.

It was of course impossible not to go to the Forum, for though there is so little to be seen there that produces a greater or less effect in different lights, there is a great deal to be felt and fancied, in the silence of the night, on a spot so full of the past, from the times of Hercules and Evander to our own. From the Forum I crossed the Capitol . . . . and then coming down by the column of Antoninus and the palaces of the Corso, found myself at home, after a walk of three hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

Residence in Rome.—Presentation to the Pope.—Visit to Naples.—
Society in Naples.—Archbishop of Tarentum.—Sir William Gell.
—Society in Rome.—Bunsen.—Niebuhr.—French, Russians, and
Portuguese in Rome.—Duchess of Devonshire.—Bonaparte Family.
—Florence.—Countess of Albany.

Mr. TICKNOR arrived in Rome on the 2nd of November, 1817, and left it for the North the 22nd of March, 1818. Of these five months, one was passed in Naples and four in Rome, the latter devoted to the study of Italian and the ancient
and modern treasures of that wonderful city. To do this systematically and profitably he engaged Professor Nibby, a well-known archaeologist, to visit with him the different portions of ancient Rome and their ruins, and he gives nearly one volume of his Journal to the results of these walks and studies, availing himself of materials he collected in Germany the year before and the many books he carried with him. The following passage shows the thoroughness of his plan, which he fully carried out:

On coming to Rome, the first questions that occurred to me, after the earliest reveries of wonder and delight were over, were, how the city gradually came to occupy the ground it does now, and how this ground has been covered with the ruins, palaces, and churches we now admire.

The first question relates essentially to the history of its walls from the time of Romulus to that of Pius VII.; and the second to the history of architecture and its luxuries in ancient Rome, with some notices of the circumstances that have reduced them to such ruins, and of the modern palaces and churches that have risen up around them. The whole is a sort of introduction, without which it does not seem possible easily to form a clear idea of the present situation of Rome, and which I now make to serve as a kind of thread to which I can attach the miscellaneous researches and inquiries I may make hereafter.

He therefore records the facts and conclusions that he gathered, in the order he proposed, in a very clear and interesting manner; but in the many succeeding years Rome has been so studied and developed by the best minds and the finest art, that we refrain from giving even what was very curious at the time it was written, and the proof of most faithful and scholarly research.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Rome, January 1, 1818.

Once more, dearest father and mother, my New Year’s Festival is passed away from you. It makes it sad, but I do not complain. It is a great deal that God has so kindly favoured and promoted all the objects for which I came to Europe, has spared my life and increased my health, and, by bringing me nearer to the period when I shall finish the pursuits that separated me from you, [has] made it more probable that we shall meet again in the happiness we once so gladly enjoyed together...

With Rome, I find every day more reason to be contented; and if I were condemned to live in Europe, I am sure this is the place I should choose for my exile beyond any other I have yet seen. Nature here is so beautiful, as soon as you leave the immediate environs and go a little way among the hills, that it seems as if the works of man were
hardly necessary for his happiness,—and yet where has man done so much? Antiquity has left such traces of splendour and magnificence that Rome might be well content with ruins alone,—and yet the modern city has more fine buildings than all the rest of the world beside. . . . But these are not all the attractions of Rome, for they bring here a deputation from the elegant and refined class from every nation in Europe, who, when united, form a society such as no other capital can boast. . . .

My chief occupation now is Italian literature, in which I have nearly finished all I proposed to myself. . . . The only difficulty I find is in speaking, and this I really know not how I can get over. With my servant and such persons I speak nothing else, of course, but there the thing ends; for, though I go every evening into society somewhere, I never hear a word of Italian any more than I should in Kamtchatka, unless it be at Canova’s, and sometimes at the Portuguese Ambassador’s. It is not, in fact, the language of conversation and intercourse anywhere, and therefore I can never acquire the facility, and fluency I have in German and French. My only consolation is, that what I lose in Italian I gain in French. However, I do not give up yet. I have actually engaged a man to come to me six hours a week. . . . But as to engage a man to talk with me would be the surest way to stop all conversation, I have taken a professor of architecture, on condition he should explain to me the principles, theory, and history of his art in Italian. This will do something for me. . . . I should be sorry to go out of Italy without being able to speak the language well. . . . I shall probably go from Leghorn to Barcelona about May first, and from Portugal to England, uncertain whether by water or by Paris, about the middle of October. More of this hereafter.

Geo.

To Elisha Ticknor.

January 15, 1818.

. . . Rome continues to be all to me that my imagination ever represented it, and all that it was when I first arrived here. This is saying a great deal after a residence of above two months; but in truth I find the resources of this wonderful city continually increasing upon me the longer I remain in it, and I am sure I shall leave it with more regret than I have yet left any spot in Europe. I went out of Paris without once recollecting that it was for the last time; but it will not be so with Rome.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Rome, February 1, 1818.

. . . Cogswell and myself have been presented to the Pope this morning. He is the only sovereign in Europe I have ever felt any curiosity to see, and I desired to see him very much, on account of the firmness and dignity with which he always behaved in the most diffi-
cult and distressing circumstances, when kings and governments, of force incomparably greater, shrank and yielded.

We were presented by Abbé Taylor, an Irish Catholic, who is appointed by the Pope to present the English; but as we were Americans we had a kind of national privilege to have a private audience at a time when it is not commonly given, and no one went with us except Prof. Bell of Edinburgh, the famous anatomist. There was very little ceremony or parade about it; and in all respects it pleased me extremely. On entering we knelt and kissed his hand.

He is, you know, very old, but he received us standing, and was dressed with characteristic simplicity and humility as a friar, without the slightest ornament to distinguish his rank. Bell spoke no Italian, and therefore the conversation was chiefly with us, and, as we were Americans, entirely on America. The Pope talked a good deal about our universal toleration, and praised it as much as if it were a doctrine of his own religion, adding that he thanked God continually for having at last driven all thoughts of persecution from the world, since persuasion was the only possible means of promoting piety, though violence might promote hypocrisy. He inquired respecting the prodigious increase of our population in a manner that showed he had more definite notions about it than we commonly find in Europe; and when I explained a little its progress to him, he added that the time would soon come when we should be able to dictate to the Old World.

He had heard, too, of the superiority of our merchant vessels over those of all other nations, and spoke of our successes in the last war against the English with so much freedom that I suspect he had forgotten two British subjects stood at his elbow. The Abbé, however, reminded him of it by saying, as a half joke, that we had done very well, to be sure, but it was because we had always had the English for masters. "Yes," said the Pope, not willing to lose either his argument or his jest,—"yes, M. Abbé, that is very true; but I would advise you to take care that the scholars do not learn too much for the masters."

In the whole conversation he showed great good-nature and kindness, and a gaiety of temper very remarkable in one so old and infirm. When it was over we left him with the same ceremonies with which we had entered. . . .

JOURNAL.

The society of Naples, or at least the society into which I happened to be cast, interested me much. I do not speak of that which consists of foreigners, but of the strictly Neapolitan, which I met but in two houses, the Duke di San Teodoro's and the Archbishop of Tarentum's. At the first I dined, whenever it was possible for me to finish my excursions as early as three o'clock, and kept Lent there in a style of luxury which would not have disgraced Naples in the times of Hannibal or Horace, and yet which never offended against the letter of the injunctions of the Church.
The Duke has been minister in half the courts of Europe, and his wife, besides being one of the best women in the world, is full of culture. With Benci, a Florentine of some literary name, the Chevalier Tocca (the brother of the Duchess), and two or three other persons who, like myself, were invited to dine whenever they chose, the party was as pleasant as it needed to be; and if I could not find time to dine there, I commonly went from four or five o'clock till six, and dined with Mr. Smith afterwards.

My Platonic visits, however, were at the venerable Archbishop's, where I dined on Thursday with Sir William Gell, Mr. Craven, Lord Guilford, the Marquis of Ubaldo, and three or four others, Italians. The old Archbishop is a venerable patriarch and an interesting man, and is one of the oldest and richest noble families of Naples; has been Minister of State; and, having gone through all the honours the Church could give him, up to the archbishopric, and refused to go higher, lives at the age of seventy-six, in a kind of literary retirement with a simplicity and dignity which show that he has preserved the purity of his character. He received his friends every evening in a style which I have not yet seen, and which pleased me. About a dozen of the most cultivated Italians met in his little salon at six or seven o'clock, and one of them read aloud from some classical book that would interest all. Once it was a tragedy of Alfieri, once the Stanze of Poliziano, at another time a new pamphlet on Pompeii. If any one preferred conversation, or other amusements, other rooms were open to them. In short, it was a literary society. Without pedantry or formality, every one found himself at ease, and sought to return as often as he could. I have seldom seen a man at the Archbishop's age who has preserved so lively an interest in everything about him; who felt so quickly and simply; who had so much knowledge and made so little pretensions; who had so much to boast on the score of rank, fortune, and past power, and yet was so truly humble, so unostentatiously kind. I shall always remember him with the most grateful respect, and think of the Attic evenings I passed in his palace as among the happiest I have known in Europe.

Of the society of foreigners, which forms itself more or less every winter in all the cities of Italy, I saw as much as I desired or chose, and among them were certainly some interesting men: such as Sir William Gell, to whom I had letters, and who is a man of learning and taste, but a consummate fop in person and in letters; Lord Guilford (Frederick North), a man of more learning, and whose active benevolence will do more for Greece than Gell's pretensions and showy books; Randohr, the Prussian Minister; the Marquis de Sommariva, a Milanese and a kind of Mæcenas of the arts now; and Mr. Benjamin Smith, son of the member from Norwich, who is here with his sister for his health. I always had a plate at their table, and generally met somebody that interested or instructed me: such as Sir William Cumming, a Scotchman of talent; the famous Azzelini, who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, and gave me once a curious account of the shooting the prisoners and poisoning the sick at Jaffa; Miss Lydia White, the fashionable blue-stocking; and many others of the
same sort, so that the two or three days in the week I dined there were very pleasantly passed.

On the 28th of February Mr. Ticknor left Naples and returned to Rome.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Rome, March 3, 1818.

... My visit at Naples, on which I was absent from this city just a month was every way pleasant and interesting. The weather in particular—which is of great importance in a place like Naples, where almost everything you desire to see is outside of the city—was, with the exception of one or two days, only delightful. It was what the Italians call their first spring, and the almond-trees were in blossom, the orange-trees burdened with fruit. ... “Hic felix illa Campania,” said Pliny, and the form of the expression is no vain vaunt, for a more beautiful country I have never yet seen. As I stood at sunset, one evening, on the height of Camaldoli, and saw the whole of the beautiful Gulf of Naples, with all its harbours and islands stretched out beneath me like a chart, while the solemn bareness of Vesuvius and the snow-clad tops of the distant Apennines closed in the prospect behind and on my left like a panorama, the thought involuntarily rose that this must be a spot singularly chosen and favoured of Heaven: so various is the scenery, so luxuriant the soil, so gay and graceful the landscape. But these when you go into Naples itself, seem to be the very seals of Heaven’s displeasure.

JOURNAL.

Society in Rome is certainly a remarkable thing, different from society in every other part of the world. Among the Romans themselves the elegant and cultivated class is really so small, the genuine character, civilization, and refinement of the country are so worn out and degraded, that, even in their own capital, they are not able, and do not pretend to give a tone to society and intercourse. The strangers, however, that throng here every winter from all the ends of Christendom, more than supply this want of domestic cultivation and talent; for those who come here are rarely the empty and idle travellers who lounge through Europe to lose time that hangs heavy on their hands at home, since Rome is not a common city, but one whose attractions require at least a moderate share of knowledge to understand and enjoy. ...

These cultivated strangers settle down into coteries of their own, generally determined by their nationality. Thus the Germans, the English, and French have their separate societies, preserving in the forms of their intercourse and in their general tone the national character that marks them at home; except when, perhaps, two or three times in the week all the strangers in Rome, with a few of the best of the Italians, a quantity of cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastics
of all names and ranks, are brought together at a kind of grand rout, called a conversazione, or accademia. . . . Nothing can be more amusing than one of these farrago societies which I have seen at the Duchess of Devonshire’s and Count Funchal’s, the Portuguese Ambassador,—the east and west, the north and the south, . . . all brought together to be pushed about a couple of hours or more in an endless suite of enormous rooms, and then wait for their carriages in a comfortless antechamber,—all national distinctions half broken down by the universal use of French, even among persons of the same country, and more than half preserved by the bad accent with which it is spoken,—the confusion of the Tower of Babel produced without a miracle or an object. . . . Rome is still as much the capital as it was in the times of Hadrian or Leo X. . . .

Among the Germans there is the family of Bunsen, who has married an Englishwoman, and is himself full of good learning and talent; the family of Mad. de Humboldt (in conversation called the Mad. de Staël of Germany), who collects about her every evening the best of her nation, especially the artists Thorwaldsen, Lund, Schadow, etc., and to whose society I owe some of the pleasantest hours I have passed in Rome; Niebuhr, the Prussian Minister, who, after all I have heard in Germany of his immense learning and memory, has filled me with admiration and astonishment every time I have seen him; . . . Baron Eckhardtstein, who has travelled all over Europe with profit, and was distinguished as an officer in the last war; Baron Ziegenhorn, now in the midst of a course of travels appalling for their length and objects to any but a German. But the person who has excited the most attention among the Germans, and who really deserves it, is the Crown Prince of Bavaria, a young man of about thirty, who has been living here in a very simple, unostentatious manner, and enjoying Rome like a cultivated gentleman with much taste and considerable talent. . . . He talks English pretty well, and knows a good deal about general history, and something about America, which he liked well to let me see. . . .

Mr. Ticknor in later years gave the following account of an interesting scene he witnessed in Rome at this time. It was written down immediately by one of those who heard it.

The first time I ever saw Bunsen he was introduced to me at Göttingen, in 1816, by one of the professors, and I was told that he had been two years private tutor to one of my countrymen, Mr. William B. Astor. He was then on his way to Rome to be private secretary to Niebuhr. A year and a half afterwards, when I went to Rome, I found him there, a married man.

I witnessed a very extraordinary scene there,—the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of Luther’s burning the Papal bull, got up right under the nose of the Pope! It was very curious. It was in October, 1818. I had just arrived in Rome, coming from Germany, and was very much among the Germans,—with Niebuhr and Bunsen, Brandes and Mad. de Humboldt. Niebuhr thought of getting up the
celebration, and at first intended to have it in his own palazzo; but he changed the plan, and arranged that it should be held in a large room at Brandes’s lodgings, he being connected with the legation. There was nobody present but twenty or thirty Germans, except Thorwaldsen, who, being a Dane, was all one as a German, and myself, who was invited as a kind of German.

Bunsen read something between a speech and a sermon; and there were prayers, that he had translated from the English Prayer-Book. Brandes read them, and there was a great sensation produced in the room. What Bunsen said was fine and touching. At the end, Niebuhr—who always reminded me of the Rev. Dr. Channing, a small man, with a great deal of soul in his face—went up to Bunsen, meaning to say some words of thanks. He held out both hands to him, and then he was completely overcome; he fell on his neck and wept loud, and I assure you there were not many dry eyes in the room.

JOURNAL.

Of Frenchmen there are very few here now, and really the solemn grandeur of Roman greatness does not well suit them. Winckelmann says, in one of his curious letters to Berendis, “A Frenchman is not to be improved here. Antiquity and he contradict one another;” and since I have been here I have seen and felt a thousand proofs of the justness of the remark. . . . Simond himself, though I think him in general a cool, impartial man, stands up a mere Frenchman as soon as you get him upon the subject of antiquities, of which he seems to have about as just notions as divines have of the world before the flood. Mazois, who is preparing a work on Pompeii, which will at least have splendour and accuracy to recommend it, if not taste or learning, is, I think, the best of his nation here, though certainly Simond is the most cultivated and interesting.

Of the Russians there are a good many that circulate in general society, and talk French and English fluently; but, really, wherever I have seen this people, I have found them so abdicating their nationality and taking the hue of the society they are among, that I have lost much of my respect for them. Two, however, whom I have known here are men to be respected anywhere. . . . One of them is Admiral Tchitchagof, who made so much noise in the war of 1812, and who is simple and respectable, though I should not have imagined that he was distinguished for his talents. The other is Italinski, the Russian Ambassador, whom I know more, because I am in the habit of going frequently to see him. He is the author of the Explanations to the three volumes of Tischbein’s Etruscan Vases, and a man of Eastern learning, particularly in the modern languages of Asia. . . . He is now infirm, though not very old; gentle and kind in his manners; living rather retired for a public minister, though with a kind of hospitality that in his hands takes the form of Eastern luxury. At his dinners, when I was there, there was either fashion or splendour, which he did not seem much to enjoy, . . . or else a simply learned
meeting of a few friends he knew well... such as Fea, the head of the Roman antiquaries, Ackerblad the Swede, Wiegel from Dresden, etc., which was more pleasant than any society of the sort in Rome.

The Portuguese had, the greater part of the winter, a splendid representation here... Count Funchal... is now, at the age of sixty, a dignified representative of his government. As he is ambassador, and therefore the very sovereign present, besides being rich, there is a state and magnificence in his house such as I have not seen anywhere else... Where it is not necessary for him to play the king, he is simple and unaffected; and his literary dinners, if not so pleasant as those of the Russian minister, because he has not the personal means to make them so, are still much sought after... and it is thought no small distinction to be invited to them... The Marquis de Marialva is, I suppose, the most considerable Portuguese by his talents, and the most important by his influence, that has remained in Europe since the Court went to the Brazils; certainly he is one of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen I have met. He is the only man I have seen in Europe who has come up to my ideas of a consummate courtier,—taken in the good sense of the word; for though in all companies he was the first man, from his position, yet the elegance of his manners and the kindness of his disposition prevented embarrassment and ceremony.

The English everywhere, and in all great collections, formed a substantial part of society in Rome during the whole winter. The greatest gaiety was among them, and the greatest show, except that made by the diplomatic part of the beau monde... I went to the Duchess of Devonshire's conversazioni, as to a great exchange, to see who was in Rome, and to meet what is called the world... The Duchess is a good, respectable woman in her way. She attempts to play the Mæcenas a little too much, it is true; but, after all, she does a good deal that should be praised, and will not, I hope, be forgotten. Her excavations in the Forum, if neither so judicious nor so fortunate as Count Funchal's, are satisfactory, and a fair beginning... Her "Horace's Journey to Brundusium"... is a beautiful book, and her "Virgil," with the best plates she can get of the present condition of Latium, will be a monument of her taste and generosity... The most important and interesting man who went there [to her receptions] was undoubtedly Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's Prime Minister, and certainly a thorough gentleman and a man of elegant conversation... He has talent and efficiency in business, and deserves, I am persuaded, the character of a liberal and faithful minister... Lady Douglass's societies, which I have known only since my return from Naples,—for before she was too ill to receive company,—are small and pleasant. She has been here two years for her health, and is certainly one of the sweetest of women, with two children who are mere little cherubs, to whom she devotes herself with uncommon tenderness and affection. Twice in the week, generally... she collects a few of her friends, and by the variety of her talents and the sweetness of her manner gives a charm to her societies which none others in Rome
have. Besides these, I used to go to Sir Thomas Trowbridge's; sometimes to Mrs. Drew's, sister of Lady Mackintosh; to John Bell's, the famous surgeon, etc., etc.

I have reserved the Bonapartes to the last, because I really do not know where to class them; for they belong, now at least, to no nation, and live at home as among strangers. Their acquaintance, however, is more sought than that of any persons in Rome; and as for myself, I found no societies so pleasant, though I found others more cultivated and more fashionable.

To begin, then, with Mad. Mère, as she is still called. She lives in the same palace with her brother, Cardinal Fesch,—the Cardinal in the upper part, and Madame in the principal story, but both with princely state, in a magnificent suite of apartments. The Cardinal has the finest private gallery of pictures I have seen, and shows them with great liberality and kindness; generally receiving in person those who come to see it. In the evening he goes down to "Madame," and they form their coterie together, to which I sometimes went; but it was rather dull, though everything wealth could do to make it splendid was done. . . .

Louis, the former King of Holland, who now passes under the title of the Count de St. Leu, lives more simply than any of the family, and preserves the character for good-nature and honesty which he did not lose even in Holland when acting under the orders of a cruel despotism. He has one son, a promising boy of fourteen, to whom he is devoted, and occupies himself with his education. The rest of the time, it is said, he passes in reading Latin and in writing poetry. In the evening he has his coterie, which is pleasanter than his mother's, because his own conversation is more amusing; and, on the whole, from the nature of his pursuits, the simplicity of his manners, and the kindness of his disposition, I think he lives more happily than any of his family.

The Princess Borghese is the most consummate coquette I ever saw. At the age of forty-two she has an uncommonly beautiful form, and a face still striking, if not beautiful. When to this is added the preservation of youthful gaiety, uncommon talent, and a practical address, it will be apparent she is, if not a Ninon de l'Enclos, a most uncommon woman. At Lucien's, where a grave tone prevails, she is as demure as a nun; but in her own palace, where she lives in great luxury, she comes out in her true character, and plays herself off, in a manner that makes her as great a curiosity as a raree-show. On her birthnight she gave a supper to seventy people, and the whole service was in gilt silver. But, notwithstanding the Eastern splendour of everything, united to European taste and refinement, I am persuaded the strangers there, like myself, were more struck with her manoeuvres, seated between the old Cardinal Albani and the Cardinal Vicar, than by all the magnificence and luxury about them. On another evening she showed her jewels to four young men of us who happened to call on her, and I am sure I shall never forget the tricks and manoeuvres she played off. It is, after all, but coquetry, and it is possible to have but one opinion of her character; but it is not
a vulgar coquetry, and it is the talent and skill about it which redeem it from ridicule, and make her a curiosity,—like Napoleon himself,—not respectable, to be sure, but perfect in its kind.

At Lucien's, now Prince of Canino, all is different, and I have been there so much, and so familiarly, that I know his family better than any other in Europe. In all respects it is an interesting one, and in many it is amiable and attracting. He has been married twice; and besides the two children by his first wife, and seven by the second, his second wife herself has a daughter by a first husband; and all three sets live happily together, and the present Princess is a kind and good mother to them all. They live retired, and since I have been in Rome have not made a single visit, except to their daughter, the Princess Prossedi. They are at home in the evening to a few persons, who, finding no house in Rome so pleasant, generally avail themselves every evening of the privilege. The Prince is about fifty, of a most immovable character,—always the same, always untouched by changes. If this has produced no other good effect, it has certainly given him the entire confidence of his family; who thus always know where to find him. In conversation he is barren, partly from diffidence, but more from secretness and reserve of character. During the day he employs himself with mathematics, and particularly astronomy; and, except a little while after dinner, is not with his family until eight in the evening, when he comes from his study and remains with them till midnight. The pleasure I have often seen kindle in their countenances as he entered at this hour is a proof how he is beloved by them; and the kiss he always gave the Princess Prossedi, when she came and went, proved, too, how dear his children are to him.

The Princess is about forty, with a good deal of talent, uncommon beauty, and considerable culture and accomplishment. . . . The Princess Prossedi, Lucien's oldest daughter by his first wife, is not beautiful, though not ugly,—a simple, kind, and affectionate woman, looking up to her father as to a superior being, loving her husband with unreserved confidence, and doting on her child to extravagance. She is pious and actively benevolent, and in talents, manners, and character such a person as would be loved and respected in any country. Christine, the next oldest, and now about eighteen, is a very different character. She has more talent than her sister, an unquenchable gaieté de cœur, sings, plays, and dances well, says a thousand witty things, and laughs without ceasing at everything and everybody. Loving admiration to a fault, she is something of a coquette, though her better qualities, her talents, her good nature and wit, keep both under some restraint. She always sits in a corner of the salon, and keeps her little court to herself, for she chooses to have an exclusive empire; but this is soon to be over, for she is to be married directly to Count Possé, a Swede.²

² Christine Bonaparte married Count Possé, and afterwards Lord Dudley Stuart, being neither happy nor respectable in either connexion. Count Possé travelled in this country about 1827 or 1828, and when visiting at my house showed us some very beautiful and curious miniatures and jewels. I did not
The daughter of Madame by her first husband, Anna, is a most beautiful creature, about seventeen; just going to be married to Prince Hercolani of Bologna,—a love-match which promises much happiness. She has not much talent, and no showy accomplishments, but has a sweet disposition and affectionate ways. This is all the family I meet. Two other daughters are at the convent, and a son at college.

This is a fair account of the society at Rome for this winter. It never interferes with other occupations, for nobody dines until dark, and nobody visits in the daytime. . . . In the evening a stranger feels very desolate; and I have always gone somewhere, and generally passed part of every evening at Lucien's.

To Edward T. Channing.

Leghorn, April 7, 1818.

. . . At Florence I spent ten days very pleasantly, for Florence is one of the few cities in the world—perhaps the only one—that may be seen with pleasure, as a city, after Rome. There is a fine society there too,—not so various as the Roman, but still one that is not a little interesting to a stranger. The Countess of Albany is at the head of it; and you come so near to being an English Jacobite, that I think you will like to hear a little about the wife of the last Pretender, and to know something of the wife whom Alfieri loved with the most devoted passion to the last moment of his life. I need not tell you she is old, since Dupaty's book is filled with admiration of her, nearly forty years ago; but she has preserved all the vivacity of youth, and takes as strong an interest in the world as she ever did. Every evening at eight o'clock she receives her friends and the strangers introduced to her, and on Saturday night holds a kind of levee, composed of all the first society in Florence, which comes there to pay her its court; but at ten it is understood that her society finishes, and everybody goes away.

I went to see her nearly every evening while I was in Florence, and enjoyed my visits very much, especially when few people were there. I talked with her a great deal of Alfieri, and she showed me his library, in which there are a great many curious notes, made by himself, generally severe, and often cruelly personal. From him she probably acquired a bold style of talking,—which is very rare in women on the Continent, and therefore struck me the more,—and a direct, independent way of inquiring for your opinion and judgment which would have struck me anywhere. One evening she asked

know, till some time after, that he was so pressed for money that no doubt he would have gladly sold them. He borrowed money of Mr. Cogswell, which he did not repay. A younger daughter of Mad. Bonaparte came from the convent, where she had been educated, when she was fourteen, eagerly desiring to return to the convent for life. This pious young creature married Mr. Wyse, the gentleman and scholar, and made for herself the most notoriously bad character.—Note by Mr. Ticknor, 1860.
me whether I did not think England had gained, as a nation, by the exile of the Stuarts. She knew what I must think beforehand; and, though it certainly would, as a general rule, wound her feelings to be answered as decidedly in the affirmative as I did, yet she evidently showed a greater regard for me, finding I did not shrink from the proof to which she put me. Now, I say, this is an extraordinary woman; for, if she were not, she would not risk such a question or respect such a reply. On all subjects she talks very well, and has a wide and judicious circumspection in literature, very rare in women on the Continent; so that, on the whole, I think her one of the best [specimens] I have seen.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey from Barcelona to Madrid.—Madrid.—Conde.—Government of Spain.—The Inquisition.—Public Institutions.—Education.—School for Deaf-mutes.—Bull-fights.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

MADRID, May 23, 1818.

MY last was from Barcelona, dear father and mother, just fourteen days ago. As you may well suppose, in a country such as this, where all comfortable or decent means of travelling fail, I took the shortest route to reach this place; but, though the distance is but four hundred miles, I arrived only this morning, after a journey of thirteen days. I have no desire to conceal from you the difficulties of this expedition. All I have suffered in all my absence put together is nothing, and less than nothing, compared to it.

In the first place, imagine roads so abominable that the utmost diligence, from four o’clock in the morning until seven at night, would not bring us forward more than twenty-one or twenty-two miles! Imagine a country so deserted and desolate, and with so little travelling and communication, as to have no taverns; for I do not call the miserable hovels where we stopped by that name, because it is not even expected of them to furnish anything but a place to cover you from the weather. And, in the last place, imagine a country so destitute of the means of subsistence, that, even by seeking every opportunity to purchase provisions, you cannot keep so provided that you will not sometimes want a meal. Since I left Barcelona I have not been in a single inn where the lower story was not a stable, and of course the upper one as full of fleas as if it were under an Egyptian curse; twice I have dined in the very place with the mules; and it is but twice that I have slept on a bedstead, and the rest of the time on their stone floors (which are not so even or so comfortable
as our sidewalks), and there only with straw and my blanket. Not once have I taken off my clothes except to change them, and here I find myself in quarters little more decent. . . . And yet, will you believe me when I add to all this that I never made a gayer journey in my life? It is, notwithstanding, very true. My companions were excellent; and, with that genuine, unpretending courtesy and hearty, dignified kindness for which their nation has always been famous, did everything they could to make me feel as few of the inconveniences of the journey as they could, even at the expense of taking them upon themselves.

The oldest was a painter\(^4\) of much reputation in Rome, where he has lived seventeen years, and is now called to Madrid to become Director of the Academy of Arts,—a man of much general knowledge and some learning, with great simplicity of character and goodness of heart. The second was a young man, attached to the general staff of the army, and the third an officer in the king's body-guards—both of them of good families, good manners, and good dispositions.

The painter was a little disposed to complain at first, because he had forgotten how bad it was, but he soon got over it; the two officers were used to it; and I had screwed myself up to the sticking-place before I set off, so that I went patiently through the whole. I brought some books with me, and among them was "Don Quixote." This I read aloud to them; and I assure you it was a pleasure to me, such as I have seldom enjoyed, to witness the effect this extraordinary book produces on the people from whose very blood and character it is drawn. My painter in particular was alternately holding his sides with laughter at Sancho and his master, and weeping at the touching stories with which it is interspersed. All of them used to beg me to read it to them every time we got into our cart,—like children for toys or sugar-plums,—while I willingly yielded, as every reading was to me a lesson. In this way my journey became far from useless or unpleasant, and I arrived here perhaps as little disposed to complain as any stranger ever was who came in the same way.

In Madrid things promise well. I have letters to nearly every one of the foreign ministers, to the Pope's Nuncio from Consalvi, the Pope's Prime Minister, to the Secretaries of the three Royal Academies, etc.; and Mr. Erving, our Minister, has received me with very remarkable kindness. A week hence you shall know more. . . .

Geo. T.

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To Elisha Ticknor.

Madrid, June 3, 1818.

On my arrival here, on the 23rd ultimo, my dear father and mother, I immediately wrote to tell you of my safety. . . . And now I can tell you that I am as comfortably settled as I have been anywhere in Europe, with as good prospects of accomplishing the objects

\(^4\) Madraso.
for which I came. But you like to have details, and I like to give them to you.

In the first place, I am settled in lodgings procured for me by Mr. Erving, with people he knows to be honest, and whom I find uncommonly neat; which, you will observe, are the two rarest virtues in Spain. In the next place, I rise early,—at half-past five,—and sit down to my books, taking a cup of Spanish chocolate, so thick it may almost be eaten with a fork. I work from this time until eleven o'clock. At this hour my Spanish instructor comes, and remains with me till one. He is a very good master,—as good as there is in Madrid, I suppose,—punctual, patient, and accurate. About half an hour after he is gone—during which I make my second breakfast, according to the fashions of the Continent—comes my other instructor; for, as I have nothing to do here but to learn Spanish, I think it best to multiply the means. . . . This, however, is an entirely different man from the other. His name is Joseph Antonio Conde; and among all the men of letters I have met in Spain,—and I believe I have seen the most considerable in my department,—he has the most learning by far, and the most taste and talent. He was formerly librarian to the king; when the French came he fled; but, on assurances of personal safety, returned from Toulouse, where he had taken refuge, and was soon afterwards placed at the head of that department of the Ministry of the Interior which was devoted to public instruction. On the restoration of the Bourbons he was of course displaced; but still his merits and his honesty were so notorious that he was excepted (and I believe alone) from the sweeping prosecution of all who had served under Joseph, and permitted to live unmolested in Madrid, where he is much respected. He is about fifty years old, extremely ignorant of the world, timid in disposition, awkward in manners, and of childish simplicity and openness in his feelings. I had letters to him from Paris, and—not because he is poor, for he is not, but because he is solitary from the death of his wife, and unoccupied from the loss of his employments—he comes and reads Spanish poetry with me two or three hours every day. The pleasure he takes in it is evidently great; for he has no less enthusiasm than learning, and nothing gives him so much delight as to see that I share his feelings for his favourite authors, which I truly do; while, on the other hand, the information I get from him is such as I could get, probably, from nobody else, and certainly in no other way.

When I dine at home, it is at five o'clock; when I dine abroad, it is at four, for that is the hour at Madrid; I prefer the latest possible, because it makes my studying day longer. After dinner I walk until half-past eight or nine.

The houses of the foreign ministers are open to me: the Nuncio, Prince Giustiniani, the French Ambassador Prince Montmorency de Laval, and the English, who is Sir Henry Wellesley, have shown me much kindness and civility. I therefore dine abroad nearly all the time; but as soon as I can speak Spanish tolerably I shall seek Spanish society, which is almost completely distinct from the diplo-
matic, and is to be found only in late evening parties, called terrulias, which all the principal people have every night, and to which Mr. Erving can introduce me better than anybody else. . . .

Farewell.

Geo. T.

To Mrs. Walter Channing.

Madrid, July 25, 1818.

... Spain and the Spanish people amuse me more than anything I have met in Europe. There is more national character here, more originality and poetry in the popular manners and feelings, more force without barbarism, and civilization without corruption, than I have found anywhere else. Would you believe it?—I speak not at all of the highest class,—what seems mere fiction and romance in other countries is matter of observation here, and, in all that relates to manners, Cervantes and Le Sage are historians. For, when you have crossed the Pyrenees, you have not only passed from one country and climate to another, but you have gone back a couple of centuries in your chronology, and find the people still in that kind of poetical existence which we have not only long since lost, but which we have long since ceased to credit on the reports of our ancestors.

The pastoral life—I will not say such as it is in Theocritus and Virgil, and still less such as it is in Gesner or Galatea, but a pastoral life which certainly has its poetical side—is still found everywhere in the country. I never come home in the evening that I do not pass half a dozen groups of the lower class of the people dancing to their pipes and castanets some of their beautifully original national dances; for you must observe that, if the Italians are the most musical people in the world, the Spaniards are the most remarkable for a natural and inherent propensity to dance, and have the most graceful movements and manners. Sometimes, especially if it be late, I find a lover with his guitar before the house of his mistress, singing his passion and his suffering. Only last night I was coming home from Sir Henry Wellesley's, where I had stayed very late at a little ball Lady Wellesley gave in her garden,—a kind of fête champêtre,—and, as I came into the street where I live, I saw a man standing in the middle, and singing with a beautifully clear and sweet voice to his guitar, which he played with great skill. I stopped to hear him, and recognized a little popular song, called a seguidilla, of eight lines, which I have in a large collection of these pieces, taken from the very lips of the populace that composed them. Each [song] consists of one idea, generally a comparison, always in the same metre, and in eight lines, and often singularly beautiful and original. . . .
To Elisha Ticknor.

Madrid, August 1, 1818.

I am sure you will think of me more than you commonly do today, my dear father and mother, for these anniversaries seem to be bounds and limits in my absence. This is the fourth birthday I have passed away from you; the next, if Heaven pleases to spare my life and health, will be again at home, to which I look forward every day with new earnestness and impatience. . . .

There is one person that I have mentioned to you so often, that you may desire that I should tell you with some minuteness who he is. I mean the Duke de Laval, French Ambassador here. Since I have been in Europe I have not been so intimate with any one as with him. He is a man of about fifty years old, with great gaiety, openness, and impetuosity of character, and with great talents in conversation; so great, indeed, that Mad. de Staël, who was herself the most remarkable person perhaps in this respect that ever lived, used to delight to hear him talk. He has strong literary propensities and not a little literary knowledge, and especially with a genuine goodness of heart, which makes it necessary for him to make those about him happy merely that he may see them so. He is one of the old exiled nobility, who never gave up their fidelity, and in rank he is the first baron of the kingdom, with the title of Duke de Laval; besides that, in Germany he is, from services rendered by his ancestors, Prince of the Empire, and in Spain, from his own merits, Duke de San Fernando Luis, and grandee of the first class; in short, he is, from the antiquity and splendour of his family, one of the first, if not the very first nobleman in Europe, and, from his personal talents and virtues and fidelity, one of the chief supporters of the French throne. Immediately on the return of the king he was appointed ambassador here; not only from the great importance of the post arising from the connexion then to be formed anew between the two branches of the restored family, but from the great dignity of the appointment, as the chief embassy France sends, since it is from a Bourbon to a Bourbon, and from the great personal influence he has with the king and court.

. . . . I dine with him two or three times every week, and see him more or less every day; for if by accident I do not meet him in the evening, I am sure that in the morning he will look into my quarters, telling me that he came to see whether I was sick; and still oftener he comes and sits with me to read or to talk, for he is the only Frenchman whose literary opinions and feelings coincide with my own. . . .

Now, therefore, my dear father and mother, I hope you know who my most intimate friend here is, for I should always like to have you feel acquainted with those I know; and as this [letter] is finished, all that remains for me is to send you my love for all my friends, whom I certainly love more than ever. . . .
JOURNAL.

The interior of the city of Madrid, taken as a whole, is far from handsome. It should not, however, be forgotten that no city in Europe can boast within its walls so fine a walk as the Prado; that Rome alone, as far as I know, has an entrance equal to that by the gate of Alcalá; that several of its streets are really fine; that good buildings are not wanting, especially those constructed during the reign of Charles III., such as the Aduana, built in 1769, the Academia de San Fernando near it, and the Casa de Correos,—not forgetting the famous convent of Las Salosas, the work of Ferdinand VI.; but then, on the other hand, it may be fairly remembered there is not a fine square in the whole city, or a fine church; that the palace is a confused, irregular, clumsy piece of architecture, begun in 1737, and never to be finished; and that the new museum, and everything, in short, now doing in the Retiro and elsewhere, is worse than all that has been done before. Among all that Madrid boasts in this way, there was nothing that interested me so much as a few obscure buildings, famous for the names and history attached to them,—the remains of the house where Columbus lived, that where Francis I. was confined, two or three of the famous palaces faithfully described in Gil Blas, the convent which Lewis has made the scene of his Monk, etc., etc., all of which might very likely interest few persons besides. On the whole, both for the past and the present,—both as a collection of buildings and as a collection of monuments,—Madrid is the least interesting capital I have visited.

It has, however, the great merit of being clean. I do not know whether I should attribute this altogether to the character of the people, for they are not very neat, and it is apparent the keen fresh air, which reigns of course at this height, dries up all decaying bodies immediately, and prevents the accumulation of filth; so that, though certainly dead animals are not uncommon in the streets, they give little or no disagreeable odour. Still, Madrid is not healthy. . . .

Of the government there is very little good to say. The king personally is a vulgar blackguard. I will not repeat the instances of rudeness, vulgarity, and insolence towards his servants and ministers, which are just as well known at Madrid as that he drives in the Prado, for they would take up my room and time to no purpose. This, then, is the centre of the government; and of what a government! Certainly such a confusion of abuses never existed before since society was organized, and never, I should hope, can exist again. In the first place, its very principle—I mean in practice—is that the king’s decree, which in theory is the highest power in the land, may be resisted and disobeyed, and that the only remedy is to make more decrees. The ministers desire to procure a certain amount of money, and issue a decree for it; that on the face and in any other country ought to produce it, but here it will not produce the third of it. The ministers desire to procure a certain degree of obedience, and the king decrees it; but the obedience may or may not
follow, as in a case I knew at Barcelona, where an oppressed individual demanded simply a hearing of his case. The king ordered it by a formal decree to be heard forthwith, but the tribunal neglected it; he made a new decree, and so on to a third and fourth, each more peremptory than the preceding, and each followed by a similar gross disobedience, until at last the tribunal, wearied out with being thus teased, quashed the process they were ordered to examine, and told the injured individual to go about his business. Garay, the Minister of Finance, when he came into office announced his system, and it was supported by all sorts of decrees,—decrees to give a new principle of excise, decrees to remove the custom-house officers to the frontiers of the kingdom, etc., etc.; and all are still nominally in force and actually disobeyed, as I have myself witnessed again and again. The remedy in these cases is to make more decrees, that from the aggregate of all, obedience enough may be produced to keep the government in motion. There is thus a kind of tacit compromise between the government and its agents, that the king shall issue decrees, and that the people shall be tolerated in disobedience; and in this way disturbances are of course avoided. If, however, on the contrary, the king should attempt to execute even one half of the decrees that are nominally in force, he would, I am persuaded, raise a rebellion in a fortnight.

This system, of course, supposes a certain degree of independence in the officers of government, since it gives them in fact the power of resistance; and this independence leads to such a train of abuses and corruptions as nobody can imagine who has not been in the country, and week after week had them continually pounded into his ears. There is nothing that cannot be done by bribery; and—what is the most extraordinary phenomenon I suspect in legislation—Garay, who as minister did not of course like to see the money that should come to the Treasury stop in the hands of its agents, has by his decree of August 5, 1818, instead of seeking to find a remedy for all these gross abuses, coolly legalized them, and what before were bribes he now calls taxes. Thus, if you want to have a cause examined in the highest tribunal, instead of seeing the servants all round, you pay $750 to the Treasury, and the tribunal must hear you. If a regidor desired to have two villages under him, which is contrary to ancient usage, to law, and common-sense, he could formerly do it only by bribery; now he pays five hundred ducats to Mr. Garay, and nobody can forbid him. To be a regidor under the age of eighteen, which is of course a solecism, could still be obtained formerly by corruption, but was not therefore the less illegal; now it is legalized for two hundred or four hundred ducats a year. And finally, after fifty individual enumerations, in one sweeping article he declares that the want of "any one of the requisites for an office" shall not be considered as an impediment to holding it, on the payment of one third of its income to the Treasury. In short, there is hardly anything that has ever passed under the name of an abuse of government, that is not legalized and taxed by this extraordinary decree. The very first principles of the social compact, all the political morality that keeps
society together, seem to be put up at auction by it, and in any other
country a revolution would follow; but here this may be avoided by
a tolerated disobedience. So notorious, indeed, and so impudent has
corruption become, that it even dresses itself in the livery of law and
justice, and thus passes on respected through all the divisions of
society.

The Inquisition, which is so much talked about, is more a bugbear
than anything else, except in its influences on public instruction and
the freedom of the press. As a part of the civil government it is
hardly felt in individual instances, though still it is not to be denied
that persons have sometimes disappeared and never been heard of
afterwards; as one since I have been here, who is believed by every-
body to be in the Inquisition, and another, who certainly was there
before, and escaped to England about the time of my arrival.

The Inquisition, however, I have since found more powerful in the
South. At Granada I saw a printed decree posted up, condemning
anew the heresy of Martin Luther, and, as it was then imagined to be
making some progress there, calling on servants to denounce their
masters, children their parents, wives their husbands, etc., in so
many words. I could not get a copy of it by ordinary means, and did
not like to use any others, on account of the archbishop. Just before
I was at Cadiz, the Inquisition entered the apartments of a young
German, and took away his private books, deemed dangerous; and
at Seville some of my ecclesiastical friends cautioned me about my
conversation in general society, on account of the power and vigilance
of the holy office there; though certainly nobody was ever less
obnoxious from heresy in Spain than I was, for my best friends were
always of the Church. The Nuncio and a shrewd little secretary he
had even thought to convert me by "putting good books into my
hands," though I should never have suspected it if the Prince de Laval
had not let me into the secret. 5

5 Two attempts were made to convert Mr. Ticknor to Catholicism. Once at
Rome, being at a grand funzione, a priest who stood near him and his com-
panion addressed them in English, which he heard them speaking, and they
found he was an American of the name of Patterson. His history, as afterwards
told to Mr. Ticknor by Mr. George Harrison, was a curious one. He was a
Philadelphian, rich, handsome, at the head of fashion, the best billiard player
in town. He was still quite young when he was converted, and he immediately
gave his property to the Church, keeping only a small stipend for himself; had
his teeth pulled out to destroy his beauty, and became a priest and an ascetic.
Patterson often visited Mr. Ticknor, glad to get a breakfast or a lunch, and one
day brought a Padre Grassi with him. He was a man of talent and cultivation,
had been in America, and used to talk much of early Christian antiquities and
their relation to the Roman Church. His visits ceased after a time, but Mr.
Ticknor was told afterwards that it had been an effort to convert him.

In Madrid, Cardinal Giustinian made Mr. Ticknor acquainted with a young
Italian ecclesiastic, a pleasant fellow, who lent him the Abbé de Lamennais's
great work in defence of the Church which had just come out, and he visited
Mr. Ticknor often. After this intimacy had passed off, he was told by the
Duke de Laval that there had been great hopes of him.

The Princess Prossedi, the oldest child of Lucien Bonaparte, became an
Of police there is almost nothing; a little watch in the streets during the night, and a few alguazils—who are about as efficient as our constables—during the day, make up its whole muster-roll. Nor is it wanted, for there is little of that sort of crime among the lower classes—little of the petty larceny and small quarrelling and rioting—which a police can prevent. If a crime be committed, it is, like the national character, a serious and bold one. Of a secret political police there is no thought or suspicion. The government is not yet civilized enough to make use of such delicate machinery.

Yet, with all these gross and portentous defects,—without a police and with an Inquisition, without an administration of justice and with legalized, systematic corruption in all its branches,—the Spanish government (if it deserve the name) still seems to fulfil the great object a government should always propose to itself; for a more quiet, orderly people, a people more obedient and loyal, I have not seen in Europe. The reason is that this corruption is still mainly in the higher classes, and in the agents of the government, and that this strange contest between the ministers and king on one side, and the persons they employ on the other, is still unknown to the classes below; so that, though the surface of the ocean be everywhere vexed and agitated, its depths still remain tranquil and undisturbed. But the moment it becomes the interest of those who stand between the highest and the lowest classes to open the flood-gates, and let in the crimes and corruptions of the government upon the people, and thus excite them to disturbances and opposition,—that moment the government must come to an end.

Of the public institutions there is little to say, but something to praise; for, though they are few, some of them are good.

Among the good, however, is not the General Hospital, which is very dirty and ill-kept. Especially in its neighbourhood all kinds of filth are allowed to accumulate, so that it is the very dirtiest spot in Madrid and its environs. The proportion of deaths in it is horrible, and nobody can go through its damp lower apartments, and the ill-ventilated rooms above, without feeling it to be a reproach to a great capital to have such an establishment.

Above the Museum of Natural History, in the same building, is the collection of paintings begun in 1774 by Charles III. It is rich in the Italian school, which Spain had such fine opportunities for acquiring when Charles V. possessed, as it were, all Italy, and afterwards by the union of the crown of Naples to the family. But it is the Spanish school — Velasquez and Murillo — that shines forth there; and in looking at the purity and dignity and beauty of its merely human forms, I sometimes become unfaithful to the ideals of Correggio, Titian, and Raphael that I had been accustomed to admire in Italy. There are, too, fine pictures at Medini Celi's, and at all the sitios, especially at Aranjuez and the Escorial and in the palace; affectionate friend to Mr. Ticknor, and sincerely desired his conversion; and, when he again met her in 1836, told him she had never ceased to pray for it.
and the king has commenced a gallery near the Botanical Garden, where he is going to have all united that belongs to himself. It is the Marquis of Sta. Cruz—who, for a grandee, is a man of taste—that is at the head of all there is good in this establishment, and the king suffers him to do what he pleases; not because he understands and feels what it would be to have a grand gallery of as fine pictures as there are in Europe, but simply because he knows and cares nothing about such things, and, as he often says, much prefers paper-hangings, and will be very glad when the old gilt frames are taken down from his walls.

Among the public institutions should also be numbered those that relate to education, where this general distinction may be made,—that those concerning the humbler education of the lower classes are to a certain point good, but those relating to the higher branches of education and the higher classes of society are bad.

In the first place, there are sixty-four women's schools established in the city, and paid by the municipality, where the children of the poor receive the first elements of education on a very good plan and to a very good effect. After this follow the escuelas gratuitas, which are in the hands of two convents of friars, called the Calasanzios; who also do their duty very well in instructing in two different schools, established at the two sides of the city, all who choose to come to them, in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, the principles and dogmas of their faith, and, if they choose, Latin grammar. These schools are properly called escuelas pías, and by a vulgar corruption esculapios, and are every way to be praised,—religion being put out of the question, where the friars certainly exercise an undue influence. These two classes of schools are so successful that it is extremely rare to find a person who cannot read and write, and who has not pretty good, shrewd general ideas; but here comes a great hiatus in the means of education; for while the Universities of Alcalá, Salamanca, etc., are so fallen that nobody pretends to go to them but as a matter of form, to have permission to be an advocate or a physician, or some other privileges that were anciently attached to their degrees, the capital has not only done nothing to supply their places, but has even destroyed two institutions of a very useful character, and left nothing for the intermediate steps in education but loose lectures on botany at the Botanic Garden, lectures on physics at the Gabinete, and similar disjointed instructions, that make up no system, and lead to no distinct end. . . .

The law is not taught at all, being left entirely to the monks of Alcalá and Salamanca, and the kind decree of Mr. Garay, who permits every man to become a lawyer that will pay a certain inconsiderable sum to the Treasury. The healing art is very ill taught at their dirty hospital by five professors, for medicine, surgery, anatomy, chemistry and clinics; but it is only necessary to go there and see their collections of filthy preparations, antiquated instruments, and books out of all date and repute, to know that everything is bad and wrong here in medical instruction. . . .

There are a few institutions for education here that should be
separately mentioned; because, though useful, they have no fixed position in the general system. In the first place, there is the school for the deaf and dumb. It should be remembered, in speaking of this, that the world owes the power of teaching them to Spain, for it was Bonet—to whom Lope de Vega had addressed one of his sonnets—that first invented it. The present institution is not a large or an old one. It was established on the return of the king, who gives to it 2500 of the 4500 dollars it costs yearly, and contains only twenty-seven pupils. They are well taught to read, write, etc., and, what is more, to speak intelligibly. One fact I witnessed, and knew therefore personally, which is extremely curious. Not one of the pupils, of course, can ever have heard a human sound, and all their knowledge and practice in speaking must come from their imitation of the visible, mechanical movement of the lips, and other organs of enunciation, by their teachers, who are all Castilians; yet each speaks clearly and decidedly, with the accent of the province from which he comes, so that I could instantly distinguish the Catalonians and Biscayans and Castilians, while others more practised in Spanish felt the Malagan and Andalusian tones. How is this to be explained, but by supposing an absolutely and originally different conformation of the organs of speech? . . .

The Library owes its existence to the French dynasty, for the Austrian never thought of such a thing. Philip V. founded it in 1726, and Charles III. added the cabinet of Medals. The printed books amount to above 110,000, the MSS. to 3500, and the medals to 106,000. It is, like the libraries of the Escorial, a mine for future discovery, for it is so ill-arranged, and has so bad a catalogue, and is so abominably administered, that all that is known of its curiosities and rarities is by accident. The collection of coins and medals is a perfect confusion worse confounded, and yet Eckhel stands on the shelf. I asked Gonzalez, the chief man of the whole establishment, what book this was, and he said it was an old book on numismatics, that he had never looked into! They have, too, a lumber-room, where there is a great pile of books called useless. The second librarian showed it to me, advising me that it was mere waste-paper. I ventured, however, to look in, and the second book I took up was Laplace's Mécanique Céleste. Ex pede Herculem.

The two Academies owe their existence to the tertulia of the Marquis de Villafranca. The one for the Spanish language was founded in 1714, and has only occupied itself with dictionaries, grammars, orthographies, etc., and with promoting the publication of important works relating to the language, such as Garcés' Fuerza y Vigor; new editions of old standard works, such as Balbuena, etc.

The other, for Spanish history and belles-lettres, founded in 1735, is the most respectable literary establishment in Spain; for such men as Navarrete, Marina, Conde, and Clemencin are enough to make an academy respectable in any country. They keep it, too, extremely pure; but the consequence is, that they have only eight or ten members; and yet the five volumes they have published, with their
“Chronicles,” Partidas, Fuero Juzgo, etc., do them infinite credit, and show like the work of a great body of learned men. . . .

Even in the large cities and the capital it is astonishing to see how much they are behindhand,—how rude and imperfect is their house furniture, and how much is absolutely wanting. A great deal of the better sort is brought from Paris and London; and when an ambassador has kept a carriage two or three years, until it has become soiled and worn, he can sell it, as they all do, to some grandee, for more than it cost him. In the country it is, of course, worse. The chief persons in a village—I mean the respectable ecclesiastics and the alcalde—often have no glass-ware in their houses, no dinner-knives, and little of earthen manufactory, while a metal fork is a matter of curiosity. In agriculture their instruments are extremely clumsy. The scythes, hoes, shovels, pick-axes, etc., are so awkward, that I do not well see how they work with them; their threshing I have seen done, at the gates of Madrid, on just such a threshing-floor as is described in the Old Testament, and by the identical process of driving horses over the grain; their plough, which is of a construction singularly clumsy and inefficient, is the same the Romans used when they were here, for I have it on a coin of Caesar Augustus; and their mode of drawing water by a horse or mule, and a wheel, is the very one which, for its antiquity, is in Egypt attributed to Joseph. Finally, there are almost no manufactories of articles of luxury on private speculation, and the few the king attempts to sustain bring him in debt at the end of every year, with the single exception of the glass manufactory at St. Ildefonso; and yet, there, an ordinary cut-glass tumbler, which might cost in England, at most, four or five shillings, costs eight dollars.

The means and conveniences of life are, then, few here, and the comforts may, as a general remark, be said to be unknown in all that relates to the mechanical arts. Their amusements, too, are hardly less meagre. The common people, however, it should be observed, are gay and light-hearted in their natural dispositions, and on the festivals, which are above one third of the whole year, are always seen in the Delicias,—a public walk outside the walls,—on the borders of the canal, and in the meadows of the Manzanares, dancing to their guitars and castanets. Every evening, too, as I come home I find little groups of them dancing the bolero, the fandango, and the manchejas in the streets; for, if the Italians are the most musical people in the world, the Spaniards of all classes, and especially the lowest, are the most fond of dancing. Their very movements seem from nature to be graceful, and their resting positions picturesque. Except this, however, and the universal passion for toros, they have little amusement that is social, except in a kind of tavern, where they go during the evenings of the summer, not to drink strong liquors,—for I never saw a Spaniard intoxicated,—but to refresh themselves with iced water, orgeats, and cebada, which, as they are the necessaries of life in this burning climate, seem to be within the reach of everybody’s means.

The middling classes are the most reserved and the least gay of
all the population of Spain,—the most difficult of access, and the least interesting to a stranger when they are known. Their amusements are few. Society they have almost none; for either—which is the general rule—they have very little culture and are rather rude in their manners, and then society, which depends for its charms in this class entirely on cultivation and refinement, is an amusement above their resources, and out of the circle of their pleasures and wants, or else they are instructed and refined, and then the long, long oppression of three centuries of tyranny and inquisition has taught them how dangerous it is to have such meetings, where the heart is too apt to speak what it feels, especially in that very portion of the people which has always been most obnoxious to the government and clergy; and therefore their doors are either hermetically sealed up, or else when they meet it is only to play at cards; which more than one of them has told me he had introduced into his parties, for the express purpose of suppressing conversation. As a general remark, therefore, the pleasures of this class are to walk in the Prado—in the winter from twelve to two o'clock, and in the summer during the evening, which they end by taking ices at a coffee-house,—to go to the theatre, and to the toros.

CHAPTER X.

Madrid.—The Prado.—Theatres.—Spanish People.—The Court.—Society in Madrid.—The Diplomatic Corps.—Excursion to the Escorial.—St. Ildefonso.—Segovia.

JOURNAL.

To me, the Prado is an inexhaustible source of amusement. In the first place, it is in itself the finest public walk I have ever seen within the walls of any city, not excepting either the Tuileries or the Chiaja. It begins at the gate of Atocha, and, passing the superb entrance of Alcalá, extends round to the convent and gate of the Recoletos. Anciently it was an uneven meadow of little beauty, but famous for being the scene of the plots, murders, duels, and intrigues of the city and court, as may easily be gathered from the familiar use made of it in the novels of Cervantes and Le Sage, the plays of Lope, and indeed the old comedies and romances generally. It was not, however, until the middle of the last century, when the neighbouring palace of Buen Retiro rose into favour, that Charles III. levelled it, planted it with trees, and made it the beautiful walk it now is. As you enter it from the gate of Alcalá, or rather from the street next to it, you find yourself in a superb, wide opening called the Saloon; on your right hand a double walk, and on your left, first
the place where the carriages parade, and afterwards another double walk, the whole ornamented with three fine fountains, and eight rows of trees, statues, marble seats, etc. During the forenoon, and nearly all the afternoon, no part of the city in summer is so silent and deserted as this; and yet, when the heats will permit, it is a spot which of all others here most solicits you by its freshness, its solitude, and its shade. At five o'clock the whole Prado is watered, to prevent the dust which would otherwise be intolerable. Just before sundown the carriages and crowd begin to appear; and about half an hour after the exhibition is in its greatest splendour. On your left hand are two rows of carriages, forming a complete line, slowly moving up and down on each side, while the king and the infantas dash up and down in the middle with all the privileges of royalty, and compel everybody on foot to take off his hat as he passes, and everybody in a carriage to stop and stand up. . . . Every time I see this singularly picturesque crowd, mingled with the great number of the officers of the guard that are always there in splendid uniforms, and contrasted with the still greater number of monks and priests in their dark, severe costumes, I feel persuaded anew that it is the most striking moving panorama the world can afford. At about three quarters of an hour after sunset, when the Prado is usually quite full, the Angelus, or evening-prayer [bell], sounds in the neighbouring convent, and the row of carriages stops as if by magic, while everybody on foot becomes fixed as a statue and prays. . . .

As to theatres, Madrid has but two, and these have always been in a struggle for their existence, and even now can hardly be said to have gained a decided victory over the monks, and the Inquisition. The Principe is in general the best, since Mayquez, who is an élève of Talma, and not a bad imitation of his master, though little else, acts there; but the Cruz is more interesting to me, because more of the original national pieces, written before the French dynasty came in, are represented there. I have been often to both as a means of learning the language, especially if any of the old plays were represented, and really all that is national in it delights me more and more. The ancient Spanish costumes, which are strictly observed, are so splendid and graceful, the ancient manners, which are no less imitated and observed, have something so original and noble, and the plays themselves are written in a style of poetry so proud and elevated, though often with bad taste, that when the play is by Lope, or Tirso de Molina, or Montalban, or Calderon, I think I had rather go to the Spanish theatre than to any other except the English. After the principal piece, some of their beautifully graceful national dances, the bolero, the polo, the fandango, or the manchegas, are performed with castanets, and the whole ends with what is called a saynete, a little piece less farcical than our afterpieces, which is to a regular play what an anecdote is to a novel, and represents to the life the manners of the lower or middling classes, which the Spanish actors play with more spirit and less caricature than those of any other nation. The great sin of both theatres is, that the majority of the longer pieces they
represent are translations from ordinary French comedies, though it
must be confessed they are becoming better in this respect; and that
the national plays are coming more into fashion, and are oftener
acted.

An opera-house they have not, nor are operas much in the Spanish
taste and character, any more than tragedies. Philip V., however,
who brought in their foreign tastes, built an opera-house in 1730, but
Ferdinand VII., for reasons which I do not know, has pulled it
down. Operas, notwithstanding this, are given alternately in the two
theatres. 

The great amusement—the national and prevailing amusement,
which swallows up all the rest—is the fiestas de toros, the bull-fights.
It is purely and exclusively Spanish, and the passion with which it is
sought by all classes, and with which it always seems to have been
sought, is inconceivable to one who has not witnessed it; and would be
incredible upon common testimony, if we had not the histories of the
gladiators and circenses for examples before us. Of their earliest
origin I have no knowledge, nor am I aware that any can be obtained;
for almost nothing has been written upon them. 

The first intimations I find of them are in the oldest Spanish Chroni-
cle,—that dark chaos from which the elements of Spanish poetry
and history are alike drawn, and which is itself hardly less interesting
and instructive than either. There it is said, incidentally, that there
were bull-fights in Saldaña, in 1124, on the marriage of Alfonso VII.;
and there is an ancient tradition, which I think I have noticed in his
Chronicle, that the Cid was a famous toréador, and that he was the
first that ever fought bulls on horseback.  

They take place only in the summer, and during the months when
the heat is not extreme, 

and it is always on Mondays, both
morning and afternoon,—in the morning with six bulls, and in the
afternoon with eight bulls; but each part of the day, if any one of
the royal family is there,—which can seldom fail,—the people demand
an extra victim by acclamation, and it is uniformly granted. Great
preparations are made long beforehand. Fine bulls are brought from
all parts of the kingdom,—the best from La Mancha, Navarre, and
Andalusia, and are pastured near Madrid. Two days before the fes-
tival they are driven in, and, to my great dismay, I have several times
met them in my evening rides, for they do not always treat the persons
they meet so civilly as they treated Don Quixote near Saragossa.

On their arrival they are shut up in a pasture near the amphithe-
tre, and on Sunday evenings great crowds of the common people
give out to see them, as if it were a show. 

At length the long-desired day arrives, and, for all purposes of busi-
ness, Madrid is like a Protestant Sunday. The whole city throngs to
the circus, even to the very lowest class of the populace; and I have

6 Mr. Ticknor sketches in many pages the growth, ceremonies, and mode of
carrying on the bull-fights,—a long and minute description, which he after-
wards arranged as an article for the “North American Review,” July 1825,
often seen more waiting on the outside—merely to hear, and echo and enjoy, the shouts and stories that come from within, because they could not afford to pay the price of admittance—than the entire amphitheatre could contain. For myself, I cannot speak with any of the skill or assurance of a connoisseur. I never went but twice, and then stayed only long enough the first time to see four bulls killed, and the second time three, for it was physically impossible for me to stay any longer. The horrid sights I witnessed completely unmanned me, and the first time I was carried out by one of the guards, and the second time I was barely able to get out alone. Still, however, I saw all the operations and manoeuvres, as much as if I had been there a hundred times, and had all the technics and pedantry of the art at my command; and what was wanting in the practice and experience of a hardened amateur was fully made up to me by the vivacity with which I felt everything, and the deep impression its splendours, its dangers, and its cruelties made on my memory. . . . Nothing can prevent the crowd from going if they have the money necessary to pay their admittance; and if they have it not, instances have been known where they have sold everything they possessed in the world to get it; and . . . . I was shown a man who was so absolutely destitute of all means, that he married the evening previous, as the only way of obtaining them. Nothing, in short, can hinder them, not even the heats, which hinder everything, and almost bring life itself to a pause in Madrid; and if they cannot get seats on the shady side of the amphitheatre, they will sit in the sun during one of the burning noons of July and September; and do it so heedlessly, that the first bull-fights given after the dog-days this year sent a crowd of patients to the hospital, thirty-eight of whom died within ten days afterwards of fevers caught there.

Nor are these the only fatal effects. The interest the common people take in everything relating to this festival rises afterwards, at any moment of excitement, to passion and guilt. Quarrels arise about a favourite picador or banderillero, that are never appeased; the details of one of these shows become the source of family bitterness for life; and only a few days ago, one Monday afternoon, as I was just going into the palace of the Prince de Laval to dinner, a man stabbed his brother, who fell dead before me at the door I was entering, in consequence of a difference that had thus arisen in the amphitheatre in the morning. 7 . . . .

7 Talking about bull-fights with the Duke de Laval, he spoke of the women's love of them, and said that, at the last, one of the royal princesses had driven the pica into the bull's neck,—the nail to which are attached the colours of the province from which the bull came. Mr. Ticknor said that he could scarcely believe that of any woman, but that she was a Portuguese, and might be pretty coarse. "Well," said the Ambassador, "you are going to court, of course," naming the day; "come and stand by me when the royal family pass, and I will make her boast of it." When the time came, Mr. Ticknor took his place by the Duke; the ladies of course stopped to
THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

It is a curious and interesting sight to see the people, when, from their union in a great mass, they feel their own strength, and when, from their excitement, they enter into the rights of their own importance and power,—when, in fact, they feel themselves to be what they are, and become for the moment free in consequence of it. Royalty is little respected on Mondays in Madrid, and therefore whatever the people persist in requiring in the amphitheatre,—even to the extreme cruelty of putting fire upon the bull’s back to goad his fury,—is always granted, to avoid unpleasant consequences. Their exclamations and cries, too, which from the excitement under which they are uttered often seem revolutionary, are sometimes curious, and such as on any other occasion would be found offensive and dangerous. Of an uncommonly brave and persevering bull, several young men in my neighbourhood cried out repeatedly that he was fit to be the president of the Cortes, and of another, who shrank from the contest after receiving only two blows from the picador, apparently the same persons kept shouting, . . . . that he was as cowardly as a king. . . . . The bull-fights are, indeed, a warrant and apology for all sorts of licentiousness in language, in the same way the Roman shows were; and, like the amphitheatre of Flavius, that of Madrid would furnish a little anthology of popular wit, which, though it might strongly savour of vulgarity, could hardly fail to be very characteristic and amusing. . . . .

After all, however, the people are not so bad as might reasonably be anticipated from all the means that seem to be studiously taken to corrupt them. The lower class especially is, I think, the finest matériel I have met in Europe to make a great and generous people; but this material is either unused or perverted. Talent is certainly not wanting, and instruction to a certain point is very general. Nearly everybody can read and write, and if they can do no more, it is because the monks, who manage all the education of the country, find it for their interest to stop them here. In disposition, and turn of character, they vary in different provinces. In Catalonia they are industrious and active; in Aragon, idle, proud, and faithful; in Castile, cold and rude, but still attaching themselves easily to those who are kind to them; and in Andalusia, light-hearted, giddy, cruel, and revengeful. Galicia furnishes water-carriers to all Madrid, and they have among themselves a tremendous police, which insures the honesty of the individuals, and sometimes even inflicts secretly the punishment of death; but the government tolerates without acknowledging it, because the Gallegos are not unjust, and their opportunities and temptations to dishonesty are so great, that, though you never hear of an instance of it, much is due to their police. They are the hardest and most enterprising of all the Spaniards, and, at the season of the harvest, may be found all over Castile and Estrama-
speak with the Ambassador of France. When the Portuguese princess came, the Duke said to her that he heard they had a fine bull-fight on Monday. “O yes,” she said; “ and I did something towards its success, for I drove in the pica.”
dura, and even in Portugal, gathering it for the idle inhabitants; some remain afterwards as servants, and some are to be found in little shops and inns everywhere in Spain; but when they have accumulated a subsistence, they are almost sure to go home to die in peace at last. These different characters are so distinctly marked in the different provinces, that it seems as if you had changed country every time you pass from one to another; but still there are some traits in common to them all. One of the most striking—and one, it seems to me, on which many of their national virtues are founded—is a kind of instinctive uprightness, which prevents them from servility. I have seen the lowest class of the people, such as gardeners, bricklayers, etc., who had never seen the king; perhaps, in their lives, suddenly spoken to by him; but I never saw one of them hesitate or blush, or seem confounded in any way by a sense of the royal superiority. And in a country where the noxious luxury of a great number of servants is so oppressive, it is curious to see with what familiarity they treat their masters; joining in the conversation at the Duchess of Ossuna's, for instance, while they wait at table, correcting the mistakes of their statements, etc., but in all cases and under all circumstances without for an instant offending against the most genuine and unaffected respect. The higher, however, you go up in society in Spain, the less the different classes are like what their situation ought to make them. As the means of respectable instruction fail almost altogether, the middling class has by no means the strong, decided character it has in other countries. Except on the sea-coast, they cannot well have the ambition of accumulating wealth; because it will not give them rank in society; and as they are almost inevitably ignorant, they in general lead an idle, dull, and unworthy life; though still, when you do find a man who, by the mere force of his character, has raised himself above the level of this class, you are pretty sure to find something marked and distinguished. The highest class of all is deplorable. I can conceive nothing more monotonous, gross, and disgraceful than their manner of passing their day and their life. . . .

I was presented at court, as it is better a stranger should be in Spain; and afterwards went occasionally to see the show, which is sometimes magnificent. Not one of the royal family is able to manage even the common formal conversation of a presentation, except Don Francisco; and the king was guilty of the marked folly of always talking to me about his Father in Rome, with extreme interest, making inquiries how he looked, etc., as if he were notoriously the most affectionate son in the world. The besa-mano (kissing hands) is, however, the grand exhibition, and in fact is unique in its kind, for nothing like it is to be seen at any other court in Europe. The ceremony is this. On the great court festivals, the magnificent saloon of the ambassadors is dressed out in all its gala; the royal family, in all the royal paraphernalia, stand in a row opposite to the entrance, and as many of their subjects as have a court dress, or a dress that warrants them to appear at court, come and kiss their royal hands in token of allegiance. Of course all in office come in their splendid uniforms, all above a lieutenan of the military, all the nobles of the realm, the heads of the
monastic orders in their humble, solemn habits, the king’s body-guards with their finery, etc., etc.; in short, as mingled and splendid a show of magnificent dresses, contrasted, and broken, occasionally, by the plain and sober suits of the clergy, as I can well imagine, and in no small number, too, for I one day remember to have seen between thirteen and fourteen hundred, who thus voluntarily passed under the yoke. It was there I first saw the distinguished men whose names were so famous in Spain and in Europe, only a few years ago,—Palafox, the Marquis of St. Simond, the Duke of Infantado, the Maid of Zaragoza, dressed as a captain of dragoons, and with a character as impudent as her uniform implies, etc., etc.; and, indeed, aside from this, the mere show is more magnificent than can be seen at any other court in Europe; but this is all there is, at Madrid, that can interest or amuse any stranger at the palace for a moment.

With a middling class thus oppressed and ignorant, a nobility so gross and unworthy, and a court worse than all below it, the strangers whom accident, curiosity, or occupation bring together at Madrid take refuge in one another’s society. The points of union and meeting are the houses of the different persons belonging to the corps diplomatique, and thus all the strangers who have been bred in a more refined and more respectable state of society, together with a few Spanish families, who from living in foreign countries have caught more or less of foreign culture and manners,—like the Duchess of Ossuna, the Marchioness de Mos, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, the Prince of Anglona, etc.,—make a society completely apart from the Spanish, and with a tone and character altogether different. A more decided proof of the fallen state of manners and refinement could hardly be given than this elegant society, which, subsisting entirely by itself, is the object of considerable jealous repugnance to the higher classes of the Spaniards, who yet gladly come to its luxurious dinners and splendid fêtes.

When I went into Spanish society, it was at the houses of the Marquis de St. Iago, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, at Mr. Pizarro’s, the Prime Minister, at the Duchess of Ossuna’s, etc., etc. I mention these because they are the best. That at the Marquis de St. Iago was the most truly and unmixed Spanish that was open to foreigners in Madrid; that is, the most so where there was much elegance and show, for he is one of the first of the first class of grandees, and extremely rich. At his house, the tertulia assembled between ten and eleven every night, and was composed of the chief nobility who would consent to go out of their own houses. The amusement was gaming, and almost all the gentlemen smoked; many came dirtily dressed, and all were noisy, rude in their manners, and to a certain degree gross. It was, however, considered the most elegant and fashionable, as it certainly was the most numerous and splendid, merely Spanish tertulia in Madrid that I saw. I went to it rarely, and always only to see the Marquis’s sister, Paulita, one of the sweetest and most interesting creatures in the world,—young, beautiful as a sibyl, full of genius and enthusiasm, and disinterestedly refusing to be married that she may keep her fortune, which
is immense, in her own hands, and remit its income to her father, who is an exile, and whose title and wealth have been taken away and given to his child. She was the only Spanish young lady at Madrid whose conversation could interest for a moment, unless it were, indeed, a very well educated daughter of the Duchess de Ribas; and she was the only person at this tertulia of the St. Iago family who could have induced me to go there a second time for any purpose but that of persuading myself anew of the rudeness and corruption of the highest class in Spain.

The Marchioness de Sta. Cruz, who is certainly the most elegant Spanish woman in her manners at Madrid, did not make a regular tertulia at her house, because she went at ten o'clock every night to her mother's, the Duchess of Ossuna; but until that time she received all who came. The Spaniards, however, evidently did not like it, for they could not feel the charm of such manners as the Marchioness has learnt in better societies and more refined countries, so that after all the tone here was more foreign, and there were more visitors from the corps diplomatique than from all the rest of the capital.

At the Prime Minister's were to be found high officers of the government, those who desired to become so, pretenders to place, and those who feared to lose it, et hoc genus omne, together with the gentlemen of the diplomacy and the foreigners they introduced. Mr. Pizarro seldom came, for he really had not time. He is—I write after his fall and exile—an honourable, honest man, with respectable talents, firmness, and perseverance, but often unpleasant in society from great personal vanity. His wife—who is still to be called young, and will long be beautiful—was the most estimable and respectable Spanish woman I knew in Madrid; besides that, she had received an uncommonly good education abroad. She was born in Constantinople, and lived there many years, so that she yet speaks modern Greek easily, as her nurse was an Albanian; she also speaks Turkish tolerably. After her father's return,—for he was minister there,—she married Mr. Pizarro, and has been with him at several of the courts of Europe, and added elegance of manners to her other accomplishments, while grace and beauty were born with her. In her own house, where she lived without show, because her husband administered the royal favour and was still poor, she was simple and kind; and in the diplomatic parties, where she was almost always found, she was sought for her unaffected manners and her elegant conversation.

The house, however, to which I went most frequently, was that of the Duchess of Ossuna,—a woman extraordinary alike from her rank, her talents, and her wealth. I know not how many titles she unites in her person and her family, nor how many fortunes have served to form the foundation of her immense incomes, but the number is great. At one time during the Revolution she was, notwithstanding all this, reduced by the French to nothing, for every one of her estates was confiscated, and herself with all her children and grandchildren shut up in one small, poor house in Cadiz during the whole siege. She has often described to me how gaily and happily
she lived there; and when I was in Cadiz, I was told she continued during the whole siege the most light-hearted person in the garrison. She keeps the most splendid Spanish establishment in Madrid, and passes every Thursday at her country-seat, where I used sometimes to go with the Duke de Laval, to take a late dinner, and ride into Madrid in the evening; but still she did not like to have a great deal of company at her tertulias; and as there was no gaming, not many of the higher class of Spaniards liked to come. She, however, always had her children; and her children are the first persons at court, both by their talents and culture.

Of course all these houses were but places where I went only now and then, either to exercise myself in speaking Spanish, to see foreign, new, and strange manners, or to meet one or two persons that interested me. The society on which I relied for rational conversation and agreeable intercourse was the foreign and diplomatic, which had its stated rendezvous and amusements, five evenings every week, and afforded a refuge on the others.

On Sunday evening there was always a quiet, sober party at Sir Henry Wellesley's. He himself is a man of not more than common talents, but of sound judgment, and altogether a respectable English gentleman.

The chief secretary of the legation, Mr. Vaughan, is a Fellow of Oxford, about five and thirty years old, who, though in the opposition, has made his way by talent and learning, and is soon to become a minister. For five years he had a travelling fellowship, and employed it in going through the interior of Asia, crossing down from Russia into Persia, and coming back by Palestine and Greece; altogether one of the most romantic expeditions I have ever heard of, and he himself altogether an interesting man.

On Tuesday evening everybody went to the soirée of the Countess de Balbo, wife of the ambassador from Sardinia. She is now very old, and being a Parisian, and daughter of a man distinguished by his rank and talents, had to pass through many vicissitudes during the Revolution, and relates a vast number of interesting anecdotes of French society, from the time of Buffon and Franklin down to the elevation of Bonaparte. The Count was no doubt the most learned and sound man in Madrid. He has passed a great part of his life in study and learned society; is himself the head and chief support of the Academy of Turin; and, after being ambassador all over Europe, has, since I left Madrid, been called home to be Minister of State, and Director of Public Instruction,—an office for which he asked on account of the quiet it would give him in his old age; at the same time he refused the splendid appointment of viceroy of the island of Sardinia, which was sent to him while I was at Madrid. I used to dine with him often in an unceremonious way, and enjoyed much the overflow of his very extensive and judicious learning, for he is in this respect one of the most distinguished men I have seen in Europe. The Duke de Laval, when there was any doubt or question about anything that could not be settled, always used to say, "Eh bien donc, demandez à Monsieur de Balbe, car il sait tout;" and when I heard
him converse I often thought so. Caesar, his only son, a young man about two years older than myself, on whose education he has bestowed unwearying pains, was among those of his own age what his father was in the oldest class,—the first at Madrid. He has much learning, good taste, and sense for all that is great and beautiful, extraordinary talents, and an enthusiasm which absolutely preys upon his strength and health. But though he is passionately fond of letters, his whole spirit is eaten up with political and military ambition. He thinks of nothing but Italy, and, taking his motto from his favourite Dante, "Ahi serva Italia di dolore ostello," etc., is continually studying the Principe and Arte di Guerra, and dreaming over Machiavelli's grand plan to consolidate it all into one great, splendid empire, with the Alps for a barrier against the intrusions of the North. I knew him intimately, for there was seldom a day we did not meet at least once, and I shall always remember him with affection, for it is rare in Europe to meet a young man with so high talents and so pure a character.

On Wednesday evening there was a convocation at the house of the Minister of Russia. He has of late played a bold part in Spanish politics, and a year ago had such personal and immediate influence with the king, that he could nominate or displace a ministry at will; but, since the unfortunate sale of the Russian fleet, his power has declined. In all respects, however, he is a curious study in the great book of the knowledge of the world. He is, on the whole, to be called ignorant of books, and is certainly an idle, lazy man; but his genius is strong, bold, and original, and he makes his way in the palace merely by the imposing weight of talent. Au reste, he is careless and capricious, and the chief part he plays in society is at the whist-table, of which he is immoderately fond. His wife, Mad. de Tatistcheff, is a Polish woman, old enough to have a daughter by an earlier husband grown up, but still beautiful, and an accomplished coquette. The daughter, who has been educated entirely in England, is without much talent or beauty; natural, simple, and good, and with a French and an English girl, whom Mad. de Tatistcheff has in her family, made a pleasant society. Wednesday evening, however, was the most splendid evening in the week at Madrid. Mad. de Tatistcheff had fitted up a neat theatre, and the party always began by a little French farce or comedy, which some of the diplomatists performed well, and which was amusing. She, however, never took a part in it, but reserved herself for an exhibition of more taste and effect afterwards; I mean the singularly striking and beautiful one of making natural pictures, for which her fine person admirably fitted her. This art was invented by the famous Lady Hamilton. When Goethe was in Italy, he was bewitched with it, and when he afterwards published his Wilhelm Meister, gave such glowing descriptions of the effect it is capable of producing, that all Germany took the passion for a while, and it has ever since been more successfully practised there than anywhere else. Mad. Schulze of Berlin, who represents in public, is now the most admired; but I never was where she exhibited, and those who have seen both, say
Mad. de Tatistcheff is more beautiful, and does it with more taste and talent.

Compared with the magical effect it produces, the most beautiful picture is cold and dead, and the most beautiful woman uninteresting and prosaic; for here you have all the fancy, taste, and poetry of art, glowing with life and starting into reality; and while on the one hand, the painter’s talent chooses the attitude, arranges the costume, and distributes the lights and the colours, on the other, the warm, living form and the eye beaming with intelligence and feeling come to his aid, and give a grace beyond the reach of art. I shall therefore always remember Mad. de Tatistcheff’s representations of Guercino’s Penitent Magdalen, of Domenichino’s Sibyl, of Raphael’s St. Cecilia, and indeed all the many wonderful living pictures she made, as among the most striking pleasures I have enjoyed in Europe. Indeed, in all respects, if her husband made a great figure at court and in the palace, she sustained his reputation well in her drawing-room; for her Wednesday-evening fête, beginning with a play and these beautiful magical exhibitions, and ending as it always did with a ball, was the most splendid one in the week.

On Thursday evening, however, Lady Wellesley followed her,—

_ haud passibus equis_, to be sure,—but still with a beautiful entertainment. She had the finest garden in Madrid, and trusting to the invariable climate of Castile, used to illuminate it fancifully, and receiving her company there, made it a gay and graceful fête champêtre, with dancing on the grass, music, a supper, etc. Nothing of the sort could be done with more taste, and perhaps if the majority of voices were taken, this would have been called, from the genuine, light-hearted enjoyment it gave, the pleasantest evening in the week.

On Saturday evening Prince Scilla, the Neapolitan Ambassador, and the richest of all the _corps diplomatique_, gave a concert and a ball. He is one of the best natured, kind-hearted, honourable gentlemen in the world,—and his family and legation are like himself,—and Saturday evening, therefore, was a pleasant one, because it was impossible to be in Prince Scilla’s house, without feeling you were with kind, good people; and besides this, there was amusement enough and no ceremony.

Two persons I must not forget, for they were the two I knew the most intimately and familiarly. The first was my own minister, Mr. Erving, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Jefferson; and it was a matter of satisfaction to me to find my country represented by a man who was so much respected, both by the diplomacy, the government, and the Spaniards. As to the opinion of the diplomacy, I know it as well as I can know anything; and Mr. Pizarro and Mr. Garay made so little mystery of respecting Mr. Erving more than any other foreign minister at Madrid, that it gave a little umbrage to them all, as three of them have told me, and as I easily saw without being told. Moreover, the king’s conduct to him personally at the levee, after he received the news of Jackson’s taking Pensacola, and when the Prince Laval had triumphantly told me the night before, and M. de Tatistcheff had told Cæsar de Balbo, he would not venture
to be seen at court, sufficiently showed what was the influence of his name and character, which he has entirely founded, as everybody there knows, on two rules,—never to ask anything however inconsiderable from anybody as a favour, and never to cease to insist upon what he ought to claim as a right. In his own house I found him very pleasant, for he has talent, a clear head, and considerable knowledge, though very little literature. His establishment was elegant, and he might easily have made it more so if he had chosen; but it was not necessary, for he was quite on a par with most of the ministers there. In short, I am clear there was not one of the diplomacy who understood his business better, or, taking the whole capital together, was more respected than Mr. Erving.

The other person I refer to is the Prince and Duke de Laval-Montmorency, of whom I have already spoken so often. He is one of the most distinguished noblemen in Europe, for he traces his ancestry up to the remotest age of the French Monarchy, and there finds his progenitor to be the first nobleman in the country who received the Christian religion, and who thus gave to the family the title of "Premier Baron Chrétien," which they still wear in their arms. Since then there has hardly been one of its generations that has not been marked by some of the great offices of the kingdom. They have repeatedly been married into the royal family of the Bourbons, have acquired successively the title of Count of Buchoven, and Prince of Laval from the German Empire, Duke of Laval, and peer of the realm in France, and Duke of San Fernando-Luis and grandee of the first class in Spain, besides all sorts of knighthoods, crosses, commandships, etc., etc., and besides having been, more than once, at the head of affairs at home, and having often gained great battles abroad. I have never yet found anybody who was not ready to say that these honours are well placed on the prince that now wears them; for to more than common talents, and more than common acquired knowledge, he adds a genuine goodness that delights, above everything else, in promoting the happiness of all around him. In the last point he gave his own character exactly one evening, when he said to a lady that accused him of wishing to disoblige her, "Moi, Madame? vous,—vous dites cela de moi? de moi, qui ai toujours eu l'ambition, que depuis le plus humble valet, jusqu'au Roi, tout le monde dise, quand je passerai, c'est un excellent homme; il a le cœur profondément bon;" and, in truth, I never saw him otherwise. Mad. de Staël loved him very much, and during her last sickness, when he happened to be at Paris, used to beg him to come and see her every day, that she might enjoy his brilliant conversation; for, even at Paris, he was famous for this talent, and at Madrid was unique. His dinners were by far the pleasantest there, for whatever there was of elegant talent and literature at Madrid were friends at his house, and, wherever he was, the conversation took a more interesting and cultivated turn than elsewhere. The daily rides that I made with him, and Cæsar de Balbo, are amongst the brightest spots in my life in Europe, though perhaps I never disputed so much and so hotly, in a given time, in my life, for though he is nearly fifty years old, and has passed,
with unmoved tranquillity, through the revolutions of the last thirty years, without taking part in any, he is in discussion as prompt, excitable, and enthusiastic as a young man of twenty; and as Caesar de Balbo is the model of all that is bold, vehement, and obstinate, we used to have fine battles. Indeed the Duke de Laval, with whom I seldom failed to pass three or four hours, every day, in society somewhere, is one of the very few men I have met in Europe in whom I never saw anything to discourage the regard his general character and conduct inspired, and whom I shall always remember with unmingled gratitude and affection.

EXCURSION TO THE ESCORIAL.

Just before I left Madrid I took five days, from September 1st to the 6th, to visit the Escorial and St. Ildefonso, the two most famous royal "residences," and on all other accounts two of the most interesting spots in Spain. I set out early on the morning of the 1st, by the horse-post, which is the most agreeable mode of conveyance the country affords, and after traversing the dreary, barren waste round Madrid, in which for the space of thirty miles I saw only two meagre, dirty villages, and hardly a solitary tree, I at last entered the royal domains of the Escorial, where there are woods, if there is nothing else. These domains extend for many miles round the convent, and, even before I entered them, its domes and towers springing up on the dark, barren sides of the mountain, upon whose declivity it stands, were already visible. I spurred my horse with eagerness to greater speed, and just before eight o'clock reached the little village that has been formed round it, having, in this expeditious and not unpleasant mode of travelling, gone thirty-five (English) miles in four hours.

The Escorial is as vulgar a name as the Tuileries. It signifies the place where scoría are thrown, and it is so called because there was formerly an iron manufactury near, that threw its scoría on this spot. Its more just name is San Lorenzo el Reale, since it is a royal convent, dedicated to Saint Lorenzo. It is a monument of the magnificence, the splendour, the superstition, and perhaps the personal fears of Philip II. It was at the battle of St. Quintin, which happened on the day of this saint,—and which is painted in fresco by Giordano round the chief staircase of the convent,—that he made a secret vow to build a monastery in his honour, if he succeeded and escaped. The battle was gained, and in 1557 he began the convent, led to this spot by the circumstance that he had often hunted here, and perhaps by his gloomy disposition, which seemed always to delight in barrenness and desolation. The convent itself is worthy of the severest influences of the most monkish ages. It is the only establishment I have ever met that satisfied all the ideas I had formed of the size of a monastery such as Mrs. Radcliffe or Dennis Jasper Murphy describes, and which is here so immense that, in the space occupied by its chief

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staircase alone, a large house might be built. . . . For two days I enjoyed walking about continually with the monks, the prior, and the Bishop of Toledo, who happened to be there.

The church of the convent would be reckoned among the large churches of Rome, and the beautiful ones of Italy. The instant I entered it, its light, disencumbered arches and dome, its broad, fine naves, and its massy, imposing pilasters reminded me of Palladio’s works at Venice. . . . Immediately below the chief altar is the Pantheon, the burial-place of the kings. It is small and circular, made of the richest marbles, and ornamented with bronze and precious stones, yet in a very plain, simple style of architecture, and from the solemn air that breathes through the whole of it, much better fitted to its purpose than the gorgeous burial-place of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The sarcophagi are all of bronze, and all alike, ranged one above another to the height, I think, of six, and each plainly marked with the name of him whose ashes it contains. Seven kings rest here, beginning with Charles V., and seven queens, since none are interred in this sacred and glorious cell but such as have given succession to the empire. . . . The libraries are an important part of this establishment. The lower one contains the printed books, all neatly bound in the same plain livery, with their edges gilt, and their names written on the gilding, which is thus placed outwards instead of a label, and gives a very gay appearance to the collection. It was Philip II. who began it, and therefore it contains a great many books in Spanish literature that are now extremely rare; though, as there is neither order nor catalogue, it is almost impossible to find them, and those I observed were hit upon by chance. The library above, which is the manuscript library, is, as everybody knows, a great mine which is yet but imperfectly explored. The whole number is 4300, of which 1805 are Arabic, 567 Greek, a great number of curious Castilian, which chiefly engaged my attention, etc., etc. Philip III. added to it an immense number of Arabic manuscripts,8 which he took at sea, on board a vessel bound to Morocco; it would now be beyond all price, but that the greater part of it was burnt in 1671. Since the time of Philip IV., who finished the ornaments of both the halls of the libraries, little has been added to either.

Among the manuscripts here should be mentioned those of their church service, which are the largest and most magnificent in their style of execution, illumination, etc., I ever saw, far before the famous ones of Florence. There are 220 of them, each so large that they can be carried only by two men on their shoulders. In the collection of reliques is a Greek manuscript of the Four Gospels, pretended—in an inscription that looks to be about the fourteenth century—to have belonged to St. Chrysostom. It is certainly ancient, written in initial capitals, etc., and deserves attention, if it has not received it.

The pictures which have been accumulated here are numerous, and scattered through the whole building,—in the aisles, the corri-

8 There is a complete Catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts by Cassini, in two folios. Madrid, 1770.
dors, the galleries, and even the very cells. The chief collections, however, are in the church, the sacristy, and the two halls where the monks hold their chapters. Of the Italian schools the most abundant is the Venetian, but it is of course the Spanish that prevails, among whose masters the most frequent are Mudo, Carvajal, etc. There are a great many prodigiously fine works by Spagnoletto and Bassano, a few by Correggio, Caracci, and Titian, and even the Roman school, with its great head, is not wanting. In statuary, too, they have something, especially a Saint Lorenzo of great beauty, that is evidently of ancient Greek workmanship, transformed by the power of the church to what it now is; and a Christ Crucified, by Benvenuto Cellini, very fine, which he mentions in his Life, and which, if I mistake not, is singular among the works of this original and eccentric genius.

With all these resources, with the society of the monks, who are in number one hundred and twenty-three, and with the delightful music of the church, which, whether heard in its lofty, solemn naves, or echoed through the interminable aisles, that make the whole convent a labyrinth, falls on the ear like magic—with these resources I passed two short and very happy days at the Escorial.

It was at sundown, on the evening of the 2nd, that I took leave of the prior and the bishop, and mounted my post-horse for St. Ildefonso. We galloped up the side of the mountain, by a fine bright evening, and descending partly down on the other side, came to St. Ildefonso—or, as it is commonly called here, La Granja—at ten o'clock, severely chilled, though in the plain the heat of the dog-star still rages; for St. Ildefonso is situated where no other monarch's palace is, in the region of the clouds, since it is higher up than the crater of Vesuvius, and precisely at that elevation where the great clouds are commonly formed in summer.9

I sent my letter of introduction to Count Guiaqui, a Peruvian nobleman of talent and an immense fortune, who was six years captain-general of his country, and has since refused the viceroyalty of Mexico. He called on me immediately, and brought the governor of the place, who offered me all sorts of civilities, and arranged my visit here, and at Segovia, in the pleasantest manner. The following morning I began my operations, conducted by Count Guiaqui, and, in the course of a most beautiful day, enjoyed all that is to be seen at this royal sitio. It is entirely the work of Philip V. Before his time there was nothing here but a farm-house, belonging to a convent of Segovia, which he bought, struck by the beauty of the situation and the refreshing coolness of the climate, which afforded a delightful retreat from the oppressive heat of Madrid in summer.

Philip was a Frenchman, who knew of nothing and conceived nothing more beautiful than Versailles. La Granja, therefore, is its miniature. There are three gates of entrance which form the front of the establishment,—the little village is within these gates, and before the palace, to which it serves only as offices and an appendage. Farther

9 See Humboldt, "Configuration du sol de l'Espagne."
LIFE but, but.

The first thing we went to see was the glass manufactory, a royal plaything established by Philip in 1726; but, what is remarkable, the only royal manufactory in Spain that yet pays its own expenses. The work is ordinary, and in general trifling. . . .

From the manufactory we went with the governor, who came to find us, to the palace. It is a mere repetition of Versailles in its outline and arrangement, and like that, has a fine façade towards the gardens, and a chapel in front where are deposited, in a plain sarcophagus, the bones of its founder. The interior is finer, and better preserved than that of the palace of the Escorial, and has still its furniture and a part of its pictures, though the best are in Madrid. . . . When we had finished all this we went to walk in the gardens, where my new friends showed me everything. . . . the fountains, and the great reservoir on the side of the mountain that supplies them, all still reminding me of Versailles in miniature, though the situation and scenery are vastly finer.

After this I went to dine with Count Guaiaqui,—the governor promising me, that, if I would come to the gardens at five o'clock, all the fountains should play,—a great compliment to me, or rather to my letter of introduction from the Prince Laval. At five o'clock, then, I was there, and soon afterwards the show began. It was a delicious evening, one worthy of the Bay of Naples, and the sun was fast setting behind the mountain, to the westward of us. The village was all assembled in the gardens to see the fête, and added not a little to its picturesque effect, by giving life and movement to the scene. The first exhibition was of sixteen fountains, in a line ascending the hill, and composed of several hundred jets d'eaux, so arranged as to make one coup-d'œil of singular beauty and variety. The setting sun fell upon the whole series, and each had its little rainbow dancing on the white spray it threw up, while the foliage of the trees amidst which it was seen, and which sometimes opened and sometimes closed the view, made it seem the work of enchantment. I thought of the gardens of Armida, and the celestial fountain, which Southey, in his "Kehama," has formed of the blended and conflicting elements, but for once the reality exceeded the efforts of imagination. I could not be weary with looking at it; but at last my conductor took me by the elbow, and I went to see the fountain of Diana, which is imitated from Versailles, and the most poetical thought I have ever seen in this kind of ornament; but the imitation is finer than the original, the baths of Diana, which is, I suppose, the most magnificent single fountain in the world; . . . but there was nothing so struck and delighted me as the first coup-d'œil, compared with which all there is at Versailles is a mere awkwardly combined plaything.

. . . In the morning I rode on to Segovia. . . . The first thing I did was to present a letter from Count Guaiaqui to the bishop,—a very respectable old man, who from an income of $30,000 a year gives $25,000 to the poor, and denies himself even the common luxury
of a coach, which his age and infirmities really require. He gave me his secretary, a lively young Peruvian, for my guide to see the city. . . . The first thing we went to see was the cathedral, a curious and regular mixture of the Gothic and Greek architecture, but otherwise not interesting. The next was the Roman Aqueduct, called by the people “Puente del Diablo,” for they have no idea such a stupendous work could be achieved by a personage of less authority and power. . . . It begins outside of the city, and traverses the valley on a hundred and fifty-nine arches in the upper row, but not quite so many below, and goes to the hill where stands the castle. It is built of square-hewn stones, united without cement or clamps, and is nevertheless so perfectly preserved, that it still serves the purpose for which it was built as well as when it was new; nobody knows its date, but it did not seem to me to be of the good ages of Roman architecture, though it is certainly one of the most solid and magnificent monuments that have come down to us from antiquity. . . .

My little secretary now resigned me into the secular hands of the general-commandant, to whom I also had letters, and who carried me immediately to see the military school of which he is the head. It is in the Alcazar, or castle, a remarkable building, whose front indicates a great antiquity, and whose ornaments and style are of the richest, most gorgeous Moorish architecture. It was once the residence of the kings of Castile, whose statues in wood, with those of the kings of Oviedo and Leon, from 700 to 1555, are all preserved here. For a long time, however, it was used only as a castle of state, and the last person that was confined here was Escoiquiz, in 1808. . . . It was Charles III. that established the military school here, where one hundred and thirty-two young men of noble birth are educated for the army. They have eight professors (all officers), . . . a respectable laboratory, a good philosophical apparatus, and an excellent military library of about twenty thousand volumes. . . . I am satisfied there is no public institution I have seen in Spain that is established on so good a footing, and so well, regularly, and successfully conducted as this is. . . .

Early in the morning of the 6th I mounted my post-horse and galloped over the mountains, . . . arrived at Madrid at four o’clock, so little fatigued, that, after dining and resting, I wrote all the evening, and at ten o’clock went to Prince Scilla’s, where I danced till midnight.
CHAPTER XI.

Journey through Southern Spain.—Aranjuez.—Cordova.—Visit to the Hermits.—Granada.—The Alhambra.—Malaga.—Gibraltar.—Cadiz.

JOURNAL.

On the evening of September 13, after dining with a few friends at Mr. Erving's, I mounted my post-horse at his door, to leave Madrid. It would be very ungrateful in me to say I left it without regret. I had come there with sad and dark thoughts; but, instead of the solitary, melancholy life I had imagined I was to lead, I found myself, on the whole, more pleasantly situated there, and passed my time, as I think, in some respects, more profitably than I have done anywhere in Europe. All these thoughts were present to my mind, with the recollections of the many kind and excellent friends I had made there, as I rode slowly and sadly down Calle de Alcalá; passed for the last time the Prado, in all its splendour and gala, where I regretted even to the king's coach that was just entering; and forcing my way through the crowd at the Gate of Atocha, and in the Delices, and galloping over the bed of the Manzanares, now dried up, entered the dreary plain round Madrid. . . . The night was so beautiful, so mild, so calm, that it might well have stilled agitations and regrets more serious than mine; . . . and before I arrived at Aranjuez I felt myself already hardened, and prepared for the long and difficult journey I had commenced.

The approach to this Royal Sitio1 is announced many miles beforehand, by the long rows of trees that line each side of the road, by the magnificent stone bridges that are thrown over every little stream and valley, and by circular openings, ornamented with seats, statues, and walks, for the benefit of the idle crowd that always followed the Court here, in the delicious months of the spring. At about half-past nine I entered this neat little city,2 built expressly in imitation of a Dutch village. . . . It was originally [the Palace]—I mean in the time of Charles V.—a mere hunting-lodge, and though the succeeding princes gradually enlarged it, . . . it remained little more than a fine country-house, until Charles IV.3—who seems to have had a sense for the beauties of nature, though he certainly had it for little else—made it his favourite residence, and added the Casa del Labrador and its immense gardens.

The Palace is an ordinary building, but full of pictures. Such Murillos, Velasquez, and Ribemans I had never seen, except a few in the Palace and Academy at Madrid; and I was delighted to find that the

1 Sitio, a country-seat.
2 Aranjuez.
3 Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was Charles I. of Spain. Charles IV. reigned from 1788 to 1808.
Marquis de Sta. Cruz had marked them all with his "M." for the new Royal Gallery, where they will be, for the first time, in a situation in which their merit will be known and felt.

What there is curious and interesting in architecture, here, is the Casa del Labrador, or as we should translate it, "The Farm-house," —a little plaything of Charles IV.,—standing in the midst of a fine wood, about half a mile from the Palace. It is the merest little jewel. There is but one suite of apartments in it, and only two large saloons; all the rest being divided into small rooms, cabinets, etc., each ornamented with beautiful embroidered tapestry; the roofs painted in miniature frescoes, and the floors paved in mosaic. Everything, in short, has a neatness and perfection in its finish, and the whole has an air of comfort, and a preservation of unity in its style, such as I have seldom met; while in the richness of its ornaments, which are often of gold and sometimes of platina, it is absolutely unrivalled.

The Sitio of Aranjuez, however, is not to be so much considered in relation to its architecture and ornaments, as in relation to its natural situation and the beauty of its scenery. It stands in a valley formed by the Tagus, which winds gracefully through it, and forms one large island in front of the Palace,—where is the principal garden,—and two waterfalls, that have been managed by art so as to produce a considerable effect. This is to be regarded as merely the central point of the establishment, while on all sides, where the valley opens, fine groves have been formed, picturesque alleys and walks cut, and rural ornaments distributed for many miles round; so that as a park, or, in fact, as a fine country establishment, there are few, I suspect, in Europe, to compare with it. . . .

Aranjuez, like the Escorial and St. Ildefonso, marks its Fasti with several famous events, of which the most remarkable is the last. I mean the Revolution, which finally broke out here, on the 17th-18th March, 1808, and the meeting in October, of the Central Junta, which fled before the approach of the French to Seville, on the 21st November. This flight probably finishes the history of the political importance of Aranjuez; but its exquisite scenery, and all the beauties which nature has so lavishly poured around it, and which, from the time of Argenso to that of Quintana, have been one of the favourite subjects of Spanish poetry, will remain the same, whether cultivated and cherished by royal favour and taste, or suffered to wanton in their native luxuriance.

On the afternoon of the 14th I left Aranjuez and came on to Ocaña, the city whose name often occurs in the ancient Spanish ballads, and whose architecture still bears traces of its Moorish origin. . . . In the evening I came on fifty-five miles to Madrilejos. . . . Here I had a singular proof of Spanish fidelity and hospitality. My license to post was endorsed with a particular order from the Ministry, that the postmasters should receive me with attention, and give me any assist-

4 Southey gives this as the date of a proclamation issued from Aranjuez by the Junta, and describes their retreat later, without specifying the day.
ance I might need. The one at Madrilejos showed, from the moment I entered his house, a kind of dignified obedience to this order, which struck me; and on his relating a story of a robbery, when three thousand reals were taken, and my reply that, in a similar case, less would be taken from me, he began to suspect that I might be in want of money. At first, therefore, he slightly intimated that if I wanted anything, I might be sure he would supply my needs; and finding I did not reply very directly, pressed me further,—offered me money at once, and would not be satisfied until I proved to him that I was in no want, or fear of it. This was no empty offer; I am sure I might have commanded that man's purse and house.

On the 15th I made an easy journey of seventy miles, for the Post is so rapid, and so little fatiguing, that eight hours is enough for it, and it can be done without real weariness. I went out of my way a little, to see where the Guadiana disappears,—a phenomenon which is no less interesting than extraordinary. The precise spot is nowhere so well marked as in the map to Pellicer's Don Quixote, where it is settled with great accuracy, on account of what Montesinos says to Durandarte, in the cave.

The 16th, early in the morning, I came through Sta. Cruz, the splendid fief of the Marquis, who is son-in-law to the Duchess of Ossuna, and soon afterwards came to the famous passage of the Sierra Morena which divides La Mancha from Andalusia, and which I traversed, at the point where Don Quixote gave their liberty to the galley slaves. It is a long range of dark mountains, which have little striking in their forms; one of the gorges is, however, fine; and the great number of eagles with which it abounds, and which sail over your head at a height that hardly permits you to hear their cries, strike the imagination like poetry, and announce to you that you are in one of the original, undisturbed solitudes of nature.

At the foot of the mountains I entered La Carolina, the chief place of a colony of Germans, brought here by Charles III., and distributed through about twenty neat little villages he here built for them. They are in a delicious situation, well built, and in a flourishing condition; full of an industrious population, that furnishes a great quantity of articles in the common arts, such as wooden clocks, coarse earthenware, etc., etc., to all Spain. Carolina is really a beautiful

5 Mr. Ticknor described this mode of travelling as pleasant; the courier, with the mail, riding a few yards before him; both mounted on small horses, which were changed every hour, going steadily at an easy gallop. To secure some change of position, during a journey of many hours, the stirrups were made extremely short at starting, and gradually lengthened, as the day went on. Mr. Ticknor had his own saddle, of course, and carried, attached to it, a skin of wine, and a haversack with bread, and, occasionally, some other food.

6 The passage here mentioned is as follows: "Your squire, Guadiana, lamenting his hard fate, was, in like manner, metamorphosed into a river that bears his name; yet still so sensible of your disaster, that when he first arose out of the bowels of the earth, to flow along its surface, and saw the sun in a strange hemisphere, he plunged again under ground, striving to hide his melting sorrows from the world."—Don Quixote, Part II. Chap. XXIII.
town, with fine buildings, spacious walks, and all the marks of wealth and comfort in the population; and the whole colony, extending from the foot of the Sierra Morena to near Baylen, forms a singular contrast, by its neatness and industry, with the squalid poverty that marks the villages of La Mancha and Castile.

It was in this delightful spot that I first observed the change of climate that might be expected on passing so considerable a chain of mountains. The balmy mildness of the evening air, just such as I had felt it a year ago on descending the Alps; the reappearance of large groves of olives, which are so rare and meagre in Castile; and the hedges of aloes, which I had not seen since I left the coast of Catalonia,—all proved that I had come into what may, without impropriety, be called the Italy of Spain.

In the morning [of the 17th] I rode along, still through the same delicious country, and came at last upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, which I kept continually in view, until, passing the superb stone bridge of Alcolea, the turrets and domes of Cordova appeared in the horizon before me. A half an hour afterwards I entered the city, having ridden, between four o'clock and eleven, sixty-three miles ....

The epoch of the splendour of Cordova is, of course, between 755 and 1030. ... The remains of the luxury and magnificence of this grand epoch in the Moorish annals are not to be mistaken at Cordova. The ruins of the Palace of the Kings, where the Inquisition now stands, on the bank of the Guadalquivir, and one of the bridges, which, however, is partly of Roman architecture, would be considered very curious in any other part of the world; and, undoubtedly, we should everywhere find more distinct and more magnificent traces of this singular people, if they had not been so carefully obliterated by the conquerors when they entered, in the thirteenth century, and if the monuments, which even they spared and respected, had not been overturned by a tremendous earthquake in 1589.

One, however, still remains to us; and one, too, that so completely fills and satisfies the imagination, that a stranger at Cordova hardly regrets or remembers what he has lost. I mean the Cathedral, still in the popular language called the Mezquita, the grandest of all the monuments of Arabic architecture; for, between Bagdad and the Pillars of Hercules, nothing to be compared to it is to be found. Abderrahman I. began its construction in 786, and his two successors enriched and finished it. It is one of the largest churches in the world, five hundred and thirty-four feet long and three hundred and eighty-seven feet six inches wide, built of a fine stone, and forming nineteen naves, supported by eight hundred and fifty columns. The coup d'œil, on entering, is magnificent. Nothing but St. Peter's equals it; not even the vast Gothic churches of the North, or the Cathedral of Milan; besides that it has the charm of entire novelty in its form, style, and tone. In all these it is still essentially and purely Arabic. The beauty of its marbles, the curious mixture of the Eastern, the Western, and the Northern styles in its architecture,—which has confounded the inquiries of the learned as to the origin of the style called Gothic,—and the minute delicacy and graceful lightness of its
ornaments, combined with the grand effect produced by the whole imposing mass of the edifice, whose thousand columns make you feel as if you were in the labyrinths of a forest, altogether render it not only the first thing of its kind in the world, but one of the most curious of all the monuments of the wealth and power of man.

Until 1528 it remained precisely as when the Moors left it; and even now the only considerable alteration is the construction of a chapel in the centre, which, however, is so hidden by the columns, that, from many parts of the church, it cannot even be seen.

You enter by the court and portico, where the faithful, like Moses, put off their shoes because it was holy ground. The very fountains still flow there which flowed for their ablutions; and the orange-trees, the cypresses, and the palms, which still form its refreshing shade, harmonize with the Eastern associations and imagery the edifice itself awakens in the imagination. On the inside, you are continually passing Arabic inscriptions taken from their holy books; you see the sanctuary where they preserved the volumes of the Koran; you enter the dark recess where the doctors met for the exposition of the law; and you sit in the very seat where sat that long and splendid line of proud Moorish kings, from Abderrahman to Hisem.

The Mosque, however, as the popular feeling still insists on calling it, was not the only thing that interested me in Cordova. A visit that I made on the 19th to the hermits that live in the mountains, about ten miles from the city, gave me a view of the human character on a side where I had not before seen it, or, at least, had caught only some imperfect and indistinct glimpses of it. The Duke de Rivas and his brother Don Angel called on me at five o'clock in the morning on horseback. They were dressed in the picturesque and ancient costume of the country, such as the Picadores wear at Madrid, and which the Andalusian gentlemen and nobility often put on, because it is really very beautiful and rich, and because it is, besides, popular, and produces a good effect when they go among their peasantry and vassals, whose own dress, in very humble forms and materials, it still remains.

It was a beautiful morning; their horses and the one they brought for me were fine Arabians, and we rode gaily up the dark sides of the Sierra until nearly eight o'clock, when we had almost reached the summit. There, by the side of a little fountain that gushed from the rocks, we found a cloth spread on the ground and covered with a breakfast of cold meats, fruits, and wine, which the Duke had sent up beforehand. In this romantic spot, under the shade of some pomegranate trees, and with a magnificent view of Cordova, the rich plain that spreads for fifty miles above and below it, and the Guadalquivir winding through the whole of it, we stretched ourselves on the grass, and I made a breakfast such as is so often described in works of fiction, but which I never realized before, and which I can never forget. When we had finished, we walked up the rest of the mountain, as the passage had now become too steep and difficult for the horses; and on the summit, or rather just below it, so as to shelter themselves

7 In the bull-fights.
from the north winds and give them a southern aspect, we found this very extraordinary establishment.

Its origin is not well known. The hermits pretend that it has existed ever since the time Christianity came into Spain, though not precisely on the spot where it now is; but all that is certain is, that about two hundred and fifty years ago a nobleman of Cordova, wearied with the world, retired to this solitude and was soon after followed by others, who were attracted by his reputation for sanctity to imitate the austerity of his life and devotions. Their number was shortly so great that they chose one to govern the establishment, and from 1613 they have regular Fasti. . . . Thirty-four that now live there are shut up, each in his little cell, which stands separate from all the others. They never speak together but on especial occasions, with leave of their head; they never see each other but at mass, once a day; never sleep on anything but boards; never eat anything but vegetables nor drink anything but water, and refuse all alms in money or in anything else that does not serve as the immediate means of subsistence. They have a little church, plain and simple, where the Elder Brother—Hermano Mayor, as he is called—lives; and the little cabins of each of the hermits, though not squalid or miserable, are small, and absolutely destitute of everything that can be called either the comforts or the conveniences of life. . . . Over the door is the skull of one of its former tenants, and within, before the crucifix, there is commonly another. Nine times a day they perform their devotions, at a signal given from the church, which is answered by a bell from each cell; and if there be any faith in wan and suffering countenances, the bloody thongs I saw, hanging up before their humble altars, are but the proofs of the cruel severity of their secret mortifications.

With all this, they are of no religious order, have made no profession and taken no vow, and can go from their hermitage as freely as they came to it; and yet, such secret charms has this life, that there is no instance remembered, or on record, of any one who has returned to the world. Neither have they been men who came here from the lowest classes of society, ignorant of the pleasures of this world, for there is hardly a noble family in Cordova that has not furnished more than one hermit. There are four or five such there now, besides one that has been a colonel in the army, another that commanded a frigate, and fought bravely at Trafalgar. . . . The Elder Brother himself, who has been there twenty-six years, might, if he would return to his family, claim a title and fortune; but these things have lost all charms for him. Yet a more benevolent countenance and manners, or more unaffected kindness, I have rarely seen. He inquired of the Duke very minutely about his friends and relations, told him many anecdotes of their youth, and but for the solitude of his cell, his sackcloth, and his flowing beard, it would have been difficult to say he was anything but a well-bred gentleman, a little touched, indeed, in the tones of his voice and in the forms of his expressions, by the softening and humbling hand of adversity and suffering, but still preserving the unpretending and natural dignity of his character and the ease and grace of his manners. He carried us through the
whole establishment, and suffered the brothers to talk to us. Some did it willingly and even gaily, others with reluctance and in mono-
syllables only. . . . It was altogether one of the most extraordinary
and interesting spectacles I have seen in Europe, and . . . left an
impression on my feelings and fancy that can never pass away. . . .

I remained in Cordova in all two days and a half, and was not a little amused with what I saw of the people and society there. It is altogether different from what I had seen in Madrid. The Castilians are gay in their own private circles; the Andalussians are gay always and everywhere, and they have an open-heartedness towards strangers which, if it be not a more efficient hospitality than you meet at
the North, is much more fascinating. The nobility is rich, and gener-
ally agricultural, fond of a country life and country amusements,
great hunters, bull-baiters, and Picadores; and, above all, proud of
having fine horses and cattle. It is in these rich plains that I first
realized the truth of Roxas' description of Castañar's wealth and the
nature of his incomes, for I was often shown estates where were kept
from three to five hundred horses, a thousand cattle, etc., etc., for these
are the strength and resources of the country. Each evening I spent
at the Marquis de Villaseca's, the richest man in Cordova, and the
pleasantest house there, as I was told in Madrid. Few people go
there, but those that do, go familiarly and intimately; and, to me at
least, the society was interesting and amusing. The Marquis himself
is a young man, with ninety thousand dollars a year, easy, good-
natured, kind-hearted, hospitable, and ignorant; with a house full
of old domestics, whose ancestors have been in his family—as is the
custom here—from untold generations, and who therefore treat him
with great respect, to be sure, but still great familiarity. . . .

The Duke de Rivas is a true Andalussian nobleman, loving hunting
and horses, delighted with living among his own vassals, and promot-
ing good agriculture; a brave and successful soldier, and a dexterous
Picador. Don Angel, whom he loves, I am told, affectionately, is cer-
tainly one of the most extraordinary young men I have met in Spain.
He has a fine person, a beautiful face, full of genius, has written several
plays that have been well received in the Spanish theatres, painted a
large piece that made much noise in the last exhibition at Madrid;
is as brave as Caesar, since he has eleven severe wounds in his body
received from the French; and, with all this, is very modest, simple,
and elegant in his manners, and a pure Andalussian in the gaiety of
his temper, his horsemanship, and his love of bull-fights and dexterity
as a Picador. I really passed my evenings very happily with them.
The amusements were dancing, singing, etc., and the evening before


8 Allusion to a play by Francisco de Roxas, called Del Rey abaxo Ninguno.
9 Don Angel afterwards became Duke de Rivas. He was always affection-
ately remembered by Mr. Ticknor and some interchange of books and letters
occurred between them in later years. In the Preface to the first edition of the
"History of Spanish Literature," this Duke de Rivas is spoken of as one "who,
like the old nobles of the proudest days of the monarchy, has distinguished
himself alike in arms, in letters, and in the civil government and foreign diplo-
macy of his country."
I came away, they danced their national dances in the national costumes, to gratify my curiosity, so that I stayed until almost morning, as much as if I had been an Andalusian. . . .

On the 20th, very early in the morning, I left Cordova, and returned upon my steps as far as Andujar, where I dined. There I turned off, and plunging at once into the mountains, continued travelling through a broken and picturesque country, where, though there was only a road for horses, I often met considerable towns, and almost always with some strong Moorish fortification near them, until four o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, when, after having ridden twenty-four hours successively with the mail-post, for safety, I entered Granada. . . .

After resting myself a little, I went to the palace of the Archbishop, and presented my letter from the Nuncio. The Archbishop is an old man of nearly seventy, but so well preserved that he does not look like fifty-five, plain in his manners and almost rude, and with a strong air of genuine ecclesiastical decision and authority in all he does and says. After talking with him a few minutes, he took me by the coat, and carrying me into a large suite of apartments, gave me the key, and said, "There, sir, these rooms are yours, and this servant is at nobody's orders but yours as long as you are in Granada; but you will make use of them or not, just as you please, for I never shall inquire. Moreover, I dine at two o'clock every day, and you will always have a plate on my table; but if you don't come I shall not complain of it, for I mean you should do exactly as you please." It was certainly the most rudely and heartily hospitable reception that could be given to a stranger, and his conduct afterwards showed that it was all to be taken literally and in earnest, for there was nothing he did not do for me during the two days I was in Granada.

One great source of my amusement in his palace was the comic recollections of Gil Blas, his ill-timed fidelity, and its ungrateful reward; and often, when I was talking with the Archbishop, and the thought of the irresistibly droll scenes that Le Sage has placed here came into my mind, I could hardly prevent myself from laughing aloud. The parallel, however, certainly does not hold very strictly in the present incumbent. He is undoubtedly a good man, as everybody says; he gives away nearly all his ecclesiastical incomes to the poor; three hundred are fed at his door every day, as I have seen; he supports two charity schools in every town of his archbishopric; educates all the foundlings, etc., etc., and lives liberally and hospitably on his private fortunes, consecrating to religion all he receives from it. But he is not a man to write homilies; and, indeed, with strong masculine sense, and even a bold, original style of thought and talk, he is one of the most grossly superstitious and ignorant men I ever met; and his chief favourite, instead of being a shrewd, original, practical fellow, like Gil Blas, is a humble, insinuating little priest without talent or culture. I recollect that in giving me an account of an irreligious man, he said, "He believes neither in God, Christ, nor even the Virgin"; and in describing a library he has at Xerez, he said, that among the MSS. there were autographs of every one of the
apostles and prophets, most of which had wrought and still work miracles.¹.

The Cathedral is not very extraordinary, though still a fine church, and remarkable chiefly for an admirable dome supported by twelve arches. It was begun by Ferdinand and Isabella, chiefly built by Charles V., and finished by Philip II., but was interesting to me only for a few good pictures, and for the Chapel of the Kings, where are deposited the bodies of Ferdinand and Isabella. . . .

The Convent of the Carthusians is also due to the Catholic kings, and is, after the Escorial, the finest I ever saw for its architecture, extent, and magnificence. Yet no monks except the order of La Trappe live so severely. They never eat meat, and only once in a week speak together. They live shut up in their cells the rest of the time, and if, from any accident, they meet, they stop an instant, cross themselves, and one says, instead of all other salutation, “Brother, we must die;” to which the only answer is, “Brother, I know it;” after which they cross themselves again and pass on. By order of the Archbishop, I was permitted to see their manner of life, their cells, etc.; and their austerities made me shudder. I would rather have been with the hermits of Cordova, where at least I should have had a beautiful and smiling nature always before me, than in the dreary, dark, cheerless solitude of this magnificent convent. . . .

Granada was originally divided into four quarters, which still exist and are easily to be traced. Three were given to the people, but the fourth, the famous Alhambra, was reserved for the Court, and is still everywhere covered with bold, striking ruins of the peculiar style of Moorish luxury. It is a considerable hill, at whose base flow the waters of the Douro and Xenil, and beyond which lie the city, the delicious plain of Granada, dotted everywhere with convents and villages, and the dark mountains of the Sierra Nevada. On this hill—which was once strongly walled and fortified as a kind of citadel—stood the palaces and gardens of the Moorish kings, and around it were scattered the establishments of the Court and nobility, so that the whole Alhambra, with its guards, consisted of a population of forty thousand souls. The ruins that remain are worthy monuments of the glory and splendour that once inhabited them. You go up by a fine elm walk and enter the Gate of Judgment, where the Moorish kings sat in the patriarchal manner of the East to administer justice to all who came to ask it. You pass through the immense halls of their palaces, through their bathing-apartments, through the queen’s toilet-room and the room where she perfumed herself, through the magnificent saloon of the ambassadors, through the beautiful recesses of the women’s apartment, and amidst the exquisite beauties and refreshing shades and fountains of the hanging gardens of the Gene-

¹ In conversation, Mr. Ticknor described the Archbishop at his breakfast, chatting freely on all subjects, while the little chaplain knelt by his side on a hassock, fluently reciting the prayers from the breviary, and his Reverence always responding at the proper moment with scarcely an interruption of his talk.
ralife. All this is in the light, gay, luxurious style of the Arabian architecture, which so singularly marks the peculiar characters of their genius and imagination, and is so different from the severe purity of the Greek and Roman taste and the gloomy grandeur of the spirit of the North. The different degrees, too, in which all this is preserved or ruined, add much to the general effect of the whole.

Here you pass under superb rows of oaks and elms, whose size and regularity prove to you that they are the same where those proud kings walked who claimed to themselves the titles of emperor and sultan; and a little farther on, you find yourself in a thicket as wild as the original fastnesses of nature. Sometimes you meet with a fountain that still flows as it did when tales of Arabian nights were told on its borders, and sometimes you find the waters burst from their aqueducts and babbling over the ruins of the palaces or pouring in cascades from the summit of the crumbling fortifications. Sometimes the architecture is preserved, even to the very minutest of its most delicate ornaments, as in the queen’s toilet, the luxurious bathing-rooms, and the saloon of the ambassadors, and sometimes it has been broken by earthquakes into grand masses of picturesque ruins covered with the graceful drapery of the ivy and the vine; while, for a vast distance around, the remains of immense gardens are apparent in the garden flowers that still grow wild there, in the pomegranate and palm trees that spring up in every thicket, and in the profusion of waters that were the peculiar and characteristic luxury of the Arabs, and which still, brought by their aqueducts from the neighbouring mountains, are everywhere seen winding down the sides of the hill and hastening to join the Xenil and the Douro in the fertile plain below.

I wandered here for hours, meeting at every instant something to delight and surprise me, resting under the shade of a palm-tree, sitting amidst the refreshing coolness of the minute fountains the Arabs invented only to temper the heat, or enjoying the magnificent view from the summit of the Generalife, which, taking in the plain below, traversed by four streams and bounded by mountains, is more like an original to Milton’s description of Paradise than the Val d’Arno, or anything else I have seen in Europe. At length, the sun set upon my unsatisfied eagerness, and the twilight began to fade below. I came down slowly and reluctantly; returned to the Archbishop’s and talked it all over with him; went to bed and dreamt of it, and the next morning, at half-past five o’clock, was again on the summit of the Generalife, with my eyes again fastened on the same enchanting scenery and prospect. The morning was as beautiful as the evening had been. The plain became gradually illuminated, and the mountains beyond passed from gray to purple, and from purple to gold, as I gazed upon them. The birds were everywhere rejoicing at the return of day, in the groves and gardens of the Alhambra, as gaily as if it were still the chosen seat of Arabian luxury; and the convents in the city and its environs were just ringing their matins. In the nearest I could occasionally catch the tones of the organ and the choir, while from the most remote the tolling of the bell had almost died away before it reached me in the intervals of the morning breeze.
All was in harmony,—the hour, the season, and the scene; and when the sun rose, it rose on one of the most splendid and glorious prospects in the world.

The old Archbishop was delighted at breakfast-time to find I had been again at the Alhambra, for in his veneration for this wonderful ruin he is little better than a Mahometan. He sent me out, however, directly afterwards, with his rude kind of hospitality, to see the city itself. It is a good city, like any other, with a few fine houses belonging to the nobility; but what most struck me was the Moorish character so often apparent. I first noticed it in the curious form, arrangement, and splendour of the silk market, which is substantially as it was in the fifteenth century: afterwards in the more showy and rich dresses of the people, in the paintings on the outside of their houses, or in the minute and delicate ornaments of their architecture, and in the awnings over their courts, in their verandas, and in the profusion of waters distributed through their houses, so that they sometimes have a jet d'eau in every room. The last thing in which I noticed it was in their language, as in their salutation, "Dios guarde a vin," and in their accent, which makes an h guttural, as in Alhambra, Alhama, harto, etc., all which are completely Moorish; as well as a general tone perceptible in the ways and dress of the common people.

At dinner, the Archbishop had invited a good many persons to meet me, and thus made the last hours of my visit to Granada pleasant, for I was obliged to go away this very evening (September 25). I would have stayed until the morning, though only to rest myself, but the "Corzarios," or company that trades between Granada and Malaga, set off at five o'clock, and the roads are so infested with robbers that no other mode of travelling is safe. We commenced our march, therefore, about thirty strong, with about an hundred mules of burden and six persons like myself, who travelled with them for a protection the government does not pretend to give. The only one that interested me was Count Polentinos, whom I had known at the Archbishop's, a young man of some knowledge in physical science, that is, for a Spanish nobleman. He is of Madrid, and had been at Granada for a lawsuit, which has been pending in the Spanish courts two hundred and eleven years, and which, though he confidently believes he has gained and terminated it, is yet not so completely closed that his adversary cannot disturb him with one more appeal. This is a specimen of Spanish justice, and the Count related to me several similar instances of promptitude in its administration, not less characteristic.

2 In a letter to Mr. Daveis, December 5, 1818, Mr. Ticknor says: "The Alhambra, a name which will make my blood thrill if I live to the frosts of a century, not that the pleasure I received, on wandering over the immense extent of these most graceful and most picturesque of all ruins, was like the quiet, hallowed delight of a solitary, secret visit to the Coliseum or the Forum, when the moonbeams slept upon the wrecks of three empires and twenty-five hundred years, for it was nothing of all this; but it was a riotous, tumultuous pleasure, which will remain in my memory, like a kind of sensual enjoyment, as long as it has vivacity enough to recall the two days I passed amidst this strange enchantment."
We entered at once into the mountains that surround Granada on this side as on all others, and came on that night to Alhama to sleep. The next day we continued several leagues farther in the same kind of country, sometimes even in regions refreshed by the eternal snows that rested on the chain above us, and often through a very rude, picturesque scenery, marked by the remains of Moorish castles and fortifications. As we approached Velez Malaga, however, all this gradually changed. The heats came upon us most oppressively in the valleys; the peasants were all out, drying and packing their Muscadel raisins for our market and the English; the road was lined with aloes, which I now for the first time saw, shooting up their immense blossoms to the height of thirty feet, and looking at a distance like young pines. The palm-trees, dates, and pomegranates grew more frequent; and at last we came to what I had so often heard talked of, and what proved to me completely that I was now in a tropical climate, I mean a regular plantation of the sugar-cane.

[On the 27th], at nine o'clock, I gladly entered the busy little city of Malaga. The inhabitants—I mean those I knew in a visit of only three days—I found hospitable as the spirit of commerce always makes a people, and frank, open, and giddy, as everybody knows the Andalusians are. Count Cabarrus and his family, and the house of Mr. Rouse would have done anything for me, and, in fact, did much; but Count Teba and the Bishop, who interested me and amused me much more, made it quite unnecessary.

I knew Mad. de Teba in Madrid, when she was there on a visit last summer; and from what I saw of her then, and here where I saw her every day, I do not doubt she is the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain. Young and beautiful, educated strictly and faithfully by her mother, a Scotchwoman,—who, for this purpose, carried her to London and Paris, and kept her there between six and seven years,—possessing extraordinary talents, and giving an air of originality to all she says and does, she unites, in a most bewitching manner, the Andalusian grace and frankness to a French facility in her manners, and a genuine English thoroughness in her knowledge and accomplishments. She knows the five chief modern languages well, and feels their different characters, and estimates their literatures aright; she has the foreign accomplishments of singing, playing, painting, etc., and the national one of dancing, in a high degree. In conversation she is brilliant and original; and yet, with all this, she is a true Spaniard, and as full of Spanish feelings as she is of talent and culture. One night I saw her play, in the house of one of her friends, before about fifty people, the chief part in Quintana’s tragedy of “Pelayo.” The whole exhibition of the evening was interesting, and especially so to me, for it was got up in the true old Spanish style, first with a Loa to the governor, then the tragedy, then an Entremes; afterwards a Tonadilla in national costume, followed by the Bolero; and, finally, a Saynete. But it was the Countess de Teba—who played her part like a Corinne, and who, in fact, has more reminded me of Corinne than any woman I have seen—that carried off
every movement of approbation. It was after all this gaiety that I very sadly bade her farewell for ever, and a couple of hours afterwards, at four o'clock in the morning, mounted my horse for Gibraltar.

The Bishop [of Malaga] . . . . is about fifty years old, possessed of uncommon talents and eloquence, dignified, and a little formal in his manners, and cautious, adroit, and powerful in conversation. When he was canon at Toledo, he was a representative in the Cortes and much remarked for his eloquence, where there were certainly no common competitors, and, what does he him yet more honour, he was one of the three chosen to draw up the famous free constitution, and is considered as its chief author. This is the bright side of his character. Now reverse the medal, and he is cunning, obsequious to his superiors and hard to his dependents, loving all kinds of splendour, and a glutton. As I brought an especial letter to him from the Nuncio, he made a great dinner for me, to which he invited the Governor, the Captain of the Port, Count Teba, and all the persons he was aware I knew, several of the nobility of the city, etc., in all about forty persons. His cook made good the boast it is said he ventured, when the Bishop received him, "that the king should not dine so well as the Bishop of Malaga," for such a luxurious dinner I have rarely beheld, and never one so elaborate. The bread, as he told me himself, came from five-and-twenty miles, because the baker is better; all the water is brought on mules fifty miles, from a fountain that has the reputation of stimulating the appetite and promoting digestion; he had meats on the table from every part of Spain, pastry from Holland, and wines from all over Europe. In short, taking his eloquence, his culture, and his dinner together, he is as near the original of Gil Blas' Bishop of Granada as a priest of the nineteenth century need be; and if he should ever come to the archbishopric, which is probable, nothing will be wanting but the shrewd, practical secretary, to complete the group which Le Sage has so admirably drawn.

My journey to Gibraltar was bad. The first day it rained the whole time, so that I was wet through to the skin, and yet was able to advance no farther than Marbella, where I was received by the hostess of the poor little inn with a genuine, faithful kindness I can never forget. This is generally the case in Spain. If you really want assistance, if you are really suffering, you are sure to meet nothing but good-will. In Gibraltar I remained from the morning of the 30th September to noon on the 3rd of October, and passed my time

3 Thirty years after this, M. de Puibusque, author of "L'Histoire comparée des Littératures Française et Espagnole," being in Boston and much with Mr. Ticknor, spoke with great admiration of the Countess de Montijo, describing the brilliancy of her talent, and the variety of her culture and accomplishments. Mr. Ticknor said he had known but one lady in Spain to whom such a description could apply, and had believed her to be the only one; but she was Countess de Teba. M. de Puibusque explained that it was the same person, under a title later inherited. Mr. Ticknor mentioned this in a letter to Don Pascual de Gayangos (August 20, 1849), and sent a message to Mad. de Montijo, who recollected him and returned his greeting. The Empress Eugenie is her daughter.
pleasantly, except that it made me not a little homesick to find so many countrymen there, to hear English everywhere talked, and to look forth from the summit of the rock upon the Atlantic, which I had not seen for above three years, and which seems but a slight separation between me and my home.

The governor, General Don, to whom I had letters, was very kind to me and sent me through all the fortifications, and gave me for my guide an officer who explained it all to me, without which I should hardly have been wiser than before I went. As I passed along from one battery to another, until I had seen eleven hundred cannon that could be manned in fifteen minutes, it seemed to me as if it were a luxury and waste of fortification; as if it could be defended against all the world with half the present means, as in fact it was in 1705, 1728, and 1782, when half the means did not exist; and as I went through the famous galleries, it seemed to me almost as if men were useless there, and as if the Rock could defend itself. The town is very pleasant, for English industry and wealth have made it so in defiance of nature. I have seen few towns of the same size more neat or more comfortable, and, what is yet more extraordinary, still fewer that have so many or so fine gardens. Indeed, a genuine horticulture has been carried so far under the present excellent governor, that, instead of depending on the neighbouring villages, Gibraltar exports to them different kinds of vegetables through the whole year. Notwithstanding this, however, everything has, as it ought to have, a military character and tone. The houses are painted dark, so as to mask them from an enemy; the walls are esplanades and batteries: the squares made for reviews: and even the hospitable dinner-table of the governor is made of planks from one of the bomb-ships engaged in the siege of 1782, and the candlesticks in his drawing-room are made of some of the brass ordnance of the famous floating batteries.

The road from Gibraltar to Cadiz is dreary, passing almost always through a good soil, but one much neglected, unpeopled, and uncultivated.

I remained [at Cadiz] two days, but saw no one monument of architecture, other than military, to attract my notice; almost nothing in painting, for the few collections there were are scattered, and nothing in letters, except the fine Spanish library of the Hanseatic Consul, Böhl von Faber. The few persons I knew, especially the women, answered well to the character for grace, lightness, and gaiety they have had, from the time of Martial to that of Lord Byron: but, as all have admitted, there are few people here that attract a solid esteem for their cultivation.

4 Later, General Sir George Don, G.C.B. The name always puzzled the Spaniards, who asked, "Don what?"

5 In a note to the "History of Spanish Literature," Mr. Ticknor says, "Few foreigners have done so much for Spanish literature as Böhl von Faber," and mentions his daughter as "one of the most popular of the living writers of Spain," her novelas appearing under the pseudonyme of Fernan Caballero.
CHAPTER XII.

Seville.—Cathedral.—Spanish School of Painting.—Sir John Downie.—Journey to Lisbon with Contrabandists.—Cintra.—Portuguese Society.

JOURNAL.

On the 8th of October I embarked in the steamboat that plies on the river as far as Seville; and, after rather a pleasant and favourable passage, ... arrived in the evening at the ancient capital of Andalusia. It is admirably situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain, and is surrounded with the ancient Moorish wall, that was so terribly defended against St. Ferdinand. Under the Arabs, it was one of the largest and richest cities in Spain; and, on its surrender, nearly three hundred thousand Moors, it is said, emigrated to Granada, and yet did not depopulate it; so that, in 1426, it had again above three hundred thousand souls within its walls. The circumstance that the American fleets came here, increased its wealth prodigiously, between the end of the fifteenth century and the year 1717, as its churches and convents sufficiently prove; but the expulsion of the Moors by Philip III. gave it a severe shock. The fall of the manufactures, on which its population depended, and which fell from the introduction of other modes of dress,—as those of Lyons afterwards did,—hastened its decay; and finally, the exclusive monopoly given to Cadiz, and the gradual filling up of its river,—which is now no longer navigable for large vessels, though it might again be made so,—completed its ruin, and it lies lifeless and inactive,—jacet ingens litore truncus,—with a population of hardly ninety thousand souls.

Amidst all this decay, however, Seville is one of the interesting cities of Spain, and for the arts and letters perhaps the most so; for the splendid epoch of the Moors, the residence of the early Castilian kings, and the wealth of the newly discovered Americas, have left behind them monuments of no common note; while, at the same time, the circumstance that there are curious Roman ruins in the neighbourhood, and that in the sixteenth century it was the capital seat of the genuine Spanish school in painting, increase its claims and its interest until, I am hardly disposed to doubt, they are unrivalled in Spain.

To begin, then, with the oldest. You pass out of Seville by the Faubourg Triana,—which is a corruption of Traiana,—and, after stopping an instant at the fine Convent of San Isidro del Campo to see the tomb of that Alfonso Perez de Guzman who gave a new escutecheon to the family of Medina Sidonia by the sacrifice of his son at the siege of Tarifa, you find on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, a league from the city, the extensive ruins of Italica. It was certainly the native place of Trajan and Silius Italicus, and may have given birth to Hadrian and Theodosius, for it seems hardly probable that the favour of one emperor could have spread out so large a city as the ruins
here indicate. The most interesting remains are of the walls, baths, etc., and especially of an amphitheatre and some mosaics, of which La Borde has given a detailed and interesting description, with a history of the city down to its final fall in the sixth century, in a folio volume published some years since at Paris. Everything, however, is neglected. The amphitheatre even is falling in every year; the mosaics, as I absolutely saw, are a part of a sheepfold, and, of course, more and more broken up every day; and the only person, I believe, who takes any interest in these curious remains, is a poor advocate of Seville, who comes out here on the feast days, and digs among them with his own hands, though what he has found and what I saw in the Alcazar might well excite to more important excavations, if there were either taste or curiosity in the government to be excited.

Next comes the Alcazar, formerly the palace of the Moorish kings, where I passed a great many pleasant hours, and dined daily, with its kind, open-hearted, chivalrous governor, Sir John Downie. In modern times it has been much altered and enlarged; but still there are a great many apartments, particularly the bathing-rooms and the hall of the ambassadors, that are Arabic, as is its general air, and its gardens of all flowers and fragrance, so that, notwithstanding its changes, it yet remains one of the very curious monuments of Arabian architecture.

[The Cathedral] is three hundred and ninety-eight feet long and two hundred and ninety-one feet wide, and altogether one of the most pure, solemn, and imposing specimens of the genuine, uncorrupted, unmixed Gothic style. Indeed, its great size, its immense naves, supported by the largest and finest columns of the kind, its rich chapels, whose walls are covered with the works of Murillo and Caño, and its ninety-three storied windows, painted in the best age of the art by the best artists, that were brought here for the purpose from different parts of Europe, entitle it to the rank claimed for it in Spain, that of one of the very finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. Annexed to the Cathedral, and belonging to it, is a library that must interest an American at least, since it was founded by Hernando Colón, a natural son of the discoverer of our country.

Seville, however, should also be considered as the capital seat of the genuine Spanish school in painting. It is to the Italian school what the Sylvanus and the Borghese Gladiator are to the Apollo and the Niobe; the perfection of human beauty, but nothing ideal, nothing taken from that hidden source of more than mortal grace and harmony, where Raphael stole the ideas for his Galatea, his Psyche, and his Madonnas, as Prometheus stole the fire of heaven. This is certainly wanting; yet, perhaps, no man ever stood before the works of Murillo here,—his Feeding the Five Thousand, and his Moses opening the Rock, in the Caridad, or his Assumption, in the Capuchinos,—and yet could be guilty of breathing a single regret at the recollections of Italy. . . . . The wonderful genius of Murillo can be studied and felt nowhere but at Seville, where he lived and died, and whose Cathedral, convents, and houses are full of his works. Velasquez, too, was a Sevillian; but he lived and laboured at Madrid, and must be
sought there in the Palace, and in the Academy of San Fernando; but except him, I believe there is no Spanish painter of high merit, that cannot be better understood at Seville than anywhere else, especially Herrera and Caño, who, with Velasquez and Murillo, are the great masters of the school.

Of the people of Seville I saw a good deal and under different aspects during the week I was there; that is, a good deal for so short a period. The lower classes are gay almost to folly, or, at least, were so at that moment, for it was the season of the great annual fair at Santiponce. To this fair all Seville goes out, during a week, every day. There are nothing but playthings, showy ornaments, and other trifles sold there; and as they come back into the city, a crowd is stationed at the bridge and for half a mile farther up, that abuses them with Andalusian volubility for their finery, which they gaily hold out and as gaily defend. In short, it is a kind of carnival, and I used to walk out that way for half an hour in the evening, to witness and enjoy this singular and striking exhibition of the light-hearted gaiety of the popular character here, which, like the Roman, never passes to excess from this kind of excitement, as the character of the North does; for in London or Berlin you could not have such a crowd and such abuse as I heard without quarrels.

I knew in Seville a good many ecclesiastics,—Guzman, who once commanded a Spanish frigate and is now a canon of the Cathedral, old, and one of the mildest, kindest, and most elegant gentlemen I remember to have met; Pereyra, very rich, with some learning and a great deal of taste, who served me regularly six hours a day as cicerone, and showed me everything in and about the city; and two or three others of less name. The Archbishop was out of town, and I did not think him worth a journey of three leagues. But the ecclesiastics in Spain never will serve for evening society, for in the evening they have their duties, their habits, and their suppers. In the evening, then, I used to go to the houses of some of the nobility that have tertulias; to Mestre's, who belongs to what is called the sangre azul,—the blue blood,—but who, however his blood may be coloured, or whatever may be his pretensions, has a fine collection of pictures and a pleasant family; to the house of the Conde de Arcos, a good-natured gentleman, whom I knew in Madrid; and to the little dances at the Countess de Castillejas, which made a more rational amusement than I ever met before at a Spanish tertulia.

Every day, too, I dined regularly at the Moorish castle, with its chivalrous castellan, Sir John Downie, a frank, vehement Scotchman, who has risen to much favour by his conduct during the last war. He came out first with Sir John Moore, and returned with the expedition; then came out again with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and gained such reputation in Estremadura, that a legion of seven thousand men was collected by the influence of his name, and served under him during the rest of the war with great success. It was there he received the present of Pizarro's sword, from Pizarro's family, which he showed to me, and which I saw with no common interest. This sword, too, has attached to it a story that well shows the chivalrous character of
its present possessor. He had it at his side in 1812, when the famous attack was made on Seville, where he commanded the vanguard formed of his own legion. At the moment he approached, the French began to break up the only bridge by which the city could be reached; and, in order to prevent them, Sir John made a charge at the head of his troops. A chasm had already been made, but, thinking only of his object, he put spurs to his horse and leaped to the enemy's side. His men, however, who had not horses of such mettle, could not follow, and he remained alone. At this instant he was struck by a grape-shot, and, while half senseless, was made prisoner. Still he did not forget his sword, and, gathering the little strength that remained to him, he threw it back over the chasm among his own soldiers, who recognized and saved it. The scabbard, however, being fastened to his side, fell into the hands of the enemy, and they had the meanness to keep it; so that, though the city was taken and he was liberated two days afterwards, it was never found again. This and a great many other similar stories he used to relate to me, with Scottish open-heartedness, as we sat by his Moorish fountains or walked in the corridors of Charles V. after dinner: and these hours I shall remember as among the pleasantest I have passed in Spain.

My week in Seville—which was longer than I intended to remain there, though not so long as the city, its monuments and society, deserved—hastened rapidly away, and on the morning of the 15th of October I set off for Lisbon. The indirect but best route, which passes through Badajoz, is so dangerous from the number of robbers that now infest it, that, after taking the best advice I could get, I resolved to go directly across the mountains, under protection of one of the regular bodies of contrabandists that smuggle dollars from Seville to Lisbon, and in return smuggle back English goods from Lisbon to Seville.

For this purpose I went to Zalamea, one of their little villages in the mountains, and two of them came openly to the city, and with two extra mules took me and my baggage and carried me to join their marauding party. We reached it about sundown the same evening, and found them all already bivouacked for the night, twenty-eight strong, with about forty mules. They were high-spirited, high-minded fellows, each armed with a gun, a pair of pistols, a sword and dirk, lying about in groups under some enormous cork-trees, or else preparing supper at a fire they had kindled. I easily accommodated myself to their manners, and, spreading my blanket on the ground, ate as heartily and slept as soundly as the hardiest of them.

The next morning we felt quite acquainted, and, in the course of a journey of eight days through a country little frequented, and where, in fact, we avoided all human habitation, a curious sort of intimacy grew up between me and my kindly, faithful guides, which gave me a view of human nature on a side where I never thought to have seen it. Two of them were evidently men of much natural talent, and from them I gathered a pretty definite account of the principles and feelings of the fraternity and of their political and religious principles, which were strongly marked and well accommodated to their situation.
This kind of conversation, indeed, was my chief amusement, for everything else on the journey was dreary and cheerless enough. Roads we sought none, but saw now and then a footpath or a sheep-track, which we rather avoided, and got on more by the instinctive knowledge of the guides than by any positive indication that anybody had ever gone that way before. Strangers, indeed, almost never had; only four were remembered in an experience of thirty years, by the whole party; and in truth, when the discouragements are considered,—two rainy nights that we slept out, an occasional scantiness of provisions, and the fatigue of a journey of eight days on mules,—I do not much wonder at it.

Yet, for myself, I must needs say I have seldom passed eight more interesting days; for by the very novelty and strangeness of everything,—sleeping out every night but one, and then in the house of the chief of our band; dining under trees at noon; living on a footing of perfect equality and good-fellowship with people who are liable every day to be shot or hanged by the laws of their country; indeed, leading for a week as much of a vagabond life as if I were an Arab or a Mameluke,—I came soon to have some of the same sort of gay recklessness that marked the character of my companions. In short, I had fine spirits the whole way, and did not find myself to have been long in coming to the borders of Portugal. There I bade farewell to the only country in the world where I could have led such a life; the only one, indeed, where it would have been safer to be under the protection of contrabandists and outlaws, than under that of the regular government, against which they array themselves.

On the morning of the 18th of October we arrived on the banks of the Chanza. . . . We had been travelling through a rude, barren country, . . . . but as soon as we had passed the range of hills beyond the Chanza, we found a country always agreeable and often well cultivated; and this continued through Serpa, through the fine vale of the Guadiana, and by Alcacovas to Carvalho. The people, too, seem to have a sense and feeling for this beautiful nature that the Spaniards have not. Since I left Catalonia I have hardly seen a country-house, and there they are not properly built; but in Portugal I have found them everywhere,—a magnificent one with a fine aqueduct at Serpa, many others scattered along the route, and little gardens abounding in fruits, water, and shade, belonging to the better sort of peasantry, of which no trace is to be found in the rest of the Peninsula. As to the character of the people, they have not the Spanish force and decision, but neither have they the Spanish coldness, pride, and obstinacy. They are even polite and gentle, so that the first peasant I met seemed to me to be asking alms, when he was only bidding me “God speed”; and in their houses, owing to the free introduction of English manufactures for above an hundred years, under the Methuen treaty, they have more conveniences and are able to receive you more comfortably than in Spain. In short, from what five days’ experience taught me, which is a good proportion of all that can be known in this little kingdom, I would rather travel in Portugal than in Spain,
though my guides, with true Spanish exclusiveness, were every moment reminding me how much worse it was.

On the 23rd, just five months from the day I entered Madrid for the first time, I reached La Moita on the Tagus, opposite Lisbon, and embarked to cross it. It was a beautiful day, and I did not at all regret that an unfavourable wind kept us nearly four hours in passing only fourteen miles. The city, which, with its suburbs, forms one long line upon the shore of above eight miles, broken by as many hills that finally tower above it and are covered with gardens, vineyards, and orange groves, formed a splendid view, shifting and changing into new and striking beauties every moment, as the wind drove us up or the current carried us towards the mouth of the river; while, at the same time, the shore from which we receded, dotted with neat white villages, and gay with cultivation or frowning with castles and fortifications on its bold, solemn cliffs, added to the effect by contrast, and made the passage worthy of the beautiful stanzas Lord Byron has written about it. At last we landed, and I finally finished the most wearisome, dangerous, and difficult journey I ever made, though certainly one of the most interesting and instructive. . . .

Lisbon is in its situation and external appearance, a most beautiful city. The opening into the ocean, the splendid bosom of the Tagus which here stretches to the breadth of twelve miles, and then is contracted again by the precipices below Belam to a comparatively narrow, rapid stream; the multitude of ships crowded together by the amphitheatre of hills; and the city, which, springing from the water’s edge, rises with its beautiful white houses and towers, and is crowned behind by the heights that are ornamented with country-houses, gardens, convents, and churches,—altogether make it a kind of rival for Naples. But within there is little to justify this magnificent exhibition as you approach it; for besides the extreme filthiness of the streets, there is little either curious, interesting, or beautiful in the buildings and architecture. . . .

The only building that has anything like a classical interest is the fine convent and church at Belem, an immense building or rather mass of buildings, erected about 1497, in a singular style, between Gothic and Arabic, by the famous Dom Manuel, to commemorate the successful accomplishment of the great voyage of Vasco de Gama. It was from this spot he went out, and it was here he landed again; and Camoens, therefore, has consecrated it in two stanzas that might have given immortality to a subject less interesting and worthy than this monument of the greatest of all the Portuguese achievements,—see

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6 Some of the band of contrabandists with whom he had travelled came as far as Lisbon, and Mr. Ticknor used to tell the following anecdote of this passage across the Tagus. These men had become attached to him, and had acquired immense faith in his superior power. The tacking of their vessel, under a head wind, was very tedious to them, and one of them, who was very seasick, sent for “Don Jorge,” and besought him to command the sailors to cease going backward and forward, and to take them straight across, nothing doubting that he would be obeyed.
Lusiad, IV. 87, and X. 12,—for Portugal has never produced so great an effect on the world as by the discovery of the Indies.

But of all the works at Lisbon that deserve to be seen, the most remarkable is certainly the aqueduct that supplies the city, which is, I doubt not, unrivalled either as a conveyance for water or as a specimen of this kind of architecture; for, as antiquity has certainly sent down to us nothing so perfect or so bold, I presume modern times have no competition to offer. It was the work of John V., and was built between 1713 and 1732. It brings the water from Bellas about eleven English miles from Lisbon, and passes frequently under ground, and several times traverses deep valleys. The most remarkable point is where it crosses the vale of Alcantara, just before it enters the city; and here it altogether exceeds everything I have seen, even the Pont du Gard, which is more remarkable than the aqueducts about Rome. The length of it here is more than two thousand four hundred Paris feet, and it passes on thirty-five enormous arches, springing from the depths of the valley and going boldly up to the top, of which the one in the centre is one hundred and seven feet eight inches wide and two hundred and thirty feet ten inches high,—the very boldest arch, I presume, ever risked,—and yet of such exact proportions and construction that it resisted the tremendous earthquake of 1755. The water passes the whole way completely covered, in a kind of continued building in which you can walk upright, and divided into two channels, in one of which it flows half the year and in the other the other half, so that it may be kept clean and in repair,—an advantage, I believe, no other aqueduct possesses. On each side, too, is a walk like a bridge, and the view from it of the valley winding up between the hills, ornamented with the country-seats of the nobility, and covered with orange and lemon and almond trees, is worthy of the neighbourhood of Lisbon; while, as you look perpendicularly down, your head grows giddy at the awful height. Or, as you look up from the bottom, and see the majestic arch over you, at such an elevation that its thickness is sensibly diminished to the sight, though it still echoes and re-echoes every sound you utter, you feel that indistinct impression of inferiority and subjection that you do when you stand before one of the great works of nature.

I cannot, of course, speak with minuteness or assurance of Lisbon. I was there only from October 23 to November 21, and my time was so incessantly occupied that, excepting in the evening, I went out only by accident, unless it were to one of the public libraries.

But, though I should pass over everything else, I must not pass over Cintra. To this beautiful spot I went with my friend Sir John Campbell, and we passed there three days, at the festival of San Martinho, when all the country was rejoicing in the balmy freshness of a second spring; and all the fields and valleys were filled with flowers, as they are with us in the month of May. This singular phenomenon I have been witnessing ever since the rains fell in the end of September; for, since then, the earth has been putting on its gayest hues again, so that now, when the second spring, as it is here called, may be considered in its perfection, everything, even to the lilies and roses
and lilacs, is in blossom. Cintra, therefore, was exquisitely beautiful. It is the height first descried on approaching this coast, and is called by the sailors the Rock of Lisbon. You approach it from the city by a road that offers occasionally a few fine prospects; but you are obliged to turn the angle of the mountain and come round full upon the side that faces the north-west before you can see it.

Cintra, therefore, is a village and a collection of country-seats scattered on the declivity and in the dells of a precipitous mountain, whose sides are covered about two thirds of the way to the summit with the beautiful verdure of rich and various woods, and broken by innumerable little cascades that come rushing down over its rocks; while from its base extends a luxuriant plain, full of culture and population, which, at the distance of between four and five miles, is terminated by the ocean, whose magnificence finally closes up the whole prospect. The road passes, I should think, about half-way between the summit and the base, and beginning from the south-eastern point, where you first enter, extends round to beyond the village of Colares,—a distance of four or five miles,—cut like a kind of cornice in the side of the mountain, whose windings and indentations it follows, so that the prospect shifts and varies at every step you advance; now hiding you in some sunless little dell, where you have only the secrecy of a solitude, covered by the deep shades of its rocky forest, and made, as it were, audible to the feelings by the gushing of some cascade from above, and now carrying you out upon a projecting precipice, from which you have again the wide and glorious prospect of the rock, its broken sides, and the houses and castles that cover them, with all the richness of the plain below and all the grandeur of the ocean beyond.

All this was heightened to me by the society of those who make every "scene of enchantment more dear;" for with Sir J. Campbell, Mr. Musgrave, the British agent, and Count Bombelles, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, all pleasant and interesting men, and men of excellent culture, I passed my time in the family of Baron Castel Branco, whom we joined every morning before breakfast, and from whom we did not separate until midnight. This excellent family, commonly known here by the name of the Lacerdas, is of the ancient and most respectable Portuguese nobility; and consists, besides the father and mother,—who are worthy people,—of three accomplished and interesting daughters, one of whom, Donna Maria da Luz, is a most open-hearted, sweet, intelligent girl. Their hospitality was altogether of that kind and winning sort, which comes upon you with the heartiness of old familiarity; and when I had passed half the first day there, I felt that I should wrong their kindness if I went anywhere else. They, like my friends from Lisbon, had of course seen everything at Cintra for the thousandth time; but each morning after breakfast, mules were brought to the door for us all, and the whole cavalcade of nine or ten persons set out to scramble over the rocks together.

In this way we went successively to the palace where Alphonso VI. has left the traces of his weary footsteps, and where he died in
1669, after an imprisonment of seven years; to the "sete ahis,"—seven sighs,—the country-seat of the Marquis of Marialva, where the famous Convention of Cintra was signed; to Penhaverde, the favourite retreat of Don João de Castro, the great navigator and powerful viceroy of the Indies . . . ; to Mon Serrate, the romantic, elegant seclusion of that Mr. Beckford whom Lord Byron has justly "damned to eternal memory" under the name of Vathek; to the Quinta da Penha, to Colares, and finally, to the rock which forms the most western limit of the European continent, and where nature, by a glorious boundary, marks the termination of her works in the Old World. Besides this, too, we went, of course, to the Moorish fortifications on one of the heights, and to the Cork Convent,—so called because it is lined with cork, to prevent the humidity that reigns in Cintra,—a fearful hermitage, situated on the giddy brow of the precipice, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the ocean that rolls below, from both of which we enjoyed the grand and imposing prospects that their height and situation naturally imply. But it is in vain to talk of the prospects of this enchanting spot, for if I were to begin I should never finish . . . .

My life during these three days was tranquil, and the pleasure I enjoyed was of that quiet kind which leaves no weariness. I rose early, and opening my windows to the balmy freshness of the season, and the beautiful prospect of the rock, and its valleys, with the plain, and the ocean, sat down and read in Dante, or Camoens, or Lord Byron, whose descriptions here are faithful as nature, more so even than I found them in Spain; though there I was struck with them. At nine o'clock, Count Bombelles—with whom I lodged—came into my chamber, and we went over to the beautiful country-house of the Lacerda family, where we breakfasted. Then followed immediately the excursions to the rock, or along the road, on which, when at about two o'clock we became somewhat hungry and very fatigued, we stopped in some little secret, shady dell, and took the collation that had followed us. At evening we returned and dined, never alone, for the Baron’s table always had half a dozen extra covers, and there was generally somebody from Lisbon, or some friends in Cintra, that came in to occupy them. Afterwards, of course, cards—the only, the universal, the unvarying amusement in Portugal—came in; but in this house alone I found enough who would not play to make a pleasant party in one corner of the saloon, where, with Count Bombelles, Mr. Musgrave, Donna Maria; and two or three others, I finished the evening.

Lisbon, on my return, seemed cold and inhospitable, for such sort of kindness as I received at Cintra is to be replaced by no other. . . . There is no Prado, as at Madrid, for the Portuguese women are still more restrained than the Spanish; and the public walks which the Marquis de Pombal made, for the express purpose of producing a freer intercourse between the sexes, are still unfrequented.

7 From the story of that name, of which he was the author.—Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza 22.
. . . . There is, too, properly speaking, no society, for in these countries, where comfort and happiness are little sought, social intercourse can be produced only by great wealth, and great wealth has now passed to the Brazils with the chief nobility, and those who remain do not seek the pleasures of society. When Marshal Beresford is here,—which he is not now,—there is much company at his palace, but that is all; and even what is called society, in the houses of the rich merchants, is but a great dinner, with cards in the evening, to such excess and fatuity, that out of forty-five people I have counted ten tables, and of course, only five persons remained, like myself, to walk up and down among them, in wearisome listlessness. Another embarrassment to society is the distance at which people live from each other. The city extends eight miles along the river, and there is no part of it in which either the rich, the noble, or the fashionable chiefly live, or more resort, than to any other; so that any person of a particular class finds himself at a fatal distance from the rest, with whom he would naturally associate; and I, who lived near the booksellers, and the Public Library, happened, to be sure, to be near one or two persons whom I could call my friends, such as Mr. Stephens, Mr. Musgrave, etc., but was, at the same time, four miles from the two families I would gladly have visited the most frequently.

I do not mean, however, that I felt the want of society, even at Lisbon. . . . I knew a good many persons who interested me more or less; several men of letters, such as Macedo, Barbosa, Trigozo, and Andrade, with whom I was familiar; several ecclesiastics, who, by-the-bye, are in general more cultivated than the clergy at Madrid; and several families, both foreigners and Portuguese. Among the last was Mr. Stephens, an old English gentleman, at whose table I always had a plate, and where I met generally John Bell, Mr. Musgrave, and two or three other men of letters, and M. Lesseps, the French chargé d'affaires, an uncommonly interesting man from his knowledge and vivacity, and remarkable as the only individual who escaped from La Peyrouse's last fatal expedition, . . . of which he never speaks but with very strong emotions, for he loved La Peyrouse like a father.

Two Portuguese families are to be noted. . . . The first is the family of the Count d'Alba, whose wife is sister to the famous Count Palmella,—now just going to be the chief minister at the Brazils,—and is considered the most cultivated woman in the highest class of the nobility. Like her sister, Mad. de Souza,—who gave me my letter to her,—she is rather awkward and dry in her manner; but still she is interesting, because she endeavours to be so by good sense and unpretending kindness; and if she had not lived nearly four miles off, I should have gone to see her often. For the same reason I saw but little of the Duchess de Cadaval, the most distinguished and the most extraordinary woman in Portugal. She is daughter of the Duke of Luxembourg, and married the Duke de Cadaval, who was of the Braganza blood, and who, with the family of Lafoe's and the family of the Duke of Wellington, had the only dukedoms in Portugal . . .

The name of Cadaval is the great name in Portugal, and the people already look to it, as they did to the name of Braganza in the time of
the Philips; and the intention of the wild conspiracy of Gomez Freire, in June, 1817, was to take the Duke of Cadaval, inexperienced as he is, and place him by violence upon the vacant throne. The Duchess, however, who is now, I suppose, about fifty years old, pale and feeble, but with an animated, original countenance, and strong, cautious talents covered by great elegance of manners and gentleness of disposition, has thus far kept all suspicion from finally attaching to herself or her son. Still, however, her very conduct and caution alarm the government. She sees no Portuguese society, and teaches her son to hold himself aloof from intercourse and observation; she keeps still more removed from foreigners; and though she received me with politeness and attention, because I brought her a pressing letter from her near relation, the Prince Laval, there was a sort of calculated elegance in her manner whenever I saw her, which was clearly intended for effect.

The only Portuguese families to which I could have gone with pleasure would have been Count d’Alba’s, that was too far off, and the Lacerdas, that had not come in from Cintra when I left Lisbon. But when I had a moment of time during the day, it was only necessary to go out and climb some of the hills in the city, and the beautiful prospects that everywhere abound came upon my heart like intimacy and kindness. Among other favourite spots, I went several times to the English burying-ground, beautiful in itself from its solemn neatness and from the cypresses, poplars, and elms with which it is planted, and still more so from the prospects it commands. It was stipulated for in the treaty Cromwell made in 1655, and all Protestants are now buried there. I saw a few names that I knew, among others those of Mrs. Humphrey’s father and mother, and that of Dr. Doddridge; but I sought in vain for Fielding’s, who died here in 1754, and the tradition of whose grave is preserved only by Mr. Bell, and two or three other Englishmen in Lisbon, who take an interest in letters.  

CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage from Lisbon to Falmouth.—Immediate Departure for Paris.—Society.—Talleyrand.—Return to London.—Lord Holland.—Sir J. Mackintosh.—John Allen.—Lord Brougham.—Hatfield.—Woburn.—Cambridge.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

Lisbon, November 4, 1818.

... Your letter, my dear father, has much alarmed me about my mother. ... I pray you to speak on this subject with perfect plain-

8 The preceding thirty-five pages consist of Journal made up from notebooks, at his first leisure after the dates, as was his wont. See p. 71.
ness to me. Do not let me be unprepared for this blow, if indeed it awaits me. I know that what you say does not necessarily convey this dreadful implication, and I trust it is only my feelings to-day that have inferred it where it was not intended to be expressed, but I grow cold as I think of it, even among the possibilities of the future.

November 7.

I have never felt so disheartened and discouraged since I left home...... This is chiefly owing to the sad news I have received here, and a little to the slowness with which I proceed in the purposes for which I came. I do not mean that I find any difficulties in the language or literature, for there are none...... but I have books to buy, and the booksellers are ignorant, tardy, and unaccommodating; I have information to gain from men of letters, and they are few, and in general unaccustomed to think much upon the subjects on which I have asked them; so that, though they are kind and even very kind, I hardly get along at all. This disheartens me very much...... For three days I have worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day, without fatigue, in my room and in the public library; and if it depended on nobody but myself...... I could be gone on the 13th.

November 13.

Yesterday I received, my dearest father, yours of September 30. I cannot tell you what a consolation it was to me to hear that my mother is better. Lisbon itself looks brighter with my brightened thoughts, and even the sad, rainy weather is less tiresome. I hope a packet will sail the 16th. If it does, I shall set off at once.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

London, December 2, 1818.

I wrote to you, dearest father and mother, on the 20th of last month, from Lisbon. The day after, I sailed in the packet and came to anchor in Falmouth Harbour on the evening of the 28th;...... and as I once more put my foot upon kindred ground, I could have fallen down and embraced it, like Julius Caesar, for, as I have often told you, once well out of Spain and Portugal, I feel as if I were more than half-way home, even though I have the no very pleasant prospect of returning for a little while to the Continent I am so heartily glad to have forsaken. Early the next morning I began my journey, and I cannot express to you how I have been struck by the contrast between Spain—which is now continually present to my imagination as a country dead in everything a nation ought to be—and England, where the smallest village and the humblest peasant bear some decisive mark of activity and improvement and vital strength and power; Spain, where all is so stagnant and lifeless, that the passage from one hamlet to another is a matter of such difficulty and danger that the

9 Of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Woodward, and of his mother's indisposition.
peasants hazard it only in bodies and strongly armed, and England, where it may almost be said the facility, safety, and rapidity of conveyance make every individual in the kingdom a neighbour to every other. I assure you that often, as I was rolling along the smooth turnpikes, and saw the innumerable coaches glide by me like lightning, or looked upon my map, and saw the whole land so intersected with roads and canals that it looked like an anatomy, my head has grown giddy with the vain effort to trace out a comparison with the country I had just left, and account, even partially, for the overwhelming difference.

Yesterday morning I came early to Bath, and at five in the evening took my seat in the mail-coach, which, this morning at eight, landed me safely in the London Coffee-House, Ludgate Hill, without the least curiosity to see the great show of the queen’s funeral, which all the city has gone out in the mud and fog to gaze at.

The first thing I asked for was, of course, my letters. None are so late as the one I received from you at Lisbon, just before I left; still I am extremely anxious to receive later accounts, which will tell me the effect cold weather may have produced on my mother’s very feeble health.

I shall remain here about four days, just long enough to make a few arrangements and get out my passport, and then go as fast as I can to Paris. On board the packet I wrote to Mr. Gallatin, desiring him to take out the order for opening the king’s library to me, an operation that occupies a week. In a month, I should think, everything will be finished, and then, returning through London, I shall make all haste to Edinburgh.

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR.

PARIS, December 22, 1818.

Yours of the 16th-29th October, my dear father, arrived since I last wrote you, and, what is better, one from Savage of November 9, both of which speak of great improvement in my mother’s health. They have, therefore, removed a great load from my fears, and I feel now as if I had once more the free exercise of my faculties.

I have received the necessary permission at the king’s library, and am in full operation among its great treasures. I have, besides, made the acquaintance of Moratin, an exiled Spaniard, who is thoroughly familiar with Spanish literary history, and who gives me three or four hours together whenever I ask it, so that I have all possible direction and assistance in this. In Portuguese I have M. de Souza, who is the learned editor and generous publisher of that magnificent edition of Camoens, of which he sent a copy to Harvard College library. With these two, and the means they have given me, I have been so occupied for several days, that I have not been able to do anything with

1 Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.
Reynouard and the Provençal; but as soon as I have finished my Spanish and Portuguese researches, I shall begin here.

It is a melancholy fact, which I am sure will not a little strike you, that, after having been four months at Madrid and one at Lisbon, besides my journeys to the great cities of Andalusia, I should be at last obliged to come back to Paris, to find books and means neither Spain nor Portugal would afford me. But so it is, and I have at this moment on my table six volumes, and shall, before I leave Paris, have many more, which I sought in vain in the libraries of the capital, of Seville, and Granada; and yet, so unequally are the treasures of these languages distributed, that the better half is still wanting in Paris, where the rarest is to be found.

JOURNAL.

Paris, December 10, 1818, to January 12, 1819. — The dinner-hour at Paris is six o'clock or half-past six. I always dined in company, generally either at Count Pastoret's, at the Duc de Duras', at the Count de Ste. Aulaire's, or, if I had no special engagement, at the Duc de Broglie's, on whose table I always had a plate. Dinner is not so solemn an affair at Paris as it is almost everywhere else. It is soon over, you come out into the salon, take coffee and talk, and by nine o'clock you separate. Half an hour later the soirées begin. They are the most rational form of society I have yet seen, but are here pushed to excess. Those who are known and distinguished so much as to be able to draw a circle about them, take one or two evenings in each week and stay at home to receive, with very little ceremony, all whom they choose to invite to visit them. There are, therefore, a great number of these parties, and often, of course, several fall on the same night. A person who has an extensive acquaintance will make several visits of this sort every evening, ... and that he is in fact obliged to do it is its only objection; for if it were possible to take just as much of it as you like and no more, I do not know that a system of social intercourse could be carried to greater perfection than this is in France. ... You come in without ceremony, talk as long as you find persons you like, and go away without taking leave, to repeat the same process in another salon. ... The company is very various, but it should be remembered, to the credit of French manners, that men of letters are much sought in it. I was never anywhere that I did not meet them, and under circumstances where nothing but their literary merit could have given them a place. ... All, however, is not on the bright side. ... Almost everybody who comes to these salons comes to say a few brilliant things, get a reputation for esprit,—the god who serves for Penates in French houses,—and then hasten away to another coterie to produce the same effect. This is certainly the general tone of these societies; it is brilliant, graceful, superficial, and hollow. ...
I had a specimen of the varieties of French society, and at a very curious and interesting moment, for it was just as the revolution took place in the Ministry, by which the Duke de Richelieu was turned out, and Count Decazes put in... The most genuine, and unmixed ultra society I met was at the Marchioness de Louvois'. She is an old lady of sixty-five, who emigrated in 1789 and returned in 1814; and her brother, the present Bishop of Amiens, who was then French Minister at Venice, retreated at the same time to the upper part of Germany, and continued an exile as long as the family he served. I never went there that the old lady did not read me a good lecture about republicanism; and if it had not been for the mild, equal good sense of the Bishop, I should certainly have suffered a little in my temper from her attacks, supported by a corps of petits Marquis de l'ancien régime who were always of her coterie. . . .

The Duchess de Duras' society was ultra too, but ultra of a very different sort. It was composed of much that is distinguished in the present management of affairs, to which she has been able to add many men of letters, without distinction of party. This is the result of her personal character. She is now about thirty-eight years old, not beautiful, but with a striking and animated physiognomy, elegant manners, and a power in conversation which has no rival in France since the death of Mad. de Staël. Her natural talents are of a high order, and she has read a great deal; but it is her enthusiasm, her simplicity and earnestness, and the graceful contributions she levies upon her knowledge to give effect to her conversation, that impart to it the peculiar charm which I have seen operate like a spell on characters as different as those of Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Talleyrand. I liked her very much, and went to her hotel often, in fact sometimes every day. On Sundays I dined there. Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Alexis de Noailles were more than once of the party; and the conversation was amusing, and once extremely interesting, from the agony of political feeling, just at the moment when the king deserted them, and gave himself up to Mons. Decazes. On Tuesday night she received at home, and all the world came. . . .

and I think, except the politics, it was as interesting a society as could well be collected. On Saturday night, as wife of the first Gentleman of the Bedchamber, she went to the Tuileries and received there, or, as it is technically called, did the honours of the Palace. . . . I think I have never seen the honours of a large circle done with such elegance and grace, with such kind and attentive politeness, as Mad. de Duras used to show in this brilliant assembly.

But it was neither in the Court circle at the Tuileries, nor in her own salon on Tuesdays, nor even at her Sunday dinners, that Mad. de Duras was to be seen in the character which those who most like and best understand her thought the most interesting. Once when I dined with her entirely alone, except her youngest daughter, and once when nobody but De Humboldt was there, I was positively bewitched with her conversation. One evening she made a delightful party for the Duchess of Devonshire, of only five or six persons,
—my old friend the Viscount de Senonnes, Humboldt, Forbin, and two or three ladies; and Chateaubriand read a little romance on the Zegri and Abencerrages of Granada, full of descriptions glowing with poetry, like those of the environs of Naples in "The Martyrs."... Between four and six o'clock every day her door was open to a few persons, and this was the time all most liked to see her. 3  

The Countess Pastoret's was, too, an ultra house, for her husband is entirely of the Bourbon party, and takes a good deal of interest in politics; but, in general, the political tone did not prevail, for he is a member of the Institute, and a man of considerable learning.  

Mad. de Pastoret asked me to three little dinners, and once, when Camille Jourdain, Cuvier, and La Place were there. These parties were extremely simple, rational, and pleasant. This, in fact, is exactly Mad. de Pastoret's character. She has natural talent, and has cultivated herself highly. 11. I have seldom seen a better balanced mind, or feelings more justly regulated. 11. I have talked with many persons who have passed through the horrors of the Revolution, but no descriptions I have received have produced such an effect on my feelings, as those given by Mad. de Pastoret's simple and unpretending, but touching eloquence. It reminded me of La Roche Jacquelin. 11. Since the death of her son, Mad. de Pastoret has never been into the world, and therefore is at home every evening, and sees only those who will not exact a formal return of visit for visit. Among those who came there most frequently was the old Duc de Crillon, the representative of Henry IV.'s Crillon, 11. and such men as Cuvier and La Place, who, like Count Pastoret himself, belong, by their age and character, to an elder state of society, and by their political situation take a deep interest in the affairs of the day.

One of the stories that Mad. de Pastoret told me was indeed touching. 4 11. During the worst period of the Revolution, she lived—as she did when I knew her, and I believe as she always did—in a luxurious hotel on the Place Louis XV. She was, in fact, for some time confined there,—with the guillotine in the middle of it,—and not allowed to go out of her house, any more than the rest of her family, who were all royalists. Suddenly, her husband was arrested and imprisoned. The front of the house was entirely closed up, and light, and, as far as possible, sound, were excluded. But there was no room to which the grating, rattling sound of the axe, as it fell, did not more or less penetrate, or where the shouts of the cruel multitude were not heard, as, now and then, though rarely, they expressed their triumphant satisfaction at the death of some peculiarly obnoxious victim. The dreadful thing to Mad. de Pastoret was that, being unable to get any information whatever concerning her husband,

4 This paragraph was written out later by Mr. Ticknor, and added to the Journal.
the axe never fell but she asked herself whether it might not have been for him. On one occasion she obtained special permission to go out, under surveillance, and she employed it to visit the foreign ministers,—some of whom she knew,—and obtain their intercession for her husband. The person who received her with the most kindness was the American Minister, Mr. Morris. Mons. Pastoret afterwards escaped from France, and was for some time in exile. He has since been Chancellor of France, and has published law-books of great merit.

The Countess de Ste. Aulaire's salon was the place of meeting for the Doctrinaires, Decazes' party, which triumphed while I was in Paris, and to whose triumph Mad. de Ste. Aulaire contributed not a little. She is a beautiful woman, with an elegant mind, and much practical talent; and her husband, a relation of Decazes, is one of the powerful men of their party, and a leading member in the Chamber of Deputies. Their house used to be called "the Ministry," and Mad. de Ste. Aulaire's parties, "the ministerial parties;" for Decazes came occasionally, and Barante, Guizot, etc., were there nearly every Tuesday night; and as this convocation happened on one of the evenings of Mad. de Duras', I two or three times witnessed singular contrasts on going from one to the other, just as the great question of the change of Ministry, which lasted above a fortnight, was in the agony of agitation. . . .

The Princess Aldobrandini was at home every night. She is not as beautiful as she was when I knew her in Italy, but she has lost none of her vivacity, and talks still as fast as ever. A good many Italians came to her hotel, and among them my old friend, Count Confalonieri of Milan; but the old Duc de la Rochefoucauld, her grandfather, was the most amusing and interesting of all the persons I met there. It is the same who was in America, and he still retains the hardy, vigorous, independent mind that must always have distinguished one who has passed without loss of honour through so many revolutions, and is still as good-humoured and kind as all his friends have uniformly found him. . . .

The Duchess de Grammont had a soirée for the Liberals every Saturday night, to which I always went before going to the Tuileries, in order to see and hear both sides together. The persons who came to it were merely a part of those who went to Mad. de Broglie's, and it was generally rather dull. . . .

I went more frequently to the Duchess de Broglie's than anywhere else. She has the same tender, affectionate character she had when I saw her watching over her mother's failing health, the same open-hearted frankness, and the same fearless independence of the world and its fashions, that has always distinguished her. . . . I have seldom seen any one with deeper and more sincere feelings of tenderness and affection, and never a Frenchwoman with so strong religious feelings; and when to this is added great simplicity and frankness, not a little personal beauty, and an independent, original way of thinking, I have described one who would produce a considerable

5 Later, Princess Borghese.
effect in any society. In her own she is sincerely loved and admired.

These were the houses to which I went most frequently, and the persons I best knew at Paris, excepting my countrymen. . . . Humboldt, I think, I saw, either by accident or otherwise, nearly every day, and of all the men I have known, he is, in some respects, the most remarkable; the man on whom talent and knowledge have produced their best and most generous effects. . . .

The last day I was in Paris, Mad. de Broglie made a little dinner-party for me, to which she asked Humboldt, Forbin, De Pradt, Lafayette, and two or three other persons, whom I was very glad to see before leaving Paris. It happened too to be Monday night, and therefore I passed the remainder of the evening in her salon, upon which my latest recollections of Paris rest, for I left her hotel about one o’clock, and a very short time afterwards was on the road to Calais.

The following anecdotes were written down later by Mr. Ticknor, and placed by him in the Journal according to the date:—

I have spoken of Prince Talleyrand, whom I saw occasionally in Paris this winter (1818—19), and of whom I have given my general impressions. But I met him twice, under circumstances which

6 The Abbé de Pradt, who, as Mr. Ticknor elsewhere says, “of all others in French society, is said to have the most esprit in conversation.”

7 Among the smaller souvenirs of this visit in Paris are notes from the Duc de Broglie and from Humboldt to Mr. Ticknor, which have a pleasant flavour and hints of character. M. de Broglie says:

“Je suis au désespoir, mon cher fédéraliste, de vous avoir encore une fois manqué de parole. Ce n’est pas ma faute. J’ai été ce matin, visiter une prison hors de Paris; je comptais être revenu à temps; et les heures nous ont gagnés au point, que j’arrive en ce moment. Venez nous voir ce soir. Nous reprendrons jour et heure. Ne soyez pas trop en colère. Tout à vous.

“V. Broglie. 5h. ½.”

M. de Humboldt writes thus:—

“Je vais réitérer une demande bien indiscrète, monsieur. J’étais venu ce matin vous offrir mes amitiés, et vous prier, de vouloir bien vous charger de quelques feuilles imprimées, pour la maison de Sir Joseph Banks. Le célèbre botaniste M. Brown, qui a été à la Nouvelle Hollande, et qui est le Bibliothécaire de Mr. Banks, me demande avec instance, le 4me volume de mes Nova Genera Plantarum, qui renferme les Composées que nous avons découvertes, M. Bonpland et moi, et que Mr. Kunth a décrites. Je vous supplie en grace de me renvoyer le paquet, si vous le trouvez trop volumineux. Mille tendres amitiés.

“Ce Lundi.

A. Humboldt.

“J’espère vous voir ce soir, chez le D. de Broglie. Veuillez bien en tout cas, me marquer en deux lignes si vous pouvez vous charger du paquet.”

8 The passage in which Mr. Ticknor had already given his impression of Talleyrand is this: “His recollection of all he had seen and of all the persons he had known in America seemed as distinct as if he had left the country only a few days since; and he spoke of them with a fresh and living interest that continually surprised me. I remarked, however, that if I spoke, in reply to
afforded me such intimations of his character, that I think it worth while to record them long afterwards, although I failed at the time to write out my notes, as I often did during my hurried life in Paris, at that period.

On both the occasions referred to, I met Mons. de Talleyrand, at the hotel of the Duchess de Duras, to whom I was presented by a letter from the Duc Adrien de Montmorency Laval, French ambassador in Madrid, in such a way that, from the first, she received me with great kindness and permitted me to visit her familiarly. She received a great deal of company, but her favourite time for seeing her friends without ceremony was between four and six,—what she called "mes petites cinq heures,"—the last thing, in fact, before dinner, when her reception-room was no longer the salon for formal morning calls, but a charming library, just lighted for the early darkness of the season. I went oftenest at this hour, and generally found one or two friends with her.

One evening, as I entered, I saw a single elderly gentleman standing with his back to the fire, dressed in a long gray surtout coat, buttoned quite up to his throat, and marked only with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, which ornamented the buttonholes of so many of the persons met in good society, that it constituted no distinction worth notice. He had on a heavy, high, white cravat, concealing a good deal of the lower part of his face, and his hair seemed brought down with powder and pomatum so as to hide his forehead and temples. In short, hardly anything of his features could be seen that it was easy to cover, and what I saw attracted at first little of my attention. He stood there kicking the fire-fender. I observed, however, that he was in earnest conversation with Mad. de Duras; that she called him "Mon Prince;" and that the tones of both of them, and especially those of the lady, were a little too eager to be entirely pleasant, though quite well bred.

I therefore took up a pamphlet and seemed to read; but I listened, as they were talking on a subject of political and legal notoriety, with which society and the journals were then ringing. It was, whether, under a phrase in the "Charte," or Constitution, "La religion Romaine Catholique est la religion de l'Etat," Protestants were required on days of public religious ceremony, like the Procession of the Corpus Christi, to hang out tapestry before their houses, or give other outward signs of respectful observance. The more earnest Catholics maintained that they were so required; the Protestants denied it, and had just prevailed, on the highest appeal in the courts of law. Mad. de Duras was displeased with this decision, and was maintaining her point with not a little brilliancy; the gentleman in gray answering him, of anything that had happened since to those persons, or of any change in the circumstances that were still so familiar to his thoughts, it made not the slightest impression upon him. It was only his own recollections that interested him, and the persons he had known then occupied him only as a part of himself; so that it was indifferent to him whether they were now dead or alive."
her with wit, but not as if he wanted to discuss the matter. But at
last it seemed to me that he became a little piqued with some of her
sharp sallies, and said, rather suddenly and in a different tone, "But
do you know, Mad. de Duras, who advised"—I think he said "Beug-
not"—to put those words into the Chartes?" "No, I do not," she
replied, "but they are excellent words, whoever it was." "Oh bien,
he retorted, instantly, "c'était moi." "I am glad," she replied, with
equal promptness, and laughing, not altogether agreeably, "that you
advised such good words, and I thank you for them." "But do you
know why I advised them?" "No," she said, "but I am sure you can
have had only a good reason for so good a thing." "Well," he con-
tinued, "I suggested those words because they did not mean anything
at all,—parcequ’ils ne signifiaient rien du tout."

Mad. de Duras replied with something approaching to asperity, and
the conversation went on for some little time in this tone, until, find-
ing it, I suppose, more agreeable to talk about something else, she
turned to me in a rather decisive manner, and said, "You have no
troubles of this sort in America; you have no State religion." I
answered, without entering into the matter, that of course we had
not; but the gentleman in gray—apparently as glad to change the
subject as the lady was—immediately began to talk about the United
States, and to ask questions. I had not the smallest suspicion who he
might be, but I soon perceived that he had been himself in America.
I therefore took the liberty to ask him what parts of the country he
had visited. He told me that he had been in Philadelphia, in Wash-
ington’s time; and on my soon replying that I was from Boston, he
said that he had been there too, and praised America generally. Mad.
de Duras here interrupted him by saying, "It was there I first saw
you, when I was a little girl, my mother and I émigrées. We met
you at a public ball in Philadelphia." "Oui," said the gentleman in
gray, going right on with his own thoughts, "c’est un pays remar-
quable, mais leur luxe, leur luxe est affreux," comparing it, no doubt,
with the tasteful and dainty luxury to which he had been accustomed
in France, before he fled from the Revolution, and amidst which he
had everywhere lived since his return.

I now became very curious to know who he was, and asked him
what other parts of the United States he had visited. He told me he
had been in New York, and that, at one time, he went as far east as
Portland. I immediately suspected who he was, for I knew that M.
de Talleyrand had been so far east, and no farther. I questioned
him, therefore, about Boston. He seemed to have some recollection
of it; said he knew a very intelligent family there, he did not remem-
ber their names, but there was a daughter in it whose name was
"Barbe" [Barbara], one of the handsomest creatures he ever saw. I
knew in an instant that it was Barbara Higginson, whom I had known
as Mrs. S. G. Perkins quite intimately, when she was the mother of
half a dozen children; with whom I had crossed the Atlantic in 1815,
and who had often told me of her acquaintance with Talleyrand,
and that he talked English with her who knew no French at all,
when he refused to talk it in society generally. But he no longer
cared anything about her or about anybody in Boston, except as a part of his own recollections and life.

In this way we continued to talk for some time, until, at last, Mad. de Duras turned and said, "Messieurs, you talk so much about individuals that I think you ought to know each other," and presented me without further words to Prince Talleyrand. Everything, of course, now became easy and simple. I asked him about the United States, concerning which I thought he did not like to talk, but he said, "There is a great deal to be learnt there, j'y ai appris assez, moi-même"; and then, turning to Mad. de Duras, he said, laughing, "If Dino [his nephew] would go there, he would learn more than he does every night at the opera." I asked him about Washington's appearance, and he spoke of him very respectfully but very coldly, which I easily accounted for, because it was well known that Washington had told Hamilton that he could not receive Talleyrand at his levees, and Pichon had told me, in 1817, that he knew Talleyrand had never forgiven it.9

But this naturally brought Hamilton into his thoughts, and of him he spoke willingly, freely, and with great admiration. In the course of his remarks, he said that he had known, during his life, many of the more marked men of his time, but that he had never, on the whole, known one equal to Hamilton. I was much surprised, as well as gratified by the remark; but still feeling that, as an American, I was, in some sort, a party concerned by patriotism in the compliment, I answered,—with a little reserve, perhaps with a little modesty,—that the great military commanders and the great statesmen of Europe had dealt with much larger masses of men, and much wider interests than Hamilton ever had. "Mais, monsieur," the Prince instantly replied, "Hamilton avait deviné l'Europe." After this, he spoke almost inevitably of Burr, whom he had also known in America, but whom he did not rate, intellectually, so high as I think most persons who knew him have done. He said, that when Burr came to Europe, he wished to induce the French government to be concerned in a project for dismembering the United States, which he had earlier entertained. "But," Talleyrand said, "I would have nothing to do with him. I hated the man who had murdered Hamilton." "Assassiné" was the word he used. This may have been his sole motive, though he had little influence, I suppose, at that time, and it is not very likely. But, at any rate, he suffered Burr to fall into poverty in Paris and come home a beggar, arriving at Boston, where he was relieved, but not visited, by Mr. Jonathan Mason.

The conversation now became very various and interesting, and

9 Among the Writings of Washington, published in 1838, by Jared Sparks, appears (Vol. x. p. 411) a letter to Alexander Hamilton, dated May 6, 1794, and marked Private, in which the President gives his reasons for not receiving M. Talleyrand-Perigord; and in an accompanying foot-note a letter is given from Lord Lansdowne, introducing Talleyrand to General Washington. The autograph letter of Washington to Hamilton came into Mr. Ticknor's possession through Mr. Sparks.
was continued until near dinner-time. Among other things, Mad. de Duras gave an account of her own escape and her mother's from Bordeaux for the United States, amidst the terrors of the Revolution; and finding that I was acquainted with Captain Forbes, who had materially assisted them to get on board an American vessel in the night, she charged me with many messages for him, and subsequently added a note of acknowledgment, which I delivered to its address personally the following summer on Milton Hill. Captain Forbes told me that he had already received other acknowledgments from her and her mother; her father, General Kersaint, having perished by the guillotine in the days of Terror.

But, at last, it was time to go, and we went, the Prince first and I afterwards, not thinking to see him again. However, I did see him several times, but only once when the conversation was especially interesting, and this was again in the library of Mad. de Duras, the last time I saw her, and just as I was leaving Paris for London. It was at the moment when there had been for several days a "crise," as it was called, or a sort of suspension of efficiency in the government, from the resignation of the Duc de Richelieu, and the difficulty of arranging a new Ministry. I had not been in the room five minutes before I perceived that, like all the rest of the world, Prince Talleyrand and Mad. de Duras were talking about the anxieties of the time, and that the Viscount de Senonnes was there, listening. I joined Mons. de Senonnes, whom I knew very well, and we both said as nearly nothing as possible. Indeed, there was nothing for anybody else to say. The Prince had all the talk, or all but the whole of it, to himself, and he was much in earnest in what he said; willing, too, I suppose, that it should be heard and his opinions known. His view of things seemed the most sombre. Everything was threatening. No sufficient Ministry could be formed. The king had nobody to depend upon. In short, everything was as dark as possible. Mad. de Duras said very little. She was, as everybody knew, an important personage in the management of affairs at the Palace, and was now evidently made unhappy by the view the Prince gave of the immediate future, which certainly was gloomy enough. At last he rose to go, but continued to talk in the same disagreeable strain as he moved very slowly towards the door; and then, at the instant he went out of the room, said, in a peculiar tone of voice, "Et, cependant, Madame de Duras, il y a un petit moyen, si l'on savait s'en servir," and disappeared, waiting no reply. An awkward silence of a moment followed, and then, making sincerely grateful adieux and acknowledgments to Mad. de Duras, I followed him.

But I had not fairly got into my carriage, in the court-yard, before M. de Senonnes overtook me, and said that Mad. de Duras would be obliged to me if I would return to her for a moment in the library. Of course I went, and as soon as I had shut the door, she said, "You must be aware of the meaning of the extraordinary conversation you

1 "And yet, Madame de Duras, there is a small resource, if they knew how to make use of it."
have just heard, and especially of the Prince’s last words; and I hope you will do me the favour not to speak of it while you remain in France. As you are going away so soon, you will not, I trust, feel it much of a sacrifice.” Of course I gave her the promise and kept it, although I should much have liked to tell the whole conversation at the De Brogles’, where I dined with Humboldt, La Fayette, and De Pradt the same evening, and who would have enjoyed it prodigiously. But the first house at which I dined in England was Lord Holland’s, where I met Tierney, Mackintosh, and some other of the leading Whigs, to whom I told it amidst great laughter. Two or three times afterwards, when I met Sir James Mackintosh, he spoke of Talleyrand, and always called him “le petit moyen.”

JOURNAL.

On the 18th of January, 1819, I came to London [from Ramsgate], by the way of Canterbury, getting thus a view of the agricultural prospects in the county of Kent, and struck for the third time with the bustle which, from so far, announces the traveller’s approach to the largest and most active capital in Europe. . . .

I went to see the kind and respectable Sir Joseph Banks several times, and renewed my acquaintance with the Marquess of Lansdowne, passed a night with my excellent friend Mr. Vaughan, etc. . . . I found here, too, Count Funchal, . . . and was very glad to know more of Count Palmella, whom I had known a little at the Marquis of Marialva’s, and who is certainly an accomplished gentleman and scholar, as well as a statesman. 2 I have met few men in Europe who have so satisfied my expectations as this extraordinary young man, who, at the age of about thirty, has thus risen to the height of power, in one of the most despotic governments in the world, by the mere force of talent, without friends or intrigue. I dined with him twice, once quite alone, and was struck with his various, original, and graceful style of conversation. I have now become so weary with the perpetual change of acquaintance, that I generally seek, wherever I go, to make myself as familiar as I can in one house, at the expense of all others. . . . The one to which I went the most frequently in London, and where I spent a part of many evenings, was Lord Holland’s, 3 and certainly, for an elegant literary society, I have seen nothing better in Europe. Lord Holland himself is a good scholar, and a pleasant man in conversation; Sir James Mackintosh was staying in his house, Sydney Smith and Brougham came there very often, and Heber and Frere, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Auckland, Lord John Russell, etc., and I do not well know how dinners and evenings could be more pleasant. There was no alloy but Lady Holland, whom I did not like, . . . but I should

2 See ante, pp. 149 and 205. Palmella had been Portuguese plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, and afterwards held other high offices.

3 Then living in St. James’s Square.
have been very foolish if I had suffered this to prevent my enjoy-
ment, when to avoid it I had only to talk to some one else. Lord
Holland is an open-hearted gentleman, kind, simple, and hospitable,
a scholar with few prejudices, and making no pretensions, either on
the score of his rank, his fortune, his family, his culture, or anything
else. I never met a man who so disarms opposition in discussion, as
I have often seen him, without yielding an iota, merely by the unpre-
tending simplicity and sincerity of his manner. He is said to resemble
Mr. Fox in his face, and certainly is like Mr. Fox’s busts; but I
should think there was more mildness in his physiognomy than I can
find in Mr. Fox’s portraits.

Sir James Mackintosh is a little too precise, a little too much made
up in his manners and conversation, but is at the same time very
exact, definite, and logical in what he says, and, I am satisfied, seldom
has occasion to regret a mistake or an error, where a matter of prin-
ciple or reasoning is concerned, though, as he is a little given to affect
universal learning, he may sometimes make a mistake in matters of
fact. As a part of a considerable literary society, however, he dis-
courses most eloquent music, and in private, where I also saw him
several times, he is mild, gentle, and entertaining. But he is seen to
greatest advantage, and in all his strength, only in serious discussion,
to which he brings great disciplined acuteness and a fluent eloquence,
which few may venture to oppose, and which still fewer can effec-
tually resist.

Allen, who is a kind of secretary to Lord Holland, and has lived
in his family many years, is a different man. He has a great deal of
talent, and has written much and well, in the “Edinburgh Review;”
he has strong feelings and great independence of character, which
make him sometimes oppose and answer Lady Holland in a curious
manner. He has many prejudices, most of them subdued with diffi-
culty, by his weight of talent and his strong will, but many still
remaining, and, finally, warm, sincere feelings, and an earnest desire
to serve those he likes. Sir James Mackintosh said of him to me,
that, considering the extent of his knowledge, he had never known
anybody in whom it was so accurate and sure; and though there is
something of the partiality of an old friendship in the remark, there
is truth in it, as the “Review of Hallam’s Middle Ages” and many
others will prove. Mr. Allen, however, was not a man to contribute a
great deal to such general conversation as that at Lord Holland’s.
It was necessary to sit down alone with him in a corner, or on a sofa,

4 Lady Holland was polite and even kind in after years to Mr. Ticknor, who
used to attribute it to a little passage of arms that once occurred between them.
She characteristically remarked to him, that she believed New England was
originally colonized by convicts, sent over from the mother country. Mr. Ticknor
replied that he was not aware of it, but said he knew that some of the Vassall
family—ancestors of Lady Holland—had settled early in Massachusetts, where
a house built by one of them was standing in Cambridge, and a marble monu-
ment to a member of the family was to be seen in King’s Chapel, Boston. Lady
Holland was, for a moment, surprised into silence; then questioned him about
the monument, and asked him to send her a drawing of it, which he did.
and then his conversation was very various and powerful, and showed that he had thought deeply, and made up his mind decisively, upon a great many subjects.

Sydney Smith, who then happened to be in London, was in one respect the soul of the society. I never saw a man so formed to float down the stream of conversation, and, without seeming to have any direct influence upon it, to give it his own hue and charm. He is about fifty, corpulent, but not gross, with a great fund of good-nature, and would be thought by a person who saw him only once, and transiently, merely a gay, easy gentleman, careless of everything but the pleasures of conversation and society. This would be a great injustice to him, and one that offends him, I am told; for notwithstanding the easy grace and light playfulness of his wit, which comes forth with unexhausted and inexhaustible facility, and reminded me continually of the phosphoric brilliancy of the ocean, which sparkles more brightly in proportion as the force opposed to it is greater, yet he is a man of much culture, with plain, good sense, a sound, discreet judgment, and remarkably just and accurate habits of reasoning, and values himself upon these, as well as on his admirable humour. This is an union of opposite qualities, such as nature usually delights to hold asunder, and such as makes him, whether in company or alone, an irresistibly amusing companion; for, while his humour gives such grace to his argument that it comes with the charm of wit, and his wit is so appropriate that its sallies are often logic in masquerade, his good sense and good-nature are so prevalent that he never, or rarely, offends against the proprieties of life or society, and never says anything that he or anybody else need to regret afterwards.

Brougham, whom I knew in society, and from seeing him both at his chambers and at my own lodgings, is now about thirty-eight, tall, thin, and rather awkward, with a plain and not very expressive countenance, and simple or even slovenly manners. He is evidently nervous, and a slight convulsive movement about the muscles of his lips gives him an unpleasant expression now and then. In short, all that is exterior in him, and all that goes to make up the first impression, is unfavourable. The first thing that removes this impression is the heartiness and good-will he shows you, whose motive cannot be mistaken, for such kindness can come only from the heart. This is the first thing, but a stranger presently begins to remark his conversation. On common topics, nobody is more commonplace. He does not feel them, but if the subject excites him, there is an air of originality in his remarks, which, if it convinces you of nothing else, convinces you that you are talking with an extraordinary man. He does not like to join in a general conversation, but prefers to talk apart with only two or three persons, and, though with great interest and zeal, in an undertone. If, however, he does launch into it, all the little, trim, gay pleasure-boats must keep well out of the way of his great black collier, as Gibbon said of Fox. He listens carefully and fairly—and with a kindness that would be provoking, if it were not genuine—to all his adversary has to say, but when his time comes to answer, it is with that bare, bold, bullion talent which either
crushes itself or its opponent. . . . Yet I suspect the impression Brougham generally leaves is that of a good-natured friend. At least that is the impression I have most frequently found, both in England and on the Continent.

Heber 5 is an elegant gentleman, a kind of literary amateur Mæcenas, with a very fine and curious library; in short, a man in whom a gentlemanly air prevails, both in his manners, accomplishments, talents, and knowledge, all of which may be considered remarkable.

Frere is a slovenly fellow. His remarks on Homer, in the "Classical Journal," prove how fine a Greek scholar he is; his "Quarterly Reviews," how well he writes; his "Rovers; or, The Double Arrangement," what humour he possesses; and the reputation he has left in Spain and Portugal, how much better he understood their literatures than they do themselves: while, at the same time, his books left in France, in Gallicia, at Lisbon, and two or three places in England; his manuscripts, neglected and lost to himself; his manners, lazy and careless; and his conversation, equally rich and negligent, show how little he cares about all that distinguishes him in the eyes of the world. He studies as a luxury, he writes as an amusement, and conversation is a kind of sensual enjoyment to him. If he had been born in Asia, he would have been the laziest man that ever lived.

There were of course more who came there, the Ordes, Bennett, Lord William Russell, etc., etc., besides Counts Palmella and Souza; but those I have described, and who were there often, constituted the proper society at Lord Holland's, and gave it that tone of culture, wit, and good talk without pretension, which make it, as an elegant society, the best I have seen in Europe. It was in this society I spent all the leisure time I had while I was in London.

Two days I passed very pleasantly at the Marquess of Salisbury's. He lives at Hatfield, Herts, in a fine establishment, once a residence of James I., and built by him; though a part of it is older, and contains the room where Elizabeth was imprisoned by her sister Mary, and wrote the verses that still remain to us. It is surrounded by a large park, full of venerable oaks, and is a kind of old baronial seat, which well suits with the species of hospitality exercised there. The long gallery is a grand, solemn hall, which, with its ornaments, carries the imagination at once back to the period when it was built; and King James's room, an enormous saloon, fitted up with grave magnificence, is said to be one of the most remarkable rooms in England. I arrived late in the afternoon. . . . and, while I was dressing, a large party of gentlemen that had been out hunting passed under my windows, on their return to the hall, with all the uproar and exultation of success.

We sat down to dinner about thirty strong. The conversation was chiefly political and high ministerial, but the young gentlemen talk a good deal about the day's sport, which just at this moment, when the shooting season is closing, is a matter of importance. . . . As we

5 Richard Heber.
returned to the saloon we found a band of music playing in the long gallery, which we were obliged to traverse in its whole length. After coffee and tea had been served, the party was a little increased by visitors from the neighbourhood, and for those who were disposed to dance there was the long gallery and music, but no ceremony.

The marquess is seventy years old, but well preserved, and a specimen of the gentlemen of the last generation, with elegant, easy manners, and a proud, graceful courtesy. Lady Salisbury is but little younger, yet able to ride on horseback every day, and even to join occasionally in the chase. I became, of course, acquainted with most of the persons there; but those that interested and pleased me most were the Marchioness of Downshire and her two daughters, the Ladies Hill, beautiful girls and much accomplished, with whom I danced all the evening. I know not when I have enjoyed myself in the same way so much and so simply.

[The next morning] Lord Cranbourne took me out and showed me the antiquities of the house and the beauties of the place. We rode about the fine park, stopped a little to see a shooting battue that was going on, went over the farming arrangements, etc., all marked with that extensive completeness and finish which it is seldom wrong to presuppose when an English nobleman's seat is concerned.

On returning to the saloon [after dinner of the second day], we found that a great deal of company had come, and in the course of an hour, the nobility and gentry of the county were collected there. It was, in fact, an annual ball that Lady Salisbury, who loves old fashions, gives every winter, in compliance with ancient usage, to the respectable families in the county, besides being at home, as it is called, one evening in every week to any who are disposed to come and dance without show or ceremony. The evening to me was delightful. I liked this sort of hospitality, which is made to embrace a whole county. The next morning I came back to London, and the following day early set off for the North.

I went, however, at first, no farther than Bedfordshire, where I passed three days at the splendid seat of the Duke of Bedford. The entrance to Woburn Abbey is by a Roman gateway opening into the park, through which you are conducted, by an avenue of venerable elms, through fine varieties of hill and dale, woodland and pasture, and by the side of streamlets and little lakes, above three miles. I arrived late in the afternoon. At half past six Lord John Russell, who had just returned from shooting, made me a visit, and carried me to the saloon and introduced me to his father and family. I was received with an English welcome, and a few minutes afterwards we sat down to table. There were about twenty guests at the Abbey, the Marquess and Marchioness of Woodstock, Earl and Countess Jersey, Earl Spencer, Marquess Tavistock, Lord and Lady Ebrington, Lord and Lady William Russell, Mr. Adair, etc. The dinner was

6 First Marquess of Salisbury, died in 1823.
7 Eldest son of Lord Salisbury.
8 Second Earl Spencer.
pleasant,—at least it was so to me,—for I conversed the whole time with Mr. Adair,  
9 formerly the British Minister at Vienna, and a man of much culture, and Lady Jersey, a beautiful creature with a great deal of talent, taste, and elegant knowledge, whom I knew a little on the Continent. . . .

In the evening the party returned to the great saloon, called the Hall of State, and every one amused himself as he chose, either at cards, in listening to music, or in conversation, though several deserted to the billiard-room. For myself, I found amusement enough in talking with Lady Jersey, or Lord John Russel, or the old and excellent Earl Spencer, but I think the majority was rather captivated with Lady Ebrington's music. . . .

The next morning, at ten o'clock, found us mustered in the breakfast-room. It was a day of no common import at a nobleman's country-seat, for it was the last of the shooting season. The Duke was anxious to have a quantity of game killed that should maintain the reputation of the Abbey, for the first sporting-ground in Great Britain; and therefore solemn preparations were made to have a grand battue of the park, for it was intended, in order to give more reputation to the day's success, that nothing should be shot out of it; nor indeed, was there any great need of extending the limit, for the park is twelve miles in circumference. Mr. Adair, Lord John, and myself declined, as no sportsmen, and so the number was reduced to eleven, of whom seven were excellent shots. The first gun was fired a little before twelve, the last at half past five; and when, after the dinner-cloth was removed in the evening, the game-keeper appeared, dressed in all his paraphernalia, and rendered in his account, it was found that four hundred and four hares, partridges, and pheasants had been killed, of which more than half were pheasants. The person who killed the most was Lord Spencer, though the oldest man there. This success, of course, gave great spirits to the party at dinner, a good deal of wine was consumed,—though nobody showed any disposition to drink to excess,—and the evening passed off very pleasantly. It was certainly as splendid a specimen as I could have hoped to see, of what is to be considered peculiarly English in the life of a British nobleman of the first class at his country-seat. I enjoyed it highly.

The next day was much more quiet. Several of the party went to town, and, though Lord Auckland and one or two others came down to the Abbey, the number was seriously diminished. I had the more time and opportunity to see the establishment and become acquainted with its inhabitants. Considered as a whole, Woburn Abbey is sometimes called the finest estate in England. As I went over it, I thought I should never find an end to all its arrangements and divisions. Within—besides the mere house, which is the largest and most splendid I have seen—is the picture-gallery, containing about two hundred pieces, many of which, of the Spanish and Italian schools, are of great merit; and the library, which is a magnificent collection of splendid books, composed of beautiful editions of the best authors, in all lan-

9 Afterwards the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair.
guages, besides a mass of engravings and maps. I could have occupied myself in these apartments for a month. Outside, there are the aviary, fish-ponds, greenhouses, the gardens, tennis-court, riding-school, etc., and a gallery containing a few antiques that are curious, especially the immense Lanti vase, which has been much talked about, and well deserves it. .

The Duke of Bedford is now about fifty-five, a plain, unpretending man in his manner, reserved in society, but talking well when alone, and respectable in debate in the House of Peers; a great admirer of the fine arts, which he patronizes liberally; and, finally, one of the best farmers in England, and one of those who have most improved the condition of their estates by scientific and careful cultivation. . Lord John is a young man of a good deal of literary knowledge and taste, from whose acquaintance I have had much pleasure.1

On the 4th February I left the hospitality, kindness, and quiet enjoyment of Woburn Abbey, and went over to Cambridge. . Of the society at Cambridge I had a pretty fair specimen, I imagine, though I passed only three days there. The first afternoon, on my arrival, I went to young Cranfurd’s, son of Sir James, whom I knew in Italy last winter. He had just taken his degree, and is to receive a fellowship at King’s in a few days, so that he is rather more than a fair specimen of their manners and learning. I dined with him in their hall, and passed the evening with him at his room, in one of those little parties the young men make up, to drink wine and have a dessert after dinner. Those I met with him were clearly above the common level, as I knew he himself was; but still, admitting them to be among the best, I was struck with the good tone that prevailed among them, their sensible and sometimes acute conversation, and their easy, gentlemanly manners. I must, too, add, that, although I saw others of his acquaintance at breakfast the next morning, and occasionally met students elsewhere, I did not find any material difference. .

The second day I was in Cambridge I passed entirely with Professor Monk,2 who went round with me all the morning, to show me the buildings and curiosities of the place. . There was much pleasure in this, and I was rather sorry when dinner-time came, which is a pretty formidable thing in Cambridge. I dined to-day in the great dinner-hall of Trinity, with Professor Monk and the Fellows and Professors attached to that college. We were at a separate table with the Gentlemen Commoners, and fared very well. The mass of students was below, and a slight distinction was made in their food. I met here the Vice-Master, Renouard, Sedgwick, Judgson; the Dean, Dobree, Monk’s rival in Greek; and, after dinner, went to the Combination Room, where much wine was drunk, much talk carried on. The tone of this society was certainly stiff and pedantic, and a good deal of little jealousy was apparent, in the manner in which they spoke of persons with whom they or their college or their university had come into collision. . I ought to add, that we passed the evening at Mr.

1 They had met in Italy. See ante, p. 183.
2 Greek professor, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.
Sedgwick’s rooms, where there were only a few persons from several different colleges, among whom better manners and a finer tact in conversation prevailed.

Herbert Marsh and Dr. Clarke were not in Cambridge. One person, however, I knew there, who was both a scholar and an accomplished gentleman, Dr. Davy, Master of Caius, to whom Lord Holland gave me letters, and from whom I received a great deal of kindness. I breakfasted with him alone, and enjoyed the variety of his conversation, always nourished with good learning, but never hardened with pedantry.

In the afternoon he carried me to dine with a club which originated in attachment to the fallen Stuarts, and was therefore called “The Family,” but has long since become a mere dinner-party every fortnight. Six of the fourteen Masters were there, Smyth, the Professor of Modern History, and two or three other professors. I was amused with the severity of their adherence to ancient customs and manners, and was somewhat surprised to find pipes introduced after dinner, not so much because smoking was liked, as because it was ancient in the usages of the club.

My journey to the North was a journey of speed, and, of course, I saw little, and enjoyed less. Two or three points and moments, however, I shall not easily forget. The first was York. I arrived there on Sunday morning, and remained until the next day, but I passed the greater part of my time in its grand Gothic cathedral. It is one of those great monuments of the ponderous power of the clergy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which are scattered all over Europe, and whose unfinished magnificence shows how suddenly this power was broken up. York is as grand and imposing as almost any of them, I think, unless it be that at Seville, where there is a solemn harmony between the dim light that struggles through its storied windows, the dark, threatening masses of the pile itself, the imposing power of the paintings, and the deep, wailing echoes of that worship which is to be found and felt, in all its original dignity and power, only beyond the Pyrenees. Excepting that, I know nothing that goes before York.

The next point that surprised me was Newcastle. I merely passed the night there, but the appearance of the country about it was extraordinary. At the side of every coal-pit a quantity of the finer parts that are thrown out is perpetually burning, and the effect produced by the earth, thus apparently everywhere on fire, both on the machinery used and the men busied with it, was horrible. It seemed as if I were in Dante’s shadowy world.
CHAPTER XIV.

Edinburgh.—News of his Mother's Death.—Mrs. Grant.—Mrs. Fletcher.—Playfair.—Scott.—Abbotsford.—Southey.—Wordsworth.—Dr. Parr.—Sir James Mackintosh.—London.—Hazlitt.—Godwin.—Wilberforce.—Return to America.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

Edinburgh, February 11, 1819.

I HAVE received your letter, dearest father, to-day. It was very unexpected, but I have not been altogether overcome. Cogswell will tell you so. I do not think anybody has willingly deceived me, certainly the last persons in the world to have done it would have been either you, my dear, my only parent, or dear Eliza, or Savage. You were all deceived by your hopes, and if this prevented you from preparing me for the great calamity with which God is now afflicting us all, it is certainly not for me to complain that the blow has fallen so heavily. . . . Cogswell will tell you I have been very calm, considering how small my fears were. . . .

I pray God to reconcile me altogether to His will. I have endeavoured to do what seemed to me right and best. . . . and even if I had embarked at Lisbon, where I received the first news that made me think her constitution had received a considerable shock, I should have arrived too late. . . .

I see, dearest father, with what Christian resignation and firmness you meet the dreadful shock, and I pray continually that I may be enabled to follow your example. . . .

I cannot now make any plan, or think of my situation and circumstances coolly enough to be sure of myself, but of this you may be certain, that I will do nothing unadvisedly, and nothing that any of us will regret hereafter. Think of me, then, as trusting in Heaven, . . . as supported by Cogswell's unwearied kindness, and as willing to make any sacrifice to attain the objects that are still attainable. If I could but see you one hour, the half of this bitterness would be removed; but it cannot be, and I submit.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

Edinburgh, February 15, 1819.

It is only five days since I wrote you, my very dear father, but it seems a much longer time. Such sad hours, occupied only with cruel regrets, move but slowly. . . . I had been in Edinburgh but one day when your letter arrived. Of course I had seen nobody, and had
done nothing, and in the five days that have passed since, I have not had the spirit to go out of the house. I remembered, however, all your injunctions to go on, and accomplish the purposes for which I came to Europe, and as there remains really very little to do, I do not think but I shall accomplish it. It consists chiefly in seeing many different persons, learning their opinions, modifying my own, and, in general, collecting that sort of undefined and indefinite feeling, respecting books and authors, which exists in Europe as a kind of unwritten tradition, and never comes to us, because nobody ever takes the pains to collect it systematically, though it is often the electric principle that gives life to the dead mass of inefficient knowledge, and vigour and spirit to inquiry. Besides this, I desire to learn something of Scottish literature and literary history, and pick up my library in this department and in English. It is not a great deal; if it were, I might shrink from it.

I began this morning, recollecting that the longer I suffer myself to defer it the longer I must be kept from you. The first person I went to see was Mrs. Grant. . . . I had not yet seen her, but when she knew why I did not call, she sent me a note which touched me very deeply. . . . The hour I passed with her was very pleasant to me. . . .

Afterwards I called on Dr. Anderson, "the good old Doctor Anderson," as the "Quarterly Review" calls him, and as everybody must think him to be who has seen him even once. He is the person, perhaps, of all now alive, who best knows English literary history, to say nothing of Scotch, which was, as it were, born with him. He received me with all the kindness I had been taught to expect from him, and to-morrow morning I am to breakfast with him and explain to him all I want to do and learn here, and get what information he can give me. He is a kind of literary patriarch, almost seventy years old, and I certainly could not have put myself into better hands. You see, my dear father, that I have already begun to do what you desired, and I shall go on until it is finished. In five weeks, I think nothing will remain to be done in Edinburgh, and then I shall go, by the way of Oxford, to London, finish what I have to do there, and embark in the first good ship. . . . Farewell.

George.

The following passage was added to the Journal in the succeeding September:—

On the night of the 10th of February I reached Edinburgh. I entered no capital of Europe with a lighter heart and more confident expectations of enjoyment. . . . And yet it was there I was destined to meet the severest suffering my life had yet known. On the 11th I received letters announcing the death of my mother on the 31st of December. . . . The first anguish of the reflection that I was not with her was almost more than I could bear. It seemed to me that I had done wrong in going to Europe at all; and even now that I write this, many months after the bitterness of the first suffering has gone
by, it is a thought I cannot entirely drive from my mind. . . . But
all is in the hands of Him who has thus taken what was dearest to me
in life, and who seems peculiarly to have reserved to Himself the
consolation of sorrows which He alone can inflict; so that we may
sometimes, at least, feel with persuading sensibility how entirely we
are dependent upon Him.

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR.

EDINBURGH, March 1, 1819.

Since I wrote you last, my dear father, I have not done much. I
know not well what is the matter with me, but I have a kind of
torpor and inefficiency in my faculties, which makes me pass my time
here to very little purpose. This is by no means from the want of
effort, for I do not think I ever made greater exertions in my life. I
have been to see nearly, or quite, everybody that would have interested
me, if I were in the proper state of mind to be interested.

In the main point I am likely to succeed well enough. I mean the
literature peculiar to the country. I have received all the kindness
and assistance possible in this, from the four persons in Ebinburgh
best qualified to give them, Walter Scott, Mr. Jamieson, Dr. Anderson,
and Mr. Thomson. Mr. Jamieson comes to me every morning, and we
have read Scotch poetry together, from the earliest times down to our
own day, until it has become as easy to me as English. But I wish
him to continue a week longer, for in every literature there are many
things to be learnt besides the words and the language, which can
never be learnt but on the spot, because they are never preserved but
as a kind of tradition, especially in cases like this, where the literature
has not yet been fully elaborated and criticized. This, indeed, is the
great advantage of the society of men of letters in Europe: it
saves an immense amount of time; for a question, addressed to one
who has thoroughly studied a subject you are just beginning to
investigate, often produces an answer that is better than a volume,
and perhaps serves as a successful explanation to half a dozen. There
is a good deal of this society in Edinburgh, certainly, but not so much
as I expected to find, or else I am not in a situation to understand or
enjoy it. I know, however, all the principal persons who compose it,
and meet them frequently, but there seems to be a great difficulty
about it, or rather a great defect in it. When a number of persons are
met together, as at a dinner, the conversation is rarely general; one
person makes a speech, and then another, and finally it stops, nobody
knows why, but certainly there is a kind of vis inertiae in it, which
makes its tendency rather to stop than to go on. It is necessary,
therefore, to take each person singly, and then, if you insist upon
talking with him, it is most probable he will talk very well. I know
of but two exceptions to this remark, and they are Professor Playfair
and Walter Scott, who under all circumstances must be delightful
men.
To his Sister.

. . . . I build a great many castles in my head, and have many a waking and sleeping vision about a home, but all must remain uncertain and unsettled till we meet. For myself, the desire that prevails over all others is, that of returning the little I can of the great debt my infancy and childhood, and indeed my whole life, has incurred to you and to our dear father. How this may best be done must be determined by yourselves, and my life will easily accommodate itself to it, as you are now its chief objects and highest duties.

JOURNAL.

March, 1819.—Edinburgh is certainly one of the beautiful cities of Europe. It is situated on the declivity of a hill ending with the bold rock on which the Castle stands, or, rather, is there broken by a bold ravine which divides the old town from the new. . . . It is hardly necessary to be nice in the selection of particular points about Edinburgh. It is all beautiful, and it is enough to get upon a height or a steeple, anywhere, and you are sure to be rewarded with a rich and various prospect. . . .

The society here is certainly excellent. . . . In open-heartedness I imagine it is almost unrivalled, and what that virtue is, how completely it will cover a multitude of deficiencies and defects, one who has long been a stranger and obliged to make many strangers his friends, can alone know. It is a great thing, too, to have so much influence granted to talent as there is in Edinburgh, for it breaks down the artificial distinctions of society, and makes its terms easy to all who ought to enter it, and have any right to be there. And it is a still greater thing to have this talent come familiarly into the fashion of the times, sustained by that knowledge which must give it a prevalent authority, and at once receive and impart a polish and a tone which give a charm to each alike, and without which neither can become what it ought to be to itself or the world. This, I think, is the secret of the fascination of society at Edinburgh. . . .

I did not, of course, seek general society at Edinburgh; still, I knew a good many persons, most, indeed, whom I was desirous to know before I went there. . . . To Count Flahault's I went often. He is a Frenchman, an elegant man, bred in England and with English habits and feelings; and now married to a daughter of Lord Keith, a woman of a great deal of spirit, talent, and culture, who was the most intimate of the personal friends of the Princess Charlotte, and had more influence over her than almost anybody else. Her health was not good, and so they were always at home, and had more or less informal society every evening. Among the persons who came there, besides Lord Belhaven and Lord Elcho—two of the most respectable young noblemen in Scotland,—were Cranston, the first lawyer there; Clerk, Thomson, and Murray, three more of their distinguished advocates; Sir
Thomas Trowbridge, the same good-natured, gentlemanly man I had known at Rome; and Jeffrey, who, both here and in his own house and in all society, was a much more domestic, quiet sort of person than we found him in America.

There was a young lady staying there, too, who drew a great deal of company to the house, Miss McLane, the most beautiful lady in Scotland, and one, indeed, whose beauty has wrought more wonders than almost anybody's since the time of Helen; for she has actually been followed by the mob in the street, until she was obliged to take refuge in a shop from their mere admiration, and gave up going to the theatre because the pit twice rose up, and, taking off their hats to show it was done in respect, called upon her to come to the front of the box where she sat, and stand up, that they might see her. For myself, I could not find her so very remarkable, though still I would not appeal from a decision like this, which is like the decision of a nation. She had a fine face, certainly, an open, radiant kind of beauty, an exquisite complexion, brilliant black eyes and hair, and a very graceful figure and manner. Her conversation, too, was light and pleasant and unaffected, and, what was most of all to her credit, though she had a perfect consciousness of her own beauty, which she took no pains to conceal, it was mingled with no conceit. It was like an historical fact to her. . . . She had half the titles in Scotland at her feet. . . .

I went quite as often to Mrs. Grant's, where an American, I imagine, finds himself at home more easily than anywhere else in Edinburgh. She is an old lady of such great good-nature and such strong good sense, mingled with a natural talent, plain knowledge, and good taste, derived from English reading alone, that when she chooses to be pleasant she can be so to a high degree. Age and sorrow have fallen pretty heavily upon her. She is about seventy, and has lost several of her children, but still she is interested in what is going forward in the world, tells a great number of amusing stories about the past generation, and gives striking sketches of Highland manners and feelings, of which she is herself an interesting representative.3 . . . . Not a great deal of society came to her house, and what there was did not much interest me. I met there Owen of Lanark, who talked me out of all patience with his localities and universalities; Wilson, of "The Isle of Palms," a pretending young man, but with a great

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3 Extract from a letter of Mrs. Grant to a friend in America, dated June 24, 1819: "The American character has been much raised among our literary people here, by a constellation of persons of brilliant talents and polished manners, by whom we were dazzled and delighted last winter. A Mr. Preston of Virginia [South Carolina] and his friend from Carolina, whose name I cannot spell, for it is French [Hugh S. Legare], Mr. Ticknor, and Mr. Cogswell were the most distinguished representatives of your new world. A handsome and high-bred Mr. Ralston, from Philadelphia, whose mind seemed equal to his other attractions, left also a very favourable impression of transatlantic accomplishments. These were all very agreeable persons, Mr. Ticknor pre-eminently so, and I can assure you ample justice was done to their merits here."—Memoirs of Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan.
deal of talent; ¹ Hogg, the poet, vulgar as his name, and a perpetual contradiction, in his conversation, to the exquisite delicacy of his Kilmenny.

Mrs. Fletcher is the most powerful lady in conversation in Edinburgh, and has a Whig coterie of her own, as Mrs. Grant has a Tory one. She is the lady in Edinburgh by way of eminence, and her conversation is more sought than that of anybody there. ⁵ I have heard Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham speak of it with enthusiasm, and regret that she does not live in London, where they might hear her every day. She is, indeed, an extraordinary person. She converses with fluency, and with an energy and confidence that would seem masculine, if she did not yield so gently and gracefully, and did not seem to seek always to become a listener; and she has an elegance and finish in the construction of her sentences which is uncommon even in practised speakers, and which I have hardly found in a lady before; and yet it is apparent it is done without effort. . . . One of her daughters, Mrs. Taylor, is one of the sweetest, most beautiful, and most interesting creatures I ever beheld. Another, Miss Fletcher, will, I think, be as remarkable as her mother. This was, therefore, a delightful house to visit, and during the latter part of the time I was in Edinburgh I went there often.

Playfair is a most interesting man of seventy. I would rather be like him, in general temper, manners, and disposition, than like anybody of that age I know. To say nothing of the amount of his culture and the elegance of his mind, which does not seem to grow dim with age, . . . . he has a childlike simplicity of manner, a modesty which will bring a blush on his cheek like that of a boy of fifteen, and an open enthusiasm for all good knowledge, as great as if he were beginning life instead of closing it. . . . . I passed two or three afternoons with him. His conversation was always without effort or pretension, and yet full of knowledge, elegant, and producing a charming effect. I think he came nearer to my notion of the character of Mr. H., as Mackenzie has drawn the better parts of it, than anybody I ever met.

I breakfasted with Mackenzie one morning at Lady Cumming's. He is now old, but a thin, active, lively little gentleman, talking fast and well upon all common subjects, and without the smallest indication of the "Man of Feeling" about him. . . . While we were at breakfast Lord Elgin came in, a man about fifty, and as fat, round, stupid-looking a man as can well be found. The little he said justified what his appearance promised. . . . . There were other persons whom I knew and to whose houses I went,—Colonel Ellice and the Earl of Wemyss among the fashionable people, and among the men of letters, Pillans, the schoolmaster,—"the good old Dr. Anderson," as Southey calls him in the "Quarterly;" Jeffrey, who was every-

¹ John Wilson, "Christopher North," whose chief acknowledged production at this time was the "Isle of Palms," a poem.
⁵ An interesting autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, with selections from her letters, etc., has been published by her family.
where, in all parties, dances, and routs, and yet found time for his great business, and was, on the whole, rather pleasant in his own house; Dr. Brown, Stewart's successor, an acute man, but foolishly affecting a dapper sort of elegance, and writing poetry just above thread-paper verses; Thomson, an elegant gentleman and scholar; and Morehead, at whose house I twice saw Dr. Alison, a dignified, mild, and gentlemanly man. Dugald Stewart was in Devonshire for his health, both mental and bodily; and, after him, I have but one person to mention, and him I must mention separately. I mean Walter Scott.

He is, indeed, the lord of the ascendant now in Edinburgh, and well deserves to be, for I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels. He is now about forty-eight, fully six feet high, stout and well made, except in his feet, stoops a little, and besides that his hairs are pretty grey, he carries in his countenance the marks of coming age and infirmity, which, I am told, have increased rapidly in the last two years. His countenance, when at rest, is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good-nature: but when he is excited, and especially when he is repeating poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before. His talent was developed late. Clerk, the advocate, told me that Scott hardly wrote poetry in his youth, and, in fact, could not easily do it, for, as they had early been schoolfellows, he knew this circumstance well; and even when he was past two-and-twenty, and they were going over to Fife one day in a boat together, and tried a long time to make some verses, Scott finally gave up in despair, saying, "Well, it is clear you and I were never made for poets."

He lives in a style of considerable elegance in the city. Sophia Scott is a remarkable girl, about eighteen or nineteen, with great simplicity and naturalness of manners, not a remarkable degree of talent, and yet full of enthusiasm; with tact in everything, a lover of old ballads, a Jacobite; and, in short, in all respects, such a daughter as Scott ought to have and ought to be proud of. And he is proud of her, as I saw again and again when he could not conceal it.

One evening, after dinner, he told her to take her harp and play five or six ballads he mentioned to her, as a specimen of the different

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6 Dr. Brown sometimes in his lectures introduced passages of poetry, which he recited so beautifully that the students applauded, and this vexed him, because they did not equally applaud the lecture. In telling this, Mr. Ticknor would add, as another instance of students' whims, that, when Germany was impoverished by the wars with Napoleon, if a professor at Jena appeared in his lecture-room with a new waistcoat, the students applauded him; and the old professor at Göttingen, who spoke of this, on being asked by Mr. Ticknor what occurred if a new coat made its appearance, exclaimed, "Gott bewahre! such a thing never happened!"

7 Whatever passages, in the account of his intercourse with Scott, have been omitted, contain facts made familiar by Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or statements afterwards withdrawn by Mr. Ticknor in a note.
ages of Scottish music. I hardly ever heard anything of the kind that moved me so much. And yet, I imagine, many sing better; but I never saw such an air and manner, such spirit and feeling, such decision and power. . . . I was so much excited, that I turned round to Mr. Scott and said to him, probably with great emphasis, "I never heard anything so fine;" and he, seeing how involuntarily I had said it, caught me by the hand, and replied, very earnestly, "Everybody says so, sir," but added in an instant, blushing a little, "but I must not be too vain of her."

I was struck, too, with another little trait in her character and his, that exhibited itself the same evening. Lady Hume asked her to play Rob Roy, an old ballad. A good many persons were present, and she felt a little embarrassed by the recollection of how much her father's name had been mentioned in connexion with this strange Highlander's; but, as upon all occasions, she took the most direct means to settle her difficulties; . . . she ran across the room to her father, and, blushing pretty deeply, whispered to him. "Yes, my dear," he said, loud enough to be heard, "play it, to be sure, if you are asked, and Waverley and the Antiquary, too, if there be any such ballads."

One afternoon, after I had become more acquainted with them, he asked me to come and dine, and afterwards go to the theatre and hear Rob Roy,—a very good piece made out of his novel, and then playing in Edinburgh with remarkable success. It was a great treat, for he took his whole family, and now saw it himself for the first time. He did not attempt to conceal his delight during the whole performance, and when it was over, said to me, "That's fine, sir: I think that is very fine;" and then looked up at me with one of his most comical Scotch expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humour, and added, "All I wish is, that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it!"

I met him in court one morning, when he was not occupied, and he proposed to take a walk with me. He carried me round and showed me the houses of Ferguson, Blair, Hume, Smith, Robertson, Black, and several others, telling at the same time, amusing anecdotes of these men, and bringing out a story for almost every lane and close we passed; explained and defended more at large the opinion he has advanced in "Guy Mannering," that the days of these men were the golden days of Edinburgh, and that we live in the decline of society there. I am not certain we do not; but I was never less disposed to acknowledge it than at that moment.

Among other anecdotes, Mr. Scott told me⁸ that he once travelled with Tom Campbell in a stage-coach alone, and that, to beguile the time, they talked of poetry and began to repeat some. At last Scott

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⁸ The authorship of the novels was not yet acknowledged, of course, though generally believed.
⁹ This anecdote was dictated by Mr. Ticknor in later years.
asked Campbell for something of his own, and he said there was one thing he had written but never printed, that was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," and he didn't know if there was anything good in it. And then he repeated "Hohenlinden." Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out, "But, do you know, that's devilish fine; why, it's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed!"

On Monday, March 15, early in the morning, I left Edinburgh. I was not alone, for Cogswell came with me, and we had a pleasant drive of six or seven hours down into the Border country, and finally stopped at Kelso, a pleasant town on the beautiful banks of the Tweed. We went immediately to see the ruins of the old abbey.

March 16.—Two miles farther on [beyond Melrose] is the magician's own house,—Scott's, I mean, or the "sherrie's," as the position called him, because he is sheriff of the county,—as odd-looking a thing as can well be seen, neither house nor castle, ancient nor modern, nor an imitation of either, but a complete nondescript. The situation is not very good, though on the bank of the Tweed and opposite the entrance of the Gala, for it is under a hill and has little prospect; but there is a kindness and hospitality there which are better than anything else, and make everything else forgotten. We had come down on an invitation to pass as much time with him as we could, and were received with the simple good-nature and good spirits which I have constantly found in his house. Mrs. Scott was not there, nor either of the sons. The establishment, therefore, consisted of Mr. Scott, his two girls, Sophia and Anne, and Mr. Skeene, to whom he has dedicated one of the cantos of "Marmion."

Mr. Scott himself was more amusing here than I had found him even in town. He seemed, like Antæus, to feel that he touched a kindred earth, and to quicken into new life by its influences. The Border country is indeed the natural home of his talent, and it is when walking with him over his own hills and through his own valleys, and in the bosom and affections of his own family, that he is all you can imagine or desire him to be. His house itself is a kind of collection of fragments of history; architectural ornaments,—copies from Melrose in one part, the old identical gate of the Tolbooth, or rather the stone part of it, through which the Porteous mob forced its way, in another,—an old fountain before the house, and odd inscriptions and statues everywhere, made such a kind of irregular, poetical habitation as ought to belong to him. Then for every big stone on his estate, as well as for all the great points of the country about, he has a tradition or a ballad, which he repeats with an enthusiasm that kindles his face to an animation that forms a singular contrast to the quiet in which it usually rests.

Sophia shares and enjoys these local feelings and attachments, and can tell as many Border stories as her father, and repeat perhaps as

1 It was still a cottage in dimensions, very different from the later erection.
many ballads, and certainly more Jacobite songs. She is, indeed, in some respects, an extraordinary person. There is nothing romantic about her, for she is as perfectly right-minded as I ever saw one so young; and, indeed, perhaps right-mindedness is the prevailing feature in her character. She has no uncommon talent, and yet I am sure he must have little taste or feeling who could find her conversation dull; she is not beautiful, though after seeing her several times in company with those handsomer than herself, I found my eye at last rested with most pleasure on the playful simplicity and natural openness of her countenance. . . . Anne is younger, no less natural, and perhaps has more talent, and is generally thought prettier; but nobody, I think, places her in competition with her sister. . . .

Nobody came to Abbotsford while we stayed there, and of course we had a happy time. The breakfast-hour was nine, and after that we all walked out together and heard any number of amusing stories, for Mr. Scott has a story for everything; and so we continued walking about and visiting till nearly dinner-time, at half-past four. As soon as we were seated the piper struck up a pibroch before the windows, dressed in his full Highland costume, and one of the best-looking and most vain, self-sufficient dogs I ever saw; and he continued walking about, and playing on his bagpipes until the dessert arrived, when he was called in, received his dram, and was dismissed. Mr. Scott likes to sit at table and talk, and therefore dinner, or rather the latter part of it, was long. Coffee followed, and then in a neighbouring large room the piper was heard again, and we all went in and danced Scotch reels till we were tired. An hour's conversation afterwards brought us to ten o'clock and supper; and two very short and gay hours at the supper-table, or by the fire, brought us to bedtime.

I delighted to talk with these original creatures about themselves and one another, for they do it with simplicity, and often make curious remarks. Mr. Scott gave me an odd account of the education of his whole family. His great object has always been, not to over-educate, and to follow the natural indications of character, rather than to form other traits. The strongest instance is his son Walter, a young man with little talent; "and so," said Mr. Scott, "I gave him as much schooling as I thought would do him good, and taught him to ride well, and shoot well, and tell the truth; and I think now that he will make a good soldier, and serve his country well, instead of a poor scholar or advocate, doing no good to himself or anybody else." Sophia, however, did not seem to be quite well satisfied with her father's system of education in some respects. "He's always just telling us our faults," said she, with her little Scotch accent and idiom, "but never takes such very serious pains to have us mend. I think sometimes he would like to have us different from other girls and boys, even though it should be by having us worse." . . .

But the visit that began so happily, and continued for two days so brightly, had a sad close. During the second night Mr. Scott was seized with violent spasms in his stomach, which could be controlled neither by laudanum nor bleeding. A surgeon was sent for, who continued with him all night, . . . and the next morning the family
was filled with the most cruel apprehensions, for though he has been subject to such attacks, none had come on with such violence. We therefore abruptly ended our visit a day sooner than we intended, and crossed to the main road at Selkirk, where I had a very sad parting from Cogswell.

**March 18. . . .** Early the next morning I set off for Keswick, and in about twelve miles found myself already in the broken mountainous country that prepares an approach to the lakes. . . . My drive, though through a country so interesting, had been sad, for I have now little that will cheer me when I am left in solitude, and I know not when I have been more deserted by all decent courage, than I was at the moment I entered Mr. Southey's door. The kindness of his reception gave me the first glad feeling I had had, from the time I left Cogswell at Selkirk.

Mr. Southey introduced me to Mrs. Coleridge, a good respectable-looking lady of five-and-forty, her daughter, a sweet creature of uncommon beauty and gentleness, not quite sixteen, and his own family of daughters, the eldest of whom, Edith, has some of his own peculiar rapidity of mind, and Isabella, the fourth, only six years old, who has a bewitching mischievous beauty, which came from I know not where. After dinner he carried me into his study, and spread out a quantity of his literary projects before me,—his "Life of Wesley," which is in the press, his "Brazil," to be finished in a month, his "Spanish War," to which he has prefixed an interesting preface on the moral state of England, France, and Spain, between 1789 and 1808; and, finally, a poem on the War of Philip,—not him of Macedon, but our own particular Philip, recorded by Hubbard and Church,—and as this is more interesting to an American than any other of the works, it is the one I most carefully followed, as he read me all he has written of it. He has, however, finished only six hundred of the six thousand lines that are to compose it, rhymed, and in various measure, but not so elaborately irregular as the versification of "Kehama," though the same principle is adopted of addressing the metre to the ear rather than to the eye. . . . We sat up very late, and talked a great deal upon all sorts of subjects, especially America, Spain, and Portugal, for these, and particularly the last, are his favourite topics and studies.

The next morning he carried me to see the principal beauties of the neighbourhood, and, among other things, the point where Gray stood when he enjoyed the prospect described in one of his letters, and the island in the lake, from which our Franklin, who was then staying at the house of a gentleman here, made his first experiment of pouring oil on troubled waters. . . . Southey was pleasant during the walk,

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2 Afterwards Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge.
3 "Oliver Newman" was left unfinished. Mr. Southey promised Mr. Ticknor the autograph manuscript of this poem when it should have been published, and this promise was remembered and redeemed, after the poet's death, by his children. Mr. Ticknor had a pleasant correspondence with him for some years, and some of the letters from Southey appear in his Memoirs.
and still more so at dinner and in the evening, talking with great rapidity; for the quickness of his mind expresses itself in the fluency of his utterance, and yet he is ready upon almost any subject that can be proposed to him, from the extent of his knowledge. In the evening he opened to me more great bundles of manuscript materials, his "History of Portugal," the work on which he thinks he can most safely rest his claims with posterity, his "History of the Portuguese East Indies," a necessary appendix and consequence of it, etc., etc.; in short, as he himself said, more than the whole amount of all he has published. He is certainly an extraordinary man, one of those whose character I find it difficult to comprehend, because I hardly know how such elements can be brought together, such rapidity of mind with such patient labour and wearisome exactness, so mild a disposition with so much nervous excitability, and a poetical talent so elevated with such an immense mass of minute, dull learning. He considers himself completely an author by profession, and therefore, as he told me, never writes anything which will not sell, in the hours he regularly devotes to labour. For this reason, his poetry has been strictly his amusement, and therefore, as he is forbidden early rising by his physician, he has taken the time before breakfast for his Muse,—which cannot be above half an hour or an hour,—and has not allowed himself any other. When I add that his light reading after supper is now in the fifty-three folios of the "Acta Sanctorum," I have given to myself an idea of industry such as I never saw but in Germany before.

After all, however, my recollections of Southey rest rather on his domestic life and his character as a man, for here he seems to me to be truly excellent. . . . His family now consists of Mrs. Lovell; Mrs. Coleridge and her beautiful daughter, who is full of genius, and to whom he has given an education that enables her, in defiance of an alarming degree of modesty, to speak of Virgil, Cervantes, and Dante as familiar acquaintance; and his own excellent wife, with six fine children, who are half his occupation and more than half his pride and delight, all living in affection and harmony together, and all supported by the exercise of his talents, in a gentlemanlike establishment, where, besides an ample library, he has the comforts and a great many of the luxuries of life. I have seen few men who I thought better fulfilled the character Heaven destined to them than Southey. . . .

March 21.—An extremely pleasant drive of sixteen miles . . . . brought me to Wordsworth's door, on a little elevation, commanding a view of Rydal water. . . . It is claimed to be the most beautiful spot and the finest prospect in the lake country, and, even if there be finer, it would be an ungrateful thing to remember them here, where, if anywhere, the eye and the heart ought to be satisfied. Wordsworth knew from Southey that I was coming, and therefore met me at the door and received me heartily. He is about fifty-three or four, with a tall, ample, well-proportioned frame, a grave and tranquil manner,

4 Mr. Ticknor did not see Mrs. Southey, her infant son, whose cradle was in his father's library at this time, being only three weeks old.
a Roman cast of appearance, and Roman dignity and simplicity. He presented me to his wife, a good, very plain woman, who seems to regard him with reverence and affection, and to his sister, not much younger than himself, with a good deal of spirit and, I should think, more than common talent and knowledge. I was at home with them at once, and we went out like friends together to scramble up the mountains, and enjoy the prospects and scenery. . . . We returned to dinner, which was very simple, for, though he has an office under the government and a patrimony besides, yet each is inconsiderable. . . .

His conversation surprised me by being so different from all I had anticipated. It was exceedingly simple, strictly confined to subjects he understood familiarly, and more marked by plain good-sense than by anything else. When, however, he came upon poetry and reviews, he was the Khan of Tartary again, and talked as metaphysically and extravagantly as ever Coleridge wrote; but, excepting this, it was really a consolation to hear him. It was best of all, though, to see how he is loved and respected in his family and neighbourhood. . . .

The peasantry treated him with marked respect, the children took off their hats to him, and a poor widow in the neighbourhood sent to him to come and talk to her son, who had been behaving ill. . . .

In the evening he showed me his manuscripts, the longest a kind of poetical history of his life, which, in the course of about two octavo volumes of manuscript, he has brought to his twenty-eighth year, and of which the "Excursion" is a fragment. It is in blank-verse, and, as far as I read, what has been published is a fair specimen of what remains in manuscript. He read me "Peter Bell, the Potter," a long tale, with many beauties but much greater defects; and another similar story, "The Waggoner." . . . The whole amused me a good deal; it was a specimen of the lake life, doctrines, and manners, more perfect than I had found at Southey's, and, as such, was very curious. We sat up, therefore, late, and talked a great deal about the living poets. Of Scott he spoke with much respect as a man, and of his works with judicious and sufficient praise. For Campbell he did not seem to have so much regard; and for Lord Byron none at all, since, though he admired his talent, he seemed to have a deep-rooted abhorrence of his character, and besides, I thought, felt a little bitterness against him for having taken something of his own lakish manner lately, and, what is worse, borrowed some of his thoughts. On the whole, however, he seemed fairly disposed to do justice to his contemporaries and rivals. . . . In the morning early I recommenced my journey. . . .

March 23.—At Birmingham I took a post-chaise and went on, and slept at Hatton,—old Dr. Parr's. This was another pleasant literary visit. The old gentleman received me with kindness, and recognized me at once. I had a letter to him, but it was not necessary, as he remembered me. Since I saw him, age has laid a heavy hand upon him, and he has bent under it. . . . His mind, however, seems to have remained untouched. He is still as zealous as ever; dogmatizes in politics with all his former passion, and gives himself up, perhaps, rather more to his prejudices, which cling closer to his character, as
the moss clings closer to the rock, until at last it seems to identify itself with it. He talked a great deal of the literary establishments in Great Britain; seemed to despise Edinburgh, where, he said, you would not get so much knowledge at a lecture as you would in the same time at an English gentleman's dinner-table; preferred Oxford to Cambridge, though he is a Cantabrigian; spoke with galling contempt of Monk; and, in short, seemed disposed to spare very little that came in his way.

His politics were even more outrageous. He still praised Bona-parte, and entered into a defence of General Jackson and his Indian warfare in Florida, and seemed equally discontented with the Ministry and the Opposition at home. Yet there is evidently not a real bitterness in his feelings. He differs from most persons, even among his friends, but the reason is chiefly that he has lived so little in the world as hardly to be a part of it, and if he has any relationships, they are to an age that for us has gone by, of which he seems a rude but an imposing relic. . . . Setting his learning aside,—where he still stands alone among English scholars,—there are two traits in his character which would redeem greater faults; I mean his kindness, and the prevalent sense of religion, which seems always to be upon him, even when he is talking in his angriest moods. I felt both when I left him, and he said, "I wish you would stay some days with me. We should have a great deal of good talk together; but if you ever come into this country again, I claim a week from you. But I am old, very old; I shall probably be gathered to the great company of the dead, and, I trust, to a better company in heaven; so that all I may give you now is the blessing of an old man, who wishes you well with all his heart."

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

London, April 3, 1819.

It is about a week, I think, since I wrote to you, my dear father, from Oxford. I passed only two days at the great university, for it is now important to me, above everything else, to be in London to make my purchases of English books, and finish all I have to do in Europe; and if I have any time left, I can stop at Oxford again on my way to Liverpool. . . .

I am very busy, not with study,—for I have not pretended to study a word regularly since I left Scotland,—but in making all my last preparations for quitting Europe. Nobody can know how many last things are to be done at the finishing a great work that has continued four years, except one who has passed through it. I have two booksellers employed, and am all the time running about myself, and I think in a fortnight I shall have everything of this sort done; and, though it is a pretty close calculation, think I shall arrive in Liverpool on the first of May. If it be possible to get a good ship for Boston, I should much prefer it, but rather than wait I would embark in one
of the regular New York packets, that are the finest vessels in the world. . . . Six weeks, I learn, is the shortest time I can hope for, and I suppose fifty days is what we are to calculate upon. I mention all these facts, my dear father, that you may not make to yourselves a disappointment by expecting me too soon. . . . This is among the last letters that I shall write to you. I count the days before I shall embark, and shall soon count the hours.

Farewell.

Geo.

JOURNAL.

While I was in London this time, I saw a good deal of Sir James Mackintosh, who spent a part of the winter at Lord Holland's, the house I most frequented. In consequence of this, Sir James was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Haileybury, where he has a comfortable and somewhat ample establishment, near the East India College, of which he is, as everybody knows, a professor. He is agreeable everywhere, but more so at home, I suspect, than anywhere else.

It was a small party in honour of the wedding of Sismondi, who had, a few days earlier, married a sister of Lady Mackintosh, Miss Allen, a cultivated lady, who, with her two sisters, I had seen often at Rome, and whom I felt that I already knew pretty well. Sismondi, too, I had known at Paris, in the society of the De Broglies and De Staëls, during the preceding winter. To these were added Lord John Russell, and Malthus, who is attached to the same college with Sir James. It was, therefore, a party well calculated to call out each other's faculties and to interest a stranger. Lord John was more amusing than I had known him in London or at Woburn. Sismondi, with his new-born gallantry, very gracious but not very graceful, undoubtedly did his best, for he was brought into direct contact with Malthus, from whose doctrines he had differed in his own treatise on the same subject, recently published; while Sir James, who delights in the stir and excitement of intellectual discussion, seemed to amuse himself by beating round on all sides, now answering Lord John with a story of the last century, now repeating poetry to Mrs. Sismondi, and now troubling the discussion of the eminent political economists with his ponderous knowledge of history, statistics, and government, in short, the subjects on which all three were most familiar and oftenest differed. Malthus is, what anybody might anticipate, a plain man, with plain manners, apparently troubled by few prejudices, and not much by the irritability of authorship, but still talking occasionally with earnestness. In general, however, I thought he needed opposition, but he rose to the occasion, whatever it might be.

But Sir James led in everything, and seemed more interested and more agreeable than I had seen him in London society. I suppose that, on the whole, I have never met with an Englishman whose conversation was more richly nourished with knowledge, at once
A LONDON AUDIENCE.

... elegant and profound, if I ever met with one who was his equal. What is best in modern letters and culture seems to have passed through his mind and given a peculiar raciness to what he says. His allusions to his reading are almost as abundant as Scott's, and, if they are not poured out so rapidly or with such wasteful carelessness, it is, perhaps, because he has an extraordinary grace in his manner of introducing them, and a sort of skilful finish in all he says.

Malthus, living in the neighbourhood, went home at the end of the evening; but the rest of us sat up late to listen to Sir James, who talked under excitement, to Lord John and Sismondi, of the time of Warren Hastings' trial, and of his acquaintance afterward with Burke, including his visit to Beaconsfield, with great interest and animation. Even after I went to bed these great names, with those of Windham and Sheridan, rang in my ears for a long time, and kept me awake till the daylight broke through my windows. The next morning I returned to London, taking in my post-chaise Mr. Sismondi, whom I saw more of in the following days, going with him, among other places, to Lord Holland's, where he enjoyed the society very much. . . .

One show that I took some pains to see in London was, to be sure, very different from the others, but still very curious. Mr. Washington Irving and I went together to see the damn ing of a play called "The Italians," which had been acted two nights, amidst such an uproar that it was impossible to determine whether the piece were accepted or not; and so it was now brought forward, avowedly for final adjudication. The house was filled; though, as a riot had been foreseen, few ladies were there. Before the curtain rose, Stephen Kemble, the manager,—a very respectable-looking old man, with the marks of infirmity strong upon him,—came forward, but was received with such shouting and hooting by the pit, who thought the play ought to have been withdrawn, that he was not heard for a long time. At last his venerable appearance and humble manner seemed to have softened the hard hearts of the mob a little; and, after many bows, he was allowed, though not without several indecent interruptions, to read a short address, promising, if the play was condemned, that it should be immediately withdrawn, though still begging a fair hearing. Of the last there seemed to be some doubt.

The curtain rose and the actors began, but they were received with indignant cries and showers of orange-peels. They persisted, however, and the house grew quieter. The pit, indeed, seemed disposed to come to a compromise, and wait till the conclusion before it should enter into the exercise of its rights of condemnation. Still, it was apparent that the piece was already judged and sentenced, for every time that an actor said anything that could be forced to a bad sense, the audience took advantage of it. If he groaned, they groaned with comical dolorousness: if he complained, they complained most perti-

5 "The Italians; or, The Fatal Accusation," a tragedy by Mr. Bucke.
naciously with him; and the words "'Tis shameful," "'Tis villainous," were echoed several minutes by most of the pit, standing on the benches and swinging their hats, and crying out as loud as their voices would permit. In this way, perhaps about one-third of what was spoken might have been heard during the three first acts; the rest passed only in dumb show, drowned in the universal uproar.

At the end of the third act the half prices came in, as usual. They had not heard the address, and knew nothing of the tacit compact between the pit and the manager; or, if they did, they cared nothing about it. The moment the curtain rose for the fourth act, cries of "Off! Off!" prevailed over all others, and half the time the body of the pit was jumping on the benches, and making an uproar that was almost sufficient to burst the ears of those in the boxes. The actors hurried on, skipped apparently half their parts, since not a syllable could be heard, and finally concluded in pantomime. When it was finished, the uproar, which I thought before as intense as it could be, seemed to be doubled. Several persons came forward to speak, but could not be heard. Hunt, who sat two boxes from us, collected a little audience and declaimed a few moments, but to very little purpose, for those more than ten feet from him were only spectators of his furious manner; and all parts of the house seemed about breaking forth into an outrageous riot. The only way anybody's opinion could be known was by placards, and many had come provided with them, and hoisted them on their canes or umbrellas. Some were, "Damn the Italians," "Are not three times enough, Mr. Manager?" Others were in favour of the play; and one, alluding to Kean's steady opposition to it and bad behaviour after its reception, was, "Will the justice of an English public permit a deserving author to be condemned, without a hearing, by a blackguard actor and his vulgar pot companions?"

At length the venerable old manager appeared. He made a dozen of his humblest bows, but in vain. He stretched out his hand, as if beseeching to be heard, and was answered only by louder and more vulgar outcries, and he was obliged to go off without having pronounced an audible word, after standing before his inexorable masters in that awkward and degrading situation above a quarter of an hour. He was followed by a burst of indignation that made the house almost tremble. An instant afterwards the curtain rose and a blackboard was discovered, on which was written in chalk, "'The Italians' is withdrawn." A shout of exultation, that deserved to be called savage, succeeded, and the pit relapsed into a kind of hollow calm that ill concealed a busy brooding that lurked beneath. The party that had been defeated was determined not to yield.

[The afterpiece was reduced to pantomime by tumult and orange-peels], and at midnight we still left the audience shouting, quarrelling, and tearing up the benches, all which, the newspapers the following day informed us, was continued some time, and was finally broken up by throwing pails of water from the gallery into the pit.

As we had passed so much of the evening with the mob, we thought we would finish the remainder of it with them, and went from the theatre to the Lord Mayor's ball. There were, I suppose, about three
or four thousand people there; but, excepting Mr. Irving, with whom I went to see the show, and my bookseller, there was not a face I had ever seen before. The whole was a complete justification of all the satires and caricatures we have ever had upon city finery and vulgarity. At the head of one of the great halls, on a platform raised a couple of feet above the rest of the room, sat the Lord Mayor, dressed in full gala, and the Lady Mayoress, dressed in a hooped petticoat, a high head-dress, long waist, and a profusion of jewellery. They were surrounded by what, under other circumstances, might have seemed a court, but now looked more like the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters on the stage. They were fenced off from the rabble, and sat there merely for exhibition. And, in truth, the spectators were worthy of the show they came to witness. They were but a mob of well-dressed people, collected in fine rooms, crowding for places to dance, and gazing on the furniture in a manner that showed they had rarely or never seen such before, and almost fighting for the poor refreshments, as if they were half starved; and yet with that genuine air of city complacency which felt assured there was nothing in the world, either so elegant as the apartments, or so great as the Lord Mayor, or so well-bred as themselves.

I found Hazlitt living in Milton's house, the very one where he dictated his "Paradise Lost," and occupying the room where, tradition says, he kept the organ on which he loved to play. I should rather say Hazlitt sat in it, for, excepting his table, three chairs, and an old picture, this enormous room was empty and unoccupied. It was white-washed, and all over the walls he had written in pencil short scraps of brilliant thoughts and phrases, half-lines of poetry, references, etc., in the nature of a commonplace book. His conversation was much of the same kind, generally in short sentences, quick and pointed, dealing much in allusions, and relying a good deal on them for success; as, when he said, with apparent satisfaction, that Curran was the Homer of blackguards, and afterwards, when the political state of the world came up, said of the Emperor Alexander, that "he is the Sir Charles Grandison of Europe." On the whole, he was more amusing than interesting, and his nervous manner shows that this must be his character. He is now nearly forty, and, when quite young, lived several years in America, chiefly in Virginia, but a little while at our Dorchester.

Godwin is as far removed from everything feverish and exciting as if his head had never been filled with anything but geometry. He is now about sixty-five, stout, well-built, and unbroken by age, with a cool, dogged manner, exactly opposite to everything I had imagined of the author of "St. Leon" and "Caleb Williams." He lives on Snowhill, just about where Evelina's vulgar relations lived. His family is supported partly by the labours of his own pen and partly by those of his wife's, but chiefly by the profits of a shop for children's books, which she keeps and manages to considerable advantage. She
is a spirited, active woman, who controls the house, I suspect, pretty well; and when I looked at Godwin, and saw with what cool obstinacy he adhered to everything he had once assumed, and what a cold selfishness lay at the bottom of his character, I felt a satisfaction in the thought that he had a wife who must sometimes give a start to his blood and a stir to his nervous system.

The true way, however, to see these people was to meet them all together, as I did once at dinner at Godwin's, and once at a convocation, or "Saturday Night Club," at Hunt's, where they felt themselves bound to show off and produce an effect; for then Lamb's gentle humour, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing olla podrida I ever met.

The contrast between these persons ... and the class I was at the same time in the habit of meeting at Sir Joseph Banks' on Sunday evening, at Gifford's, at Murray's Literary Exchange, and especially at Lord Holland's, was striking enough. As Burke said of vice, that it lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, literary rivalry here seemed to lose all its evil by the gentle and cultivated spirit that prevailed over it, and gave it its own hue and colouring. The society at Lord Holland's, however, was quite different from what it had been in January. Then he lived in St. James's Square, in town, and had almost none but men of letters about him. ... Now he lived at his old baronial establishment, Holland House, two miles from London. Parliament was in full session and activity, and the chief members of the Opposition, especially Lord Grey and Earl Spencer, were much there. ... There was more of fashion and politics than when I went there before, and I had two very interesting dinners with them, one when only Brougham and Sismondi were present. ... The very house has a classical value. ... Lord Holland told me, that in the gallery, which he has converted into a library, Addison, according to tradition, used to compose his papers, walking up and down its whole length, with a bottle of wine at each end, under whose influence he wrote, as Horace Walpole says. ... Lord Grey is a consummate gentleman, and, besides being the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, is a good scholar. With all this, he is the affectionate father of thirteen children. There are few men I have known that are more loved than he is; but in his general character, as he appears in mixed society, he is more a politician than anything else. ...
desiring me to be presented to his venerable mother. One morning, therefore, the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire took me, with her two charming, cultivated daughters, to make the visit. Lady Mornington was a person of a decided, dignified manner, not much infirm for her age, and with the air of a person accustomed to deference from her kinsfolk, however elevated, as well as from other people. She received me kindly, and we talked, as a matter of course, about Madrid, Sir Henry and Lady Wellesley, Lord Marcus Hill, and other persons there whom she knew; as well as of some, like the Tatistcheffs, the Duc de Montmorency, etc., of whom she had only heard. My English was without accent, and, as I was presented at the request of her son, she took me to be an Englishman. The Downshires, however, knowing me only as an American, began, after a few moments, to talk about America, by way of making conversation. But we had not got far before old Lady Mornington broke in upon us: "By the way, talking of America, there are more letters come from Mary Bagot; 7 and she says it is worse and worse there; that the more parties she gives the more she may; that she never saw such unreasonable, ill-bred people as those Americans," etc., etc. It was not easy to stop her. But the embarrassment was soon apparent. Lady Downshire, who was a little formal, became very stiff and red, and her daughters, the Ladies Hill, who were very frolicsome, found it hard to stifle their laughter with their handkerchiefs. At last, Lady Mornington herself perceived the difficulty, and feeling that it was too late to correct the mistake, she looked all round with a remarkably large and expressive pair of eyes, and simply said, "Ah, I see how it is, we will talk of something else." We did not, however, stop long, although the old lady did not permit the conversation to be broken up or interrupted; but when we were fairly in the carriage again, to make some other calls, we had a good laugh.

Mr. Ticknor used to describe the following incident as occurring at the same period.

After dining one day at Lord Downshire's he accompanied the ladies to Almack's. On this evening Lady Jersey was the patroness. She was then at the height of beauty and brilliant talent, a leader in society, and with decided political opinions.

Before going to the ball Lady Downshire called at Lady Mornington's, and Mr. Ticknor went in with her and her daughters. While they were there, the Duke of Wellington came in; and, being asked if he was going to Almack's, said "he thought he should look in by and by."

A rule had lately been announced by the patronesses that no one would be received later than eleven o'clock. When the Downshires thought it time to go, the Duke said he would join them

7 Lady Mary, wife of Sir Charles Bagot, then Minister at Washington, a granddaughter of Lady Mornington.
there later, on which his mother said to him, "Ah, Arthur, you had better go in season, for you know Lady Jersey will make no allowance for you." He remained, however.

A short time after the Downshire party had entered the ballroom, and had been received by Lady Jersey, Mr. Ticknor was still standing with her, and heard one of the attendants say to her, "Lady Jersey, the Duke of Wellington is at the door and desires to be admitted." "What o'clock is it?" she asked. "Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship." She paused a moment, and then said, with emphasis and distinctness, "Give my compliments,—give Lady Jersey's compliments to the Duke of Wellington, and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such, that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted."

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The fashionable part of my life in London was so laboriously dull in itself that I will not describe it. . . . But there was one place where I went several times, which was so unlike the others that it should not be mentioned with them,—I mean Mr. Wilberforce's. He lives at Kensington. . . . Everything in his house seemed to speak of quiet and peace. . . . He is about sixty years old, small, and altogether an ordinary man in his personal appearance. His voice has a whine in it, and his conversation is broken and desultory. In general, he talks most and is most attentive to those who talk most to him, . . . for his benevolence has so long been his governing principle, that he lends his ear mechanically to all who address him. Yet now and then he starts a subject of conversation, and pursues it with earnestness, quotes Horace and Virgil, and almost rattles with a gay good-humour and vivacity, which strongly and uniformly mark his character. But, in general, he leaves himself much in the hands of those about him, or, if he attempts to direct the conversation, it is only by making inquiries to gratify his curiosity. . . .

In general, the persons I met at Mr. Wilberforce's were pleasant people; and Sismondi, whom I carried there one evening, was as much delighted as I was, so that I do not think I was deceived by my prejudices or carried away by the mere quiet of a house, which seemed to me a kind of refuge from the wearisome gaiety of the town. . . . I always came away with regret, because I felt that I had been in the midst of influences which ought to have made me better.

I felt no such regret, however, when at last, on the 26th of April, I left London. As I bade Mr. Williams farewell,® whose kindness had followed me all over Europe, and turned from his door, I was assured

® Mr. Samuel Williams, a banker in London, and a member of a well-known Boston family.
that my face was now finally set to go home. . . . My journey to Liverpool was as rapid as I could make it, . . . and I arrived there on the morning of the 28th. . . . I desired to see nobody but Mr. Roscoe, and with him I had the pleasure of passing an evening, and finally met him at dinner the last day I spent in Europe. His circumstances have changed entirely since I passed a day with him at Allerton, on my first arrival from America, four years ago. He now lives in a small house, simply and even sparely, but I was delighted to find that poverty had not chilled the warmth of his affections, or diminished his interest in the world and the studies that formerly occupied him. He spoke of his misfortunes incidentally, of the loss of his library, with a blush which was only of regret; but still he was employed in historical and critical researches, and talked of a new edition of his "Lorenzo," in which he should reply to what Sismondi has said of him in his "History of the Republics of Italy." . . . .

Mr. Ticknor's voyage home in a "regular New York packet" was prosperous and smooth, occupying but thirty-seven days. It was rendered cheerful and pleasant by the company of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, "an admirable fellow, of splendid talent and most eloquent, winning conversation," whom he had already seen at Edinburgh, where Preston was a great favourite with Mrs. Grant; and that of Wickham, of Richmond, Virginia, son of the great lawyer,9 "a young man of fine manners and an unalterable sweetness of temper." These young men, with Professor Griscom, "a Quaker chemist of New York, an excellent old gentleman with no small knowledge of the world," bivouacked on the deck around the sofa of "Mrs. B., of New York, a beautiful young creature of talent and culture," and all these five, having known each other before, kept themselves apart from the other passengers, and passed the days in reading, talking, and laughing.

As they neared the land the wind was unfavourable, and the captain relieved Mr. Ticknor's impatience by putting him on board a pilot-boat off Gay's Head, by which he was taken, in six or seven hours, to New Bedford. By this unpremeditated "change of base" he landed on his native shores without money, of which a supply would have met him in New York; but his eagerness to be at home made this of no consequence, and he liked to describe his mode of meeting the difficulty and the kindness it called forth. Going to the best hotel in the town, he asked the landlord who was the richest man in New Bedford, and being told it was Mr. William Rotch, he went immediately to him and stated his case. Mr. Rotch, without hesitation, lent him the money he asked; and, thus provided, he hired a chaise,

9 See ante, p. 28.
in which he started at about ten in the evening, drove all through the warm summer night, under a full moon, and reached his father's house at seven in the morning, on the 6th of June.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters to Mr. Ticknor from Mr. Jefferson, the Duke de Laval, Count Cesare Balbo, Madame de Broglie, and Baron Auguste de Staël.

During his absence from home, Mr. Ticknor received many letters and notes from persons eminent on both sides of the ocean, and a few of these present themselves as a supplement to his own account of his experiences. They serve not only to show the impression he made, but to suggest traits of character exhibited in his relations with others, which are not so well brought forward in any other way. The allusions to conversations, and to points of sympathy or difference between him and his correspondents, add touches to the picture that would otherwise be lost. The first, in date, are letters from Mr. Jefferson, who seems to have formed quite an affection for the young Federalist from New England, who visited him early in 1815. These are only specimens, out of many letters written by the Ex-President to Mr. Ticknor.

Those from the Duke de Laval, from Cesare Balbo, Madame de Broglie, and Auguste de Staël are interesting in themselves, and full of vivacity: and they bear still more the marks of that individuality, on both sides, which creates the living element in any correspondence that is worth preserving. These friendships overmastered time and separation, as will be seen in later portions of these volumes.

From Mr. Jefferson.

Poplar Forest, near Lynchburg, November 25, 1817.

Dear Sir,—Your favour of August 14 was delivered to me as I was setting out for the distant possession from which I now write, and to which I pay frequent and long visits. On my arrival here, I make it my first duty to write the letter you request to Mr. Erving, and to enclose it in this, under cover to your father, that you may get it in time. My letters are always letters of thanks, because you are
always furnishing occasion for them. I am very glad you have been so kind as to make the alteration you mention in the Herodotus and Livy I had asked from the Messrs. Desbures. I have not yet heard from them, but daily expect to do so, and to learn the arrival of my books. I shall probably send them another catalogue early in spring; every supply from them furnishing additional materials for my happiness.

I had before heard of the military ingredients which Bonaparte had infused into all the schools of France, but have never so well understood them as from your letter. The penance he is now doing for all his atrocities must be soothing to every virtuous heart. It proves that we have a God in heaven, that He is just, and not careless of what passes in this world; and we cannot but wish, to this inhuman wretch, a long, long life, that time, as well as intensity, may fill up his sufferings to the measure of his enormities. But, indeed, what sufferings can atone for his crimes against the liberties and happiness of the human race; for the miseries he has already inflicted on his own generation, and on those yet to come, on whom he has riveted the chains of despotism!

I am now entirely absorbed in endeavours to effect the establishment of a general system of education in my native State, on the triple basis: 1. Of elementary schools which shall give to the children of every citizen, gratis, competent instruction in reading, writing, common arithmetic, and general geography; 2. Collegiate institutions for ancient and modern languages, for higher instruction in arithmetic, geography, and history, placing, for these purposes, a college within a day’s ride of every inhabitant of the State, and adding a provision for the full education, at the public expense, of select subjects from among the children of the poor, who shall have exhibited at the elementary schools the most prominent indications of aptness, of judgment, and correct disposition; 3. A university in which all the branches of science deemed useful at this day, shall be taught in their highest degree. This would probably require ten or twelve professors, for most of whom we shall be obliged to apply to Europe, and most likely to Edinburgh, because of the greater advantage the students will receive from communications made in their native language. This last establishment will probably be within a mile of Charlottesville, and four from Monticello, if the system should be adopted at all by our Legislature, who meet within a week from this time. My hopes, however, are kept in check by the ordinary character of our State legislatures, the members of which do not generally possess information enough to perceive the important truths, that knowledge is power, that knowledge is safety, and that knowledge is happiness. In the mean time, and in case of failure of the broader plan, we are establishing a college of general science at the same situation near Charlottesville, the scale of which, of necessity, will be much more moderate, as resting on private donations only. These amount at present to about 75,000 dollars; the buildings are begun, and by midsummer we hope to have two or three professorships in operation. Would to God we could have two or three duplicates of yourself, the
original being above our means or hopes. If then we fail in doing all the good we wish, we will do, at least, all we can. This is the law of duty in every society of free agents, where every one has equal right to judge for himself. God bless you, and give to the means of benefitting mankind which you will bring home with you all the success your high qualifications ought to insure.

TH. JEFFERSON.

FROM MR. JEFFERSON.

MONTICELLO, October 25, 1818.

DEAR SIR,—I received, two days ago, your favour of August 10, from Madrid, and sincerely regret that my letter to Cardinal Dugnani did not reach you at Rome. It would have introduced you to a circle worth studying as a variety in the human character. I am happy, however, to learn that your peregrinations through Europe have been successful as to the object to which they were directed. You will come home fraught with great means of promoting the science, and consequently the happiness of your country; the only obstacle to which will be, that your circumstances will not compel you to sacrifice your own ease to the good of others. Many are the places which would court your choice; and none more fervently than the college I have heretofore mentioned to you, now expected to be adopted by the State and liberally endowed under the name of "the University of Virginia." . . . I pass over our professorship of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and that of modern languages, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Anglo-Saxon, which, although the most lucrative, would be the most laborious, and notice that which you would splendidly fill, of Ideology, Ethics, Belles-Lettres, and Fine Arts. I have some belief, too, that our genial climate would be more friendly to your constitution than the rigours of that of Massachusetts; but all this may possibly yield to the hoc calum, sub quo natus educatusque essem.

1 The letter to Cardinal Dugnani had a curious history. It must have reached Mr. Elisha Ticknor, for the letter to him which contained it was found among his papers. The enclosed letter, however, never left this continent, but was found many years afterwards "in the garret of an old house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, among a mass of ship-papers, log-books, etc., etc. The owner of the house formerly owned sailing vessels, and two of his brothers were sea-captains, one of whom sailed to the Mediterranean." In 1864 Mr. Ticknor received a letter from Troy, New York, addressed to him by a lady born in Plymouth, who offered to send him Mr. Jefferson's letter to the Cardinal, which she had found among some autographs in her possession, and of which she had traced the history as above. She thought he ought to have the letter, because it concluded with a very high compliment to him. Mr. Ticknor was much pleased by this little incident, accepted the letter, and sent the lady a copy of the handsomely quarto edition of his Life of Prescott, then just published. The fate of the letter was never further explained. Mr. Elisha Ticknor had obviously sent it on its way, but it did not go far on its journey.
I have indulged in this reverie the more credulously, because you say in your letter that "if there were a department in the central government that was devoted to public instruction, I might have sought a place in it; but there is none, there is none even in my State government." Such an institution of the general government cannot be, until an amendment of the Constitution, and for that, and the necessary laws and measures of execution, long years must pass away. In the meanwhile we consider the institution of our University as supplying its place, and perhaps superseding its necessity.

With stronger wishes than expectations, therefore, I will wait to hear from you, as our buildings will not be ready under a year from this time; and to the affectionate recollections of our family, add assurances of my constant and sincere attachment.

TH. JEFFERSON.

FROM THE DUKE DE LAVAL.

MADRID, 18th Novembre, 1818.

2 Je réponds à votre très aimable lettre, de la fin d'Octobre de Lisbonne; et, suivant vos instructions, mon cher Ticknor, je vais envoyer ce paquet à votre ministre, qui renfermera mes petites lettres

2 Translation: I answer your very kind letter of the last of October from Lisbon; and obeying your instructions, my dear Ticknor, I send this parcel to your minister, who will enclose my little letters of introduction. We were very much amused, here, over the police of the kingdom, and your expedient of placing yourself under the protection of the contrabandists, in order to reach Lisbon in safety. Your friends regret, and I most of all, that this brigandage on the highways has induced you to come to the prudent decision to take to the sea. It was a friendly plan, that of coming to give me a last shake-hand in the Calle de la Reyna, before your final departure pro aris et focis. I assure you it is pleasant to me to think that I have in you a young friend, whose remembrance will never fail me, in both hemispheres.

I assure you, also, that if ever I am forced to a change of abode I will go to seek it in Boston, and not in the province and the deserts of Texas. I have a conviction that I should find a welcome there from hosts with hearts transparent and kind.

When you see my relatives and friends in Paris, you will speak of me to them, and of our common enthusiasm for Spanish dramatic poetry. Mathieu, the Duchesse de Duras, Mad. Récamier, will understand you very well. Show the first those little pages which we wrote on that subject, at parting.

You arrive at the most critical moment in our parliamentary discussions; being outside of the circle of these interests, you will judge soundly, with a mind unprejudiced by party influences. Send me your conclusions, your anticipations, your associations in society.

Adieu, my young friend; I send you all the sentiments and the benedictions of friendship.

M. L.

My cousin will take care to introduce you to M. de Chateaubriand, to whom you will convey my remembrance. He and Benjamin Constant, placed at the two extremities of the line, fight with equal zeal, and with great talents.
de recommendation. Nous nous sommes fort divertis ici, aux dépens de la police du Royaume, de votre expédition, en vous plaçant sous la protection des contrebandiers, pour arriver sain et sauf à Lisbonne. Vos amis regrettent, et moi, plus que tous les autres, que ces brigandages des grans chemins, vous aient fait prendre la sage résolution de vous embarquer. C'était un projet bien amical, de venir me donner à la Calle de la Reyna, un dernier shake-hand, avant votre grand départ, pro aris et focis. Il m'est agréable de penser, je vous assure, que j'ai en vous un jeune ami, dont le souvenir ne me manquera jamais, dans les deux hémisphères.

Je vous assure aussi, si jamais j'ai besoin d'un change d'asyle, j'irai le chercher à Boston, et non dans la province et les déserts de Texas. J'ai la conviction, que j'y trouverais des hôtes con corazon limpio y blando.

Quand vous verrez, à Paris, mes parents et amis, vous leur parlez de moi, et de notre exaltation commune, pour la poésie dramatique Espagnole. Mathieu, la Duchesse de Duras, Mad. Récamier, vous entendront fort bien. Montrez au premier, ces petites pages que nous avons écrites sur ce sujet, en nous séparant.

Vous arrivez à l'époque la plus critique de nos discussions parlementaires: en dehors du cercle de ces intérêts, vous jugerez sainement, avec un esprit dégagé de l'influence des partis. Mandez-moi vos jugements, vos présages, et vos relations de société.

Adieu, mon jeune ami. Je vous envoie tous les sentiments, et les bénédictions de l'amitié.

M. L.

Mon cousin se chargerà de vous introduire près de M. de Châteaubriand, à qui vous offrirez tous mes souvenirs. Lui et Benjamin Constant, placés aux deux extrémités de la ligne, combattent avec une égale ardeur, et de grands talents.

FROM THE DUKE DE LAVAL.

MADRID, 18 Janvier, 1819.

5 Vous ne doutez pas plus, de l'intérêt que m'a inspire votre lettre,

3 Mathieu de Montmorency, a member of the intimate circle of Mad. de Staël and Mad. Récamier, a cousin and friend of the Duke de Laval, mentioned again in the postscript to the above letter.

4 These were manuscript notes, written by each and exchanged, of which the Duke de Laval's part was preserved among Mr. Ticknor's papers.

5 Translation: You no more doubt the interest your letter of the 18th December from Paris excited in me, than the constancy of my friendship, my dear Ticknor. I was delighted to hear of the rapidity of your journey, and the entire success of your expedition. As you are still in a position to have applied to you this stanza applied to Aeneas, Vastum maris æquor arandum, your late voyage will give you courage for returning home.

All that you have given me of your first views of Paris are already anti-
du 18 Décembre, de Paris, que de la constance de mon amitié, mon cher Ticknor. J'ai été charmé d'apprendre la rapidité de votre voyage, et tout le succès de votre expédition.

Comme vous êtes encore dans le cas qu'on vous applique cette hemistique à Enée: *Vastum maris æquor arandum*, votre dernière navigation vous donnera courage pour retourner home.

Tout ce que vous m'avez mandé, de vos premiers aperçus à Paris, sont déjà de vieilles réflexions pour l'histoire; et le théâtre est déjà bien changé; c'est un autre problème sous vos yeux. Shakespeare dit, que l'on joue toujours la même pièce; et qu'il n'y a que les acteurs qui varient. Vous, qui n'êtes pas dans le cercle de ces intérêts, vous pouvez contempler toutes ces choses en philosophe, et les traiter de tragédie, ou de Saynete à votre fantaisie, suivant le prisme où vous les considérez. Votre amitié, qui a, sans doute, aussi bonne mémoire que votre esprit, me donnera da nouveaux jugements. On ne juge jamais mieux, que quand on peut se placer sur la hauteur de l'impartialité. Vous voyez, vous fréquentez, des personnages très influents au centre, et dans les deux extrémités.

Ici, toutes nos habitudes de gaieté, nos distractions, sont converties dans la plus morne tristesse. Nous sommes couverts de crêpes noires; et nous n'avons plus pour nous distraire, qu'un tour de galop, habituellement dans la joie prairie sur les bords du Mançanères, avec Lady Georgina, qui est parfaitement aimable. C'est là, où nous avons chevauché si souvent ensemble, estando in diversos praticos, où vous
avez toujours révélé votre excellent naturel, avec votre vaste érudition.

Il semble que notre César a renoncé à cet exercice. Depuis qu'il est encargado de negócios, il est devenu trop grave pour nous. Je sympathisais davantage avec la douceur de votre caractère, et de votre singulière modestie.

MM. de l'ambassade, vous offrent milles compliments, et moi, je vous prie d'offrir un ancien hommage héréditaire, à la jolie Duchesse de Broglie, que je crois aujourd'hui bien dédaignante pour mon souvenir.

Conservez moi la fidélité de votre amitié, et de votre devise, Cælum non animum, et agréez l'assurance, de mes tendres sentiments.

M. L.²

Count Cesare Balbo, the writer of the following letters, whose character and talents had attached and interested Mr. Ticknor, had been already, in early youth, during Napoleon's government of Italy, put forward in public affairs, and had shown great precocity and ability. He afterwards passed through severe trials, both public and private, suffering much from the weakness and injustice of the princes of his native country. Nevertheless, when in 1847 the goal of his desires for the independence and unity of Italy seemed for a moment almost within reach, he threw himself into the forefront of the conflict, served Charles Albert faithfully as his Prime Minister, sent five sons to the army,—where one of them was killed in battle,—and proved, by his whole course of action, the sincerity and disinterestedness of the political views he had always urged upon his countrymen.

During a period of forced inaction, in middle life, he devoted himself to literature, and is widely known by his "Vita di Dante," as well as by his "Speranze d'Italia," and other political writings. He was born in 1789 and died in 1853, leaving a name honoured throughout Italy, and distinguished in the cultivated circles of all Europe. Though his correspondence with Mr. Ticknor ceased before very long, yet their affection for each other did not diminish, and in 1836 they met like brothers, and were much together in Turin, and in Paris two years later.

² Cesare Balbo.
³ The Duke de Laval died at the age of seventy, three months before Mr. Ticknor reached Paris in 1837, so that they never met again.
⁹ See ante, pp. 173—176.
From Count Cesare Balbo.

Madrid, 12 October, 1818.

1 To-day, before the time, on Monday morning, I receive your letter from Gibraltar, and I thank Heaven, this time, that I am not capable of controlling my occupations and my hours as you do, otherwise I should be forced to wait seven days for a pleasure which I do not wish to defer a moment,—that of answering you. I never made fine phrases to you, of friendship and eternal devotion; indeed, it pleased me that you made none to me; it pleased me that you were in haste to go from here, to return to your country, and to your true and early friends. Nevertheless, the inhuman pride which you attribute to me does not prevent me from saying, first,—or even I alone,—that excepting, on my part also, the friends of early youth with whom I count on passing my latest age, I have never met nor known any one with whom I so desire a reciprocal correspondence of friendship as with you. Poor correspondence it will be, continued hereafter only by letters and by some casual meeting; but if you continue to write to me often, as you have written, and to remember me on many Sundays in the year, I shall place your friendly remembrance among the best and the rare pleasures of my life. Certain it is, that I have had few like that of receiving this letter, since the day of your departure.

Twenty-four hours after that, precisely, we received the long-expected and desired news of the change of my father's destination. He is recalled, made Minister of State, and Capo del Magistrato della Riforma, a title which you will not understand, and which means Chief of the Department of Instruction. It is an honourable, tranquil post, important to the well-being of our country; my father is much satisfied.

I am left, as I foresaw, until some one can be found who knows so little of this country that he desires to come here; and it might be long, I think; but I shall do what I can, assuredly, that this exile may not last much longer. But my father, who was called to come in all haste, has not been able to leave yet; he will not leave before the last days of this month; he will not arrive before the last of the next; he will not speak of me before the beginning of the following; they will give no thought to my affairs before the end; and, in short, before the month of February or March I do not hope for that liberty which I would so gladly employ in making the trip to England with you. Judge for yourself, then, of the pleasure I take in the hope you give me of your passing again through Madrid. I no longer hope, I say, that I can accompany you, but I cling to the hope—indeed I feel it more sure than ever—that I may join you in England. Would to God that of these meetings, although short, I might hope for many; that such a sea might not divide us, or that you should consent to the

1 Translated from the Italian.
wishes of your father; but I must perforce admit that you are right in not desiring this our trade, more infernal—whatever you may say—than the five hundred mouths of fire at Gibraltar. You have always seen in me this same love of the diplomacy; but since your departure I have had new reasons for abhorring it. . . . You may judge, then, if I was pleased by the news you gave me of the arrival of the Countess di Teba. I do not say, have not said, and will not say, that she is a mere pretty Andalusian woman; willingly, and exactly as you yourself regarded her, the most interesting Spanish Lady. Therefore we shall not be able to dispute this time. . . .

Addio, caro; I conclude, without beginning to discourse of ambition, and of Machiavelli, because if I should throw myself into that, I should do nothing else all day. Love me as much as is possible far away, writing to me as often as you can, and believe me your friend,

Ces. Balbo.

I open this again to quote to you a scrap of the author whom you love above every other, which, having fallen upon it by chance, seems to me capable of serving me, by way of answer, applying it to myself. You see that he begins, "Fling away ambition," and ends with "Serve the King." This is just what you will not understand, and what I believe practicable, and mean to do. The two and a half penultimate lines, chiefly, contain all my ambition, all my morality, all my politics. I did not remember them, but henceforward they will be among the very few I carry in my mind:—

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish even hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King."

FROM COUNT CESARE BALBO.

MADRID, 15 April, 1819.

2 Yesterday evening I was told, by the Duc de Laval, of your affliction, my friend. For a long time I have wished to write to you, for a long time I have delayed, for reasons I will tell you later; but there is no reason, and no business, which shall delay me longer, when I know you are unhappy, and that in your grief you doubt those whom you have inspired with a real friendship for you. I know by experience what it is to lose the person most dear to us, and on whom rested our hope of love, of comfort, and companionship for the

2 Translated from the Italian.
whole of life; and I know, moreover, that under such misfortunes we easily suspect all our friends of forgetting us. You have, assuredly, at home, many persons who will be comforters to you, and who will prove their friendship for you. But I should like to prove to you that, excepting the friends of your childhood, you have none on whom you ought to count more than on me. I except those, because you, in talking with me, have several times excepted them, and, as it were, placed them out of the range of comparison with any friendship formed by you in Europe; but it seemed to me, even then, that, among these, you made some account of mine. I, on my part, can assure you, with sincerity, that not only for many years, but for all the years which I distinctly remember, I have never known any man whom I loved so much, or by whom I so much desire to be loved, as by you. Such declarations would be needless, were it not that I know myself to be guilty of a long silence with you; and that I should be truly unhappy if, in your present circumstances, you should interpret this silence as a proof of forgetfulness. Now I will tell you, not as apology, how I have been prevented so long from writing to you....

And now we are inevitably separated; and perhaps at this moment you are at sea, approaching another continent. And now, my friend, is the time to make firmer and closer the relations between us. And, if you are not unwilling, it seems to me these may be truly called friendship; for even without being able to gather from them the fruit that is commonly gathered, when one lives near the other, it yet appears to me that, whether near or far, if there is true esteem,—conformity, in a great degree, of opinion,—affection,—desire of being useful to one another, and to exchange mutual information of all that happens to each,—there is true friendship. All this exists on my side and I assure you of it, fully and sincerely. In you I believe it did exist, and I hope that this my silence for some months past has not deprived me of the friendship you had for me, especially now when you know how it has come to pass that I have delayed writing to you as I wished to do, least of all when I add that I have just passed, in point of health, inward tranquillity, and satisfaction with myself, the worst six months which have fallen to my lot for many years....

I must tell you that, forced by the diplomatic caution, and the vice of unpunctuality of the Duc de Laval, to give up the rides we used to take with him, I still find, in all other things, that it is difficult to meet a better man, in any class, or in any business, least of all in the business which is his and mine. We have, therefore, remained quite intimate in our relations, in which I find no other defect in him than that of his want of confidence, for I am not so miserly of mine towards him, but give him, without claim of restitution, whatever I can give him.

Addio, dear Ticknor; be assured that the time we have passed together will always dwell in my memory, and that I cannot fail, in consequence, to take a most lively interest in whatever occurs to you after your present affliction. Write to me, I beg, very soon; and if you do not dislike it, let us agree upon a correspondence, not regular...
but continuous, to take the place between us of that affectionate companionship which I should so much like to have with you. But cannot you, some day, come back to see Europe and Italy once more? Addio.

In a letter from the Duchesse de Broglie, answering one from Mr. Ticknor written when he was in England in February, 1819, she says:—

3 Je vous assure que je regrette beaucoup vos petites visites, à cinq heures. Je suis fâchée d’avoir conçu tant d’affection pour un sauvage de l’Orinoque, qui ne nous rejoindra peut-être jamais. Qui sait si les révolutions ne nous amèneront pas dans votre tranquille et beau pays. Je ne vous parlerai pas de notre politique, que vous dédaignez, je vous dirai pourtant, que nous avons de la peine à faire avancer la liberté, quoiqu’avec un Ministère a bonnes intentions. Il rencontre des difficultés portant en haut et en bas, et il n’a pas beaucoup de force pour les vaincre. Vous avez tort de mépriser les efforts d’une nation pour être libre. Toutes les créatures de Dieu sont faiites pour une noble destinée, et vous n’avez pas le droit de nous regarder comme des êtres inférieurs. En viola assez là-dessus. Vos amis les Ultras sont toujours en colère, et nous détestent beaucoup. Il y a eu quantité de duels. Ce qui est horrible, les querelles politiques deviennent des querelles privées. Cela n’égagez pas Paris. Le rest est toujours de même, les salons comme vous les avez vu, beaucoup de vanité, peu d’affection.

Victor, Auguste, Mlle. Randall,4 tout cela pense à vous. Vous

3 Translation: I assure you that I very much miss your little visits at five o’clock. I am vexed at having formed such an affection for a savage from the Orinoco, who will perhaps never return to us. Who knows whether revolutions may not take us into your peaceful and beautiful country? I will not talk to you of our politics, on which you look down, but I will say that we have much trouble in promoting liberty, even with a well-disposed ministry. It encounters difficulties, above and below, and has not much strength for surmounting them. You are wrong to despise the efforts a nation makes to be free. All God’s creatures are formed for a noble destiny, and you have no right to regard us as inferior beings. Enough on that subject. Your friends the Ultras are still angry, and detest us greatly. There has been a quantity of duels. The dreadful thing is that political quarrels become private quarrels. It does not make Paris gay. All else continues the same, the salons as you saw them, much vanity, little feeling.

Victor, Auguste, Miss Randall, all of them think of you. You won all our hearts. I do not know whether you have vanity enough to be pleased with the general success that you had here. Indeed, you have more pride than vanity, as we told you.

Do not forget my American books. Tell me something about the religious condition of Scotland, and England. You know that it is a subject which interests me, but I promise not to mingle mystery with it. Tell me, too, whether people talk to you of my mother’s work.

4 The Duke de Broglie, the Baron de Staël, and Miss Randall, who was a faithful friend of Madame de Chaillot, and her companion during the last years of her life.
Baron Coppet, et qui has religion, the than left in African come I for zilian and evidence man avant Stael continued loss warm man character, religieux m’interesse. Dites de avons nous.

The brother of Madame de Broglio, Auguste de Staël, a young man of distinguished ability, and of a singularly pure and elevated character, was one of those who, like Cesare Balbo, formed a warm and lasting friendship for Mr. Ticknor. An early death cut short the high career of the Baron de Staël, and caused a loss both to friendship and to letters, which Mr. Ticknor always continued to regret.

In concluding a short note, dated March 17, 1819, M. de Staël says:—

Laissez moi esperer, que j’aurai encore quelques lignes de vous, avant de passer l’Atlantique; et que vous n’oublieres pas des amis, qui vous sont bien tendrement attachés.

In 1825 the following interesting letter came from him, written in English, so nearly perfect that it is given here exactly from the autograph.

Coppet, August 10, 1825.

My dear Ticknor,—It is an object of most sincere regret to me, that it was not in my power to be of any use to your friends in Paris, and to express to them the gratitude and friendship which I feel for you. Your kind letter reached me here a few days ago, and I had left Paris about the middle of June. Nothing can be more striking than your observations on Lafayette’s journey, and your picture of the five living Presidents. I read it with tears in my eyes, for after religion, there is nothing that penetrates so deep into the heart of man as the love of freedom. Yours is, indeed, a noble and blessed country, and the whole of America—when she gets rid of the Brazilian Emperor, which is only an unnecessary piece of ridicule—will present an unexampled scene of grandeur, wealth, and reason. But for God’s sake keep your eyes open upon your slave States. I am sadly struck with the madness of the people of Georgia; and prudence unites with common sense, justice, and religion to recommend that some early steps should be made towards the abolition of slavery. I live in the daily expectation to hear that the fate of St. Domingo has extended to the whole of the West Indies. And what will become of your Southern States, and their slaves, when there is an African empire established in the West, which will be but a just compensation for all the cruelties which the negroes have suffered from...
the Europeans, for years and ages. Let your statesmen act and speak; your philosophers advise; your ministers preach upon this subject. Delenda est Carthago.

What should I tell you of our own politics? They are so shabby as to make one ashamed to speak of them; yet disgusting as the conduct of our rulers is, in every respect, I think that the country is advancing, but there is a complete chasm between the government and the people. There are not two ideas or two sentiments in common. On one side bigotry, hypocrisy, and corruption, on the other indifference as to what passes in the Tuileries, but constant activity to improve, not only one's fortune, but one's mind. You may judge of it by the state of our literature. Many valuable books have made their appearance since you left us, chiefly in the historical line, Barante, Thierry, Guizot, Sismondi, etc., and the extensive sale of books shows that we are beginning to emerge from our intellectual stupor.

In my humble sphere, I have just published a volume of Letters on England, which will be sent to you from Paris. I am told it has brought some practical ideas of liberty in circulation, which will perhaps induce me to write another volume. In the meantime, I am very busy with farming, without the slightest wish, for my friends or myself, to have any share in the management of public affairs. I am here alone this summer. Broglie and my sister are at their place in Normandy, where I shall join them in the autumn, after a little journey to the south of France. Next year, if God permits, we shall all be at Coppet. Pray come and see us. I cannot reconcile myself to the idea that you should not pay us another visit; and my constitution suffers so much from a sea voyage, that I have but little hopes of seeing America, though it be one of my most earnest desires.

Forgive this broken English of mine, and believe me most faithfully yours. Sis felix et memori nostri.

A. Staël.

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to Home Life.—Circle of Friends.—Inauguration as Professor at Harvard College.—Entrance on College Duties.—Literary Life.—Religious Opinions.—Mr. Webster's Oration at Plymouth.—Story of Edheljertha.

R. TICKNOR reached home, after his four years' absence, on the 6th of June, 1819. He returned with character matured by unusual experience of men; with rare learning and

5 These, and some other of M. de Staël's writings, were collected after his death, forming three volumes, with a biographical notice of him, written by his sister. In this short memoir is a remarkable account given by him, in a letter to his mother, of an interview he had, when he was but seventeen years old, with Napoleon I., whom he sought in Savoy, as he passed through, and pleaded with him for his mother, then exiled from Paris and persecuted by the Emperor.
accomplishments, acquired by diligent and systematic study; and with tastes cultivated and disciplined by acquaintance with the best society of Europe. The object of his residence abroad had been to prepare him for a career of useful activity at home, and he came back full of ardour to use his various gifts and acquisitions for the benefit of the community to which he belonged. There was nothing in him of the trifler or the dilettante.

There would have been small ground for surprise, if, after a period so crowded with interest from sources in which America had no share, Mr. Ticknor had felt something like depression at the prospect of the comparative barrenness of life, as regards aesthetic pursuits, in this Western world. But it was not so. His affectionate and cheerful disposition made his return happy for himself and delightful to his friends. His uncommon social gifts and animated spirits, his ready kindness, and his active energy, united to make him at once an important member of society, both in the circle of the cultivated, and in that of the public-spirited men of business in his native place.

Boston was still a compact town of scarcely more than forty thousand inhabitants, with the best conditions for healthy social intercourse,—leisure combined with considerable commercial activity; equality, inasmuch as there was neither a pauper class nor an accumulation of great wealth in a few hands; general education; and that familiarity of each with all, which becomes impossible in great cities.6

An unusual number of men of character, and distinction in various professions, had gradually gathered here, and with all the most eminent of these Mr. Ticknor was closely associated from this time forward; with Mr. Webster, who had become a resident of Boston during his absence in Europe; with the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing; with Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician, who, like Webster, had lately made his home here; with Edward and Alexander Hill Everett; with Washington Allston, the artist; with the Prescots, father and son; and with many others worthy to be ranked beside them, cultivated women as well as men,

6 "A more peculiar and unmixed character," wrote Mr. William Tudor in this very year, "arising from its homogeneous population, will be found here than in any other city in the United States. There is none of the show and attractions of ostentatious and expensive luxury, but a great deal of cheerful, frank hospitality, and easy social intercourse. In short, if a man can limit his wishes to living in a beautiful country, among a hospitable people, where he will find only simple, unobtrusive pleasures, with a high degree of moral and intellectual refinement, he may be gratified."—Letters on the Eastern States, p. 319.
Mr. Ticknor found himself at once in congenial, appreciative, and animating society. Of these advantages he was by taste and principle ready to avail himself to the utmost.

There was a remarkable constancy in his friendships; all those which took an important place in his life being terminated only by death. In his old age he still had friends whom he had counted as such for sixty years, although he had outlived so many. With regard to two of those intimacies which coloured and added interest to his life in the period now opening before him, his own record has already been printed.

How he came to know and love the charming, earnest, gifted Prescott, his junior by four years, he has told in the memoir which he survived to write; and how he became a constant visitor, and an affectionate admirer of Prescott’s parents,—the wise and noble-minded judge, and his vigorous, benevolent, animated wife. He also describes his finding young Prescott in Paris in 1817, when he arrived from Germany, and the illness through which he watched with him, adding: “It was in that dark room that I first learned to know him, as I have never known any other person beyond the limits of my immediate family; and it was there that was first formed a mutual regard, over which, to the day of his death,—a period of above forty years,—no cloud ever passed.” The first friends to welcome him on his return were the Prescotts, parents and son; and thenceforward he was always treated by them and theirs as if he had been of their kin and blood.

His affectionate and intimate relations with Mr. Webster,—whose great and commanding intellect, and generous, genial nature, always inspired in him an undeviating confidence and sympathy—are set forth in the reminiscences he contributed to the memoir of

7 On his seventy-sixth birthday, Mr. Ticknor made a memorandum which was preserved, and which may appropriately be introduced here. It is headed, "Aug. 1, ’67. Persons with whom I have lived in long friendship," and contains the names of sixteen early friends, and the dates of the commencement of each acquaintance. They are these: Curtis, C. P., from 1793; Everett, E., 1806; Everett, A. H., 1806; Prescott, W. H., 1808; Webster, D., 1808, but also slightly 1802, 1805, 1807; Haven, N. A., 1808; Davis, C. S., 1809; Gardiner, R. H., 1812; Story, J., 1815; Allston, W., 1819. Others who survive, Curtis, T. B., from 1795; Thayer, S., 1805; Bigelow, J., 1808; Savage, J., 1809; Mason, W. P., 1809; Cogswell, J. G., 1810. Five of these gentlemen outlived him.

8 His letters from Europe to his father and mother, frequently contain messages to Mrs. Prescott. On the 5th August, 1816, we find the following: “Remember me very particularly to Mrs. Prescott, whose kindness to you, dearest mother, I can never forget. It is not impossible that I shall meet her son somewhere in Europe, and if I do I shall rejoice in the opportunity of repaying, in a way which I am sure will be most welcome to her, some of the debt she has thus laid upon me.”
the statesman written by his nephew, George Ticknor Curtis. This intercourse, maintained for fifty years, was most animated and stimulating; different in its nature and manifestations from that with Prescott, but delightful, and tending to develop in Mr. Ticknor the broad and invigorating interest in public affairs which was inherent in his views of manly duty.

Some there were, whose names have been or will be mentioned from time to time in these pages, who are less known, and who did not preserve the letters they received from Mr. Ticknor, so that they appear less prominently; but their influence on his happiness was, nevertheless, great, and his delight in their culture and their characteristic qualities was an important element in his experience. One of these was Joseph Green Cogswell, who, though five years his senior, survived him a few months; of whom he writes in 1820, "He is the same admirable creature, full of zeal for everything good, and everything that will promote the cause of learning, not exactly like other people, and not, perhaps, exactly as other people would like to have him, but always disinterested, always scattering good knowledge about him wherever he goes, and always exciting an enthusiasm for it in those he meets, from the excess of his own." And again in 1842, after speaking of Cogswell's great acquirements, he adds: "I have known him, familiarly, above thirty years, have travelled with him, and lived with him, months together, and yet never saw him unreasonably or disagreeably out of temper. . . . He is always pleasant in personal intercourse, under all circumstances, to a degree which, I think, I have never known in any other man."

Another was Francis Calley Gray, whose immense and varied stores of accurate knowledge were scarcely made available to any except those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance; but whose conversation, enriched by them, was invaluable to his friends, among whom none was more faithful, or in more constantly familiar relations, than Mr. Ticknor.  

9 Mr. Cogswell's attachment to Mr. Ticknor, which lasted through their joint lives, was thus expressed in a letter written in 1814: "George's affection has been very dear to me. He has entered into my feelings, he has loved those that I did, he has felt an unfeigned sympathy in my sorrow, he has uniformly sought my happiness and shared my unlimited confidence. Besides, I was proud in being known to be his friend; when I was walking with him I loved to meet those who knew me; as his companion I felt myself welcome wherever I went." Mr. Cogswell, then twenty-eight years old, had already seen the world, and endured severe trials.

1 In the Preface to his "History of Spanish Literature," Mr. Ticknor calls Mr. F. C. Gray "a scholar who should permit the world to profit more than it does, by the large resources of his accurate and tasteful learning;" and Mr. Pres-
Jacob Bigelow, the eminent and acute physician, the shrewd and witty companion, and James Savage,^2 warm-hearted, loyal, indefatigable, faithful to every obligation of friendship from youth to age; the exact and enthusiastic genealogist; quaint, vehement, and the very soul of integrity, of whom Mr. Webster once wrote, "He is as true a man as I know of; he would appear very awkward if he were to make trial—and try his best—to think wrong or to feel wrong;"—these both were among his earliest friends, and contributed their quota to his resources of enjoyment, as well as of intellectual stimulus.

Established in his father’s house, and surrounded by an ample and well-selected library, which he had purchased with labour and care in Europe,^3 Mr. Ticknor entered with zeal on the discharge of many duties, and the immediate preparations for his professorship in Harvard College. He persevered in his habit of early rising, and devoting his whole morning to study. Domestic and social claims, a wide correspondence, and the multiplied casual interests that demand the attention of a character like his, filled the remaining hours of the day to overflowing.

His formal induction to the Professorships of the French and Spanish Languages, and of the Belles-Lettres, his appointment to which has already been mentioned, took place in the church at Cambridge, on the 10th of August, 1819, scarcely more than two months after his arrival from Europe. Mr. Norton entered on the same day, and with the same ceremony, the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature, and each of the new professors delivered an inaugural address before a cultivated and sympathetic audience, which filled the old church, and for whom such an opportunity of listening to the utterance of the ripest scholarship America could then boast was an occurrence of no small interest.

cott said of him, "I think he was the most remarkable man I ever knew, for variety and fulness of information, and a perfect command of it. He was a walking encyclopaedia. I have seen many men who had excellent memories, provided you would let them turn to their libraries to get the information you wanted; but no matter on what subject you talked with him, his knowledge was at his fingers’ ends, and entirely at your service."—*Life of Prescott*, Appendix F.

^2 Mentioned *ante*, p. 2, as a friend of the father, he survived the son, living to the great age of eighty-seven. He was the author of a "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," in four volumes, a work of the highest value.

^3 Though the Journal contains no allusion to it, and his letters very few, yet it had been one of his constant occupations, in every country he visited, to buy books. He confined himself to collections of literature, for he wanted the books as the instruments of his labour. The Spanish collection was already remarkable.
Mr. Ticknor's discourse was fresh and appropriate; its style rich, animated, yet simple; and its topics varied and comprehensive enough to embrace the range of the duties assigned to him. An extract from the portion on Spanish literature, associating itself with his later labours, will be sufficient to show its tone:

In modern times no poetry has sprung so directly from the popular feelings, or exercised so great an influence on the national character, as that of the Peninsula, beyond the Pyrenees. This rich and admirable country, standing in some measure between Europe and Africa, served, for above seven centuries, as the advanced guard of Christendom against the attacks of the Arabs, who then threatened to overrun Europe, as they had already overrun the half of Asia. In these conflicts—where, during four hundred years, the Spaniards were uniformly beaten, without ever shrinking—a national character was gradually formed, in which chivalry and religion were mingled and confounded by the cause in which they were alike engaged; while, at the same time, the bitterness of an hereditary animosity, that tolerated neither compromise nor hesitation, was admirably softened down into a splendid gallantry and heroic emulation of excellence, by the generous virtues and higher refinement of their Moorish enemies. This spirit, which the histories of Zaragoza and Girona prove to be still burning in the veins of the lower classes of the people of Spain, as it was in the days of Cordova and Granada,—this spirit has always been apparent in their poetry.

From the first outpourings of its rude admiration for heroes whom it has almost made fabulous, down to the death of Cadahalso before Gibraltar, and the self-sacrifice of Jovellanos, it has never had but one tone; and that tone has been purely and exclusively Spanish, nourished by a high moral feeling, and a proud and prevalent sense of honour, loyalty, and religion. It breaks upon us with the dawn of their modern history, in their unrivalled ballads; the earliest breathings at once of poetical and popular feeling among them, whose echoes, like the sweet voice of Ariel amidst the tumults of the tempest, come to us in the pauses of that tremendous warfare which seems, alternately, one merciless and interminable battle, wasting generation after generation, and a single wild adventure running through whole centuries of romance and glory. We trace it, too, hardly less in their drama, which is so truly national that it seems to belong to their character, like a costume, and springs so immediately from their wants and feelings that, as we read, we are persuaded they would have invented it, if antiquity had not given them the example.

And finally we see it in the individual lives of their authors, which have been, to an unparalleled degree, lives of adventure and hazard,—in Garcilaso, whose exquisite pastorals hardly prepare us for the heroic death he died, before the face of his Emperor; in Ercilla, who wrote the best of Spanish epics at the feet of the Andes, amidst the perils of war, and in the wastes of the wilderness; in Lope de Vega on board
the Armada, and in Cervantes, wounded at Lepanto, and a slave in Barbary; in Quintana's prison, and Moratin's exile. Indeed, like its own Alhambra,—which was not merely the abode of all that was refined and graceful and gentle in peace and in life, but the fearful fortress of military pride and honour; amidst whose magnificent ruins the heart still treasures up long recollections of gallantry and glory,—the poetry of Spain seems to identify itself with achievements that belong rather to its history; and, as it comes down to us through the lapse of ages, almost realizes to our fancy the gorgeous fables and traditions of the elder times.

On the day preceding his inauguration, Mr. Ticknor wrote a letter to President Kirkland, giving fully his idea of the duties of the two professorships, and of the mode in which they should be fulfilled. We give some portions of it.

**Boston, August 9, 1819.**

*Dear Sir,—You have desired me to give you a projet of the instructions it may seem most advisable to give under the Smith Professorship of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures, and the College Professorship of the Belles-Lettres. Each, as it seems to me, should be considered separately.*

The claims of the Smith Professorship, which should be first satisfied, seem to divide themselves into two parts, each requiring a distinct course of lectures, which it will probably be desirable to bring in aid of the instructions of the teacher in the French and Spanish languages, so that the whole of the Smith establishment may tend to one purpose, and operate on the same individuals. I should think, therefore, that a course of lectures on French literary history and criticism, amounting perhaps to about twenty, delivered in the latter part of each year, to those who have made the most progress in the language, would be useful. To increase their utility, perhaps it would be well to take three hours in the week, on days not occupied with instruction in the language, and give two of them to lectures, and the third to an examination of the pupils, both in what they have learnt from the French teacher, and what they have heard of the professor's lectures, which I will make in French to those who are able and disposed to exercise themselves in speaking the language. This course would seem to close up the studies of those who should be about to leave the instruction of the French teacher; and to them I would propose to confine it, as I do not think it would be useful to any others.

The other course, which would be on Spanish literary history and criticism, may be made in the same way, and be delivered as often, accompanied with a similar examination; but, as it would not be quite so long,—if the rule of relative importance is to be observed, and a very few would attend it,—I should like to have it extemporaneous, both because I think more can be taught in this way, where the number of
the instructed is small, and because I should like to exercise myself in this form of instruction.

Both courses, it seems to me, should be given merely to teach, never attempting to produce a popular effect; and as, in this case, utility would be their only object, I am disposed to think the attendance on them should be only by those persons who have made some progress under the instructions of the French teacher, and that there should be such an understanding and concert between him and the lecturer as to make the Smith establishment one whole, through their joint efforts.

Under any arrangement, however, these things seem to be important,—that the attendance should be purely voluntary, that the course should not be divided into two parts and delivered in successive years, and that the class should never be large, since my only object here, too, would be to teach, and this can be best done where the number is small.

Turning next to the claims of the second professorship, he says,—

The belles-lettres, in general,—comprehending, of course, all the elegant literatures of Europe, from the earliest times of Greece to our own,—form a subject for instruction much more extensive, and one much more calculated to be generally useful and interesting, than any of those literatures separately.

He then gives a sketch of a course in four divisions, covering ancient and modern literature, poetry, and prose; and in conclusion, he says,—

I have been thus minute in explaining the kind of lectures I have thought of delivering under the second professorship, for three reasons: 1. That the wide extent of the subject being considered, I may be allowed to spread it through more lectures than usually form a course. I should be sorry to be restricted to fewer than sixty. 2. That in consideration of the intimate connexion between the different parts of the plan, and the importance of sustaining the attention and interest through the whole, I may be permitted to deliver them all in as short a time as possible. Perhaps four or five in each week during their continuance, and an examination one other day, would not be found oppressive. 3. That, as I have no experience in instruction, my plan may be examined by those who have; since I consider it merely a project, which I shall be more pleased to adapt, in any way, to the practical wants of the University, than to retain it as it is.

I am not aware that any other lectures than such as I have indicated, or some resembling them, would now be useful. At any rate, these are sufficient to occupy me for yet a long time to come; but if, hereafter, others that would naturally fall within my depart-
ment should seem to be wanted, I shall always hold myself ready to prepare them, as far as my health and talents and knowledge will permit.

Yours very respectfully

Geo. Ticknor.

The comprehensive plan here sketched for the department of belles-lettres was never carried out. In establishing this professorship, the Corporation had neither specifically defined the duties of the professor, nor known how far those duties were included in other established professorships. When, therefore, Mr. Ticknor thus laid before the President his ideas of what the courses should be, it was found that the Greek classics were assigned to the Greek Professor; and that the Professor of Rhetoric was required, by statute, to "examine and compare the properties of ancient and modern languages," and "to delineate the characteristic features of the most celebrated Greek, Roman, and English historians, orators, poets, and divines." Here were two very considerable sections, of what most scholars would regard as belonging to the department of belles-lettres, already in the charge of other teachers. Obviously a revision of the different statutes might have been made, and the duties of the separate professors clearly defined, but nothing of the kind was done. In answer to the preceding letter of August 9, the President simply stated these facts to Mr. Ticknor, who writes in reply: "This, of course, very much narrows the ground of the professorship of belles-lettres, though it still leaves it as wide, I suppose, as I could occupy with profit. At any rate, it would be far from unpleasant to me to have it understood, that these branches of the belles-lettres are already occupied, and that it will not be expected of me to give any part of my attention to them."

For some time Mr. Ticknor suffered from delays in establishing rules for his department, from imperfect rules, and from their inefficient enforcement; and he often remonstrated, always evincing a desire to have the means of producing more interest, more ambition of scholarship, and better opportunities of progress for the student, at whatever cost of labour to himself. His whole attitude toward the College was that of one animated by ardent zeal to promote the cause of good learning; and in spite of many discouragements, arising from the condition of the College government, and from the general standard of scholarship in the community, he persevered, with an earnestness and patience which could not fail to have a marked and increasing effect. He entirely succeeded in rousing and holding the atten-
tion of his classes; and the love of letters was quickened in them, not only by his words and manner, but by the example they saw in him, of one who had deliberately chosen the pursuit of literature, rather than yield to the allures of a life of unprofitable leisure, or to those of a more lucrative profession.

His work in preparing lectures on the literatures and the literary histories of France and Spain was thorough and elaborate, the work of an ardent and conscientious scholar, who borrowed no learning at second hand which he could obtain from the primitive sources, and neglected no means for forming independent and correct judgments. His lectures thus became a body of consecutive, historic criticism, in which the intrinsic qualities of the works under discussion were made to illustrate the progressive development in culture of the nations to which their authors belonged.

His manner of thought and expression was simple, direct, and fluent; not distinguished so much by originality of view or brilliancy of phrase, as by excellent sense and judicious and accurate statement. At the same time his voice and style of speaking, his brilliant eye and animated countenance, his whole bearing, as he sought to put himself in close communication with the minds of the young men before him, had much magnetic attraction. He doubtless kept in mind his observations in Germany and France, and Goethe's remark to him, that " eloquence does not teach."

He did not read from a manuscript, after the first term, and thus the magnetism of the eye and the face was not lost. 4

4 The students were provided with a printed syllabus of the arrangement of his subject. That of the Spanish lectures was printed in 1823, and the following extract is taken from the preface to it, adopting one or two verbal changes made by Mr. Ticknor in an interleaved copy. "The Lectures on the History and Criticism of Spanish Literature, for which the present syllabus has been prepared, are about thirty-four in number, each an hour in length. In print they would amount to two octavo volumes. They are prepared for private classes, in Harvard College, and delivered, three or more in each week, so long as the course continues. The subject to which they are devoted is, in many respects, new in Europe, and in this country quite untouched. The Spaniards themselves have no work of history or criticism embracing the whole of their literature, or even its best portions; and in England and in Italy nothing has been done to assist them . . . . Both Bouterwek and Sismondi complain of the want of access to a sufficient collection of Spanish books, and their respective histories have certainly suffered from it. This want I have not felt. Accidental circumstances have placed within my control a collection of works in Spanish literature nearly complete for such purposes. The deficiencies, therefore, which will be found in this course of lectures . . . . are not to be imputed to the want of materials."
Lord Brougham said in his inaugural discourse at Glasgow, that other things being equal, he who has written most will speak best. Mr. Ticknor had written so much, that his spontaneous language took a periodic form, and his discourse, if taken down by a stenographer, might have gone to the press with hardly any correction. He did not make his hearers impatient by embarrassing pauses, nor yet uncomfortable by the over-rapid utterance which implies the want of self-possession and self-control.

Mr. G. T. Curtis says, in a letter of reminiscences of his uncle:

He always, in my time, fixed and kept the attention of his class; indeed, there was never any movement or sound in the lecture-room that evinced an absence of attention. . . . He followed the very exact and methodical order of his syllabus, introducing discussions which were always animated and sometimes eloquent. . . .

An audience of college students, to be sure, no very formidable body to a grown man. But you and I have both heard Mr. Ticknor lecture before large and mixed audiences of ladies and gentlemen, with no other appliances than he used in the College class-room, but with the same fluency and ease, and at the same time in a manner adapted to the assembly before him. On all occasions his diction was both copious and precise. The sum of my testimony is, that his lecturing was as successful teaching as I have ever listened to.

No man could be more liberal in the use of his time and his knowledge, for the assistance of individual scholars, or for the promotion of the interests of general education. His library, which was freely open to any one who desired to consult books contained in it, included many works then scarcely to be found in any other American library, public or private. Many were the hard-working students who were able to pursue their investigations by the aid of its treasures, and who received from Mr. Ticknor friendly encouragement and judicious counsel. Mr. Curtis says again:

He very early began, and always continued, the habit of lending his books freely, taking no other precaution than to write down the title of the volume, and the name of the borrower, in a note-book. The number of volumes lent was often considerable. He would lend a book to any respectable person, whether personally known to him or not, if he perceived that it was really desired for use. His books have been sent to Maine, New Hampshire, even to Baltimore, and other distant places, for the use of scholars who could get them in no other way.

5 The letter is addressed by Mr. Curtis to Mr. Hillard.
The strong religious impressions which Mr. Ticknor received in early years deepened, as his character matured, into personal convictions, that confirmed the ruling principles of his life. He had been brought up in the doctrines of Calvinistic Orthodoxy, but later serious reflection led him to reject those doctrines; and soon after his return from Europe he joined Dr. Channing's church, of which he continued through life a faithful member. He was a sincere Liberal Christian, and his convictions were firm, but they were held without bigotry, and he never allowed them to interfere with kindliness and courtesy.

The Rev. E. S. Gannet, for many years his pastor and friend, wrote a notice of Mr. Ticknor after his death, in which he called him "a scholar,—we wish to lay emphasis on the fact,—whose faith clung to the gospel of Christ, and who recognized in him, whose name is the burden of the New Testament, a messenger of the Divine will, and a ruler over human souls."

He maintained a cordial interest in the church of which he was a member, and early took a class of boys in its Sunday school, founded in 1822, which he kept for eight years, receiving it, during the last year, in his own library on Sunday mornings. Some of the members of this class, who are now living, gentlemen engaged in different professions, retain pleasant recollections of its meetings. Later, in 1839-40, he gave a course of instruction on the history of the contents of the Bible, to a class of young girls, including his eldest daughter, for which he prepared himself carefully, and the notes he made for it were found among his papers.

In December, 1820, Mr. Ticknor joined a party of friends who went to Plymouth to attend the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and to hear Mr. Webster's oration on the occasion. His fresh impressions of this memorable discourse, and of the effect it produced, are given in the following letter.

Plymouth, Thursday Evening, December 21.

. . . . We set off this morning at half-past eight precisely. Our own party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Davis, Miss Russell, Frank Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Stockton, Miss Mason, and myself; but in the course of the forenoon we overtook fifty or sixty persons

7 An account of this discourse, by Mr. Ticknor, appears in another form in the reminiscences he furnished to Mr. Curtis, for his "Life of Webster." See that work, vol. i. p. 192.
more, most of them of our acquaintance, and at the dining-house found Colonel Perkins, Mrs. S. G. Perkins, and Susan. The dinner was very merry, . . . in the afternoon ride Mr. Webster became extremely interested, and I enjoyed myself as much as anybody.

At last we reached the hill that opened the Bay of Plymouth upon us, and it seemed in a moment as if I were at home, so familiar to me were the names and relations of everything I saw. It was like coming upon classic ground, where every object was a recollection and almost a history,—the point of land called the Governor's Farm, because it was owned by the first governor; Clarke's Island, where the Pilgrims landed on Saturday, the 20th December, 1620, and kept their Sabbath with all the severity of their peculiar notions of religion, and refused to come to the main shore until Monday; and finally the very town itself, that now covers and hides the little spot they consecrated by their first footsteps.

The moment I got out of the carriage I set off to see whatever the daylight would still permit me to enjoy, of a spot to which more recollections tend than to any other in America. The first thing was of course the Rock, on which the first boat-load that came from the "May-flower" landed, on Monday, 22nd of December, 1620. It was already surrounded by a crowd of the strangers who have arrived this afternoon, and a cannon was mounted on it to fire a forefathers' salute to-morrow morning.

I have seldom had more lively feelings from the associations of place than I had when I stood on this blessed rock; and I doubt whether there be a place in the world where a New England man should feel more gratitude, pride, and veneration than when he stands where the first man stood who began the population and glory of his country. The Colosseum, the Alps, and Westminster Abbey have nothing more truly classical, to one who feels as he ought to feel, than this rude and bare rock.

From this interesting monument I went up to the southern side of the sunny hill, which in that cold season probably tempted the fathers to establish themselves here, and where they pitched their tents the first night; and from there went to the height where the first victims of their sufferings and privations were secretly buried. No stone marks the spot, and it is only the fidelity of an unquestionable tradition that has preserved its memory. In the course of December,—or in eight days,—out of one hundred and one that landed, four died, and in the course of January and February, forty others; so that in a little more than two months their numbers were diminished almost one half.

But they did not dare to let it be known, lest the Indians should take advantage of their weakness, and cut them off altogether. The dead, therefore, received no visible monument; but the tears and sufferings and terrors of the survivors have been to them more than all records and memorials.

It was now nearly dark, but still I was able to go and see the hill, or rather little mound, where King Massasoit came, in the following spring, and held a conference with the poor reduced settlers, and gave
them assurances of good-will which induced them to remain, and found an empire of whose greatness they little dreamt. . . .

This evening . . . . we have had a good deal of company, both old colonists and strangers. The most curious was Mr. Sam Davis, brother to the Judge; who, if I understand his character rightly, unites in his person all the attributes of a forefather, and all the recollections, traditions, and feelings of one of their descendants, so that I look upon him as a kind of ghost, come down from the seventeenth century to preserve for us what without him would certainly have been for ever lost. At any rate, we found him very interesting, very curious, and very amusing. . . .

The whole town has the air of a fête. The streets are filled with idlers, lounging about to see the curiosities, or people busily running to and fro, to get their quarters and make them comfortable; the houses and chambers are all lighted up, as if there was a party in every room, and a band of military music has been nearly all the time marching up and down the street, followed by the crowd and rabble, who seem to share not a little of the general enthusiasm. Everything, in short, gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. . . .

Friday Evening.—I have run away from a great levee there is downstairs, thronging in admiration round Mr. Webster, to tell you a little word about his oration. Yet I do not dare to trust myself about it, and I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely; not, I think, that I could have so carried away if it had been a poor oration, for of that I apprehend there can be no fear. It must have been a great, a very great performance, but whether it was so absolutely unrivalled as I imagined when I was under the immediate influence of his presence, of his tones, of his looks, I cannot be sure till I have read it, for it seems to me incredible.

It was on the point of time where we now stand, both in relation to our ancestors and to posterity; and he discussed it, first, as to the Pilgrims who came here, what they suffered at home and on their arrival, and how different were the principles of colonization from those in Greece, Rome, and the East and West Indies; secondly, as to the progress of the country, and its situation an hundred years ago, compared with what it is now, in which he drew a fine character of President Adams; thirdly, as to the principles of our governments, as free governments,—where he had a tremendous passage about slavery,—as governments that encourage education,—where there was a delightful compliment to President Kirkland,—and as governments founded on property; . . . and finally, in the fourth place, as a great people welcoming its posterity to the enjoyment of blessings which all the rest of the world cannot offer, with which he ended in a magnificent flood of eloquence.

I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his manner gave tenfold force. When
I came out I was almost afraid to come near to him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire. I was beside myself, and am so still.

We went this morning to the Registry Office, where are records of some sort or other, from as early as 1623, and where we saw the handwriting of the venerable Elder Brewster, and all the documents that give us, as it were, a more distinct ancestry than any other people on the globe. Then we went to the burying-ground, where rest the bones of one of the Pilgrims of 1620; the only one who lived so far into settled times that it was safe to bury him with a gravestone. After that to the oration, from which we went with all our recollections, all our burning feelings, to the Rock, and stood there, just two centuries from the moment when the first Pilgrims landed.

Saturday Morn, 23rd.—When I had gone thus far, I returned downstairs, to see if I might be excused from going to the ball, and talked quite hoarse, and looked more than usually heavy, to sustain my pretensions. But there seemed to be no means of escape. . . . So I made a merit of necessity, and went as gaily as if I had gone from choice; at least, I thought I did. The room was enormously full, four hundred persons at least, and my spirits soon fell in proportion to the crowd. I walked up and down with Palfrey, and talked about College; and with Eliza Buckminster; . . . and with Mrs. Webster; . . . but as for dancing, I could not undertake it. At half past ten I brought home Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Perkins, . . . and was very glad to sit down with a delightful circle about the fire. . . .

Mr. Webster was in admirable spirits. On Thursday evening he was considerably agitated and oppressed, and yesterday morning he had not his natural look at all; but since his entire success, he has been as gay and playful as a kitten. The party came in one after another, the spirits of all were kindled brighter and brighter, and we fairly sat up till after two o'clock. I think, therefore, we may now safely boast the Plymouth Expedition has gone off admirably.

Parts of two letters, written in the following year, contain the particulars of a singular story, of which the mystery has never been explained, but of which this authentic account seems worthy of insertion here.

To S. A. Eliot, London.

Boston, August 7, 1821.

. . . Great noise and interest has been made here lately about a young man, Edheljertha, a Swede of about thirty, of much learning, who came out here perfectly authenticated to Mr. William Parsons as a poor young man of respectable connexions, and a thorough education, who was entitled to an estate in the West Indies, which was violently withheld from him by a Spaniard. His money failed him here; but he declined receiving any from Mr. Parsons until he should
know something more about his claim; and undertook to earn his bread, first by working at the composition of acids, with a man who lives on the Neck, and afterwards, as that affected his health, in the Botanical Garden at Cambridge, where his botanical knowledge was soon found important.

Cogswell took him into the library, to help make catalogue; but about this time he received an anonymous, threatening letter, which very much alarmed him, in his unprotected state as a stranger, for Cogswell was then gone. . . . Soon afterwards he believed himself poisoned in a very strange way, and had dreadful fits, but in all else preserved the simplicity of his character, and the apparent sanity and consistency of his mind. A few evenings since, however, he set out to walk into Boston, and was found at daybreak on the beach in Marblehead, much bruised, saying he had been forcibly carried there in a boat, from which he escaped, though fired at when he ran and dreadfully ill-treated during the passage. He was, evidently, slightly deranged, but has preserved entire consistency in his story ever since, though he has once had a perfect access of insanity.

Now upon this statement of facts the town is grievously exercised and divided. His testimonials and documents are all so clear and sure, and his life such a perfect confirmation of them, that very few believe him to be an impostor, while, on the other hand, many—among whom are the Parsonses, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, President Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, etc.—believe the whole of his stories, think he really was poisoned and kidnapped, and that his life is constantly in a mysterious danger, which, with his sufferings, has produced transient and slight affections of insanity.

The greater part, however, think, I believe, that in consequence of his situation, the anonymous letter, and his poor health, he has become, quoad hoc, deranged, and that, in his derangement, he took the laudanum; . . . . perhaps went on board a boat for Marblehead, and became so outrageous that they tied him; or, perhaps, wandering all night, had fits, in which he was bruised, etc., etc. In short, in our healthy, well-organized community, it is not possible that a man should be persecuted in this way for several weeks, without getting some trace of the invisible agents; and when to this it is added, that his stories are improbable, and almost impossible in themselves, and that he certainly has been seen deranged twice,—once of which was immediately after he thinks he was kidnapped,—I should find it very difficult to think of him either better or worse than of an interesting and unfortunate crazy man. . . .

September 6.—. . . . I wrote you the last time a good deal about Edheljertha, the Swede. That mystification still continues to an extraordinary degree; but as far as I can find out, this is the story now believed by those who have been most satisfied, not only of his honesty,—which hardly any doubt,—but of his sanity. He was brought up as the twin son of a deceased clergyman, whose widow died while he was quite young, and who had a brother in business at Vera Cruz. His education was, however, totally different from that of his brother, much higher, more refined, luxurious, and careful, and out of
proportion to the family means. When he left the University of Upsala, where he acquired no small amount of learning, he entered the army, rose with unaccountable rapidity, and at last was placed near the person of Prince Oscar.

While there, about twenty-three or twenty-four, he received a letter purporting to be from his uncle at Vera Cruz, saying he was rich, and promising to make him his heir, if he would come out there. On his proposing to go, the Prince endeavoured to detain him; but, on the whole, he thought the American prospect of fortune quite as good as the Swedish; and, having some love for adventure besides, he provided himself with all necessary papers, and embarked for Boston. Here he received other letters, saying his uncle was dead, and he must wait. Then came the anonymous threats, as from a person who possessed his uncle's estate, and was determined to keep it; then the alleged poisoning; then the kidnapping to Marblehead, etc., as I told you before.

Since then, he has generally been in a high state of nervous excitement, sometimes extremely ill; . . . his hearing failed him, his tongue was so swollen he could not speak, and he was constantly agitated, whether awake or asleep, by slight convulsions.

. . . In this state, Mr. Fröden, the Swedish Consul, being about to return home, arrangements were made to have him put on board the same vessel, so privately that any persons here employed to annoy or poison him should know nothing of it; and a fortnight ago he sailed, leaving all still in doubt and mystery.

Those most familiar with the circumstances of the case believe him to be the son of some considerable personage, who being about to acknowledge him, those who had an opposite interest, under pretence of this South American estate, . . . had spirited him away; while the rest of us, who are told we know nothing about the secret history of the matter, believe it to be a singular case of insanity. All agree that his sufferings have been dreadful, and his character and conduct, while here, singularly simple and interesting. The rest, time must show.

Time has not, however, brought any satisfactory solution of this mystery, which remains, like the fate of Caspar Hauser, unexplained.

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of his Father.—Marriage.—Domestic Life.—Visits.—Chancellor Kent.—General Lafayette.—Winter in Washington and Virginia.

The two years succeeding Mr. Ticknor's return from Europe thus sped quietly and happily by; but in June, 1821, a great sorrow came close on a great joy, his father's unexpected
death taking place between his own engagement and marriage. Something of what he then underwent is described in the following passage from a letter to Mr. Charles Daveis, written August 4, 1821:—

You know our journey taken on Mr. Norton's marriage.® There was never anything more delightful. We went first to New York, . . . then up the North River, and to the beautiful Lake George and Lake Champlain. . . . But the whole party was disposed, from the first, to give me the pleasure of seeing my father at Hanover, where he went early in May, some weeks before we left Boston; and we therefore crossed the Green Mountains, and came down by the exquisite banks of the White River, to its confluence with the Connecticut. The two last days of this ride were, certainly, the most gay and delightful of the gayest and most delightful journey I ever took in my life.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 16th June, I rode on in the chaise with Anna, leaving the coach behind, and arrived at Hanover quite early, to see my father the sooner. The first news I heard, in reply to the first question I asked at the inn, was, that he had had an access of paralysis the afternoon previous. I hastened to him instantly, and did not leave him, except a moment at a time, until his death the following Friday morning. It was, as you may well imagine, a stunning blow to fall on me at such a moment. . . . I am not superstitious, but I shall never believe there was nothing providential in the arrangement, which, contrary to our purposes, brought us to Hanover, just at the moment I was wanted,—if we had been permitted to fulfil our purposes, we should have passed Hanover, and yet not have arrived at home, so that there would have been no hope of getting me there even for the closing scene,®—and gave me there the support of so many dear friends, and especially the dearest, which I could otherwise not have asked. Then too, my father's faculties were all preserved clear to him . . . and what was more than all, and above all, he was ready to go, and those who were with him saw proofs not to be mistaken, that when he came to his death-bed, he found he had placed his hopes safely, and that he had nothing to do but to die. . . . His death was to him like any important occurrence of his life, only much more solemn; and he spoke of it, and marked its approach—until within a few hours of his last moment—with a tranquillity whose foundation could never have been laid in this world.

On the 18th of September Mr. Ticknor was married to Miss

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® Prof. Andrews Norton (mentioned ante, p. 264), had recently married Miss Catherine Eliot, sister of Miss Anna Eliot, to whom Mr. Ticknor was engaged.

® Some delays had occurred in the early part of the journey, and he here means that, but for these, their visit in Hanover would have occurred some days earlier.
Anna Eliot, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Eliot, a successful merchant, and a man of strong character and cultivated mind, who will be remembered as the founder of the Professorship of Greek Literature at Harvard College. This marriage brought with it new and happy influences, but it made no marked change in the habits of his life as a scholar and teacher. His disposition and tastes found their full exercise and expression in his home, and that home was thenceforth, for many years, a brilliant and genial centre of the most cultivated society of Boston. The fortune he inherited from his father—together with that of his wife—enabled him to live at ease, with unpretending elegance. In nothing was he extravagant or luxurious, while his personal habits were marked by great moderation and simplicity. His means were ample, not only for the maintenance of a liberal and tasteful establishment, but for the increase of his library, and for the multiplied demands of private charity, and of benevolent institutions, to which he gave both money and much personal service.

As soon as he had a house of his own, he enjoyed the ability it gave him to welcome his friends from distant places, and during the winter of 1821–22, Daveis, Haven, and Cogswell were at different times his guests. These visits did not, however, disturb the steady course of his industrious life, and he writes in February: "I have been very quietly at home all winter; no visiting abroad, much writing of lectures, much studying of Italian between Anna and my nieces, and once a week Artiguenave—who is a first-rate French reader—has read us a French play." In April he says to Mr. Daveis, "My lectures have given me a good deal of occupation—three delivered, and one written, every week,—and besides all this, as it is found I am willing to work, work enough is put upon my shoulders, so that, after all, I am abroad much more than I like to be, though almost never for my amusement."

One of the matters to which he thus referred is the subject of the following paragraph, from another letter to Mr. Daveis:

I want to say a word or two to you and Mr. Nichols, about the interests of a society which I have considerably on my heart and conscience. It is the one called the "Publishing Fund," whose object is to furnish wholesome religious, moral, and improving reading of all kinds to the poor, cheaper than they now get fanatical or depraving reading. For this purpose a fund has been raised . . . on which we mean regularly to trade at a very small profit, getting our printing done as cheaply as possible, and making everybody else work almost

1 Mr. Eliot had died the previous year.
for charity's sake. . . . Think of this good work, then, and come over into Macedonia and help us.

Upon his father's death he was chosen to succeed him in the Primary School Board, and continued a member of it for three years, giving much time and thought to its duties, moved as well by his own strong interest in the subject of education, as by respect to his father's memory.

From this animated, but regular and quiet winter life, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor turned, as the summer came, to the pleasant variety of visits to their friends. They passed some weeks at the delightful summer home of Judge Prescott at Pepperell, which has now become a point of interest in the literary history of the country, from its association with the studies of his distinguished son. They were the guests of Mr. Haven at Portsmouth, and of Mr. Daveis at Portland, both of whom, surrounded by young families, were diligently engaged in the practice of the law; but both retained that love of literature which had been so strong a bond of sympathy between the friends in their early days. From Portland they went farther east to the country-place of Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, on the Kennebec, long the seat of an extended and elegant hospitality, like that which forms so graceful a feature in the country life of England. It is thus described by Mr. Ticknor, in a letter to Mrs. Eliot:

We finished our delightful visit on the Kennebec, dear mother, last Wednesday morning, and came away with great regret. Mr. Gardiner's house is certainly the pleasantest country establishment in New England. The local situation is so beautiful; the grounds are so happily diversified, and cultivated with such taste; the house is of such fine architecture without, and so convenient within; and the family is so well ordered, the tone of its intercourse so gentle, simple, and refined, that, besides being happy in the enjoyment everything about him affords, a visitor can hardly help being made better. . . . Everybody, from a sort of unseen genius of place, feels at once all wants anticipated, and yet a perfect freedom. . . .

After their return he writes thus to Mr. Daveis:

BOSTON, September 4, 1822.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We made a very pleasant journey homeward, not, indeed, without some feelings of regret that we were obliged to make it so soon, and arrived here just at the time we proposed. The next afternoon my faithful agent from New Hampshire made his punctual appearance, and I had two days of good work to go through.² . . .

² This agent was an old Quaker, called Friend Williams.
We had a very pleasant visit indeed with you in Portland, and in truth the whole of our Eastern excursion will be long remembered among the bright spots in our recollections. For, after all, it is not to be denied that—even in partibus—a certain sort of happiness is pretty equally distributed, and that, in the wide extent of your wildernesses, wild-flowers may be found—after long and uncertain intervals—of no common beauty and fragrance. . . . We were, nonsense apart, very much struck with your happiness in each other, and the many pleasures you have in common; because you are so few, that your intimacy is perfect; and it is a pleasure we shall not easily forget, that we were permitted to mingle in it, as if we had been one of you, and share a sort of domestic life which can exist neither in a large city nor in the country; and which is, perhaps, on many of the best accounts, better than either. . . .

The following extract shows his immediate appreciation of one of the early products of American literature:

To N. A. Haven, Portsmouth.

February, 1823.

. . . I hope you will have seen Tudor’s book3 before you get this. Certainly you will like it when you do see it, for it really gives the best representation possible, and, indeed, what may be called a kind of dramatic exhibition, of the state of feeling in New England out of which the Revolution was produced. There is nothing like it in print,—that I have ever seen,—among our materials for future history, nor could such a book be made twenty years hence, for then all the traditions will have perished with the old men from whose graves he has just rescued them. It takes prodigiously here, and will, I think, do much good by promoting an inquiry into the most interesting and important part of our history.

In the autumn of 1823 Chancellor Kent—who had been compelled, by an unwise provision in the Constitution of the State of New York, to leave the bench, though still in all the fulness of his great judicial powers—paid a visit to Boston, and was received, alike by lawyers and laymen, with a warmth of welcome due to his talents, learning, and worth. Mr. Ticknor saw him often, and thus writes of him to his friend Mr. Daveis, and to his brother-in-law Mr. Eliot:

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, September 19, 1823.

My dear Charles,— . . . Your very gay and happy letter of the 23rd of August came in one morning just as the Chancellor

was with me, and we were setting off for Nahant. I had the
pleasure, too, that day of taking him to Salem, to Judge Story, and
making them acquainted; after which we all came to the new hotel, and
with Mr. Otis had a very merry time indeed.

He is, in his conversation, extremely active, simple, entertaining,
and I know not when we have had among us a man so much to my
mind in all things. I dined with him five or six times, and he dined
with us the last day, and a rare display of fine talk we had at table,
between him, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Webster. Everybody was delighted with him. His whole visit among us was
an unbroken triumph, which he enjoyed with the greatest open-
ness.

I carried him to Quincy to see President Adams and Mr. J. Q. Adams, and we met them afterwards at table at Mr. Quincy's.
Mr. J. Q. Adams made a most extraordinary attack on the character
of Chancellor Bacon, saying that his Essays give proof of a greater
corruption of heart, of a more total wickedness, than any book he
ever saw. Our New York Chancellor expressed the most simple and
natural astonishment at this, and we got over the matter the next day,
at dinner, by drinking to "the Memory of Chancellor Bacon, with all
his faults," a toast which Mr. Prescott evidently gave with the greatest
satisfaction. Mr. Quincy gave a beautiful toast at his own table,
which I suspect was not the least pleasant to the Chancellor, among
all the delicate and indirect compliments that were offered to him
among us, and which was very appropriate at a table where were
Mr. J. Q. Adams, Mr. Prescott, etc. It was, "Nature, who repeals
all political Constitutions by the great Constitution of mind." And
Webster, on the same occasion, made a pleasant repartee in compli-
ment to Mr. Quincy. Mr. Adams, being called on for a toast, said to
Mr. Quincy, "I will give you, sir, the good city of Boston." "That,"
said Mr. Webster, "we gave Mr. Quincy long ago, ourselves, with the
greatest pleasure."

Indeed, the Chancellor seemed to give an uncommon stir and
brightness to men's faculties, while he was with us, there
seemed to be a happy and healthy excitement of the intellectual
powers and social feelings of all with whom he came in contact, that
was the evident result of his rich talents and transparent simplicity of
character, and which I have never known to be produced among us in
the same degree by any other individual.


To S. A. Eliot, London.

Boston, September 13, 1823.

. . . . Among the strangers who have been here this season, by far
the most considerable is Chancellor Kent, now superannuated by the

4 At Nahant.
5 Hon. Harrison Gray Otis.
6 Hon. Josiah Quincy being at this time mayor of the newly-made city of Boston.
Constitution of the State of New York, because he is above sixty years old, and yet, de facto, in the very flush and vigour of his extraordinary faculties. He was received with a more cordial and flattering attention than I ever knew a stranger to be in Boston, and had not a moment of his time left unoccupied. He enjoyed it all extremely, and is of such transparent simplicity of character that he did not at all conceal the pleasure he received from the respect paid him during the ten days he was with us. What pleased him most, I suspect, was the Phi Beta dinner. All the old members attended it on his account, so that nearly a hundred sat down to table, among whom were Chief Justice Parker, Judge Davis, Judge Story, Mr. Prescott, Sen., Mr. Webster, etc. The whole was carried through, with extemporaneous spirit, in the finest style, and nothing faltered up to the last moment.

The best toasts we ever had in this part of the country were given, on requisition from the chair, at an instant's warning, and the succession was uninterrupted. Judge Parker gave, "The happy climate of New York, where the moral sensibilities and intellectual energies are preserved long after constitutional decay has taken place;" and Judge Story gave, "The State of New York, where the law of the land has been so ably administered that it has become the land of the law;" to which the Chancellor instantly replied, "The State of Massachusetts, the land of Story as well as of Song;" and so it was kept up for three or four hours, not a soul leaving the table. At last the Chancellor rose, and the whole company rose with him, and clapped him as far as he could hear it, and then all quietly separated. It was the finest literary festival I ever witnessed, and I never saw anybody who I thought would enjoy it more than the Chancellor did.

I was with him a great deal while he was in Boston; he dined with us the day before he left; and I really think he is not only one of the most powerful, but one of the most interesting men I ever saw.

Mr. William H. Prescott, who was at this time interested in the study of Italian literature, addressed to Mr. Ticknor, on a stormy day in December, a letter, inspired by his reading of Petrarch, in which, among other things, he earnestly maintained the real existence of Laura. Mr. Ticknor, kept at home, like his friend, by the weather, replied at once with equal interest in the subject, but in a more sceptical tone, both as to Laura's existence and as to the relations between her and the poet who has immortalized her name.

Mr. Prescott's letter is given in the Life of him by his friend, as well as the answer he made to the following:—

7 Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College.
Your three close-written pages about Petrarch, my dear William, have stirred me about him more than I have been before these six years. And having nothing to do, I passed the whole morning in the way you had set me out. I began with whatever I had marked in his Rime, and then having some mind to a greater acquaintance with himself, I read the greater part of his Treatises De Remedios utriusque Fortunae, and De Vita Solitariá; and ended with as many of his Letters as brought me to dinner-time. The whole affair has given me great pleasure. It has, I think, once more put me in possession of the character and feelings of Petrarch, in the only way in which it is possible to understand them; and, for aught I know, I have brought myself back—thanks to your very pleasant discussion—much to the same state in which I was when, on a beautiful spring day in Provence, I read the “chiare, dolci e fresche acque” for the last time—till this morning—by the Fountain of Vaucluse.

The first question in my thoughts there, and the only one I thought of as I stood the next day in the garden of the Sœurs de la Charité, at Avignon, is precisely the one you have moved in your letter. Was Laura a real existence, or, rather, was she really a person with whom Petrarch was so long and so sincerely in love as his works would imply, and who filled as large a space in his heart as she does in his Sonnets.

There is very little, I believe, said on this point, in early times, any more than on the Fiammetta of Boccaccio, and the Beatrice of Dante. I found, however, this morning, a reference in Tiraboschi to one of Petrarch’s own letters to a member of the Colonna family; and, looking it up, was surprised to see that this intimate friend of Petrarch treated Laura entirely as an imaginary existence, and that the poet rather evaded the question than contradicted what his friend had said. “Believe me,” says he, “no one can dissemble long, but with great effort. But to labour gratuitously, in order to seem mad, were the height of insanity.” This almost admits what Colonna had said, that his Laura was Lauream poetïcam merely; or, at any rate, it is a mere evasion. With this interpretation, however, the world was satisfied until the sixteenth century, that is, for two hundred years, when Vellutello—one of Petrarch’s commentators—went to Avignon on purpose to discover something about a substantial Laura, and of course succeeded, built up a romantic system to suit the poet’s circumstances, on a single baptismal entry, and again satisfied the world for another century.

At last the Abbé de Sade came, and published three enormous folios about his own city, his own church, and his own family, proving very satisfactorily that a certain Laura de Sade was living between 1308 and 1348, and that he was descended from one of her eleven children, inferring, very ingeniously, that she was the Laura of the Sonnets. But in 1812 a little book was published in Edin-
burgh, showing that all this superstructure of well-compacted in-
ferences lacked a sufficient foundation, because the initials found in
the tomb at Avignon, on which it was all built, referred to somebody
else. There, if I understand the matter, the discussion still rests, so
far as the external evidence is concerned.

As to the internal evidence, there is necessarily much more room
for a free use of weapons, and, of course, the contest has ranged much
more widely. A thousand passages have been cited, full of the
sincerest and most natural passion, to prove that nothing but a
genuine attachment could have given birth to the whole series of
poems; and these have been answered by a thousand others, com-
posed of mere puns and conceits, which are as remote from nature as
possible. The one you cite, of his strong impression that Laura will
retain in heaven the features he loved on earth, and that he shall see
and love them again, is no doubt eminently natural; but it is applied,
in Southey's "Curse of Kehama," by one imaginary being to another,
and therefore might have been well applied by a real poet to a fancied
mistress. I remember, too, to have seen, somewhere, great trust put
upon the exquisite phrase, "lasciando tenebroso, onde si move," as
too fresh from the heart of a lover to be considered mere poetry; and
yet Milton has made Adam say of Eve, "She disappeared, and left
me dark," and Spenser, reversing the medal, says, yet more beautifully,
of Una, that

"her angel's face
Could make a sunshine in the shady place."

In short, this argument of internal evidence seems to me to be very
little applicable to poetry like that in question; because, in truth, as
the Clown says in "As You Like It," "what is most feigning is most
poetical," and because the Platonizing period, in which Petrarch lived,
filled the world with imaginations not less extravagant than Laura;
and many of them of the same kind, which have hardly yet ceased to
be worshipped as realities.

I am not, however, willing to say that Petrarch found nothing in
nature to give him the intimation of the being he has idealized and
called Laura; nor am I willing to abandon those dates which he has
given with so much exactness in his Sonnets, and which I remember,
also, to have seen in his own exquisite Gothic hand, in his copy of
Virgil, recording the time when he first saw her, and the time of her
death. It seems to me it cannot all have been a mere fiction; and yet
I think that the fat, happy, patriotic citizen and poet, who travelled
all over Europe, and who studied more books than any man of
his time, and who lived so much in the houses and confidence of
Princes and Cardinals, is little likely to have been the pining, suffer-
ing lover he so exquisitely represents. That he was in love, I do not
doubt. That he chose a lady of his heart, that he saw her first at
church, in April, 1327, and that she died in 1348,—as he has so exactly
marked it in his Sonnets,—seems all very reasonable. But it remains
to be proved from his works, or in any other way, that he was among
her acquaintance or friends, or that he ever spoke to her. Not one
line intimates that she ever vouchsafed him a word of kindness or favour. He was satisfied, I apprehend, to consider her a bright and beautiful vision; "to behold though but her utmost skirts of glory, and far off her steps adore."

He formed a circle of dreams and wishes for his heart, and she was the centre of them, but that was all. She, perhaps, knew nothing of his passion, and, at any rate, lived on in undisturbed happiness with her husband, and became the mother of eleven children. In her death—if Laura de Sade were indeed the object of his poetry—he lost nothing. The thought of her in another and better world rather gave his fancy a new means and freer excitement; and as he had already, during twenty years, employed his imagination in decorating her with unearthly charms, so now he continued yet ten years longer, with rather increased enthusiasm, until the flame, which had been nourished almost entirely by his fancy, was at last extinguished of itself.

In August, 1824, General Lafayette returned, after an interval of thirty-eight years, to revisit the United States, upon the invitation of the President, and was received everywhere, as the "Guest of the Nation," with such hearty demonstrations of gratitude and reverence as proved the depth of the feeling from which they sprung, and which still remains without a parallel. In the forty-sixth number of the "North American Review," published in 1824, there appeared from Mr. Ticknor's pen a sketch of the life and character of this illustrious man, which, with a few alterations and additions, was subsequently published in pamphlet form. Timely in its appearance, and presenting, in appropriate and feeling language, the course of a life of heroic fidelity to duty, it was received with great favour, widely circulated, and afterwards translated into French. 8

It was a great enjoyment to Mr. Ticknor to renew in Boston his personal intercourse with the distinguished man whom he had learned to love and venerate in his home at La Grange. He had the pleasure of receiving General Lafayette, more than once, as his guest, and after one of these occasions he writes thus to his friend Daveis:—

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, September 28, 1824.

I wish with all my heart, my dear Charles, that you had come up to see us when the old General was here; and if I had at all antici-

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8 In a letter to Mr. Ticknor, dated Paris, March, 1826, General Lafayette says: "A publication that has a claim to my deep and affectionate gratitude has been well translated in French, and three editions carried away in a few months. They are preparing, I am told, a fourth edition."
pated what kind and degree of excitement his visit would produce, we should have sent some special summons to fetch you. But the whole affair was unexpected. I mean the popular enthusiasm, which made everything go so warmly and heartily, and gave the whole tour for ten days the appearance of one continued and beautiful festival, which every heart shared and increased.

I saw him constantly, because, on the score of mere acquaintance, nobody among us knew half so much of him as I did, having passed some time at La Grange; and it was delightful in all cases—as of course it was peculiarly gratifying in my own—to observe that he uniformly stopped, in the midst of all the show and bustle that constantly pressed him, to recognize those who had none but the common claims of private regard on his notice.

On Sunday evening he supped with us, by his own suggestion and invitation. As it was Sunday, we did not wish or choose to invite company. We had, therefore, only Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster. It was then I wanted you, for it was the only occasion in New England on which he has had a quiet opportunity to converse; and he talked most interestingly for two hours on the French Revolution, Bonaparte, and the Hundred Days, of all which—or, at any rate, of the first and last—nobody alive knows as much as he does.

His whole visit here was very fortunate. Everything went on without effort, because the universal enthusiasm gave the irresistible impulse that carried everything forward; while on his part he showed great skill and tact, always saying the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. I did not think, before he was tried, that he could have done so much and so well.

We have passed the summer . . . almost entirely in Boston. About the first of August we went to Round Hill and Hanover, but that is all. What the winter will bring forth, we cannot yet begin to foresee. I shall lecture till late in the autumn. Then, if I can persuade A., we shall go South, as far as Charleston. . . . But she gives me little encouragement that she will do it, and yet seems willing to go to Washington, Richmond, and Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson has again and again written to invite us to make a visit. You may therefore hear of us from the midst of the University of Virginia, or from the bustle of the Presidential election, or we may keep our own fireside in quiet and peace. . . .

Alexander Everett and his wife are here, and we see them quite often, and find them very pleasant. They supped here two evenings ago with Gener, who was President of the Cortes when the King was deposed, and tells many curious stories of those troubled times.

Our friend Wallenstein left us last week, after a visit of above two months. He is a very uncommon man, of remarkable acquirements. . . . I believe he carried off the respect and personal regard of every distinguished man in this quarter of the country.9 . . .

9 In a letter of June 11th, 1824, Mr. Ticknor speaks of "the Baron de Wallenstein, now belonging to the Russian Legation at Washington, a young German of great knowledge." The acquaintance had begun in Madrid.
In November, 1824, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor went to Washington, and afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Webster, visited Mr. Madison at Montpellier, and Mr. Jefferson at Monticello. Upon their return they passed some weeks in Washington, mingling in its general society, and seeing, in an easy and familiar way, many of the distinguished men assembled there. In two letters to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Ticknor describes some of the scenes and incidents of this journey.

To Wm. H. Prescott.

Monticello, December 16, 1824.

Your letter, my dear William, followed us from Washington, and was waiting here day before yesterday, when we arrived. We thank you for it very much, and for all the agreeable intelligence and pleasant talk it contained. . . . We have had an extremely pleasant visit in Virginia thus far, and have been much less annoyed by bad roads and bad inns than we supposed we should be, though both are certainly vile enough. We left Washington just a week ago, and came seventy miles in a steamboat, to Potomac Creek, and afterwards nine miles by land to Fredericksburg. . . .

On Saturday morning we reached Mr. Madison's, at Montpellier, on the west side of what is called the South-west Mountains; a very fine, commanding situation, with the magnificent range of the Blue Ridge stretching along the whole horizon in front, at the distance of from twenty to thirty miles. . . .

We were received with a good deal of dignity and much cordiality, by Mr. and Mrs. Madison, in the portico, and immediately placed at ease: for they were apprised of our coming an hour or two before we arrived, and were therefore all in order, to show a little of that ceremony in which Mrs. Madison still delights.

Mr. Madison is a younger-looking man—he is now seventy-four—than he was when I saw him ten years ago, with an unsuccessful war grinding him to the earth; and he is one of the most pleasant men I have met, both from the variety and vivacity of his conversation. He lives, apparently, with great regularity. We breakfasted at nine, dined about four, drank tea at seven, and went to bed at ten; that is, we went to our rooms, where we were furnished with everything we wanted, and where Mrs. Madison sent us a nice supper every night and a nice luncheon every forenoon. From ten o'clock in the morning till three we rode, walked, or remained in our rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Madison being then occupied. The table is very ample and elegant, and somewhat luxurious; it is evidently a serious item in the

1 An account of this visit to Mr. Jefferson is already well known to those who are familiar with Mr. Webster's Life by Curtis, and his papers published by his son. Some details and repetitions are therefore omitted here.
account of Mr. M.'s happiness, and it seems to be his habit to pass about an hour, after the cloth is removed, with a variety of wines of no mean quality.

On politics he is a little reserved, as he seems determined not to be again involved in them; but about everything else he talked with great freedom, and told an interminable series of capital stories, most of which have some historical value. His language, though not very rich or picturesque, was chosen with much skill, and combined into very elegant and finished sentences; and both Mr. Webster and myself were struck with a degree of good sense in his conversation which we had not anticipated from his school of politics and course of life. We passed our time, therefore, very pleasantly, and feel indebted to him for a hospitality which becomes one who has been at the head of the nation.

On Sunday forenoon we took a ride of a dozen miles across different plantations, to see the country and the people. Mr. Madison's farm—as he calls it—consists of about three thousand acres, with an hundred and eighty slaves, and is among the best managed in Virginia. We saw also one or two others that looked very well, but in general things had a very squalid appearance. We stopped at the house of Mr. Philip Barbour, one of the most active lawyers in the Commonwealth, lately Speaker of the House of Representatives, and still one of its prominent members. The house is of brick, and new, large enough, and not inconvenient. Probably he lives with a sort of luxury which is chiefly the result of abundance, and is not very refined; but certainly there is little comfort in his establishment, and a good, honest New-Englander, with a thousand dollars a year, would have more enjoyment of life than Mr. Barbour has with six or seven.

Early on Tuesday we arrived at Monticello. Everything here is on a larger scale than at Montpellier; the house, the grounds, and the arrangements. There is, too, nothing that marks the residence of an Ex-King. The family consists of Mr. Jefferson; Mrs. Randolph, his daughter, about fifty-two years old; Mr. Trist, a young Louisianian, who has married her fourth daughter; Miss Ellen; two other daughters, of eighteen and twenty; Mrs. Trist; four sons under sixteen; Mr. Harrison, a young lawyer of Harrisburg, who lately studied at Cambridge; Mr. Long, just from Cambridge, England, apparently an excellent scholar, and now a professor in the University at Charlottesville; Mr. Webster; and ourselves.

Yesterday we formed a party, and, with Mr. Jefferson at our head, went to the University. It is a very fine establishment, consisting of ten houses for professors, four eating-houses, a rotunda on the model of the Parthenon, with a magnificent room for a library, and four fine lecture-rooms, with one hundred and eight apartments for students; the whole situated in the midst of two hundred and

2 Mr. George Long, since well known by his various contributions to classical scholarship.

3 See ante, p. 250.
fifty acres of land, high, healthy, and with noble prospects all around it. It has cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the thorough finish of every part of it, and the beautiful architecture of the whole, show, I think, that it has not cost too much. Each professor receives his house, which in Charlottesville—the neighbouring village—would rent for $600, a salary of $1500, and a fee of $20 from every student who attends his instructions, which are to be lectures, three times a week. Of the details of the system I shall discourse much when I see you. It is more practical than I feared, but not so practical that I feel satisfied of its success. It is, however, an experiment worth trying, to which I earnestly desire the happiest results; and they have, to begin it, a mass of buildings more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to an university than can be found, perhaps, in the world.

Mr. Jefferson is entirely absorbed in it, and its success would make a beau finale indeed to his life. He is now eighty-two years old, very little altered from what he was ten years ago, very active, lively, and happy, riding from ten to fifteen miles every day, and talking without the least restraint, very pleasantly, upon all subjects. In politics, his interest seems nearly gone. He takes no newspaper but the Richmond Enquirer, and reads that reluctantly; but on all matters of literature, philosophy, and general interest, he is prompt and even eager. He reads much Greek and Saxon. I saw his Greek Lexicon, printed in 1817; it was much worn with use, and contained many curious notes . . . .

Mr. Jefferson seems to enjoy life highly, and very rationally; but he said well of himself the other evening, "When I can neither read nor ride, I shall desire very much to make my bow." I think he bids fair to enjoy both, yet nine or ten years . . . . Write to us, my dear William, as soon as you can, and very often, and we will do all we can to send you speedy and pleasant answers.

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Wm. H. Prescott.

Baltimore, January 16, 1825.

We received your long and very entertaining letter, my dear William, above a week ago, at Washington. . . . I should have answered it at once, but we were then too busy to do what we would, and I was obliged to postpone writing. We arrived here last night.

The first time we were in Washington we passed a little less than a fortnight; the last time, between three and four weeks. It is altogether a very curious residence; very different from anything I have seen in any part of the world. The regular inhabitants of the city, from the President downwards, lead a hard and troublesome life. It is their business to entertain strangers, and they do it, each one according to his means, but all in a very laborious way. . . .
The President gives a dinner, once a week, to thirty or forty people—no ladies present—in a vast, cold hall. He invited me to one, but I did not go. I was, however, at a very pleasant dinner of only a dozen, that he gave to Lafayette, when the old gentleman made himself very agreeable; but this was quite out of the common course. ... Mr. Adams gives a great dinner once a week, and Mrs. Adams a great ball once a fortnight; it keeps her ill half the time, but she is a woman of great spirit, and carries it through with a high hand. ... Calhoun's, however, was the pleasantest of the ministerial dinners, because he invited ladies, and is the most agreeable person in conversation at Washington,—I mean of the Cabinet,—and Mrs. Calhoun is a very good little woman, who sometimes gives a pleasant ball. ... The Russian Minister is a strange, retired fanatic, in feeble health, who gives splendid dinners once a week. Addington, the British Chargé, is a very acute, pleasant, well-informed man of letters, who gives very agreeable little dinners en garçon, twice a week. The Baron de Mareul is a truly elegant gentleman, in the largest sense of the term, and his wife is a very sweet and beautiful woman, with winning manners. They are now in severe mourning for the king, and see no company; but we went there sometimes, and dined with them once en famille, most pleasantly. These are the chief of the permanent resources of Washington, for society and agreeable intercourse. ... The truth is, that at Washington society is the business of life. ... People have nothing but one another to amuse themselves with; and as it is thus obviously for every man's interest to be agreeable, you may be sure very few fail. For myself, I can truly say I have seldom been more amused, interested, and excited during my life, than in the last three or four weeks. I found out how things were going, the first time we were there, and I was determined to make my arrangements so as to enjoy them myself, and especially to give A. a chance to see the great men of the time, and enjoy their conversation. Every morning we went to return visits; ... then to the House or Senate, if there were any debate. At four o'clock, Mr. Webster and Wallenstein came to dinner,—if we dined at home,—so that we were sure of delightful society. To these, I often added one or two others, and thus had at different times, entirely without ceremony, Mr. Poinsett, Mr. Clay, Mr. Tazewell, Mr. Cheeves, Mr. King, General Bernard, the Edward Livingstons, General Lafayette, etc. These dinners were as pleasant as anything of the sort could well be, for Mr. Webster was generally very animated, and there was no want of excitement among the rest of them.

We often went to a party in the evening, which was almost uniformly a dance, and after that was over came home to a little

4 Then Secretary of State. 6 Joel R. Poinsett of South Carolina, our Minister to Mexico in 1825, and Secretary of War under President Van Buren.
5 French Minister. 7 Littleton Waller Tazewell, a distinguished lawyer of Virginia, and member of the United States Senate.
8 Langdon Cheves of South Carolina had been Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1815.
supper, or went to one elsewhere, so that, from twelve at noon till midnight we were constantly in society as agreeable and exciting as any in the country. Our next neighbours were the Edward Livingstons, between whose parlour and ours we soon removed all obstructions; and under the same roof, Colonel Hayne9 and his wife, Mr. Cheves, Mr. Archer, Colonel Hamilton, General Mercer, Mr. King,10 and so on. Two or three times a week, therefore, we could make an agreeable supper-party without going out of the house. . . . The only objection to society at Washington is, that there is too much of it.

Here, however, things are entirely different. It is, at this moment, a city of mourning. . . . The first moment after our arrival we heard of General Harper's death, and the tokens of it have been before our eyes ever since. I saw him several times last November, and spent an evening at his house. He was then in remarkable health, not full and plethoric, as he used to be ten years ago, but with a very decided appearance of clear and settled health. His conversation was uncommonly rich and powerful; not very animated, but very frank, and occasionally with great choice and happiness of expression and illustration. The disease of which he died, an ossification of the great vessels of the heart, is one of those deep and obscure complaints for which the art of man has found no remedy. . . . On Thursday he argued a very important cause, which has been in the courts these seventeen years, and Mr. Wirt says it was one of the ablest arguments he ever heard. . . .

This morning he was buried, as Major-General of the Maryland militia. . . . I have seen a marshal of France, and a prince of the Roman Empire, buried with less dignity and grandeur, and with a much less moving and solemn effect. . . .

When we shall be at home, I do not pretend very distinctly to foresee, but before long. . . . Addio, caro.

Geo. Ticknor.

In the course of this visit in Washington, Mr. Ticknor was asked by General Lafayette to interest himself in discovering and assisting two German refugees, scholarly men, who had fled, for political reasons, first to Switzerland, and thence to the United States, and who had written to him asking aid in finding employment. Their names were Beck and Follen, and it was supposed they might be found or heard of in Philadelphia. On his way home, therefore, Mr. Ticknor took great pains to gain some knowledge of them in Philadelphia, but failed up to the last day of his stay there. On that day, Mr. John Vaughan1

9 Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, born 1791; best known for his debate with Mr. Webster in the United States Senate, in 1830.
10 Rufus King, our Minister to Great Britain in 1796; died in 1827 at the age of seventy-two.
1 Brother of Mr. Benjamin and Mr. William Vaughan: see ante, p. 46.
dined with him at the hotel, and, being interested in the search, suggested, as a last resource, that a Swiss shopkeeper in the neighbourhood might possibly furnish some information. This chance was tried successfully. Two modest young men were found, just preparing, in despair of better things, to go as tillers of the soil into the interior of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ticknor said to them, "You must furnish me with a written statement of your history and acquirements." This they were quite willing to do, but confessed their inability to write either in English or in French with sufficient ease and accuracy. A proposal that they should use Latin made their faces brighten, and the next day the two documents were brought to Mr. Ticknor, written in correct and fluent Latin. Dr. Beck was soon—through Mr. Ticknor's means—established at Mr. Cogswell's school in Northampton, and afterwards became Professor of Latin at Harvard College, where he passed the rest of his life.

Dr. Follen was made teacher of German in Mr. Ticknor's department, at the same College, in 1825, and in 1830 was made Professor of German Language and Literature, which he held for five years. In 1826 Mr. Ticknor writes to Mr. Daveis, "Our German teacher, Dr. Follen, was formerly Professor of Civil Law at Basel, a young man who left his country from political troubles. He is a fine fellow, an excellent scholar, and teaches German admirably. He will lecture on the Civil Law, in Boston, in a few weeks. . . . He is a modest, thorough, faithful German scholar, who will do good among us, and be worth your knowing." The career of these two men was such as to make Mr. Ticknor look back with pleasure to the efforts he made in their behalf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Efforts for Reform in Harvard College.

The spirit with which Mr. Ticknor entered on his professorship at Harvard College, and the scheme of duties he formed, to the fulfilment of which he gave himself with characteristic energy, hopefulness, and ardour, have been noticed in pre-
ceeding pages. He had not been long engaged in his work before he found himself hampered by the general conditions of instruction at Cambridge, and his success in his own department materially checked by the deficiencies of the system then in force.

Alike in respect to discipline and to learning, the College was not in a satisfactory state. Many of the officers of the government and of instruction were aware of existing defects, and anxious to find a remedy for them; while the friends of the College, in the community at large, felt the necessity of vigorous measures of change and improvement. Mr. Ticknor's quick intelligence soon detected the sources of the evils by which the usefulness of the College was diminished, and his generous zeal for the best culture urged him to exert his full powers for their removal. He took up the question of reform without hesitation, and for several years he was one of the chief leaders in the endeavour to secure the changes required, to make the College an institution for the highest education attainable with such means and resources as it had at command. The attempt was only in part successful. The community was not prepared for some of the strong changes which were proposed; but the impulse was given, which, in the fifty years that have followed, has been efficient in raising the College to its present position as a University, fully equipped and admirably served, and no one did more to create it than Mr. Ticknor.

His interest in the improvement of education at Cambridge was so great, and he took so large a part in the attempt to render the College effective for the promotion of the highest culture, that any account of his life from 1819 to 1830 must include a narrative of his exertions for that end.

In a letter to Mr. Haven, written in 1825, he gives a sketch of the condition of the College, and of the efforts to improve it, beginning in 1821.²

² Mr. Haven's forebodings about the College were often expressed to Mr. Ticknor. On the 15th of September, 1821, he wrote: "I have frequently had occasion to express an opinion, which I have formed after some inquiry,—and, I need not add, with great reluctance,—that habits of expense and of dissipated pleasures prevail amongst the young men at Cambridge, in a greater degree than at any former period within my knowledge. . . . The opinion was formed and communicated to a friend more than three years ago. I made inquiries of young men who were then or who had recently been connected with the College, and my opinion was formed upon facts which they communicated. I may add, that the friend with whom I conversed did not at that time agree with me in opinion; that I had no further conversation with him upon the subject until last week, when he informed me that his own inquiries and observation had convinced him that the College could be saved from utter ruin only by the introduction
To N. A. Haven.

October, 26, 1825.

I take my earliest leisure to give you the account you desire to have, of the origin and management of the measures for change at Cambridge. . . .

When I came home from Europe [1819], not having been educated at Cambridge, and having always looked upon it with great veneration, I had no misgivings about the wisdom of the organization and management of the College there. I went about my work, therefore, with great alacrity and confidence; not, indeed, according to a plan I proposed in writing, . . . but according to the established order of things, which I was urged to adopt as my own, and which I did adopt very cheerfully. In about a year and a half, I began to find out that there was much idleness and dissipation in College, of which the resident teachers were ignorant, and I began to feel that $2000 per annum were spent nominally to teach the French and Spanish languages and literatures, when in fact no such thing was done.

I went to the President, therefore, as the head of the College, and explained my difficulties to him, in the spring of 1821. In June of that year I had several formal conversations with him. They ended in nothing. I talked, also, with Mr. Norton, Mr. Frisbie, and Dr. Ware, all of whom thought great changes necessary, and the two first thought the Corporation should be applied to, while the latter, Dr. Ware, thought public opinion should be brought to act on the immediate government, and compel them to a more efficient administration of the College.

I then went to Mr. Prescott. He was so far moved with the statements I made to him—in July, 1821—that he desired me to reduce them to writing. I wrote him a letter of nearly twenty pages, much of which is in my printed "Remarks." It is dated July 31, 1821, of a severe discipline. . . . No one who knows me will suspect me of any feelings unfriendly to the College. On the contrary, I cannot well describe how strongly all my feelings and hopes and recollections are connected with it. It is precisely because they are so connected with it, that I desire a reformation to be effected. I might almost say that all our hopes of sound learning and of uncorrupted Christianity depend upon the prosperity of that institution. . . . But the College has watchful enemies, and nothing can save her from their grasp but a spotless reputation."

3 All of them professors in the College.

4 Hon. William Prescott, then a member of the Corporation. The management of Harvard College was then, as now, in the hands of three separate bodies, the first of these being the Faculty, or immediate government, having the entire discipline of the students in its hands; the second being the Corporation, having the management of the funds and revenues of the College, and the appointment of instructors, with other duties exercised under the supervision of the third body, the Overseers, representing the interests of the graduates and of the public at large.
and at his request I made copies of it, and gave one to the President, one to Mr. Lowell, and one to Judge Davis, etc. I showed it, also, to Mr. Norton, Mr. Frisbie, and Dr. Ware, who expressed themselves strongly satisfied; the first, Mr. Norton, in a long letter, and the two last verbally. Mr. Farrar thought changes unnecessary.

The Corporation, in consequence of this letter, issued a circular to all the teachers, dated September 12, 1821, containing seven pages of all possible questions, to which was afterwards added a request to each teacher to suggest anything he might desire to have done, or changed at College, even if not suggested by the questions themselves. Most of the teachers answered in the course of the autumn. My answers are dated October 23, and fill thirty pages. Mr. Frisbie's were nearly as long, and are the only memorial he ever sent to the Corporation. Mr. Norton's and Mr. Farrar's were longer, and so on.

The Committee to consider these answers—amounting to nearly three hundred pages—was composed of Dr. Porter, Mr. Prescott, and Dr. Ware, and working men. And they did work faithfully. Mr. Prescott, in particular, made an abstract of the opinions of each respondent, arranged under the appropriate heads of the changes proposed, and found a large majority against any change of importance. The Corporation were unwilling to proceed, in this state of things, to make changes. Mr. Norton then proposed to me to print my answers, his, and Mr. Frisbie's, and send a copy to each of the Overseers, and try to stir them up to action; but I was not willing to proceed to such extremities, and declined doing it. Matters therefore rested quietly till May, 1823, that is, a year and a half more, when there was a rebellion, and forty students were sent off together.

Mr. Norton and Dr. Ware then brought up the whole subject of the College, for discussion in a club for religious purposes to which we belonged. . . . . I was sorry for it, and so expressed myself. But it was discussed three evenings, and a good deal of excitement produced by it. On the fourth evening there was a very thin meeting at Dr. Ware's, owing to a rain. . . . . Some one proposed to remove the discussion to another body of persons, who should be selected for the purpose, and I agreed to it, both because it had been discussed enough where it then was, and because some of the members of the club were not, in my estimation, the right persons to discuss it at all. It was agreed the meeting should be small, and Mr. R. Sullivan and myself were desired to call it. . . . Nine of us therefore assembled at my house July 23, 1823. 5

For the consideration of these gentlemen Mr. Ticknor had drawn up a paper, the general object and character of which are shown in the following extracts:

5 Rev. Charles Lowell, Judge Story, and Messrs. R. Sullivan and John Pickering, Overseers; Dr. James Jackson and Mr. Ticknor, present officers; Messrs. G. B. Emerson and J. G. Palfrey, former officers; and Mr. W. Sullivan, former Overseer. Mr. Prescott and Mr. Otis were kept away by having to attend a meeting of the Corporation on the same day.
It is, I think, an unfortunate circumstance, that all our colleges have been so long considered merely places for obtaining a degree of Bachelor of Arts, to serve as a means and certificate whereon to build the future plans and purposes of life. Such a state of things was indeed, unavoidable at the earlier period of our College, when there was only a President, who sometimes lived permanently in Boston, and a few tutors, who kept a school in Newton; for the number of scholars was so small that it was possible to teach only by classes, and each student, the number being also small, could pass through the hands of every one of them, and receive from every one all the instruction he could give. But now the state of the case is reversed. There are twenty or more teachers, and three hundred students, and yet the division into classes remains exactly the same, and every student is obliged to pass through the hands of nearly or quite every instructor. Of course, the recitations become mere examinations, and it cannot be attempted to give more than the most superficial view of very important subjects, even to those who would gladly investigate them thoroughly, because they must keep with the class to which they are bound, and hurry on from a teacher and a subject to which they have, perhaps, important reasons for being attached, to another teacher and another subject, wherein their present dispositions and final pursuits in life make it impossible for them to feel any interest. But at the same time that we at once perceive this system . . . . has been carried too far, . . . . we must still feel that it has in some respects its peculiar advantages. The majority of the young men who come to Cambridge should not be left entirely to themselves to choose what they will study, because they are not competent to judge what will be most important for them; and yet no parent would wish to have his child pursue branches of knowledge which he is sure can never be of use to him in future life.

A beneficial compromise can, however, as it seems to me, be effected between the old system still in operation and the most liberal concessions that would be demanded by one of the merely free and philosophical universities of Europe.

Mr. Ticknor went on to describe in explicit terms the actual condition of the College in all matters of discipline, morals, and instruction, and closes this part of the subject with saying,—

Now if this be the condition of the College, which I do not doubt, or if anything like it exist there, which nobody will deny, it is perfectly apparent that a great and thorough change must take place in its discipline and instruction; not to bring it up to the increasing demands of the community, but to make it fulfill the purposes of a respectable high school, to which young men may be safely sent to be prepared for the study of a profession.

His plan of reform includes a revision of the laws; their administration by a tribunal of three, with full powers of dismissal, etc.; stricter examination, both annual and for admission;
annual increase of studies during the College course; a change in the character of the recitations, and restriction of personal expenses of the students.

Whenever the tribunal of three are satisfied that a young man does not fulfil the purposes for which he came to college, they should be required instantly to dismiss him, for his own sake, for the sake of his friends, and for the sake of the College, since from that moment he becomes a nuisance; for, if it be mere dulness, he is out of his place and lowers the standard of merit, and if it be idleness, folly, or vice, he is continually spreading mischief around him. . . . The longest vacation should happen in the hot season, when insubordination and misconduct are now most frequent, partly from the indolence produced by the season. There is a reason against this, I know,—the poverty of many students, who keep school for a part of their subsistence. . . .

On this point he gives facts and statistics to prove this concession and arrangement to be unnecessary, and continues:—

And it would be difficult to prove that it is always even poverty that is encouraged, for of sixteen beneficiaries in the Senior Class, only nine were last winter so poor as to be compelled to resort to school-keeping; so that, on all accounts, I think it is apparent the College can fulfil all its duties to the poorer portion of the community, without resorting to the winter vacation. . . .

For myself, I will gladly perform all the duties that fall to my office as Smith Professor, and give besides a full twelfth of all the additional common instruction at College, for the three next years, provided this reform may take place, and such branches be assigned to me as I can teach with profit to the school. I am persuaded every other teacher would be equally willing to pledge himself to extra labours in such a cause. . . .

But one thing is certain. A change must take place. The discipline of College must be made more exact, and the instruction more thorough. All now is too much in the nature of a show, and abounds too much in false pretences. . . . It is seen that we are neither an University—which we call ourselves—nor a respectable high school,—which we ought to be,—and that with “Christo et Ecclesiae” for our motto, the morals of great numbers of the young men who come to us are corrupted. We must therefore change, or public confidence, which is already hesitating, will entirely desert us. If we can ever have an university at Cambridge which shall lead the intellectual character of the country, it can be, I apprehend, only when the present College shall have been settled into a thorough and well-disciplined high school, where the young men of the country shall be carefully prepared to begin their professional studies, and where in Medicine, Law, and Theology, sufficient inducements shall have been collected around and within the College . . . to keep graduates there two years longer, at least, and probably three. . . .
We have now learnt that as many years are passed in our schools, and colleges, and professional preparation, as are passed in the same way, and for the same purpose, in the best schools in Europe, while it is perfectly apparent that nothing like the same results are obtained; so that we have only to choose whether the reproach shall rest on the talents of our young men, or on the instruction and discipline of our institutions for teaching them. Now, as there can be no doubt which of the two is in fault, our colleges, constituting as they do the most important portion of our means of teaching, must come in for their full share of the blame. There may be defects, and there are defects, I know, in the previous preparation of the young men, but the defects at college are greater and graver.

Such were the condition and the needs of the College, in the view of Mr. Ticknor. His opinions had weight, and were carefully considered by the gentlemen before whom he laid them. He continues his narrative to Mr. Haven as follows:—

A list of above twenty questions was prepared by the contributions of all present, each one proposing any point he wished to have examined. The discussions began at 9 a.m., and were continued till 6 p.m., through dinner and all, without intermission. About a dozen points were examined, and on all it was unanimously agreed, something ought to be done. We determined, therefore, to have a committee of the Overseers appointed,—if we could compass it,—with full powers to examine into the whole condition of the College. This we knew would be agreeable to Mr. Prescott and Mr. Otis, who thought the work could not be carried on without the intervention of a larger body than the Corporation, and a stronger action of public opinion than such a body could produce. It was, also, what was foreseen as probable at the meeting at Dr. Ware’s, and what Mr. Norton had long thought desirable. The committee, therefore, was appointed at the regular meeting of the Overseers, held the next day, July 24, 1823. . . . A committee of the Corporation, consisting of the President, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Otis, was appointed, July 25, to confer with this committee of the Overseers, as had been requested by the vote of the Overseers. . . . They had many meetings, some which lasted a whole day. If ever a subject was thoroughly discussed, they discussed this one thoroughly. When Judge Story had drawn up his report, he sent it to the President, with whom it remained above two months, and who returned it without desiring any alteration, or suggesting any from any other person.

This report was discussed June 1, 1824, and another committee appointed (J. Lowell, Chairman) to inquire, and report further details, as the Overseers were evidently not sufficiently informed about the state of the College. . . . The result of the whole was, that the resident teachers again declared themselves against all but very trifling changes. The Overseers, however, after a very long discussion, passed the greater changes unanimously, and these greater changes, having
been digested into the shape of laws by the Corporation, are now the basis on which the College rests, and which I undertook to explain and defend in my review, or pamphlet.6. . . . That the opinion of a majority of the resident teachers has not been followed, is true; that they have not been kindly and respectfully consulted at every step, in making up the final result, is obviously a mistake; but that any one, except the teachers, or rather a part of the teachers, at Cambridge, thinks this result wrong or unwise, I have not yet heard. The general opinion, indeed, has seldom been so unanimous on any important point, that had been so much discussed, and, taking the whole body of instructors,—resident and non-resident,—there is a majority strongly the same way.

Mr. Ticknor, and those who acted with him, had thus far addressed themselves only to the responsible official bodies having charge of the interests of the College; but when, in June, 1825, the changes they desired received the sanction of both the superior boards, it was thought proper that they should be explained and vindicated to the public. Mr. Ticknor, accordingly, at the request of Judge Story, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Prescott, wrote an article on the subject for the "North American Review." It was already in type, when the editor of that journal—although he had invited and accepted the article—informed Mr. Ticknor that, by the advice of friends, he had decided that it would be inexpedient for him to publish it. The gentlemen who had originally counselled its preparation, and had themselves revised it in manuscript, then recommended its publication as a separate pamphlet. This was done in September, 1825, and before the close of the year a second edition was called for and exhausted.

This pamphlet, referred to in the preceding letter, was designed to explain and defend the changes which it was supposed were to be carried out at Harvard; changes which in no other way affected Mr. Ticknor's relations to the College than as they increased his labours. After describing the state of the institution, and the grounds of the existing dissatisfaction with it, he entered upon the discussion of a question relating to the alleged legal right of resident teachers to become members of the Corporation; a claim which, in the manner it had been urged, resulted in a demand that the members of the Corporation should be appointed exclusively from among such resident professors and tutors. This was an old controversy, recently revived. Mr. Ticknor availed himself of the ample notes from which Judge

6 "Remarks on Changes lately proposed or adopted in Harvard University." By George Ticknor, Smith Professor, etc. Boston, 1825. 8vo. Pp. 48.
Story had made an argument on this subject before the Overseers, together with suggestions from Mr. Webster and Mr. Prescott, in order to put on record, in a permanent form, the grounds on which this question, as a matter of law, had been set at rest. He then considered and answered the same claim, as a matter of expediency.

An historical statement follows, of the steps taken to bring about important changes in the College, beginning with what was attempted in 1821, and coming down to the new code of laws just sanctioned by the Corporation and Overseers in June, 1825, which he explained and vindicated. The whole movement was an effort to carry the institution through a state of transition, gradually moulding it into a broader and freer form. The immediate abolition of the system of classes, of a *curriculum* and a degree, could not be undertaken, nor could the teaching of many of the professors be emancipated from the special spheres imposed by the donors of their foundations. But the cardinal features of the new plan were these: the division of the whole institution into *departments*, with the right of a limited choice of studies; the separation of the members of a class for their exercises, according to their proficiency, so that each division might be carried forward as rapidly as was consistent with thoroughness, every man having a right to make progress according to his industry and capacity; and the opening of the College to those who wished to pursue special studies, without taking a degree. Mr. Ticknor made it apparent that these changes could be made consistent with the retention of classes, and with the conferring of degrees on those who might desire them. He made it equally plain that the existing pecuniary means of the College were sufficient—if rightly used—to put these innovations to a fair and proper test.

Having discussed all these topics with great fulness, he closed with a vigorous passage on the absolute necessity of introducing greater thoroughness into the processes of teaching:

There is one point that I believe must be made a sort of cynosure, when beneficial changes are undertaken, both at Harvard and at our other colleges; and that is, the principle of thorough *teaching*. On this point, it is desirable to be perfectly plain, and to be very plainly understood. It is a small matter to diminish the unreasonable amount of holidays, or to give the students more and longer lessons,

7 He makes acknowledgment of the sources from which he drew the legal argument, in a manuscript note on the margin of a copy of the pamphlet, now remaining in his library.
under a division according to proficiency, or to do almost anything else, if the principle of teaching is still to be overlooked. For the most that an instructor now undertakes in our colleges is to ascertain, from day to day, whether the young men who are assembled in his presence have probably studied the lesson prescribed to them. There his duty stops. If the lesson have been learnt, it is well; if it have not, nothing remains but punishment, after a sufficient number of such offences shall have been accumulated to demand it; and then it comes, halting after the delinquent, he hardly knows why. The idea of a thorough commentary on the lesson; the idea of making the explanations and illustrations of the teacher of as much consequence as the recitation of the book, or even more, is substantially unknown in this country, except at a few preparatory schools.

The consequence is, that, though many of our colleges may have a valuable apparatus for instruction, though they may be very good, quiet, and secluded places for study, and though many of the young men who resort thither may really learn not a little of what is exacted or expected from them, yet, after all, not one of our colleges is a place for thorough teaching; and not one of the better class of them does half of what it might do, by bringing the minds of its instructors to act directly and vigorously on the minds of its pupils, and thus to encourage, enable, and compel them to learn what they ought to learn, and what they easily might learn.

Consider, only, that as many years are given to the great work of education here as are given in Europe, and that it costs more money with us to be very imperfectly educated than it does to enjoy the great advantages of some of the best institutions and universities on the Continent. And yet, who in this country, by means here offered him, has been enabled to make himself a good Greek scholar? Who has been taught thoroughly to read, write, and speak Latin? Nay, who has been taught anything, at our colleges, with the thoroughness that will enable him to go safely and directly onward to distinction in the department he has thus entered, without returning to lay anew the foundations for his success? It is a shame to be obliged to ask such questions; and yet there is but one answer to them, and those who have visited and examined the great schools of Europe have bitterly felt, there, what this answer is, and why it must be given.

In some of our colleges there may be a reason for this state of things. Their means are small, their apparatus incomplete, their instructors few. They do what they can; but they cannot do much more than spread before their students a small part of the means for acquiring knowledge, examine them sufficiently to ascertain their general diligence, and encourage them to exertion by such rewards and punishments as they can command. And in doing this they may do the community great service, and honourably fulfil their own duties.

But at Cambridge, and at our larger colleges, much more than this can be done, and ought to be done. The young men may be taught, as well as examined. The large apparatus of libraries, instruments, and collections, and the greater number of professors and tutors, may
be turned to much better account, and made to produce much wider and more valuable results. The increasing demands of the community may be here met, and our high places for education may easily accommodate themselves more wisely to the spirit and wants of the times in which we live. And this, if done at all, must be done speedily; for new institutions are springing up, which, in the flexibility of their youth, will easily take the forms that are required of them, while the older establishments, if they suffer themselves to grow harder and harder in their ancient habits and systems, will find, when the period for more important alterations is come, and free universities are demanded and called forth, that, instead of being able to place themselves at the head of the coming changes and directing their course, they will only be the first victims of the spirit of improvement.

The changes introduced into the arrangements of the College, which had been supported and defended by Mr. Ticknor, were so broad that it is not matter of surprise to find them met by opposition, and that the experiment, being made by teachers unaccustomed to the system, and who had repeatedly expressed their opinion that changes were unnecessary, should prove unsuccessful. None of the professors, except Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett, had enjoyed the opportunities of a thorough training in a European university. Had they shared Mr. Ticknor’s advantages, or partaken of his spirit, the result of the attempt at reform would unquestionably have been more satisfactory than it proved. The experiment was made unwillingly, and was soon given up.

In the autumn of 1826, when a committee of the Overseers made the annual visitation of the College, the new arrangements were not found working successfully in any department but that of the modern languages. In carrying out the regulation by which the students were divided into sections, according to their capacity and proficiency, it was attended with great and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, and the Overseers recommended to the Corporation some modification of the rule. The Corporation accordingly relaxed its binding force, and early in 1827 the

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8 This pamphlet received strong encomiums from the newspaper press in different parts of the country; but especially emphatic among these were the expressions that came from the organs of the great religious denominations whose sympathies had long been averted from Harvard College, and whose opinions Mr. Ticknor did not share. In the interests of good learning, sectarian feeling gave way, and not only the “Boston Recorder and Telegraph,” but the “Journal of Letters, Christianity, and Civil Affairs,” published at Princeton under the auspices of the College there,—in an article written by the Rev. Mr. Brunn,—warmly commended Mr. Ticknor’s views, and his courage and ability in presenting them.
Faculty resolved that it was expedient that this law "should not be applied to the departments, or by individual instructors, without the assent of the Faculty," but "that if the Department of Modern Languages choose to apply the law to the classes instructed by that department, the Faculty assent."

Although this vote was virtually the abandonment, so far as the College was concerned, of the improvement which Mr. Ticknor had desired to accomplish, it left him free to regulate his own department as he chose, and gave him the opportunity, which he did not fail to use, to exhibit in its operation the advantages of the system he had so vigorously urged. The following account of the mode in which he governed his department, and of the success which attended his course, is taken from a letter 9 addressed by him in April, 1827, to the President and Fellows—the Corporation—of the College:

I receive detailed reports from each of its three instructors at the end of every term, teach in their classes myself frequently, introduce changes in their modes of instruction, and, in general, look upon myself as responsible for the good management of the students under their care. . . . The object of the law was in part, if I rightly understand it, to lead to instruction by subjects rather than by books, so that, for instance, a student should not merely read Livy and Horace, but learn Latin. This has been attempted in the modern languages, and I believe the effect has been valuable, though undoubtedly less so than if the same system had been pursued and an attempt made to execute the law in other studies.

In regard to the elective system, as it is now called, he says:

In the modern languages, especially, the operation of the principle of choice was decisive. The right to choose was presented, it appears, in two hundred and forty instances, and was accepted in two hundred and twenty-seven. That it has been beneficial in this branch I have had full proof, in the alacrity and earnestness with which a very large proportion of those who have been permitted to choose have pursued the studies they have chosen.

As to the application of Law 61, for "divisions with reference to proficiency," which was made for only one year and to one class, and during that time very imperfectly administered, he says:

The remaining branch to which this law was applicable was

9 The original of this letter has not been found; but the existence of a careful copy, preserved by Mr. Ticknor to the end of his life, shows that he placed a value on it, as a true record of his views and of his work.
French; and to this branch its application began three months later than to the other branches, because the Freshmen do not begin French till they have been three months in College, pursuing other studies. Fifty-five Freshmen entered for French, in January, 1826. Seven of them, who knew more or less of the language, were put at once into an advanced division. The remaining forty-eight, who were wholly ignorant of it, were broken into five alphabetical divisions, which after March, when their powers became known, were arranged into five divisions according to proficiency. At the end of the first term there was already a wide difference between them. At the end of the second there were about two hundred and fifty pages between them. And at the end of the third term, when the year was completed, there were more than five hundred pages between them, besides a great difference in grammatical progress. The first of these divisions had, in fact, overtaken the division that began in advance from previous knowledge, and had for three months been studying with them, and, in individual cases, leading them with a decided superiority.

The justice and benefit of such an administration of the law was plainly felt by all the fifty-five, nor has there been a murmur or complaint against it, from the first moment of its application in French to the present time. On the contrary, it has been felt and used as an advantage by all of them; for while the upper divisions have been constantly and successfully pressing forward, the lower ones have asked it, as a favour, to be permitted to go back and pass a second time carefully over the elements. All, therefore, have been satisfied,—I believe I may add, better satisfied than in any other study,—and all of them—except about five, who, for idleness, negligence, and other misconduct, might have been dismissed from College long ago—have been advanced according to their respective talents; so that two divisions, having made themselves sufficiently familiar with French to read it anywhere, to write it decently, and to speak it a little, have lately been dismissed from its study, while two other divisions are still going on with it, earnestly and successfully, according to their respective powers.

I know it has been said that the application of this law, for progress according to capacity and proficiency, was less unwelcome to the students in French, because they entered with unequal qualifications. But there is no foundation for this suggestion, for there were but seven out of fifty-five who knew anything of the language, and the remaining forty-eight entered with an equality of pretensions with which forty-eight never entered in anything else since the College was founded, for they entered in entire ignorance. Moreover, of the seven who entered more or less advanced, two fell long since to the bottom of the class, or near it; and all the other five have been compelled to see themselves successively passed by those who entered without knowing a word of French; while, at the same time, the relative position of the whole fifty-five has been freely and frequently changed, according to the development of their talents and industry, and every one has kept his place, if he has kept it, only by his exertions. The difference, therefore, in the effect produced by the application of the
law in French and in the other studies was not owing to any such circumstance as has been suggested. If the difference in original qualifications had been all, the law, as it was applied, would have been more odious in French than in anything else. But the real difference was, that in French the law was administered, according to its spirit and intent, by officers who approved it, and that it was, from this administration of it, felt by the students to be useful, just, and beneficial.

These extracts show not only Mr. Ticknor's opinions on this subject, but the labour he was willing to incur, not merely to carry out his system, but to do the work of instruction as he felt it ought to be done, and in a manner approaching that in which he had seen it done in Europe. After this period he was allowed to administer his own department in his own way,¹ and when, after Dr. Kirkland's resignation, and Mr. Quincy's advent as his successor in the Presidency, a new spirit and vigour were infused into the affairs of the College, Mr. Ticknor had no longer the same difficulties to contend with as in earlier years. He continued to labour zealously, so that, looking back afterwards, he said that he did, during those years, three quarters more work than was required of him by the statutes. He felt that the system on which he worked was successful, and often dwelt with satisfaction on the fact that, in the fifteen years during which he was professor, he was never obliged to apply to the College Faculty on account of any misdemeanour in the recitation-rooms under his charge, or in his lecture-room; nor did he ever send up the name of any young man for reproof. The instructors under him were foreigners,—for he held strongly the opinion that a foreign language should be taught only by one to whom it is native,—yet he never found trouble arising between these teachers and the young men.²

Mr. Ticknor's purposes, throughout, should be judged by the ultimate results which he expected to follow a fair trial of the new system. The division of the classes by proficiency he regarded as indispensable, so long as the strictly academic character of the College was to continue; but he supposed that it would fall away naturally when the other important changes had taken effect, and

¹ In the "Tabular View" issued at the beginning of each term, the Department of Modern Languages was thenceforward, while Mr. Ticknor remained at its head, entered in a separate and peculiar manner, leaving all details to the discretion of the professor.

² M. Sales taught French during all the years that Mr. Ticknor held the professorship; and having passed some years in Spain, he also taught Spanish so far as it was needed. Dr. Follen was, after 1825, the German instructor; Signor Bach, the Italian; and they all worked in the same spirit with the professor who appointed and directed them.
an unlimited choice of studies, as in any university, had been introduced. His pamphlet was written wholly with this ulterior view and hope.\(^3\)

What he contemplated, and for four or five years laboured to bring about, was to make such modifications in the working of the academic system, and to introduce such collateral aids, as would give the College ultimately an actual as well as nominal right to call itself a university. Whether the lapse of fifty years has justified his efforts and has shown that he was a wise reformer in advance of his time, the progress that Harvard has made, and is making, towards the object at which he aimed, will attest.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Letter to Mr. Webster.—Libraries in Boston.—Letters from West Point.—Colonel Thayer.—Annual Examination of the Military Academy.—Death of N. A. Haven.—Webster’s Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.—Memoir of Mr. Haven.—Visit to Washington.

In 1823 Mr. Ticknor was chosen a Trustee of the Boston Athenæum, and at one time was its Vice-President, and he became greatly interested in enlarging the scope and extending the usefulness of this excellent institution. An effort was made in 1826 to increase its funds, which was successful, chiefly through the liberality of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, and of his brother, Mr. James Perkins. With this was combined a project to unite the various subscription and society libraries of the city in one organization with the Athenæum; and of this plan Mr. Ticknor, with his liberal views of the needs of public culture, was one of the most earnest promoters. Unfortunately the difficulties in carrying out the entire scheme proved insurmountable.

During the winter of 1826 Mr. Ticknor, in addition to his other occupations and pursuits, was much engaged in these efforts, in personally seeking subscriptions, and in preparing lists of books to be added to the library. The following letter to Mr. Webster contains some account of the plan:

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\(^3\) These are nearly his own words, written on the margin of the pamphlet.
To Mr. Webster.

Boston, February 2, 1826.

My dear Sir,—We are much indebted to you for your agreeable letter, and I should have answered it sooner, but really, when every morning's breakfast-table was covered with the debates on the Judicial Bill, I could not find it in my conscience. However, you have now got that burden off your shoulders. . . . Your friends here feel very happy at the result, and at the manner in which it was obtained. You seem now to be resting yourself, while the rest of the house are trying their skill on the subject of fortifications and money bills. But I hope you will be on the floor again pretty soon, for we feel, when we take up the "Intelligencer" and find you are not in the bill of fare, very much as the boys of Paris did in the Revolution, on those days when nobody's head was to be cut off, and they went home crying out, "Point de fête aujourd'hui."

I wish I could tell you something from here that would interest you. But my shop is, a small one, and no great assortment in it. The College is going on very well, as far as changes are concerned. Frank Gray is elected into the Corporation, and will no doubt be approved by the Overseers next Thursday. This is a good change. . . . Further we will tell you when you attend the meeting of the Overseers next June, and ask what has been done. For you promised last winter to ask the question, and I hope you will not cease to ask it until all has been done that ought to be. . . .

We are making quite a movement about libraries, lecture-rooms, Athenæum, etc. I have a project, which may or may not succeed; but I hope it will. The project is, to unite into one establishment, viz. the Athenæum, all the public libraries in town; such as the Arch Library, the Medical Library, the new Scientific Library, and so on, and then let the whole circulate, Athenæum and all. In this way, there will be an end of buying duplicates, paying double rents, double librarians, etc.; the whole money raised will go to books, and all the books will be made useful. To this great establishment I would attach all the lectures wanted, whether fashionable, popular, scientific,—for the mechanics, or their employers; and have the whole made a Capitol of the knowledge of the town, with its uses, which I would open to the public, according to the admirable direction in the Charter of the University of Göttingen. Quam commodissimè, quamque latis-simè. Mr. Prescott, Judge Jackson, Dr. Bowditch, and a few young men are much in earnest about it. . . .

We went the other night to a great ball at Colonel Thorndike's, a part of which extended into your house,4 which it was not altogether agreeable to enter without finding its owners there to welcome us. A few nights afterwards we had the whole town turned in upon our-

4 The two houses were connected by doors, which could be opened on such occasions.
selves, for the first time in our lives. . . . I am very glad you like Mr. Vaughan. He is, I think, one of the most respectable gentlemen I have ever known. Do persuade him to come to the North next summer. Finally, write to us when you can, come home as soon as you can, and believe in us as truly as you can.

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

Among the friends most valued by Mr. Ticknor was his college classmate, Sylvanus Thayer, who, having entered the army of the United States, and served with distinction, was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point in 1817, and held that position for sixteen years. By force and dignity of character, energy, good judgment, and professional knowledge and ability, he gave new life to the school under his charge, and raised it to that high position, as an establishment for military education, which it has since maintained.

Colonel Thayer had repeatedly urged Mr. Ticknor to serve as a member of the Board of Visitors, at one of the annual examinations of the Academy. In the spring of 1826, Mr. Ticknor having expressed his readiness to attend the examination of that year, he was appointed among the other Visitors, and went to West Point on the 1st of June.

The following extracts from his letters, written from there, give an excellent picture of the condition of the school, and of the character and habits of its distinguished Superintendent.

To Mrs. Ticknor.

West Point, June 5, 1826.

This morning the Board met; nine on the ground. General Houston was chosen President, and, as usual, the honour of doing the work fell to me, as Secretary. We have been nine hours at the examination to-day. This evening Governor Morrow, of Ohio, President Bligh, formerly of Transylvania University, and Mr. Van Buren have arrived; a salute has been fired, and all is in motion.

When I arrived last evening, I walked up to our old friend Cozzens's; meantime Thayer had gone to the boat to meet me, and we missed one another. In a few moments, however, he came in, and ordered my luggage to his house, where I am established in great comfort and quiet. . . . The examination is a very laborious business, and will prove, no doubt, tedious to most of those concerned in it. To me, who must keep the records and write the reports, it will give too much

5 British Minister at Washington, formerly Secretary of Legation at Madrid. See ante, p. 173.
occupation to permit me to be very dull. What we have done to-day has been rather interesting.

Precisely at nine o'clock the whole Staff of the Academy assembled at Thayer's house in full uniform. I was presented to them, and when this little ceremony was over we all went to Cozzens's, where all were presented to the rest of the Board of Examiners. The Board then went to a room by itself, and was called to order by Commodore Bainbridge, and General Houston, being the chief military personage on the ground, was chosen President; though for the rest, he is a pretty coarse Tennessean, who tries to be kind, good-natured, and even elegant. . . . The other members are pleasant enough, particularly the three commodores, Bainbridge, Chauncey, and Jones, who are very agreeable indeed, and Colonel White of Florida, who proves an amiable, gentlemanlike man.

We went forthwith to the examination, which was extremely thorough. Thirteen young men were under the screw four hours, on a single branch, and never less than four on the floor, either drawing on the blackboard or answering questions every moment, so that each one had above an hour's work to go through; and, as I said, in a single branch. It was the lowest section of the upper class, but no mistake was made, except by one Cadet. Of course it was as nearly perfect as anything of the kind ever was. The manner, too, was quite remarkable. The young men do not rise when they answer; they are all addressed as Mr. So-and-so; and when the drum beat outside for one o'clock, Colonel Thayer adjourned the examination while a Cadet was speaking, so exactly is everything done here. We dined at Cozzens's, and the examination was continued in the afternoon till seven o'clock.

My residence at Thayer's is extremely agreeable; that is, the little time I pass there. He seems to feel towards me just as he did nineteen years ago, just as if we had never been separated. The house is perfectly quiet, and there is a good deal of dignity in the sort of solitude in which he lives, and without any female attendant, yet with the most perfect neatness, order, and comfort, in all his arrangements. There is nothing at all either repulsive or stiff in his manner to the officers and teachers under him, or to the Cadets. All the members of the Board seem to have the most thorough admiration of him. . . .

June 10.

I delight exceedingly in the exactness with which everything is done here. The morning gun is fired exactly at sunrise, though I am free to say I sleep well enough to hear it rarely, and as there never seems to be the least noise in Thayer's house, the first thing I hear is the full band, when, precisely at six, the manoeuvring being over, the corps of Cadets begins its marching. I get up immediately, and when Thayer comes home, at half-past six, from parade, he brings me your letter. You will hardly believe how welcome his step is to me, and how perfectly I have learnt to distinguish it from that of his Adjutant, his Orderly, or his servant, none of whom ever gives me my letters. I sometimes think he takes a pleasure in doing it himself—
at any rate, he always calls me by my Christian name when he brings them. Breakfast precisely at seven; then we have all the newspapers, and, a little before eight o'clock, Thayer puts on his full-dress coat and sword, and when the bugle sounds we are always at Mr. Cozzens's, where Thayer takes off his hat and inquires if the President of the Board is ready to attend at the examination-room; if he is, the Commandant conducts him to it with great ceremony, followed by the Board. If he is not ready, Thayer goes without him; he waits for no man.

In the examination-room Thayer presides at one table, surrounded by the Academic Staff; General Houston at the other, surrounded by the Visitors. In front of the last table two enormous blackboards, eight feet by five, are placed on easels; and at each of these boards stand two Cadets, one answering questions or demonstrating, and the other three preparing the problems that are given to them. In this way, if an examination of sixteen young men lasts four hours on one subject, each of them will have had one hour's public examination on it; and the fact is, that each of the forty Cadets in the upper class will to-night have had about five hours' personal examination. While the examination goes on, one person sits between the tables and asks questions, but other members of the Staff and of the Board join in the examination frequently, as their interest moves them. The young men have that composure which comes from thoroughness, and unite, to a remarkable degree, ease with respectful manners towards their teachers. . . .

June 12, 1826.

Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon I stayed at home, and had a solid talk of three hours with Thayer, concerning his whole management of this institution from the time he took it in hand. It was very interesting, and satisfied me, more and more, of the value and efficiency of his system. One proof of it, which I have just learned, is very striking. Before Thayer came here it was not generally easy to find young men enough to take Cadets' warrants to keep the Academy full. But for the last two or three years there have been, annually, more than a thousand applications for warrants, and there is at this moment not a small number of the sons of both the richest and the most considerable men of the country at the Academy, to the great gratification of their families. I think this state of things gratifies Thayer very much, and consoles him for the considerable privations, and the great and increasing labour he is obliged to undergo. . . .

17th.—Thayer is a wonderful man. In the course of the fortnight I have been here, he has every morning been in his office doing business from six to seven o'clock; from seven to eight he breakfasts, generally with company; then goes to the examination-room, and for five complete hours never so much as rises from his chair. From one to three he has his dinner-party; from three to seven again unmoved in his chair, though he is neither stiff nor pretending about it. At seven he goes on parade; from half-past seven to eight does business with the Cadets, and from eight to nine, or even till eleven, he is liable to have meetings with the Academic Staff. Yet with all this
labour, and the whole responsibility of the institution, the examination, and the accommodation of the Visitors, on his hands, he is always fresh, prompt, ready, and pleasant; never fails to receive me under all circumstances with the same unencumbered and affectionate manner, and seems, in short, as if he were more of a spectator than I am. I do not believe there are three persons in the country who could fill his place; and Totten said very well the other day, when somebody told him,—what is no doubt true,—that if Thayer were to resign, he would be the only man who could take his place,—"No: no man would be indiscreet enough to take the place after Thayer: it would be as bad as being President of the Royal Society after Newton." . . .

The examination, the exhibition of the institution, has gratified me beyond my expectations, and this feeling I believe I share with the rest of the Visitors. There is a thoroughness, promptness, and efficiency in the knowledge of the Cadets which I have never seen before, and which I did not expect to find here. . . .

June 24, 1826.

My dearest Wife,—It is all over, all well over, and I am very much contented and light-hearted. Yesterday, however, was a real flurry, as I thought it would be. I began the general report day before yesterday, in the afternoon. It was plainly to be about thirty pages long; the two other committees who were to furnish materials for a large part of it had behaved very shabbily, neglected their duty, and done nothing but collect documents, which they had neither examined nor digested. In short, the whole work came upon me. At the same time the French examination was going on, which it was my particular duty, from the first, to superintend and share. Everything, therefore, came at once. That afternoon and night I wrote about ten pages, and examined two sections in French. Yesterday I examined two other sections, dined abroad, examined the Hospital, and wrote twenty pages. This morning before breakfast I finished it [the report]. At eleven o'clock the examination was finished, and the report read, and signed by all the Board. At twelve we had a little address to the Cadets by Kane, which was very neat and appropriate. I declined delivering it, having enough else to do; and I am glad I did, for it was done remarkably well by Kane, whom, by-the-by, I am very glad I have learnt to know.

Very soon after his arrival at West Point, Mr. Ticknor received the sad news of the illness and death of his friend, Mr. N. A. Haven, of Portsmouth. A close sympathy in tastes, and an accordance of judgment in respect to the motives of action, the objects of life, and the foundation of character, had given to their friendship unusual closeness and intimacy.

Mr. Haven died on the 3rd of June, and on the 9th Mr. Ticknor wrote:—

Here, surrounded by those who take no interest in my feelings,
I cannot help expressing to you my deep sorrow at the loss of Haven. It pursues me wherever I go. I did not think it would have fallen so heavily on my heart; or, rather, I thought I had more prepared myself for it. But there is no preparation for such things; we may feel composed, as we see one who is dear to us gradually sinking away from our cares and affections; but the last step, the change from life to death, is so sudden, so great, that there is no proper preparation for it. I felt as if it were unexpected, when I read your letter this morning. The blood rushed to my head as if I had then received the first intimation of his danger. God’s will be done. I shall have few losses to bear, that will reach so far in their consequences.

The relatives and friends of Mr. Haven, by whose early death—at the age of thirty-six—many hearts were saddened, and many hopes disappointed, were desirous to have some memorial of one so loved and valued. There was a general wish among them that this should be prepared by Mr. Ticknor, and a volume was accordingly arranged by him, and printed for private circulation, consisting of Mr. Haven’s writings,—including two occasional discourses,—with a brief memoir, which is a graceful sketch of a life admirable for moral beauty, and for calm, intellectual strength.

The 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, was made memorable by the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the two Presidents who succeeded Washington. The coincidence of their deaths on this anniversary was one to touch e imagination and the feelings of the whole nation, and the sentiment thus roused found its best expression in the Eulogy on the two Ex-Presidents, delivered by Mr. Webster, on the 2nd

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6 Mr. Haven’s attachment to Mr. Ticknor is expressed in a letter to Miss Eliza Buckminster, written at Amsterdam, July 24, 1815, when Mr. Haven was twenty-five and Mr. Ticknor twenty-four years old. He says: “Ticknor is happier than I thought he ever could be when absent from home; but his feelings are so entirely under the control of his reason, his mind is so perfectly regulated and balanced, that he will always be happy when discharging what he believes to be his duty. An intimate acquaintance of six years, in which I have treated him with the confidence of a brother, and have received from him favours which years of gratitude can hardly repay, has given me a full knowledge of his character and feelings. I should do injustice to him, and to myself, if I ever spoke of him with moderate praise. There has never been an action of his life, since I have known him, which I have ultimately discovered to be wrong, nor a single moment, even in our wildest hours, in which he has either vexed or irritated me. But you know him, and I need not praise him.”
of August following, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in presence of the City Government and the assembled citizens.7

Mr. Ticknor describes it in the following letter:

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Newport, Rhode Island, August 17, 1826.

Your letter of Sunday evening, my dear Charles, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning, just as we were bustling away to hear the great oration. Would it have been yourself instead of your sign-

manual; for it would have given you a higher and sublimier notion of oratory than you ever had before, if you had beheld and felt Mr. Webster's presence and power, as he stood there transfigured by the genius of eloquence, and fulfilling, in his own person, all he so mar-
vellously described as peculiar to John Adams. It was altogether a different affair from that at Bunker Hill, much more solemn, imposing, and sublime. The hall was better arranged than I ever saw any-
thing among us, being almost entirely and very gracefully covered with black; above four thousand people were quietly seated and perfectly silent; the light was very dim, partly from the mourning drapery, and partly from the obstruction of the windows with the bodies of the audience who thronged inside and outside; and Mr. Webster stood forward on an open stage, alone in the midst of the subdued multitude, and spoke without hesitation and with unmitigated power for an hour and fifty minutes, hardly once recurring to his notes, which lay on a table partly behind him, and then rather to

make a pause than to refresh his recollections. Every word he spoke was distinctly heard in every part of that vast throng, so awe-struck were they beneath his power.

The tone of the great body of the discourse was solemn and elevated, and though at intervals a murmur of applause and excitement ran through the crowd, it was immediately hushed by the very occasion itself, and by the grave expression of the speaker's countenance and manner, and all became as silent as death. But at the conclusion he forsook this tone, and addressed the people on the responsibility that rests with the present generation, as heirs to those who achieved our independence for us, and on the hopes and encouragements we have to perform boldly and faithfully the duties that have fallen upon us; so that when he ended, the minds of men were wrought up to an uncontrollable excitement, and there followed three tremendous cheers, inappropriate indeed to the occasion, but as inevitable as any other great movement of nature. . . .

He was at our house the evening before, entirely disencumbered and careless; and dined with us unceremoniously after it was over,

7 A full account of the Eulogy, and of the scene of its delivery, written by Mr. Ticknor is given in Mr. Curtis's "Life of Webster," vol. i. p. 274.
as playful as a kitten. This is what I think may be called a great man.

A few months later he writes thus of his various occupations, and especially of his sketch of his friend Haven:

**To C. S. Daveis, Portland.**

Boston, February 24, 1827.

Sickness, much labour, and many cares, my dear Charles, have prevented me from writing to you or to anybody else, for a long time, except on business that could not be postponed. But I begin to feel a little relieved. . . .

The Athenæum, the College, the Hospital, Mr. Bowditch's office, and many other things have made such constant demands on my time, that I have been more teased than I ever was in my life, and have hardly known a quiet hour, except in A.'s room, since last November.

Among other things which have much occupied and a good deal troubled me, has been my Memoir of Haven. . . . I have written a plain and simple memoir of his life and character, in which my main object has been to show how he made himself so important to the best interests of his friends and society. Whether I have succeeded or not, I wish you were here to tell me. . . . There are not many persons who feel about the memory of our friend as you and I do, and therefore it was necessary for me to avoid all exaggeration,

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8 It may be noticed that Mr. Ticknor had already (p. 274) applied to Mr. Webster this simile, which will seem to many persons amusingly inappropriate; but Mr. Ticknor was greatly in the habit of applying it thus to his grave and imposing friend, who in his hours of easy gaiety justified its use in a surprising way.

9 He so calls the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, which is substantially a trust company, a part of whose profits go to the uses of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Mr. Ticknor was a Director from 1827 to 1835, Vice-President from 1841 to 1862, and wrote an important Annual Report in 1857. He was a Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital—no sinecure—from 1826 to 1830. His connexion with the Athenæum and the Primary School Board have been mentioned. In 1821 he became a member of the corporation of the Boston Provident Institution for Savings,—the first savings-bank in New England, in founding which his father was much concerned,—and was a Trustee from 1838 to 1850. In 1831 he became a member of the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, whose funds go to support widows and children of deceased clergymen, of various sects, mostly, of course, Orthodox or Evangelical. In this he laboured actively, was Treasurer from 1831 to 1835, and in 1841-42; Vice-President, 1861-64; Chairman of Committee on Appropriations for several years, and placed on almost all committees charged with important duties. He resigned from it entirely in 1864. He was Treasurer, for two or three years, of the Farm School for Boys, which his father had wished to see founded.
while, on the other hand, his character was a truly valuable and instructive one, whose influence should not be lost from a fear of being accused of partiality. If I have hit the medium, and not only so represented him that it will be felt what he was, but what, if God had spared his life, he would have been, I shall be satisfied. . . .

Now and then I get a new book from England or from the Continent; but the embarrassments of the world and the troubles about money—which La Fontaine thought was chose peu necessaire—have been felt even in the marts of literature. There were never so few books printed in one season, within the memory of man, as the last, both at London and Paris. "The Subaltern," written by Rev. Mr. Gleig, is a curious book, worth your reading; so is John Bell's fragment about Italy; but Head's "Rough Sketches" is really one of the most spirited affairs I have looked into for a great while. . . .

Mr. Livingston sent me the two folios of his Code, and Chancellor Kent sent me his Commentaries, or I suppose I should not have ventured into them; but being obliged to do enough to make appropriate acknowledgments, I read the whole, and was much interested and edified.

I received, the other day, a package of books and manuscripts from Everett, in Spain. Among the rest, the work about Columbus, which is very curious, and ought to be translated bodily, as well as melted down, by Irving, into an interesting and elegant piece of biography. . . .

In April, 1828, Mr. Ticknor went with his friend Prescott to Washington, being absent from home about three weeks, during which he very much enjoyed the society of his companion, and that of Mr. Webster, with whom they spent nearly all their time in Washington. He also saw many other friends and interesting persons, who are mentioned in his letters to Mrs. Ticknor. For instance:—

Last evening we went to Mr. Clay's. He looks miserably, and almost, I might say, miserable; care-worn, wrinkled, haggard, and wearing out. He was very pleasant, and asked much after you; talked about general matters as much as he could, but still constantly came back to politics.

From Mr. Clay's we went to Mr. Vaughan's, who showed more pleasure at seeing me than I thought he would. . . . Mr. Webster and he seemed quite familiar, and we all dine with him to-day at five o'clock, without ceremony or company; and on Wednesday, which is the fête of St. George, the titular saint of the King of England, we dine there again in great ceremony, with all the heads of Departments, the foreign ministers, their attachés, etc.

1 "Rough Notes made during Journeys across the Pampas," etc., by Captain [afterwards Sir] Francis B. Head.
2 Alexander H. Everett, United States Minister to Spain.
April 22.—First this morning I took Sally S. in a coach and went to Georgetown, to the convent, where I. W. lives, to give her a parcel from her father. She is a nice round lively little girl; and the whole air of the convent, and seeing I. through the grafting, interested and amused S. so much that I was very glad I took her.

On our return I went to the House and Senate, where we passed the forenoon in hearing debates, and witnessing the passage of the tariff, which went by a majority of eleven in the House, and was followed by a short abusive speech from John Randolph.

I dined at a mess, called "Fort Jackson," with Tazewell, Governor Dickerson, Woodbury, Verplanck, Calhoun, Polk, etc. . . . I was quite happy and gay an hour or two with Mr. Webster, Mr. Gorham, etc., after dinner [at Mr. Sullivan's lodgings], and I was somewhat excited by John Randolph in the House; but in the main I was rather dreary and homesick.

April 25.—Yesterday we had quite a pleasant time at Menou's. He has bought a small cottage, and after nearly rebuilding it and fitting it altogether in French style, he has made it a pretty little snug place for a bachelor. Mr. Webster dined there, General Van Rensselaer, M. de St. André, Prince Lieven, my old classmate Hunt, Judge Johnstone, and General Stewart of Baltimore. We had a nice little dinner in the library, and a nice little time altogether. Afterwards William and I spent an hour with General Van Rensselaer, at the Livingstons, very gaily.

All Washington looks rather triste to me. The divisions of party have infected social intercourse. . . . The whole thing is much less gay and amusing than it was when we were here together. I have been very happy in my visit to Mr. Webster, who has been very kind and confidential with me. I am glad to have seen Mr. Vaughan, and to have found him so pleasant. I am glad to have seen Count Menou, the Livingstons, and so on; but I am glad it is over, and that we are going to set our faces towards you and dear Nanny.

Sunday Morning.—A little homesick again, when I think of you going to church, and Nanny standing at the window to see the crowds pass, my little class of boys, and Mr. Channing's sermon.

3 French Minister.
4 See ante, p. 6.
5 Mr. Edward Livingston and his family. See ante, pp. 290, 291.
CHAPTER XX.

HABITS AND HEALTH.

Habits.—House in Park Street.—Hospitality.—Review of Webster's Works.—Lecture on Teaching the Living Languages.—Studies of Milton, Dante, and Shakespeare.—Public Lectures on Shakespeare.—Death of an infant Daughter and of an only Son.—Resignation of Professorship.—Departure for Europe.

The next years formed a very happy period in Mr. Ticknor's happy life; for, though checkered, like all human lives, with some sorrows, even with some acute and lasting griefs, his was, in the main, a remarkably happy life. Many elements of character and fortune combined to give a serene, well-balanced tone of animated contentment to his whole existence from youth to age. He had a resolute nature and an efficient intellect; he had, also, a deep-seated principle of industry, with a sense of the worth of occupation as a source of pleasure.

In relation to his fixed habit of industry, he used often to quote with delight what was once said to him by Judge Prescott, his friend and the father of his friend. Soon after his return from Europe, in 1819, he was talking one evening with Judge Prescott, and said of his own prospects, that he had enough work mapped out to fill at least ten years. "Take care always to be able to say the same thing; always have ten years' work laid out before you, if you wish to be happy," was the wise reply; and in repeating it, Mr. Ticknor used to add, that he believed he had never failed in fulfilling the injunction.

Of his health, which was, inevitably, an important element in the estimate of his opportunities and enjoyments, it need only be said, that his life in Europe seemed to have entirely changed him from a delicate youth to a strong and uniformly healthy man. From that time until his death—in spite of his usually sedentary occupations—he was habitually well; and his eye-sight, a matter of vast consequence to one of his tastes, was marvellously strong to the last. The one severe illness of his manhood was the result of an over-exertion, in the winter of 1828-29. He describes this himself as "an illness which, though no great things in itself, was a serious matter to me, because it was the first time I was ever seriously unwell. I was confined strictly to my bed for a week, and to the house something less than a month." Making light, also, of the cause of it, he says, "My complaint was in my side; a swelling that came suddenly, in consequence of exposure at the
Hospital, when it was on fire. The scene was very distressing, the sick people fearing they should be burned alive; and, as one of the Trustees, I went round among them, reassuring them as much as I could, and so got wet and caught a cold." He actually did more than this, for he helped in moving the patients, and undoubtedly strained himself. One thing, however, always amused him in connexion with this illness. The nature of it was peculiar enough, and obscure enough, to cause an account of it to be printed—without names—in a medical journal. Mr. Ticknor showed this one day to a distinguished medical man from another city, and when he had read it, asked him what he thought ailed the patient in that case. The answer was, "I don't know, and I don't believe the attending physicians knew either."

From the time when he formed a home of his own, Mr. Ticknor studied to make it a centre of comfort and improvement to all its members; and the warm and faithful feelings which his friendships proved were shown in their greatest strength in his own family. During several years when his wife was in a sensitive and prostrated state of health, and during her severe illnesses, his devotion to her comfort, his ingenuity and patience in ministering to the needs of mind and body, showed that his tact and tenderness were not quenched by study; while his watchful and close personal attention to the education of his eldest daughter proved his ability to keep every added duty in its true proportion.

Some idea has already been given of the variety of his occupations; his College duties, his zealous participation in the charitable and intellectual movements of a very active city, his social interests, making a numerous amount of recognized claims. To these must be added, to complete the picture of the next coming years, the remembrance of hours spent in reading aloud, by his wife's sofa, such selections of English literature as might enliven her and instruct the child; and of other hours given to direct instruction and to vigilant supervision of all the daughter's studies. Without eminently methodical and punctual habits, such multiplied objects could not have been pursued with success, nor even without confusion and weariness. 6

6 The floor of the ward where he worked was covered by several inches of water.

7 Among his methodical habits was that of keeping copies, or rough drafts, of his business letters, and even of some of the more important ones on other subjects. In consequence of this practice, some interesting letters which had not been preserved, or had not been obtained from his correspondents, have been available for these volumes. His punctuality was, so to speak, invariable; and he was fond of repeating an axiom on the subject: "Punctuality is the only virtue for which its possessor is uniformly punished."
In summer he always sought a change of scene and habits. He maintained that one permanent establishment was enough, and that for a part of every year it was best to be free to seek new regions, another climate and another mode of life; he therefore never owned a country-house. Before 1840 it was much less the habit of the wealthy citizens of Boston to leave home in the summer, than it has since become; indeed, it was common enough to stay the whole year in town. Mr. Ticknor, however, always made excursions and journeys with his family, or took lodgings for a few weeks in some pretty spot in the neighbourhood of Boston,—in Watertown, Brookline, or Nahant. Often they went to Portland and Gardiner; to Pepperell, the rural home of the Prescotts; to Round Hill, near Northampton, where Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Bancroft had opened a school; or to Hanover, where for some years there were still accounts to settle about the family property, with the old Quaker agent, Friend Williams.\(^8\)

In the summer of 1827 a journey to Niagara ended by visits on the Hudson, and is thus sketched in a letter to Mr. Daveis:—

Of these journeyings you are already partly misinformed, and, as Nic Bottom would say, I will finish that matter myself. We have—as you heard—been to the Westward, but eschewed the Springs,\(^9\) not desiring fashion, but health. We had several bright spots in our journey: first, West Point, where my old friend Thayer’s gallantry gave the ladies a beautiful entertainment; then Trenton Falls, more beautiful than those of Tivoli and Terni; then Mr. Wadsworth’s magnificent establishment, where we passed two days; then Niagara itself, where we spent four days in constantly increasing delight and astonishment; then, on our return, Kaatskill, where, as Natty Bumpo says, “you see all creation;” then Governor Lewis’s, on the North River, where we spent four days with the Livingston family, and one with Mrs. Montgomery, the widow of him who fell before Quebec; and finally Northampton. This is the general plan of our journey, which occupied six full weeks very pleasantly, . . . . and, all things considered, I hardly know when I have passed the same length of time more to my mind.

In the following summer, that of 1828, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor made a trip to Quebec. This was succeeded by an excursion to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, with Mr. Webster, who found much comfort in their society at this time, saddened as he was by the recent death of his wife, to whom Mrs. Ticknor had been much

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\(^8\) One of the farms which he inherited in New Hampshire was sold in 1825, and the rest of the property at Hanover was finally disposed of in 1830.

\(^9\) Saratoga.
attached; while Mr. Ticknor’s friendship for him was full of sympathy. During this visit the following hasty letter went to Mr. Prescott:

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Mr. Webster has been out shooting all day, and brought home a fine quantity of beetle-heads, curlews, and other things whose names I do not remember, but which I doubt not are very savoury. He has placed a part of them at my disposal, and, as I do not know anybody to whose recollection I wish to be agreeably recalled more than to that of your household, I have made up a little box for you. It will come just in season for your Saturday’s dinner, and I wish I were with you, though it is cool, quiet, and comfortable here.

A. Thorndyke and his household came to-day. He brings two dogs and an apparatus for shooting, ample enough to lay waste the Cape from here to Race Point, let alone a quantity of rods, waterproof breeches, and trout-destroying hooks. I have been out myself several times, with that notorious personage John Trout, and, though I cannot make up my mind to wade the brooks and the marshes as deeply as he does, I have had some luck.

But Mr. Webster is a true sportsman. He was out thirteen hours to-day, without any regular meal, and is now as busy as a locksmith, with his guns. He seems to feel as if it were the one thing needful to kill birds, and neither to tire nor grow hungry while one can be seen. It has already made him look bright and strong again, for he came from Nantucket in but a poor condition.

But my note is called for, to be packed with the birds. Good night. We shall come home with the first cool weather. Love to Susan.

Yours always, G. T.

From his marriage until this time Mr. Ticknor had dwelt in hired houses. Now, however, in 1829, he found what he had so long been waiting to find, a house which he was satisfied to buy, and there he made his home for the remaining forty-one and a half years of his life. The situation, the proportions and taste, and the ample size of this residence, sufficed for all the needs of domestic and social hours; and here, in joy and in sorrow, from far-off lands and from the inner recesses of heart and mind, was gathered “treasure of things new and old.”

The homes of almost all his friends, and his own dwelling-places,
—since his return from Europe,—looked on the little park of forty-

1 "That well-known angler, John Denison, usually called John Trout."—Curtis’s Life of Webster, vol. i. p. 251.
2 Mr. Ticknor often expressed some regret that he had never found pleasure in fishing or shooting, nor in billiards, for he considered the variety of exercise thus gained to be very desirable for a student. He never liked riding, after his training for health at the riding-school in Göttingen—which, however, made him a good rider—and his long journeys in Spain.
five acres, which, in spite of the seeming modesty of its traditional name, the Common, has always been the pride and joy of the Boston heart. His new house stood at the most attractive point of the margin of the Common, at the top of the slope looking down the avenue of elms of the finest of its malls, and facing to the south-west, so as to catch the prevailing summer wind, and rejoice in the glory of the winter sunsets. The central point of the house, henceforward, was the large, sunny room, with three long balconied windows, where, at once, and without hesitation, his valuable and increasing collection of books was established.

Trusting to simple lines, just proportions, and harmony of subdued colours in furnishing this library, Mr. Ticknor succeeded in producing the effect he sought, of a dignified, cheerful home for himself and his books. When his friend Allston, the artist,—a man of fastidious taste and an acute sense of harmony of colour,—first entered the room, he expressed the most unlimited approval.

Ten years later, on receiving a description of this room,—for which she had asked,—Miss Edgeworth wrote in her animated and sympathetic manner:

Who talks of Boston in a voice so sweet? Who wishes to see me there? to show me their home, their family, their country? I have been there, . . . . have sat in the library too, and thought, and thought it all charming! Looking into the country, as you know the windows all do, I saw down through the vista of trees to the quiet bay, and the beautiful hills beyond, and I watched the glories of the setting sun, lighting up country and town . . . .

I met Sir Walter Scott in Mr. Ticknor's library, with all his benign, calm expression of countenance, his eye of genius, and his mouth of humour, such as he was before the life of life was gone, such as genius loved to see him, such as American genius has given him to American friendship, immortalized in person, as in mind. His very self I see, feeling, thinking, and about to speak, and to a friend to whom he loved to speak; and well placed, and to his liking, he seems in this congenial library, presiding and sympathizing.

But, my dear madam, ten thousand books, about ten thousand books, do you say this library contains? My dear Mrs. Ticknor! Then I am afraid you must have double rows, and that is a plague. . . . Your library is thirty-four by twenty-two, you say. But, to be sure, you have not given me the height, and that height may make out room enough. Pray have it measured for me, that I may drive this odious notion of double rows out of my head.

The portrait of Sir Walter Scott, to which Miss Edgeworth refers,—the only painting in the room,—is an original, by Leslie, hanging over the fireplace. Mr. Ticknor wrote to Sir
Walter in 1824, asking him to sit for his likeness, but leaving the choice of the artist to him. In reply to this request, Sir Walter, with a tact and amiability very characteristic of him, selected the young American painter, then making himself known in England, and invited him to Abbotsford. Mr. Leslie has recorded the experiences of his delightful visit to the Wizard of the North, in his "Autobiographical Recollections." He says, "In the autumn of 1824 I visited Scotland for the purpose of painting a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, for Mr. Ticknor of Boston;" and,—quoting one of his own letters written at the time,—"Imagine how delightful these sittings are to me." Again, "There was more benevolence expressed in Scott's face than is given in any portrait of him; and I am sure there was much in his heart." This benevolence Leslie has made very obvious in his painting, while the intellect and the humour belonging there are not lost from sight. Sir Walter wished him to introduce one of his dogs into the picture, but after one or two experiments Leslie wisely decided against it.  

Before leaving the subject of Mr. Ticknor's home we will give one more short description,—from the pen of Hawthorne,—which includes a sketch of Mr. Ticknor himself, as he appeared, at a later period, it is true, but before any marked change had come over his looks or bearing.  

Mr. Folsom accompanied me to call upon Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature. He has a fine house at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, perhaps the very best position in Boston. A marble hall, a wide and easy staircase, a respectable old manservant, evidently long at home in the mansion, to admit us. We

3 "Autobiographical Recollections of C. R. Leslie." Edited by Tom Taylor, 1860.  
4 This portrait is mentioned by Lockhart; and Mrs. Lockhart's opinion of it—given to Mr. Ticknor in 1835—will be found in its place.  
5 "American Note-Books."  
6 John Lynch, having been honoured by this notice, deserves a few more words. He had, indeed, been long in Mr. Ticknor's service before this visit in 1850. In June, 1829, Mr. Davis's kind offices are asked for "my good servant, John Lynch," who was sent to Portland for a few days, for his health. His periods of actual service in Mr. Ticknor's family amounted to twenty years. While they were in Europe—1835-38—John fell into intemperate habits, and on their return could not, at first, be taken back; but one day he was summoned and asked by Mr. Ticknor if he would take the place again under the condition of a promise never to touch a drop of intoxicating liquor again. Though not quite sober at the moment, he assented; but the next words, "Then come this very day," sobered him instantly, and made him turn ashy pale with agitation. He kept his word faithfully, soon received the key of the wine-cellar, and never abused his trust. He continued in the family till his strength failed, and was taken care of till he died.
entered the library, Mr. Folsom considerably in advance, as being familiar with the house; and I heard Mr. Ticknor greet him in friendly tones, their scholarlike and bibliographical pursuits, I suppose, bringing them into frequent conjunction. Then I was introduced, and received with great distinction, but yet without any ostentatious flourish of courtesy. Mr. Ticknor has a great head, and his hair is gray or grayish. You recognize in him, at once, the man who knows the world, the scholar, too, which probably is his more distinctive character, though a little more under the surface. . . . His library is a stately and beautiful room, for a private dwelling, and itself looks large and rich. . . . Mr. Ticknor was most kind in his alacrity to solve the point on which Mr. Folsom, in my behalf, had consulted him,—as to whether there had been any English translation of the Tales of Cervantes,—and most liberal in his offers of books from his library. Certainly he is a fine example of a generous-principled scholar, anxious to assist the human intellect in its efforts and researches. . . . He is, I apprehend, a man of great cultivation and refinement, and with quite substance enough to be polished and refined without being worn too thin in the process, a man of society.

Mr. Ticknor's hospitable tastes and social habits made his house the constant scene of a friendly and intellectual life. At this time—1826-35—a supper at nine o'clock in the evening naturally followed the early three o'clock dinner then customary, and such suppers, served in his house with much simplicity, attracted the gentlemen of his intimate circle, who dropped in uninvited, especially on Sunday evenings; and conversation full of vivacity and variety drew out the best powers of each on these occasions.

Mr. George T. Curtis says7 of the persons who gathered at these suppers:

I recall the two Messrs. Prescott, father and son; Mr. Webster; the Rev. Dr. Channing; Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician and translator of La Place; Dr. Walter Channing, a kind and genial family physician; Mr. John Pickering, a Greek scholar and a learned lawyer; his brother, Octavius Pickering, the Reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Mr. Willard Phillips; and Mr. James Savage. There were also many younger men, habitués of the house, whom I cannot recall. The Rev. Dr. Channing came seldom, but it was there I first saw him, and there, also, I first saw Mr. Webster in private. Prescott, the historian, not yet an author, was at that time in the full flush of his early manhood, running over with animal spirits, which his studies and self-discipline could not quench; talking with a joyous abandon, laughing at his own inconsequences, recovering himself

7 In his letter of reminiscences, addressed to Mr. Hillard, already quoted.
gaily, and going on again in a graver strain, which soon gave way to some new joke or brilliant sally. Wherever he came there was always a "fillip" to the discourse, be it of books, or society, or reminiscences of foreign travel, or the news of the day. . . . The talk flowed freely, and as it naturally would among cultivated persons who led busy lives. . . .

Dinner-parties were given by Mr. Ticknor, for a period of about fifty years, very frequently, and oftener, perhaps, than by most gentlemen of his standing in Boston. As a host he was singularly graceful, and did the honours in a manner that showed what an accomplished man he was. Good entertaining, and good hosts and hostesses can be found in many houses, but there was an atmosphere about Mr. Ticknor that was peculiar. It was not merely that his house was a house of books and learning. The knowledge that abounded there connected itself by many threads, not only with the past but with the present. Whatever was happening at home or abroad, the information that is kept alive and kept full by a wide correspondence, the stores of anecdote that come from a varied intercourse with distinguished contemporaries, the experiences of travel, the interest that attaches to the welfare of kindred and friends and neighbourhood and country, all these things were reflected in Mr. Ticknor's conversation quite as much as mere topics of literature. No stranger who could command an introduction to Mr. Ticknor's house visited Boston during half a century, who did not gladly avail himself of its hospitalities; and no intelligent traveller could have seen what was most attractive and interesting in the society of the New England metropolis, who failed to enjoy Mr. Ticknor's conversation in his own library and at his own table.

While Mr. Ticknor's conversational powers were extraordinary, he conversed, and did not discourse. He made conversation a fair exchange, and if his guest had anything to say, he was sure to have an opportunity.

Miss Edgeworth wrote, in 1835, to a friend of Mr. Ticknor, thus:—

I have been acquainted, and I may say intimately, with some of the most distinguished literary persons in Great Britain, France, and Switzerland, and have seen and heard all those distinguished for conversational talents; Talleyrand, Dumont, Mackintosh, Romilly, Dugald Stewart, Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, and Mr. Sharpe, the fashionable dinner-lions of London. I have passed days in the country-houses and in the domestic intimacy of some of them, and after all, I can, with strict truth, assure you, that Mr. Ticknor's conversation appeared to me fully on an equality with the most admired, in happy, apposite readiness of recollection and application of knowledge, in stores of anecdote, and in ease in producing them, and in depth of reflection not inferior to those whom we have been

After a visit made by Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor at Edgeworthtown.
accustomed to consider our deepest thinkers. But what interested and attached us was, the character of Mr. Ticknor, the moral worth and truth which we saw in him. We feel that we have made a friend of him.

In 1831 Mr. Ticknor wrote, for the "American Quarterly Review," an article on Mr. Webster's works, of which a volume was then coming from the press; and when first the idea of doing so was proposed to him, he wrote to Judge Story on the subject as follows:—

On thinking over the matter to-day, some hints and rudiments have occurred to me, as well as some doubts and queries, all of which I wish to lay before you.

First, then, taking Mr. Webster from his earliest years, as one who has grown up from the condition in which society is, necessarily, on our frontiers, he can be shown as one who, from the whole course of his life, is continually connected with the mass of the people, their character, their condition and hopes, and on whom they may safely rely. He is, in short, among them and of them; his whole life has thriven with their progress and success; his whole fortunes can be advanced only by the essential advancement and progress and reputation of the country.

Second, taking Mr. Webster's public life as a politician and his professional life as a lawyer, it can be shown that he belongs to no party; but that he has uniformly contended for the great and essential principles of our government on all occasions.

I do not propose to lay down these two propositions and prove them, but to keep them constantly in mind, and let them be the inevitable, but not the formal result of the article.

In the summer of 1832 he delivered a lecture, before the American Institute, on the best methods of teaching the living languages, in which he advocated, for children and young people, the methods which are now, forty years later, growing more and more into favour. In conclusion, he maintains that the direction to be given to all studies in a living language is towards speaking it, and if one answers, "We only wish to learn to read it, that we may have free access to its written treasures, and especially its classic authors," he argues "that such authors cannot be understood without some knowledge of the popular feeling and colloquial idiom with which their minds have been nourished, and of which their works are full;" adding illustrations, and concluding, "We know that we can none of us read the great masters in any foreign literature, or enjoy them like natives, because we cannot speak their language like

9 Published in Philadelphia, and edited by his friend Robert Walsh.
natives; for the characteristic peculiarities and essential beauty and power of their gifted minds are concealed in those idiomatic phrases, those unobtrusive particles, those racy combinations, which, as they were first produced by the prompt eloquence and passions of immediate intercourse, can be comprehended and felt only by those who seek them in the sources from which they flow: so that, other things being equal, he will always be found best able to read and enjoy the great writers in a foreign language, who, in studying it,—whether his progress have been little or much,—has never ceased to remember that it is a living and a spoken tongue."

He mentions to Mr. Daveis some other occupations of his summer’s holidays, writing September 19, 1833:

Among other things I have made a thorough study of the works of Milton and Shakespeare, as nearly three hundred pages of notes and memoranda will testify. It was delicious. Last summer I did the same for Dante, working on each, often twelve and fourteen hours a day, with uninterrupted and equable pleasure. If I am not a better man for it,—and a happier one too,—why, I shall have misused my opportunities scandalously, as many better men have done before me.

He had already been in the habit of expounding Dante to special classes at Cambridge, and mentions doing so, for a section of the Junior class, three times a week during the autumn of 1831. The studies of Shakespeare had one result, in a course of public lectures given in Boston in the winter of 1833-34.

As he never kept a diary of any kind when at home, it is necessary to gather from his letters such extracts as may indicate the variety and nature of his interests; but, at this time, even these are not very ample for the purpose.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

August 3, 1831.

I do not know how it may be with you in partibus, but politics here are truly amusing. When I am King, I am afraid it will be impossible, even with you for my Primarius, to keep up half so much merriment as the present incumbent, his followers, and his opponents now produce, before the astonished eyes of their countrymen. However, I promise not to give you so much trouble as the High Contracting Party now in power gives his official keepers.

1 This lecture was published in Boston in 1833.
I am sure, my dear Mrs. Gardiner, the kindly influences of this beautiful spring day must reach to the Kennebec. At any rate, it reminds us of your beautiful domains, at the same time it inspires that vernal delight which Milton seems to have placed above every other, when he says it is "able to drive all sadness but despair."  

We have just been taking a two hours' drive over the hills of Brookline and Dorchester, with the chaise-top down, and we have certainly felt nothing like it since the last autumn.  

Your remarks upon the little manuscript somewhat surprised me. It was prepared sixteen or seventeen years ago at Göttingen, and was, of course, then somewhat less of a fragment than it is now, though even then, I think, it did not come within nearly twenty years of the "Spirit of the Times."  However, like many other sketches, it tended to prepare me for understanding the world and the age in which I live; and having fulfilled this purpose, I have thought no more about it.  

Since I wrote the first part of this letter the Masons are come, and are established in their own house in Tremont Street.  The whole establishment is such an one as suits Mr. Mason's age and consideration, and I think the prospect of a quiet and dignified and happy old age is much greater for him here than it would be at Portsmouth. It is another proof out of many that have preceded it, how completely Boston is the capital of a great part of New England; how much more, I mean, than New York is the capital even of its own State, or Philadelphia of Pennsylvania. This comes, no doubt, in part from the homogeneousness of our character; but more, perhaps, from the great similarity of our institutions, which again arise from it and make us more strictly one people, with one common centre and capital, than any other equal amount of the population of the United States. I always look on this circumstance with great satisfaction, because I think the connexion is for the benefit of both

2 One of the many volumes of notes containing the results of his studies at Göttingen (see p. 71). This one consists of over one hundred pages of remarks on the condition of Christendom after the French Revolution, and the causes of the restlessness and desire for change which characterize the period.

3 The family of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, the eminent lawyer of Portsmouth. See ante, p. 102.
parties, and the improvement of the whole. To be sure, we take a great deal when we attract such men as Mr. Cabot, Judge Parsons, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Mason; but we are constantly sending out influences greater and more beneficial, I believe, than any other capital in the country; and influences, too, which we could never put forth, if we could not concentrate and combine such powers in the midst of us, and render them much more active and efficient than they could be scattered through the land in their native homes.

We are all well, though little Nannie shows some feebleness at the approach of spring, which I impute, in part, to the severe illness of the last summer. The little boy is excellently thriving. . . .

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, January 26, 1834.

Mrs. T. has not been so well or so strong for six or eight years, perhaps never before; and, except colds, the children have been well; in consequence of which I suppose we have had, thus far, the merriest winter we have had since we were married. I have just finished a course of twelve lectures on Shakespeare, which have gone off well enough. Mrs. T. has set up an opposition line of soirées every Thursday, which quite distances my humble Sunday Evening concerns, without, however, putting them down; and next Thursday she has invited a moderate fraction of her dear five hundred friends to come and dance it out with her. This, I think, would seem enough to any reasonable person; but on the intervening evenings we have generally been to some sort of a party, from a seven-o’clock Sociable to a ball which does not begin till ten; and the daytimes are spent in listening to Miss Walsh, who keeps us in an atmosphere of melody during most of the hours we are awake. The long and the short of the matter is, that if you were here you would not know us for the humdrum people that have heretofore lived in Park Street and Tremont Street, except that you would find us just as glad to see you as ever.

In the summer of 1825 a sorrow had come to him, of a kind he had not felt before, through the death of his second little daughter, only a few weeks old. He refers to it thus in a letter to his friend Daveis:

July 19, 1825.

Sorrow has come close upon gladness with us. God has taken away from our hopes the little daughter He had just given us. . . . It is a great disappointment; much greater than I had thought it could be. I did not think so many hopes could so soon have gathered and rested on one so young and frail. But the imagination is as busy as

4 Miss Anna Walsh, second daughter of Mr. Robert Walsh, a charming singer, who passed the winter with Mrs. Ticknor.
the memory; and though there may be fewer recollections treasured up for future regrets, there is enough of defeated hope to make much present sorrow. But God's will be done.

Time softened this disappointment, and in 1829 his cup of joy seemed filled, by the birth of a son; while the arrival, four years later, of another daughter, made his home the scene of many deep and simple delights. Sickness came to one and another from time to time, there were periods of anxiety, but the seasons of content, thus far, outnumbered them.

The gay picture sketched in the letter to Mr. Daveis in the beginning of 1834 was, however, soon clouded and shut from sight by the shadow of a great calamity. In the following summer a fatal illness seized his little boy, his only son, then five years old, who had filled his home with such life and gladness, and was the bright centre of so many hopes.

The illness of the child lasted five weeks, and in the course of it we have the following note from Mr. Ticknor to his eldest daughter, then eleven years old, who had been left in the country, which contains a simple expression of his anxiety and trouble:

My very dear daughter,—Geordie is a good deal more unwell, and so I shall not see you to-night. Perhaps, too, if it should not grow better, I may not go out to-morrow. But you must be a good girl, and keep yourself occupied about something pleasant and useful, until you have somebody to help you in your regular occupations.

Your mother is well, and sends you a great deal of her love; but she is somewhat worn by her want of rest, and will not, I fear, be able much longer to do as much as she has lately. Geordie is very good and gentle, but he suffers a great deal of pain, and is obliged to take many grievous remedies. He is a sweet little fellow, and I pray God to permit him to continue with us; but this morning I was very much afraid, and I am not now without anxiety. In a few years you will be able to help us in such sickliness, and that will be a great comfort to you.

Give my love to Anna Dwight, and tell her all at her home are well; kiss the baby for me, and write me a note by the morning stage, telling me all about yourself, and how the baby does.

Yr. affectionate father,

1 o'clock, Friday.

Geo. Ticknor.

The little boy died on the 4th of August. The blow fell heavily, crushing for a time the hearts of both parents. A few weeks after this bereavement Mr. Ticknor wrote to Mr. Daveis thus:
To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

CAMBRIDGE,® August 20, 1834.

My dear Charles,—Your two letters, breathing the very spirit of affection and sympathy, have been welcome indeed to us. Such kindness is the earthly consolation appointed for sorrow; and I need not tell you, who have suffered, how much we prize and cherish it. I am, however, somewhat surprised at the feelings that fill my thoughts, they are so different from what I anticipated. While my little boy lived, I looked only to the future, and considered him only as a bright hope, that was growing brighter every day. But now that he is gone I look at the past and the present, and, yielding all the future, in a spirit of resignation, to God, I feel the immediate loss, the pressing want of something that was so dear to me, and that was associated, without my knowing it, to everything around and within me.

Thus I am sad, very sad; not because I am disappointed, not because I can no longer look to my child as the support and comfort of my declining years, but because I can no longer see his bright smile or hear his glad voice; because I turn my head suddenly, at some familiar sound, and he is not there; because I listen, and it is not his light step. Why it should be so I cannot tell. Perhaps this sense of present loss, overwhelming the feeling of hopes destroyed, is to continue only for a time; perhaps it is the first step towards that entire resignation and acquiescence which I strive to obtain, and which I know I am required to offer.

I forget what I wrote you in the letter immediately after my little boy’s death, but I cannot have told you one thing which has consoled us very much. It is, that his disease, though a very obscure one, was at no time mistaken.® . . . His faculties and characteristic qualities remained perfectly clear and distinct, to the last moment, and his mother was able, with entire composure and a judgment undisturbed, to take the whole care of him, and to be with him almost constantly from the beginning to the end, five full weeks.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

BOSTON, October 25, 1834.

Sorrow still dwells among us, and must for a season. The melancholy which is impressed on the heart by severe suffering, as you well know from experience, seems to come up afresh long afterwards, from depths you knew not of at the time, just as the passing bell continues to give up its deep and heavy tones long after it has ceased to be struck. But this, too, will pass away, under the healing influence

5 Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor were on a visit to Mrs. Norton.
6 Pericarditis.
of time and those higher principles of our nature which, with the help of religion, are able to control all the rest.

In the weary months that followed, the struggle to put aside the heavy weight of grief, to return to the duties of the hour, proved too much for the physical endurance of the boy's mother. Both parents were resigned; they felt the Father's hand in their bereavement, they looked forward to a blessed meeting with their child hereafter; but the human frame cannot always be braced to bear what the will demands of it. Mr. Ticknor saw here a new duty; and while his thoughts were constantly at the other brink of that recent grave,—he said a few years afterwards to a friend, that the other world seemed to him separated from this by only a very thin veil,—yet he did not waver from the performance of his present work. He saw that change of scene might become necessary, and, probably in preparation for this, he brought to accomplishment that which had been already for some time among his purposes.

Boston, January 5, 1835.

My dear Charles,—Besides wishing you a happy New Year, I have a word to say about myself. I have substantially resigned my place at Cambridge, and Longfellow is substantially appointed to fill it. I say substantially, because he is to pass a year or more in Germany and the North of Europe, and I am to continue in the place till he returns, which will be in a year from next Commencement or thereabouts. This is an arrangement I have had at heart a good while, but could not well accomplish earlier, partly because my department, being a new one, was not brought, until lately, into a good condition to leave, and partly because I was unwilling to seem to give up the College during the troubles of the late rebellion.

... I have been an active professor these fifteen years, and for thirteen years of the time I have been contending, against a constant opposition, to procure certain changes which should make the large means of the College more effectual for the education of the community. In my own department I have succeeded entirely, but I can get these changes carried no further. As long as I hoped to advance them, I continued attached to the College; when I gave up all hope, I determined to resign. ...

The fact that I am to be free in a year makes me so already in spirit; and I look back upon my past course at the College almost entirely as matter of history. There is a good deal in it that gratifies me. During the fifteen years of my connexion with it as a teacher, more than half the instruction I have given has been voluntary, neither required nor contemplated by my statutes. When the finances of the College became embarrassed, seven years ago, I volunteered the resignation of $400 out of the stipulated salary of $1000, and
have never received but $600 since. During the nine years a department of the modern languages has existed, with four foreigners for teachers, who are generally more likely to have difficulties with the students than natives, no case whatsoever has been carried before the Faculty, and during the whole fifteen years I have never myself been absent from an exercise, or tardy at one. Moreover, within the limits of the department I have entirely broken up the division of classes, established fully the principle and practice of progress according to proficiency, and introduced a system of voluntary study, which for several years has embraced from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty students; so that we have relied hardly at all on College discipline, as it is called, but almost entirely on the good dispositions of the young men, and their desire to learn. If, therefore, the department of the modern languages is right, the rest of the College is wrong; and if the rest of the College is right, we ought to adopt its system, which I believe no person whatsoever has thought desirable, for the last three or four years.

In my whole connexion with it, I feel as if I had been as much actuated by a sense of duty to improve the institution, and serve the community, as men in public places commonly are. So, I doubt not, are those who have the management of the College, and pursue the opposite course. I do not know that it could be in the hands of abler men, or men more disinterested; certainly not of men for whom I have a greater regard or respect. We differ, however, very largely, both as to what the College can be, and what it ought to be. We therefore separate, as men who go different roads, though proposing the same end, each persuaded the one he prefers is the best, the pleasantest, and the shortest.

Ten weeks later he writes again to Mr. Daveis:

Boston, March 19, 1835.

My dear Charles,—I write in haste, to give you notice of a plan which has been settled a couple of days, and by which I embark with all my household gods for Europe, early in June, to be absent three years, or perhaps four. The immediate cause is Anna's health. We had been talking for many months of the possibility of going two or three years hence; but, as Anna said yesterday, it always seemed so remote and uncertain, that she had never for a moment regarded it as a reality. But all winter she has failed. We were, therefore, arranging everything to go to the South, and the West, and anywhere for four or five months.

There was nothing against it [the European tour] but one or two unfulfilled plans of my own, and the wish to have the children a little older, that they might more profit by it. Such things yielded at once to the state of Anna's health, especially as it has failed considerably during the last three weeks. We go to live in different places in

7 The creation of departments had been one of the points of reform urged in 1825, but carried into effect only for the modern languages.
Europe, in the quietest and most domestic way, ... but to go through as vigorous a course of improvement as we can, by an industrious use of the advantages we may be able to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Summer in England, Wales, and Ireland.—Three Weeks in London.—Two Weeks of Travel.—Meeting of the British Association in Dublin.

When Mr. Ticknor entered on his second period of European life, he resumed his former habit of keeping a journal, persevered in it with untiring fidelity, and filled its pages with accounts of all that was likely to be of continued interest to himself and his friends. In selecting passages from this journal and from his letters of the same period, the difficulty has been to refrain from making too copious extracts. He always, to the end of his life, regarded the years he passed in Europe as being in some degree sacrificed; and though the sacrifice was made each time for a worthy purpose and met a rich reward, yet the reward never fully outweighed to him the warm satisfaction of life in his native country, in the home that was the centre of his wishes and affections. The proportionate value which he thus gave, in his own mind, to the different points of his experience, should not be wholly disregarded here; but the temptation is irresistible to fill many pages with the European journal, though only a very small part of the whole will appear. 8

A prosperous voyage of twenty-five days from New York to Liverpool—not a long passage for those days of sailing-vessels—had an exciting conclusion, which Mr. Ticknor thus describes:—

At the moment when, with a gentle breeze, we felt as if we should reach our port in a few hours, when, in fact, I was sitting quietly in the cabin, writing a letter to announce our arrival, the wind came out suddenly ahead, and almost at once blew a gale. It was not without much difficulty and tacking all day, that we got round Holyhead and the Skerries, and lay-to. But the wind in the night became more violent, we drifted a good deal, and at last were obliged, about four o'clock in the morning, to get under way again. Still the pilot did not venture to approach the mouth of the river, but stood off and on,

8 This journal includes 1700 quarto pages. The journal of his first visit to Europe contains about the same number of smaller pages, more closely written.
until he finally thought the danger of going in less than that of attempting to keep off, as the ship could not be expected to bear the canvas necessary to enable her to run to the northward. With a long tack, therefore, that made a fair wind of it, we drove for the port. But it was an appalling sight to see her cross the bar and rush up the river. It seemed now and then as if all its waters were swept together into mountainous heaps by the violence of the gale, so that we saw the bottom and its yellow sands; for while the wind carried us [under bare poles] twelve knots an hour, the tide carried us six more.

The appearance of the river was very extraordinary indeed. Its waters are always yellow, and were now rendered doubly so by the turbidness which the violent wind gave to them; and as this wind, together with the tide, was driving so furiously up the stream, the river itself looked as if it were composed of moving heaps of sand, the very foundations of which we could see. The waves seemed higher than they do in a gale on the ocean, because they could be measured by objects on the shores; but they were not really so. The house-tops on the river-bank were many of them studded with people, watching our fearful course up the river, and expecting to see us go ashore somewhere before their eyes. The weather was sometimes, for a moment, quite thick; if it had continued so for a quarter of an hour, the pilot could not have seen his landmarks, and we should have been sent instantly on some of the many shoals around us, where, as we were told afterwards, the fury of the tempest would have made a total wreck of us in a very few moments. It was, therefore, a glad, very glad moment, when, after twenty-six hours' buffeting with the spirit of this storm, we placed our feet once more on the firm-set earth, just at twelve o'clock, midday, of Thursday, the 25th of June.9 But for several days afterwards we continued to receive melancholy accounts of the disasters of others. Four fine vessels were lost, besides small craft; and among them a brig which we saw repeatedly during the day, and a very large ship, larger than our own,—which took the gale a good deal further to windward than we did, so that she had much the advantage of us,—with which we consorted and tacked all day, and which got round the Skerries immediately after us, but was a total wreck, with the loss of all on board. She was a fine British merchantman from the Baltic. Our ship, indeed, behaved nobly, and carried us through our danger as if she were conscious and proud of her success. It was a pleasure to see and to feel her power. The scene, too, was very grand and solemn, especially at midnight, when there was still a little twilight; and at two and three o'clock in the morning, when the sea was running very high, either quite black or entirely white. But, notwithstanding this, and all Milton's poetry about "Mona's wizard height" and the channel here, I think I shall not care to see it again, in fair weather or foul.

9 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "Even at the last moment, when all other danger was over, we were within two minutes of being entirely wrecked, from the circumstance that both the anchors got foul; but if the worst had happened here, no lives would have been lost."
Once safely landed on English soil, the fresh and vivid interest of travel began, which Mr. Ticknor could now enjoy, with less regretful longings for absent friends than in his youthful journeys, since he had his wife and his two little girls with him. In describing the departure from New York, whither relatives had accompanied them, and where friends gathered round them, he says, "It was not like the parting, when I left Boston, twenty years before, for England. I went at that time with friends, indeed, but with none of my family. Now, I carry all with me, . . . and as I travel surrounded by my home, it seems not unreasonable to hope for a sort of enjoyment of which I then had no knowledge; and to feel sure that I shall escape that sensation of solitude and weariness which made my absence at that time all but intolerable to me." The welcome he everywhere received was very gratifying, and he entered at once on a delightful series of social excitements and pleasures.

JOURNAL.

OXFORD, July 2, 1835.—The approach to Oxford is fine, its turrets and towers showing so magnificently from all sides; and the drive up High Street, with palaces on either hand, is one of the grandest in Europe. As soon as dinner was over I went to see Dr. Buckland, the famous geologist, Professor in the University, and Canon of Christ Church, where he has spacious and comfortable apartments for his family, including a pleasant garden. He received me with the kindness which is characteristic of his countrymen, and immediately took me a long and beautiful walk, to show me the grounds and meadows attached to his magnificent College. On our return he proposed to me to pass the evening with a party, at the other corner of his quadrangle, collected to meet Dr. Chalmers, who is just now the great lion at Oxford, having come here to be created D.D. . . .

I went with Dr. Buckland, about half-past nine o'clock, to Dr. Burton's, the Professor of Divinity, who lives in quite a magnificent style, his rooms hung with velvet. There I found Dr. Chalmers, a very plain, earnest, simple man of nearly seventy; Davies Gilbert, the late President of the Royal Society, fully seventy years old, but extremely pleasant and animated; and a large number of the canons of Christ Church, besides our host and his handsome, agreeable wife, Dr. and Mrs. Buckland, the younger Copleston, etc., etc. It was an extremely agreeable conversazione. Tea was over when we entered, and no refreshment was offered afterwards, but the talk was excellent, and spirited.

Dr. Chalmers was curious and acute about our poor-laws, and knew a good deal about the United States; praised Dr. Channing for his intellectual power and eloquence, and considered his mind of the first
order; thought Stuart the ablest man in America on the other side of the theological discussions going on there; and placed a great value on Abbott’s “Young Christian,” and his other practical works. He is, I think, much gratified with the attentions shown him at Oxford, which seem to have been abundant for a week, and which might indeed flatter any man; but he also seems plain, straightforward, and sincere, speaking his broad Scotch as honestly as possible, and expressing his own opinions faithfully, but entirely considerate of the opinions and feelings of others.

Mr. Gilbert’s enthusiasm is more prompt and obvious than that of Dr. Chalmers, and it gratified me a good deal to hear him say, in the midst of the savants of Oxford, that Dr. Bowditch’s “La Place” is the first work extant on Astronomy. But I think Dr. Buckland was accounted the pleasant talker of the party. . . . We separated a little before eleven, having made an arrangement to breakfast with Dr. Buckland, who asked a small party to meet us.

July 3.—We went to Dr. Buckland’s at nine, and found there Dr. Chalmers, his wife and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. Lloyd, Professor of Political Economy, Dr. Barnes, Vice Dean of Christ Church, and one or two others.

We breakfasted in Dr. Buckland’s study, surrounded with the manuscripts of his “Bridgewater Treatise,” now in the press, organic remains of all sorts, and the books and paraphernalia of a hard-working, efficient student. It was all very pleasant. The conversation was general, and such as suited a small party in such a place; but the whole, including a walk in the garden, was not protracted beyond half-past ten o’clock.

After the rest of the party were gone, Dr. Buckland carried us through the whole of the magnificence of his magnificent College in detail. . . . We then took his written directions for a more cursory view of the rest of Oxford.

The travellers reached London on the 4th of July, and the next morning, among other visits, Mr. Ticknor called on Mr. Samuel Rogers,—whom he calls “the Doyen of English literature”—and promised to return in the evening and dine with him.

JOURNAL.

July 5.—The dinner at Rogers’s was truly agreeable; nobody present but Mr. Kenney, the author of the farce “Raising the Wind.” The house, as everybody knows, opens on the park near the old mall, which was the fashionable walk in Pope’s time, and the place from which the beaux were to see the lock of Belinda’s hair, when it should be changed into a constellation; his garden gate opening immediately upon the green grass, and his library and dining-room windows commanding a prospect of the whole of the park, and of all the gay life that is still seen there.
Everything within the house is as beautiful and in as good taste as the prospect abroad. The rooms are fine and appropriate, and the walls covered with beautiful pictures, . . . each of the principal masters being well represented. The library is the same, all recherché, and yet all in perfectly good taste. . . . Mr. Rogers's conversation was in keeping with his establishment, full of the past,—anecdotes, facts, recollections in abundance,—and yet quite familiar with all that is now passing and doing in the world. All he says is marked by the good taste he shows in his works, and the perfected good sense which he has been almost a century in acquiring. . . .

July 10,1—. . . From two to four or five we were at a very agreeable private concert, given for the benefit of the poor Poles, by Mad. Filipowicz, who played marvellously on the violin herself. Tickets were kindly sent to us by Lady C. D., or we should have known nothing about it, and should have been sorry to have missed it, for a large number of the best singers were there,—Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, Grisi, Malibran. . . .

Returning some visits afterwards we found Mrs. Lockhart at home, and spent some time with her and her children, whom we shall not see again on this visit, as they go to Boulogne for a month to-morrow. She is grown a matronly woman since I saw her, and her boy, Walter, is a fine little fellow, with his grandfather's long upper lip; but in other respects she is little changed. Her Scotch accent is as broad as ever, and she is still entirely simple, frank, and kindly.

I was much gratified to have her tell me that it was the opinion of the family and friends that my picture of her father is the best one extant, and that nothing equals it except Chantrey's bust; so that I am sure of it now, for she volunteered the remark, with all her characteristic simplicity and directness.

The evening we spent very agreeably indeed, in a party collected to meet us at Mrs. Lister's.2 Mr. Parker was there, whom I saw in Boston a year ago, and who has lately carried a contested election against Lord John Russell; . . . Lord and Lady Morley, fine old people of the best school of English character; the beautiful and unpretending Lady James Graham; . . . Senior, the political economist; Babbage, the inventor of the great calculating machine, etc. . . . We went at ten and came home at midnight, having enjoyed ourselves a good deal; for they were all, as far as I talked with them, highly cultivated, intellectual people.

July 12,—. . . From church we went, by his especial invitation, to see Babbage's calculating machine; and I must say, that during an

1 The intervening days were busy ones, and included meetings with interesting persons, most of whom are, however, mentioned afterwards.
2 Mrs. Thomas Lister,—afterwards Lady Theresa,—sister to Lord Clarendon. After Mr. Lister's death she became, in 1844, the wife of Sir George Cornewall Lewis; and, beside her novel "Dacre,"—reprinted in America before 1835,—she published, in 1852, the "Lives of Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon." Her beauty was celebrated. Mr. Lister was the author of "Granby," "Herbert Lacy," etc., and of a Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon
The explanation which lasted between two and three hours, given by himself with great spirit, the wonder at its incomprehensible powers grew upon us every moment. The first thing that struck me was its small size, being only about two feet wide, two feet deep, and two and a half high. The second very striking circumstance was the fact that the inventor himself does not profess to know all the powers of the machine; that he has sometimes been quite surprised at some of its capacities; and that without previous calculation he cannot always tell whether it will, or will not work out a given table. The third was that he can set it to do a certain regular operation, as, for instance, counting 1, 2, 3, 4; and then determine that, at any given number, say the 10,000th, it shall change and take a different ratio, like triangular numbers, 1, 3, 6, 9, 12, etc.; and afterwards at any other given point, say 10,550, change again to another ratio. The whole, of course, seems incomprehensible, without the exercise of volition and thought. . . . But he is a very interesting man, ardent, eager, and of almost indefinite intellectual activity, bold and frank in expressing all his opinions and feelings. . . .

I dined at Lord Holland’s, in his venerable and admirable establishment at Holland House. The party was small, but it was select. Lord and Lady Holland, and Mr. Allen; Colonel Fox, and his wife Lady Mary, the daughter of the present king; Earl Grey, who has such preponderating influence now, without being Minister; Lord Melbourne, the Premier himself; Mr. Labouchere, another of the Ministry, who was in America, and who is now Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, as well as Member of Parliament; Lord and Lady Cowper, who is sister of Lord Melbourne; and Lord Minto, lately Minister at Berlin.

In the evening my old friend Murray, now Lord Advocate of Scotland, came in, and Lady Minto, with one of the Austrian Legation, and several other persons. The conversation was extremely vivacious and agreeable. Lord Grey is uncommonly well preserved for his age, being now seventy-one years old, and talked well on all subjects that came up, including Horace; Fanny Kemble’s book, which he cut to pieces without ceremony; the great question of the ballot, and its application to English elections, etc.

Lord Melbourne, now fifty-six years old, was somewhat less dignified than Lord Grey, but seemed to be very heartily liked by everybody. He, too, was full of literary anecdote, and a pleasant, frank, and extremely easy talk, occasionally, however, marked with a quick, penetrating glance, which showed him to be always ready and vigilant.

After dinner, when we were in the long library, he took me away from the rest of the party, and asked me a great many questions about the practical operation of the ballot in the United States, and

3 Henry Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, travelled in the United States in 1824–25 with Hon. Edward Stanley,—the late Earl of Derby,—Hon. Stuart Wortley, and Evelyn Denison,—afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Ossington,—when they all were often at Mr. Ticknor’s house.
gave his opinion very freely on the relations of the two countries. He said that as we get along farther from the period of our Revolution and the feelings that accompanied it, we get along easier together; that Jefferson and Madison disliked England so much that they took every opportunity to make difficulty; that Monroe was a more quiet sort of person, but that J. Q. Adams "hated England;" and that they much preferred the present administration, which seemed sincerely disposed to have all things easy and right. He asked if Van Buren was likely to be the next President. I told him I thought he would be. He said he was a pleasant and agreeable man, but he did not think him so able as Mr. McLane, who preceded him. He asked if there was no chance for Webster. I told him I thought there was but little. He said that from what he had read of his speeches, and what he had heard about him, he supposed Webster was a much stronger man than Van Buren, etc., etc. His manner was always frank, and often gay, and during the whole dinner, and till he went away, which was not till about eleven o'clock, I should not,—if I had not known him to be Prime Minister—have suspected that any burden of the State rested on his shoulders.

It struck me as singular that dinner was not at all delayed for him; so that we sat down without him and without inquiry, except that, after we were at table, Lady Holland asked Lady Cowper if her brother would not come. To which she replied, he certainly would. Even at last, when he came in, so little notice was taken of him that, though he sat opposite to me,—and the party was very small and at a round table,—I did not perceive his arrival, or suspect who he was, until I was introduced to him some moments afterwards. Another thing struck me, too; the King was alluded to very uncivilly when Lady Mary Fox was not present. Without saying directly that he had done a very vulgar thing, Lord Melbourne said the King had actually, the day before yesterday, proposed fourteen toasts and made a quantity of speeches at his own table; intending to be understood that the King had done what was entirely unbecoming his place. Indeed, it was plain, the King is not a favourite among his present ministers.

Public business was much talked about,—the corporation bill, the motion for admitting dissenters to the universities, etc., etc.; and as to the last, when the question arose whether it would be debated on Tuesday night, it was admitted to be doubtful whether Lady Jersey would not succeed in getting it postponed, as she has a grand dinner that evening. . . . Nothing could exceed the luxury of the recherché dinner; . . . the gentlemen sat about an hour, when the ladies had retired; the conversation during the whole evening being very various and lively, much filled with literary allusion and spirit, and a little louder and more bruyant than it was when I was in England before, in similar company.

Monday, July 13.—We all breakfasted—including Nannie—with the excellent and kind old Mr. Rogers, nobody being present except

4 As Ministers of the United States to England.
Campbell the poet, who returned two or three days ago from his Algerine expedition, of which, of course, he is now full. I need not say that the two hours we thus passed were extremely agreeable. The vast amount of Mr. Rogers’s recollections, extending back through the best society for sixty years; his exquisite taste, expressed alike in his conversation, his books, his furniture, and his pictures; his excellent common-sense and sound judgment; and his sincere, gentle kindness, coming quietly, as it does, from the venerableness of his age, render him one of the most delightful men a stranger can see in London. He went over his whole house with us, showed us his pictures, curiosities, correspondence with distinguished men, etc., etc., and made the visit seem extremely short. Campbell was pleasant, a little over-nice both in his manner and choice of words and subjects, witty, even, sometimes; but, though full of fresh knowledge from Africa, by no means so interesting as Rogers.

July 14.—I went this morning by appointment to see Lady Byron. . . . The upper part of her face is still fresh and young; the lower part bears strong marks of suffering and sorrow. Her whole manner is very gentle and quiet,—not reserved, but retiring,—and there are sure indications in it of deep feeling. She is much interested in doing good, and seemed anxious about a school she has established, to support, as well as educate, a number of poor boys, so as to fit them to be teachers. She talked well, and once or twice was amused, and laughed; but it was plain that she has little tendency to gaiety. Indeed, she has never been in what is called society, since her separation from Lord Byron, not even to accompany her daughter, who went abroad, whenever she went at all, with Mrs. Somerville. Her whole appearance and conversation gratified me very much, it was so entirely suited to her singular position in the world.

We dined with my friend Kenyon very agreeably, meeting Mr. Robinson, a great friend of Wordsworth, and a man famous for conversation; Mr. Harness, a popular and fashionable preacher, who has lately edited one of the small editions of Shakespeare very well; and five or six other very pleasant men. It was a genuinely English dinner, in good taste, with all the elegance of wealth, and with the

5 Note by Mr. Ticknor on another occasion: “From what I have heard since, I suppose Rogers is not always so kind and charitable as I found him both to-day and whenever I saw him afterwards.”

6 Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor visited this School at Ealing, by the desire of Lady Byron, and were pleased especially with seeing “how much can be done by a moderate sum of money, judiciously expended.”

7 In another passage of the Journal Mr. Ticknor says: “Mr. Kenyon is a man of fortune and literary tastes and pursuits, about fifty years old, whom I knew on the Continent in 1817. He has travelled a great deal, and though a shy man and mixing little in general society, is a man of most agreeable and various resources. Three or four years ago he printed, without his name, a volume called ‘A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,’ which was much praised in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ and contains certainly much poetical feeling, and a most condensed mass of thought.”

8 Henry Crabbe Robinson.
intellectual refinement that belongs to one who was educated at one of their Universities, and is accustomed to the best literary society of his country.

July 15.—I dined with Mr. T. Baring, and a small party, fitted to his fine bachelor’s establishment, where nearly every person was a member of the House of Commons. The two persons I liked best, whom I had not seen before, were Sir George Grey, the principal Under Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. Bingham Baring, eldest son of Lord Ashburton, of opposite politics, but both very intelligent men. Labouchere was there, and Wilmot, whom I had known as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Addington. The talk was chiefly on English party politics, which were discussed with entire good-humour and some raillery, the company being nearly equally divided on the points that now divide the nation.

From dinner I went with Mrs. T. to Mrs. Buller’s in Westminster, one of the leading old English Tory families, in which they have now both a bishop and an admiral, besides two members of the House of Commons; the youngest of whom, representing Liskeard, has lately made a speech in favour of the ballot, which has created quite a sensation. ... The party was small, and the most interesting persons in it were Mrs. Austin, the translator, who seems to have a strong masculine mind, ... and the famous O‘Connell, a stout gentleman, with a full, but rather hard, florid face, and a red wig, talking strongly and fluently upon all subjects.

We could, however, stay there but a short time, for we were to go to Almack’s, where, with some exertion, we arrived just before the doors were closed at midnight. It was very brilliant, as it always is, and the arrangements for ease and comfort were perfect; no ceremony, no supper, no regulation or managing, brilliantly lighted large halls, very fine music, plenty of dancing. ... It struck me, however, that there were fewer of the leading nobility and fashion there than formerly, and that the general cast of the company was younger. I talked with Lady Cowper, Lady Minto, and Lord Falmouth, for I hardly knew any one else, and was very well pleased when, at two o’clock, the ladies declared themselves ready to come home.

July 16.—We drove out to Chelsea this morning, and had a very pleasant hour with Mrs. Somerville, which made me doubly sorry that constant engagements elsewhere prevent us from accepting their very kind and hearty invitations to Chelsea.... They are all as simple, natural, and kind as possible. I went, too, while Mrs. Ticknor was with Mrs. Somerville, to inquire for poor Stewart Newton, and heard only of the constant failure of his strength and the prospect of his final release, even within a few days or weeks.

We dined at Mr. Senior’s, with a party of about a dozen, including Archbishop Whately, who is staying in the house, with his chaplain,

9 Nassau W. Senior, the distinguished barrister and political economist, shortly before this period Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, and principal author of changes in the Poor Laws. Mr. Senior’s “Diaries,” since published, show the variety of social and political information which made intercourse with him full of entertainment.
Dr. Dickinson; Sir David Baird, who went to Russia on the first appearance of the cholera there to report on it to his government; etc., etc. The Archbishop of Dublin was the most curious person to me, of course. He is tall, rather awkward, constantly in motion, constantly talking very rapidly, with a good deal of acuteness, and a great variety of knowledge, not without humour, and indulging frequently in classical allusions and once or twice venturing a Greek quotation. He is not prepossessing in manner, and Rogers, from the constant motion of his person from side to side, calls him the "White Bear;" but you always feel, in talking with him, that you are in the grasp of a powerful mind. . . . The conversation was uncommonly various, and the Archbishop and Sir D. Baird very entertaining. We brought Mrs. Austin home in our carriage, and had some very pleasant talk with her in a drive of three miles.

July 17.—In returning a few calls this morning I went to see Sydney Smith, and found him a good deal stouter than he was when I knew him before, and with his hair grown quite white; but not a jot less amusing. He seems to think that the government of the United States was much weakened by the compromise about the tariff with South Carolina, and says that it is the opinion of the wise politicians in England. . . .

We dined in the city with our very kind friends the Vaughans; and I was much gratified to find that, notwithstanding Mr. W. Vaughan's great age, he is, excepting deafness, quite well preserved. . . . We met there, too, my old friend Mr. Maltby, the successor of Porson as Librarian of the London Institution, whom I had formerly known both here and in Italy, still full of the abundance of his learning and zeal.

The evening, from a little after ten to half-past one, we spent at the Marchioness of Lansdowne's, who gave a grand concert. The house itself, with its fine grounds filling the whole of one side of Berkeley Square, is not surpassed by any in London. . . . It was of course, in the phrase of the town, "a select party," and was on the highest scale of London magnificence and exclusiveness. . . . The music was such as suited such a party; Malibran, Grisi, and Rubini,—the three finest voices in Europe,—assisted by Lablache, Tamburini, etc. Malibran and Grisi were twice pitted against each other in duets, and did unquestionably all they were capable of doing to surpass each other. The effect was certainly very great. I enjoyed it vastly more than I enjoyed Almack's, for I knew a large number of people, and had a plenty of pleasant conversation.

July 18.—At twelve o'clock we drove out, by appointment, to Mrs. Joanna Baillie's, at Hampstead, took our lunch with her, and passed the time at her house till four o'clock. . . . We found her living in a small and most comfortable, nice, unpretending house, where she has dwelt for above thirty years. She is now above

1 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "This joke, I find since, was not original with Rogers, but a nickname Whately obtained when he was head of one of the small colleges at Oxford."

2 See ante, pp. 12 and 45.
seventy, and, dressed with an exact and beautiful propriety, received us most gently and kindly. Her accent is still Scotch; her manner strongly marked with that peculiar modesty which you sometimes see united to the venerableness of age, and which is then so very winning; and her conversation, always quiet and never reminding you of her own claims as an author, is so full of good sense, with occasionally striking and decisive remarks, and occasionally a little touch of humour, that I do not know when I have been more pleased and gratified than I was by this visit.

She lives exactly as an English gentlewoman of her age and character should live, and everything about her was in good taste and appropriate to her position, even down to the delicious little table she had spread for us in her quiet parlour.

When I asked her about her own works, she answered my questions very simply and directly, but without any air of authorship; and I was very glad to hear her say that, in the autumn, she intends to publish the three remaining volumes of her plays, which have been so many years in manuscript, thinking, as she said, "that it is better to do up all her own work, as she has lived to be so old, rather than to leave it, as she originally intended, to her executors." She led us a short distance from her house and showed us a magnificent view of London, in the midst of which, wreathed in mist, the dome of St. Paul's towered up like a vast spectre to the clouds, and seemed to be the controlling power of the dense mass of human habitations around and beneath it. It is the most imposing view of London I have ever seen.

July 19, Sunday.—... We went to St. Paul's and heard Sydney Smith, who had kindly given us his pew. ... The sermon was an admirable moral essay, to prove that righteousness has the promise of the life that now is. It was written with great condensation of thought and purity of style, and sometimes with brilliancy of phrase and expression, and it was delivered with great power and emphasis. ... It was by far the best sermon I ever heard in Great Britain, though I have heard Alison, Morehead, etc., besides a quantity of bishops and archbishops, and both the manner and matter would have been striking anywhere. After the service was over and we were coming away, Mr. Smith came, in some unaccountable manner, out of one of the iron gates that lead into the body of the church, and went round with us, placed us under the vast dome, and showed us the effect from the end of the immense nave. It was very solemn, notwithstanding which he could not refrain from his accustomed humour and severe criticism.

July 20.—Just as I was going to breakfast I received a very kind note from Mr. Rogers, asking me to come and breakfast with his old friend Whishart and Professor Smyth. I was very glad to go, to

3 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I did not then know who Whishart was; but Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me that he was a man of much talent, and one of the men of all societies in his time, the particular friend of Sir Samuel Romilly."

4 Professor Smyth, whom Mr. Ticknor had seen in 1819, in Cambridge; see ante, p. 224.
meet the latter especially, whom I had barely seen at Lady Lansdowne's concert. His singular appearance attracted my notice there at first. Tall and somewhat awkward, dressed like a marquis de l'ancien régime, and looking like one, with his earlocks combed out and his hair powdered, but still with an air of great carelessness, he moved about in that brilliant assembly, hardly spoken to by a single person, with a modest and quiet air, as if he belonged not to it; and yet, when there was a fine passage in the music, seeming to enjoy it as if he were all ear. This morning he came in the same whimsical dress, and had the same singular air. But I found it all entirely natural and simple. He talked well, and not much, and some of his remarks had great beauty as well as great truth and originality; now and then he showed a striking eagerness in manner, which contrasted strongly with his usual modesty and reserve. On the whole, I think he justified his reputation as a man of genius, and as one of the first men now at Cambridge, where he is Professor of Modern History.

I was sorry to leave them early, and for so disagreeable a purpose as that of being examined before a committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the ballot as practically managed in the United States. I had refused twice to go, but being much pressed and receiving a very civil note from the chairman, and having nothing to say but what I chose, I at last went. Mr. Ord, a pleasant gentleman from Northumberland, whose father I formerly knew, presided, and Warburton, the philosopher, as they call him, Grote, a very sensible, excellent member from the city, etc., were present, and asked acute questions. I was, however, most curious about Sheil, the Irish agitator; a short, thick-set, fiery-faced little fellow, who carried all the marks of his spirit in the eagerness of his countenance and manner, and in the rapidity and vehemence of his utterance. They all treated me with the greatest courtesy and kindness, evidently desirous only to get facts. . . . . The examinations are very skilfully and very fairly conducted, if these are specimens.

We dined with Mrs. Reid; the dinner was more than commonly agreeable. Dr. Roget was there, the Secretary of the Royal Society and author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises, a first-rate man; Dr. Bostock, a leading member of the Royal Society; Mr. Hogg, who is about publishing his "Travels in the East," and who told us many pleasant stories of Lady Hester Stanhope, etc. In the evening several of the Aikin family came in, and I confess I looked with some interest on the "Charles" of Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home," though he came with a wig and two daughters, one of whom has made him already a grandfather.

July 21.—At half-past four I returned to the House of Commons, to hear the great debate of the session, the debate on the Church question of Ireland, in which the Ministry are to vindicate the wisdom

5 A lady of fortune and radical opinions, who gave her time and money to the service of the poor, in a truly Christian spirit. She kept open a library and reading-room for them, at her own expense.

6 Having been there two hours before, merely to see the hall.
of the resolution on which they turned out the Tories, and in which Sir R. Peel and his friends hope seriously, in their turn, to overthrow their successful adversaries. It will be a hardly-fought field, and it is already anticipated that the contest—contrary to the old habits of the House—will be protracted through several nights.7

When I arrived the Speaker was not in the chair, and the House, in committee, was considering a case of divorce, and examining two or three female witnesses. Nothing could well be more disorderly than the whole proceedings. Parts of them were indecent; and, at the best, there was much talking, laughing, and walking about; no attention paid to the business in hand, or to the speakers, though O'Connell, Spring Rice, and some other men of mark were among them; and as for dignity, deference, or propriety of any sort, it was evidently a matter not heeded at all. I sat, as a foreigner, on the floor, and had a most truly comfortable place; and talked quite at my ease, without suppressing my voice at all, with the members whom I knew, or to whom I was introduced. . . . Finally, when Peel rose to open the debate in earnest, the House could be said to attend to the business before it. And well they might, for it was worth listening to, from the very business-like air with which it was managed.

Sir Robert is now between fifty and sixty, growing stout without being corpulent, and a fine, easy, manly-looking gentleman. He was dressed in white pantaloons, a blue surtout coat, and a black cravat. He rarely faced the Speaker, but turned to the body of the House. He had a vast mass of documents and notes, but did not refer to them very often. His opening was conciliatory, but somewhat vehement. As he went on he grew more vehement, too much so, I thought, for the very business-like tone of his speech. Sometimes he was sportive; once or twice, only, sarcastic; and even then I thought him judicious. He was always easy, always self-possessed, went with consummate skill over the weak parts of his cause, and felt his position in the House exactly, and showed unvarying and sure tact in managing and playing with it. He was cheered a great deal too often; sometimes at the end of every sentence for five or six successively, so as to interrupt him from going on, and occasionally with such vociferation that it was absolutely as bad as at a theatre.

But, after all, he did not produce on me or leave with me the impression of a mind of the first, or—may I dare to say it?—of the second order; and I have no more doubt than I have of anything else within my personal experience, that I have heard, both in England and in America, intellectual efforts of statesmanship, quite beyond any Sir R. Peel can make. But I do not know that I have ever seen

7 On Friday, July 24, Mr. Ticknor adds the two following notes: "The debate lasted three nights, and was decided this morning between three and four o'clock by a majority of thirty-seven against Sir R. Peel."—"I saw Mr. Harness when we were visiting the hall of the House of Commons on Tuesday last, at two o'clock, waiting to get into the gallery, where he remained till two in the morning, as closely wedged in as human bodies could be packed. This he endured three successive days and nights, to hear the debate. But nobody except an Englishman would have gone through it, I think."
a man who had more skill and practice in managing a deliberative assembly; and perhaps this is the highest praise a political leader may now seek in the House of Commons.

One thing struck me a good deal. If he made a happy hit, so that the House cheered or laughed, he did not once fail, as soon as the laughing or cheering had subsided, to amplify upon it, and substantially to repeat it. But he did it ingeniously always, and sometimes with considerable effect; though, I think, in a person of less influence and name, it would occasionally have been thought an undignified trick. Eloquence, however, no longer works miracles. Before seven in the evening I saw eleven members of the House sound asleep at one time, notwithstanding the cheering.

I did not stay to hear anybody else, but went to join Mrs. T. at a very pleasant ladies' dinner-party at Dr. Ferguson's, where I met Mr. McNeill and his wife, the sister of John Wilson, who have been in Persia, connected with the British mission there, twelve years, and were both of them, especially the husband, full of vigorous talent and a various information very curious so far west.

July 22.—We had an extremely agreeable breakfast this morning. Mr. Sydney Smith, whom I had asked a few days ago, and who did not come, now volunteered, and I added my friend Kenyon, and Henry Taylor. Mr. Smith was in great spirits, and amused us excessively by his peculiar humour. I do not know, indeed, that anything can exceed it, so original, so unprepared, so fresh. Taylor said little, but Kenyon produced quite an impression on Mr. Smith, who was surprised as well as pleased, for they knew each other very little before. It was a rare enjoyment.

When it was over we went regularly to see some of the London sights, which all strangers must see. . . . We arrived at home just in season to dress ourselves, and reach Kent House before dinner, where we had a most agreeable and quiet time, dining without company, with Mrs. Villiers and Mr. and Mrs. Lister, excellent and pleasant people, the two last well known by their lively books, which have been reprinted in America. While A. was listening to Mrs. Lister's music, and looking over her beautiful drawings, I made a short visit at Lord Holland's, thus making the range of our day's work extend from ten in the morning to eleven at night, and from the Thames Tunnel to Holland House, a space of nine miles.

On the 25th of July, after these three weeks of excitement and fatigue, Mr. Ticknor set out with his family for a tour through England and Wales, which, with the modes of travelling then in use, consumed much more time than would now be employed, but was, perhaps, all the more charming where every step was full of interest. Mr. Ticknor had purchased a large travelling-carriage, more like the covered "drag" of the present day than like any other vehicle now seen, and, foreseeing a long

8 Author of "Philip Van Artevelde."
use for it, had caused it to be fitted with many comforts and conveniences which English ingenuity provided for such demands. In this, always with four post-horses, he travelled for the next two years and a half, till it had become like a family mansion, to be at last given up with regret.

On the 26th of July Mr. Ticknor thus describes a visit to Miss Mitford, in the neighbourhood of Reading:—

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We found Miss Mitford living literally in a cottage, neither ornée nor poetical,—except inasmuch as it had a small garden crowded with the richest and most beautiful profusion of flowers,—where she lives with her father, a fresh, stout old man who is in his seventy-fifth year. She herself seemed about fifty, short and fat, with very grey hair, perfectly visible under her cap, and nicely arranged in front. She has the simplest and kindest manners, and entertained us for two hours with the most animated conversation and a great variety of anecdote, without any of the pretensions of an author by profession, and without any of the stiffness that generally belongs to single ladies of her age and reputation. We liked her very much, and the time seemed to have been short, when at ten o'clock we drove back to Reading.9

From Reading the route led through Gloucester to the Wye, through Wales to Holyhead, and so across to Dublin, where the party arrived on the 9th of August, in time for the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

August 10.—There is a great bustle in Dublin to-day with the opening of the fifth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to attend which, I am told, a thousand persons are already present. Everything, however, seems to be well prepared, and made especially comfortable and agreeable to those strangers who come from a distance. The place where all arrangements are made is the large, fine examination-hall in Trinity College, where tickets are obtained, and a common lounge and exchange is held in the morning from nine to eleven. At eleven the sections are opened. . . . To-day, for instance, Sir John Ross expounded a theory of the Aurora Borealis, in the physical section, and Sir John Franklin with others entered into the discussion about it. Professor Griffiths explained the geology of Ireland in the geological section, and Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, Mr. Murchison, and other distinguished men in the same department continued the discussion, and so on. . . . As a stranger from a great distance, I had free tickets for the whole week presented to me. In the evening, at eight

9 Miss Mitford mentions this visit in a letter given in her Memoirs.
o'clock, the whole body, with the ladies of the stranger members—there is not room for more—meet in the Rotunda, a superb room, every other evening, hold a conversazione and discussions, and on the other evening have papers read and reports from the heads of the sections as to what their respective sections have done. . . .

This evening Sir Thomas Brisbane, the President of the Association last year,—a soldier who has circumnavigated the world four times, and is distinguished both in science and as an officer,—took the chair, and in a frank, neat speech resigned it to his successor, the Provost of Trinity College, . . . who gave a discussion about the reconciliation of geology and the Scriptures, which was delivered in so low a voice that almost nobody heard it. Of course we soon—after in vain endeavouring to listen—began to talk, for which I was extremely well situated, having Mr. Tom Moore for my next neighbour. I found him a little fellow, as we all know him to be, very amiable, I should think, and quite pleasant. I enjoyed it very much, for besides him, Whewell; Sir John Franklin; the Surgeon General, Mr. Crampton; Weld, the traveller in America, and now Secretary of the Dublin Society; Dr. Graves, a distinguished physician [and a professor in the University of Dublin], were close to me. The Lord Lieutenant [Lord Mulgrave] sat directly in front of us, dressed in a full military uniform ornamented with stars that blazed with diamonds over his whole breast. He is only thirty-eight years old, looks younger, is graceful and easy in his manners, and received the abundant applause occasionally bestowed on him by the audience, in a style that quite became his place, modestly, but with dignity. I was a little surprised to find that I had known him as the author of "Matilda" and "Yes and No," etc., under his previous title of Viscount Normanby. . . .

When the Provost had finished his address, Professor Hamilton, one of the secretaries of the Association for the year, rose and read a discourse on the objects of the meeting, the purposes of the institution, and the results of the last year's labours. At the age of twenty-seven he is now the great man here. When only nineteen he was made a Fellow of Trinity and Mathematical Professor, since which he has risen to be one of the first mathematicians in Europe. Besides this, he is reported to be a fine Greek scholar, to have an extremely metaphysical mind, and to write good poetry.1 All I know is, that in a long conversation with him this morning, I found him pleasant and warm-hearted; and that this evening he gave us a beautiful and eloquent address of an hour long, exactly hitting the tone of the occasion, and the wants and feelings of a large popular audience. I was delighted with it, and it produced a fine effect.

August 12.—. . . At five I went to the Ordinary, provided for such members as choose to take it at five shillings a head, but to which,

1 Upon a later occasion, Professor Sedgwick, as President of the British Association, in an address, called him "a man who possessed within himself powers and talents perhaps never before combined in one philosophic character."
as a stranger, I have free tickets. The Provost of Trinity College presided, and as the most distinguished men make it a point to be there, it is always pleasant. Our party was particularly so,—Sir Alexander Creighton, Professor Graves, Beaumont, and Tocqueville, etc. It was all over, however, by half-past seven, for at eight comes the general meeting at the Rotunda.

August 13.—This morning I breakfasted with a small party in the Commons Hall of Trinity College, the Provost presiding. Whewell, Sir John Franklin, and Wilkie, the painter, were in my immediate neighbourhood, and I conversed with all of them a good deal. Whewell looks very much like a fresh, undisciplined Yankee, but talks freely and well. Wilkie is delightful, so simple, so pleasant, and, when he spoke of poor Stewart Newton, so kind and true-hearted. Occasionally he showed shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and, it is plain he looks quite through the ways of men. But there is no harm in this, for he is certainly kind.

Franklin is not tall, but he has an ample, solid, iron frame, and his head is singularly set back upon his neck, so that he seems always to be looking up; besides which he has a cast in one of his eyes, very slight, and not always perceptible. His manners are not very elegant, nor his style of conversation or of public discussion very polished; but he is strong, quick, graphic, and safe.

I went to but one section this morning; the geological, where I heard Agassiz—from, I believe, Lausanne, in Switzerland, and reputed one of the first naturalists in the world—discuss the question of fossil remains of fishes. He did it in French, plainly, distinctly, and with beauty of phrase. He is still young, and was greatly applauded, as were Sedgwick and Murchison when they followed and eulogized him.

I was very much pleased with the whole scene.

I dined with Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant, in the Government House, in the magnificent Phoenix Park. I had been for some days engaged to dine with Mr. Litton, a leading member of the bar, but an invitation from the Viceroy, like an invitation from the King, is in the nature of a command. The ceremonies of the dinner were regal. The aides-de-camp, three in number, received us in a rich saloon, which we entered through a suite of apartments. A few minutes after seven there were about twenty-five persons in the room. It was an agreeable mixture of rank and fashion with the savants now collected in Dublin. The Provost of Trinity, as President of the Association, Sir Thomas Brisbane, the President of the last year, Lord Cloncurry, Lord Clare, Sir Alexander Creighton, Professor Robinson, Professor Hamilton, old Mr. Dalton of Manchester, Thomas Moore, Babbage, a Norwegian nobleman, a French baron, Whewell, Phillips, Prichard, the three aides, two or three other persons, and myself.

2 Whom Mr. Ticknor had already known well in America.

3 When Agassiz and Ticknor became close and faithful friends, a few years after this, the great naturalist was delighted to know that his triumph on this day had been witnessed by Mr. Ticknor; for he was put, on that occasion, to a test so severe as to be hardly fair, and came out of it with perfect success.
When the company was assembled, Lord Mulgrave came in and went round, each person being presented to him as he passed. To most of them he barely bowed. To others he spoke, and his manners throughout were elegant and kind. As I had brought him a letter from Lord Holland, he inquired about him, talked a little about America, and passed on. When this ceremony was over, he mixed with the company. . . . He came up to where I was standing with Moore, and talked pleasantly some time about Wilkie, and about Stewart Newton, of whom he spoke with interest. Soon, however, dinner was announced. Lord Mulgrave went in alone. . . . I sat next to Sir John Franklin, and near Moore, and had a very good time, Sir John talking about his travels and adventures. There was no ceremony at table. Lord Mulgrave drank wine with a few of us, and was pleasant in conversation,—"affable," we should say in America,—but not striking. . . .

August 14.—This morning, early, I drove out to the Observatory and breakfasted with Professor Hamilton, taking in my carriage Professor Whewell of Cambridge, and Professor Rigaud of Oxford, who much enlivened a drive five miles out and in. Whewell I found full of spirits and vivacity, various and amusing in conversation, and without the least appearance of the awkwardness I saw, or supposed I saw, in him at first. Professor Rigaud was without much humour, but truly good-tempered and agreeable. We there met Sir John Ross, a very stout, easy, quiet gentleman of about fifty-five, with much of the air of a naval commander. While we were in the Observatory he compared with the time-keeper there the chronometer which had been used by Parry, and which had gone with him through all his terrible sufferings.

Hamilton himself was very eager, simple, and direct, but a little nervous; and Whewell made himself merry at a discussion about Kant's philosophy, in which Hamilton showed his metaphysical acumen against a German at table, but showed, too, that he was familiar with the labyrinth of the German writers. . . . Certainly, for one only twenty-seven or eight years old, he is a very extraordinary person.

August 15.—. . . In the evening, a grand dinner was given by the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College to the Lord Lieutenant and about three hundred of the members of the Association. It was a beau finale to the splendid week Dublin has given to so many distinguished guests. We assembled in the imposing hall of Trinity Library, two hundred and eighty feet long, at six o'clock. . . . When the company was principally assembled, I observed a little stir near the place where I stood, which nobody could explain, and which, in fact, was not comprehended by more than two or three persons present. In a moment, however, I perceived myself standing near the Lord Lieutenant and his suite, in front of whom a space had been cleared, and by whom was Professor Hamilton, looking much embarrassed. The Lord Lieutenant then called him by name, and he stepped into the vacant space.

"I am," said his Excellency, "about to exercise a prerogative of
royalty, and it gives me great pleasure to do it, on this splendid public occasion, which has brought together so many distinguished men from all parts of the empire, and from all parts even of the world, where science is held in honour. But, in exercising it, Professor Hamilton, I do not confer a distinction. I but set the royal, and, therefore, the national mark on a distinction already acquired by your genius and labours." He went on in this way for three or four minutes, his voice very fine, rich, and full; his manner as graceful and dignified as possible; and his language and allusions appropriate, and combined into very ample flowing sentences.

Then, receiving the state sword from one of his attendants, he said, "Kneel down, Professor Hamilton;" and laying the blade gracefully and gently, first on one shoulder, and then on the other, he said, "Rise up, Sir William Rowan Hamilton." The knight rose, and the Lord Lieutenant then went up and, with an appearance of great tact in his manner, shook hands with him. No reply was made. The whole scene was imposing; rendered so, partly, by the ceremony itself, but more by the place in which it passed, by the body of very distinguished men who were assembled there, and especially by the extraordinarily dignified and beautiful manner in which it was performed by the Lord Lieutenant. The effect at the time was great, and the general impression was, that, as the honour was certainly merited by him who received it, so the words by which it was conferred were so graceful and appropriate that they constituted a distinction by themselves, greater than the distinction of knighthood. I was afterwards told that this was the first instance in which a person had been knighted by a Lord Lieutenant, either for scientific or literary merit.

The dinner was in the great hall for public examinations, and was abundant and beautiful, in better order, and more quiet, than any public dinner I ever witnessed. It was even recherché in the food, wines, ices, and fruits, among which last they had the costly luxury of peaches and pine-apples, grown of course entirely under glass, and furnished in great profusion. . . . A Latin grace and thanks were sung, with great beauty and sweetness, by the College choir, which has the reputation of being the best in the three kingdoms.

August 16.—I dined with the Lord Lieutenant, driving again through that magnificent park, two or three miles, to the Lodge. It was a small party, consisting only of two ladies, who seemed to be connexions of Lord Mulgrave; the usual proportion of aides-de-camp and secretaries; Mr. Harcourt of York; Mr. Stanley of the Derby family; Mr. Vignolles, one of the chaplains; Wilkie, the painter; and myself. . . . When Lord Mulgrave came in he spoke to every one, not ceremoniously, as he did the other day, but very familiarly. He sat down first, asked us to be seated, and talked very agreeably; was evidently pleased to find that his books had been printed and read in America, and said that he still had a particular liking for his old title of Lord Normanby, under which he wrote them. . . .

After the ladies had left the table he became very pleasant in conversation, telling amusing stories, . . . and talking about the present
condition of Dublin and its progressive improvement with apparently much knowledge of facts and a deep interest. He certainly talked uncommonly well. . . . We came away bringing with us all, I believe, the impression he seems to leave everywhere, that of a high-bred nobleman and an intellectually accomplished gentleman.

August 17.—We left Dublin this morning for an excursion into the county of Wicklow, . . . and in about an hour reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Isaac Weld, the former traveller in America, now the Secretary of the Dublin Society, which his labours have chiefly made what it now is, and one of the most efficient persons in all the arrangements and proceedings of the last busy and exciting week. He is, I suppose, above sixty years old, with a quiet but rather earnest look and manner, and belongs to the old Catholic family of Welds in England, of which the present Cardinal Weld is a leading member. . . . Mr. Weld is a man of moderate fortune, much connected with whatever is distinguished for intelligence and science in Ireland, and author of several books and many papers in their Transactions; but his “Travels in America” was a youthful production, . . . for the opinions of which, touching the United States, he expressed his regret, as mistaken.

Soon after we had established ourselves in our very comfortable quarters at Ravenswell, his place near the village of Bray, . . . we set off for a déjeûner and fête champêtre given by Mr. and Mrs. Putland. . . . A great many of the members of the Association had stayed another day to be present at it, and we saw again there Sir John Ross, Tom Moore, Wilkie, Lady Morgan, Dr. Sands, Sir John Tobin, Dr. Lardner, and many more most agreeable people.

. . . At six o’clock we returned to Mr. Weld’s and found dinner ready. . . . There were soon collected the Taylors, Sir William Hamilton, Sir John and Lady Franklin, and several other interesting people, with whom we passed a delightful evening.

4 One evening, during the meeting in Dublin, Mr. Ticknor heard Dr. Lardner make the well-known discourse in which he pronounced it to be impossible that a steamboat should ever cross the ocean; but though he often referred to this assertion afterwards, it did not so much impress him at the time as to induce him to remark on it in his journal.

5 Previously mentioned by Mr. Ticknor as “Mr. John Taylor, the geologist, and main authority upon whatever is done in mining in England and elsewhere, with his wife and two pleasant daughters.” Mr. Ticknor and his family made a short visit, ten days later, at the Taylors’ pretty place, Coeddu, in Wales, beside a visit at St. Asaph.

6 Sir William Hamilton sent Mr. Ticknor, as a parting souvenir, a copy of a sonnet, written by him on the occasion of his receiving the honour of knighthood, just described, which Mr. Ticknor always regarded as one of the finest sonnets in the English language. It has since appeared in an article on the character and genius of this very extraordinary man, in the “Dublin University Magazine” for January, 1842.
CHAPTER XXII.

Edgeworthtown.—English Lakes.—York.—Doncaster.—Wentworth House.

JOURNAL.

August 21.—We set out pretty early this morning to make a visit, by invitation, to the Edgeworths, at Edgeworthstown, sixty-five English miles from Dublin. . . . The whole country we passed through was like a succession of prairies, so little inequality was there in the surface, and it was only at rare intervals we even saw any tolerably-sized hills in the horizon. Nor were the objects on the road more various. . . . The ruins of an old castle of the Leinsters, at Maynooth, two mounds, which were probably burial-places of the aborigines, a good many ruined churches, and a good many villages, some very squalid and wretched, and some as comfortable as the poorer Scotch hamlets, were all we noticed. . . .

At last we approached the house. There was no mistaking it. We had seen none such for a long time. It is spacious, with an ample veranda, and conservatory covering part of its front quite beautifully, and situated in a fine lawn of the richest green, interspersed with clumps of venerable oaks and beeches. As we drove to the door Miss Edgeworth came out to meet us,—a small, short, spare lady of about sixty-seven, with extremely frank and kind manners, and who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild, deep grey eyes, whenever she speaks to you. With her characteristic directness, she did not take us into the library until she had told us that we should find there Mrs. Alison of Edinburgh, and her aunt, Miss Sneyd, a person very old and infirm; and that the only other persons constituting the family were Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss Honora Edgeworth, and Dr. Alison, a physician, and son of the author on "Taste." Having thus put us en pays de connaissance, she carried us into the library. It is quite a large room, full of books, and every way comfortable as a sitting-room. We had not been there five minutes before we were, by her kindness and vivacity, put completely at our ease, a sensation which we do not seem likely to lose during our visit. Soon after we were seated and had become a little acquainted with Mrs. Alison,—who is a daughter of the famous Dr. Gregory,—the rest of the party came in from a drive.

Mrs. Edgeworth—who is of the Beaufort family—seems about the age of her more distinguished step-daughter, and is somewhat stout,

7 Aunt by courtesy, since Miss Maria Edgeworth was the only surviving child of the first Mrs. Edgeworth, a Miss Elers; while Miss Sneyd was sister to the second and third wives of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

8 Fourth wife of Mr. Edgeworth, Miss Beaufort, sister of Sir Francis Beaufort.

9 Daughter of the third Mrs. Edgeworth.
but very active, intelligent, and accomplished, having apparently the whole care of the household, and adding materially, by her resources in the arts and in literature, to its agreeableness.\footnote{In her note of invitation, though writing to strangers, Miss Edgeworth said to Mr. Ticknor: "The sooner you can come to us, if I might suggest, the better, because Mrs. Edgeworth is now at home with us . . . . as you would find this house much more agreeable when she is at home; and in truth you never could see it to advantage, or see things as they really are in this family, unless when she makes part of it, and when she is at the head of it."}

It is plain they make a harmonious whole, and by those who visited here when the family was much larger, and composed of the children of all the wives of Mr. Edgeworth, with their connexions produced by marriage, so as to form the most heterogeneous relationships, I am told there was always the same very striking union and agreeable intercourse among them all, to the number sometimes of fifteen or twenty. . . .

After sitting about an hour in the library . . . we went to dress, and punctually at half-past six were summoned by the bell to dinner. . . . At half-past eight we rejoined the ladies in the library, which seems to be the only sitting-room; at nine we had tea and coffee, and at half-past ten went to bed. . . . What has struck me most today in Miss Edgeworth herself, is her uncommon quickness of perception, her fertility of allusion, and the great resources of fact which a remarkable memory supplies to her, combined into a whole which I can call nothing else but extraordinary vivacity. She certainly talks quite as well as Lady Delacour or Lady Davenant, and much in the style of both of them, though more in that of Lady Davenant.

\textit{August 22.}\textemdash It has been a rainy day to-day, the first, properly so, that we have had since we left Liverpool, nearly two months ago. I was heartily glad of it, for it prevented all talk of driving into a country essentially flat and uninteresting, and kept us in the most interesting and agreeable society. We did not really separate during the whole day, from breakfast, at nine, until bedtime, half after eleven. The whole time was passed in the library, except the breakfast, which was protracted to an hour's length by sitting round the table; lunch, which is really the dinner of most people . . . . and dinner itself, from half-past six to half-past eight.

Miss Edgeworth's conversation was always ready, and as full of vivacity and variety as I can imagine. It was, too, no less full of good-nature. She was disposed to defend everybody, even Lady Morgan, as far as she could, though never so far as to be unreasonable; and in her intercourse with her family she was quite delightful, referring constantly to Mrs. Edgeworth, who seems to be the authority in all matters of fact, and most kindly repeating jokes to her infirm aunt, Miss Sneyd, who cannot hear them, and who seems to have for her the most unbounded affection and admiration.

About herself, as an author, she seems to have no reserve or secrets. She spoke with great kindness and pleasure of a letter I brought to
her from Mr. Peabody, explaining some passage in his review of "Helen," which had troubled her from its allusion to her father; "but," she added, "nobody can know what I owe to my father; he advised and directed me in everything; I never could have done anything without him. These are things I cannot be mistaken about, though other people can,—I know them." As she said this, the tears stood in her eyes, and her whole person was moved.

Of "Helen," she said that it was a recent conception altogether, first imagined about two years before it was printed. The Collingwoods, she said, were a clumsy part of it; she put them in, thinking to make something of them, but was disappointed, and there they stuck, she could not get them out again. Many parts of it were much altered; two only were printed just as they were first put on paper, with hardly the correction of a word,—Lady Davenant's conversation with Helen in the pony phaeton, and Lady Cecilia's conversation with Helen towards the end, telling her all that had happened during their separation. These two portions she said she dictated to her sister Lucy, whom she represented to be a person of sure taste. She dictated these particular passages because, as they were to represent narrative conversation, she thought this mode of composing them would give them a more natural air, and whenever her sister's pen hesitated, she altered the word at once. "So," said she, "all that turned out right, and I was very glad of it for Lucy's sake as well as my own."

"Taking for Granted," she told me, was sketched very roughly about fifteen years ago, and she is now employed in working it entirely over again, and bringing it out. She was curious to know what instances I had ever witnessed of persons suffering from "taking for granted" what proved false, and desired me quite earnestly, and many times, to write to her about it; "for," she added, "you would be surprised if you knew how much I pick up in this way." "The story," she said, "must begin lightly, and the early instances of mistake might be comic, but it must end tragically." I told her I was sorry for it. "Well," said she, "I can't help it, it must be so. The best I can do for you is, to leave it quite uncertain whether it is possible the man who is to be my victim can ever be happy again or not."

But neither "Helen" nor "Taking for Granted," she said, is the subject she should be glad to write about, and write about with the most interest. It is something connected with the religious and political parties that are ruining Ireland, "my poor Ireland." "But," she went on, "it won't do. Few would listen, and those that would listen would do it to serve their own purposes. It won't do, and I am sorry for it, very sorry."

But though she talked thus freely about herself and her works, she never introduced the subject, and never seemed glad to continue it. She talked quite as well, and with quite as much interest, on every-

thing else. Indeed, though I watched carefully for it, I could not
detect, on the one side, any of the mystification of authorship, nor, on
the other, any of its vanity. ... The sustained tone of conversa-
tion, however, with her unquenchable vivacity, was, I think,—con-
tinued as it was through so long a day,—a little fatiguing to her.
She was just the same to the last moment,—just as quick in repartee,
and just as gay in her allusions and remarks,—but her countenance
showed that her physical strength was hardly equal to it. Indeed,
she is of a feeble constitution naturally, though for the last two years
she has gained strength. It was, therefore, something of a trial to
talk so brilliantly and variously as she did, from nine in the morning
till past eleven at night.

Sunday, August 23.—To-day was more quiet; not less interesting
or agreeable than yesterday, but less exciting. We went to church
with the family, who all seemed Episcopalians in principle and prac-
tice. Miss Edgeworth carried her favourite Prayer-book in a nice case,
and knelt and made all the responses very devoutly. The church is
small, but neat, and their pew is the place of honour in it, with a canopy
and recess as large as any two other pews.... On one side of
the altar was a small, plain, oval tablet, to the memory of their grand-
father, bearing no inscription but his name, and the time of his birth
and death; and on the other side was one exactly like it,... to
their father, who died in 1817. The whole had the air of decency
and reverence that ought always to be found in a village-church; but
the sermon was Calvinistic, from a young man, and the congregation
very small, making a striking contrast to the congregation which
poured out from the Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood, so as to fill
and throng the highway.

The Edgeworths have always been on the most kindly terms with
their Catholic neighbours and tenantry, but, like many other Protes-
tants whom I have met, they feel rather uncomfortably at the en-
croaching spirit which the Emancipation Bill has awakened in the
whole Catholic population of the island, and the exclusive character
and tone assumed by the priests, who have every day, as they assure
me, more and more the air of claiming superiority; especially where,
as in the case of Edgeworthstown, the old priests have been removed,
and Jesuits placed in their stead.

After lunch,—there is only one service in the church,—Miss
Edgeworth showed me a good many curious letters from Dumont,—
one in particular, giving an account of Madame de Staël’s visit, in
1813, to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, for a week, when Mackintosh,
Romilly, Schlegel, Rogers, and a quantity more of distinguished peo-
ple were there; but Miss Edgeworth declined, not feeling apparently
willing to live in a state of continual exhibition for so long a time.
It was, however, very brilliant, and was most brilliantly described by
Dumont. One thing amused me very much. Madame de Staël, who
had just been reading the “Tales of Fashionable Life,”—then recently
published,—with great admiration, said to Dumont of Miss Edge-
worth: “Vraiment elle était digne de l’enthousiasme, mais elle se
perd dans votre triste utilité.” It seemed to delight Miss Edgeworth
excessively, and it was to show me this that she looked up the letters.

In the evening she showed me her long correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, at least his part of it. The whole seemed to have been extremely creditable to both parties. As soon as "Waverley" was published, she wrote a letter to its anonymous author, filled with the fulness of her fresh delight, which she enclosed to Ballantyne, who answered it on behalf of the Great Unknown. This was the beginning of the matter. Soon after, they wrote directly to each other; she went to see Scott; young Walter and his new wife were sent to her as to an intimate friend, immediately after their marriage. Sir Walter wrote to her, also, on his loss of fortune, and the correspondence was continued till his mind failed. When she was in Edinburgh, in 1823, Lady Scott expressed her surprise that Scott and Miss Edgeworth had not met when Miss Edgeworth was in Edinburgh in 1803. "Why," said Sir Walter, with one of his queer looks, "you forget, my dear,— Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then, and my mane, you know, was not grown at all." She told many stories of him, all showing an admiration for him, and a personal interest in him and his fame, which it was delightful to witness in the only person that could have been fancied his rival. During the evening she was very agreeable, and in the latter part of it very brilliant with repartee, so that we sat late together, not separating until midnight. Everything shows that her mind is as active, and as capable of producing "Ennui," or "The Absentee," now, as at any previous period. In fact, "Helen" proves it.

August 24.—The house, and many of its arrangements,—the bells, the doors, etc.,—bear witness to that love of mechanical trifling of which Mr. Edgeworth was so often accused. It was only this morning that I fully learnt how to open, shut, and lock our chamber-door; and the dressing-glass, at which I have shaved for three mornings, is somewhat of a mystery to me still. Things are in general very convenient and comfortable through the house, though, as elsewhere in Ireland, there is a want of English exactness and finish. However, all such matters, even if carried much farther than they are, would be mere trifles in the midst of so much kindness, hospitality, and intellectual pleasures of the highest order, as we enjoyed under their roof, where hospitality is so abundant that they have often had twenty or thirty friends come upon them unexpectedly, when the family was much larger than it is now.

But we were now obliged to leave them. We did it with great regret; but our engagements with other friends in England would be broken by a more protracted stay in Ireland. So urgent was their kindness, as we parted from them, that we fairly promised to come back to Ireland, on our return from the Continent, and make them

3 Note by Mr. Ticknor, written February 9, 1836: "After an interval of six months I look back upon this visit to Miss Edgeworth with just the same feelings with which I drove away from her door. There was a life and spirit about her conversation, she threw herself into it with such abandon, she re-
a longer visit. At half-past ten this morning, after lingering at the breakfast-table longer than we ought to have done, we left them. The roads are good, the post well served, so that we reached Dublin—sixty-five English miles—in eight hours and a quarter.

September 1, 1835.—At Ambleside we found a kind note from Wordsworth, inviting us to come directly to him. I walked there as soon as I had refreshed myself a little...... I found it, as I anticipated, a house of trouble. Mrs. Wordsworth's sister died a few weeks ago; Mr. Wordsworth's sister—a person of much talent—lies at the point of death, and his daughter is suffering under the spine complaint, though likely to recover. But they received me—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, their daughter, and their two sons—with entire kindness, and, after the first few moments, did not seem to recall their sorrows.

Wordsworth was very agreeable. He talked about politics, in which his views are very gloomy. He holds strongly and fondly, with an affectionate feeling of veneration, to the old and established in the institutions, usages, and peculiarities of his country, and he sees them all shaken by the progress of change. His moral sensibilities are offended; his old affections are wounded; his confidence in the future is disturbed. But though he talks about it as if it were a subject that oppresses him, he talks without bitterness, and with the large and flowing eloquence which marks his whole conversation. Indeed, he feels the whole matter so deeply and so tenderly, that it is not easy to avoid sympathizing with him, even when the strictness of his political system is most apparent. He was very curious, too, about our institutions in America, and their effect upon society and character, and made many shrewd as well as kind remarks about us; but is certainly not inclined to augur well of our destinies, for he goes upon the broad principle that the mass of any people cannot be trusted with the powers of government.

In this sort of conversation a couple of hours passed very quickly away, and when I rose to leave him he took his staff and walked nearly back to Ambleside with me.

September 2.—As it was not convenient for us to go up to Rydal and breakfast with Mr. Wordsworth, he came and breakfasted with us. His talk was like that of last evening, flowing and abundant, with an elevated moral and intellectual tone, and full of a kindliness that was not to be mistaken. We determined to pass the day in an excursion up Coniston Water, generally considered the most beautiful of the
torted with such brilliant repartee, and, in short, she talked with such an extra-ordinary flow of natural talent, that I do not know whether anything of the kind could be finer.”

An animated and interesting correspondence was kept up for many years between Miss and Mrs. Edgeworth and Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, and did not cease until the death of Mrs. Edgeworth, the survivor of the two, in 1865.

The interval since the last extract had been filled by a charming journey in North Wales, including visits to Mr. J. Taylor and the Miss Luxmoors of St. Asaph.
lakes, and he said he would go with us,—a great addition to a great pleasure. . . . To show us the best points he carried us to the houses of two of his friends. The first was Mrs. Copley's, where we met Miss Fletcher, formerly of Edinburgh, and one or two other quite agreeable people, and where we stopped long enough to lunch with them. . . . The other place was that of the venerable Mrs. Smith,—the mother of the extraordinary Elizabeth Smith,—where, besides the fine views, we saw the cottage, the site of the tent which has given the name of Tent Hall to the place, . . . and the other localities mentioned in the beautiful "Fragments," printed after her premature death. . . .

We then set out to visit my old friend Mrs. Fletcher, . . . but met her, and, finding that our engagements would permit no other arrangement, she offered to breakfast with us to-morrow morning, and we parted and came back to Ambleside.

Wordsworth, as usual, talked the whole time. He showed us the scenery in the spirit of one bred among its beauties; with which his mind has been peculiarly nourished, and of which his poetry everywhere bears the impress. He talked about Burns, whose poetry he analyzed with great truth and acuteness, considering it as the fresh and unidealized expression of the most beautiful of merely human feelings and affections, in the better parts of it, and in this view of unrivalled merit. He described to us his last sad visit to Scott, just as he was setting off for Naples, broken down in mind and body, and conscious of it; for when his two last stories were mentioned, he said, "Don't speak of them; they smell of apoplexy."

And he talked about Campbell, the reviewers, and their effect on his own reputation, etc., all in the most kindly and frank spirit, describing to us "The Recluse," his unpublished poem, and repeating, in illustration of his opinions, passages from his own works, in his peculiarly sonorous recitative. The drive of fifteen miles and the visit seemed short, and soon after my return home I rejoined him at Rydal Mount and passed an extremely agreeable evening with him again, which he again ended by accompanying me back to Ambleside by a beautiful moonlight.

September 3.—Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter came to breakfast with us; and though she is sixteen years older than she was when I saw her last, she is as interesting as ever, by her talent and enthusiasm. When we drove from Ambleside she accompanied us to Wordsworth's, where we passed a couple of hours very agreeably. He showed us quite over his pretty grounds and through his favourite walks, where he has composed so much of his poetry, . . . and went with us to the picturesque waterfall in Lady Le Fleming's grounds. . . . His daughter was on her sofa, very intelligent and pleasing, her animation not impaired by her debility; and his younger son, whose education is not completed, is an agreeable, kind-hearted young man, forming, with their venerable father and excellent, gentle, ma-

5 See ante, p. 281. Miss Fletcher afterwards married Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer.
tronly mother, a group which leaves such a kindly and harmonious impression on the mind as we are always glad to cherish there. . . . Bidding farewell to the Wordsworths and the Fletchers, we drove on to Keswick.

**Keswick, September 3.**—We came here by invitation to pass the evening with Southey, but we accepted the invitation with some hesitation, for Mrs. Southey has been several months hopelessly deranged, and is supposed now to be sinking away. . . . He received us very kindly, but was much moved when he showed me his only son, and reminded me that I had last seen him hardly three weeks old, in his cradle in the same room.

Southey was natural and kind, but evidently depressed, much altered since I saw him fifteen years ago, a little bent, and his hair quite white. He showed me the materials for his edition of Cowper and the beginning of the Life; the last work, he says, he shall ever do for the booksellers. Among the materials was the autograph manuscript of "John Gilpin," and many letters. . . . He read us, too, about three cantos of his "Oliver Newman,"—the poem on American ground,—some of it fine, but the parts intended to be humorous in very bad taste. He showed me as many curious and rare manuscripts and books as I could look at, and told me that he means now to finish his history of Portugal and Portuguese literature; and if possible write a history of the Monastic Orders. If he does the last, it will be bitter enough. He says he has written no "Quarterly Review" for two years, and means to write no more; that reviews have done more harm than good, etc. In politics I was surprised to find him less desponding than Wordsworth, though perhaps more excited. He says, however, that Ireland will not be tranquillized without bloodshed, admits that Sir Robert Peel is not a great man, and that England is now desperately in want of really great minds to manage its affairs. His conversation was very various, sometimes quite remarkable, but never rich or copious like Wordsworth's, and never humorous or witty. It was rather abundant in matters of fact, and often in that way quite striking and effective. . . .

**York, September 6.**—We arrived here early, and established ourselves in the narrow, but neat and comfortable lodgings which we had previously secured for the Musical Festival week. The city, though old, seemed beautifully clean; and the streets, though close and dark, were filled with crowds of well-dressed people, many of whom, like ourselves, had been attracted by the great occasion. . . . In the latter part of the evening, the moon being at its full and very brilliant, we walked quite round the magnificent minster, enjoying the effect of its glorious Gothic architecture by the light in which it can be most appropriately seen. It was very beautiful and very solemn, especially when viewed from near the gates of the Residence.

**September 7.**—I met, this morning, Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, with whom I dined at Lord Mulgrave's in Dublin. He is the son of the Archbishop of York, first Residentiary Canon of the minster, and the most active and efficient manager of the Festival. . . . The
first instance of his kind attention was to give us the means of going to the garden of the Museum this morning, when the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were received there.

**September 8.**—The first great day of the Festival. Mr. Harcourt sent us tickets for the "Patrons’ gallery" in the minster, the best part of the building, where seats were reserved for the royal party, and we went at eleven o’clock. Everything was perfectly arranged, twelve avenues being opened to admit the immense crowd into the immense building; a moment after we entered, we emerged into a gallery at the west end of the church opposite to the choir and the great organ. The part of the minster given to the purposes of this occasion is the nave and aisles, the nave being 261 feet long, 109 broad, and 99 high . . . . all together capable of containing full 5000 persons seated, besides the 620 musicians.

Punctually at twelve o’clock the royal party arrived. . . . The whole audience rose, and when the royal guests came to the front of the gallery so as to be distinctly visible, a tumult of applause broke forth which was with difficulty suppressed by the Dean as entirely unsuitable to the place. . . . As soon as they were seated the whole choir broke forth with Handel’s Coronation Hymn, this being the anniversary of the King’s crowning. The effect was electrical. The vast audience rose again, and when the shout of “God save the King” broke from the choir of four hundred voices sustained by the full power of two hundred and fifty instruments and the tremendous organ, its effect was not to be mistaken. There was not a soul under those wide vaults that did not feel it.

**September 9.**—The performance to-day was Handel’s Messiah,—the whole of it,—a great work, which requires all the power and variety that the art of music can bring with it; and which, I suppose, has never been heard so well anywhere as in this vast and solemn minster. . . . It is astonishing how distinctly a single voice is heard, even in its lowest and sweetest tones, through nearly every part of this wide pile; and the stillness of the multitudes to catch its murmurs is sometimes as thrilling as the notes themselves. Grisi can fill the whole building with the most brilliant sounds.

We dined at Lord Fitzwilliam’s, who has taken a large house just outside the gates, for the Festival week, which he thinks it his inherited duty to patronize.

**September 12.**—Mr. Willis of Caius College, Cambridge, who has published on architecture, being here, and desirous to see some parts of the cathedral not usually seen, Mr. Harcourt had it opened and lighted, and a party was formed to go over it. It was very curious. We were shown, under the pavement of the present choir, the remains of the ancient choir of the church built in 1070 and burnt in 1137, together with one arch of the still older church built about A.D. 900, all discovered in 1830, when the excavations were made for the repairs of the present building, after the disastrous fire of 1829. These old ruins are of Cyclopean size, and the later portions of them are in the Norman style and very elaborate. The whole is in total darkness under the foundations of the huge minster itself,
but was this morning beautifully lighted up with gas, which has been introduced for the purpose. After this we went over the choir and the other parts of the church. . . . It has more of the power given to Gothic architecture in the "Penseroso" than any building I know of; "the high embowed roof," the "antic pillars, massy-proof," the "storied windows, richly dight," "the pealing organ," and "the full-voiced quire below," are all there, and there in their original perfection. . . .

We were invited to dine with the Harcourts, but had an engagement with the Phillipses. . . . We passed a couple of hours most agreeably with Professor Phillips, who gratifies and surprises me more, the more I know him.6 . . . We finished the evening with the Harcourts, who are fine specimens of the highest order of the English character,—the lady beautiful, intelligent, winning, and religious; and Mr. Harcourt a quiet, unobtrusive, efficient gentleman, with very large resources of various and elegant knowledge. We shall be sorry indeed to leave York, because it contains such people.

After the Musical Festival followed the Doncaster Races, at which, on the great St. Leger Day, the excitement of the multitude was vastly increased that year by the presence of the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, who were then the guests of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House. The arrival of the royal party at the race-ground was a brilliant sight, with the turn-out of Lord Fitzwilliam's many splendid carriages, all with six or four horses and outriders, and escorted by a body of forty of his manly-looking tenants; and when the Princess was seated in front of the Grand Stand, the upturned faces of the immense crowd that welcomed her made another impressive sight.

The descriptions of these scenes, and of Castle Howard, Rivaulx Abbey, and other interesting spots, must be set aside to make room for visits at pleasant country-houses. First comes Mulgrave Castle, where, by Lord Mulgrave's invitation, given at Dublin, the party were received by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Villiers,7 then staying there.

On September 18, the day following their arrival at Mulgrave Castle, Mr. Ticknor says:—

We began our excursion by stopping in a small village belonging to Lord Mulgrave. We wished to get a little information from the

6 John Phillips, Professor of Geology in King's College, London, and Curator of the Museum at York, an eminent geologist. Mr. Ticknor had known him in Dublin, when he was Secretary of the British Association.

7 Mrs. Edward Villiers was a sister of Lady Mulgrave, and Mr. Villiers a brother of Mrs. Lister, "a highly intellectual person, with large and pleasant resources in belles-lettres knowledge, whom," says Mr. Ticknor, "I thought quite equal to any of the family for talent, beside which he is a better scholar than any of them."
clergyman, but he was not at home. I was sorry for it, for Mr. Villiers told me he is one of the last specimens now remaining of Fielding's Parson Adams, sometimes dining with Lord and Lady Mulgrave, and finishing the evening drinking beer in their servants' hall. I saw the house in which the profligate Duke of Buckingham took refuge from the plague, in the time of Charles II. His tenantry were rejoiced to have him among them, as Lord Mulgrave told me, did him all honour, and made him as comfortable as possible, and, when he went away, crowded about him and asked when he would come again. "With the next plague," said the gracious landlord, and rode off.

The next day, at Kirby Moorside, Mr. Ticknor was shown a common-looking house where Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, died, whose death is thus recorded in the parish register of the place: "buried in the yeare of our Lord 1687, April ye 17. Gorges uiluas Lord dooke of bookingam," etc.,—so carelessly and ignorantly was the death of a statesman, out of date, put on record, even in the midst of his own possessions and tenancy.

About two miles to the north-west of Kirby Moorside, I stopped to see the small but remarkable church of Kirkdale. It stands in a retired and quiet valley, and has undergone considerable repairs; but the Saxon arch of its principal entrance is still surmounted by a sundial, on which there is a plain Saxon inscription, signifying that it was placed there "by Orm the son of Gamal, in the days of Edward the King and of Tosti the Earl," which brings its date to 1055-65, when Tosti was Earl of Northumberland, and Edward, the Confessor, King.

Three days later they passed through Leeds, where the Messrs. Gott—two of whom Mr. Ticknor had met at York—showed him the wonderful machinery of their great woollen manufactory, with a freedom and openness very unusual; and "after resting from this labour," he says, "I went to dine at Mr. Edward Smyth's, the head of the branch of the Bank of England for Leeds, and brother of Professor Smyth, who is now staying at his house. It was a pleasant, quiet dinner; the professor himself being, as he always is, agreeable, with the utmost simplicity of heart. I saw him constantly in York, and it was one of my pleasures to witness his exquisite enjoyment of the music at the minster."

A visit of three days at Thorn's House—the seat of Mr. Gaskell, ten miles from Leeds—now followed. Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, joined the party at Leeds, by appointment, and added to every interest and enjoyment in the next two days by his delightful union of talent, simplicity, quaint humour, and most winning kindliness. Mr. Gaskell had been
Member of Parliament for Malden, and his son at this time represented Shropshire. The whole family were rich in cultivation, refinement, and hospitality, and the establishment elegant and luxurious.

Immediately after lunch [on the first day] Mrs. Gaskell carried us to the house of that strange person, Mr. Waterton, whose "Wanderings" in South America excited so much remark a few years ago. He is an anomaly; a thorough Catholic, and holding the most despotic theories of government, yet a radical at home, in order to overturn everything now existing in England; living a large part of his time in the woods, with the habits and the sharpened instincts of a savage, and yet with a fine, comfortable, English establishment, full of servants and luxuries; a man of an old family and large hereditary property, yet holding little intercourse with those about him; in short, a mass of inconsistencies, mingled with a great deal of talent and not a little science. We were sorry not to find him at home; but we saw his curious collection in natural history, one of the most beautiful things I ever beheld. The birds, collected and prepared by himself, are exquisite. . . . There were other things, too; the alligator he rode; the "nondescript," with which he tried to mystify the naturalists, but which is only a red monkey, prepared by his consummate skill to look like a man, etc., etc. The whole is in his house, which stands in the middle of a small lake, and is approached by a drawbridge—a fit position and arrangement for so whimsical and strange a creature.

On the 25th September, Mr. Ticknor reached Wentworth House, Lord Fitzwilliam's "princely establishment," and there four days were filled with rich and varied interest, and with the most true and delightful hospitality.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, September 27.—After breakfast—which was rather late, and over which we lounged a good while—Lord Fitzwilliam asked who would drive to church; all but two of the ladies declined. It seems to be the custom of the house to employ the carriages as little as possible on Sundays, so that we made a formidable procession, the children and all constituting about twenty. Those of the tenantry who were in the churchyard—perhaps a dozen—drew up to the path and took off their hats as Lord Fitzwilliam passed in. . . . The church is small, very old, and has nothing curious about it but a few old monuments, especially one to Lord Strafford's father and one to himself, all quite rude. He was the last distinguished person buried here; his son, with the Rockinghams, Fitzwilliams, etc., being deposited in York Minster. The pew of the family is of oak, very rudely carved, and has a shattered look; but it is in the state in which it was when the famous Strafford sat there, and has his arms ill cut in several places.
. . . . I could not help imagining how things looked when he was there, and the great Marquis of Rockingham, and when Burke and Fox sat there, as they often did, with the late Lord Fitzwilliam. I had many strange visions about it, and little heeded poor old Mr. Lowe. . . . We lounged slowly home through the grounds and gardens.

After lunch, Lord Fitzwilliam said he should go to hear a charity sermon two or three miles off, and asked who would go with him; but all declined except Lady Mary and Mr. Thompson, it being understood that Dr. Dundas would read the evening service in the chapel after dinner. Instead of going to church, we made a party at half-past three, to see the stables and the establishment for young horses at one of the lodges. They were well worth the trouble. . . .

After dinner . . . the party distributed itself through the gallery and the library rooms, to the number of about thirty. A little before nine o'clock the groom of the chambers came as usual and said, "My lord, the chapel is ready," and everybody went. About seventy or eighty servants were there when we went in, and with the family and visitors made quite a respectable congregation. The ladies were in the gallery, the female servants chiefly under it. . . .

September 28.—We intended to have left Wentworth House this morning, and, passing the day at Sheffield, about ten miles off, have proceeded on our journey to-morrow; but I found Lord Fitzwilliam had invited Montgomery, the poet, to meet us, and that they had proposed to make a party for Sheffield to go with us, so that we altered our plan. . . . After breakfast we went over some other parts of this vast pile of building, saw the state sleeping-apartments, which are magnificent, and many other suites of rooms that are very rich and comfortable. . . . The saloon fitted up by the present Lord Fitzwilliam is very rich and magnificent. On one side of it hangs the famous picture of Lord Rockingham's horse "Whistler," by Stubbs, nearly as large as life, and one of the most striking pictures of an animal I ever saw. It is nothing but a painting of a horse, no trappings, no background, no earth, yet it does not leave any feeling of deficiency. Lord Fitzwilliam told me that when the horse was painted Lord Rockingham intended to have put George III. upon him; "but," said he, laughing, "the king misbehaved about that time, and so Lord Rockingham would not have him there. However," he added, "that is a story I do not often tell, and the people here know nothing about it. There is no use in having such things remembered." . . .

When I went into the gallery before dinner I found Montgomery talking with Mr. Lowe. He—Montgomery—is a small man, above sixty-five years old, rather feeble and sensitive, but good, kind, and benevolent, and greatly loved in Sheffield, where he has lived many years. He is a Moravian, and much interested in what relates to his sect and to Christianity. He dresses rather singularly,—but, I suspect, from some fancied benefit to his health,—with a large cravat and very high standing collar to his shirt, so that, as his head is small and sunk quite deeply into this projecting collar, the effect was by no means good at first. However, he is very agreeable in conversation,
and much in earnest in whatever he says, so that I was quite glad to talk with him. He told me, among other things, that Chantrey was born near Sheffield; that he knew him as quite a young man before he went to London; that he began in the country as a portrait-painter, and showed great skill in drawing but no power of colouring; and that he—Montgomery—had a portrait of himself painted by Chantrey at this early period. He told me, too, a good deal about Elliott, the author of the Corn Law rhymes, who is in the iron-trade at Sheffield, and who, it seems, has been these thirty years trying to obtain notice as a poet, but never succeeding until lately. Montgomery represents him—as might have been anticipated—to be a person with much talent and tenderness, mixed up with great rudeness, passion, and prejudice.

After dinner the children danced and frolicked in the gallery, as usual, until prayer-time, when the service was read by Mr. Lowe in the chapel, about forty or fifty persons being present. Then we went to the library, had tea, and played a little whist. . . . Before we went to bed Lord Fitzwilliam and the ladies urged us so kindly and earnestly to return to them on Saturday, and meet Lord Spencer, . . . that we promised to do so. . . . I shall be very glad to see this distinguished statesman so quietly and familiarly.

September 29.—We left Wentworth House to-day, after having enjoyed as much really considerate kindness as we ever enjoyed anywhere in four days, and came thirty-five miles, . . . to Colonel Richard Yorke's, at Wighill Park. . . .

October 3.—In the course of the four days we stayed at Wighill Park there were about twenty different inmates in the house.8 It was a very pleasant party, whose chief attraction and amusement was music. . . . Sir Francis Doyle, an old officer, and very intelligent gentleman, who has read much and seen much, was uniformly agreeable, and so was Lord Arthur Hill, one of the best cavalry officers in the service, who fought at Waterloo in the famous regiment of the Scotch Greys, and now commands it, but whose obvious character here was only bonhomie, and easy careless happiness. . . . Our host himself, who has been entertaining company in this way these thirty years, has much knowledge of the world, great kindness, and a good deal of amusing anecdote. His establishment was perfect for its purposes, in comforts and luxuries, and there was an exactness in the mode of carrying it on that was quite remarkable.

We left Wighill Park between eleven and twelve, and reached Lord Fitzwilliam's before five. Twelve or thirteen miles off, the milestones that announced the distance "From Wentworth House" showed we were within his dominions. . . . We found Lord Fitzwilliam in the long gallery. He received us with great kindness, and presented us to Lord Spencer, lately the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and as "Honest Althorp," the leader of Lord Grey's administration in the

8 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "When I look back upon this visit, it seems as if I were recollecting some of the descriptions of parties in country-houses in English novels, so much truer are they to nature than is generally imagined."
House of Commons. He had arrived about an hour before us, and was still standing before the fire in his travelling-dress. He is about fifty-three years old, short, thick-set, with a dark red complexion, black hair, beginning to turn grey, a very ordinary, farmer-like style of dress, and no particularly vivacious expression of countenance. His manner was as quiet and simple as possible, perfectly willing to talk, but not seeming to have much to say. We were presented also to Mr. Wood, I believe a son-in-law of Lord Grey, and to Mr. Chaloner, a brother-in-law of Lord Fitzwilliam, who is here with his wife, a daughter of the late Lord Dundas, and a son and daughter. We found too the Dundases, whom we left here on Tuesday, and a Mr. Phillips, a fine scholar-like young man, and Mr. Frederic Ponsonby, of the Besborough family.

Lord Spencer, whom I sat near at dinner, was very agreeable. We talked about the hunting season, which is now just beginning. He said he used to keep a pack formerly, and that the relations into which it brought him with his neighbours and the county had taught him more of human nature than he had learnt in any other way. The whole affair of fox-hunting, he added, with all its trespasses upon property could not be maintained, if the whole neighbourhood did not take as great an interest in it as the owner of the hounds. In talking a little politics, he happened to speak of Lord Lyndhurst, and while he gave him all praise as a man of talent, of perfectly good temper, and of the best possible qualities and habits for a business man, he declared that he was entirely unprincipled. In illustration, he said that, having made up his mind formerly to introduce a bill for the collection of small debts by a simpler process, he communicated with Lord Lyndhurst—then Solicitor-General—on the subject, and was assured by him that he approved of it entirely, and that it would be, not only a great benefit to suitors, but a great relief to the upper courts, who were most uselessly oppressed with such business. Lord Spencer—then Lord Althorp—introduced the bill, and was surprised beyond measure to have Mr. Solicitor Copley oppose it in a very able and acute argument. He went over instantly and spoke to him on the subject, and reminded him of what he had previously said in its favour, in private, to which “Copley made no sort of reply but by a hearty laugh.” Lord Eldon, however, on whom Copley’s promotion then depended, it was found afterwards, was opposed to the bill, and this explained it. Later, the government changed its opinion on the measure, Lord Althorp introduced it again, received the most efficient, good-tempered, and sagacious support for it, both in committee and in the House, and carried it, with Copley’s aid, in every stage, and in every way, except debate.

Lord Spencer talked to me, too, a great deal about his recollections of Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, placing the latter much lower than his party usually does, and giving more praise to Pitt than I ever heard a Whig give him. He does not talk brilliantly,—he hardly talks well, for he hesitates, blushes even, and has a queer chuckling laugh.

9 Third Earl Spencer. 1 Thomas J. Phillips, Esq.
—but he interests you and commands your attention. I felt sure all
the time that I was getting right impressions from him. . . . As we
went down to the chapel, Lord Spencer told me that so solemn and
fine a chapel is nowhere else kept up in England. Dr. Dundas read
prayers, and about fifty-five were present.

Sunday, October 4.—The forenoon was rainy. . . . Lord Fitz-
william said he was not well and should not go to church, but asked
round, and collected a considerable number, for whom he ordered three
carriages. . . .

Lord Spencer talked with decided ability about the Poor Laws as
we walked home, for the rain had ceased. He told me, too, about his
brother, who, from being a richly benefited English clergyman, has
become a poor fervent Catholic priest; and yet is a man of much
talent and learning, who greatly distinguished himself at Cambridge.
At the end of our talk he invited us to visit him at Althorp, any time
after December 1, which is the earliest period he can be there himself,
and I was very sorry to be obliged to decline. I should revel in that
magnificent library and most beautiful establishment. But we cannot
go. It is time already that we were on our way to Dresden.

The dinner to-day was in greater state than we have yet seen it;
that is, there was a greater show of plate, five gilt silver “cups,” as
they are called, but really massive vases of elaborate workmanship,
ornamenting the centre of the table and three more the sideboard, the
whole being prizes won by the family race-horses. . . .

In the evening we looked over a good many of Lord Fitzwilliam’s
curious black-letter books, and Lord Spencer told us so much about
Althorp, that I was very glad to promise to make him a visit there on
our return from the Continent. Dr. Dundas read the evening service
at ten o’clock. The chapel was very full to-night, more than a hundred
servants being present. The huntsmen in their scarlet dresses, who
have come [from Northamptonshire] since we were here before, made
quite a show.

October 5.—It is a rainy morning, and yet when we went to break-
fast I found Lord Spencer with spurs on, prepared for a ride. He
told me that he is going to Wakefield, to see the prison there, and
had sent on one of his horses to change half-way. The distance is
eighteen miles, making thirty-six in all, which he prefers to take on
horseback, notwithstanding the rain, and to be back to dinner. . . .
Lord Fitzwilliam generally makes his journeys on horseback, in all
weathers. Last year he went in this way to Milton, eighty-nine
miles, in a single day, and will probably do the same this year. All
this comes of fox-hunting.

October 6.—To-day, for the first time in my life, I have witnessed
and joined a fox-hunt,—a thing as different from all I ever witnessed
before as anything can well be, and which I suppose I saw in great
perfection, for Lord Spencer tells me the establishment for it here is
as fine as any in England, if not the finest. . . . We reached home
about five o’clock, rather late, for dinner was to be at six, as it is
“the Public Day,” or the day on which the family—in observance
of a custom formerly common among the chief nobility, but now
It hardly kept up at all except here—receive any of their neighbours who think fit to come and who think themselves fit to come. In this way Lord Fitzwilliam keeps open house once a week during the two or three months he lives in Yorkshire, it being understood that persons do not generally avail themselves of the invitation more than once in a season; and in this way he avoids all the embarrassments and heart-burnings which would be the inevitable consequence of selecting, sorting, and inviting formal parties.

The whole state and ceremony of the house is observed on these occasions, to which people come ten, twenty, and even forty miles or more. To-day there were a little more than twenty, the most curious of whom was old Lady G., eighty-four years old, covered with diamonds, laces, and feathers. The party was received in the beautiful saloon, and the procession to dinner across the enormously large hall, headed by the chaplain in his canonicals, was quite a solemnity. Mr. Lowe was in full costume, bands and all, and asked a blessing and returned thanks. The dinner itself was much as usual, but there was of course a greater show of plate. Lord Fitzwilliam was not well enough to appear.

The journey from Wentworth House to London, between the 8th and 13th of October, was crowded with interest and beauty, and the ten days passed in London were busy, not only by reason of the kind attentions of friends, but with the necessary preparations for a migration to the Continent. In a résumé of this autumnal visit in London, Mr. Ticknor says:

I dined once with my old friend Lady Dudley Stuart. She is a good deal altered in person, and has feeble health, but her essential character is the same that I knew eighteen years ago. Lord Dudley Stuart was at Lord Brougham's on a visit. The company consisted of the Duke de Regina, the Count del Medico,—who owns the Carrara quarries,—and two or three other persons. It was pleasant, the conversation being entirely in French, and much of the amusement of the evening being music. An English composer, who is just bringing out an opera which he dedicates to Lady D. Stuart, came in and played and sang; and a Polish prince,—among those who are indebted to Lord Dudley Stuart for carrying the bill in favour of the Poles through Parliament,—was there a little while, and improvised with great talent. There was nothing English about it, any more than if we had all been in Italy.

Dr. Holland, who travelled in Greece with Lord Byron, came to see me one morning, in consequence of a note from Miss Edgeworth, and was very kind in attentions afterwards, but I could only find

2 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I asked Lord Fitzwilliam what could induce a person like Lady G., above eighty years old and deaf, to come thirty or forty miles to a dinner. He said, 'Only because she has done it every year for above half a century.'"

3 Christine Bonaparte. See ante, p. 151, and note.
time to breakfast with him. He is a short, active, very lively person, abounding in knowledge, and in very exact knowledge. He quite embarrassed me once or twice by his minute familiarity with American geography, but he is a very simple, direct, and agreeable person. His wife—a daughter of Sydney Smith—was not in town, for which I was sorry. But I shall see them both, I trust, when we return to England, for Dr. Holland is among the most interesting men I have met. He is now becoming one of the most famous and fashionable of the London physicians.

The day after we reached London the kind Sir Francis Doyle came to see us, and invited us so very pleasantly to the Tower, both to see it and to dine with him, that we could not refuse, though we could ill give the time to it. So on Saturday we drove to the Tower, four miles off; but the dense crowds in the Strand and the other protracted thoroughfares, with two, three, and sometimes four files of carriages abreast, reaching as far as the eye could follow them, often stopped us several minutes at a time. . . . It was a part of our amusement, during an hour or more we were in reaching the Tower, to watch these different currents, embarrassments, and contests of the different sorts of passengers. At last we arrived, and, passing the drawbridge, drove through streets and ways that seemed quite long, to the Governor's house. It is one of the examples of the pleasant abuses with which England abounds, that the Duke of Wellington is Governor of the Tower, with a good salary, and knows nothing about it; that Sir Francis Doyle is his lieutenant, with another large salary; and resides there only two months in the year; and that somebody else, with a third salary, is the really efficient and responsible person. . . .

Lunch was ready immediately, and as soon as it was ended, Sir Francis and Miss Doyle went over the Tower with us, visiting chiefly those parts not shown to strangers, as we had seen the rest. . . . First we went to the ancient records, where we saw the autographs of the English monarchs, from the time when they were able to write, which is Edward the Fourth's. The most curious to me was the handwriting of Richard III., bold and vigorous, plainly legible, and, especially in a document touching Buckingham, written with choice phraseology considering the date. We saw, too, the Prayer-Book of 1662, with the only authority that still exists for its use, and the great seal of England attached to it to vouch for its authenticity; the pious Charles II. being of course the official corner-stone on which this portion of the religion of the monarchy has reposed for a century and a half. . . .

Here [in the White Tower] we were shown the Council Chamber of the ancient kings of England, hardly altered at all; the very room in which Richard III. bared his arm, and accused Hastings of witchcraft in shrivelling it. We went to the very window where he stood when he witnessed the instant execution of his victim, and saw the very spot, at the corner of the old chapel, where the block was laid for it. It seemed to bring the ancient horrors of those troubled times extremely near to us. . . .
In the Governor's house we found other strange memorials of the past. The room of Miss Doyle was that in which the Council sat, before whom Guy Fawkes and his conspirators were tried; and an account of the whole is carved on one side of the room by order of one of its members, and the names of all of them and of all the culprits attached to it. Over the fireplace is a head of James I. as large as life, beautifully carved in oak. . . . In short, we saw whatever the most exact and kind attention could find to amuse us within the wide range of the Tower, and came away promising to dine with them on Monday. . . .

The dinner [on Monday] was elegant, and truly comfortable. Colonel Hume, and two or three other high officers of the proud and fashionable "Guards;" Mr. Seymour, just setting out for a journey to Egypt and the East; Mr. Hart Davis; young Mr. Doyle; and two or three other agreeable people, constituted the party. . . . We had a most pleasant time. Indeed, the very minute and consistent, but altogether unobtrusive attentions and kindness of Sir Francis make all feel at their ease and happy in his house; and the conversation, which was chiefly literary, with a mixture of politics and nationalities, was as agreeable as could be desired. . . .

One day, as we came back from Wimbledon and Putney . . . we drove to Dr. Somerville's, and passed an hour with him and his truly simple, kind-hearted, astonishing wife. He is a good, round, easy person, by no means without talent, or fair scientific knowledge, both in his profession and out of it, but enjoys his comfortable place as head of the medical part of this grand establishment, given out of respect to his wife's rare merits. She is the daughter of one of the Fairfax family, a branch of which is in Virginia,—Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was of the same family,—a little, small, quiet, kindly person of about fifty, with a voice "soft, gentle, and low, ever an excellent thing in woman;" a good mother, who has educated her family herself, and done it well and successfully; a good wife, managing her household judiciously; a good friend, as Lady Byron knows, to whose daughter, Lady King, she has been of great practical use; a domestic person, yet receiving and enjoying a great deal of the best scientific and literary society, and frequenting occasionally the most exclusive and fashionable; skilled in the modern languages, two of which she speaks fluently; painting beautifully in oil-colours, of which we saw many specimens; and one of the most extraordinary mathematicians alive, of whom all the rest speak with the greatest kindness and admiration.

The hour we passed with her would yet have informed us of nothing of all this, except that she is a most gentle, quiet, and kind-hearted person. When we were obliged to come away, they said so much about our visiting them again, that we promised to dine with them on Wednesday, the day but one before we should leave London, without company. We went, therefore, and found only Mr. Babbage, so that we had as agreeable a dinner as we well could have, talking upon all sorts of subjects until very late, with great vivacity. . . .

English kindness was uniform and consistent to the last, but I do
not recollect anything worth noting except a visit to Wilkie, the painter, at Kensington, to which he invited me at Dublin. I found him living very comfortably, but very much like an artist. With great good-nature and a strong desire to please, not unmixed with Scotch shrewdness, he talked a good deal and pleasantly about his profession, and showed me a quantity of rough sketches, and two pictures now in progress. Of the sketches, those he made in Spain are the most picturesque; those he has lately made in Ireland are the most interesting. ... It is evidently Wilkie's theory and purpose to find out what is striking and characteristic in his own times, and turn them to account on canvas, by showing them in a poetical light, and on their picturesque side. Of late he has been more ambitious in his subjects, though, I think, still within these limits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEAVING London on the 23rd of October, with intent to pass the winter in Dresden, the first point of pause on the Continent was Brussels, where Mr. Ticknor arrived on the 6th of November, but, to his regret, found that his friend, Mr. Hugh S. Legare,—then United States Chargé d'Affaires in Belgium,—was in Paris. The season, of course, was dull, the Court absent, and little of interest in the local society. Mr. Ticknor, however, saw M. Quetelet and one or two other persons whom he was glad to know, and describes, in the following entry in his journal, the beginning of a delightful acquaintance with a charming circle.

JOURNAL.

One day I passed very agreeably with the Marquis Arconati and his family, including the Count Arrivabene and two other Italian exiles. They live, except in winter, at the Castle of Gaesbeck, about eight miles from Brussels, a fine, large old pile of building, connected in history with the troubles of Holland, and full of recollections of that disastrous period. It is pleasantly situated on the edge of a valley, upon which it looks down, and there they live as happily as exiles can. They were all implicated in the revolutionary movements in Italy, of

4 Count Giovanni Arrivabene, a writer on Political Economy.
which Pellico, Confalonieri, etc., were a part, and for the last twelve years Arconati and Arrivabene have been under sentence of death. They are all people of most agreeable intellectual culture, and Arrivabene, Berchet, and Salviati are authors of reputation; but the fortunes of all of them were confiscated or sequestered when sentence was issued against their persons.

Arconati, however, had large estates and means beyond the reach of the Austrian power, as well as still larger ones within it. But though his incomes are diminished, they still enable him to live in great luxury, which he most generously and pleasantly shares with his less fortunate fellow-sufferers.

It was strange to find everything in relation to the modes of living arranged in a Dutch château upon Italian habits and fashions. The day was cold and bright, ice having formed a little over night, but the rooms, filled with fine furniture and pictures, had no carpets, and only one had a fire. They dislike—with a true Italian repugnance—direct heat, and after we had taken a little walk round the grounds,—which made Mad. Arconati shudder, in the rich, warm sun, and on which her sister would not venture,—we all went into a grand room in one of the round towers of the castle, where, the walls being about sixteen feet thick, that pleasant moderate temperature is preserved which the people of the South of Europe prefer to every other. There we talked until dinner.

Mad. Arconati is a sweet, winning, intellectual lady of the simplest manners, entirely devoted to her husband, whose fortunes she has followed in his exile,—though she might have lived in great splendour at Milan,—and to her son, who is now a student at Bonn of much promise. The Marquis is a frank, high-minded gentleman, and Arrivabene is an original thinker, who is much valued by Whately, Senior, and that set of men, and who was consulted upon the subject of the English Poor-Laws by the committee of Parliament, in whose proceedings his report fills a considerable space.

Salviata has just published an Italian translation of Goethe's "Faust," a bold, and—from what I saw of it—not a successful undertaking, but he talked very agreeably. Indeed, we passed an hour or two very pleasantly in that grand old room, covered with recollections of the days of Egmont and William of Orange, and lighted only with painted glass, which suited well to the tone of the room itself.

Dinner followed. It was served in a room without a fire and miserably chilling and cold. The table was covered, after the Italian fashion, with an abundant and beautiful dessert of fruit, ornamented with flowers, and various wines; but the soup, meats, etc., were carried round by the servants. The cooking, service, and so on, were all excellent, but it was so cold it was not possible to enjoy it, at least not for me. Indeed, they all complained, and as soon as we could get through seven or eight courses we went into the room with a fire, warmed ourselves and took coffee, and had more very pleasant conversation, after which I parted from them and came back to Brussels. It was a most agreeable visit, and yet there was something strange and sad about it; not only because the Italian customs and feelings I wit-
n essed formed such a contrast with the climate and circumstances in which I found them, but because I could not well avoid constantly remembering that two of the high-minded, intellectual persons with whom I was sitting and conversing were under sentence of death, and two others liable to imprisonment for life if they could be found within the grasp of Austrian power.

Waterloo.—Certainly we did not pass six days in Brussels without giving one of them to Waterloo, which is only nine miles off; and I must needs say that I have seldom passed one of the sort in a manner so entirely satisfactory. It was all plain; the battle, the positions, the movements, everything; and all quite intelligible at a single glance, from the top of the vast mound erected by the Belgians in honour of the victory. I will only mention a few things which surprised me.

First. We passed, of course, through the forest of Soignies, and I found it much larger than I anticipated. The road from Brussels lies through it the greater part of the way; and in general it is about twenty-one miles long and nine broad, so that the English, retreating from Ligny and Quatre Bras after the battles of the 16th of June, had no choice but to fight here. They could fall back no farther.

Second. Immediately on emerging from the forest, we came upon the poor little village of Waterloo, with its rather plain church. It was here the Duke of Wellington fixed his headquarters during the night of the 17th; but the little hamlet of Mont St. Jean is full a mile in front of it, and the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, which was exactly in the rear of the British centre, is a sort of outpost still farther on than the hamlet itself. I was surprised to find these distances so great.

Third. From the farm-house of Mont St. Jean to La Haye Sainte was not above twenty-five hundred feet, and from La Haye Sainte to La Belle Alliance, where the French centre passed the night before the battle, is just about twenty-five hundred feet more, so that the armies during that night were about three thousand feet only apart, and their outposts and videttes not above five hundred feet. I was greatly surprised to find these distances so small, particularly the last.

Fourth. We commonly hear of the two armies being encamped before the battle on two parallel ranges of hills, with a valley between. The land undulates a little, but there is nothing to be seen that deserves the name either of hill or of valley.

Fifth. The road by which the two armies had come up from the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras is an excellent, broad, well-built road, and divided each of the contending armies into about two equal parts.

Sixth. The monuments on the battle-ground—such as the Château of Hongoumont, the Ferme of Mont St. Jean, La Belle Alliance, Papelotte, and Merke Braine—were all as plainly and distinctly seen from the top of the great mound as the Common and its neighbourhood, the bridges and the Neck, are seen from the top of our State House in Boston. . . .

The great thing for which you go to Waterloo you certainly obtain, that is, a perfectly clear and satisfactory idea of the battle; and not of the battle merely, but of that extraordinary campaign which, though
it lasted but four days, swept away fifty thousand human beings and decided the fate of Europe. On looking it all over, and considering the state of the battle at four o'clock, which had begun at eleven, I came somewhat unexpectedly to the conclusion that, if the Prussians had not come up, the English would have been beaten. This, in fact, I understand is now the general opinion, but it certainly was not so held in England soon after the battle, and it was not my own impression till I had been over the field.

November 11.—We remained over the 10th November at Bonn, and, besides going to see what relates to the University, drove into the environs and saw the beautiful views of the Rhine, with its flying bridge of boats, and the picturesque hills of Godesberg, and the Siebengebirge, from the Kreuzberg, as well as from the Alte Zoll, which overlooks the river just below the palace. They are worthy of their great reputation.

I found there, too, some of my old friends, and passed the little time I could give to such purposes most agreeably. The first evening I went to see Schlegel. He is, of course, a good deal changed since I saw him in 1817, for he is now, I suppose, about seventy years old, but he is fresh and active. He is much occupied, as he has been the last sixteen or eighteen years, with Sanscrit, about which he has published a good deal and holds the first rank; but he lectures here on two or three subjects every semestre, and in the course of the last year on Homer, on Roman history, and on the German language, lecturing on the first two in the Latin language, extemporaneously, which I am told he does very well. He talked to me about his Sanscrit a little more than I cared to have him, but that is the privilege of age; and he still loves to talk politics, as he always did, and show his knowledge in remote departments where you would least claim anything from him. But it is a pardonable vanity.

On my return from Schlegel’s, I had a visit from Welcker, still the same warm-hearted, kindly spirit I always found him. He is the head librarian, and to his exertions the University owes the collection of casts which is under his care, and which he uses in his lectures on Antiquity. He went with us over the University and spent a large part of the day in kind attentions, yesterday. I heard him lecture on Mythology in the evening, and afterwards went with him to the house of Professor Naumann, a very distinguished member of the Medical Faculty, where, with Schlegel and Mr. and Mrs. Naumann, I passed a couple of hours most agreeably. Schlegel was very entertaining, though very vain.

November 16.—To-day we passed through Gotha, and Erfurt, which is Prussian, and then came on in good season to Weimar, the weather mild and no snow to be seen. There was a great appearance of comfort along our road, and that peculiar air of advanced civilization which provides not only for the physical well-being of the whole people, but for their enjoyment of what is beautiful in nature and the arts, which I think is characteristic of the rule and influence of the Saxon families, wherever they have been extended. The ground was familiar to me. Some of it I passed over more than once in 1816, and I was
not sorry to find that I had a fresh recollection of what I saw, and
that my impression of the humanity and wisdom of these little govern-
ments, from the appearance of the country and the people, is the
same now that it was formerly. Everybody here can read and write,
and it is even a punishable offence in parents not to send their
children to school. The love of what is beautiful, too, descends much
lower in society, I think, than it does anywhere else.

I went in the evening to see my old friend Von Froriep, and found
him changed from a young man to a grandfather, but as active as ever.

I was struck at Bonn with having Nasse, of the Medical Faculty,
ask me about Dr. Gould and the writers for the "Boston Medical
Journal;" and I was again struck this evening to find Froriep making
an abstract of an article on Nightmare, from a very recent New York
medical journal, of which he spoke with great interest. This, how-
ever, is only a specimen of the German spirit of inquiry. I under-
stand there are five medical journals in Germany, which give quarter-
yearly a regular account of what is contained in the medical journals
of the United States. Froriep was familiar with all that relates to
us in these particulars, and had, I found, all the statistics of our
medical schools and whatever relates to medicine in the United
States. But he is a remarkable man.

November 17.—Mr. Von Froriep called on us this morning with
his daughter,—an intelligent, well-bred lady, who speaks very good
English,—and carried us to see the public library. I found Riemer
there as head librarian, whom I knew here nineteen years ago; an
interesting, learned man, who was long Goethe's private secretary.
We barely went over the rooms, most of which I recollected well
enough. The whole does honour to the little principality which
sustains it.

In the afternoon we went to see Goethe's house. I remembered
the simple, handsome staircase, and the statues that ornament it,
perfectly well; but the rooms we saw, not being the common house-
hold rooms, were entirely new to me. His study and bedroom adja-
cent were exactly as he left them at the moment of death; the chairs,
the table, the cushions, the books, the papers,—everything, in short,
as if he were only gone out for an hour. They were, however, any-
thing rather than cheerful and agreeable rooms. I should, indeed,
hardly have called them comfortable; but he occupied them for nearly
forty years, and they are, therefore, curious, but nothing else. The
sleeping-room was a wretched little closet, with one window and no
fireplace, a very ordinary bed without curtains, and the poor arm-
chair in which he died. The whole was, indeed, very triste. I was
most interested with looking at a copy of the last edition of his own
Works, which was a good deal used, and with turning over the origi-
nal manuscript of "Goetz of Berlichingen," and the "Roman Elegies."

The other rooms contained his different collections in science and
the arts; a very good cabinet for mineralogy and geology, a great
deal in botany, quantities of small remains of antiquity, Roman and
Greek, and copies of such remains, medals, and coins in great abun-
dance, drawings and engravings. Of the last the number was enor-
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mous; many thousand, arranged according to the schools and masters, and on the whole more interesting than anything else I saw in the house.

The whole, in the way it is now exhibited, seemed to me a monument of the vanity of a man who was spoiled by a life—a very long life—of constant, uniform success, every wish not only fulfilled but anticipated, so that he came at last to think whatever related to himself to be of great consequence to the whole world. He therefore published, or left orders to publish everything he had ever written, much of which is mere waste paper; and now his will further directs all the little commonplace arrangements of a very ordinary study and sleeping-room to be shown to strangers, as matters of moment and interest. The whole German nation is, however, in some degree responsible for this, for during the last five-and-twenty years of his life he was honoured and worshipped in a way that I think no author ever was before.

Dresden, November 20, 1835.—It seems as if our arrival in each considerable place where we are to stop were to be marked to us by some striking and sad event. We had hardly reached London when we were overtaken with news of James Mason’s death, in whose grave were buried as many fond hopes as could well be at once disappointed. In Dublin, the letters we found waiting for us announced the death of our sweet niece, Catherine Dwight, one of those sorrows for which a long anticipation does not prepare the hearts of those who are most familiarly attached; and the death of Mrs. Kenyon, with whom, only a few days before, we had dined in London, full of vigorous health and the gayest spirits, a dreadful contrast to the letter of her husband to me written the day before her burial. And now, here in Dresden, the first letter I opened, on my arrival this morning, was one from his uncle, announcing to us Lord Milton’s death, of a violent typhus fever, whom at this moment I seem to see before me, eager with life and spirits, leading off in the fox-chase at Wentworth, little thinking that in a short month he would be laid with the rest of his family in York Minster, where I had seen him constantly at the Festival, with his young and happy wife.

Such changes, perhaps, strike us more when we are away from home, and from our usual supports and resources; but certainly four such, coming in such rapid succession, would be remarkable at any time.

Again in the evening we had another admonition. A bright but flaring light, illuminating the high buildings around the square on which we live, flashed in at our windows; we started up, and saw about an hundred young men with large torches, moving slowly and solemnly forward in a hollow square, surrounded with a dense crowd, that pressed on in silence. It was a body of students connected with one of the public institutions of the city going to sing hymns, after the fashion of the country, before the house of Böttiger, the

5 A son of his old friend, Mr. Jeremiah Mason.
6 Daughter of Mrs. Ticknor’s eldest sister.
night previous to his burial; and the effect of the silent multitude, illuminated by the torches which the young men tossed wildly about as they advanced in absolute silence, was very picturesque and imposing. To me it was very sad. When I was here in 1816 I had known Böttiger better than anybody else, and I had counted much upon meeting him again and profiting by his great learning. I was even bringing him a book from Welcker, in Bonn, and was charged with messages for him from Schorn and Froriep, in Weimar; so sudden had been his death, though in advanced years, for he was seventy-six years old. In his particular department,—which was archaeology,—he has left no man in Germany who can fill his place.

November 29.—The last week I have given partly to making some necessary arrangements? and partly to making a few acquaintance, such as I feel pretty sure we shall be glad to preserve. In the way of acquaintance, it so chanced that I began with Tieck, who, since Goethe’s death, is the acknowledged head of German literature. He seems past sixty; stout and well-built, with a countenance still fine, and which must have been decidedly handsome, but a good deal broken in his person and bent with the gout. He has an air of decision about him that is not to be mistaken, and is, I dare say, somewhat whimsical and peculiar in his opinions and notions, as some of his books intimate, particularly what he has published on the English drama.

But I think he is agreeable; and he has a great deal of knowledge, both in old English and old Spanish literature. His collection of Spanish books surprised me. It is a great deal better than Lord Holland’s, a great deal better than any one collection in England; but still, on most points, not so good as mine. He has been forty years in gathering it, and he has a very minute, curious, and critical knowledge of its contents; but his knowledge of Spanish literature goes no further than his own books will carry him, and in some parts of it I remarked quite a striking ignorance, which surprised me very much until I found how it happened. I have passed two evenings with him, and, as he keeps open house very simply and kindly, after the German fashion, I think I shall go there frequently.

The next acquaintance I made was that of the Minister of State, Von Lindenau. He is a mathematician and astronomer by education and choice, and, after Baron Zach left the Observatory at Gotha, was for several years the head of it. How he came at the head of affairs in Saxony I know not; but up to 1830, and indeed for some time after that revolution, he had the Portfolio of the Interior. He is liberal in his opinions, but still, not being satisfied with the course

7 Of the arrangements to which he alluded, Mr. Ticknor says further: “We have engaged in the Hotel de Rome a suite of six excellent rooms opening into each other, and another quite near them for my man-servant... and I have engaged a nicer carriage than I could get in London, with coachman and footman. Our rooms are on the Neue Markt, a very neat, lively square, the pleasantest in Dresden, near the palace and the theatre... As to teachers, the number of those who are good is so great that I have been a little embarrassed in the choice.”
of affairs, he resigned his place two or three years ago. This, however, created so much uneasiness in the country, that he was induced to keep the place of President of the Council; and, in order to have something to do, chose the Public Libraries, the Collections in the Arts and Sciences, etc., and the Institutions for the Poor as his department, but took no portfolio. His salary is a thousand rix dollars, fixed by himself; but, being a man of good property, he subscribed the same day fifteen hundred dollars towards the support of the poor. He is about fifty years old; a bachelor, living very simply; goes into no company and receives little; studies mathematics in his fine library of about 10,000 volumes; and, though he has so little charge in the state directly, has the reputation of controlling its policy and its more general interests more than any other of the Ministry.

I found him prompt, ready, business-like. On the points where I wanted some information from him he was clear and precise, kind and useful. On the points where he was disposed to make conversation with me,—especially in all that relates to America,—he was acute and sagacious; the only person I have yet found who seemed to have right notions about De Tocqueville’s book. His manner is very alert, and uncommonly agreeable.

Early in the week I delivered my letters from Lord Palmerston and Miss Edgeworth to the British Minister here, and we have, in consequence, been most kindly received. He is the son of Lord Granard, and nephew of the late Marquis of Hastings,—better known as the Prince of Wales’s Earl of Moira and the South Carolina Lord Rawdon,—and he lives here in a very pleasant, hospitable, and comfortable style, as a bachelor. His sister, Lady Rancliffe,—now, I think, just about fifty,—pleasant and good-natured, is here on a visit to him. Mr. Forbes is, I should think, not far from the age of his sister, and has been for a great many years in the diplomatic service of England,—at Lisbon, Vienna, etc.,—but he has never been a full minister till he was sent as such to this Court, two or three years ago. He seems extremely good-humoured, and much disposed to do what will be useful and agreeable to us, and came with Lady Rancliffe and spent part of last evening with us.

One evening he carried me to the house of General Watzdorff,—the principal officer in the King’s household,—who receives once a week. There were about sixty or eighty persons present, including the whole diplomatic corps and those who are attached to the Court. The rooms were very good and comfortable, up two pair of stairs, according to a fashion I find very common in Dresden; the entertainment, tea, ices, fruit, etc., with three or four card-tables, and everything as easy as possible. But it is the lightest form of society. French was the only language spoken, and no two people seemed to talk together above five minutes. It began, I believe, about half past eight o’clock, and by half past ten it was all over. This, however, is the custom here, where all the hours are early, both in families and society. I was presented to most of the foreign ministers and leading persons present; and, though it was neither a very interesting nor a very amusing evening, I dare say I shall go there occasionally to see
what it is. The old General Watzdorfß himself—between seventy and eighty—seemed a very good, kind person. He was Saxon Minister in St. Petersburg in 1810-12, and knew Mr. Adams very well.8

December 6.—We dined one day at half past one o’clock, at Count Bose’s,9 that being half an hour later than the King’s dinner-hour. Everything was in the German style; five or six courses, but not long continued. The gentlemen rose with the ladies. We had Lohrmann, the astronomer, Carus, the King’s physician,—a very pleasant man, whom I knew before,—and a Swiss baron. The conversation was chiefly in French. We reached home about half past four. The truth is, the Germans, and especially the Saxons, know nothing about giving dinners, and give them rarely. Their amusements and intercourse all come in the evening.

Another day we dined with Mr. Forbes very pleasantly; the dinner between five and six o’clock, quite in French style, but nobody at table except his secretary, Mr. Barnard, and Lady Rancliffe.

Two evenings we went to the theatre; once to an opera, Bellini’s “Romeo and Juliet,” which was very well performed, especially the part of Romeo, by Mad. Heinefetter; . . . and once to see Schiller’s “William Tell,” which I was very glad to find could be played so well here, as I feel sure now that I shall see what I did not see at all in Germany before,—the principal dramas of Schiller and Goethe properly represented. The theatre in both its parts is certainly excellent, and the old King and the Court are almost always there.

We have, of course, made a good many acquaintance this week, though I wish to be slow about it. . . . One person I was quite glad to meet at M. de Zeschau’s the other evening; I mean Sonntag, who had been often at our house in Boston. He is the Secretary of the French Legation here, as he was of that in the United States.

December 21.—We went to the picture-gallery to-day for the first time. . . . We had not been earlier to see it because we have been much occupied, and because, as it is not regularly open in the winter, . . . we did not wish to visit it until we could have leave to visit it freely. This I obtained about a week ago from Baron Lindenau. . . . To-day we could only walk through it and get the most general impression of its contents. It is certainly a magnificent gallery, and greatly improved since I saw it in 1816. . . .

December 24.—Dresden has been entirely full for the last three days; its streets swarming with picturesque crowds from the country, and the fair in the Alte Markt overflowing. It has been altogether

9 Mr. Ticknor says elsewhere: “Count Bose has been in the diplomatic service of Saxony, and was for some time Grand Marshal of the Court, but now lives chiefly on a large estate of his wife’s, in Lithuania. She was a Countess Löwenstein, and at St. Petersburg, in 1810-11, . . . knew Alexander Everett and Frank Gray very well, and seemed to remember them very distinctly. She talks French and English very well, is an agreeable person, and certainly has a good deal of talent.”
a beautiful sight to see. . . . It was almost confusing to walk about, and in the evening, when the whole was lighted up, . . . it glittered as if it were only arranged for exhibition and stage effect. . . .

In the evening we witnessed some of the results of this very peculiar national feeling and custom; that, I mean, of the children giving presents to the parents and the parents to the children on Christmas Eve. We were invited to witness it at Baron Ungern Sternberg’s. At first, in the saloon, we saw the Baron and his wife, whom I had met at Tieck’s, people of a good deal of taste and cultivation, and we amused ourselves with looking over some of the drawings and curiosities which the Baron’s intimate friend, the Count Stackelberg, brought from Greece, a remarkable collection. . . . constituting the materials for the beautiful work which Stackelberg is now publishing. As we were in the midst of looking them over a little bell rang, and we went into the room where the presents which the children had secretly prepared for the elder members of the family were placed under the tree. They were all prepared by two little girls of twelve and fourteen, . . . and though there was nothing very valuable or beautiful in what was given, yet it was all received with so much pleasure by the parents and elder brother, that the children were delighted, and kissed us all round very heartily. While this was going on a bell rang in another part of the house, and we were led through a passage-way purposely kept dark, where two folding-doors were thrown open and we were all at once in a large and handsome saloon, which was brilliantly lighted up, and where were the presents which the parents had provided for the children. . . .

December 26.—I was presented to the King to-day . . . by the English Minister, and all the forms usual on such occasions anywhere were fully observed. . . . After passing through two or three antechambers we came to one quite full of Saxon nobles and officers in every possible variety of uniform and costume, who were to be received after the diplomatic audience should be over. We crowded our way through them with some difficulty, and entered a room where were gradually collected about forty or fifty persons. . . . The Prussian Minister, Baron Jordan, went in first, having an especial private audience, to present the King with the Order of the Black Eagle, as a compliment on his birthday, from the King of Prussia. After he came out the rest of us were admitted. It was a good room into which we came, with a canopy for a throne, but no throne was there. . . . Those who came in formed a circle opposite the throne, and under the canopy stood the King; a small, ordinary-looking man, much broken with years, in a general’s uniform with boots and spurs, a large diamond ornament on his breast, and the Order of the Black Eagle, which he had just received, rather awkwardly hung round his person. He bowed to us kindly, and then spoke to the minister who happened to be on his right hand. . . . Mr. Forbes came next, and, having spoken to the King, presented me. The King asked me how long I meant to remain in Dresden, said he hoped I
should find it agreeable, etc., and then passed on round the rest of the circle.¹

December 28.—This evening I passed at Count Stroganoff's. He is here this winter from reasons connected with his health, and receives company every evening that he does not go abroad, and receives it in a very agreeable way. He is the same person who has figured so much for nearly thirty years in Russian diplomacy, his career in which he closed at Constantinople, where he much impaired his health, and resigned to live quietly. He is a man of fine manners and rich conversation. I met him at Court when I was presented, and talked with him a good deal, but find him still more agreeable in his own house. The Countess has winning manners, and the house seems to be more on the footing of a Parisian salon than any I have been in at Dresden. There were about twenty people there to-night.

December 29.—I have been two or three times at Tieck's lately; one evening there was a large party at which some Russian nobles of large fortunes, and some of the more distinguished of the Saxon nobility, were present. Among the rest was Baron Bülow, a young man of a little over thirty, who belongs to the old Prussian family, but who is settled and married in Dresden. He has published some translations of old English plays, and is now occupied with Spanish literature, though not very deeply. We had, therefore, a good deal to say to each other, and this evening he came and made me a visit of four hours, which I cannot say seemed too long, so pleasant and various was his conversation. He is a great admirer and follower of Tieck, so that I did not quite agree to all his theories and opinions; but he is a very interesting person, and full of elegant knowledge.

January 1, 1836.—This evening there was the first regular recep-

¹ Mr. Ticknor gives the following account of the Saxon royal family at this period: "The royal family now consists of King Anthony, who is eighty years old to-morrow, his brother Maximilian, who is seventy-six years old, and his niece Augusta, daughter of the late King, who is fifty-three. The King has been twice married, but both his wives are dead, leaving no children, and Augusta was never married, so that the family of Maximilian is to succeed to the throne. . . . In 1830 there was a revolution here in imitation of the Three Days at Paris, a Constitution was obtained with representative forms, and, Maximilian having first renounced his personal right to the crown, his eldest son—a popular favourite and very respectable man—was, with the sincere concurrence of his father and of the reigning sovereign, made Co-Regent." Early in this movement it was proposed by the revolutionists that the old King should be deposed and Prince Frederic put in his place; but on hearing of the suggestion, the Prince went instantly, in the evening, to the crowded market-place, and by the light of a few torches took a solemn oath, that if that threat should be executed he would leave Saxony and never return. The people, knowing his sincerity, gave up the plan and made him Regent. "This Prince, however,—Frederic,—though twice married, has no children, so that it is probable his younger brother John will eventually come to the throne. Frederic is thirty-eight years old, a wise and valuable man; John is thirty-four, a man of quiet, studious habits and a good deal of learning."
tion at Court. Like everything else here, it began early, and Mrs. T. having put on her train, and I having my sword by my side, at half past five we were at the grand entrance to the palace. Our first visit was to the personage called the Grande-Maitresse, that is, the chief Lady of Honour to the Co-Regentess. We found her living in a fine apartment up two pair of stairs, and her room was quite brilliant when we entered it, with the court dresses of those persons, chiefly foreigners, who had come to pay the customary attention to her. The British Minister presented us to her, . . . but we had hardly spoken to her and two or three other persons whom we knew, before she went to perform her own duties to the Princess—who now occupies the place of Queen—and left us to follow at our leisure. We did so very soon, . . . and were somewhat surprised that we had another pair of stairs to ascend, which brought us, in fact, to the third story, where, I observe, a very large proportion of the most considerable people here live. . . .

When we got there we found a magnificent suite of rooms, which had been built for state occasions in the time of the Polish kings; and, passing to one extremity of it, all of us, both ladies and gentlemen, to the number of thirty or forty, who had not yet been presented to the princesses and royal family, together with the foreign ministers who were to present us, were carried into a large room with a dais in it, but no throne or seats, the whole hung with velvet. There we were arranged in a semicircle, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. By the time this was well done the royal family appeared, the King, eighty years old, and his brother, Prince Maximilian, seventy-six, dressed in scarlet, and covered—especially the King—with diamonds, of which this family has an extraordinary quantity of extraordinary brilliancy, one in the King's hat being green and unique. The two princes—the Regent and his brother John—were dressed in military uniform, and the four princesses—Augusta, the daughter of the late King, Amelia, the daughter of Maximilian, the wife of the Regent, and the wife of Prince Max—were splendidly dressed, and had a waste of diamonds, especially the Princess Augusta.

The wife of Prince Max is a princess of Lucca, and is thirty-two years old. . . . When she married him she was twenty-two and he sixty-six, and she is said to give as a reason for her consent, that she had rather be the wife of a kind, respectable man three times as old as herself, than live with a mother who beat her. The royal party was certainly very splendid, and amused us as a show while they walked round, and with great kindness and some tact spoke to each of us. When this was over—which lasted perhaps half an hour—the King and the family bowed civilly to us all and went out, the first act of the evening's ceremonies being over.

We now passed through a suite of three or four grand rooms, one of which was filled with old porcelain, to the presence-chamber, where we found about three hundred persons in every variety of showy dress and brilliant uniform, which was all well set off by the room itself, well lighted, and hung with crimson velvet. In a few moments the King and Court followed. Two officers of the guard preceded them and placed themselves under the dais, with their caps on. Then came the
court-marshal and the master of ceremonies, one of whom knocked slightly on the floor, . . . upon which the company separated, the ladies on the right and the gentlemen on the left, . . . the King and Court passed to the place of the throne, where a red cloth was spread, and where, having stopped a few moments, they again came down the room, and mixed with the crowd, and spoke to a good many persons. The main ceremony of the evening now ensued, which was a game of cards called Hof-Spiel,—Court-Play,—because only the Court play, and everybody else looks on. For this purpose seven tables were arranged, at which the chamberlains waited in great state. . . . It was easy to move about, and as you passed the tables of the princesses, it was expected you should bow to them, and they always returned the salutation in a very marked manner. Refreshments, tea, sherbets, and cakes were served round, and, except that seats were scarce, it was now merely an elegant and rather agreeable party, where such men as Baron Lindenau, Count Stroganoff, M. de Bussiere, etc., were to be found to talk to.

This lasted till eight o'clock, when the playing gradually broke up at all the tables, the royal party again mixed with the company a short time, and then, bowing all round, went away, and we all came home as early as they did in Queen Elizabeth’s time.

I did not talk much with any of the royal family, except Prince John, the translator and commentator of Dante’s “Inferno,” whom I found very agreeable, and much disposed for literary conversation.

January 5.—I dined with the King at a regular court dinner in full dress. The ceremonious part of it was like all other court ceremonies; the rest was very well arranged and agreeable. The invitation . . . was for “three quarters past twelve o’clock.” I went, of course, punctually enough to be among the first, though I found there already Count Stroganoff and General Von Leyser, President of the Chamber of Deputies, with two or three other persons whom I knew. We were received by the court-marshal and the master of ceremonies, and the company amounted to about thirty persons. When it was all assembled, two officers of the guards entered from a side door, and, crossing the room, placed themselves by the door of the dining-hall. The proper officers of ceremony followed, and then came the old King, with the Princess Amelia, his niece, who has long lived with him as his adopted daughter, who was accompanied by a single dame d’honneur. . . . They spoke to almost all of us, meaning to be agreeable, and partly succeeding. As soon as this was over the doors of the dining-hall were thrown open, the King tottered in alone, the Princess and her lady followed, and then the rest of us, without standing upon the order of our going.

At table Count Stroganoff was placed on the King’s right and a Polish general on his left, in the middle of a long table, and opposite

2 The French Minister.

3 Note by Mr. Ticknor: “This was the only dinner the King gave during Carnival this year. Formerly he used to give a good many, but now he is so old that he feels himself excused from it.”
sat the Princess, with General Von Leyser on her left, and then myself, as arranged by the court-marshal. General Von Leyser is a man of talent, and very agreeable, so that I had a pleasant time. . . .

There were about as many servants as guests; four for the King, in the yellow livery of his running footmen, had their caps on. . . . The table was loaded with a very rich and beautifully wrought profusion of plate, but there was nothing under the covers, the true dishes being all brought round. The King ate from a service of gold, and had a little gold salt-cellar before him that looked exactly like a snuff-box. It lasted about an hour and a half; then the King rose and went with the Princess into the next room, where we were first received. There coffee was served, . . . the King spoke to most of us again, . . . bowed to us, and went out. The Princess stayed a few moments longer and then retired. The company now took ceremonial leave of the court-marshal, as if he had been our host, and we were all at home before three o’clock. . . . The party chiefly consisted of Russian, Polish, and Saxon noblemen, with one or two French, one or two Austrian, and one Englishman. . . .

In the evening I passed an hour or two with Falkenstein, the head of the library establishment, a man full of knowledge and pleasant qualities, to whom I am under many obligations. We spent the time chiefly in looking over his extraordinary collection of autographs, which is most admirably arranged, and amounts now to about eleven thousand, exclusive of duplicates. I have never seen anything like it.

January 8.—I passed—by appointment made according to the court ceremonies—an hour this afternoon with Prince John. Nothing could be more simple and unpretending than his manners. I wanted to see him on account of his knowledge of Dante, of whose “Inferno” he has printed a translation with very good notes; and during the greater part of the time I was with him he was occupied in showing me the books and apparatus he had collected for the study of the great Italian master. Some of them were quite curious. . . . In all respects I found him well-informed, in some learned, and he was truly agreeable, because it was plain he desired to be so.

His establishment is very elegant and luxurious, and his study, where he received me, looked truly scholar-like and comfortable. Among other things he showed me a beautiful collection of drawings in an album, relating to Dante, which had been from time to time given to him by his family, all original, of course, and two or three by Retzsch, of the greatest vigour and beauty, and executed in pencil with the most delicate finish.

January 10.—This evening happened the first grand court ball; for the season of Carnival, from Christmas to Lent, is the season into which all the amusements, both at the Court and in private houses, are crowded, and we are to have a ball every fortnight until

4 Frequent extracts are given from the journal describing these court receptions and fêtes, because even then they had a flavour of bygone times about them, and because they were the only large and elegant entertainments given
the period of gaiety is over. Like everything else here, it began early. We were invited for six o'clock, and, arriving a few minutes afterwards, found ourselves among the last. Six fine large halls were open, . . . all were lighted and most agreeably heated, the last but one being arranged for dancing; and the last, which was the presence-chamber, was prepared for cards. Round three sides of the dancing-hall were barriers, covered with tapestry, behind which stood, I should think, five hundred of the common people, who seemed to enjoy the show very much, and were perfectly quiet the whole evening. In the centre were about four hundred invited guests, comprehending the nobility of Saxony and the principal foreigners now in Dresden, all in full dress. It was a fine show in a fine hall.

Soon after we arrived the King and Court entered, preceded by the officers of the guard and the officers of ceremony, and went through the crowd in different directions, speaking to as many as they could. . . . When this was over the King took the Princess Marie and walked a polonaise round the hall, followed by a part of the company, but he tottered about very sadly. The party now divided; a few went to the presence-chamber, and sat down at a dozen tables to cards; the rest remained in the ball-room, and dancing began in good earnest. . . . The Regent danced constantly, and repeatedly gave great pleasure by taking for partners the young Countess Baudissin and Little Countess Bose, who were presented at Court for the first time, and thus had a double zest added to their first ball. The old King, too, who has been a great dancer in his day, determined to have it said that he had danced after he was eighty years old, and actually went through a quadrille with Mlle. Watzdorff. By the great skill of his partner he was prevented from falling, but it was painful to see him. . . .

The King disappeared soon after he had finished his dance, and at a little before ten o'clock the Regent led the way to supper, which was beautifully arranged in two large halls, on tables for ten persons each. Each of the princes and princesses had a table, to which, very early in the evening, such persons as they selected were invited. Immediately after our arrival, one of the officers came to us with a written list and invited us to the table of Prince John; and when we reached the table we found the list on it, and that our company consisted of the wife of the Minister of War, Countess Herzberg, Mrs. Pole [an English lady], Count Baudissin, and enough more to make up the ten.

It was a hot supper, consisting of many courses of very nice dishes, excellent wines, ices, etc., . . . and we remained at table about an hour and a half. The quantity of silver must have been immense, during the winter. Kindliness and intellectual refinement mingled so largely with the regal splendour of this Court, that it really formed the heart of society for the Saxon nobility, as well as for the very few foreigners who then visited Dresden. No other American family was there that year, and not many English.

5 Wife of the Regent.
for the plates were all of silver for the whole four hundred and fifty persons, and were changed at least four times for each, and sometimes six or seven times. No distinction was made in the service and arrangements of the tables of the princes and those of the rest of the company, except that the royal family chose who should sup with them. The rest of the company chose their own places. . . . At our table we had a very good time.

Prince John was very agreeable, and spoke pretty good English, as well as excellent French. Count Baudissin—who is about to publish some translations from Ben Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, etc.—talked very well upon our early literature. The Prince talked a little about Dante, but of course made himself as agreeable as he could to the ladies. On the whole it was an exquisitely nice supper, and we enjoyed the conversation round our comfortable little table very much.

Soon after eleven the Regent rose, and returned to the ball-room. We all followed, and found that it had been aired, and that a new set, of about four hundred of the people, had been let in behind the barriers to see the show.

When one waltz was over we left it all, and reached home just before midnight; having been there, of course, nearly six hours, and yet not being very near the end of the whole matter. It was an elegant entertainment in all its parts, . . . and the company had an air of quiet gentility and good taste about it which, I am sure, is rarely to be found anywhere.

January 11.—Count Baudissin came this morning and brought with him a volume of Shirley's Plays, where there were one or two passages he found it difficult to interpret. I found it hardly less so, but that did not prevent us from having a very agreeable literary conversation of an hour or two. He is the person, I find, who has completed, with Tieck, the translation of Shakespeare which was begun by Schlegel, and his portion is thought equally good with that of his predecessor.

The evening I divided between literary talk at Tieck's, which was more than commonly interesting, and a lounge at Count Stroganoff's; the whole, however, finished before half-past ten.

January 14.—We passed an hour or two this morning in the gallery of pictures, looking almost the whole time at the works of Guercino and Guido. . . . It was a most agreeable visit, for the weather for the last two or three days has been very mild, and the halls of the gallery, therefore, less painfully cold. I long for the spring and its warmth, that we may go every day to enjoy these admirable collections.

I dined with Prince John. The invitation was a verbal one, brought by one of the officers of his household this morning, and I went punctually at three o'clock. There was as little ceremony as possible. I found his grand-maitre in waiting, with one other person whom I did not know, but who was invited like myself, and was the only other guest. The Prince was informed we were there, and appeared, went into dinner alone, and asked for me, formally, to sit
on his right hand. . . . He had a gold salt-cellar like a snuff-box, just as the King had. He went out first from dinner to the saloon, and, after talking with us a little more there, bowed to us all and left us. So much for the ceremony of the matter.

The rest was as simple and agreeable as possible. We dined at a little round table, on which was placed only a very handsome dessert of hot-house fruits, etc. . . . The conversation was in French, and purely literary and scholar-like, of course a good deal about Dante; but the other invited guest did not say a word, why, I know not. The Prince values himself a good deal upon his literary knowledge, and he has a right to, for he studies very hard. His manner is simple and frank, sometimes a little modest and distrustful, but as a pleasant talker at dinner or supper it is not easy to find those who will go before him. The dinner lasted about an hour and a half, . . . and, when I came away, he invited me to come and see him any day in the forenoon, without the ceremony of announcing myself through his grand-maitre.

In the evening we all went to see Goethe's "Egmont," not a very effective play on the stage, but extremely well performed to-night. Demoiselle Bauer is an extraordinary actress; indeed, she has the reputation of being the best in Germany. . . . But all the popular scenes were as well done as possible. . . .

January 16.—I went to the theatre to-night to hear the comedy of "The Uncle."—Der Oheim,—a regular piece in five acts, by the Princess Amelia, the sister of Prince John. It is a good comedy, and amused me very much. She wrote it quite secretly, having no confidant in the matter but one of her ladies of honour, and sent it anonymously to the theatre here, where, without much reflection or examination, it was rejected. Tieck was the responsible person in this case, as he is in all similar ones, and suffered accordingly for his mistake. But one of his friends—Count Baudissin—told me that there was something malicious in the mode in which this piece was sent to Tieck; that it was thrust in with a large number of other dramas that were poor, in order to make him read it carelessly or neglect it altogether, and that, in fact, he does not remember having seen the piece at all. On the other hand, it is said Der Oheim was sent with several other dramas, that its authorship might be entirely concealed, and that the judgment might be entirely fair.

The Princess then sent it to Berlin, where it was acted and had a great success, the incognito being strictly preserved. From Berlin it passed to other theatres with great applause, and then, when acknowledged, it was acted here; but the embarrassments, and explanations, and apologies were necessarily manifold and mortifying. It is now

6 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "This queer little box, I understand, is called the Cadenas, the 'Padlock,' because it is locked. It was originally used in the days when poisons were feared, and is now used merely as a distinction of ceremony and etiquette, being always granted, at royal tables in Germany, to the descendants of those who were sovereigns at the time the great consolidation took place under Charles V."
one of the regular acting plays throughout Germany, and no doubt deserves to be so.

January 18.—A grand dinner at the French Minister's; more good taste, and quite as much elegance as at the Russians; au reste, to a considerable degree the same company. I sat next to Count Sircourt, a Frenchman, whom I have met here occasionally, with a very intellectual Russian wife, who, like himself, is pretty deep in Dante. The Count is a Carlist, and was private secretary—though yet a young man—under the Ministry of Prince Polignac, and, to the honour of his personal consistency, refuses now to wear the tricoloured cockade. The consequence is, that diplomatic etiquette will not permit the minister to present him at Court, though he receives him most kindly in his own house, and even presents Mad. de Circourt, who danced the other night with Prince John. So much for forms.

I talked with Count Circourt to-day upon two subjects, which he understood better than any Frenchman with whom I ever conversed,—Dante, and the statistics of the United States. On the last he was uncommonly accurate.

Another subject which was much talked about by all at table was the great fire at New York, the news of which came to-day; the fire of December 15—16. The Minister of Finance told me he had received letters from Leipsic this morning, full of anxiety about the debts due the merchants there from merchants in New York.

In the evening there was a beautiful ball at Prince Maximilian's, quite like the ball at Court a week ago,—arrangements, supper, and all,—except that, the apartments being less spacious, there were fewer persons invited. I supped again at Prince John's table, with the wife of the Minister at War, the Baroness Diederichstein, Mrs. Pole, etc., and found it very agreeable. The whole evening, indeed, was very pleasant; for I now know so many people, and there is so much of intellectual resources in so many of them, that I never feel myself at a loss for pleasant or sensible conversation. The supper, I observed to-night by the list that lay near me, consisted of ten courses, and everything about the entertainment, while it was as complete as this, was entirely unconstrained and most quietly genteel.

7 This was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into intimacy and produced frequent correspondence. Count Circourt is well known in all the intellectual circles of Europe as possessing prodigious stores of information and a marvellous memory. His powers of criticism, his habits of research, his sagacious observation of the political movements of the world, and his high tone of thought give great authority to his opinions, though they reach the public only through papers on a wonderful variety of subjects, which he gives to the periodicals. Lamartine's brilliant tribute to him is quoted in the "Life of Prescott." Mr. Ticknor highly valued his correspondence with Count Circourt, which continued with undiminished interest to the last. Madame de Circourt was a most distinguished person, of rare talents and brilliant acquirements; and was called by M. de Bonstetten a second Madame de Staël, he having been a contemporary and admirer of the first.
CHAPTER XXIV.

Dresden.—Prince John.—Count Circourt.—Von Rauner.—Retzsch.

JOURNAL.

January 20.——I passed an hour this forenoon very profitably with Prince John, in looking over the *apparatus criticus* he has used in his study of Dante. It was less complete than I expected to find it, but more curious. I made a good many memoranda, and shall turn the visit to good account. He was, I thought, free in showing me everything, conscientious in confessing to some little oversights and ignorances, and glad to get any hints that will be useful to him hereafter; but, on the whole, it is quite plain his study of Dante has been most thorough, and that his knowledge and feeling of the power and beauty of the Inferno and Purgatorio are really extraordinary. With the Paradiso he has not yet made a beginning; I mean, with its translation.

Early in the afternoon I made a similar visit to Tieck, and looked over his collection of books and manuscripts in old English literature, and especially the old English drama. Few Englishmen have so fine a library in this department as he has; fewer still have a knowledge in it at all to be compared to his. Many of his notions are very bold; as, for instance, that the "Fair Emm"* is by Shakespeare. He told me to-day that he thinks Milton superintended the edition of Shakespeare to which his sonnet is prefixed, because the changes and emendations made in it, upon the first folio, are poetical and plainly made by a poet. It would be a beautiful circumstance if it could be proved true.

When Tieck was in England, in 1817, he bought a great many curious books, and even had eight or ten manuscript plays copied in the British Museum, so far and so thoroughly has he pushed his inquiries on this interesting and delightful subject. I talk with him about it, more or less, almost always when I go to see him, and he never fails to be agreeable and instructive. This afternoon he was particularly so.

January 21.—In the evening I went to Tieck's by appointment, and heard him read the whole of the first part of "Henry IV.", in Schlegel's admirable translation. He has universally the reputation of being the best reader in Germany, and certainly I am not at all disposed to gainsay his fame. His reading was admirable in all respects; sometimes very curious and striking to me, because his tones and manner, now and then, gave a small shade of difference to

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*A A Pleasant Comedie of Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester, with the Love of William the Conqueror. Acted by the Lord Strange his Servants. 4to. 1631.*
the interpretation of a passage from what I had been accustomed to give it, or hear given to it on the stage. His conception of Falstaff's character was more like Cooke's, and less like Bartley's, than any I recollect; that is, more intellectual, and less jovial, less vulgar; and the conception of the King's character was more violent and angry than I have been used to. Very likely he was right in both cases; certainly he was quite successful in the effect he produced.  

This reading is an exercise of which he is very fond, and in which he often indulges his friends, and the society that assembles at his house every evening; but for the last two months he has had a cough and abstained entirely, so that I have never heard him before to-night. He never goes out to walk or take exercise, and his physician—Carus—says these readings are physically useful to him as substitutes. He gave me my choice of what he should read, after I arrived, so that there was no possibility of preparation; and he read the whole through at once, without the least pause, without speaking or being spoken to. It occupied a little more than two hours and a half, and did not fatigue him in the least, so fine is his organ. . . . I hope I shall hear him often.

January 22.—There was a small party at Count Baudissin's this evening, not above thirty or forty persons, and generally among the most intellectual and distinguished in Dresden, collected to hear a famous performer on the piano-forte,—Miss Clara Wieck—only seventeen or eighteen years old. She played with more expression than I have been accustomed to hear from persons who play so scientifically, and produced certainly a great effect upon the audience. Once, when she was accompanied on the violin by Schubardt, in a remarkable piece which they had never played together, and which she did not know he would ask her to play, the astonishment of those who had the best right to judge of her merit seemed to reach its utmost limit. It was altogether beyond my comprehension. Indeed, the whole affair was above me, and, as very little conversation could be enjoyed, I did not stay it out.

January 28.—Last evening M. de Bülow spent a long and quiet evening with us, which was filled with very agreeable conversation, for which he has large resources. Among other things I heard from

9 Mr. Ticknor's habit of reading Shakespeare's Plays, in a similar way, to parties of friends at home, heightened his interest in these interpretations. His own reading was much admired.

1 A few days earlier, Mr. Ticknor wrote: "We went to Count Baudissin's and found a beautiful family group sitting round the table in the early evening, for it is the fashion here to make calls, at this season of the year, after candle-light. The family consists of the count and his wife, and their two nieces, one married to a French marquis, and the other just come out, both very beautiful. . . . The Count is a rich Holstein nobleman, who has no children, and lives in Dresden because he is very fond of letters, and likes the literary society he finds here."

2 Since Madame Clara Schumann.

3 Probably F. Schubert, for many years first violinist of the Royal Chapel in Dresden.
him, to my great surprise, that Tiedge, the author of "Urania," is still alive; and, what is more, living over in the Neu-Stadt, eighty-four years old, but still lively and enjoying society, though his infirmities prevent him from going abroad.

This morning I went to visit him. He lives in the house where his friends the Reckes lived; among the rest, the famous Frau von der Recke, who exercised not a little political influence in her time, and was connected with a large number of its most distinguished men, both statesmen and men of letters. When she died, she ordered the house to remain for the use of Tiedge, and the income of her moderate fortune to be paid over for his benefit. . . . In the midst of these comforts, then, we found him, and quite able, from the freshness of his faculties, to enjoy them all. His hair is white, and very neatly combed back; his dress more cared for than is common in old men in Germany; his manners kind, and even courteous; and his conversation and sympathy quite ready. He prefers to talk of old times, and lives in the midst of the portraits of generations gone by. . . . Altogether my visit was quite interesting and amusing, and I shall be glad to go and see him occasionally, as the last authentic representative of an age long gone by.

From Tiedge's I went to see Retzsch, the author of the famous designs for Faust, Schiller, and Shakespeare. . . . He does not live in Dresden, but in a little vineyard a few miles off, coming to the city only once a week. . . . I was surprised to find him with a short, stout person, and a decidedly easy look; so that if it were not for his large, deep grey eyes, I should hardly have been able to mark in him any symptom of his peculiar talent. He showed me some of his works; the rest I shall go to see another time. . . .

January 31.—This evening Prince John invited four of us—Professor Förster, the translator of Petrarch, Dr. Carus, Count Baudissin, and myself—to hear Tieck read a part of the unpublished translation of the Purgatorio.4 I went punctually at six. . . . After coffee and a little conversation, we all sat down at a table, and Tieck read, most admirably, five cantos, beginning with the eighteenth. The rest of us looked over the original text, and at the end of each canto observations were made on the translation. There was not, however, one word of compliment offered, or the smallest flattery insinuated. On the contrary, errors were pointed out fairly and honestly; and once or twice, where there was a difference of opinion between the Prince and Carus, Carus adhered, even with pertinacity, to his own, which, in one case, I thought was wrong. The translation, however, was as close as anything of the sort well can be; and in general, I have no doubt, most faithfully accurate.5 After the reading was over, and refreshments had been handed

4 By Prince John.
5 Of Mr. Ticknor's knowledge of Dante, Count Circourt wrote thus to Mr. Prescott in January, 1841: "The Commentary which Mr. Ticknor has begun"—his notes made in 1832 (see p. 326), but never published, which he carried with him—"is one of the highest interest. Few persons in the world are
round, the conversation was very gay, and fell at last into downright story-telling and commérage. About nine o'clock, however, some message was brought to the Prince, . . . . and he bowed to us and left us.

February 1.—To-day I dined with the venerable Tiedge. He had that nice and exact look which is always so agreeable in old men, was alert in his mind and interested in what is going forward, and talked well and pleasantly with everybody. Falkenstein, Bilow, and Reichenbach, the distinguished botanist, were at table, and the conversation was very animated. We were there three hours, the longest German dinner I have been at.

February 2.—I dined very agreeably to-day at Count Baudissin’s, with Tieck and half a dozen other pleasant persons. Tieck was quite powerful, and talked well about the present state of the German theatre. In consequence of some suggestion about America we got upon the sea-serpent, and I was, for a few moments, flooded with questions; but they were very willing to believe, when the state of the case was fairly explained, especially those who had any knowledge of natural history.

February 3.—We had a very agreeable visit to-day from Baron Lindenau and General Leyser, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, who talked English, a part of the time with a success that quite surprised me. . . . . He [Baron Lindenau] is, however, one of those uncommon men who have so much earnestness as well as power within them, that their ideas are forced out through almost any obstacles. In debate in the Chamber of Deputies he is by far the first, as I hear from all sides.

We passed the evening at a small and very sociable supper-party at Countess Bose’s,—Mr. Krause of Weisstropp, Count Baudissin with his pretty niece, and Mons. and Mad. de Lütichau. Mad. de Lütichau is not only one of the prettiest ladies in Dresden, but she has more good sense and is more spirituelle; besides which her good and pleasant qualities are all brought out by natural manners and a sort of abandon which is very winning. She speaks French, English, and Italian well, paints in oil beautifully, plays and sings well, talks well upon books, and yet lives chiefly at home in retirement, devoted to her children, the two that remain; for she has been deeply touched by sorrow, the traces of which are still plainly perceptible. . . . .

February 4.—This morning we spent with Retzh. He had promised to bring in his wife’s album, and he was as good as his word. . . . . This album contains the most beautiful, graceful, and characteristic of his works; and when it is considered that his wife is a

so intimately acquainted with the old bard; and nowhere, perhaps, such a combination of profound learning, acute criticism, and serene elevation of mind can be found as in this highly gifted and excellent man.”

6 M. de Lütichau was Court Director of the Theatre, Tieck being its literary supervisor, while the practical management was of course in inferior hands. It is by such arrangements that the German theatre is kept at such a high standard of intellectual and artistic merit.
peasant with a lively and strong character,—as I am told,—with
great sweetness and gentleness but little cultivation, it shows well
for his own good qualities that he is so deeply attached to her, and
dedicates and devotes to her the whole force of his peculiar talent.

There are now just forty sketches in the book, all done in pencil,
with that exquisite finish which makes one of them so much more
valuable than one of his oil-paintings. The first is the four elements,
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, bringing to his wife—who is repre-
sented as an innocent infant sleeping—the most beautiful of their
appropriate treasures; intimating by it that he would himself gladly
give to her beauty and purity all that there is most precious and
graceful in the universe. Others have also a direct or allegorical rela-
tion to her, but in general they were mere offerings of his fancy....
The whole is exquisite, and as we turned it over seemed the very con-
centration, or perhaps I ought to say the fragrant exhalation, of what
is most peculiar, delicate, and graceful in his genius.  

_February 6._—This evening .... I heard Tieck read "Midsummer
Night's Dream." .... I found quite a party. .... Several of them
asked me to select something from Shakespeare, as it is known Tieck
prefers to read from him, and I mentioned "Midsummer Night's
Dream," because it contains such a variety. Luckily the piece is a
favourite with him. .... He read it admirably. Puck's frolicsome
mischief and the lightness of the dainty fairies were done with the
greatest tact and delicacy.... When he came to the play repre-
sented before Theseus I received quite a new idea, that some of
the repetitions and groans, especially in the part of Pyramus, are
merely the expression of the actor's personal embarrassment and
anguish, and not what was set down for him. The whole was a great
pleasure.

As soon as it was over, and I had made my acknowledgments with
the rest to Tieck for the great treat we had enjoyed, I hurried off to
the British Minister's, where we finished the evening in a very small
party.

_February 7._—There was a Court ball to-night. .... I had a great
deal of talk there with Prince John, and one or two other persons,
about the state of the art of painting in Germany at this moment. It
has, in the course of the last twenty or thirty years, begun anew upon
the old foundations, as Walter Scott began, upon the foundations of
the old ballads, traditions, and histories of the country, to renew its
literature. .... I supped this evening at the table of the Princess
Amelia.... The Princess seemed to know a good deal about Shakes-
peare, and I was glad to hear her say, very decidedly, that she could
not imagine how anybody could think of making the character of Lady
Macbeth interesting, by an expression of more human feeling and ten-
derness in the mode of representation; for it is quite the fashion in
Germany now, to consider her a sort of abused person who is not half
so bad as people have thought her, and it is even now said that Tieck

7 Mr. Ticknor afterwards obtained from Retzsch a repetition of one of these
drawings.
is instructing Mlle. Bauer how to produce this impression upon the audience.  

February 8.—I dined to-day at Mr. Forbes’s, with only Jordan, the Prussian Minister, and Baron von Herder. The latter is the son of the famous Herder, and head of the great Saxon mining establishment and school at Freyberg. His proper title is Berghauptmann,—“Captain of the Mountains,”—a picturesque title, which has come down from the Middle Ages; and his dress is no less picturesque. I saw him in costume at the Court ball yesterday.

He has lately, with the consent of his government, and at the request of Prince Milosch of Servia, been there to examine a tract of country believed previously to be rich in mineral wealth, some portions of which are supposed to have been mined by the Romans. Mr. Von Jordan and myself were invited to-day to hear him give some account of his journey and adventures. The whole was very curious. Prince Milosch is an intelligent person, much in advance of the condition of the country over which he presides. His private possessions are immense; he himself does not know how large, either in territory or in the number of serfs attached to it. One part of his income consists in swine, and of these he sends annually between one and two millions to the neighbouring countries for sale. But still, notwithstanding his wealth and his intelligence, his castle and domestic establishment were on the footing of those of one of the barons on the Rhine in the Middle Ages. The Princess spins and sews with her maids; the cookery does not savour of French skill, though it is healthy; and their hospitality is abundant if not luxurious.

Baron von Herder was abroad on the mountains and in the mineral districts, which he did not find very rich, sixty-three days. The country is everywhere perfectly safe for travellers, but he had a guard of honour of thirty persons sent with him, besides all that was necessary for his civil purposes and his cuisine. He showed us a musical instrument on which the ladies of Servia play, very little more deserving the name than an African banjo, which it much resembled; and several pieces of the handiwork of the Princess Milosch and her maids, which were given him as parting presents. They consisted of handkerchiefs, gloves, turbans, embroidery, etc., as simple and unsophisticated as the work of the Middle Ages.

TO WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, BOSTON.

DRESDEN, February 8, 1836.

. . . . Your remarks about Dr. Channing’s book on Slavery bring up the whole subject fresh before me. You cannot think how difficult

8 When Macbeth was brought out Mr. Ticknor wrote: “The story that Lady Macbeth was to be produced as quite an amiable person proved untrue. She was represented, indeed, as more affectionate to her husband, and less imperious to him, than I have been accustomed to see her, and I am not sure but it was right.”
and often how disagreeable a matter it is to an American travelling in Europe, to answer all the questions that are put to him about it, and hear all the remarks that are made in consequence. All the complications that arise from our constitutional provisions and local situations are nearly unintelligible to foreigners. Once or twice, indeed, here, and oftener in England, I went at large, with sensible individuals, into the whole subject, and they were, of course, satisfied. But, in general, the naked fact of the existence of a slave population, under a government that rests entirely on the doctrine of equal rights, with the additional fact that it is thought wrong to do anything in the purely free States to promote immediate emancipation, is all that is understood; and on these two grounds we are condemned in a tone that would surprise you, I think, if you were here; and which is none the less decided or disagreeable, because so many, from a conservative spirit, are disposed to find fault with us whenever they can.

Dr. Channing's little book, therefore, will be received with unhesitating and unmingled consent and applause in Europe, and will add at once to his reputation, which is already much greater than I supposed; not as extensive as that of Washington Irving, but almost as much so, and decidedly higher. My bookseller here told me, to-day, he thought an English edition of his works would sell well on the Continent, they are so frequently asked for in his shop; and Baron Bülow, a young Prussian, brought me the other night a letter from the Duchess of Anhalt Dessau, inquiring earnestly how she could procure them for herself. In England, again and again, where I should least have suspected it, I found him held in the highest estimation; one of the old Besborough family, for instance, looking upon a present of one of his sermons as one of the most agreeable things that could happen to him; and Mrs. Somerville, Miss Joanna Baillie, and several other persons, of no less note, declaring to me that he was generally regarded by their friends, as well as themselves, as the best writer of English prose alive.

If the book on Slavery is written with only the usual talent of his other works, I will venture to predict that it will be more admired than anything he has yet printed. One good, and only one that I know of, can come from this state of opinion in Europe; the Southern States must be rebuked by it, and it is better the reproach should come from abroad than from New England and the North. How general and strong it is in Great Britain I need not tell you, for you see how Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell, the "Standard," and the "Morning Chronicle,"—the High Tories because they dislike us, and the Whigs because they choose to be consistent,—all unite in one chorus, ever since they have gotten rid of slavery in the West Indies so much more easily than they feared. Just so it is on the Continent. Tocqueville's acute book, which contains so much truth as well as error about us,—and which Talleyrand says is the ablest book of the kind

9 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "She is a Prussian princess, and the most intimate friend of the present Empress of Russia, having been brought up with her. Both are women of talent, especially the Princess."
published since Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws,"—has explained the matter with a good degree of truth, but with great harshness. So, too, lately, a series of very able articles in the Journal des Débats, the government paper, mixing up slavery and the mobs of last summer, and showing up the infirmities of our institutions and character, with much knowledge of facts and an extremely evil disposition towards us as a people, have produced a good deal of effect. And just so, too, all the leading papers throughout Germany, who repeat these reproaches against us in perfect good faith, cause us to be here very frequently set down for a good deal of humbug in our pretensions to freedom.

One thing, however, has won us much honour. General Jackson's message, as far as France is concerned,—for they know nothing about the rest of it,—has been applauded to the skies. The day it arrived I happened to dine with the Russian minister here, in a party of about thirty persons; and I assure you it seemed to me as if nine-and-twenty of them came up to me with congratulations. I was really made to feel awkward at last; but this has been the tone all over the Continent, where they have been confoundedly afraid we might begin a war which would end no prophecy could tell where. The spirit, too, with which New York has met the great calamity it has suffered—and which was vastly exaggerated—has redounded to our honour more, I suppose, than we deserved.

So that, taking all things together, notwithstanding the slave question, and the mobs and riots of last summer,—which it was both disagreeable and difficult to explain,—and notwithstanding the reproaches of now and then a philanthropist who has heard about the Cherokees, it is still very comfortable to be an American; and is, on the whole, an extremely good passport to general kindness and good-will. At any rate, I would not change my passport—signed by some little scamp of an under-secretary at Washington, whose name I have forgotten—for any one of the fifteen hundred that are lying with it at the Police in Dresden, from Russia, France, and England.

My own life here is, in the main, a quiet and very agreeable one. Society makes no claims till dinner-time, and even then few; for dinner-parties are rare. . . . Calls are made at five or six o'clock in the evening, and parties begin at eight or nine. . . . We have the whole day, and often the evenings, to ourselves. I read pretty hard, for I find a great deal to make up, and every moment of my time is occupied. I pick up, among other things, a good deal for my Spanish matters; but it is quite impossible to write out a book here, so importunate are the demands for mere reading and studying upon one who wishes to talk, in such society as I see constantly, upon anything like equal terms with the persons of which it is composed, or improve the advantages pressed upon him.

JOURNAL.

February 16.—To-day being Mardi-gras, the last day of Carnival,
the King gave his last ball. It began at six o'clock, as usual; we had supper at half-past eight, and the dancing continued until twelve, immediately after which all amusements and refreshments were stopped, the princes and princesses went round and spoke to as many of the company as they could, and then all came away. It is the only ball of the season which we have stayed through to the end, but this time we saw the whole of it,—the dance of the grossvater, with which these entertainments are ended, and all. It was brilliant and animated; the party being required to come in full dress, and the populace being admitted behind the barriers to see the show, as they were at the first ball.

Before supper, in a corner of the presence-chamber, I had an hour of most agreeable talk with Mad. de Lütßichau, Prince John Countess Bose, and Mad. de Blumner: a part of which was none the less piquant from being on the principle and feeling of loyalty, which I told them I supposed an American republican was not fairly capable of comprehending. Mad. de Lütßichau managed the conversation with great dexterity and esprit.

February 20.—I was engaged this evening at Tieck’s, but we were both summoned to Prince John’s, where, to the same party that was there before,—viz. Förster, Carus, and Baudissin,—Tieck read five more cantos of the Prince’s translation of the Purgatorio, XXIV.—XXIX. Everything went on just as it did before, and was equally creditable to all parties concerned in it; the criticisms being free, full, and fair, and the spirit in which they were received that of a person really disposed to profit by them.

February 24.—This evening we had a counterpart to the amusement of last evening [when Tieck had read, at his own house, the Second Part of “Henry IV.”] Tieck read “As You Like It,” and showed another aspect of his remarkable talent in this way. I noticed as peculiarities that he read the part of Orlando with more of an angry movement than I have been accustomed to hear it, and that he made Sir Oliver Martext stutter; which, of course, was arbitrarily done. It was throughout very amusing. The reading took place at Mad. de Lütßichau’s.

March 2.—It is a week since I wrote last, for the Carnival being over, and society much more quiet, we have been able to stay at home and enjoy the luxury of doing what we have a mind to do, and not what we are invited to do. I have passed one evening with Lindenau and Tiedge, and divided another between Reichenbach and the Circourts, for my own pleasure.

The only time I have dined abroad was to-day, at Vogel’s, the portrait and historical painter. It was a genuinely German dinner, and curious to me because it is the first one at which I have been present in Dresden; for, though I have dined in several German houses, there has been too much of a French or Italian air about the entertainment to have it properly national. Vogel is rich, and his dinner was abundant and good, and his company excellent; consisting of Falkenstein, Förster, Carus, Dahl, Lohrmann, Haase, etc. But Mad. Vogel was only the upper servant; sitting, to be sure,
sometimes at the head of her table, but constantly running out to
the kitchen, and often serving her guests. I remember such things
frequently when I was in Germany before, but this is the first time I
have seen them on my present visit. It is bad taste, but it belongs
to the whole German people, and is only avoided in the highest
classes, where there is always some touch of foreign manners. The
conversation was spirited and various, and the sitting was continued,
in consequence, nearly three hours,—a long time for Germany.

March 9.—Another week is gone, and it has been so much filled
with useful and agreeable occupations that it seems to have been very
short. Of society, however, I have not much to record. . . . One
evening the Count and Countess Circourt spent with us, at our lodg-
ings, and made themselves very interesting, till quite late, by conver-
sation about Italy, etc. And one evening I went alone to Tieck's,
who read to a small party, consisting of Bülow, Sternberg, Mad. de
Liütichau, and two or three others, some acute remarks of his own
upon Goethe, whom he treated with admiration, indeed, but with an
admiration more measured and discriminating than is usual among
the Germans.

There remains still one evening more of which something special
should be said,—an evening that we gave to seeing Hamlet, in
Schlegel's excellent translation.

The house was entirely full, not a ticket remaining to be sold when
the play began,—a fact which has not occurred before this season,—
and the audience was excessively impatient of the smallest noise, in
one case hissing a man for blowing his nose louder than they thought
seemly. Almost the whole piece, as it stands in the original, was
given, so that the representation lasted quite three hours and a half.

Taken as a whole, it was better given than I ever saw it. All the
inferior parts, without exception, were well played. Polonius was no
more ridiculous than the poet intended he should be; and the King
was a bold, bad man, indeed, but had that force of character which
his very crimes imply, and by which it is plain he overawes Hamlet,
and checks Laertes. The ceremonies of a court were well observed;
and whatever belonged to the mechanism, scenery, dresses, and cos-
tumes of the piece was nicely considered and excellently carried
through.

Ophelia was not tender and gentle enough, and treated her father
and brother too much like a spoiled school-girl. . . . Hamlet him-
self was a still greater failure. Devrient¹ played it, and made it sen-
timental and weak, full of grimaces, starts, and extravagances, and
wanting princely dignity everywhere. The ghost was very good,
shadowy, . . . and each time had a long, thin, grayish cloak which
swept like a veil and train, far behind. Hamlet most unsuitably fell
on the ground at both visitations, though he kept his eyes fastened on
the spectre continually. However, one or two things pleased me, even
in Hamlet, and were new, as far as I know. In the talk about the
stage he addressed the greater part of the remarks to Horatio, and

¹ Emil Devrient.
not to the actor, in a very natural and easy manner, sitting the whole time; and in changing the foils he did it evidently because he felt himself wounded treacherously, threw down his own weapon and grasped that of Laertes, which he wrenched from him, while Laertes in turn caught up Hamlet's and defended himself as well as he could. Indeed, the piece was acted with great effect. Many wept bitterly, and all seemed deeply interested. The royal family were all out to see it, which was quite remarkable; and, what seemed very curious to me, it was, for the sake of convenience in making the stage arrangements divided into six acts.

Every now and then the want of the English came over me with a strange power. I was seeing what was familiar to me, and hearing what was foreign; and sometimes when a portion of the original recurred to my recollection, with its rich and beautiful rhythm, I felt most oddly confused. But it was on the whole a very interesting evening.

I spent one forenoon with Retzsch, whose genius and simplicity I admire more the more I know him; and another forenoon I spent with Count Colloredo, the Austrian Minister, who has been with his family in Vienna all winter, on account of the death of his sister, and is but just returned to Dresden. He is a young man, and has the reputation of great abilities, belongs to one of the oldest and most powerful families in the Austrian Empire, and has a right therefore to great promotion in the state. I went to see him, to look at some fine maps of Austria, and to ask him about roads and scenery in reference to our next summer's journeyings, and found him quite familiar with all I wanted to know, and much disposed to be kind and useful.

March 21.—Last evening we were invited to the palace, and passed the time quite pleasantly in a small party of forty or fifty persons, in the Princess Augusta's apartments. The occasion was a curious one. Every spring she purchases a large amount of lace, needlework, etc., which the poor women from the mountains bring to Dresden for sale, and then, making a lottery of the whole, which contains many tempting prizes for the ladies, her grand-maitre gets rid of the tickets among the Court and her friends; ... and then she has the pleasure of distributing the money thus received among the same class of the poor whose work she had originally purchased.

After tea to-night we went into her beautiful saloon, where are the admirable tapestries, and there, amidst much laughing and talking, the lottery was drawn by the Princess Frederick and the Princess John. Whenever any person of the party drew a prize it was delivered to them at once. A. drew an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which was appropriate enough; but some of the lace dresses that fell to single gentlemen excited a good deal of merriment. There was a great cry among the princesses for "Fritz," as they called him,—meaning the Co-Regent,—two or three times, when he gained prizes; and in general there was as little ceremony as possible, except that the

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2 This Princess had been ill during the winter, and therefore never present at the Court entertainments.
princes and princesses retired before the rest of the company. It was an elegant party, and there were many agreeable persons at it.

April 1.—This morning we had a visit from Von Raumer, who is here, as he always is at Easter and Michaelmas, to spend a few days with Tieck. I liked him. He is a small man, a little more, I suppose, than fifty years old, quick in his motions and perceptions, and very frank in the expression of his opinions and feelings.

He was originally one of the confidential employés in the Chancery at Berlin, when Stein and Prince Hardenberg were Chancellors; and Tieck says that the famous Städte-Ordnung, by which the inhabitants of the towns have been permitted to elect their own municipal officers, was a measure projected and arranged by Von Raumer. When he found, however, that Prince Hardenberg would go no further in giving free institutions to Prussia, he asked for his dismissal from office, assigning this as his reason for leaving the government. Still they parted as friends, and the Prince told him that he should have his choice of any of the places in the gift of the crown for which he was fitted; expecting and intending that he should take some presidency, or other similar place, worth from five to eight thousand thalers a year. But Von Raumer . . . . asked for a professorship of history at Breslau, worth twelve hundred thalers a year. . . . . It was given, of course, without an instant's hesitation, and his success there, his removal to Berlin, his fame as a teacher, his Hohenstauffen, his great work now in progress on the history of the three last centuries, etc., etc., show he chose rightly. He is, too, I am told, a very happy man, and is certainly much valued and loved by his friends.

In the evening I met him at Tieck's, who read part of a small unpublished work of Von Raumer's on Mary Queen of Scots, which gives a less favourable view of her character than even Turner's work. . . . . It is interesting, and went so far as to excuse Elizabeth entirely up to the moment of Mary's arrival in England. . . . .

April 5.—This evening we went by invitation to Tieck's, and found there the Einsiedels, the Circourts, Mad. de Lütitchau, Von Raumer, etc., . . . . to whom Tieck read "Twelfth Night" most amusingly well. But his evenings, after the genuine Saxon fashion, are over by nine o'clock; and at nine we took the Count and Countess Circourt in our carriage and finished the evening at Mr. Forbes's. . . . .

When we carried home the Circourts and set them down at their hotel, we were obliged to bid them farewell, for they leave Dresden for France in the morning. We were sorry, quite sorry, to part with them, for they are among the most intellectual, accomplished, and agreeable people we have seen in Dresden. Between them, they speak fourteen languages; English, French, German, and Italian extremely well, I am sure; and, of course, the Russian, of which I know nothing.

April 11.—Last evening the Regent gave a ball. . . . . It was the most splendid entertainment we have had, because the suite of seven apartments which he opened on the occasion were all fitted up since he was made Regent in 1831; and, if they are less grand and solemn than the King's, are better fitted, by their beautiful and fresh tapestry and furniture, for such a fête. . . . . The supper was like all the
suppers at the palace. . . . I sat at the table of the Princess Augusta, where, as the room for the royal party was smaller than heretofore, so that each member had not a table, I found also, and was glad to find, Prince John. I had talked with him a good deal already, and now the conversation was very agreeably kept up, Mr. Forbes, Countess Stroganoff, Mad. de Zeschau, and two or three other pleasant persons making up the party. Among other things we talked about Mary Stuart, and there was a great disposition in everybody present to defend Elizabeth,—except in Mr. Forbes and myself,—which was curious, as two or three of them were Catholics.

Mr. Forbes, apropos of this discussion, said that in his family they still preserve the autograph letter of one of his ancestors, who was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, begging her friends to let her come home to them, because her life was made miserable at Court by the Queen’s ill-temper, who, she said, was just then in constant bad-humour about her lovers, and plagued her—the writer—all day long with “sly pinches and privy nips,” which last, Mr. Forbes said, were the very words of the letter.

April 22.—To-day we dined with General Von Leyser, the President of the Chamber of Deputies. . . . It was quite elegant and very pleasant. The old general himself has been through all, perhaps, that man could go through in the last thirty years. He fought at the battle of Jena, with the Prussians, against the French, and six weeks afterwards fought with the French against the Prussians. He went through the Russian campaign,—still on the French side; was one of eleven, out of above seven hundred officers under his command, that came back alive; was left for dead at the battle of Moskwa, and had his fingers and toes frozen in the night, but was picked up in the morning by the Russians and sent as a prisoner, with nearly four hundred other officers, into Asia, where he was kindly and well treated, but where the climate was so fatal to them that he was the only person that lived to get home,—a happiness which he enjoyed only because his wife, at Prague, procured, through the intercession of the Grand Duchess of Weimar with her brother, the Emperor Alexander, an Ukase for his liberation, for he was already ill, when it arrived, with the disease of which all the rest, sooner or later, died. He did not reach home till after the battle of Leipzic, and then was sent directly into France to fight against the French, which he seems to have done with a hearty good-will.

He talks quite agreeably, and relates well, so that some of his stories produce a striking effect. I remember one night, at the theatre, he made me shudder at an account of his feelings during an evening of the Russian campaign, when, successively, every person belonging to his military household, seven in number, was cut off and put to death by the Cossacks.

I spent the evening—after nine o’clock, when her salon opens—at the Countess Stroganoff’s, where I was amused with a repartee of the Princess Löwenstein. From some accident we fell into con-

3 Following the course of the King of Saxony.
version in German, and Count Gourieff, the Russian Ambassador at Rome, changed it back to French, saying that, though he spoke German fluently enough, he always felt awkwardly when he talked it with such persons as were round the table then; because, said he, "Je le parle si rarement en bonne compagnie." The thing was very simply said, and very truly said, and he meant by it only, that, talking German with servants and tradespeople every day, and French in all good society, he had come to separate and distinguish the two languages accordingly. But the Princess Lövenstein's German blood was up, and turning rather shortly, but very gaily upon him, she said, "Mais vous parlez l'Allemand si parfairement, Mons. le Comte, qu'il paraît que vous avez beaucoup de pratiqve." The Count laughed as heartily and as good-naturedly as anybody, but, as he said to me, "Il n'y a pas de reponse à cela, j'irai jouer;" and he went off to the whist-table, not more disconcerted, perhaps, than a well-bred gentleman may be permitted to be when a handsome, fashionable, and spirituelle lady gives him a hard hit.

April 26.—The spring is so much advanced now, and is become so very beautiful, that we have indulged more than ever in driving through the neighbourhood of Dresden, chiefly about the Grosse Garten and up the picturesque little valley of Plauen, but also upon the Elbe by Findlater's, and once out to Moreau's monument. . . . The time and circumstances of Moreau's death will be judged of differently, of course, according to the different points of view from which they may be considered; but I cannot help regretting that one of the few elevated and respectable men formed by the French revolution should have died in arms against his country; and I felt the other day that there was deep truth in the reply of a Frenchman to an English gentleman, who said, "Je viens de visiter le monument de votre compatriote, Moreau;" to which the French gentleman replied, "Pardon, monsieur, il n'était pas mon compatriote, car moi je suis Français." . . .

May 1.—To-day there was a Court, and I went to it and took the proper ceremonious leave of the royal family. It was very full, because it is the last of the season, as they all go to Pillnitz to-morrow, and do not return till October. The circle lasted a good while; the princesses were there, and it was plain they intended not only to be civil, but to be kind.

Our Chargé d'Affaires at Brussels, Mr. Legaré, arrived at Dresden early this morning, to pass a few days. We missed him when we were in Belgium, but he wrote to me soon afterwards that he would come and return our visit in Dresden.

May 4.—Mr. Legaré left us this evening. . . . We were sorry to part from him, for he is a man of very agreeable as well as remarkable powers, and he has literally been the whole of each day with us. . . . His conversation is very rich, and was truly refreshing to us, after having been so long without the pleasure of good, solid English talk. He is a good scholar, with a good and rather severe taste; a wise and deep thinker, who has reflected a great deal, and made up his opinions on a great number of subjects; and a politician who
sees the weakness and defects of our government, and the bad tendencies of things among us, as clearly as any person I have ever talked with.

He seems to belong to the Jackson party, only from the circumstance that he was of the Union party in South Carolina; for his views are quite too broad and high for any faction, and he is as far from being a Democrat as any man in the United States. We have few men like him, either as scholars, thinkers, or talkers. I knew him very well at Edinburgh in 1819, and thought him then an uncommon person; but it is plain he has taken a much higher tone than I then anticipated.

_Sunday, May 8._—This morning Prince John, being in town for mass, sent for me to come and see him. He was, as he always is, agreeable and kind, offering us letters for Berlin, and for his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which I gladly accepted.

_May 10._—. . . . I dined to-day most agreeably with Prince John, nobody present but the aide-de-camp de service, who did not open his lips, though the conversation was extremely various as well as voluble. I do not know whether this was etiquette or not. The Prince told a good many stories; a habit into which persons of his rank often fall, from the circumstance that it tends to relieve them from the embarrassment of either answering or asking questions. But he tells them very well, and quite apropos. He was pleasant and kind, and protracted the conversation after dinner, until he was obliged to get into his carriage for Pillnitz. I was sorry to part from him, for if I were to see many more princes in Europe than I shall see, I should not find one so good a scholar, and few so entirely respectable in their whole characters, public and private.

I spent the evening with Baron Lindenau, and had much interesting and exciting talk with him, for he is one of those men who always stir the minds of those with whom they converse, partly by kindness and genuine bonhomie, partly by great acuteness. I think he is, on the whole, the wisest man I have seen since I left America.

_May 11._—To avoid the preparations necessary to our removal again, as well as to enjoy a pleasant day, we went to-day to Tharand, a small village at the end of the picturesque valley of Plauen, about nine or ten miles from Dresden. . . . We had a good dinner at a nice old inn, and in the evening went back to Dresden, where we had visits from Baron Bülow, from Mr. Paez de la Cadena, the late Spanish Minister to Russia, the Princess Löwenstein and her sister Baroness Kahlden, and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes outstayed them all, and at last bade us good-bye with a degree of feeling which I had not at all anticipated, notwithstanding his constant kindness to us.

_May 12._—It was not agreeable to leave Dresden to-day. . . . We have been in all respects well there . . . almost six months; kindly received by everybody, and much regarded by a few. It has more, much more than fulfilled the expectations we indulged when we entered it, . . . and I think not one of us, not even one of our servants, left it without a strong feeling of regret.
While travelling in Europe, 1815–19, Mr. Ticknor, after having studied the resources, collections, and peculiarities of a city, wrote at length, and with some minuteness, a sketch of what he found in each, of its externals and its society; so now, before leaving Dresden, he wrote at large of its institutions and its splendid collections. Of the state of the arts and character of society we give the following remarks, omitting the rest, though it is interesting and acute:

The state of the arts in Dresden is not, perhaps, so high as might be expected from the great opportunities offered to form artists, and from the great number of artists who constantly avail themselves of these opportunities. Of sculpture, or sculptors, I heard almost nothing; and certainly nothing that induced me to visit a single atelier. An architect has not been named to me. But a great deal is done in lithography, and well done, as the beautiful work now publishing on the Gallery proves beyond all doubt; and there is at least one distinguished engraver here,—Steinla,—who says that in Weimar, in 1816, he called on me, and asked me if I would advise him to emigrate to America, and that I dissuaded him, on the ground that he showed much promise in his art, and that in America he would not be able to form himself to such eminence as he could at home,—a piece of advice which was, I think, judicious, but which I do not at all remember to have given.4

Of painters there are enough. Retzsch, though his colouring is bad, is undoubtedly at the head of the whole, and one of the most genial, original, and interesting persons I have ever known; but Retzsch has not been formed by Dresden, and has had but little influence on it. Just so is it with Dahl, the Norwegian, who is a very gifted person, but who has taken too much to Northern, wild, and fantastic scenery. Vogel is a true child of the Gallery, and is as stiff and hard as mere imitation need to make a man; but he paints chiefly portraits.

Of the society, as a general remark, it may be observed, that it is divided into many circles, which know little of each other; but that, like all the Continental cities,—except those which depend on commerce, and a few of the very largest,—it is only in the highest circles that real elegance or real ease is to be found. The reason is plain. There is little wealth in the other circles, and little habit of receiving or entertaining company. Fortunately the Court of Saxony is a truly moral, respectable, and, in many respects, quite an intellectual Court, so that the tone of the society about it is good. . . . The diplomatic gentlemen, who form a very prominent part of this circle necessarily, are very pleasant persons, have no difficulties with

4 This was one of many instances of unexpected recognition which occurred to Mr. Ticknor in this and his later visit to Europe. Steinla saw him in a room of the gallery, and, going towards him, called him at once by name, and referred to his former visit to him, which he made at the suggestion of Goethe. The strong impression he made caused several similar incidents.
one another, and add their full proportion to its agréments. . . . Of the Saxons who belong to it, nothing can be more respectable than Lindenau, the Watzdorffs, the Zeschaus, Lüttichans, Leyssers, etc. The rich and luxurious Russians and Poles, who swarm here in the winter, form a sort of appendix to the society of the Court, but not very closely connected with it. Their head-quarters this winter have been at Count Stroganoff's. . . .

To the men of letters I went whenever I wanted their highly cultivated knowledge and conversation, and nothing else, for they are best seen in their studies. Tieck, indeed, received every evening, but his soirées would have been very formal and dull, except for his own racy talk and his admirable readings; besides which, the res angusta domi are perceptible, though he is not so poor but that he has the great luxury of a capital and curious library. Count Baudissin's, however, and Mad. de Lüttichau's houses should be noted as places where elegance and letters, the first society in rank, and the first in intellectual culture, were always to be found. . . .

After all, however, though we have now been more than five months in Dresden, we have not been really of it. The accounts which speak of us only in our connexion with society here, might leave the impression that it has consumed a great deal of our time, but such an impression would be entirely false. We have been abroad a good deal, it is true, but still we never before passed so much time in quiet enjoyment and occupation at home. We seldom went out in the forenoon till one o'clock, when we took a drive and a walk for exercise. . . . The afternoon, too, has brought its regular occupations with it, and even the majority of the evenings have been spent at home, where I have read aloud the whole of the "Paradise Lost," and, indeed, nearly the whole of Milton's poetry, the whole of the "Task," and eleven of Shakespeare's Plays. . . . And it is owing mainly to this—though I would not undervalue the very picturesque, new, and striking society we have seen so much of, from the Court down—that I think we feel, as Washington Irving said to me in New York about his own visit here, that the Dresden winter has been one of the pleasantest winters of our life.

CHAPTER XXV.

Berlin.—Neander.—Humboldt.—Ancillon.—Savigny.—Bohemia.—Schloss Tetschen.—Prague.

A JOURNEY from Dresden to Berlin, and back again, was a very different undertaking in 1836 from what it is now, five days being consumed in going to the Prussian capital, with
halts for the night at Leipzic, Dessau, Wittenberg, and Potsdam, and three days required for the return. In Berlin, where Mr. Ticknor and his family arrived on the 17th of May, they witnessed a great review and sham fight of twenty thousand men, at which the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were present, and on the 19th Mr. Ticknor began his visits, of which he describes the most interesting as follows:—

May 19.—In the afternoon I made some visits, but found nobody . . . except Neander, the Church historian, a perfect type of such German students as I used to see often when I was here before, but of whom this is the first specimen I have seen this time; living up three or four pair of stairs, buried in books, so near-sighted that he can see little more than an inch beyond his nose, and so ignorant of the world that the circle of his practical knowledge is not much wider than that of his vision; dirty in his person, and in the midst of confusion; but learned withal, earnest, kind, and I thought conscientious. I should be glad to see more of him, and wish we had many such at home.

May 20.—Mr. Förster 5 came this morning, and carried us to see the collection of antiques and the picture-gallery . . . . The first we visited was the collection of antiques, which is placed partly in a fine rotunda in the centre of the building . . . . It did not strike me as a very good collection in any respect . . . . We saw it hastily, and shall go again, but two or three things struck me a good deal; among others a bust of Julius Caesar in green basalt, the finest bust in the gallery, and the most distinct and characteristic head of him I have ever seen; and the beautiful bronze boy, stretching his arms upward in worship, four feet four inches high, of which I have often seen casts, but never before saw the exquisite original. It was found in the Tiber, and given by Clement XI. to Prince Eugene, after which it went to Prince Lichtenstein, and out of his collection it was bought by Frederick II. for ten thousand rix dollars. It is decidedly the finest ancient work of art in Berlin, and would be a beautiful one anywhere.

In a note written a few days later, Mr. Ticknor says:—

It is a curious fact, that in the fine collection of vases kept in this same building we afterwards saw one bearing on its sides a representation of a sculptor at work on a figure, with his tools about him, and the figure was obviously the same with that of this worshipping boy. Is it possible that this vase came from the tomb of the very sculptor of this statue, and that thus, after the lapse of two or three thousand years, and at the distance of as many miles, this beautiful work, and the record of it, have been thus strangely brought together by the counter-currents of conquests and revolution, which

5 Head of one of the public collections in the Arts, and formerly Professor in the University of Berlin.
have driven the seats of empire from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to the barbarous North, carrying in their train the arts and monuments of all?

The picture-gallery is arranged—it is not too much to say—with magnificence, as well as taste. It is a large gallery, comprising something in all the schools,—though not always of all the masters who ought to be there,—perfectly well arranged in historical order, so as to be easily studied and understood, in rich and beautiful halls, fresh and beautiful frames, admirably well managed and cared for; but, after all, for the number of pictures, not a great many good ones.

On our return home we found Mr. Wheaton, who arrived yesterday from Copenhagen. I was very glad to see a countryman, and to come under the protection of my own minister. I went out with him and made one or two calls, but found nobody at home excepting Professor Gans, one of the most popular lecturers in the University here, and the least liked by the government, who have restrained him somewhat in the exercise of his functions as a teacher. It seemed, however, as if it could hardly be necessary, even on their own principles. He talked, to be sure, very freely upon political subjects, and I dare say may lecture very freely upon history, which is his principal branch; but he seemed so round, easy, and fat, that I should hardly think there could be much that is dangerous in his mitigated radicalism.

May 21.—Mr. Förster having the good-nature to continue our cicerone, we have seen several things this morning very pleasantly. From the Gewerbe-Institut we were carried to an old building opposite, once the residence of the Margraves of Brandenburg, now containing, among other things, the ateliers of Rauch, Wach, and Tieck. At Rauch's we saw many fine models of works, finished or undertaken,—four beautiful winged Victories in marble, for the King of Bavaria; a beautiful Danaide pouring out water, nearly completed, for the Crown Prince; and several other things,—but we missed seeing himself, as he is gone to Halle for a visit. I recollect both Rauch and Tieck very well, living in the picturesque valley of Carrara, in 1818, and hard at work on the monuments to which they have since trusted their fame. I should have been very glad, however, to see Rauch again; for though, when I saw him, he had already settled his reputation by the statue of the Queen at Charlottenburg, he had not proved the greater compass of his genius now shown in the still more beautiful statue at Potsdam, and the statues of Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Bülow, with their bas-reliefs in the great square in Berlin.

I passed an hour this evening at Miss Solmar's, a well-known maiden lady of pleasant pretensions in conversation, who talks all tongues and keeps open house every evening. I met there, besides the Försters,—with whom I went,—Varnhagen, formerly Prussian Minister in Bavaria, and more famous as the husband of the famous "Rahel," many of whose letters, etc., he has published since her death. Quite lately he has printed two volumes of letters addressed
to her by Genz, W. von Humboldt, and many more distinguished men, with characters of them by himself, which excite a good deal of remark. Genz, it appears by them, was paid great sums of money by Pitt. The lady, however, under all circumstances, appears to great advantage, and was by common, if not universal consent, a very remarkable person, counting among her correspondents and intellectual admirers a very large number of the most distinguished men in Germany.

May 22.—I dined to-day ... with Count Raczyński, a Pole of large fortune, a very handsome man, a man of letters, and given to the arts; has a pretty good collection of modern pictures, and is now about to publish, in three quartos, both in French and German, a history of recent painting in Germany, the plates for which he showed me,—or at least a number of them,—and if the work is as good as the engravings that illustrate it, it will be good enough. He lives in the style of a nobleman of the first class, and gave us a very pleasant dinner. Von der Hagen, the editor of the Niebelungen, and the great scholar in whatever relates to the earliest German literature, dined there, with Brassier, the Prussian Secretary of Legation at Paris, Mr. Wheaton, and one or two others of whom I took no note. I talked a good deal with Von der Hagen, and was glad to find he is about to republish the Bodmer collection, with additions.

May 23.—I visited by appointment to-day, at one o'clock, the Prime Minister, Ancillon, and found him a stout, easy, dark-complexioned gentleman, nearly seventy years old, with gray hair, almost white, dressing a little point device but with no air of fashion, and talking very well and liking to hear himself talk. He is by birth of Neufchatel, an old possession of the Prussian monarchy, which is kept from a principle of honour, not profit, so that, though a Frenchman in most respects, he is a born subject of the King. He is mentioned in Mad. de Staël's "Germany," with Humboldt, John von Müller, Fichte, etc., among the persons whom the King of Prussia had, before 1809, attracted to Berlin, and fixed there.

He was originally a clergyman, and a fashionable preacher to one of the French congregations in Berlin, as well as author of a good many works in light literature, and some in politics, which come under the convenient name of Mélanges. Afterward he became the tutor of the present Crown Prince and heir-apparent, from which period, sinking altogether the one that preceded it, he gave me to-day an aperçu of his own history. From this it appeared that the King used to consult and employ him about public affairs, while he still superintended the Prince's education. This duty, he said, lasted fifteen years, and was succeeded, eight years ago, by the duty of being Minister for Foreign Affairs, a burthen over which he groaned this morning, ... telling me what arafraichissement it was to escape from it, sometimes, an hour in the morning, and read a Latin or Greek book. I thought this affected, and in bad taste; but he talked well, and made phrases which, I am sure, pleased himself. He asked me to dinner to-day, but I was engaged; and then he asked me to
come next day after to-morrow afternoon, between five and six o'clock, "pour causer un peu," which I thought rather an idle business for a Minister of State.

May 24.— . . . After we had been through the vases and the gems, we met in the gallery of pictures, by appointment, its director, Waagen, who, in the course of about two hours and a half, went through the whole of it, so as to give us a view of the history of modern painting, from the Byzantine times down to the present. His great learning, his admirable taste, and his genuine enthusiasm made it very interesting; and it was easy, talking as he did, rapidly and well, with specimens before him, to teach a good deal in a short time. I was very glad to find that he did not think it his duty to be extensive in his praises of his own gallery; and in truth, though we enjoyed his lecture very much, we did not admire the collection any more than when we first saw it.

In the afternoon we went to the Sing-Akademie, to hear a rehearsal of the music of Faust, composed by the late Prince Radzivil, and left by him as a legacy to this Institution. It is a curious establishment, which I think could not exist in any other country, and of which, I believe, no so good specimen is to be found, even in Germany . . . .

May 25.—This morning we had the pleasure of going through the collection of gems and Greek vases, with Professor Tölken, their learned keeper and director . . . .

In the afternoon I kept my appointment with the Minister Ancillon, "pour causer un peu." He was alone; comfortable, easy, and agreeable, as before. He talked about the systems of politics now prevalent in Europe, and, as far as I could learn, avowed his preference for a sort of juste milieu aristocratique, which would keep things quiet and easy; declaring, for instance, that he thought Metternich's system unwise, but the present management of Austria very important to the welfare of all Germany. "Enfin," said he, "il y a trois systèmes de politique à présent en Europe: il y a d'abord, le système du mouvement sans progrès, c'est la révolution; il y a le système qui veut que tout reste où il est; et il y a le système du progrès, par moyen des lumières." This I took to be downright phrase-making. On the arts he talked better, especially of the schools of Düsseldorf and Munich; but he talked best upon matters of literature, for he is, after all, more of a man of letters, I suspect, than anything else. He said that when Mad. de Staël was here she excited a great sensation, and that she had the men of letters of the time, as it were, trotted up and down before her, successively, to see their paces. "I was present," he went on, "when Fichte's turn came. After talking with him a little while, she said, 'Now, Mons. Fichté, could you be so kind as to give me, in fifteen minutes or so, a sort of idea or aperçu of your system, so that I may know clearly what you mean by your ich, your moi, for I am entirely in the dark about it.'"

"The notion of explaining in a petit quart d'heure to a person in

Author of various works on art.
total darkness, a system which he had been his whole life developing from a single principle within himself, and spinning, as it were, out of his own bowels, till its web embraced the whole universe, was quite shocking to the philosopher's dignity. However, being much pressed, he began, in rather bad French, to do the best he could. But he had not gone more than ten minutes before Mad. de Staël, who had followed him with the greatest attention, interrupted him with a countenance full of eagerness and satisfaction: 'Ah! c'est assez, je comprends, je vous comprenez parfaitement, Mons. Fichte. Your system is perfectly illustrated by a story in Baron Munchhausen's travels.' Fichte's face looked like a tragedy; the faces of the rest of the company a good deal like a comédie larmoyante. Mad. de Staël heeded neither, but went on: 'For, when the Baron arrived once on the bank of a vast river, where there was neither bridge, nor ferry, nor even a poor boat or raft, he was at first quite confounded, quite in despair; until at last, his wits coming to his assistance, he took a good hold of his own sleeve and jumped himself over to the other side. Now, Mons. Fichte, this, I take it, is just what you have done with your ich, your moi; n'est-ce-pas?'

"There was so much of truth in this, and so much esprit, that, of course, the effect was irresistible on all but poor Fichte himself. As for him, he never forgot or forgave Mad. de Staël, who certainly, however, had no malicious purpose of offending him, and who, in fact, praised him and his ich most abundantly in her De l'Allemagne."

This, to be sure, is not much like the talk of a man upon whose spirits the burthens of the state rest with a very fretting wear. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, and he amused me the whole time in this way.

May 26.—Alexander von Humboldt came this morning and spent an hour with us. He looks much as he used to, but older, and his hair is grown white; his manners are kind and flattering and courtly, even more than they used to be, though his person and movements are awkward; and he talks with even increased vulumi-bility, pouring out stores of knowledge always in good taste, and with beautiful illustrations, but now and then medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid.

Once or twice he gave very hard hits to M. Ancillon, and, in general, throughout the conversation, maintained a very liberal tone in politics. The King gives him a large pension, but he does not keep house, living almost entirely at the palace and in society, and occasionally employed in affairs of the state. His heart, however, is at Paris, where his life, no doubt, was as agreeable to him as life can be; and he said very frankly this morning, as well as with his uniform courtliness, that he hoped to meet us there; "for you must know," said he, smiling, "I made my bargain with the King, as the Cantatrice do, that I should be allowed to pass three months every year where I like, and that is Paris." I never knew a person at once

7 He had been in Potsdam with the King until the day before this.
so courtly and so bold in his conversation, or who talked so fast,—so excessively fast,—and yet so well.

We dined with the English Minister, Lord William Russell, the second son of the Duke of Bedford, who was aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington the four last years of the Peninsular war, and, I think, had the command of the British troops sent to Portugal, under Mr. Canning's administration. . . . The dinner was agreeable, but in a more purely English tone than anything I have met since we left England. When we were coming away, he invited us very earnestly to dine with him to-morrow, and as I hesitated a little, he said that Humboldt had been to him and asked him to invite him to meet us; adding that if we would come he would also ask Mr. Wheaton. It was, of course, too agreeable a proposition to be rejected.

I passed the evening at Savigny's, who, I suppose, next after Humboldt, has the highest intellectual reputation of any man in Berlin; is the author of the great work on the "History of Roman Law," the head of "the Historical School" in politics, as opposed to those who wish for great changes, or "the Liberal School," of which Gans is the head; and finally, much trusted and consulted by the government as a practically wise and powerful man.

He lives in a fine house near the Brandenburg gate, and seems more comfortably and even elegantly arranged than any German professor I remember to have visited. He is tall and stately, a little formal, perhaps, and pretending in his manner, but talking well both in French and German. His hair is combed down smoothly on both sides of his head, and his face is red, so that he has not the intellectual look that belongs to his character; but he reveals himself at once in his conversation. He seemed to understand our present politics in America pretty well, and said he supposed President Jackson was "a sort of Tory by instinct, who, having settled his power on the most absolute radicalism, uses it with very little restraint." His sympathies, of course, are all with our old Federalists, of whom he knew a good deal.

Some company came in, and among the rest the Baroness von Arnheim, who has recently published a most ridiculous book, containing a sentimental correspondence, which, under the name of "Bettina," or "Little Betty," she carried on with Goethe when she was nearly forty years old and he above seventy, representing herself in it as a little girl of fifteen desperately in love with him. I saw it in Dresden, and thought it disgusting; and did not wonder that Mrs. Austin, in London, told me she had refused to translate it from the manuscript, because she thought any well-taught Englishwoman would be ashamed to have anything to do with a book which seemed to claim the reputation of an intrigue that undoubtedly never existed. I could not get through it, though it is all the rage with multitudes in Germany. But this evening I perceived by her conversation that she must be the Bettina, whose other name I did not know, and I told her so. . . . It is generally understood that Goethe had taste enough to be very little pleased with the senti-
mental and indecent nonsense of this lady's correspondence, though it was full of the most violent admiration and adoration of himself. Few of his letters appear, and they are very cool in their tone. Mad. d'Arnheim was the mother of two or three full-grown children when she composed all this nauseous galimatias.

May 27.—This morning, early, Humboldt sent me a truly courtly note, to say that he had made arrangements to have certain collections opened for us to see,—not forgetting, however, at the end of all his courtliness, to give a cut at M. Ancillon,—and at eleven o'clock he came in his carriage to take us to see them. First, he carried us to the Bau-Akademie,—the Academy of Architecture, an institution which has been arranged and formed by the King to suit Schinkel . . . .

From the Academy of Architecture, M. de Humboldt carried us to the University, a large and massive palace, built by Frederic II. for his brother Henry, 1737-64, and given by the present King for purposes of knowledge. His object was to show us the collections in mineralogy, geology, and zoology . . . . In the collections of zoology we found Professor Lichtenstein, the well-known traveller, who spent six years at the Cape of Good Hope, "when it was little better," as Humboldt said, "than a ménagerie." I saw him here twenty years ago, and he was then, as he is now, pleasant and obliging, with much the air and bearing of a man of the world. He carried us, I think, through sixteen halls, all of them respectable in their appearance, but the halls of birds really wonderful. Here Humboldt left us, to keep an appointment at the palace, reminding us that we should meet at dinner . . . .

One thing struck me very much this morning; I mean the great deference shown everywhere to M. de Humboldt. Our valet-de-place and the people of the inn where we lodge, look upon us as quite different persons, I am sure, since he has chaperoned us; and nothing could exceed the bows and the "excellencies" with which he was received everywhere. Even the three professors had put on their best coats and their orders of merit to receive him, and though they showed no sort of obsequiousness to him, they treated him with a consideration and distinction not to be mistaken. This is partly owing to his personal claims and character, but partly, also, to his immediate and intimate relations with the King.

We met him again at dinner, at Lord William Russell's, where were also Mr. Wheaton, the Baron von Münchhausen, the Hanoverian Minister, Sir George Hamilton, Lord Fitzgerald, and a young Englishman. The conversation was, of course, chiefly in Humboldt's hands, who talks with incredible volubility both in French and English, and seems to talk equally well upon all subjects; always, however, I suspect with a little indulgence of sarcasm towards individuals he does not approve. He was very amusing to-day, and very instructive too; for knowledge, facts, hints, seem to crowd and struggle for utterance the moment he opens his mouth. I am sorry to think we shall hardly see him again.

May 28.—The morning was occupied in visiting to take leave,
and in making preparations for our departure to-morrow. I dined
with M. Ancillon, who had a little more the air of a minister to-day
than when I saw him on two former occasions. Mr. Wheaton dined
there; Count Raczyński; Baron Miltitz, formerly Prussian Minister
at Constantinople; Brassier, the present Secretary of Legation at
Paris; De Bresson, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies;
and two or three others whom I did not know. The dinner was
truly exquisite, and the attendance as exact as possible. M.
Ancillon is so wisely aware of his position that he has refused a patent
of nobility, and makes as little pretension as possible, so as to excite
little ill-will as he can; but he is a thorough absolutist in his politics,
and showed it to-day.

I amused myself by asking him how it happened that in the
*Staatszeitung,*—the official paper,—this morning, a compliment to
Von Raumer was omitted, when the whole of the rest of a speech
of Lord John Russell, in which the compliment was contained, was
translated and printed. He replied merely that he could not
imagine; but everybody at table knew, as well as I did, that it was
because the government does not like to have so liberal a man as
Von Raumer so much distinguished. In the conversation that fol-
lowed he was bitter upon the "Travels in England"; when I men-
tioned Humboldt, he gave him, too, en passant, a coup de langue, as
I anticipated: abused *Varnhagen’s* book, and his character of *Gentz*
in particular; and, in short, was a thorough Tory all round. Of the
ten persons at table, however, three or four of us were not at all of
his mind, so that every now and then there came a little more
vivacity into the conversation than might have been expected. On the whole, I did not like M. Ancillon. He did not strike me as
possessing a mind of a high order, or as having an elevated or noble
character. He may be a good man for every-day affairs, and get
along well enough where no emergency requires boldness or a wide
and wise circumspection, and he is certainly a most agreeable talker
and makes admirable phrases; but that, I suspect, is all. Such as he
is, however, much of the destiny of Prussia may be in his hands; for
he has not only the confidence of the King, but owes his present
place to the regard of his former pupil, the Prince Royal. And the
destinies of Prussia are important, indeed, for all Germany and for all
Europe.

The King has been on the throne almost forty years; he has done
and suffered a great deal with his people and for his people, and they,
on their side, have a great love for him, and a well-founded trust in
his honesty, his regard for justice, his irreproachable private character,
and his good intentions. While he lives, therefore, I think there
will be no movement. But he is now sixty-six years old, and men are
already anxiously inquiring whether his successor will not give them
the representative forms enjoyed in Saxony, Bavaria, and elsewhere
in Germany. And how can it be otherwise? The whole training of
the Prussian people for above five-and-twenty years has been fitting

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8 Von Raumer’s.
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them for a freer government. When Scharnhorst provided for making every man in the country a soldier, he provided the first element of public freedom, in the sense of personal power and rights which his system necessarily gave to every individual. When Stein gave the inhabitants of the cities the corporate privilege of electing their own municipal officers and transacting their own affairs, the whole country was shown how political rights might be used and exercised; and when universal education, by really effective schools, was added to both, it seems as if the last needed ingredient was added to the popular character, to make ready the ways that lead to change. I think, therefore, the change will come when the affection and respect felt for the present King no longer stand in the way of it. His successor is said to be less inclined to a liberal system than his father, and the tutor and favourite Minister of the Prince, M. Ancillon, is known to be less so; but I think they must yield to the spirit of the times, or become its victims.

In Berlin there is a life and movement very striking to one who has just come, as we have, from the quietness of Dresden. Its external appearance is greatly changed since I was here about twenty years ago, when only a year had elapsed from the battle of Waterloo, and Prussia was but just beginning to feel the effects of her renewed strength and increased resources.

Of the society of Berlin, of course, I saw, properly speaking, nothing. What I saw was sharply divided into two great political classes, and the expression of opinion on both sides was plain and free enough in conversation; but the censorship of books is severe, and the only newspaper printed in Berlin that is readable is carefully made up, and extremely dull, nothing being admitted into it that can displease the Ministry.

A long, curious, statistical sketch of the University of Berlin follows these remarks. On the 29th May, Mr. Ticknor and his family left Berlin, and on the 31st reached Dresden.

As we drove through its well-known, friendly streets, it seemed as if we were returning to a home, so natural and cheerful did everything appear to us. As we intended only to pass the night in Dresden, I went out immediately to see Tieck, whom I had promised to see again on our way to Vienna. By chance it was his birthday, and I found him surrounded by a large party of his friends, many of whom I knew perfectly well. It was an agreeable surprise to me to be greeted by so many, once more, whom I had not thought to meet again. Among the rest, I found there his brother, the sculptor, whom I had failed to see at his atelier in Berlin,—a grave but agreeable person, younger, I suppose, than the poet. But I could not stop long with them, and came back to our arrangements for leaving North Germany.

June 5.—We left the Saxon Switzerland this afternoon, in a boat resembling a gondola a little, managed by three men, of whom one steered, and the two others drew it with a tow-rope, at the rate of
about three miles an hour, up the Elbe. ... The mountains on either side of the river, during the fourteen or fifteen miles we passed through them in this way, are grand and picturesque, in several parts reminding us of the Highlands on the North River. ... At last, just as the mountains began to subside into gentler forms, and become covered with cultivation, we came in sight of Tetschen, an enormous mass of building, standing on a bold rock above the Elbe, with a corresponding rock still bolder on the other side, round the bases of both which are gathered—as is so often the case—a village, formed at first for protection, but now thriving with industry and trade. Tetschen is called a castle, and has been built at different times, from the year 1000, when it was a possession of the King of Bohemia down to the last century, when, about 1706, the last additions were made, that gave it its present vast extent. It has, however, nothing military in its character, though it was held and fortified as a military position by the Austrians in the wars both of 1809 and 1813.

We found a carriage on the shore, waiting to receive us, for we were coming to make a visit to the family at the castle, and though the time of our arrival was uncertain, something in the look of our boat made them suspect who it was, and induced them to send kindly to meet us. The passage up to the castle was winding, partly through a sort of park full of fine old trees; but the last part of the way the hoofs of the horses rung on the solid rock that forms the foundations of the castle itself. Driving under a large and imposing portal, we entered the vast court round which the castle extends, and at the farther end of it were kindly welcomed by the Count and Countess Thun, at the bottom of the grand staircase. They led us up, and carried us at once to the suite of apartments destined for our use; but it seemed as if we never should reach them, so long were we passing through an arched passage-way of stone, ornamented on one side, opposite to the windows, with a series of antlers of stags, fitted to carved wooden heads, with an inscription signing by whom each had been killed, and in what year. At last we reached our rooms, four in number, and corresponding—especially in the huge size of the largest—to the rest of the character of the castle, and fitted up most comfortably. Our host and hostess remained with us a few minutes, till we were quite installed, and then left us to dress. The whole was done with great elegance and courtesy. ... The Count is, I suppose, a little over fifty years old, a tall, quiet

9 In the early spring, when forming his plans for summer travel, Mr. Ticknor found it—strange to say—by no means easy to get information about the routes through Austria, especially for Upper Austria and the Stelvio Pass into Italy. He was referred for such inquiries to Count von Thun-Hohenstein, who frequently came to Dresden, and on whom Mr. Ticknor called when next he arrived. The Count showed the utmost kindness in answering all questions, and, before the interview ended, invited Mr. Ticknor to bring all his family for a visit to Tetschen; the party then including—besides the children and three servants—a German landscape-painter, Herr Sparmann, whom Mr. Ticknor had engaged to travel with him for three months as a teacher. Mr. Ticknor accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given.
dignified-looking man, who talks but little. His title is Count von Thun-Hohenstein, and his family, originally the Lords of Thun, in Switzerland, from the twelfth century, has been settled in this castle since 1620. The Countess is of the Brühl family, descended from the great minister. She is obviously a sensible, affectionate, excellent woman.

They have five children,—three sons and two daughters. The eldest—Count Francis—lives at home and takes care of the estate; a truly agreeable, natural; frank young man of about seven-and-twenty, with a good deal of talent, much accomplished in the arts, and otherwise thoroughly educated. The second son [Count Frederick] is in Vienna; and the third [Count Leo], about twenty-four years old, has a place in the government at Prague, lives there chiefly, and manages another great estate of the family in that neighbourhood. Both of them, as I was told in Dresden, are rather uncommon persons: the first remarkable for his knowledge of natural history, and the youngest for his diligence in his profession,—which is the law,—and for the wide, philanthropic views which he has expressed in a sensible work on prison discipline. The whole family, indeed, is well known through this part of Germany for its intelligence, accomplishments, and excellent character; living on their estates generally the whole year, and doing great good by the kindness they exercise and the spirit of improvement they diffuse. They are, of course, Catholics, but they are—though very religious—not bigoted; have travelled a great deal, and lived in England, as well as other countries, so that, among their other accomplishments, they all talk good English. . . .

We joined the family at tea, in a small, pleasant sort of boudoir, formed in the projecting tower of the castle, which almost overhangs the Elbe, commanding very grand and beautiful views up and down the river. The conversation was very agreeable. Mr. Noel, an Englishman of about five-and-thirty, quite well known in Austria and Saxony for his talents and philanthropy, and a near connexion of Lady Byron, is an inmate of the family, and talks extremely well. He is a great admirer of Dr. Channing, as is also Count Leo, the third son of Count Thun, who has translated the Essay on Bonaparte, and was prevented from printing it only by the publication of another translation. It is a curious circumstance, which rendered our conversation more interesting. . . .

June 6.—The castle bell rang at five this morning for prayers, and again for mass at half-past eight, in the chapel; but it was at such a distance from our apartments that I took it for a bell in the village. When I went to breakfast I was curious to measure the length of that portion of the grand, cloistered passage through which we pass, and I found it between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty paces, . . . so that some estimate may be made from this of the vast size of the outside of the castle, as this constitutes only about one-third of the length of the inner wall on the court. . . . The breakfast was unceremonious, and after it we all went to our rooms, the Count and Countess telling us they should come to us presently.
to fetch us for a walk. They came quite soon, and we went with them over the grounds nearest the castle. They are very ample, and laid out in gardens, with hot-houses, etc., and a park, with fine shaded walks, old trees, fancy temples, and other buildings for shelter and ornament. ... It is all very grand, and suits the nobleness of the whole establishment. ...

Dinner was served punctually at two, and was very delicate and rich, but served with perfect simplicity. ... The whole lasted only a little more than an hour, after which we went to the room in the tower, where the ladies prepared and served the coffee. One or two things reminded us rather picturesquely of the country we are in and its usages. Before any one sat down at table there was an instant’s pause, as if for prayer; the Count, as the feudal head of the family, was served before the Countess, but not till after his guests; after dinner they all rose, crossed themselves, and stood an instant, as if to return thanks; and when we had come into the room where we took coffee, the family kissed one another and bowed to us. ...

Later in the afternoon we crossed the river, and immediately began to ascend the steep side of the mountain opposite, on which the Count has had pleasant and convenient paths cut for several miles, with seats and arbours for rest, and for enjoying the views, which are constantly opening with great variety and beauty, up and down the Elbe. The ladies went only part of the way to the top, and then, returning by a different path, found carriages that took them across the river [in boats]. We went quite up, and enjoyed magnificent prospects. We passed through the deer-park,—or a portion of it,—through several plantations of trees of different sorts, and saw some of the arrangements of so large an estate. Everything was on a grand scale. The Herrschaft or Lordship of Tetschen, which extends over both sides of the Elbe, is about sixteen English miles square, comprising eighteen thousand inhabitants.1 ...

We had frequent views of the castle, whose enormous size struck me more and more. ... I asked the Count how it came to be so vast. He said that anciently the magistrates of the town of Tetschen, who were appointed by the family, had their right of residence within its walls, and that when he came into possession, in 1808, he found five families, with their servants and equipages, regularly established in different parts of it. ... “So,” he added, “I built them houses in the town which were so much better, that they were glad to exchange, and the consequence is that I have a larger castle than I want. However, it is full a good many times every year.” This I knew already, for they are very hospitable. Last year the Emperor and

1 Mr. Ticknor says: “The family owns a still larger estate near Prague, and two other possessions elsewhere, so that it is very rich. Everything [about Tetschen] looked rich and flourishing; cotton manufactories have been established, potteries, etc., and the town within twenty years had nearly doubled its population.” In the wars against Bonaparte, this Count Thun, then a young man, raised a regiment on his own estates, equipped it, offered it to the government, and commanded it through the campaign of Wagram.
Empress of Austria, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince, with Metternich, etc., came over from Töplitz and made a visit, so that at one time they had forty persons in the castle, no one of whom was below the rank of Prince.

Our walk lasted between four and five hours, so that we did not reach the castle till half-past eight o'clock, which, however, was but just after sundown.

*June 7.*—... After breakfast this morning we crossed the river with the two Counts, and went to see a pottery-ware manufactory, established and carried on by two Saxons, who have been at work here ten years, and in that time have increased their establishment from two hands to fifty. The ware is extremely pretty, and the family, who interest themselves very much in all that goes on in the neighbourhood, have taken care to furnish the enterprising manufacturers with good models, both ancient and modern, so that almost all their forms are graceful. I was surprised to find that they had constantly large orders from New York; for instance, for one form of a vase for flowers they have now an order for three hundred dozen.

After dinner and coffee, a party up the river was proposed. I set out with the gentlemen on foot, the ladies followed in carriages, and we met about a mile or two off, at the pheasantry, a large piece of enclosed territory appropriated to rearing and preserving these birds for the family use, and having houses to accommodate the attendants.

We came down by a very pretty church to the river side, where we found a gondola waiting for us, in which we had a delicious passage, partly rowing, partly floating, through beautiful scenery, back to the castle.

*June 8.*—Yesterday morning the family came to our apartments and invited us to see the side of the castle where they live in winter. It was like a separate establishment of dining-rooms, saloons, etc., and near it were the private apartments of the Count and Countess, with their daughters, including his private library of three or four thousand volumes; separate sitting-rooms for each, and so on, all very nice and comfortable. The great library is near, just fitting up, with about fifteen thousand volumes, brought from different parts of the castle,—a grand room, well suited to its purposes.

This morning they took us to the other side of the pile, where we passed through the billiard-room, and I know not how many suites of apartments for guests, to the chapel, capable of containing about three hundred persons, besides the gallery for the family, and where mass is performed every day, prayers chanted at morning, noon, and night, and the regular service on Sundays. On this side of the castle is a third dining-room, with antechambers, etc., where they dine in the hottest weather.

But there must be an end to all things, and the time had now come when our visit must be closed. At about eleven o'clock, therefore, we were going to take our leave; but the family in a body insisted upon seeing us off, and, walking through their beautiful gar-

E e 2
dens, crossed the river with us, and parted from us most kindly, following us with waving of caps and handkerchiefs till the turn of the road carried us out of sight.

June 12.—We have travelled to-day twelve German miles, from Liebkovitz to Prague, and all the way have felt that we were really in Bohemia. . . . We have been in the midst of a Slavonic population, we have heard Bohemian constantly talked, and have found all the public notices posted regularly in both languages. The greater part of the way the country, though highly cultivated, was uninteresting; we passed for miles through monotonous fields of waving corn, . . . passing, as it were, over a vast prairie. From Schlan to Prague we rose a good deal, and on the top of the eminence looked down upon the capital of Bohemia, stretching up and down both sides of the Moldau. It is certainly one of the most picturesque cities I have ever seen, standing on five hills, with great masses of buildings in every direction, broken by an uncommon number of old steeples, towers, and domes, while the river, crossed by its ancient and highly ornamented bridge, sweeps majestically through the midst of the whole. It is not half as large as Berlin, but it gives the idea of a great deal more magnificence.

June 13.—Young Count Leo Thun came to see us this morning. He has a place in the criminal administration of the government here. . . . He seems a young man of strong character and great love of knowledge and progress, has much Bohemian nationality about him. . . . He offered himself to show us Prague, and we accepted his kindness, with some limitations. . . .

This morning I went with my valet-de-place to see the quarter assigned to the Jews, where they have lived since the thirteenth century. It is very crowded, dirty, and disagreeable; for, as they are not allowed to live anywhere else, and have constantly been increasing they have become packed together in an extraordinary manner. Their burial-ground is curious, with its heavy gravestones, covered with long Hebrew inscriptions, but is even more crowded with the dead than their streets are with the living. The stones almost constantly touch each other, so that if as many have been buried here as are indicated, they must rest in tiers, one above the other. Yet the whole room is by no means filled; for when Joseph II. forbade burial within the limits of the cities, there was still space left here, so that the crowding must have been from economy, not from necessity. Their synagogue was not curious; I mean the principal one, which I saw, for they have nine.

In the afternoon we drove out with Count Thun to see the city and a little of its environs. . . . On our return we passed by the enormous palace where Wallenstein lived during the interval of his loss of the Emperor’s favour, when—as I think Schiller relates—he pulled down the houses in the neighbourhood to have free room, and stretched chains across the streets to keep quiet, affecting to be served only by nobles, and maintaining more than imperial forms and ceremonies. The estate still exists, of enormous extent, and the square before it is still called Waldstein’s Square. . . . The palace belongs
to a descendant of his brother, but not the same one who lives at Dux.

June 15.—... I passed a considerable part of my morning in what is called the Collegium Clementinum, or, really, the buildings of the University. It is like a city within a city, so wide do its squares and courts extend. It was originally a great establishment of the Jesuits, and is built in the fine style of architecture they adopted in all such cases...

The library contains about ninety-three thousand volumes, a beggarly matter for such an institution; and, what is worse, they looked as if they belonged to the studies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, rather than to those of the nineteenth. One or two of the manuscripts interested me very much. The records of John Huss’s Rectorship of the University, written in his own hand, and a copy in his own hand, also, of a work of Thomas Aquinas, were worth going far to see. I was shown, too, a curious book for the service of the Church, with the music belonging to it, splendidly illustrated, in which, on St. John’s day, is a special service in honour of John Huss, as if he were one of the saints of the Church, which, in fact, he was considered here in the sixteenth century. In the margin are three very well finished miniatures,—the upper one, Wickliffe striking fire with a steel and flint, and endeavouring in vain to blow it to a flame; the middle one, Huss lighting a candle at the spark; and, below, Luther bearing a blazing torch.

The manuscript, therefore, belongs to the sixteenth century, and shows much of the confused state of religious opinion and party in Bohemia from the time of the Utraquists to the Thirty Years’ War. Indeed, in several parts of this manuscript Huss is called “Divus Johannes Huss,” as if he were regularly canonized.

In the afternoon we drove to the Hradschin, visited anew the cathedral, walked in the Volksgarten, and enjoyed the fine views of the palace and the magnificent views of the city itself, with its hills, its towers and domes, and its grand masses of old buildings; went to the Bubensch Gardens, where we drove about some time, and came back to the city by Wallenstein’s Square and Palace.²

² Prague was then comparatively seldom visited, and the Journal contains full descriptions and historical memoranda of its peculiarities, but these have, of course, greatly lost their interest.
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OF

GEORGE TICKNOR.

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LIFE OF GEORGE TICKNOR.

CHAPTER I.

Vienna.—Prince Metternich.

JOURNAL.

Vienna, June 20, 1836.—This forenoon I did nothing but drive about the city and make a few visits; one to Kenyon, the brother of my old friend in London, who has lived here many years, and who seems to have the same spirit of kindness which I found so pleasant and useful in England; another to Baron Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister, a very courteous person: one to Dr. Jarcke, one of the persons most confidentially employed by Metternich; and several others whom I did not find at home, among them the British Minister, Sir Frederick Lamb, who, I am sorry to learn, is absent, and not likely to return while I am here. In doing this I drove a good deal about the city, and was surprised to find how clean it is, how rich, solid, substantial, and even fresh, everything looks. Pavement can hardly be better than it is made in the streets here, the whole being of hewn, square blocks of granite, almost as nicely fitted to each other as if the work were masonry; but there are no trottoirs, so that, though everybody walks cleanly and comfortably, nobody is protected against the carriages.

In the afternoon we drove out to the Prater,—the famous Prater. It is a great public garden and drive, intersected with many pleasant walks and roads, ornamented with fine old trees, and parts of it enlivened with large numbers of deer, while other parts are rendered still more lively with coffee-houses, puppet-shows, and shows of animals. But we enjoyed very much the drive into the more picturesque parts, where the deer were browsing undisturbed, and oaks a thousand years old cast their shade upon us, as they had, perchance, in their youth upon the Court of Charlemagne. In some places they were making hay, in others there were preserves of wild birds; and, though it is nowhere more beautiful and nowhere so well kept as the Grosse Garten, near Dresden, it is, by its extent, much grander and finer.

June 23.—In the evening we drove out to Mr. Von Hammer's, at Döbling,1 where he has a country-house about four or five English miles from Vienna. I had a letter to him, and he came to see me the other day; a very lively, prompt, frank gentleman, of sixty-two years, talking English very well, French and Italian, but famous, as

1 Baron Von Hammer-Purgstall.
everybody knows, for his knowledge of Oriental languages, and for his great works on Eastern literature and Turkish history.

Every Thursday evening . . . . he receives at his house, uncere-
moniously, the principal men of letters of the city, whose acknow-
ledged head he is, and most of the strangers of note who visit it. He
asked us to come early, in order to enjoy a fine view of the city by
sunset from behind his house and garden. . . . On our return from
the walk we found a considerable party, perhaps thirty persons.
Mrs. Von Hammer and her daughter presided at the tea-tables in
the court, al fresco. . . . Everything was very simply done. The
garden is not pretty, and the house is not very spacious, but three
parlours and the court-yard were lighted; tea, fruit, ices, and refresh-
ments were handed round, . . . and there was much pleasant talk
in English, French, Italian, and German. The persons to whom I
talked with most pleasure were Kaltenbaeck, the editor of the “Aus-
trian Periodical for History and Statistics;” Wolf, one of the libra-
rians of the Imperial Library;² and Count Auersperg, a gentleman of
an old Austrian family, who has distinguished himself as a poet, and
got into trouble lately as a liberal poet. It was such a sort of conve-
sazione in the open air as belongs rather to Italy than to Germany;
it was all over before ten o’clock. . . .

June 24.—After a visit to Baron Lerchenfeld, this morning, I
passed two or three hours in the Imperial Library, with Wolf, in
looking over . . . the old Spanish books. He is a great amateur
in this department, and I found much to interest and occupy me,
though almost nothing of value that was quite new. The most
curious parts were out of the collection of an old archbishop of the
Valencia family, of the house of Cordova.

When I had finished this, . . . I went to see Prince Metternich.
I brought a letter to him from Baron Humboldt; but when I arrived
he was in Hungary, from whence he returned yesterday. This morn-
ing I received a note from him, saying he would be glad to see me at
the Chancery between two and three o’clock. I went, and found it
an enormous building, or rather pile of buildings, containing not only
offices, but dwellings for a large number of the officers in his depart-
ment, among the rest the offices of Jarcke and Von Hammer.

Over the portal is a Latin inscription, calling it—I know not why—a
“Prætorium,” and signifying that it received its present external
form and arrangement from Prince Kaunitz, who so long held the
place now held by the more powerful Metternich. I passed up by a
fine staircase, and going through an antechamber with three or four
servants in it, and another where was a doorkeeper with two per-
sons who looked as if they were something a little more, I was shown
into a third large room, where four persons were waiting to have the
great man accessible, a number which was speedily increased to seven.
I sat down to wait with them, and waited, I suppose, twenty minutes.
Meanwhile, secretaries came out with papers in their hands, as if they

² Ferdinand Wolf, learned in Spanish literature became one of Mr.
Ticknor’s literary correspondents.
had been carried in for signature; two of the ministers came and went; and everything had the air of a premier’s antechamber, those who were present talking together only in whispers, if they talked at all, and even the servants, farther out, not speaking above their breath. I knew nobody, and said nothing.

At last the four who were there when I arrived were admitted; they were, as I understood afterwards, a deputation from Milan on affairs of state, but they were soon despatched. My turn came next, and, as soon as I had passed a double door, I found myself in a large and handsome library, across which the Prince was advancing to meet me. He received me very kindly but with much dignity, and leading me at once through the library, carried me into his cabinet, another very large room, with books in different parts of it, tables covered with papers, pictures on the walls, and much massive furniture, the whole looking very rich and comfortable. He seated me in an easy-chair on one side of a small table, which still had some of the morning’s work upon it, and placed himself in a smaller chair on the opposite side, evidently his accustomed seat and his wonted arrangement.

When we were both seated, he fastened his eyes upon me, and hardly took them off for an instant while I remained. He asked me how I had left M. de Humboldt, said that M. de Humboldt spoke of me as an old friend, but that he thought he had the advantage of me there, as he had known M. de Humboldt for three-and-thirty years, which by my looks could hardly be my case, etc., etc. He then inquired by what road I had come to Vienna, and on my telling him that it was by way of Prague, he did what everybody had told me he would do, took a subject and talked consecutively about it. The subject he chose was Bohemia. He said no part of Europe had gained more in the course of the last twenty years than Bohemia; that good roads had been built all over the country, the comfort of the villages improved, trades and manufactures more than doubled, the condition of the peasantry ameliorated, and the great landlords, if not always made richer, yet living much more as becomes their position in society.

He said he had a large estate in Bohemia himself, and showed me how he had found it for his personal interest to build a road, which cost him seventy thousand Spanish dollars, merely to open a market for his woods, the money he had expended being thus put out at an interest of eight per cent.

Four different roads, he said, now come from Prague to Vienna, all good, whereas twenty years ago there was but one poor one; while also the value of property in Bohemia, generally, is so much increased that the government is constantly obliged to refuse offers of individuals to build roads at their own expense, if the state will afterwards maintain them. In this way he talked on, a little formally, but very sensibly and clearly, until I began to think the people waiting in the antechamber would wish me anywhere else, and seizing the first opportunity I rose. He did not offer to detain me, but inviting me to come and see him at Schönbrunn, any evening and every
evening, while I should be in Vienna, he accompanied me through the library to the antechamber, and there took leave of me with much grace of manner.

Prince Metternich is now just sixty-three years old, a little above the middle height, well-preserved in all respects, and rather stout, but not corpulent, with a good and genuinely German face, light blue eyes that are not very expressive, and a fine Roman nose. . . . His hair is nearly white, and his whole appearance, especially when he moves, is dignified and imposing; but his whole manner is winning.

His conversation left no other impression upon me than that his mind must be full of matter-of-fact knowledge, well arranged and ready to be produced. Whatever he said was clear and pertinent, and well and concisely said.

In the evening we went to hear music at two widely different places. The first was the Synagogue of the German Jews, where service commences on Friday evening, on the first appearance of the evening star for the Sabbath, for it is "the evening and the morning" that make their holy day. Their temple outside cannot be distinguished from any other building; within it had very crowded seats on the lower floor, filled with men who wore their hats; a rather neat gallery supported by Ionic pillars and closed by a gilded lattice for the women; and an enclosure something like a chancel for the priest and choir, who stood with their backs to the audience. A table was before them, and above the table a large black velvet hanging covered with Hebrew inscriptions, towards which the faces of the priest and assembly were alike turned. The room was an oval, and, on the whole, of good architecture. All the congregation had Hebrew books in their hands; the priest, dressed in black robes and a black cap, sang in Hebrew, and had one of the finest and richest voices I ever heard, which poured forth the Hebrew vowels in the grandest melody, to which the choir and congregation responded.

There was something very picturesque in the whole, though, of course, everything was unintelligible to us. After listening to it, therefore, a little while, we drove to a public garden in one of the suburbs, where Strauss—whose waltzes are danced alike in Calcutta, Boston, and Vienna—plays two evenings in the week, to the great delight of the multitudes who go to hear him and his perfectly drilled band. It was a beautifully warm, still, moonlight evening; and when we reached the garden, which was brilliantly lighted, we found about four hundred people, chiefly seated at small tables under the trees, taking supper or some other refreshment, and listening to the music. It was extremely pretty, and the whole had a fanciful, fairy-like look.

June 26.— . . . I went to see Jarcke, and had some quite interesting conversation with him. He is, I find, a very important person here, filling the place that was formerly filled by the famous Gentz, and is, therefore, since the death of that distinguished person, a sort of right-hand man to Metternich. He is, however, a Prussian by birth, and was for some years Professor of History at Berlin; but he became a Catholic, and that rendered him a little uncomfortable
at home and very valuable here, so he was brought, nothing loath, and established in Metternich's Chancery with a great salary. He denies being an absolutist in politics, and founds much of his governmental doctrine upon the sacred preservation of property and its rights; is very hard upon Von Raumer; thinks the English Ministry are ruining everything by attacking the Irish Church incomes, etc., etc. . . .

At half-past nine in the evening I drove out with Baron Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister, to Schönbrunn, to see Prince Metternich. . . . Just at ten o'clock we ascended the little bank of the dry Wien, and from its bridge looked down upon the wide palace of Schönbrunn, lighted brilliantly in all its apartments, as not only the Emperor is there, but the King of Naples and Marie Louise are on a visit to him. A moment afterwards we dashed through its court, and, passing round to the other side of the garden, stopped at the door of the Premier, who lives in a fine large house given to him by the late Emperor. . . . There was no show of servants and liveries on the stairs, and very little in the hall.

In a corner of the large outer saloon we found the Prince, talking, apparently on business, to somebody. He rose to receive us, said a few words of graceful compliment, and then asked the Bavarian to take me into the inner saloon and present me to the Princess. She was sitting in an easy-chair, dressed simply in half-mourning, and at work diligently on what I believe the ladies call "rug-work." She is rather pretty, thirty-one years old, and the Prince's third wife; but she seemed sad, and obviously plied her needle for occupation. Her reception of me was not at all courtly, but very kind. She said her husband had told her I was coming, and that she had expected me both the preceding evenings; asked me about Boston, the United States, etc., etc.; said she did not like liberals in Europe, but that it was another thing in America, where the government was democratic, and it was a man's duty to be liberal; and so on, and so on. Other persons came in, and I was presented to the Minister at War, Count Hardegg; the Minister of Police; Bodenhausen, the Minister from Hanover; Steuber, the Minister from Hesse Cassel; and some others whose names I did not catch.

I found there, too, Count Bombelles, whom I had known in 1818, as Austrian Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon, and who is now a great man in a very agreeable office here, that of governor of the young archdukes, who are the heirs presumptive, as the Emperor has no children; a sinecure office thus far, since the eldest is not seven years old. He has married an English wife, talks English admirably, and was very agreeable. There were no ladies present except a Russian princess and her daughter. By half-past ten o'clock there were perhaps five-and-twenty persons in the saloon, and a plenty of conversation on all sides.

Prince Metternich was frequently called out on business, and frequently taken up into corners of the saloon in a mysterious way. The

3 See vol. i. pp. 203, 204.
first time he came in after I arrived, he came to me and spoke to me with a rather formal courtesy. Afterwards he came again, and, inquiring of me what I had seen in Vienna, took for his subject the Polytechnic Institute, and talked extremely well about it for a quarter of an hour; said its élèves were already at the head of the principal manufactories in the empire, that the manufactures were not only improving, but that there is an increasing demand for improved fabrics, so that the manufacturers are now constantly urging the reduction of the tariff, on the ground that they can better enter into competition with foreign nations than with smugglers. He said the Austrian government maintained a tariff, not at all as a fiscal measure, but merely to protect and encourage manufactures; that the system had been introduced in the time of Joseph II.; that if he had been minister at the time he should have advised against it, but that it is not to be denied that it has effected its purpose and made Austria a manufacturing country. He added that the government has already abolished that part of the laws which excludes entirely any article whatever,—a fact which Baron Lerchenfeld afterwards told me he was glad to hear, as it had not before been made known,—and that in general an anti-tariff policy is now pursued by Austria. It was the only time in the evening when the Prince talked to any one without having the air of talking on business; and the consequence was, that as soon as the conversation was fairly begun he had an audience to listen to him, and before it was over half the room was round us. He talked very well, and much like a statesman; always, too, with the tone of one who has been accustomed to exercise power till an air of authority has become natural to him.

The Princess made tea about eleven o'clock. . . . . At a quarter past twelve I was at home. On our drive home I told Baron Lerchenfeld that the Princess seemed to me sad. He explained her looks by telling me that a fortnight ago she lost her youngest child, about three months old; but so much is her salon a part of the government that she was obliged, only four nights afterwards, to be in her place to receive company. The Prince took her to an estate in Hungary last week, to revive her a little; but here they are again, both of them chained to their oars.

June 28.—I made a visit to Mr. Von Hammer in his town-house this morning, where I saw his curious and valuable library of Oriental manuscripts, which he has had beautifully bound in cedar boards, putting leather only over the back, where flexibility is necessary. His purpose in using cedar is to keep out the worms and all other vermin. He talked to me a great deal about Captain Basil Hall, with whom he has a grievous quarrel.4 . . .

4 This quarrel arose from the conduct of Captain Hall, during a visit to the Baroness Purgstall, an aged relative of Von Hammer—by marriage—who lived in Styria; and his account of her domestic life in a book entitled "Schloss Hainfeld, or a winter in Styria." The Baroness Purgstall was a native of Scotland, and appears in Lockhart's Life of Scott, under her maiden name, as Miss Cranstoun. Von Hammer, who inherited a portion
I visited, too, Kaltenbaek, the editor of the Austrian periodical for History and Statistics. He was immersed in papers and books, and complained bitterly of the trouble given him by the merely mechanical restraints imposed by the censorship, which take up, it seems, a great deal of his time to no purpose, as he is careful never to print, or propose to print, anything that could offend. I talked with him a good deal about it, and as the censorship of the press is more truly an effective part of the system of things in Austria than it ever was anywhere else, I have been curious to inquire into it and understand it a little.

Great complaints are made of delay. Kaltenbaek said to-day, it is often intolerable. On one occasion Grillparzer, the best of their dramatic poets,—who, I am sorry to find, is absent from Vienna on a journey,—presented a piece to the censors, and got no answer for so long a time that he was vexed, and would write no more. One day the last Emperor asked Grillparzer why they had had nothing new from him for so long a time, and the poet had the good sense to tell him the truth. The Emperor replied, "Well, send me the manuscript, and I will read it." He did so, and the piece was ordered to be represented. But he seldom thus interfered. I remember in Dresden, Forbes, who was Chargé in Vienna for some time, and who is perfectly good authority for a story of the sort, told me that the Emperor went one night to see a new piece which pleased him very much, and when it was over, said, "Well, now I am glad I have heard it, for I am sure Metternich will stop it, there is so much liberalism in it;" which accordingly happened.

Von Hammer told me that a good many years ago he wrote, during some travels there, a volume of poems about Italy, which he was aware contained passages somewhat too free for the meridian of Vienna, but which yet passed the censorship and was printed anonymously. It came out, however, while he was absent from Vienna, and the bookseller was so indiscreet as to announce it, in some way publicly, as the work of Mr. Von Hammer, in consequence of which he hastened back to Vienna, avowed himself as the writer, but, to prevent being ruined by it, went directly to the censors, and had a dammatur put upon the book, which excluded it entirely from circulation. He gave me a copy of it, but I have not had time to look for the obnoxious passages.

Count Auersperg, one of the best of their poets, who seems to be about thirty-five years old, published about seven years ago, a volume called Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten,—"Promenades of a Vienna Poet,"—which contained some liberalisms, but was printed, and much admired. Von Hammer told me that, though unacquainted with the poet, he at that time immediately commended him to Prince Metternich as a person to be noticed, that is, as a person to receive some place, and so be secured to the government. The Prince, however, who has very little respect for anything poetical, took no heed of her estate, and added the name of Purgstall to his own, published an answer to Captain Hall's work.
of Von Hammer's recommendation. Meantime, Count Auersperg went on printing books that could not be published in Austria, and among the rest, sundry attacks on Metternich himself, all under the name he originally assumed of Anastasius Grün. On being asked whether he were the author of some of them, he denied it,—a proceeding which Von Hammer thinks altogether mistaken. Quite lately he has printed a poem called Schutt,—"Rubbish,"—which is more liberal than ever, expressing the opinions of a captain of an American frigate, anchored just before the schutt, or scoria, of Pompeii. This poem he has dedicated to Von Hammer, who has been for some years his acquaintance and friend. A short time since Von Hammer received a letter from Prince Metternich, asking who Anastasius Grün was, who had dedicated the poem of Schutt to him,—a question which the Premier could have answered as well as Von Hammer. Von Hammer immediately replied, that seven years ago he had had the honour of commending Anastasius Grün to the Minister as a person worthy the notice of the government; that somewhat later he had published a sonnet in honour of Anastasius Grün; that after both these circumstances had occurred, he had become personally acquainted with him; and that the recent poem had been dedicated to him without his knowledge, probably as a return for the complimentary sonnet.

To this letter, which did not mention Anastasius Grün's true name, Von Hammer has received no answer, and will probably receive none; the object of the whole being to control and alarm Count Auersperg, as Von Hammer thinks, who told me the entire story.

What Prince Metternich—who is a wise statesman—can hope to do with such means, it is not easy to tell. Mr. Krause, of Dresden, told me that in conversation with him, formerly, the Prince illustrated his policy by saying to the great landed proprietor, "If on your estates you had, upon that great height that overlooks the Elbe, a vast reservoir of water that you knew every moment threatened to overwhelm your rich meadows, and must certainly one day come down, would you at once break through the dike, and let it down in broad ruin upon your lands, or would you carefully perforate it, so that it should send down the floods slowly and beneficently, to fertilize your fields instead of destroying them?" It is a pretty comparison, but that, I fear, is all; though perhaps I ought to add, that I believe well-educated persons can get such books as they want in Austria, almost, perhaps quite, as easily as elsewhere in Germany, and that men of learning and of studious habits receive a carte blanche from the censors to have even the books that have received the sentence of damnatur.

. . . . In the early part of the evening I drove to Hietzing, the pretty village on the borders of the gardens at Schönbrunn, and made a visit to the old Baron Eskeles, one of those rich bankers whom the policy of Metternich has ennobled. He has a fine country-house and ample grounds. . . .

At a little before ten I drove to Prince Metternich's. . . . The company had hardly begun to assemble. Only four or five persons,
among whom was the Minister of Police, had come in, and the Prince had not made his appearance. The Princess sat at her rug-work as before, but seemed less sad. I sat down by her, and we fell into some downright gossip, which, however, with not a little smartness, she mixed up more or less with politics and passing events. We were in the midst of it, and the conversation was growing quite piquant, when somebody, who looked as if he might be a secretary, came in, with very unceremonious haste, and almost running up to the Princess, said very hurriedly, "Your Highness, the King of Naples is just coming in." She rose instantly, though without extraordinary haste, or as if anything strange had occurred; but before she had quite reached the door of the saloon he entered, followed by his uncle, the Prince of Salerno, Prince Metternich, and one or two others.

The King is a stout, dark-complexioned, sallow young man, of six-and-twenty, a little awkward in his manners and address, with black eyes, and not an agreeable expression of countenance, but still not a very bad one. He is said to be vulgar and ill-tempered. Among other things that are reported of him, a diplomatic gentleman told me he knew it to be a fact that he had been rude to his late Queen, a Princess of Sardinia,—he pulled out a chair from under her, so that she fell to the floor. She had the spirit to turn upon him and say, "I thought I had married a gentleman, but I find I have married a Lazzarone."

... Everybody stood up as they came in, and remained standing while they were there, except the Princess and another lady.

There were twenty or thirty persons present, including the Minister at War, Count Dietrichstein, Count Bombelles, etc. The Prince was truly courteous and attentive to his guests, but his very dignified bearing towards them announced his superiority in a way not to be mistaken. Those who entered the saloon [during the royal visit] did not present themselves to him or to the Princess, and he spoke to few persons. Once he came to me and asked when I should leave Vienna, and on my telling him, ... he seemed surprised, and invited me to dine with him on Friday, saying he would dine at the Chancery on that day at four. A few moments afterwards he came back and said he understood I liked old books, and that if I would come at three o'clock instead of four, he would show me his library. But in general he gave his whole attention to the King, who was supposed to do him a great honour by such an unceremonious call. The Princess, too, was quietly devoted to him. Au reste, there was no gêne. Conversation was general round the room, and half a dozen of the party, who grew hungry,—from the delay of tea,—slid demurely round to the tea-table, and ate up the cakes and sandwiches. ...

When the party left, Prince Metternich went out before them to show the way, and I thought, as he crossed the saloon, that his moving figure was the most dignified and imposing I ever looked upon,—a striking contrast to the poor royalty that followed. The Princess went as far as the outer saloon, and the Prince accompanied them to their carriage. When the Princess came back she scolded the gentlemen good-humouredly for despoiling her tea-table when she could not
defend it, ordered in other refreshments, and made tea. But it was getting late; I took French leave and hurried back to Vienna, but did not get there till nearly one o'clock.

June 30.——... At four I went to dine with Baron Lerchenfeld, and found he had been so civil as to ask chiefly such persons as he knew to be my acquaintance in Vienna,—Jarcze; Count Bombelles; Von Hammer; Count Dietrichstein, who was the Governor of the Duke of Reichstadt, and is now the principal officer attached to the person of the reigning Empress, and is one of the most elegant and winning gentlemen I have met; with such as he thought I might be glad to see,—Naumann, long one of their employés in England; Baron Zedlitz, who writes for the theatre, and among other things has made a sort of rifacimento of the Estrella de Sevilla; the Minister of War; and some others whom I did not know. I talked chiefly with Count Dietrichstein, Count Bombelles, and Baron Zedlitz, and had a very agreeable time.

In the evening I drove out to Von Hammer's, who held this evening his weekly soirée. Thirty or forty persons were there; among the rest Caroline Pichler, whom I was very glad to see for the sake of her fifty volumes of romances, some of which are good, and have been translated into English, French, and Italian. She seemed a nice, pleasant old lady. Mr. McNeill was there, whom I remember to have met in London at dinner last year, recently returned from Persia. ... He is now going there again as British Minister. He is a very interesting and intellectual gentleman; moreover a fine scholar in Western as well as Eastern literature. Among them all I passed a truly agreeable evening.

July 1.——... At a little before three o'clock I went to the Chancery, and made a visit to Von Hammer in his office, and after that went to Prince Metternich's magnificent apartments.

The business of the morning, however, was not quite over, and two persons were still waiting in the antechamber. The Minister of Police came out of the cabinet, and one who, I understood afterwards, had formerly been Minister of Finance to the King of Sardinia, was admitted. His business did not occupy the Premier many minutes. A Hungarian Count, dressed in a full suit of really splendid uniform as a Hussar officer, next passed in, carrying in his hand a huge letter with broad black edges, containing, as I learnt, a reply to the letter of condolence which this officer had carried to the present King of Saxony on the death of the late King,... and when this was over the Prince came out into the antechamber to me. Meanwhile, however, Von Hammer had joined me there, and said he wanted to speak to the Premier. I told him I was only going in to see the library, and he said he would go in with me.

When, therefore, the Prince came out, we both went towards the door to meet him. But it was plain, in an instant, that he did not mean to have a visit from Mr. Von Hammer. Nothing could be more condescending than he was, nothing more kind; but it was in vain the

5 King Anton had died June 6.
Orientalist told him he knew me very well and moved again towards the door, for the Prince insisted, though merely by his manner, upon hearing there what he had to say. It was simply to ask when he might present to him Mr. McNeill, the British Ambassador to Persia, which the Prince told him he might do the next morning in his cabinet, and then most politely bowed away the somewhat disconcerted scholar. He took me now directly into his cabinet, and seating me in the same comfortable easy-chair where I sat the other day, took the somewhat more simple one opposite, himself, leaving the same plain little table between us, with a few business-like looking papers on it.

"You know M. Von Hammer, then," he said, laughing. I told him I had brought letters to him, and that he had been very kind to me. "A very extraordinary person, quite unique in his department in Europe. But, like almost all the philologists, he is very quarrelsome. I do not know what it is in their pursuits that makes them so sensitive; but I have known a great many in my life, and almost all of them have been frequently in personal difficulties. Perhaps M. Von Hammer has told you about his quarrel with Captain Basil Hall." I told him he had. "I thought so," said he, laughing heartily. "Captain Hall is a man of talent,—un homme d'esprit,—he writes well, but he seems really to have been a little unreasonable in his visit at the old lady's castle in Styria." And again he laughed very heartily.

"There is nothing more important for a man"—he then went on, mero motu suo—"than to be reasonable and moderate in his expectations, and especially not to wish to do anything he cannot accomplish. I am myself moderate in everything, and I endeavour to become more moderate. I have a calm disposition, a very calm one,—J'ai l'esprit calme, très calme. I am passionate about nothing,—Je ne suis passionné pour rien. Therefore I have no foolish mistakes to reproach myself with,—Ainsi je n'ai pas de sottises à me reprocher. But I am very often misunderstood. I am thought to be a great absolutist in my policy. But I am not. It is true I do not like democracies; democracy is everywhere and always—partout et toujours—a dissolving, decomposing principle; it tends to separate men, it loosens society. This does not suit my character. I am by character and habit constructive,—Je suis par caractère et par habitude constructeur.

"Monarchy, therefore, is the only government fitted to my mind; the only government in which I could be useful. Monarchy alone tends to bring men together, to unite them into compact and effective masses; to render them capable, by their combined efforts, of the highest degrees of culture and civilization."

I objected to this, that though the government in a republic is of less consequence than the government in a monarchy, individuals are of much more consequence; that men are more truly men, have wider views and a more active intelligence, where they do almost everything for themselves, than where, as in monarchies, almost everything is done for them, etc. He listened with great readiness to all I had to
say,—for he is eminently elegant and winning in his ways,—and then replied:

"You refer, I see, to your country, as I do to mine. I am aware your country never could have made so much progress in so short a time under any other than a democratic system; for democracy, while it separates men, creates rivalships of all kinds, and carries them forward very fast by competition among themselves. Take a thousand individuals in America, and a thousand in France or our old Austria,—notre vieille Autriche, as he constantly called it,—and there will be many more marked and characteristic individualities among the Americans than among the Frenchmen or the Austrians; they will be more curious, too, more distinct, more interesting—even, perhaps, more efficient—as individuals; but they will not constitute so efficient a mass, nor one so likely to make permanent progress. Besides, democracy is natural to you; you have always been democrats, and democracy is, therefore, a reality—une vérité—in America. In Europe it is a falsehood, and I hate all falsehood,—En Europe c'est un mensonge. I have always, however, been of the opinion expressed by Tocqueville, that democracy, so far from being the oldest and simplest form of government, as has been so often said, is the latest invented form of all, and the most complicated. With you in America it seems to be un tour de force perpétuel. You are, therefore, often in dangerous positions, and your system is one that wears out fast,—qui s'use vite."

I said, "A young constitution easily throws off diseases that would destroy life in an old one," etc.

"True, true," he replied; "you will go on much further in democracy; you will become much more democratic. I do not know where it will end, nor how it will end; but it cannot end in a quiet, ripe old age."

He asked me who will be our next President. I told him that it will be Van Buren; and that, as I do not desire it, he might consider my opinion at least unprejudiced. He answered, "Neither should I be of Mr. Van Buren's party, if I were in America. I should rather be of that old party of which Washington was originally the head. It was a sort of conservative party, and I should be conservative almost everywhere, certainly in England and America. Your country is a very important one. This government is about to establish regular diplomatic relations with it. You have always managed your affairs with foreign nations with ability."

I do not remember what followed with sufficient distinctness to repeat it; but after talking a little about Austria, and praising the late Emperor very much, as a man of perfect uprightness of purpose and a strong will and character, he turned the conversation upon Europe, and said several times in the course of it, "The present state of Europe is disgusting to me.—L'état actuel de l'Europe m'est dégoûtant. England is advancing towards a revolution,—L'Angleterre marche vers une révolution." On my expressing a strong hope and belief that she would be spared it, he replied very decidedly:

"Non, Monsieur, elle ne l'échappera pas. England, too, has no
great statesmen now, no great statesmen of any party, and woe to the country whose condition and institutions no longer produce great men to manage its affairs. France, on the contrary, has the Revolution behind her,—*La France a la Révolution en dos,*"—a phrase which he repeated several times in the course of the conversation.

"She is like a man who has just passed thoroughly through a severe disease. He is not so likely to take it as if he had never had it. But France, too, wants men of ability; Louis Philippe is the ablest statesman they have had for a great while. And then in France there is such a want of stability. On the 7th of next month I shall have sat in this very chair, as the director of the affairs of this monarchy, twenty-seven years, and in the course of that time I have had intercourse with twenty-eight Ministers of Foreign Affairs in France. I counted them up the day I had been here twenty-five years, and there had been just twenty-five; but in the last two years there have been *three.* So," said he, laughing, "I have one to spare over the number of years I have been here, and I shall soon have another."6

"This is very bad for a country like France. France, too, acts badly upon England; and, indeed, France and England have always acted badly upon each other, exciting each other to violent corresponding changes. The influence of France on England since 1830 has been very bad. The affair of July, 1830, is called a revolution: it was no such thing; it was a lucky rebellion, which changed those at the head of the government, nothing else. But when Louis Philippe said, at the famous arrangement of the Hôtel de Ville, 'La Charte deviendra une vérité,' he uttered a falsehood,—*il dit un mensonge*; there existed no Charter at the moment when he spoke, for that of 1814 was destroyed, and what might become the Charter afterwards he knew as little as anybody in such a moment of uncertainty. The elements of things in France are very bad; there is a great deal of *soi-disant* republicanism, which some of them think they have taken from your country, but which is nothing like yours. And there is a good deal of our German idealism and theorizing which is entirely at war with the French character, which is very practical and very selfish. And there is a great deal of talk about a constitutional government like the English, which they can comprehend as little as they can our German theories or your practical democracy. Altogether it is a bad mélangé. I think I see it as it is. *J'ai beaucoup de calme, je ne mets de passion à rien. J'aime la vérité, et je la cherche. Je hais le mensonge.*

"I do not like my business,—*Je n'aime pas mon métier.* If I liked it, I should not be able to preserve the quietness of spirit—*le calme*—necessary to it. Besides this, the present state of Europe disgusts me; I am tired of it. When I was five-and-twenty years old, I foresaw nothing but change and trouble in my time; and I sometimes thought then that I would leave Europe and go to America, or somewhere else, out of the reach of it. But my place was here. I belonged, as it were,

6 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "This was said during Thiers' administration, which in about six weeks was dissolved."
to an entail,—à un majorat,—and I could not remove. Even my private fortune was fastened to the soil, and would not have been permitted to follow me. And so I have gone on, and have been here at the head of affairs since 1809.

"I did not make the peace of 1809, for I did not choose to make it. When a minister begins, under such circumstances as I began under then, he must have a clear ground,—un terrain net,—or he will not be able to move at all. But since I have been here I have always been the same,—j'ai été toujours le même. Je n'ai trompé personne, et c'est par cette raison que je n'ai pas un ennemi personnel au monde. I have had many colleagues, I have been obliged to remove many of them,—j'ai été obligé d'en frapper beaucoup,—but I never deceived them, and not one of them is now my personal enemy, pas un seul. I have been consulted at different times by many heads of parties in other countries, who wanted to make great changes or revolutions. I have always talked with them, as I now talk with you, directly, frankly, truly,—directement, franchement, avec vérité; very often afterwards I have crushed them,—je les ai écrasés,—but I have never deceived them, and they are not now my personal enemies. I am less exposed, too, to make personal enemies than most persons in my situation would be, for another reason: I labour chiefly, almost entirely, to prevent troubles, to prevent evil. In a democracy you cannot do this. There you must begin by the evil, and endure it, till it has been felt and acknowledged, and then, perhaps, you can apply the remedy.

"This is another reason why democracies do not suit me,—ne me conviennent pas. I care nothing about the past, except as a warning for the future. The present day has no value for me, except as the eve of to-morrow,—Le jour qui court n'a aucune valeur pour moi, excepté comme la veille du lendemain. I labour for to-morrow. I do not venture even to think much of the day following, but to-morrow, it is with to-morrow that my spirit wrestles,—mon esprit lutte,—and I am but too happy if I can do something to prevent the evil it may threaten, or add something to the good of which it is capable," etc., etc.

C'est toujours avec le lendemain que mon esprit lutte, is a fine phrase, and he pronounced it with great force, perhaps with emotion.

He spoke with great earnestness, especially in the latter part of the conversation; was eloquent in many parts of it, gesticulated frequently, and occasionally struck forcibly the little table between us; but he was always dignified, winning, and easy in his whole air and manner.

The conversation lasted above an hour and a half, and I am accurate in what I have given of it; but I have given only the thread of it, and its more striking parts, omitting almost all of what I interposed, and all I do not distinctly remember.

Soon after four a servant came in and announced dinner; but the Prince did not notice him at all. About half-past four another came, an old man with powdered hair and in full dress, to whom the Prince merely said, "Very well," and went on as earnestly as ever. Soon after a third entered, and said, "The Princess orders me to let your Highness
know it wants only a quarter to five.” “Well,” said he to me, laugh-
ing, “since my wife sends for us, we must go;” though still he talked
a little longer, and during the whole time, from beginning to end, did
not seem to take his eyes off my countenance.

At last he rose, and, showing me to the door by which I had
entered, said, “If you will go to my wife in the saloon I will join
you in a moment.” I passed through the rich and beautiful library,
containing, I understand, twenty or thirty thousand volumes, but of
which, by the bye, not a syllable had been said in the conversation,
though I had been invited expressly to come and visit it. I passed,
too, through the first vast antechamber, which was empty, and through
the second, where the dinner-table was waiting. After this began a
suite of very richly furnished rooms, through which I advanced
until their number had become so considerable that I began to think
I had made some mistake; but a servant, seeing me hesitate, came
to me and showed me through two or three more, until I came to
the saloon where the Princess was sitting, with three old ladies and
two gentlemen, one of whom I had seen before. It was a splendid
room, most magnificently furnished, and so large that five ormulu
chandeliers of great size and beauty were suspended from its ceiling.
I have seen few saloons in palaces so rich, and still fewer in such good
taste.

As soon as I entered it, “Well,” said the Princess, “I hope you have
had an agreeable conference with my husband, for it has been a long
one.” “So long,” said one of the old ladies,—who was also a princess,
but I know not from where,—“so long that it has made me very
hungry.” They all laughed heartily, and we had some lively talk
for a few moments, till the Premier came in, and, apologizing slightly
for his tardiness, took the hungry old Princess and led the way to
dinner.

The Princess Metternich took my arm, and after a journey through
the suite of apartments where I had nearly lost myself just before, we
reached the dinner-table, which was round and had eight covers, and
the same number of attendants, only one or two of whom were in
livery. The dinner was as delicious, I suppose, as the science of cookery
could make it, and extended through from ten to fourteen courses, with
many kinds of wines, and among the rest Tokay; but nothing could be
easier or more dégagé than the tone at table. At first the conversation
was mere commonplace gossip. We had good Johannisberg, of course,
and the Princess made some jokes about her selling it to the Americans,
to which the Prince added, that he had an agent in New York for the
purpose, and that we could buy there as good wine as he gives to his
friends in Vienna.

In the midst of this, a secretary came in and delivered a despatch
that moment received, he said, by express from Paris. The news of
the attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe, as he was going to Neuilly,
had been received by telegraph a couple of days before, but as nothing
had come since, everybody was curious to know the details. The
Prince opened his packet at once, but found little news in it, as it
was sent off immediately after the event. It contained, however, the
name of the assassin, Alibaud, and the fact that he was a native of Nismes, and twenty-five years old; this being all M. d'Appony had been able to cater in the first moments of the arrest.

But there was a newspaper in the parcel, which the Prince sent immediately round to the Princess, and desired her to read aloud from it what was marked in pencil with red. It turned out to be Lord Melbourne's trial in the case of Mrs. Norton. She read on for a moment or two, and then casting her eye forward, said, "But there are things here, Clement, that are not to be read,—Mais il y a des choses ici, Clement, qui ne se lisent pas." "Well," said he, laughing, "read us the end at least; let us know what the decision was; you can read that." She turned to it and read the acquittal. The Premier made no remark about it, nor did anybody else, though I knew he was very anxious to have another result; but he turned to me, and asked if our laws in America on such matters resembled the English laws, and continued the conversation on this subject till the dinner was over.

His dislike of Lord Melbourne's administration is very great and notorious. Mr. Forbes told me that, as British Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, he communicated officially to Metternich the fact of its formation, and that the Prince received the notice with great indignation. If Lord Melbourne had been convicted he must have gone out, and perhaps the Ministry would have been entirely dissolved,—an event which would have diminished, I am sure, the Prince's disgust at the present state of Europe. But when the Princess announced the acquittal, he received it as a thing perfectly indifferent.

In the saloon we found three or four gentlemen waiting, and among the rest Naumann, whom I met at Baron Lerchenfeld's yesterday. Coffee was served, . . . . and general conversation followed. The Prince sat down in the window, and, taking up Lord Melbourne's trial, seemed to lose all consciousness of anything else. The Princess showed me the pictures in the saloon and a magnificent porcelain vase, with a portrait of the late Emperor of Austria, presented recently to her husband by the Emperor of Russia. She was very pleasant; but it was now eight o'clock, the company was separating, I had been there five hours, and it was time to go.

The Prince was consistently courteous to the last, followed me to the door with kind compliments, and then, turning back, ceased, I dare say, in five minutes, to think or remember anything more about me, as Sancho says, than "about the shapes of the last year's clouds." I take him to be the most consummate statesman of his sort that our time has produced.7

7 Baron Humboldt wrote to Mr. Ticknor from Sans Souci, September 8, 1837: "Le Prince Metternich, que j'ai vu à Teplitz, a été ravi des entretiens qu'il a eus avec vous. Né dans une république, vous aurez, pourtant, paru plus raisonnable à ses yeux, que ce qu'il appelle mon libéralisme."
CHAPTER II.

From Vienna to Florence.—Austrian Monasteries.—Austrian and Bavarian Alps.—Munich.—Lausanne.—Geneva.—Turin.—General La Harpe.—Count Balbo.—Pellico.—Manzoni.

JOURNAL.

July 2.—This morning we left Vienna. . . . In the latter part of the forenoon we had fine views of the Danube, and the country beyond it. It is a grand river, rising in the square of the city of Donauschingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, entering Austria below Passau, and leaving it near Orsova, but not finally discharging itself into the Black Sea until it has had a course of fully 1550 English miles. For Austria it is of vast consequence, and, with the progress of the arts and improvements of peace, will become every day of more consequence; for, by itself and its large tributaries, such as the Inn, the Traun, and the Enns, it embraces and binds together two-thirds of the monarchy . . . .

We stopped for the night at St. Pölten, a city of 4000 inhabitants, well situated in the plain, and commanding fine views of the mountains of Styria, which we enjoyed from the public walk just outside the gate. While we were there, a procession of two hundred men, women, and children passed into the city, chanting hymns as they followed the banner of St. Hippolytus, the patron saint of their city. They were returning from the great monastery of Mölk, fourteen English miles off, to which they had yesterday gone on a pilgrimage, to fulfil the vows of the city, made two hundred years ago, to avert a plague then raging among them, and which they fear may return if the vows be not annually accomplished. They had a picturesque look, and, as they passed bareheaded themselves, everybody took off their hats . . . .

July 3.—We had another fine drive this morning, but a short one, of only about fourteen or fifteen English miles, through a rich and flourishing country, with the Styrian Mountains, still snow-clad, on our left, until at last we came very abruptly upon the magnificent monastery of Mölk, with the village of the same name below it.

The monastery itself stands upon an abrupt rock, above an hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly from the Danube, and is one of those enormous structures whose foundation belongs to another period of the world's history. It goes back, in fact, to the tenth century (984), by authentic documents, though the present regular and imposing building was erected between 1701 and 1736, and bears the date of 1718 on its fine and massive portal. We wished to see it, and had, therefore, brought letters which insured us the hospitality and civility of the monks; a hospitality and civility, however, I ought to add,
which is most freely granted to all who have any pretensions to ask them. 9

We drove directly through the two spacious courts, round which their monastery is built, and, passing under a noble archway, stopped at the bottom of a flight of marble stairs, which would have done honour to a palace. A servant appeared instantly and showed us to a suite of very large, richly furnished rooms, where the old "guest-master" appeared immediately afterwards,—a venerable, gentle old man of seventy-six,—and begged us to make ourselves entirely comfortable, and to command whatever we wanted. Our letter of introduction was sent to the librarian, who expressed his regret that he could not leave the library until after twelve o'clock, but hoped to see us there at any time that would suit our convenience.

When we had refreshed ourselves, the guest-master carried us to see the monastery. First he showed us the apartments of the Prelate, now absent. There were thirty fine rooms, with a chapel, where he says his private masses daily, a concert-room, etc., all richly furnished, and in the nicest order. Then we went through the guest-chambers, or a part of them, for there were no less than sixty in all; many of them, like those we occupied, opening into a beautiful cloister, paved with marble, and nine hundred feet long, and all of them comfortably furnished. We went to the library, a grand room almost entirely of marble, about sixty feet high, with 20,000 volumes, where the librarian was ready to receive us most civilly; and to the church, a fine piece of architecture entirely of marble, and capable of holding five or six thousand persons.

It was now nearly dinner-time, and we returned to our rooms to rest. . . . At twelve o'clock the kind old guest-master and the librarian came for us, and we went with them to the refectory of the dignitaries of the monastery, another enormous room, fifty or sixty feet high, and of marble, where about a dozen persons dined. The order is Benedictine, and there was no ceremony. As we approached the table, all stopped to ask silently a blessing, each for himself. We then sat down to a simple, good dinner of five or six courses, with a bottle of wine for each person. After it was over and we rose, all paused an instant to return thanks, the monks crossed themselves, and we bowed and courtesied all round.

The monks were pleasant at dinner, and intelligent. Keiblinger, the librarian, a young man of thirty-five, and professor in the Theological Institution connected with the monastery, seemed to have a good deal of acuteness and learning; but in general they did not appear to me like scholars.

There are eighty-four of them in all. Forty priests dine in a hall by themselves: the twelve who hold office dine where we were to-day; the rest are employed as priests, in parishes connected with the

9 In fact, Mr. Ticknor was thought, in Vienna, to be over-scrupulous, when he insisted on taking letters to this and the two other monasteries which he afterwards visited; for the readiness of these communities to entertain guests was asserted to be beyond question.
monastery. They have a gymnasiaium, where a considerable number of young men are instructed without pay, and forty-eight are supported entirely. About three hundred persons sleep and are nourished under their roof, and in the autumn their sixty guest-chambers are often filled. The whole establishment, therefore, belongs to that magnificent class of which few now remain in any country.

After dinner I went again to the library, and saw many rich and curious manuscripts, and books of the first age of printing. There was no want, either, of modern works nor of Protestant books; and yet the library was not like the library of a living, active, efficient institution, but seemed, like the monastery itself, to belong to another state of society.

We went, too, to see their pictures, which were little worth the trouble, and their collections in natural history, which were small; but their garden is fine, and, like the front of the monastery, commands grand views up and down the Danube, which spreads out beneath in all its beauty and power, and over to the other shore, where are the picturesque ruins of the old castle of Waideneck, churches, villages, and monasteries, scattered frequent through a fertile land, the castles of Lübereck and Schönbichl still proudly preserved, and a range of solemn mountains swelling up to the horizon and bounding the whole. But the monks of old always chose well the sites for their monasteries, and the preservation of an establishment of this sort in all its stateliness and wealth shows how little their power is broken down as yet in "old Austria," as Prince Metternich calls it. It was a very interesting and a very strange sight to us, Protestants and Puritans.

July 4.—... Our next purpose was to pass the night at the monastery of St. Florian, another of the vast Benedictine establishments, which has existed here certainly since 1071, and which still remains in undiminished splendour. They have documents that go back to 819, and claim to have been founded in 465. At any rate, like all the other large and old monasteries in this part of Europe, it goes back to a period earlier than the building of the cities, which cannot be put farther back than the middle of the tenth century. It is to this period, when the influence of the monks was so valuable and beneficent, when they protected the poor peasantry from the lords of the numberless castles and robber's-nests,—whose picturesque ruins we find everywhere,—and when they introduced agriculture and the arts of civilized life, that they trace their great possessions and the main elements of the influence they have ever since exercised. I speak exclusively of South Germany.

It is less than an hour's drive to the westward of Enns, and the beautiful cultivation through which we passed spoke well both of the influence and the example of the monks as agriculturists. We saw, too, an imposing castle with four massive towers, which we afterwards learnt had been built by the nephew of Tilly, the great general of the Thirty Years' War; but which, since 1763, has been owned by the monks, who obtained it by purchase.

The monastery itself is larger even than the one at Mölk, and more
regularly built by the same architect, having been finished in 1745. It stands on a hillside with a village below it, and commands a view of one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys I ever beheld, closed up by mountains beyond; itself a most grand and imposing pile of architecture in the Italian style of the eighteenth century, which makes the neighbouring castle look like a structure of very moderate size.

We were received, as we were at Mölk, at the bottom of the grand marble staircase,—to the foot of which we drove under a massive portal,—by a servant who showed us at once to a suite of four rooms, which we were desired to regard as our own, and to order such refreshments as we might need. The Prelate, Arneth, to whom we had letters, was absent, . . . but would be back in the evening. Meanwhile, the next in office, the Abbot,—a round easy person, nearly seventy years old, who seemed to think everything in his monastery admirable and wonderful,—with another monk about forty,—who seemed to be the wit of the brotherhood, and to be willing to make us merry even with the Abbot and his excessive fancy for all that belonged to them,—made their appearance and offered to do the honours of the establishment to us.

We went first to their collection of pictures, which filled five or six rooms, but where only a few had any merit at all, and then to a collection of engravings hung round the walls of several more rooms, which were very good, and among which I noticed an engraving of the battle of Bunker Hill, where, to the great astonishment of the monks, I pointed out the commander on our side dressed like a farmer. But the distances are so great in these enormous convents, and the walks through their unending cloisters, over polished marble, so hard, that we were glad to retire to our rooms and rest.

Supper, I found, had been ordered for us in the Prelate's apartments, . . . but I begged the Abbot to let Mr. Sparmann and myself join them in conventu, to which he readily agreed, the witty brother adding that it would be merrier there. So in a few moments we went to supper. I thought we should never get there. We passed from one grand arched cloister to another, until, notwithstanding interruptions from talking with the monks, I counted above eleven hundred steps. I suppose, in fact, we went half a mile, at least.

At last we found a lofty marble hall, at the upper end of which was a billiard-table, where Mr. Sparmann was playing with one of the monks, while down the middle was the supper-table.

Eighteen monks were soon gathered round it, the whole number that inhabits this wide pile. There are eighty-nine in all, but many serve in parishes, and the rest are employed as teachers in a large gymnasium, which is supported by the monastery, in Linz. Two of the monks I saw to-night are interesting men,—Stiltz, the librarian, a young man who seems full of zeal for knowledge; and Kurtz, an old, very modest man, whose works on the history of Austria, amounting to sixteen or eighteen octavos, are valued throughout Germany as the best on the subject. I talked a good deal with him, . . . walked with him.
in the garden, and went with him to his room, which was large, every way comfortable, rather nicely furnished, and hung round with good engravings. . . . They have about an hundred rooms for guests.

July 5.—We breakfasted in our own rooms. . . . As the monks are priests, who must say their masses every morning; . . . they all breakfast separately. When it was over with us, Kurtz, Stiltz, and one or two other monks came and showed us the library. It consists of about fifty thousand volumes, and is very respectable from its composition. In literary history it is quite remarkable, and there is an admirable room full of incunabula. I saw, too, a great deal, both of elegant literature and of Protestant learning, which could hardly be expected in a convent; and there was a tone in the conversation of the monks much freer than would seem to be appropriate to their condition. The political atmosphere, both here and at Mölk, was quite liberal, at least round some of the monks.

We saw their collections in natural history, mineralogy, etc., which were of moderate value, but two parts of the establishment surprised me very much. One was a suite of rooms, about twenty or twenty-five in number, called the Kaiser-Zimmer,—Imperial Rooms,—which were prepared for the Emperor, Charles VI., who sent the monks word, when their convent was building, a century ago, that he would come and see them every year, and hunt in their woods, if they would fit up apartments worthy of him. They did so, of course; for, as one of the monks said, such imperial hints were like "requests in full armour," and the Emperor and Prince Eugene used to come, and live upon the monks several weeks every autumn, which they found a very burdensome honour for their revenues. The rooms are now, of course, neglected, but they are still princely and grand; and the convent might, in all respects, easily be put in order to receive an emperor and his court, as in a vast palace. The other part of the monastery that surprised me was the church. Its size, its marbles, its rich but not overburdened ornaments, and its free, unencumbered architecture, reminded me of the magnificent churches at Venice. It will hold eight thousand people, and the whole country round so throng here, at the feast of St. Florian and several other great festivals, that it is filled.

As we came back from the church I met a messenger from the Prelate, who sent his compliments, to say he would make me a visit, if I were disengaged. It seemed more suitable for me to go to him, and I went at once. I found him living in a suite of twenty or thirty rooms. . . . There was some state about him, a doorkeeper and two or three monks in attendance, the rooms very noble. He himself seemed about fifty, with the air and manners of the world, and agreeable and rather courtly conversation. He regretted that he was not at home last evening to receive us, hoped we had been comfortable, and so on; and it was plain he did not wish to be thought a mere monk. When I left him, the carriage was already announced. We went down the magnificent marble staircase: . . . the venerable Kurtz, Stiltz, and two or three other monks followed us to the bottom; we
found several more waiting, who had brought flowers for Mrs. T. and the children; and we drove away with their hearty good wishes following us.

Our journey during the forenoon was only twelve or fourteen miles, to Steyer, through most agreeable by-roads, and a country not only much broken and diversified, but with extensive prospects, closed up by the Styrian Mountains. . . . We remained there only long enough to dine, and then, through an uncommonly rich, well-cultivated country, we came to Kremsmünster, another grand Benedictine monastery, larger even than either of the others we had seen. We found it standing on a hill-side, with its little village, as usual, gathered under its protection, the pretty, rapid stream of the Krems brawling below, and a wide, rich valley running up beyond, until it is grandly closed up by snow-clad mountains, grouped together in very picturesque forms.

We drove through a part of the irregular buildings that compose the wide extent of the monastery, and crossing two large courts,—where we found on all sides proofs that it was a gymnasium as well as a convent,—were brought to the part inhabited by the Prelate. We were carried at once to his apartments, and found him an old man, nearly seventy, or quite seventy years old, broken with age, and talking so imperfectly, from want of teeth, that he could not be readily understood. He received us very kindly, and the proper officer having made his appearance, we were asked how many rooms we needed, and were immediately shown to a suite of five excellent ones, large enough to make a dozen such as are used and built now-a-days. After we had refreshed ourselves, we were invited to see the establishment. It dates from 770, but the buildings have been erected at different times chiefly between 1300 and 1690, and are spread very irregularly, over a wide space of ground. The number of monks is eighty-four, forty of whom reside in the house, and the rest are priests in parishes. The monastery has, besides, a gymnasium, where above two hundred and fifty young men are in a constant course of education, gratis, fifty of whom are entirely supported by the Emperor, and a part of the rest by the funds of the institution. We went first to the church. It was originally of Gothic architecture, as its proportions still show, but about one hundred and thirty or hundred and forty years ago it was changed, according to the perverse fashion of the times, into an Italian-looking structure, and nearly spoilt. It will hold about two thousand persons. From the church we were carried to see a large court, in which were five enormous stone reservoirs of water, supplied by living fountains, and filled with some thousands of fish,—trout, and all sorts of fresh-water fish,—who were disporting themselves there, and fed for the table of the monastery. It was a pretty sight, and a very extraordinary one, considering the amount of ground covered by this truly monastic luxury, and the number of fish it contained. From this court we passed into the garden, whose formal walks often gave us fine views of the picturesque country about us, and of the Styrian Mountains. . . . Their greenhouses were very good, and the conservatory for fig-trees very ample.
But it was now supper-time, and we were led to the Prelate's apartments, where we found Professor Heinrich, to whom we had brought letters, and who, as the head of the part devoted to education, and having the especial oversight of the Emperor's scholars, is a very efficient person in the monastery. He is about forty years old, and evidently a man of an active, vigilant mind. Immediately after we arrived in the Prelate's parlour, "The Master of the Kitchen," a round, fat, burly old monk, came in, and very ceremoniously announced that supper was ready. The Prelate desired Mrs. T. to follow the rubicund official, and then, preceding the rest of us, we all rather solemnly marched to the supper, which we found served in an enormous hall of marble, about sixty feet high and wide, and long in proportion. As we entered it, I perceived the other officials of the monastery standing together on the opposite side of the hall. The Prelate and our party bowed to them, and the two parties advanced, in parallel lines, up the different sides of the hall, till we had traversed about one half of it. There we all stopped, and each asked a silent blessing; the monks crossed themselves, we bowed all round, and then traversing the rest of the hall were arranged at table, on each side of the Prelate, rather ceremoniously. We were twelve in all, and seemed lost in the vast and splendid hall. The monks were of course among the elders, for they hold the offices of the monastery, but they were ordinary, dull-looking persons in general. The supper consisted of five courses, including soup, and was only moderately good; but there was a bottle of good wine for each, which the monks in general finished.

There was a beautiful ornament to the table, a silver-gilt oval vase, about two feet and a half long [sunk in the table], with two graceful dolphins rising in the middle of it, who spouted water into the vase, where some gold-fish seemed to make themselves very happy. It was the prettiest centre-ornament to a table that I ever saw, and it occupied not a little of our attention, for the monks liked to have it noticed.

An abundance of pure, delicious water is one of the luxuries and beauties of this grand monastery, in different parts of which they have forty fountains, running to waste. When supper was over . . . . we left the hall with ceremonies similar to those by which we entered it. I finished the evening by enjoying the sunset and twilight views of the valley and the mountains, in a long walk with Professor Heinrich, on the hill overlooking the monastery . . . . Everybody who has once seen them knows how beautiful are such mountains in the receding twilight, reflecting it back with ever-varying tints from the purple rocks and glittering snows, while the rich valleys below are already grown dim or become entirely lost in the grey darkness.

July 6.—We are so comfortably off and so kindly treated that we have determined to stay till to-morrow . . . . Two young monks, one of them a rather smart, jaunty young man of twenty-seven, were deputed by the prior to show me whatever I desired to see. I went with them, therefore, to the library, which contains about thirty thou-
sand volumes, but has a very antiquated and monastic look; there
are also fifteen hundred manuscripts, incunabula, etc. In the farming
establishment I saw forty cows, who are never allowed to leave
their stalls, eating grass out of marble mangers; . . . a neat, dark
dairy, with running water; . . . another large reservoir full of a
sort of large salmon and fresh-water lobsters; in short, whatever
should belong to the luxury or comfort of such an establishment,
when arranged on the grandest scale. We dined with the Prelate, and
after dinner were carried through a long series of rooms—covered
with pictures, generally poor, and engravings, some of which, by
Albert Dürer, were very curious—to his saloon, where we had coffee.
. . . When this was over, we were carried to the observatory, a
heavy, imposing building, erected on the solid rock, nine stories, and
nearly two hundred feet high; . . . the upper part is filled with
astronomical instruments, some of which, by Frauenhofer, are probably
good. . . . The rest of the afternoon I passed in talking with
the monks, and in visiting that part of the establishment devoted to
education, which seemed very well managed, and has its refectory,
kitchens, church, etc., apart. I supped with the Prelate, and went to
bed early, quite fatigued with walking over this wilderness of irregular
buildings, which, if not in as good taste as those of Mölk or St. Florian,
have a massive grandeur about them greater than that of either of
those establishments, large as they are.

Professor Heinrich is altogether the most acute, intelligent, and
learned person I found among the monks here. He is liberal in his
politics, and knows a good deal about England and America. I was
quite surprised, for instance, to find that he understood very well the
whole question of the United States Bank. . . . The young monk
Räshuber, who has lately passed a couple of years in Vienna, at the
observatory there, . . . is quite fire-new in all his notions. . . .
In all three of these monasteries, as well as in the two or three monks
I saw at Heiligenkreuz, I have found a liberal and even republican
tone the prevalent one; great admiration of America, etc.

July 7.—After breakfast this morning we took leave of the kind,
but rather dull old Prelate, and were followed to our carriage by the
monks with all sorts of good wishes. The boys of the gymnasium,
too, were out in great numbers to see off the strangers who had come
from so far, and, by the time we had passed the outer court, we had
been saluted by nearly the whole rank and file of the establish-
ment.

Until I visited these three great monasteries, I did not suppose that
any so large, so rich, and so stately could be found still remaining in
Christendom. But the Benedictines are yet strong in their original
resources and influence throughout Austria; and these, with the
Convent of Admont, constitute the hiding of their power. . . . The
Benedictines have always been the most respectable, the most learned,
the most beneficient, of all the orders of monks; and it was for this
reason that they escaped almost entirely when Joseph II. laid so heavy
a hand on the monasteries of Austria generally, in the latter part of
the last century. What is to become of them hereafter, it is difficult
to tell. They do not belong to the present state of things anywhere, not even in "old Austria."¹

The next four weeks were occupied by a very interesting journey through the valleys of Upper Austria, which is described with great animation in the Journal. After passing two days on the beautiful Gmunden See, the party arrived at Ischl on the 10th of July, and made their head-quarters there until the 16th. Ischl was not the fashionable watering-place it has since become, and this whole journey from Vienna to Munich was then so rarely made, that its beauties were almost unknown, except to Germans. The facilities and comforts of travelling were proportionately small, but there was compensation, not only in the wonderful scenery, but in the freedom from the presence of tourists.

July 12.—It has been a perfectly clear and beautiful day, and we have used it to make an excursion of about fifteen miles into the mountains, to see the valley and lake of Gosau, and the Dachstein or Thorstein Mountain, with its glacier. . . . At first we followed the Traun to the point where it comes out of the beautiful lake of Hallstadt, along which we drove for a mile, and then turned into the wild valley of the Gosau, a small mountain stream which came rushing down between opposing rocks that rose, generally, on each side some hundred feet, and sometimes one or two thousand feet above our heads. Through this narrow pass we continued to ascend for about an hour, with the Gosau tumbling and foaming by our side, until at last the whole spread out into a rich and beautiful valley, containing thirteen hundred inhabitants, nearly all Protestants. . . . We stopped at a sort of rude inn, kept by an old woman, who reminded us of Meg Merrilies, . . . and then traversing the whole of this fertile valley, came to where it is closed up by the mountain, and where the road finally ceases. Here we left our calèche, and, taking a couple of chairs with eight men to carry us, began to ascend the mountain. The views were very grand. As we rose we passed round a sort of promontory in the hills, and then into a gorge where the Donner Kegel, or Thunder-peaks, seemed absolutely to overhang our heads, at the height of two or three thousand feet; and still clinging to the wild torrent of the Gosau, at the end of an hour we reached the lake from which it flows. It is about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide, shut in by mountains on all sides, of which the Dachstein rose directly in front of us, 9448 feet above the ocean, with a glacier about three miles long distinctly before us, and so near that its waters keep the lake almost down to the freezing point. It is a very grand and very picturesque view. . . .

In the evening I went to the Ischl theatre, . . . where the act-

¹ These monasteries are still mentioned in guide-books, etc., as being grand establishments, on a magnificent scale.
ing was quite as bad as I expected to find it; but I went merely because I saw a piece translated from the Spanish announced, Moreto's Desden con el Desden, under the name of Die Prinzessin Diana; and I enjoyed it a good deal, because the original was quite familiar to me.

July 14.—..... We had another beautiful day to-day, which we used for another excursion into the mountains, visiting the lake and town of Hallstadt, and the waterfall of Waldbach-Strupp. ..... It is a more picturesque lake than Gmunden, about four and a half English miles long and one mile wide, surrounded by mountains that are as admirably grouped for effect as can well be imagined, and in which it lies so deeply imbedded that during four months in the year not a ray of the sun falls upon the greater part of it, or upon the village on its border. ..... We did not stop at the village, except to order a cold dinner to be sent up the mountain, and then followed the course of the mountain torrent as our only guide.

It is hardly possible that a stream can be more beautiful than it is, as it comes rushing and leaping down in every form of torrent and cascade, over rocks covered with the richest moss, and under the shade of venerable beeches and oaks; now of the deep emerald green, given to it by the glacier from which it springs, and now as white as foam and sunshine can make it. We lounged by its banks for an hour, refreshed in the heat of the day by its cool waters, whose temperature is so low that no fishes can live in them, and then toiled for another half-hour up the precipitous sides of the mountain, until, coming suddenly upon the verge of a gulf, we saw the torrent, fresh from its icy source, bursting its way through the mountain wall opposite, and falling with tremendous uproar into the abyss nearly a hundred feet below. It was a grand spectacle, and deserves as truly to be called picturesque as anything of the sort I have ever seen. We sat down and enjoyed it at our leisure. ..... In about two hours our dinner was brought. A kind old woodcutter went down to the torrent and fetched us up some water, which effectually cooled our wine, and we enjoyed a delicious meal, resting on the bank of grass under the shadowing trees, and directly in front of the waterfall. ..... 

At St. Wolfgang, Mr. Ticknor says, "In the court of the church we saw something really interesting, a very beautiful and graceful fountain, cast in lead, with admirable designs by Albert Dürer, of whose authenticity I did not doubt, both on account of their beauty, and because his initials and the date, 1515, were cast with the work."

After three days at Salzburg, on whose various beauties, interest, and antiquities Mr. Ticknor dwells at length, we find the following description of an excursion from Berchtesgarden to Königsee and Obersee:—

July 20.—The lake [Königsee] was as smooth as glass; the mountains—which on one side do not leave a foothold for the chamois,
and on the other only an obscure hunter's path, but no habitation for man—rose in grand and picturesque forms around us; now and then a cascade came rushing down the rock to join the still waters below; and twice, graceful islands broke their pure, smooth expanse. After rowing an hour and a quarter we came to a hunting-lodge of the King of Bavaria, built on a narrow strip of alluvial earth, which here stretches out into the lake. We landed and had some delicious fish for dinner, called saiblinge, much like our trout. The row back in the shadows of the afternoon, with the music of the Hallein miners before us, was delightful, and the approach to the gentle, cultivated valley beyond, dressed in the most brilliant green and lighted by the descending sun, was as beautiful as anything of the sort well can be.

July 22.—. . . After passing Lend we left the Salzach, and, joining the Ache, plunged deeper and deeper into the dark recesses of the mountains. As we rose we came to the Klam-Strasse, a gorge about two miles long, where the Ache has forced for itself so narrow a passage that while it boils and foams two or three hundred feet below, the perpendicular rocks above afford no shelf for the road in many places, except such as is cut into their sides or carried on stone arches and long wooden bridges from one cliff to another. It is said to be the most fearful of all the mountain passes in Central Europe, and I can readily believe it; for, though it is perfectly safe, it is not possible, I apprehend, to go through it without some sensation of insecurity.

Until the first of August the travellers lingered in this beautiful country, including the remote valley of Gastein, closing their excursions with a few days at Munich, amidst the results of the recent patronage of art, by the reigning King, Ludwig I., whom Mr. Ticknor had seen as Crown Prince in earlier days in Rome. A letter to Mr. Daveis, written some weeks afterwards, gives a concise summary of this part of the summer's travels.

. . . . From Vienna we went up the Danube into Upper Austria, Salzburg, etc., on the whole the loveliest and most picturesque, though not the grandest country I have yet seen. . . . At length, after a month spent so delightfully among the valleys and lakes, and surrounded with the snow-clad mountains of Upper Austria, we turned to Munich. There we passed a week, which was quite filled with visits to the many fine buildings erected by the present King of Bavaria, and to the numberless fresco-paintings with which he has

2 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "The King comes here every summer and hunts. Sometimes he hunts chamois, which are then driven down by great numbers of peasants, from the summits of the mountains. The last hunt of this sort was four years ago [1832], and eighty-four chamois were killed. But it is a costly sport—the forenoon's frolic having been paid for with 12,000 thalers (9000 dollars)—and the present King of Bavaria is too economical to indulge in it often."

3 A party of miners out for a frolic, with a band.
covered their walls. The Glyptothek—an affected name for a statue-
gallery—is, on the whole, the most beautiful, merely beautiful build-
ing I ever saw; and there is a school of painting there, which, for the
wideness and boldness of its range, and the number of artists attached
to it, is a phenomenon the world has not seen since the days of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. It has already done a great deal, and if it
continues to thrive for forty or fifty years more, as it has for the last
twenty, so that there will be time for it to settle and ripen, to assume
its proper character and reach its appropriate finish, it will produce
works that will revive the great period of the art. But it seems to
me as if the spirit of the times were against it, and as if "an age too
late, of which Milton fancied he felt the influences, were indeed to
prevent the ripening of these magnificent attempts. And perhaps it
is better it should be so; perhaps the world is grown so old and so
wise, perhaps moral culture is so far advanced, that more can be done
for human nature than by such costly patronage of the arts. At least,
in Bavaria it is obtained at much too dear a cost. . . .

From Munich we intended to have plunged at once into the moun-
tains of the Tyrol, but that was precisely the country that was most
infected with the cholera, and a system of cordons was at once estab-
lished, that made it out of the question to think of penetrating into
the Peninsula on that side. This sent us into Switzerland, where we
intended to have gone next year, on leaving Italy. . . . I think the
Jungfrau, as seen from the high pass of the Wengern Alp,—where,
in the solitudes of nature, you stand, as it were, in the immediate pre-
sence of one of the grandest and most glorious works of God,—pro-
duces more religious feelings and associations than anything I ever
witnessed, which belonged to merely physical existence. . . .

Three days at Berne gave Mr. Ticknor opportunity to see
Count Bombelles, Austrian Minister at Berne, and the Duke of
Montebello, who had received civilities in Boston. "His wife,"
he writes, "a niece, I believe, of the late Lord Liverpool, is one
of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, and there was a
pleasant party of diplomats and foreigners collected at his house,
from eight to eleven." Mr. Ticknor also gave a day to a visit to
Hofwyl, the school of Mr. Fellenberg, which interested him
much. On the 2nd of September he writes at Lausanne.

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September 2.—. . . It was late before we were established in
comfortable quarters, . . . but I was desirous to see old General
Laharpe, the governor and tutor of the late Emperor Alexander,
and the person to whom that monarch owed, probably, most of the
good qualities, and more particularly most of the liberal opinions, for
which he was at one period of his life somewhat remarkable; and I
therefore sent him my letter of introduction, and received an invita-
tion to visit him. I found him eighty-four years old, with beautifully
white hair, and the marks of a fresh and well-preserved, though truly venerable old age. His wife, who is a Russian, seemed younger, and his niece, the daughter of a brother, lives with them. His establishment is such as suits his age and character; not showy, but every way as large, comfortable, and elegant as he can desire. He received me in a suite of rooms forming his library; tea was served, and I talked with him about an hour. He is, and always has been, a consistent republican, and for the last nineteen years—or since 1817—has lived quite retired in his native canton; for which, in the midst of the great changes of 1814-15, he did so much by means of his personal influence with the Russian Emperor, and in whose political affairs and moral improvement he has ever since taken the liveliest interest. His talk was of past times. He remembered the course of our Revolution in America with great distinctness, and told me that he personally knew it to be a fact, that Burr made offers to the French government to divide the United States, and bring the Valley of the Mississippi under French control. Talleyrand told me, in 1818, that the offer was made to himself; and Laharpe was in Paris, and used to see Burr occasionally at the time he was there, but says he was never looked upon with favour or respect. He told me, too, that, being at the head-quarters of the allies as they were advancing upon Paris, in 1814, Lord Castlereagh, after hearing of the occupation of Eastport and the lower part of Maine, said, one day, rubbing his hands with some satisfaction, "We shall take two or three of the United States now, and I think we shall be able to keep them too."

When, however, peace was made, in 1815, and he congratulated his lordship upon it, he seemed uncommonly well pleased.

September 3.—I spent the evening, until quite late, with old General Laharpe, who had invited a few people to meet us; . . . but I cared about nobody there except our host and hostess, who received us in a fine suite of rooms over the library suite, in the principal of which was a portrait of Alexander, "given to his friend and instructor in 1814," as the inscription set forth. When the company was gone, the old gentleman, who had told me about the beginning of the correspondence and diplomatic intercourse between Russia and the United States, showed me a letter of the Emperor to him. It was dated July 7, 1803, consisted of three sheets, and was very kind and affectionate. Laharpe had sent him, just before, one of Jefferson's messages to Congress, which had been furnished him by Joel Barlow at Paris. To this the Emperor replied:—

"I should be extremely happy"—I believe I remember the words, and that my translation is literal—"if you could put me in more direct relations with Erskine and Jefferson. I should feel myself greatly honoured by it."

This Laharpe showed to Barlow, and thereupon Jefferson wrote to the Emperor. A correspondence followed, and finally diplomatic relations. Why are none of the letters given in the published works of Jefferson?

Such talk of the old gentleman made my evening interesting, and I parted from him, after eleven o'clock, with a good deal of regret. He
is a truly venerable person, upon whom old age sits with a gracefulness that is very rare.

September 4.—We drove to-day on the beautiful banks of this beautiful lake, through the rich fields and vineyards of the Pays de Vaud, and in sight always of the mountains of Savoy, from Lausanne to Geneva. . . . We stopped to see the Château at Coppet, which we found a very comfortable and even luxurious establishment on the inside, though of slight pretensions outside. The room—a long hall—that Mad. de Staël used for private theatricals was fitted up by Auguste for a library, in which he placed the books both of his mother and his grandfather, and at one end of it a fine statue of Necker, by Tieck. The family portraits, Necker and Mad. Necker, the Baron and Mad. de Staël, Auguste, and a bust of Mad. de Broglie, made in 1815, are in another room, and Auguste's cabinet is just as he left it. The whole was very sad to me, the more so, perhaps, because the concierge recollected me, and showed the desolation of the place, and its melancholy memorials, with a good deal of feeling.

The door of the monument in which rest the remains of Necker and his wife, with Mad. de Staël at their feet, has been walled up. Auguste is buried on the outside, and round the whole is a high wall, the gate to which is not opened at all, as both Necker and Mad. de Staël desired their cemetery might never be made a show. Whenever she herself arrived at Coppet she took the key and visited it quite alone, but otherwise the enclosure was never opened.

Geneva, September 6.—. . . Geneva is extremely changed in all respects, and bears everywhere the marks of its increased wealth. . . . Society is no less changed. Sismondi is in Italy. . . . Besstetten, the head of all that was literary and agreeable, died two years ago, about ninety years old. Prevost, one of the coterie of Frederick the Great; both the Pictets; Simond, the traveller; the President de la Rive; Dumont, etc., etc., are all gone. . . . Indeed, it is apparent that Geneva is becoming almost entirely a place of commerce, and its prosperity will every day increase its commercial tendencies.

September 8.—I have renewed my acquaintance with Mad. Rilliet, Huber, and M. Hess, the first of whom is the most intimate friend of the De Staëls remaining in Geneva, and the last, a man of letters attached to her household. They are all that survive of the delightful circle in which I passed some time, most happily, nineteen years ago.

At Geneva, having met Mr. Horace Binney of Philadelphia, travelling with a daughter and niece, the two parties crossed the Simplo in company, and agreed to proceed southward, and to undergo, together, the quarantine that had now been made inevitable for all persons wishing to reach Rome from the north.

Turin, September 29.—We have not been out to-day, except just to look about a little; but the square before our windows, with the royal guards constantly called out to salute some personage of consequence coming from the palace, the fine military music at noon, the
show of military in some form or other passing in all directions, and
the necessary thronging and bustling of the passengers, has amused
us very much. It is one of those picturesque scenes which can be
found only on the Continent, and even there only in a few cities
where, as here, the sovereign has a great passion for whatever is mil-
tary.

In the evening I went to see my old acquaintance, Count Brunetti,
whom I had known as Austrian Chargé d’Affaires at Madrid, and who
is now Austrian Minister here, married, and with three or four children.
He is much changed in his personal appearance by sickness, but is
still the same manly, intellectual person I formerly knew. He is just
in the horrors of moving his establishment to a larger house, so that I
shall hardly see much of him.

*September 30.*—This forenoon I had a long and very agreeable visit
from Count Cesare Balbo, whom I knew very well in 1818 at Madrid,
where his father was Sardinian Minister. He has had very various
fortunes since I saw him last,—was exiled in 1821, for some part he
took in the affairs for which Pellico suffered; passed two years in
Paris, where he married a granddaughter of Count Segur; came back,
and was still not permitted to enter Turin, but passed two years more
in the country; became an author, to amuse and fill his time, wrote a
“History of the Lombards in Italy,” a translation of the “Annals of
Tacitus,” four *Novelle*, which are very beautiful, some literary dis-
cussions, an edition of his friend Count Vidua’s “Letters,” etc. He
lived there most happily, and continued happy in Turin after his
return, till the death of his wife, about three years ago, who left him
with eight young children and his aged father.

He felt himself quite overcome by his position for a long time, and
especially after the death of his mother-in-law, about a year since,
which finally determined him to marry again; so about two months
ago he married a daughter of the late Count Napione. His family
being rich, and he an only son, his position is very agreeable; but I
think he finds his chief resources in his family and his books, and is,
as I believe he always has been, a truly estimable and excellent, as
well as learned and able man. In the affairs of the kingdom he, of
course, takes no share, from his liberal politics; but his aged father,
who has filled nearly all the first offices of the state at different times,
is still held in great consideration, though there is no difference in
their politics.

*October 1.*—. . . . When Count Balbo was with me yesterday, I
happened to ask him how I could get a parcel and some letters to
Pellico, whom I had ascertained to be out of town. He replied that
the Marquis de Barolo, with whom Pellico has for some time lived,
was at his villa, which is next to Count Balbo’s villa, and that he
would deliver the whole the same evening. . . . To-day he brought
Pellico to make us a visit. . . .

Pellico is a small, commonplace-looking man, about fifty years old,
gentle, modest, and quiet in his manners; his health still feeble, but
not bad, from his long confinement; and his health still feeble, but not
bad, from his long confinement; and with a subdued air, which
shows that the spirit within him has been much bruised and crushed,
and probably his very talent and mind reduced in its tone. He spoke with great pleasure of the American translation of his Prigioni, which we brought him, and said that he is now quite happy in his position, that he had found kindness everywhere among his countrymen, and that his wants are very few, and that they are much more than supplied. He is, I understand, extremely religious, perhaps somewhat bigoted. . . . After Balbo was gone out he said,—with more fervour than he put into anything else,—that he was the first friend he found after he came out of prison,—"The first, I mean," said he, "that I added to those I had before I was confined; and he has been an excellent and kind one to me ever since. He is a good man; I owe him much."

The facts of his history since his release, I learn, are as follows. When he reached Turin, Italy was full of trouble in consequence of the French revolution of 1830, and all liberal men were suspected and watched; among the rest Count Balbo, whose name was on a list of those to be sent to Alessandria, if he should express his opinions in favour of any change. Pellico, therefore, remained most quietly with his family, going out hardly at all, and in every possible way avoiding suspicion. Count Balbo sent him word, through Pellico's brother, that he wished to know him, but it was best for both of them not to meet until the times were more settled, as an acquaintance between them now might injure both. At the same time he advised him to live quite retired, at least for a few months. In the spring things were more settled, and Pellico was introduced by his brother to Count Balbo, who at once became interested in him.

But it was not easy to interest others in him. Some were afraid of the consequences of intercourse with one who had been so obnoxious to the legitimacy of Europe, and others were unwilling to receive into their society one who had worn the dress of a Galérien. Balbo, however, continued to walk with him in public, and otherwise make known his interest in him, and as the summer advanced, invited him to pass some time at a villa he had somewhat remote from Turin. He in fact spent several months there, and besides writing a good deal of one of his tragedies, began to write his Prigioni, which, however, he ventured upon with very great hesitation, and not till after Balbo had encouraged and stimulated him not a little to undertake it.

When the Prigioni were published, the minds of a good many persons were changed by it, but not the minds of all. Among those who now sought his acquaintance were the Marquis and Marchioness Barolo, persons of large fortune,—two hundred or three hundred thousand francs per annum,—of an old family, of intellectual tastes, and much devoted to doing good. They were always intimate friends of the Balbo family, and Count Cesare had made some movements earlier towards introducing Pellico to them; but he had found in them a little repugnance to receiving him, and he did not press it. Now they asked him to bring Pellico to their house, and the result has been, that they have become attached to him, have invited him to take the nominal place of librarian, with the salary of twelve hundred
francs a year, and established him as their inmate completely, except
that in winter, when they are in Turin, he lodges with his father and
mother. It is a quiet situation, and he says he is very happy in it.
I doubt not it is so. The Marquis and Marchioness have no children,
and spend a large part of their great income in works of benevolence.
When the cholera appeared at Turin last year, they at once gave up
a journey they had projected to Florence and Rome, and moved into
the city from their villa, devoting themselves to the means of pre-
venting the progress of the disease, as well as to the hospitals, which
the Marchioness, as well as her husband, visited regularly. She has
constantly, at Turin, a House of Refuge for the most unhappy class of
her own sex, and in her very palazzo she has established an infant
school, where the poor can leave their children when they go to their
daily work.

While Pellico was still sitting with us. . . . Sir Augustus Foster,
the British Minister, came in, and I was glad to find that he treated
Pellico with unaffected kindness and consideration, and invited him to
dine. . . . Sir Augustus is the same person who was Minister in
the United States when war was declared with Great Britain, and
has been Minister here eleven years, till he has grown quite a Pied-
montese in his tastes.

October 2.— . . . We dined with the Marquis Barolo, at his villa,
. . . . about six or seven miles from Turin. . . . Our road was for
some time on the banks of the Po, through a rich and beautiful country,
with the snowy Alps on our right hand and before us. . . . We
found a beautiful villa, in the Gothic taste, with a chapel and
ornamental buildings attached to it, and a magnificent view of the
rich plain below and the mighty Alps beyond. The Marquis we
found a tall, plain person, with gentlemanly manners, and evidently
good sense and kind feelings. Mad. de Barelo, to our great surprise,
is a Frenchwoman, who, notwithstanding her well-known religious
character and habitual, active benevolence, has all a Frenchwoman's
grace, vivacity, and esprit. The appearance of things was everywhere
elegant, tasteful, and intellectual. So was the conversation. Nobody
was there but the family, consisting, besides the Barolos, of a person
who seemed to be a secretary, and another who appeared to be a
chaplain,—but neither of whom joined in any of the conversation,—
Pellico, and Count Balbo.

About an hour after we arrived dinner was announced, which was
served about six o'clock, by candlelight, in a beautiful room ornamented
with a few pieces of sculpture. The service was of silver. Pellico
was gentle and pleasant, but talked little, and I could not help marking
the contrast between his conversation and the grave, strong, manly
conversation of Count Balbo, as well as the gay, lively, conmérerage
of Mad. de Barolo. The dinner, which was entirely French, was
extremely agreeable, and when it was over we went to the saloon, had
coffee and more pleasant talk, looked over autographs, etc., till about
nine, when we returned to Turin.

4 In 1812.
October 3.—... In the afternoon we drove down the Po about as far as we drove up it yesterday, and dined with Sir Augustus Foster, at his villa. It is beautifully situated on the opposite declivity of the height on which stands the villa of the Barolos, and commands the other view of the Alps, the plain, and the river. ... The party was large, consisting of Ramirez, the Neapolitan Minister, whom I knew as a Secretary of Legation in Madrid; Heldewier, the Dutch Minister, whom I knew, also, as a Secretary at Madrid; Truchsess, the Prussian Minister; the Marquis and Marchioness de Podenas, the latter of whom played so great a part in the service of the Duchess de Berri; and several other persons. It was an elegant dinner, and so far as talking with Mad. de Podenas and the good-natured Sir Augustus Foster could make an agreeable one, I found it so. But there was nothing special about it, except that I was struck with meeting so many persons at Turin whom I knew at Madrid. I can already count seven.

October 4.—Count Balbo came to town this forenoon to see us, and having spent a good deal of the day in excellent talk with him, I went to his father's palazzo in town, and dined with him, and with a small and very agreeable party he had invited to meet me. They were Sauli, who manages the affairs of the island of Sardinia; the Abbé Gazzera, a great bibliographer; Count Sclopis, who is engaged in a great work of codification for the whole kingdom; Boucheron, the author of a beautiful Latin life of the Abbé Caluso; Count Cossi, the archivist of the King; and the Marquis Alfieri, a connexion of the poet. It was an elegant dinner, in the genuinely Italian style, and the conversation was very animated and various. A part of it turned on the relative domestic character of the Italians and the French, and there was a sharp battle well fought on both sides.

The old Count did not dine with us, but he came into the saloon in the evening, bringing with him several original letters of Franklin, one or two American pamphlets, and other things that he thought it would please me, as an American, to see. The letters of Franklin he inherited with the papers of Beccaria,—the professor of philosophy, not the jurist,—whose favourite pupil the Count was, and who corresponded with Franklin about electricity, etc. The Count is nearly eighty years old, and much broken in his physical strength, but his mind is as clear and active as when I knew him in 1818.

October 5.—I went over the University this morning with the Abbé Gazzera, where I saw nothing worth recollecting, but a good library of 140,000 volumes, with a few curious and beautiful manuscripts. Afterwards I passed a little time with Count Cossi in the archives of the kingdom, but again saw little that was very interesting. ... The rest of the forenoon we spent in a drive to Count Balbo's villa, finely situated next to that of the Marquis de Barolo; and saw his wife, who seems an agreeable and suitable person for his position and family. I was sorry to part with them, for Count Balbo

5 The representative of Italy in the Board of Arbitrators which met at Geneva in 1873, to settle the claims of the United States against England.
has really shown himself an old friend ever since we have been in Turin.

**MILAN, October 7.**—The whole morning was spent in different inquiries about the state of the cholera, to all which I obtained most satisfactory answers, so far as the disease itself is concerned, which seems to be fast disappearing from all parts of Italy. . . . The afternoon I spent in the great cathedral, enjoying the mere general effect of its solemnity, for in this respect I know of no building in Europe that surpasses it. As the twilight closed in, it was grand and impressive indeed; the lights at two or three altars, and the humble worshippers before them, adding not a little to its power.

**October 8.**—Again I passed the morning in inquiries about the cholera and cordons, . . . with the general conclusion which I came to at Turin, that Castel Franco, between Modena and Bologna, is the best place for us to undergo the quarantine, without which neither Florence nor Rome can be reached. The governor of Lombardy was very civil to me, and showed me all the documents relating to the subject, . . . and from looking them over I have no doubt the cholera has nearly disappeared from every part of Italy. . . . The Roman Consul—a great name for a very small personage—was also very good-natured, and showed me whatever I wanted to see. But neither of them gave me any hope that the cordons will be removed at present, and the governor talked of the Duke of Modena and of the Pope in a way that hardly became either a good neighbour or a good Catholic, and with a freedom which no man in the United States, holding a considerable office, would venture to use. But I have often had occasion to observe that opinions are more freely expressed in Europe than they are with us; partly, I suppose, because opinion is so powerful in the United States, and of so little comparative consequence here, where the governments are neither founded on opinion nor controlled by it.

"The Duke of Modena," said the governor, "is a very absurd personage, who keeps up his cordons, in part, to show that he is not under Austrian influence." I asked him what might be expected from the Roman States.

"Nothing is to be expected," he replied, "from a government of priests but inconsequence and imbecility."

His whole talk was in this tone. . . .

In the evening we went to the Scala, the famous Scala which has enjoyed such a reputation in Europe ever since it was built in 1778, and which the Austrian Government is obliged to keep up at such great cost. Its size, indeed, which permits it to hold, with its six rows of boxes, above three thousand spectators; the splendour of the view on one side, which is all gold except the graceful blue silk drapery that shuts the front of the boxes, and on the other the vast stage, with sometimes nearly a thousand actors on it; the admirable scenery; . . . the picturesque and even poetical ballet; and the opera itself,—make it, I dare say, what it chiefly claims to be, the most magnificent spectacle of the sort in Europe. . . . There is at this moment no society in Milan. It is the season of the *villeggiatura*, when it is
unfashionable always to be seen in the city, and this year the cholera has made it a desert, so that hardly one box in ten had anybody in it. ... Belisario, by Donizetti, was pretty well performed by Tadolini as the prima donna, whom we had heard at Vienna. ... 

October 9.—We spent a very agreeable day to-day with the Manzoni family, at their villa about five or six miles from Milan, where they live half the year. The family now consists of the elder Mad. Manzoni, who is the daughter of the well-known Marquis Beccaria, and an interesting old lady; Manzoni himself, who has been a widower these two years; and his five children, with an ecclesiastic, who is almost always found in respectable Italian families, as a tutor, and religious director. To this party was added to-day, to meet us, Baron Trechi, ... who some time since expiated the sin of having more than common talent and liberal views of politics, by a fifteen months’ confinement in an Austrian prison.

The whole was pleasant, but the person who most interested me was Manzoni himself, who must, I suppose, be now admitted to be the most successful author Italy has produced since the days of Alfieri, and who has, besides, the merit of being a truly excellent and respectable man. He is now fifty-one years old, for, as he told me to-day, he was born in 1785, and he has been known as an author since he published his Inni Sacri, in 1816. ... But no degree of success encourages him to write much. He has a sensitive, retiring spirit, and what he has achieved amidst almost unbroken applause is said to be no compensation to himself for the occasional murmurs of critical censure that reach even those who least need or deserve them. In conversation he showed some of this character. He seemed, so to speak, to be strong through his fears; and talked with the most energy where he felt the most misgiving.

Thus, for instance, he was positively eloquent when he urged his fears that the attempts to introduce liberal institutions into Europe would end in fastening the chains of a heavier despotism on the people, and that the irreligious tendencies of the age would but arm the priesthood with new and more dangerous power. In the question of slavery in the United States he was much interested, and said he wished the northern portion of America were separated from the southern, that New England and the other free States might be entirely relieved from this odious taint. He talked well, too, upon other subjects, especially literary subjects; but he is more thoroughly interested, I should think, in what relates to religion and government than anything else, though his fears and anxieties will probably prevent him from ever fully publishing all he thinks and feels on either of them. But he is a man of wisely liberal views in politics, I should think, and a sincere Catholic in his faith. His temperament leads him to live much and quietly in the country, where he occupies himself with agriculture and botany, with poetry and literature. He is rich already, and on the death of his aged uncle, the present Marquis Beccaria, he will be master of a large fortune; though I think this will hardly much affect his habits or his modes of life, which will always be determined by his original character. He is of
middleing size, and his hair is quite grey, so that he looks older than he is; he stutters a very little, and he takes snuff freely. He is simple, frank, and ardent,—at least sometimes ardent in his manner,—and left with me not only a strong impression of his talent, but of his excellent and faithful character. . . .

October 10.—. . . . To the Brera we next went. . . . Most of its halls are not well enough lighted, but the three pictures that are best worth seeing are in very good positions. They are Raffaello's Spolalizio, a work of his youth, which, notwithstanding its grace and sweetness, has so many awkward parts about it, that it cannot be looked at with great pleasure; Guido's Peter and Paul in Discussion about the Gentiles, a grand picture full of deep meaning; and Guercino's Hagar sent away by Abraham, in which the severity of the patriarch, the half-concealed triumph of Sarah, and the broken-hearted expression of the beautiful victim, who hesitates yet an instant to believe or obey the cruel command for her exile, produced altogether an effect which places it among the very first pictures in the world. I was glad to find that the beautiful Hagar was quite fresh in my recollection after an interval of nearly twenty years. . . .

October 11.—We passed the forenoon in the cathedral, which, in fact, I visit every day; but which we to-day examined in some detail. It is a magnificent structure, inferior in size only to St. Peter's and St. Paul's, and built of solid marble in all its architecture and ornaments, from the foundation-stone to the pinnacle. . . . This is precisely one of the buildings where you care nothing about the details, though I must needs say I do not like the doors and windows on the front, or the magnificent granite pillars on the inside of the principal entrance, because they are of Roman architecture and contradict the rest of the fabric. Still, after all, you do not think of these incongruities when you are there, for they are lost in the effect of the whole. Its vastness, its gorgeousness, and the richness of the dim light by which it is seen, give it full power over the imagination.

October 13.—. . . . In the afternoon Mr. Binney, of Philadelphia, and his party joined us from Venice, with the intention of going South with us, whenever we shall jointly determine upon the course it will be best to take. . . .

October 19.—We have passed through the territories of the Duke of Modena, and are safely shut up for a fortnight's quarantine in Castel Franco. The whole day's work has been as ridiculous as anything of the sort, perhaps, can be. In less than an hour after leaving Parma we reached the frontier of Modena, and were stopped by the guard till horses could be sent for; as the Duke allows no foreigner to enter his territories, who does not come prepared to traverse them as fast as post-horses can carry him, and under an escort, to make it sure that no intercourse is held with the inhabitants on the way. The whole goes here, as elsewhere in Italy, on the absurd system that cholera is communicated mainly, and perhaps solely, by contact, like the plague. Our passport, therefore, was taken in a pair of tongs and fumigated; the money to pay for this graceful ceremony was dropped into vinegar, and then the passport was given to two
carabineers, who rode in a calèche behind us, to see that we did not get out of the carriage or touch any of the subjects of the most gracious Duke. In this way we were handed on from post to post, changing the carabineers at each station, until about three o'clock, or about six hours after we entered Modena, we crossed its frontiers again, and were delivered over to the Pope’s guards, who fumigated our passport anew, though it had been in the hands of the carabineers the whole time, and then sent us into our lazaretto, which is neither more nor less than a set of old brick barracks in a ruined fort, erected some time in the seventeenth century, and dismantled by the French. Our rooms are brick on all sides, and cheerless enough; but the food is quite decent.

In these barracks we are locked up and guarded with perhaps twenty or thirty other persons, . . . we are not allowed to touch any person who came in on a different day from ourselves, nor to touch anything they have touched; but we may all walk and converse together in a large, well-sodded esplanade of about ten acres, surrounded completely with the buildings which prevent us from seeing anything of the external world. . . . This is to be our fate for a fortnight; but we have a pleasant party and abundant occupations, and . . . are not altogether sorry for a little real repose, after about five months of very busy travelling. . . .

October 30.—We have now gone through nearly the whole of this miserable farce of a quarantine, and next day after to-morrow are to be released, and pronounced free of infection. On the whole, it has not been worse than we anticipated, and we have all been so truly busy that I do not know when the same number of days have passed so quickly. Every morning I have risen at seven, and we have all met for breakfast about nine; after which we have occupied ourselves in reading and writing . . . till twelve, when we have generally walked an hour in the most delightful weather. . . . At five we have met again for dinner, after which we took a dish of tea together and finished the evening with a game of whist. . . . Part of the time there have been fifty persons in the same condition with ourselves, and at this moment there are above twenty Americans here. Most of the parties complain much of the tediousness and vexation of the delay, and we have heartily pitied a poor Russian Countess who has heard here of the illness and death of a child at Florence, hardly twenty hours’ drive from here, which she yet could not be permitted to visit. . . .

November 1.—This morning we were released. The population of the lazaretto has been much increased within the last two days . . . in such numbers that no suitable accommodations can be provided for them. . . . This morning they crowded round the carriage as we entered it, looking like the poor souls in Virgil who are not permitted to pass over the Styx. . . . However, we did not stop to think much of such things, but hastened on to Bologna, where we were glad indeed to find ourselves again amidst the somewhat cheerless comforts of a huge Italian palazzo, turned into an inn. As soon as we were established we went out to see the city, with an appe-
tite for sights somewhat sharpened by an abstinence of a full fortnight. . . .

The evening I spent with Mad. Martinetti, with whom, nineteen years ago, I spent the only two evenings I ever passed in Bologna. She is not as beautiful as she was then, when she had recently sat to Gérard as the model for his Corinna improvising on Cape Misenum: but she is still a fine-looking woman, and has the grace, sweetness, and intelligence of which time can never despoil her, and which have always made her house one of the most agreeable in Italy.

CHAPTER III.

Florence.—Niccolini.—Madame Lenzoni.—Grand Duke.—Micali.—Alberti Manuscripts of Tasso.—Gino Capponi.—Italian Society.—Rome.—Bunsen.—Thorwaldsen.—Princess Gabrielli.—Borgheses.—Cardinal Fesch.—English Society.—Princess Massimo.—Archæological Lectures.

JOURNAL.

Florence, November 5.—A rainy day. I went, however, to see my friend Bellocq, whom I knew in Madrid as Secretary of the French Embassy there, and who is here Chargé d'Affaires from France,—a bachelor, grown old, and somewhat délabré, but apparently with as much bonhomie as ever. I drove, too, to Greenough's house, but found he had gone to the United States; . . . . but I did little else except make inquiries about the cholera at Naples, which threatens to interfere with our plans.

In the evening I went to a regular Italian conversazione, which occurs twice a week at the house of the Marchioness Lenzoni, the last descendant of one branch of the Medici family. Her house is beautifully fitted up with works of art, and is in all respects redolent of the genius of Italy, and . . . . she receives more intellectual society than anybody in Florence. She is, I suppose, about fifty years old, and, like all well-bred Italian women of her class, entirely without affectation or pretension. I found there Micali, the author of "Italia avanti il Domino dei Romani,"—an old man, but very full of life and spirit; Forti, who is distinguishing himself as a political economist; a professor of mathematics, and two or three other agreeable people. . . . . I was particularly glad to make the acquaintance of Micali, whose book, which I have valued these twenty years, has, I find, passed through eight or ten editions, notwithstanding its severe and learned character.

November 7.—This morning I went to the gallery. . . . . The Tribune I found—as far as I can recollect—just as I left it eighteen

7 Horatio Greenough, the American sculptor.
years ago, and I cannot express how much pleasure it gave me.
. . . It is, indeed, a sort of holy place in the arts, and even the least interested visitors speak under their breath, and tread lightly, as they glide about from the monument of one great man's genius to that of another, consecrated already by the testimony of ages.

November 9.—I made a visit to Niccolini, the tragic writer and general scholar, who now, I suppose, ranks the first of his class in Florence. He is about fifty-five years old, with a fine head, but little beauty or dignity of person, and with manners always awkward and sometimes, as I hear, a little savage. I found him disposed to be agreeable, partly, perhaps, because I came from a republic, and he is a republican, or high liberal. . . . He is engaged now in writing a history of the Suabian power in Italy; but I should think his want of all knowledge of German would be a grave impediment to his success, and that he must rely chiefly on the good proportions and finish of his book as a work of art. He is, however, much in earnest about it, and as he gives up the theatre because, as he says, he believes the opera is to prevail over it more and more, I suppose he will make it all he can.

November 10.—. . . In the evening I had a long visit from Niccolini, who, I suppose, fancies himself to have inherited the genuine spirit of the old Florentine Republic, and who is, perhaps, as much of a republican as an Italian of the nineteenth century knows how to be. His "John of Procida," the tragedy on the Sicilian Vespers, shows this plainly enough, and when I alluded to it this evening he told me a curious story about it.

The French Minister here, he said, was so much annoyed by the bitterness with which the French are treated in it, that he complained to the Grand Duke, and had its representation stopped. The severe allusions to French tyranny were, however, no doubt all intended by Niccolini for the Austrians; and Count Bombelles—the same I knew at Berne—was so well aware of this, that, with his characteristic good-humour and plainness, he told his French colleague, "I wonder you took so much trouble about Niccolini's tragedy; the letter, to be sure, was addressed to you, but the contents of it were all meant for me."

November 14.—I brought a letter from Prince John, of Saxony, to the Grand Duke, . . . in consequence of which I received yesterday, from Count Fossombroni, the Prime Minister, a formal despatch, saying that the Grand Duke would receive me to-day, at twelve, in his cabinet. . . . So to-day I went to the Pitti Palace, and after passing through the regular antechambers and by the noble guards on service, was conducted through a labyrinth of passages,—one of which passed near the kitchens,—until at last I reached a small room where was one ordinary-looking old servant in attendance, out of livery. In two or three minutes he told me the Grand Duke was ready to receive me, and I passed into his cabinet, which I found a large room, exces-sively encumbered with rich furniture, and containing several tables covered with papers, and a desk, or working-table, . . . before which was a beautiful bust of the Grand Duchess.
The Grand Duke was standing just by the door to receive me, and carried me at once to a sofa, where we sat down together. He is thirty-nine years old, rather tall, thin, pale, and awkward. He talks French fluently and correctly, but with a strong Italian accent, and a little thickness of voice, which, added to a little real embarrassment, made it somewhat difficult to understand him, until he was en train. The subjects were chosen chiefly by himself, but after talking a little about Saxony, and the princes there, and a little more about Florence and the objects of my visit, he fastened upon the United States, and asked me a great many questions about our manners, and modes of life, our luxury, the amount of the incomes of our rich men, the way in which they are spent, etc. He was generally well enough informed to put his questions well, and always very curious and eager. Indeed, I do not know when I have seen anybody so greedy of matter-of-fact knowledge; and whenever I said anything that struck him, he took out his tablets, and made a note of it, as if he meant to seize every occasion to pick up a fact.

At last, as the conversation grew more interesting to him, he kept his tablets constantly in his hand, and wrote as diligently as a German student at a lecture. On his part, he spoke of the decay of the great fortunes of the nobility in Italy with some tone of regret, though, he said, it would probably at last lead to good; and when we talked about domestic life and the purity of its relations in America, he expressed the bitterest pain at the corruption of the married state in Italy, and added, "If we could have in this respect your foundation to build upon, we could still have a great state in Italy. But it is too late. We are quite corrupt in all our domestic relations, and it comes chiefly, I think, from the fact that the infidelity of a husband is not thought to be at all a ground of censure."

He asked me where I thought it the greatest good fortune for a man to be born. I told him in America. He asked why. And when I replied, that the mass of the community there, by being occupied about the affairs of the state, instead of being confined, as they are elsewhere, to the mere drudgery of earning their own subsistence, are more truly men, and that it is more agreeable and elevating to live among them, he blushed a little, but made no answer.

Just at this moment the Archbishop was announced, and the Prince, saying he should like to talk with me still further, but that he had indispensable business with the Archbishop, asked me if I would go for an instant into an adjoining room and then return to him. I did so, the Archbishop not stopping above two or three minutes.

When I went back he took out his tablets again, and plied me with questions about America till nearly two o'clock, which is his dinner-hour; when, rising and going with me to the door, he thanked me for the information I had given him, and dismissed me. He struck me, on the whole, to have the character often attributed to him, of being an honest, well-meaning man, anxious to get the knowledge that will make him a faithful governor of his people; but, though with a fair and intelligent mind, so greatly wanting in firmness and energy, that it is hardly possible he should not be led and governed
by designing men. This is said to be the case now, and he is growing unpopular very fast. When he came to the sovereignty, in 1824, and for six years afterwards, he was greatly loved; but since that time, and especially since the troubles in Italy in 1831-32, that grew out of the French changes of 1830, he has fallen more and more into the hands of those who desire the progress of absolutism, and has become less and less welcome to his people. Where it is all to end, it is not perhaps easy to foresee. His private and domestic character is admitted by all to be good; he lives entirely with his family, and devotes himself most laboriously to the work of government; but after all, if he does not know how to govern, and if his system is opposed to the whole spirit of his time, his good qualities will avail him nothing, and his zealous and voluntary personal labours, by making him responsible for a great deal of what he might otherwise well leave to his ministers, will only run up a heavier account with his people, and one that, in the end, may be the harder to settle. I look upon him, therefore, to be in an unhappy position, and his whole air and manner to-day seemed to me to show that he feels it to be an anxious one.

November 15.—I passed some time this morning with the Cavaliere Micali, a very lively and courtly little old gentleman, who is as full of knowledge of all sorts, from his Etruscan antiquities down to the commonest gossip of the day, as a man well can be. He carried me from his own house to see the Riccardi Palace. . . .

On my return home I had a visit from the Marquis de' Torrigiani, second son of the head of the family, a very respectable, modest young man, who travelled a few years ago in the United States. Since he came back he has interested himself in reviving and giving efficiency to some old schools for popular instruction, in which he has partly succeeded, but in which the spirit of the government is substantially against him. Even his own family give him no hearty support, I am told, though they are pleased with it, as a sort of feather in the cap of one of their number. He talks English very well, and has a quiet, gentle manner, which, with his apparent good sense, makes me augur well for his success. . . .

November 16.—I went this morning with Micali to see the Marquis Gaetano Capponi, a member of one of those old Florentine families whose titles have survived their fortunes, but who still relish of the old stock. He is a retired, modest man, remarkable chiefly for his love of Tasso, and for his collection of books relative to Tasso, which, in fact, induced me to visit him. It is a very remarkable collection, comprising every edition of the poet himself of any note whatsoever, and nearly every other one, however inconsiderable; together with whatever has been written and published separately about him. The Marquis is now just about to enter into a discussion concerning the Alberti Manuscripts, as they are called, on which he means to print a pamphlet.

It is a curious subject, and if he will give an historical and plain account of the matter, he will render a very acceptable service to Italian literature. . . . The facts in the case are, I believe, as
follows. The Falconieri Library at Rome, it has always been well known, contained at one time a quantity of Tasso's manuscripts, and when Foppa published, in 1666, his collection of Tasso's Inedita, he intimated in his preface that he had not published the whole contained in that library. Count Alberti, therefore, as he says, sought for this remainder of Tasso's autographs, and found them ten years since, and purchased them of the present Prince Falconieri, making an exact schedule of what he took, and obtaining the Prince's receipt at the bottom of it. It was soon bruited about that Count Alberti was in possession of very curious autograph manuscripts of Tasso, which left no doubt that the mutual attachment between himself and Eleonora of Este was the real cause of his confinement, and that his insanity was feigned at the command of the Duke, to avoid worse consequences. Thereupon the Prince Falconieri, without notice to Count Alberti, reclaimed his manuscripts by process of law, as having been in fact, if not in form, stolen from him; to all which the Count replied by the schedule and receipt, and the matter was quashed. So much the greater, however, was the noise the manuscripts made in the world; the Grand Duke of Tuscany heard of them and entered into treaty for them; they were brought to Florence, and he agreed to give six thousand crowns for them, if they should be found genuine by persons skilled in manuscripts. But here was the rub. Experts beyond all suspicion of unfairness examined them, and declined to pronounce them genuine, without absolutely declaring them to be forgeries; the Grand Duke gave Count Alberti some hundred crowns for his trouble, and from that time—which is now three years—the general opinion has gone against their authenticity.

Count Alberti, on his side, appeals to the well-known facts touching the Falconieri Library, and to the legal suit, and objects to the persons who examined his manuscripts, that they ought not to have been mere experts in handwriting, but rather men of letters, who should have judged in part, at least, from internal evidence and historical proofs.

On the other hand, it is said that Count Alberti is an adventurer, who had formerly been an officer in the army; that, among other doubtful characteristics and accomplishments, he has that of being able to imitate all sorts of handwriting; that, knowing the history of the Falconieri Library, he went there and found two or three sonnets, and other inconsiderable autograph manuscripts of Tasso; that he then, probably, entered into an arrangement with the Prince to carry on the imposition of making others, which the Prince should seem to sell him by schedule; that the lawsuit was intended merely to give form to the fraud; that the Count has not been frank and open in showing all the manuscripts to those who could best judge, or who had suspicions of their authenticity; that a man of honour could never have received the few hundred crowns given by the Grand Duke, on the ground that the manuscripts were not genuine, because, if they were not, the inference is irresistible that the Count has forged them; and that, finally, the manuscripts which seem on all accounts to be Tasso's do not touch the interesting questions of
his life, while all the rest relate to nothing else, and have a most suspicious completeness about them, comprising even several notes of the Princess Eleonora herself. Of this last party,—adverse to the genuineness of the manuscripts,—are now, I am told, all the men of letters in Florence: Niccolini, Capponi, Micali, Becchi, etc., though some of them, like Niccolini, were at first believers in their authenticity, and gave certificates to that effect. I have talked with these four persons and some others about it, and they seem to have no doubt; and, on the other side, I have found only my American friend, Mr. Wilde, who seems to be quite as confident in the opposite opinion. It is a strange and curious matter, no doubt, and probably something like the Shakespeare papers, which Ireland pretended to have found, but managed by an older and much more wary and skilful person.

In the evening we went to the Grand Duke's first ball of the season, given at the Pitti Palace. Nothing could be more unceremonious. It is the only occasion on which he sees strangers, or his own subjects, except for business or in private audiences in his cabinet. . . . Any strangers who are presented to him by their ministers may come whenever a ball occurs, without further invitation, but Tuscans come only as they are specially invited. . . . The entrance is by the back part of the palace, which being on the upper side of the hill, we came in on the second story. . . . We passed through many long winding passages, and one or two fine antechambers, and then came into a large and very high hall, all white, and lighted with wax-tapers built up in the form of obelisks, quite round the sides, and as bright as noonday. In this the company assembled. . . . About half-past eight the Grand Duke and Duchess, with their Court, came in, all dressed simply. . . . They passed round the room, and the strangers were presented to them, to the number, I should think, of sixty or seventy. . . . The Grand Duchess is quite handsome, . . . but she had very few words to say to anybody. . . . The Grand Duke made some conversation with us, talked about the dress of ladies in America, about steamboats crossing the Atlantic, and seemed quite willing to be agreeable, though he was certainly awkward in his efforts, and preserved, both then and through the whole evening, the same anxious look I had observed yesterday. After the presentations were over the dancing began, and the Duke and Duchess danced nearly every time. A part of the company went into four or five small rooms near the principal one, and lounged or played cards; and between eleven and twelve a larger room was opened, with refreshments, but no regular supper. Soon after midnight the Court disappeared, and we were at home before one o'clock.

Prince Maximilian of Saxony— one of whose daughters is now Duchess Dowager of Tuscany, and another was the first wife of the present Grand Duke—is now here with his pretty young wife, and his sensible, gifted daughter Amelia, to pass the winter. They were of course at the ball, and as soon as the Court came into the room, crossed it to us, and shook hands with us, and greeted us as old friends, in the most good-natured manner. We, too, on
our part, were very glad to see them, for they were very kind to us last winter.

In the course of the evening I was presented to the Grand Duchess Dowager, and found her as intelligent and agreeable as she is always represented to be, and as all the children of Prince Max really are. 

November 18.— I went by appointment this morning to pay my respects to Prince Max. I found him up four pair of stairs, and passed through, I should think, not less than twelve or fourteen rooms, that looked more like lumber-rooms than like apartments in a palace. But when I reached his suite, I found it richly furnished, as becomes the rank of one who is the father of a king, and might at this moment have been a king himself, if he had not voluntarily abdicated. He received me with his little chapeau-de-bras under his arm, which I never saw him without, and led me into the Princess Amelia's parlour, where she was waiting for us. There we sat down and talked about Saxony, which seemed to please the old Prince very much. He talked well and kindly, and the Princess talked with esprit for half an hour, when, in courtly style, they rose and left the room.

November 19.— This evening, as in duty bound, we went to pay our respects to the Saxon princesses. We found the Princess Louise waiting for us, looking very prettily, but most simply dressed; and soon afterwards the old Prince Max came in with the Princess Amelia. They were extremely kind, and talked pleasantly, after the fashion of princesses, about small matters that could compromise nobody.

November 20.— In the evening we drove out to Fiesole, where Mr. Thompson, of New York, has been living two years, in a very nice, comfortable villa. At table, I happened to sit next to the Princess Galitzin, and it is a long time since I have talked with any lady who had at once so much good sense and so much brilliancy in her conversation. After dinner, while I was near her, Bartolini gave us an interesting account of his residence at Elba, with Bonaparte, whose sculptor he was, and who was so kind to him, both then and previously, that he is still a thorough Bonapartist. One of the works Bonaparte ordered from him was a series of very large marble vases, in which to place lights, for the purpose of illuminating a terrace where he walked in the nights; and Bartolini was at Carrara, employed about them, when Bonaparte made his escape and began the adventures of the famous Hundred Days.

November 22.— I went this morning to see the Marquis Gino Capponi, a person of great distinction here by the antiquity of his family, by his fortune, and by his personal talents; but who, having the taint of liberalism upon him, is frowned upon by the Court, and lives in a sort of morose retirement. I found him living in a magnificent palace, one of the finest in this city of grand palazzos, and though nobody else occupies it but his aged mother, I found him in the true Italian fashion, perched up in the fourth story, and actually ascended a hundred and twelve steps to reach him.

8 The Regent having succeeded to the throne in the previous summer.
He is nearly fifty years old, a widower, and with no children except married daughters,—a tall, fine specimen of a noble Italian, with frank and striking manners, and altogether a picturesque and dignified appearance. His conversation was strong and bold, tinctured with politics throughout; and though he lives with men of letters like Niccolini and Becchi, and affects, and I dare say desires, to give himself up to literature, yet still his cabinet was full of newspapers, and all his talk redolent of public affairs. He was once in great favour with the Grand Duke, and used to be much consulted by him; but since the change in Court politics in 1830–32, the Marquis Capponi withdrew himself rather violently from the government, and is seen now only as a matter of ceremony at the palace. If, however, the time should come when liberal principles again shall prevail in Tuscany, I doubt not he would exercise a controlling influence in its affairs. He savours most strongly of the noble old stock of the Italians in Italy’s best days, and while he is very frank, free, and winning in conversation, has all the air and bearing of one born to command.

In a letter to Mr. Prescott, written six weeks later, Mr. Ticknor thus sums up his experiences in Florence:—

... The society I found still more changed, but not for the better. Of foreign, there was a good deal; but we cared little about it, for it was merely fashionable. Of Italian there was very little. The Marchioness Lenzoni,—who, besides being the last descendant of one branch of the Medicis, owns and carefully preserves at Certaldo the house which Boccaccio possessed, and where he died,—opened her saloon twice a week, and received the principal Florentine nobility, as well as the men of letters, and I met there Buonarotti, the head of Michel Angelo’s family, and the head of the administration of justice for Tuscany,—an eminent and respectable man, whom I was glad to visit in the great artist’s house, and to find surrounded with his memorials, and possessing a good many of his characteristic manuscripts. I also knew there, and at their own houses, Micali, the author of “Italia avanti i Romani,”—a lively, courtly old gentleman, of good fortune, who values himself as much on his fashionable distinctions as on his considerable literary fame; Niccolini, the tragic writer,—a rather savage republican, who fancies himself to have sympathies with all Americans, and who is really an interesting person; as well as some others of less note, whose names you would not recognize.

But I missed the old Countess d’Albany’s house. No such exists now in Florence; and what made it more striking, I was offered for lodging-rooms the very suite of apartments in her palazzo over that in which I used to visit her: the very suite, too, that was occupied by Alfieri, and where I passed a forenoon once in looking over his library and manuscripts. Au reste, she has not left any odour of sanctity behind her among the Florentines. In the latter part of her life she fell under the influence of a Frenchman by the name of Fabre,—you remember Dido’s conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam,—and when she died she left him all her property; so the Palazzo Alfieri, as
it is called, is turned into a lodging-house, and all Alfieri's books and manuscripts are carried off to the South of France, except a duplicate copy of his Tragedies, which Monsieur Fabre gave to the Laurentian Library. This annoys the Italians, and so much the more, because Alfieri, not in legal, but in poetical form, by a sonnet, had signified his wish that his library should be deposited in his native city of Asti; and I remember Tassi, who was his private secretary, told me, when he showed me the books, that at Mad. d'Albany's death they would go to Asti. But it has turned out otherwise; and the Italians console themselves for their loss by abusing the wife of the Pretender; a satisfaction which, I assure you, some of the principal men in Florence enjoyed one night at Madame Lenzoni's in great perfection, at the end of a rather active and agreeable soirée.

The want of society—intellectual, agreeable society—is very much felt by foreigners, not only in Florence, but throughout Italy. I have sometimes thought that it is even felt by the Italians themselves, especially when I have found persons of the first distinction—as far as rank and family are concerned—living in the most cheerless manner, sometimes in an upper story, and sometimes in a remote corner of one of their vast, gloomy, and uncomfortable palaces, without fires in winter, without carpets, and without convenient furniture; and this, too, by no means the result of their poverty, but of indolent habits and perverted tastes, which, while they prevent their possessors from making an effort for better things, do not prevent them from feeling there are such things, and being partly ashamed that they do not enjoy them. No doubt the fortunes of the highest class have been impaired, even within the last twenty years, and men who could once receive in state are now obliged to sell their galleries and rent their palaces. This has been eminently the case at Venice and Bologna, and partly so at Florence. But this will not account for the state of social life throughout Italy; still less for the low state of intellectual culture, especially among Italian women.

Being anxious to establish his family for the winter, Mr. Ticknor left Florence on the 1st of December, and arrived in Rome on the 5th. They took up their quarters that same day in a large and delightful apartment on the south-western slope of the Monte Pincio, where they had a broad view of the city, and the sunshine to brighten them all day; and they had no reason to regret the choice during the five months they stayed there.

JOURNAL.

December 5.—I think we were very fortunate in securing at once such good lodgings; and, to make us feel still more at home, my old friend, Mr. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, came in the evening and made us a most agreeable visit. He is much changed since I knew

9 See vol. i. pp. 147, 148.
him before, is grown stout and round, and become the father of nine children; but he is just as full of learning, activity, and warm-hearted kindness as ever. It was a great pleasure to see him.

_December_ 8.— . . . The evening we spent at the Prussian Minister's, Mr. Bunsen's, whose wife is an English lady. There was a large party, consisting chiefly of Germans and English. I was introduced to many, but remember few, except Wolff, the sculptor, some of whose beautiful works were in the tasteful rooms; Lepsius, who is now distinguishing himself in Egyptian antiquities; Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister, and son of Werther's Albert and Charlotte; Plattner, who has been in Rome above thirty years; Gerhard, the famous archaeologist, etc. It was, like all such soirées, agreeable, in proportion as you fall in with agreeable people. To me it was pleasant because I made a good many interesting acquaintances.

_December_ 9.—To-day there was a great fête and dinner in honour of the birthday of Winckelmann, held at the Villa Albani, under the auspices and presidency of Bunsen. He had invited me to it, when I was still in Florence, and he called to-day and took me out in his carriage. The villa is neglected, but its palazzo, a fine building, is well preserved; the collection of antiques, stolen, literally stolen by the French—has been replaced, and the whole is much in the state in which it was when Winckelmann lived there, under the patronage of the well-known Cardinal Albani.

Between three and four o'clock about ninety persons were collected, chiefly Germans, with a few English and Italian, and among them were the Russian Chargé d'Affaires; Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister; Thorwaldsen; Visconti; Dr. Carlyle, brother to the obscure writer for the Reviews; Wolff; Plattner; all the principal German artists, etc. Gerhard went round with all of us, and lectured on the Gallery and its most interesting monuments, very agreeably; after which we went upstairs, and at five o'clock sat down to an excellent dinner in a truly magnificent hall, all built of brilliant marbles.

Bunsen presided: Thorwaldsen was vice-president, at the other end of the table; toasts were drunk, speeches were made, both in German and Italian, by the president, by Gerhard, Visconti, etc.; and there was a delightful choir of young Germans, who sang with effect several ancient Latin hymns and choruses, a part of the Carmen Seculare of Horace, and some national German airs. There was a good deal of the German enthusiasm about it, and this enthusiasm rose to its height when Bunsen—at nearly the end of the feast—went round to the neighbourhood of Thorwaldsen, and making a speech, and a very happy one, took a wreath of laurel, which was supposed by chance to be near, as one of the ornaments of the occasion, and placed it on Thorwaldsen's head. It was a fine scene. The venerable artist resisted the honour just so far as was graceful, and no further, though taken by surprise entirely, for the speech was so shrewdly adjusted that its full purport was not intelligible till the wreath was on his temples. But everybody felt it was well placed, and a burst of applause followed which must have gratified him.

He is a noble, gentle-looking old man, with an abundance of white
hair flowing upon his shoulders in a very striking manner. I talked with him a good deal to-day, both before dinner and after, and found him as full of simplicity as he is of genius. He has a great deal of feeling, too, and was much moved when I spoke of meeting him twenty years ago at Mad. de Humboldt's; for she was not only one of the remarkable persons of her time, but a very important friend and patron to him when he needed friends.¹

**December 10.—** I went this morning to see the Princess Gabrielli.² In personal appearance she is less changed than I expected to find her. In the extremely winning frankness and sincerity of her character she is not changed at all. During an hour that I sat with her she told me the most extraordinary succession of facts about her own family that I ever listened to. Her father, Lucien Bonaparte, is now in England, poor; . . . the Prince Musignano⁵—Charles—is suing his father and mother for his wife's dowry; Queen Caroline⁴ is quarrelling with Joseph and Jerome for the inheritance she claims from Madame Mère; the Princess of Canino is in Tuscany, furiously jealous of her husband, and yet refusing to join him in England. One of her daughters⁵ is Mrs. Wyse, who threw herself into the Serpentine River in St. James's Park, a few years ago; . . . one son is exiled to America for having been concerned in a murder; another is now in the castle of St. Angelo, under sentence of death, as the principal who committed it; and so on, and so on.

Of the whole Bonaparte family, the Princess Gabrielli is, in short, the only one who can now be said to be in an eligible position in society, or personally happy, and she owes the whole of this to her good sense, to freedom from all ambition, and to her truly simple, kind, and religious character. *Au reste,* she lives perfectly retired in her palace, with her husband and her little boy; her daughters are in a convent for their education; she receives no society and goes nowhere, but is made happy, I doubt not, as she assured me she is, by her domestic relations and her religious duties. Certainly, nobody could be more cheerful, bright, and agreeable than she was this morning; but though the Gabrielli family is rich, and her husband is now the head of it, and possesses the estates of his house, everything in her noble and beautiful palace looked neglected and comfortless. I was sorry to see it, for though this is the way in which almost all ladies of her rank in Rome live, yet one educated as she has been should not have sunk into it.

**December 11.—** . . . The evening I passed at the Princess Borghese's, who receives every evening, but has *grande réception* only once a week. Guards of honour were stationed at the gates of her palazzo,

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¹ Wife of Wilhelm von Humboldt. See vol. i. pp. 147, 148.
² Whom Mr. Ticknor had known as Princess Prossedi, eldest daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. See vol. i. p. 151.
³ Half-brother to the Princess Gabrielli.
⁴ Caroline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I., once Queen of Naples as wife of Murat.
⁵ Half-sister to the Princess Gabrielli. She did not lose her life by the escapade here mentioned.
the court was splendidly lighted, and a row of thirty or forty servants was arranged in the antechamber, while within was opened a noble suite of rooms richly furnished, and a company collected just as it is in one of the great salons of Paris. The Princess, indeed, is a Frenchwoman, granddaughter of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who wrote travels in the United States; and the Prince, though of Italian blood, lived at Paris for thirty years and until about two years ago, when he came to the title and estates and removed to Rome. I brought them letters, but I knew them formerly, both at Florence and Paris... and they received me most kindly.5

The Prince Borghese is now, I suppose, fifty-five years old, very simple, direct, and, as we should say, hearty in his manners; the Princess about forty-five, with the remains of much beauty, with a good deal of grace and elegance, and that sort of good breeding which puts a stranger immediately at his ease. She presented me to her eldest son, the Prince of Sulmona, and to his wife, a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, one of the most beautiful creatures I ever looked upon; to her second son, who has the title of Don Camillo Borghese; and to her only daughter, the Viscountess Mortemart, who with her husband, an intellectual Frenchman, is passing the winter in Rome. . . .

The rooms filled between nine and ten o'clock. There were a few cardinals, . . . two or three foreign ministers, half a dozen English, and the rest were Roman nobility,—the Chigis, Gaetanos, the Piombinos, etc. I talked with some of them; but, except one of the Gaetanos, I found none of them disposed or able to go beyond very common gossip.

December 13.—The evening I passed at the French Minister's, the Marquis de Latour-Maubourg, who holds a soirée once a week. He is a quiet, gentlemanlike person, whom I have seen once or twice before; graver than Frenchmen generally are, and, I should think, of very good sense. The company was much like that at the Princess Borghese's, but the tone somewhat less easy and agreeable, for the Ambassador evidently cares little about it, and the Marchioness has not come to Rome, on account of the cholera. He lives in one wing of the Colonna Palace, and has two or three fine reception-rooms. . . .

December 14.—I passed a couple of hours this forenoon at Mr. Bunsen's. He lives very agreeably, but not showily, in the Caffarelli Palace, which stands on one of the summits of the ancient Capitol, and has, on two sides, the Tarpeian Rock for the limits of its gardens and territories. In his neighbourhood he has erected one building for the Archæological Academy, which has existed at Rome, through his means, since 1829; and another building for the sick Protestants, who are not received into the hospitals of the city, and whom he formerly used to have treated in a wing of his own palace; while, within the palace itself, he has made arrangements for Protestant worship in German, French, and Italian.

6 See vol. i. p. 211.
Besides all this, he is the most active person in whatever of literary enterprise there is in Rome, and a truly learned man in the wide German sense of the word. I went with him this morning over his academy and hospital, and received a sort of regular learned lecture from him on whatever can be seen from the windows of his palace, or from the roof of his hospital, which comprehends a view of all the seven hills, and nearly the whole neighbourhood of the city. It was very interesting, the more so from the place where it was given; and the explanations of the Tarpeian Rock, and some portions of the Capitol itself, were extremely curious and satisfactory.

December 15.—We gave the whole morning to the Museum of the Vatican; and, after all, it seems as if we had hardly made an impression on this wilderness of statues, to say nothing of the bas-reliefs and inscriptions. One of the difficulties in the case is, that when you get into the hall of the Muses, or the cabinet of the Laocoon and Apollo, you remain, and forget the multitude of other things that are worth seeing.

In the evening there was a great concert given by the Duchess Torlonia, who, since her husband’s death, is the head of the banking-house. . . . She gave her fête to-night in a vast palace she owns near St. Peter’s. As we drove to it we found ourselves already within its reach, as it were, when we had arrived at the Bridge of St. Angelo; for the bridge itself was lighted with torches on both sides, and horse-guards were stationed in the middle,—a show which we had all the way through the Trastevere. . . . Meeting the Prince Borghese in one of the rooms, I sat down and had a very agreeable talk with him and the Russian Chargé d’Affaires. . . . We came out very early, and drove through the darkling streets on this side of the Tiber to the Capitol hill, where we passed a very sensible and agreeable hour, with a small party, at Mrs. Bunsen’s. . . .

December 17.—We passed a good deal of a bright, lovely forenoon on the Palatine hill, the original nucleus of Rome, and its most splendid centre in its most splendid days; the spot where Virgil has placed Evander’s humble dwelling, four hundred years before the supposed age of Romulus, and the spot where Nero began the Aurea Domus, which threatened, as the epigram in Suetonius intimates (Nero, c. 31), to fill the whole city, but now, all alike, a heap of undistinguishable ruins. It is in vain to ask for one monument, or to try to verify one record or recollection;—the house where Augustus lived forty years can be as little marked as that of Romulus; and all reminiscences of Cicero, who dwelt here in the midst of his future enemies—Clodius and Catiline,—of Mecenas, of Agrippa, and of Horace, are vain and fruitless. The truth is, probably, that, having been the residence of the Emperors from the time of Augustus till the irruption of the Goths and the capture of the city, it was so full of wealth and works of art, that it was particularly exposed to plunder and violence. We walked about in the Farnese Gardens, and saw on all sides, and especially on the declivities of the hill towards the Aventine and the Cælian, huge substructions, into one of which we descended, and were shown, with a miserable taper, frescoes
and arabesques, which, if not of much merit, prove how much care and ornament were bestowed on the most obscure parts of these luxurious palaces and temples.

**December 18.**—We went to church this morning, and find it more and more grateful to be allowed to have regular Sundays, though the preaching is Calvinistic, and clumsily so. But last winter we had not even this. After church we walked in the Villa Borghese. . . .

**December 20.**—. . . We visited, this morning; the remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, and of the Portico of Octavia. There is, after all, not a great deal to be seen of them; but the antiquarians are much interested about them always, because the marble plan at the Capitol shows so distinctly what they were; and everybody feels interested in what bears the name of Octavia, the sister of Augustus, whom Shakespeare has so well described in a few lines, and in Marcellus, whom Virgil has immortalized in still fewer. 7 The Theatre was begun by Julius Caesar (Dio. Cass., 53—30, p. 725, and 48, 49, p. 376), but was finished by Augustus, and dedicated, A.D. 741, to the memory of Marcellus, who had been dead ten years (Plin., 8. 23; Suet. Aug., 29). . . .

The Portico, which Augustus built afterwards, for the accommodation and shelter of the people frequenting the Theatre, was a wide range of building, including two or three temples, of which remains are found now in two churches in the neighbourhood, and several columns and inscriptions in the streets. No doubt, originally, everything here was in the most magnificent style, as well as on the grandest plan; for Pliny enumerates some of the finest works of Grecian art as having stood here, and among the rest, the very Cupid which Cicero (VI. *contra Verrem*) reproaches Verres with having stolen, and which was the work of Praxiteles. Now, however, so little remains,—it is all so scattered,—and it is scattered through such a filthy and squalid part of the city, that it requires a very decided antiquarian taste to enjoy it. 8 . . .

**December 23.**—I went to see Cardinal Fesch this morning, and sat an hour with him. He is now seventy-four years old, and is somewhat, though not much, changed since I saw him nineteen years ago. Indeed, he is uncommonly hale and well-preserved for his years; dresses with ecclesiastical precision and niceness, and has the most downright good-natured ways with him, as he always had. He talked a vast deal of nonsense about the cholera and cordon; undertook to be learned about the plagues of ancient and modern times, but succeeded only in making a clumsy and awkward display of scraps of knowledge which . . . he knew not how to put together; and finally he told me of a plan he has now in progress, for establishing an academy of sculpture and design in Ajaccio, in Corsica; but I could not find out that he had any further present purpose in relation to the matter.

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7 Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. 2, and *Aeneid*, Book VI. v. 884.
8 Mr. Ticknor made ample and careful memoranda of his visits to ancient remains and modern collections, and of the lectures he heard from Bunsen, Gerhard, and Lepsius.
than to erect a building; and fill it with casts and the refuse pictures of his own admirable gallery. However, if his vanity gets excited, his legacies may be worth something.\(^9\)

In the evening we had a visit from the kind Chevalier Kestner, after which I passed an hour quietly and agreeably at the Princess Borghese’s, where I met the Chigis, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and only one or two other persons. Lord Stuart, who was thirteen years British Ambassador at Paris, remembered me, and reminded me of a conversation I had with him eighteen years ago, which surprised me very much, as I never saw him but once.

\textit{December 25.}—A rainy, windy, and stormy Christmas, but the first really disagreeable day we have had since we crossed the Alps, above three months ago. \ldots We went comfortably enough to St. Peter’s, and having good places there by the kindness of Mr. Kestner, saw the grand mass performed by the Pope, to great advantage. \ldots

\textit{December 26.}—\ldots I dined in a gentleman’s party, at Mr. Jones the Banker’s, with Mr. Harper,\(^1\) Dr. Bowring,\(^2\) and a Mr. Greg,\(^3\) whom I found a very intelligent Englishman of fortune, who means, as Dr. Bowring says, to stand for the next Parliament, for Lancaster. There were two or three other persons present, but the conversation was in the hands of those I have mentioned, and was very spirited. It turned on English reform and American slavery, and such exciting topics as necessarily produced lively talk. We sat long at table, and then I carried Dr. Bowring to Mr. Trevelyan’s,\(^4\) where there was a small party of English, but none so interesting as himself and his wife.

\textit{January 2, 1837.}—\ldots In the evening we went for a short time to the Princess Massimo’s. We brought letters to her, but did not deliver them until lately, because they have been in great affliction, on account of the dangerous illness of one of the family. She is a Princess of Saxony, own cousin to the unfortunate Louis XVI., and married to the head of that ancient house which has sometimes claimed to be descended from Fabius Maximus. When she is well, and her family happy, she receives the world one or two evenings every week, but now her doors are shut. She is old enough to have a good many grandchildren, and we found her living quite in the Roman style.

We passed up the grand, cold, stone staircases, always found in their palaces, through a long suite of ill-lighted, cheerless apartments, and at last found the Princess, with two rather fine-looking daughters, sitting round a table, the old Prince playing cards with some friends at another, with Italian perseverance, while one of her sons, attached to the personal service of the Pope, was standing

\(^9\) There is a Collège Fesch at Ajaccio, a high school for boys, of which one wing contains pictures—said to be eight hundred in number—from Cardinal Fesch’s collection, given by Joseph Bonaparte in 1842, and hardly one good painting among them.

\(^1\) Charles Carroll Harper, of Baltimore.

\(^2\) Sir John Bowring.

\(^3\) William R. Greg, author of “Enigmas of Life,” etc.

\(^4\) Since Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Bart.
with two or three other ecclesiastics near a moderate fire, whose little heat was carefully cut off from the company by screens; for the Italians look upon a direct radiation of warmth from the fireplace as something quite disagreeable. The whole appearance of the room was certainly not princely; still less did it speak of the grandeur of ancient Rome.

But we were very kindly and pleasantly received, and passed an hour agreeably. The rest of the evening we spent at Mrs. Trevelyan's.

January 9.—A course of lectures, to be delivered thrice a week, was begun this morning at the Archæological Institute. It is to be delivered by Bunsen, on the Topography of Rome; Gerhard, on Painted Vases; and Lepsius, on Egyptian Monuments. The lecture to-day was by Bunsen, on the writers upon the Topography of Rome, merely introductory, but curious and interesting.

January 11.—Some of the principal ladies of Rome are now going from house to house, to ask contributions for making arrangements in relation to the cholera. The Princess Borghese—whose duties lay in our quarter—came yesterday to us, but we were out, and she left a note asking us to send to her palazzo any assistance we are disposed to give. . . . In the evening I met her at the Austrian Ambassador's, blazing with diamonds such as I have not seen out of Saxony, and little looking as if she had been begging all day, and receiving sums, as she told me, as low as half a paul.5 This morning I went to carry my little contribution, and was shown by her directly to the breakfast-room, that, as she said, I might see her whole family. It was a cheerful and interesting sight. Beside the beautiful Princess of Sulmona, the fine, striking Viscountess de Mortemart, the three sons, and the son-in-law, there were the chaplain, the tutor, the physician, and one or two other members of a great house, all round a long, highly polished oak table, covered with a substantial déjeuner à la fourchette, served chiefly on silver. They all seemed happy, and were very pleasant; and I could not help contrasting it with the scenes of heartless show I witnessed in the Princess Pauline's days, in the same rooms. It was one of those scenes of the real intérieur of a great house that strangers rarely chance upon, and I enjoyed its simplicity, heartiness, and good taste very much. . . .

In the evening we went to Prince Musignano's,—Charles Bonaparte,—who lives in a beautiful little villa just by the Porta Pia, built by Milizia, the well-known writer on Architecture, and a part of the inheritance from the Princess Pauline to Joseph's children.6 I know nothing of the sort in the neighbourhood of Rome so pretty and tasteful. But the evening was awkward and dull. . . . The ladies were all on one side of the room, and the gentlemen in the middle or on the other side.

5 Five cents of American money.
6 The Princess Musignano was the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte.
CHAPTER IV.

Rome.—Dante and Papal Government.—Taking the Veil in High Life.—Kestner and Goethe.—Cardinal Giustiniani.—Letter to Mr. Dana.—Francis Hare.—Sismondi.—Mezzofanti.—Alberti Manuscripts.—Lady Westmoreland.—Mai.—Vatican Library.—Wordsworth and H. C. Robinson.

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January 16.—Mr. Bunsen lectured this morning on the Topography of Ancient Rome. . . . In the evening I spent an hour quite agreeably at the Princess Borghese's,7 whom I found almost alone, because everybody had gone to a great ball at Torlonia's. There I went, also, afterwards, and found a brilliant and gay fête, where were assembled six or seven hundred people. The palace where it was given is the same which Henry VIII., in the days of his Catholic zeal, gave to Cardinal Wolsey, and to which the British government, long after it became Protestant, continued to lay claim. It is a fine building, especially for the purpose to which it was devoted to-night; but it seemed strange that Torlonia should thus be the heir of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey . . . .

January 19.—After passing the forenoon quietly, in our usual occupations, we dined with the Princess Gabrielli. It was a little dinner given on occasion of the Prince's birthday, and it would not be easy to find anything more characteristic of the modes of life here. We were led through three or four large and fine halls, all, however, ill-furnished, and were received in another where, round a huge fireplace and a small fire, we found our host and hostess; General Gabrielli, the brother; Monsignor Piccolomini; another Monsignor; a young Count, who, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, is about to be married to a little girl not yet fourteen; and a French lady . . . . Things looked dreary enough, as they always do in these vast palaces; but the conversation was carried on with Italian vivacity and vehemence, and the bonhomie, simplicity, and earnest kindness of the Princess were, as they always are, irresistible. At last dinner was announced, and we were led through the same wide halls by which we had entered, across a magnificent ball-room and through a dark passage, to a moderate-sized dining-room, hung in a careless way with pictures by Perugino, Raphael, Claude, and Andrea del Sarto. The dinner consisted of strange Italian dishes, and was served in the Italian fashion. All the attendants, who were cumbrously numerous, were in shabby liveries, except the major-domo, who was in black. Some of them

7 Mr. Ticknor went frequently to the Princess Borghese's during the winter, and on one Sunday evening, when he speaks of the party there as something more brilliant than usual, he adds: "Those who chose might have the edification of seeing six cardinals at once, in the card-room at whist."
were old; all were easy and familiar, as they always are in these ancient families, and whenever a good joke occurred they laughed, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us.

The conversation was lively without any expense of wit. On this point the Italians are not difficult. They content themselves with as little of what is intellectual, in their daily intercourse, as any people well can, but their gaiety is none the less for all that. Monsignor Piccolomini—a great name that has come down from the time of Wallenstein—says his mother was named Jackson, and that her family is connected with that of our President-General; a droll circumstance if it is true. His stories, however, are better than his genealogy. We had coffee at table, and then, after freezing a little in the saloon, after the true Roman fashion, we came home in about three hours after we left it. In the evening we had a pleasant visit from the Trevelyanas.

January 23.—... After his lecture was over this morning Mr. Bunsen took us into the Tabularium, and explained it to us in a very interesting manner. It has been fully explored only within a few years, and is now one of the grandest monuments of ancient Rome.

I walked home—as I have often lately—with an elderly English gentleman, whom I have seen a good deal of within the last three weeks, and who is full of knowledge, wisdom, and gentleness; I mean Mr. Elphinstone, who wrote the "Embassy to Cabul," was thirty years in India, was long Governor of Bombay, and refused to be Governor-General of India. It is rare to meet a more interesting man.\(^8\)

February 6.—... We dined to-day at Prince Massimo's, and met there the Prince, his son; Monsignor; several other Italians; three or four English, whom we are in the habit of meeting everywhere in society, ... a party of thirteen or fourteen. Some rooms in their magnificent palace were opened which we had not seen before, which are worthy of the oldest of the Roman families; particularly a large saloon painted in fresco by Giulio Romano, in one corner of which is the famous ancient statue of the Discobolus, for which the Prince was offered twelve thousand of our dollars, and was able—which few Roman princes would be—to refuse it. He is, too, more enlightened, I am told, than most of his caste, and the family is of such influence, that the Prussian Minister told me the other day that he knows no individual so likely, in his turn, to become Pope, as Monsignor. I talked with the Prince to-day for the first time; for, whenever I have been there before, he has been diligent at the card-table. He talked very well, sometimes with scholarship. He said, among other things, that the strangers who come to Rome occupy themselves too much with the arts and antiquities, to the exclusion of all consideration of Rome itself as a city, which, under all its governments and through all its changes, has so much influenced and continues still so much to influence the condition of the world. It was a remark worthy of a Roman Prince who felt the relations and power of his great name and family, which very few of them feel at all.

\(^8\) Right Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.
The dinner was an elegant one, in the Roman style, with sundry unaccountable dishes, all served on silver or beautiful porcelain, and with a great retinue of servants, all ostentatiously out of livery. It was, throughout, a curious and agreeable entertainment to us, for I am not aware that there is any other great Roman house where strangers are invited to dinner, or where they can see so much of Roman manners.

February 11.—I had a long visit from De Crollis this morning, and a long talk with him about Dante, and other matters interesting to me. He is one of the first physicians in Rome, Professor of Medicine in the University here, a learned and, what is more rare, a liberal-minded, enlightened man. He told me, among other things, that six or seven years ago he began to hold weekly meetings of three or four persons at his house, to study and interpret Dante, and that they made a good deal of progress in it. Two winters ago Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan Minister, who is a great admirer of Dante, desired to join them, and the result was, that the meetings were transferred to the Farnese Palace, and the number of persons, including the Marchese Gaetano, and one or two other of the Roman nobles of some literary taste, was increased to fourteen or fifteen. The thing, of course, began now to be talked about, and whatever is talked about is unwelcome to a government as weak and as anxious as this. About a year ago they received a very remote, gentle, and indirect hint, as mild as priestly skill could make it, that it was feared the tendency of such meetings was not good. The hint was taken, and the meetings have since been discontinued. Yet Count Ludolf is a legitimist of unquestionable fidelity, and the whole party as far as possible from anything political. I could not help contrasting such a state of things with that in Saxon.

On my way to the Capitol this forenoon, walking with Colonel Mure, I went to see a house not far from the foot of the hill, which Bunsen pointed out to us, lately, as an ancient Roman house. Certainly the walls looked as if they were of ancient materials and workmanship, and certainly the whole seemed as uncomfortable as we have ever supposed the Romans lived; but so much has been changed in the arrangements, and so much crowded in and upon the structure, that it is not possible to make much out of it.

After the lecture Mr. Bunsen went, with old Mr. Elphinstone and myself, through all the Forums, beginning with the Forum Romanum, and ending with that of Trajan; descending into all the excavations, and visiting every trace and relic of each of them, whether in

9 A month before this Mr. Ticknor wrote: "I discovered that Count Ludolf is a great student of Dante, and I gave nearly all the time I was there [at a ball at Prince Borghese's] to a very interesting talk with him about an edition of the Divina Commedia he is now preparing. I had not before suspected the Minister of Naples of such interests or such learning;"

1 Now Duca di Sermoneta.

2 Colonel William Mure, of Caldwell, author of "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece."
cellars, barns, or churches, or in the open air. It took about three hours, and was quite curious; for Bunsen is familiar with every stone in the whole of it. He showed us, among other things, that it was possible, when these forums were in their palmiest state, to have walked from the Tabularium, or \( \text{Erarium} \), on the declivity of the Capitol, round by the Coliseum, and up to the farther end of the Forum of Trajan,—which he supposed to have ended near the Piazza di Venezia, on the Corso,—and yet have been the whole time sheltered by grand porticos and in the presence of magnificent buildings. This gives an idea of what Rome once was. What it now is our senses too faithfully informed us, as we passed through almost every possible variety of filth, wretchedness, and squalid misery, while we made our researches.

February 12.—We had another Roman scene this morning, very different from yesterday's. The young Countess Bolognetti, one of the famous Cenci family, took the veil at the Tor de' Specchi, the fashionable, rich convent of the nobility here; and as the Princess Gabrielli had made arrangements for us to see it, and as the Princess Massimo—who once passed four years of her education here—offered herself specially to show it to us, we were able to see all that such an occasion affords, under agreeable circumstances. .... We were received in the parlour of the convent, where was Count Bolognetti, the father, apparently about seventy years old, in a full and elegant court dress of black, with a sword by his side, lace ruffles, and powdered hair; the Countess Bolognetti, his daughter-in-law, also in full dress, blazing with diamonds; several of the nuns, old and good-natured; and some of the Pope's noble guards.

The company collected fast, .... the élite of the fashionable nobility of Rome. .... The Princess Massimo soon proposed to us to go to the church, in order to have good places. We found military guards the whole way, the passages ample and rich, and the church itself beautiful, with marbles and velvet tapestries, great wealth on the altar and in its neighbourhood, and excellent taste everywhere. .... Soon after we were seated, Cardinal Galeffi came and placed himself at the altar, a service of beautiful silver was offered him to wash his hands, he put on his robes, and took his seat. Immediately afterwards six nuns with wax-lights came in, and in the midst the Countess Bolognetti, richly but not showily dressed in pure white, without jewels, and with a crown of white roses on her head. At her side walked a beautiful little child, four or five years old, bearing on a cushion a jewelled crown; .... representing an angel offering her the crown of heavenly love. She advanced to the altar, knelt before the Cardinal, and having received his blessing, returned to the body of the church, where she knelt before a little prie-dieu, looking pale, but very pretty, gentle, and solemn. .... The Cardinal celebrated high mass with all the pomp of his church, the guards knelt and presented arms, and there was more or less stir through the whole church, but she remained perfectly motionless. .... When the Cardinal had partaken the sacrament he administered it to her, and she received it with much apparent humility, after which, turning to the Abbess of
the convent, an old Princess Pallavicini, she knelt to her, and asked her permission to enter the convent. This being granted, she addressed herself to the Cardinal and asked him to receive her vows, to which he gave his assent, and added his blessing; and she turned round to the audience, and in a gentle, but firm and distinct voice, solicited their prayers while she should pronounce them.

The nuns now took off some parts of her dress, and put on that of the convent; she pronounced her vows of obedience, seclusion, etc.; her hair was cut off; ... the Miserere was sung, the service for the dead chanted, and she was sprinkled with holy water, as the priest sprinkles a corpse. All this happened in front of the altar, as she knelt by the Cardinal. She then walked slowly and gently down into the church; knelt in the middle of the pavement of marble on a cloth spread there; a black pall was thrown over her feet; she fell gracefully forward on her face, and the pall was spread over her whole person; and with a few more prayers and ceremonies, whatever belongs to an entire burial-service was fulfilled, and she rose a nun, separated from the world, and dedicated—as she believed—to Heaven. This part of the ceremony was very painful, and it was impossible for many of us to witness it without tears; for she was a young and gentle thing, who seemed to be fitted for much happiness in this world. But she now passed down the aisle as a nun, having first received the Cardinal's benediction and had the crown set upon her head. Near the door the nuns received her, and she embraced them all; a Te Deum was sung, and she left the church with her sister, another very young and pretty creature, who is also a member of the convent. ... A tasteful breakfast and collation was prepared in the room of the Superior; those who chose went over the convent, and saw the room of the new nun, which was prettily and comfortably fitted up, and the whole affair was ended. ... 

In the evening Mr. Elphinstone made us a visit, and stayed quite late. He is one of the most agreeable old gentlemen I have ever known, and full of knowledge and experience of life. He is the person under whose care Mrs. Lushington made that overland journey from India to England about which she has made so pleasant a little book. He was then returning from Bombay, where he had been governor. ... He goes now to England in a day or two, and I am sorry for it. ... The Trevelyans, too, passed the evening with us.

February 15.—This evening Mr. Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister, came to see us, and brought with him a portfolio, containing about an hundred letters from Goethe to Mr. Kestner's father and mother, who are the Charlotte and Albert of Werther's Sorrows, together with some other papers and a preface of his own; the whole constituting a full explanation and history of that remarkable work. He read to us, for a couple of hours, curious extracts from different parts, and proposes to come again and read more. 3 ... 

3 This correspondence was published under the title, "Goethe and Werther" (Stuttgart, 1854). The story is also told by Mrs. F. Kemble in her "Year of Consolation."
February 16.—... The evening I passed with the Trevelyans, who had asked Dr. Wiseman, the head of the English College here, and an eloquent preacher, to meet me. He seemed a genuine priest, not without talent, very good-looking and able-bodied, and with much apparent practice in the world. He talked well, but not so well as I expected. ...

February 17.—Mr. Kestner came again this evening and read the rest of what I wanted to hear from his letters about Goethe, Werther, etc. It was very curious and interesting. The fact seems to be that, in the first book of Werther's letters, Werther is undoubtedly Goethe himself, Charlotte is Charlotte Buff, and Albert is Kestner, and much of what is described there really passed.

In the second book Werther is undoubtedly the young Jerusalem, who was a Secretary of Legation, and met the affronts there described, and whose death and last days are described, often word for word, in Werther, from a letter sent by Kestner to Goethe. ...

February 25.—We took a ride on horseback this morning out at the Porta Pia. ... Afterwards I made a long visit to Cardinal Giustiniani, whom I knew formerly in Spain, and whom I have been intending to visit ever since I have been in Rome. ... He was a great man in Madrid when I first knew him, for he was Nuncio; he is a greater man now, being one of the principal ministers of the Pope, and the person who receives all memorials; and he was near being greatest of all, for nothing but the veto of the King of Spain prevented his being made Pope in 1831, when Gregory XVI. was chosen. He is now sixty-eight years old, and quite stout and well preserved, though lame from a fall he suffered some years ago; and he has the reputation of being second to none of the Sacred College in talent and business habits. He talked with me naturally about Spain, his adventures there, and his exile during the reign of the Cortes; and finally his return to Rome, and his nomination as Cardinal in 1826. After this,—somewhat to my surprise,—he talked about the conclave of 1831 and his own rejection. He said it was owing to the influence of Colomardes, who was then Minister of Grace and Justice to Ferdinand VII., and who wished to show an excessive zeal in his master's affairs, in order to increase his own power. Colomardes, he said, believed that he, Giustiniani, had induced Pius VII. to acknowledge the South American Bishops; but though he thought that measure a wise one, he declared to me that he had nothing to do with it, and that the Pope's determination, in relation to it, was taken when he was absent from Rome. Colomardes, however, sent in the veto, and Marco was the only Cardinal who knew anything about it, or suspected it. He told me, too, that he doubted whether the King of Spain knew it till after it was despatched; for having been exiled for adhering to Ferdinand's personal rights, and having, besides, rendered him great personal services, it was to be supposed the election would have been one of his choice.

5 Wilhelm Jerusalem, son of a German theologian.
“However,” the Cardinal went on, “it was a great favour done to me,”—a remark which I took the liberty to think somewhat affected, until, in the evening, old Prince Chigi, who holds the hereditary office of shutting up the Cardinals in conclave, and watching them till they elect, told me that it was understood, at the time, that Giustiniani really preferred the place of minister to that of Pope. Perhaps he is better fitted for it; at any rate, he is a man of talent, and is the only Cardinal I have talked with, since I came to Rome, who has talked as if he were so. . . .

The following letter, written after more than eighteen months of European life, shows that the delightful society Mr. Ticknor had enjoyed, and the admiration and respect excited in him by many of the distinguished individuals whom he had met, did not conceal from him the dangers and weaknesses prevailing in the social systems which he studied. His generalizations about the state of Europe, and of his own country, now and afterwards, refer to conditions which have since been modified, but are none the less interesting historically.

To Richard H. Dana, Esq.

Rome, February 22, 1837.

. . . You ask me if I cannot tell you something to comfort an old Tory. I cannot. What Prince Metternich, the Phoenix of Tories, said to me over and over again, in a curious conversation I had with him last summer, is eminently true to my feelings, and would be, perhaps, still more so to yours, if you were travelling about as I am,—“L’état actuel de l’Europe m’est dégoûtant.” The old principles that gave life and power to society are worn out; you feel on all sides a principle of decay at work, ill counteracted by an apparatus of government very complicated, and very wearing and annoying. The wheels are multiplied, but the motion is diminished, the friction increased; and the machinery begins to grow shackling at the moment when the springs are losing their power, and when nothing but firmness can make it hold out. Indeed, almost everywhere, when you come in contact with the upper classes of society,—where in these governments power naturally resides,—you find weakness, inefficient presumption, and great moral degradation; and when you come to those who are the real managers of the world, you find them anxious about the future, temporizing, and alternately using an ill-timed spirit of concession or an ill-timed severity. The middling class, on the other hand, is growing rich and intelligent, and the lower class, with very imperfect and unpractical knowledge, is growing discontented and jealous. The governments are everywhere trying to associate to their interests the wealth of the middling class, and to base themselves on property. But this is revolution. Personal interest will not work like the principle of respect to superiors, and submission to authority as such, and it remains to be seen what will
be the result of the experiment in a population so corrupt in its higher classes, and of so low a moral tone in almost all, as that which is now found on the Continent, and, with some qualification, I must add in England also. In the United States we have the opposite defects; but I greatly prefer them. We have the great basis of purity in our domestic life and relations, which is so broadly wanting here. We have men in the less favoured portions of society, who have so much more intellect, will, and knowledge, that, compared with similar classes here, those I am among seem of an inferior order in creation. Indeed, taken as a general remark, a man is much more truly a man with us than he is elsewhere; and, notwithstanding the faults that freedom brings out in him, it is much more gratifying and satisfying to the mind, the affections, the soul, to live in our state of society, than in any I know of on this side of the Atlantic.

I do not know that you would be any better satisfied with the state of the arts than you would be with the state of society here. In sculpture very little is done that is worth looking at, except in Thorwaldsen's atelier, where, indeed, grace and power seem to have retired. The other artists make abundance of long-legged things that they call Nymphs and Venuses and Psyches, and a plenty of chubby boys that they would pass off for Genii; but all poetry is wanting. There is more depth of meaning in the group that Greenough made for Mr. Cabot than in all of them put together.6

Painting is still worse. Cammuccini here and Benvenuti in Florence reign supreme, but there is not a man in Europe who can paint a picture like Allston. . . .

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February 27.—In the evening there was a great oratorio at the Palazzo di Venezia, given by Count Lützow, the Austrian Ambassador. . . . It was Haydn's Creation, performed by a chorus of ninety singers and a band of fifty instruments, with Camporesi for the prima donna.7 . . . Mad. de Lützow herself was in the chorus, and once sung in a trio with a good deal of sweetness; so much does a love and consideration for the arts prevail—at least in Italy and Germany—over the consideration of rank and place. The whole entertainment, indeed, was elegant, and was given in a magnificent room, said to be the finest in Rome, which is opened only at intervals of years. Some notion of its size may be had from the facts that there were eight hundred people in it, nearly all comfortably seated on cushioned chairs, and that, being finished in the style of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, it was necessary to make the

6 A group representing a child-angel ushering a newly-arrived child-spirit into heaven. It is now owned by Mrs. T. B. Curtis, of Boston.

7 Who, as Catalini herself told Kestner, drove her off the stage, and reigned as the prima donna in London, till she had retrieved the broken fortunes of a foolish husband. For the six or eight years after she completed that object she had lived retired in Rome, and it was esteemed a privilege to hear her.
pilasters taller, and the griffins of the frieze larger, than they are in that beautiful ruin in the Forum, because the proportions of the room required it.

March 1.— . . . . I went to Mr. Bunsen's lecture, which was still on the Forum. In the evening I dined with Mr. Hare, an English gentleman of fortune and high connexions, who lives here for his health, and has his family with him. He is an accomplished, scholar-like person, and has been established here so long that he is to be accounted almost a Roman; but he is withal very agreeable and acute. Nobody was at table but the Prussian Minister, Colonel Mure, Monsignor Wiseman, and Lady Westmoreland, who, if not a very gentle person, is full of talent, spirit, and talk. . . .

Afterwards we went to Prince Massimo's, and took Anna with us, by special invitation, to see we knew not what. It turned out to be a glass-blower, who made small articles with a good deal of neatness, and amused some children and grown people very well. Such an exhibition would not have been thought very princely in Paris or London, nor very remarkable anywhere; but the good-nature of the Romans is satisfied with very small entertainment.

March 3.— . . . . In the afternoon we went to Overbeck's atelier. . . . . He had little to show us, except the cartoon for a large picture, which is to be an allegory on art, and is full of his deep meanings. I saw nothing, however, better than his Christ entering Jerusalem, the original of which I saw here almost twenty years ago, and which is now at Lubeck. He himself is gentle, mild, and interesting, beginning to grow old. . . . . In the evening the Sismondis, with Miss Allen, made us a long and very agreeable visit, uninvited. He is growing old, and has given up his "Histoire des Français" from weariness, and seems disposed to seek, hereafter, chiefly for comfort and rest. He cares, he says, nothing about the arts, and therefore looks, even in Rome, to social intercourse for his chief pleasures; and having an excellent and sensible wife, enjoys himself with his plain common-sense not a little. Their fortune is moderate, but equal to their moderate wants; and, indeed, he has lately been able to spare enough to make happy a favourite niece in a love match, to which her friends would not consent on account of the want of means between the parties. It was a beautiful and characteristic piece of kindness on the part of Sismondi, and made a good deal of talk when we were in Florence.

March 4.— I made a very agreeable visit to Sismondi, who is my next-door neighbour, and found with him Barbieri, the great Italian preacher, whom I knew at the Marquis Gino Capponi's, in Florence, I was glad to see them together, and I liked Barbieri more than ever for his gentleness and spirit of persuasion. He set out from the North of Italy upon an engagement to preach during Lent at Palermo, but has been prevented from getting there by the total non-intercourse between Naples and Sicily. At Rome he does not preach.

8 Francis, eldest brother of Augustus and Julius Hare, authors of "Guesses at Truth."
The authorities of the Church do not wish to exhibit the powers of a man who, while he preaches in a pure, simple, and even classical style, and draws crowds after him, such as have hardly been seen since the Middle Ages, makes yet very little effort to raise contributions of money from his audience; and, though his faith is not questioned, insists much less on the dogmas of the Church than on the reformation of the people.

I went, too, to see Count Alberti, who has the famous contested manuscripts of Tasso, and made an appointment with him to come and look them over. He seemed to me to have all his nation's acuteness and dexterity, and was extremely polite, and somewhat prepossessing in his manners.

March 5. . . . We went to see Thorwaldsen in his own house. He received us in a slovenly dishabille, too neglected to be quite fit to see ladies: but this is the only way he is ever found, and we forgot his appearance in his good-nature and his kindness. He showed us everything; his collection of pictures, chiefly of living German artists, with one or two ancient ones, and a pencil-sketch by Raffaelle over the head of his bed, and a few things of his own in progress, especially the fresh model in clay of a statue of Conradin—mentioned by Dante—which he is making for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who intends it for the grave of that unfortunate Prince at Naples.9 . . .

Thorwaldsen has for some years refused to receive any fresh orders, and I think for a good while he has ceased to do more than to model, and to touch the marble enough to call it his work. His skill with the chisel was, I suppose, always small, and a statue modelled by him, and executed by such artists as he could easily procure in Rome, would probably be finer than anything entirely by his own hand. The poetry of his bas-reliefs seems to me to exceed anything in modern sculpture. He showed us one to-day containing, first, Apollo in his car, followed by the Muses and the Graces, and then a procession to consist of all the great poets, artists, etc., of all ages. He has modelled it as far as Homer, and if it is ever finished it will be a magnificent work indeed. . . .

March 7.—Mezzofanti came to see us to-day, the famous linguist, who talks some forty languages without having ever been out of Italy. He is a small, lively little gentleman, with something partly nervous and partly modest in his manner, but great apparent simplicity and good-nature. As head of the Vatican Library he is quite in his place; besides which, he enjoys a good deal of consideration, is a Monsignor and a Canon of St. Peter's, and may probably become a Cardinal. His English is idiomatic, but not spoken with a good accent, though with great fluency. The only striking fact he mentioned about

9 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "The last of the Hohenstauffen is now buried so obscurely in a church in Naples, that this grave is rarely noticed; but Dante's verse and Thorwaldsen's statue will prevent him from ever being forgotten." This work was left unfinished by Thorwaldsen, but was completed by Schöpf, and set up in the church of the Madonna del Carmine at Naples, in 1847.
himself was that he learnt to talk modern Greek, easily, in eight days. . . .

March 10.—I passed, this forenoon, a couple of hours with Count Alberti, looking over the Tasso manuscripts. Cogswell, Gray, Sir H. Russell, and Sir W. Dundas were there on my invitation; and two Italians, a Countess somebody, and another. The whole matter is curious, very curious. The collection is large,—above a hundred pieces, I should think,—and begins with the first note of Eleonora to Tasso, when he sent her his first madrigal, and ends with a sort of testamentary disposition made at St. Onofrio, the day before his death.

The great question is the question of genuineness. None but Italians, and very few even of them, are able to settle it. Only two things occurred to me to-day: one was the suspicious completeness of the manuscripts on certain interesting points, and the other was the singular way in which they seemed to fit a great number of small circumstances in the life of Tasso about which there is no doubt. I did not like it, either, that Count Alberti intimated nothing about their questioned authenticity, and explained very imperfectly how they came into his possession, though on some parts of their genealogy he was tediously diffuse. On the other hand, the belief at Rome in favour of their genuineness is as strong as the belief at Florence is against it. Bunsen, Mr. Hare, Count Ludolf, and Marquis Gaetano have expressed themselves to me strongly on the subject, but there has been no examination here, and some of them did not seem to know there had been one anywhere.

However, the manuscripts are about to be published at Lucca, and I think they will not then escape a very severe and critical examination from men who will be competent to it, both from their literary knowledge and their skill in such documents. 2

March 12.—I visited Cardinal Giustinian this morning, and had a talk with him that was curious, considering that he is one of the Pope’s ministers. It was about the Abbé de Lamennais’ last book, “Les Affaires de Rome,” which has made so much noise lately, and the brief for forbidding which is now on the pillars of St. Peter’s. I told him I had just read it, and he entered into a full discussion of the views of the Court of Rome touching Lamennais himself, whom he treated throughout as a turbulent democrat seeking power. He said, when the Abbé was here in the time of Leo XIII., he produced a great sensation, and was greatly admired; and that the Pope himself had even the project of making him a Cardinal, from which he was dissuaded. The present Pope, he said, had always understood him, and

1 Two old friends just arrived in Rome.
2 Mr. Ticknor’s judgment was correct. Count Alberti proceeded to publish the manuscripts at Lucca, in 1837, under the title of “Manoscritti inediti di Torquato Tasso.” So clearly was it proved, however, that they were not genuine, that in 1842 six numbers having appeared, the editor was imprisoned for counterfeiting the writing of Tasso. See Michaud’s “Biographie Universelle,”—article by De Angelis and Gustave Brunet.
that the other day the Pope showed him a copy of the "Affaires de Rome," in which he had marked the inconsistencies and contradictions it contained, which are likely to have been considerable in amount and number, if not in weight and importance. No doubt if the Court of Rome were true to its principles and ancient usages, the Abbé de Lamennais would now be excommunicated; no doubt, too, they would be glad to do it, but the state of the world does not permit them. John Bunyan's Allegory is come literally true.

In the afternoon we went to St. Peter's, always a great pleasure, and heard some good music; and the evening was divided between a sensible, intellectual visit to the Sismondis, and a fashionable one at the Princess Borghese's.

March 13.—... In the evening I dined with the Countess of Westmoreland, who lives here in much elegant luxury at the Villa Negroni. The party was large, and among the persons present were Colonel Mure, Lord Maidstone, Count Ludolf, Sismondi, Madame d'Orloff,—the wife of the reigning favourite of the Emperor Nicholas,—the Abbé Stuart, Monsignor Wiseman, and Mr. Hare. The hostess is an intellectual person, something strange and original in her character, but very pleasant; and as nearly every one of her guests was more or less accomplished and scholar-like, we had a very agreeable time and stayed late.

March 15.—We passed a most agreeable morning in the Loggie and Stanze of Raffaello, in the magnificent halls where are his tapestries, ... and in the picture-gallery, with the Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, and all the other wonderful works collected in these three rooms, the like of which there is not in the world. I am sorry to think, however, that they are ill-placed here for their preservation. I have constantly noticed that the Madonna di Foligno seems to have suffered since I saw it twenty years ago; and Temmel, the German artist, who has been copying in these very rooms ten years, and who is probably more familiar with the pictures they contain than any man alive, has told me this evening that they are much altered within these ten years. He says they were first put up in one of the long halls in the series where the tapestries now hang, and that there they suffered from the heat; and that where they are now they suffer from dampness, so that, as he says, those most acquainted with the matter are getting to be really anxious for their ultimate fate.

March 19.—Holy Week begins to-day, and, like all strangers, I suppose before it is over we are to sup full of ceremonies. This morning we went at half-past eight to the Sistine Chapel, and remained there till one o'clock,—the gentlemen standing the whole time,—to see the offices of Palm Sunday performed by the Pope. ...

March 22.—I went this morning with Mr. and Mrs. Gannett to see some of the principal churches and one or two remains of antiquity. ... It was, however, the first day of the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, and we drove to the Palazzo Massimo, where the inde-

3 Rev. E. S. Gannett and his wife were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, they having lately arrived from Boston.
fatigable kindness of the old Princess had appointed a rendezvous for a few ladies, whom she was willing to carry under special favour and patronage to the Papal chapel, by a staircase different from the usual one. . . . The Miserere, or the Fifty-first Psalm, . . . closed the whole just as deep twilight came on, and lasted five-and-twenty minutes. It was no doubt very fine. . . . After it was over we went into St. Peter's, . . . and heard the latter part of a beautiful Miserere sung in the chapel of the choir, and walked up and down in the nave and aisles by the imperfect light of the few tapers that were scattered through the different parts of the vast pile, and seemed only to render the solemn darkness of the rest of it more visible and sensible. . . .

March 24.—We passed a Roman forenoon again to-day, going to the grand ruins on the south side of the Palatine hill, including those in the Villa Mills, and returning by the Circus Maximus, the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis, the Ponte Rotto, the house called Rienzi's, and the Cloaca Maxima. . . .

April 6.—I went this morning to see Monsignor Mai, the famous discoverer of the Palimpsest manuscripts. It was not my first visit to him. . . . He is now Secretary of the Propaganda, and likely before long to be made a Cardinal;* an easy, round, but still intellectual-looking man, very kind in his manner, and with more the air of a scholar in his looks, conversation, and the arrangement of his rooms, than any Italian I have seen in Rome.

I talked with him, of course, about his famous discoveries, especially of the "Republic of Cicero," and of his other publications; but this was chiefly when I saw him before. To-day I took Mr. Gannett, and we gave our time chiefly to examining the famous Vatican manuscript of the Greek Bible, counted to be of the fourth century, and the oldest of all the manuscripts of the Scriptures. It is uncommonly well preserved, except that the beginning is wanting, and the Apocalypse, which Mai himself admits may never have been there; but these deficiencies have been supplied by a manuscript of, apparently, the tenth century. He has it now in his possession, by permission of the Pope, to publish, and he showed me the other day some of the sheets. The work is far advanced, and will be out, he thinks, in the course of a year, preserving even the minutest defects and errors of the original.5

We spent the afternoon among the frescoes and oil-paintings of the Vatican, where—especially in the Stanze of the Disputa and of Constantine—we seemed every moment, in the multitude of subsidiary figures and ornaments, to find something new, graceful, and beautiful. These rooms are, indeed, better worth studying than anything, to the same amount, which the art of painting has produced, and it is melancholy to see how they are going to decay.

April 9. We dined at the Prince Gabrielli's, and had much such a dinner as we had there before. . . . The Princess showed us her private chapel, in which mass is said every morning as an indulgence.

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4 He was made Cardinal the same year.
5 Note by Mr. Ticknor: "It was not published, I think, till 1850."
to her rank. It is in modest and excellent taste. A door opens from one side of it into a sort of balcony or tribune in a church adjacent; a luxury in religion, which the higher Romans much affect. She is deeply and sincerely religious, and could not help, to-day at table, telling me, as she has often told me before, how much she is anxious that I should become a Catholic, and that she prays for it constantly.

April 16.— . . . The evening we passed at Lady Westmoreland's, where Mr. and Mrs. Hare, the Abbé Stuart, and two or three other people were invited to meet us, and where, until half-past eleven o'clock, we had an excellent dish of genuinely English talk, no small luxury at Rome; for, in their respective and very different ways, the Countess, Mr. Hare, and the Abbé Stuart are three of the best talkers I know of.

April 19.— . . . We went to the Vatican Library. . . . As a library in the common and practical sense of the word, it is hardly to be spoken of at all; and of the twelve or fourteen persons who were using it this morning, not one was occupied with anything but a manuscript. Its size is quite uncertain. From Mezzofanti, from Nibby, from Mai, and two or three other persons, who are, or have been employed as librarians, I have received entirely different accounts, making the manuscripts range from twenty-five thousand to thirty-five thousand, and the printed books from seventy thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand. Indeed, it is difficult to tell, for all its treasures are shut up in low cases, which are kept locked, and give you no means of estimating their contents, but to unlock them all and count them. We were shown at first through all the halls, and the cases that contain curious works in ivory, ebony, amber, and so on, were opened to us. It was not much, almost nothing, compared with the magnificent collection at Dresden, or even the moderate one at Vienna.

Then we saw the manuscripts, which are, of course, precious indeed, since the library is the oldest in Europe, and their collection began as early as 465, and was put into the shape most desirable by Nicholas V. and Leo X., as well as greatly enriched by the last: the Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, with its rude but curious miniatures; the Terence, less old, probably, but very remarkable; the autograph manuscripts of Petrarcha and Tasso; the beautiful manuscript of Dante, copied by Boccaccio, and sent as a present to Petrarcha; the manuscript of Dante, which claims to have belonged to his son, and the exquisite one which is ornamented with miniatures; the copy of the work of Henry VIII. against Luther, which was given to Leo X. by the King, and brought to the crown of England the title of Defensor Fidei; and two or three autograph letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, one of which, at least, was written in French. I saw also two other copies of Henry Eighth's work, signed—as I believe all were—with his own hand; and, from what I read in them, they were bitter enough against Luther. The copy sent to the Pope had on the bottom of the last page this distich—if distich it can be called—autograph:
"Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo decimo, mittit
Hoc opus et fidei testé et amicitie."

Truly royal Latin and royal spelling, worse than Bonaparte's.

Among the incunabula I saw, as it were, everything; parchment copies without end, the princeps editions of Homer, Virgil, Horace,—in short, anything I asked for, except that the poor little sub-librarian hardly knew where to find everything. Mezzofanti was ill, so that we lost the pleasure of going round with him.

Among the copies on parchment is one of the four, known to exist, of the Ximenes Polyglote, and indeed, if a rarity is wanted, it may almost be assumed to be here, whether it can be found or not. But as to anything modern, anything useful, anything practical, it is not to be thought of. The nearest approach to it is probably the beautiful library of Count Cicognara, of 4800 different works, bought a few years since. But they all relate strictly to the arts of design, sculpture, painting, etc. One thing struck me very much. In two places I saw the Edict of Sixtus V. posted up, threatening with excommunication any one—librarians inclusive—who should, without a written permission of the Pope, take any volume away. Can anything more plainly show the spirit of the government and religion?

April 20.—Prince Borghese invited me, last evening, to come this morning and see three frescoes which he has lately had taken from the walls of one of his villas, where they were painted by Raffaello, who occasionally lived there. I went, and found him ill in bed with the grippe, now prevalent here, and his two sons with him; all very agreeable, and as it should be. The Prince of Sulmona went with me to the frescoes. They are small, extremely graceful representations of the marriage of Venus and Mars, and have been taken down and put in frames under glass with wonderful skill.

April 21.—... To-day is the accredited anniversary of the foundation of Rome, and the Archaeological Society celebrated it with a solemn sitting, and the Prussian Minister gave a dinner afterwards to about twenty artists, diplomats, and men of letters. I went to both, and enjoyed them in their respective fashions not a little. At the Society a report was made of the doings of the last year, and several papers read, the best being one by Dr. Lepsius. ... At the dinner were the Bavarian, the Saxon, the Baden Chargés, Kestner, Thorwaldsen, Wolff the sculptor; ... in short, the full representation of German intellect and talent now in Rome, with no foreign admixture but myself. The talk, of course, was of a high order.

April 22.—I went by appointment this morning to Thorwaldsen's, and had a long talk with him about sundry matters connected with the arts, in continuation of a conversation begun yesterday at dinner. He was very interesting, for he talks well, and seems, at least, to have a good deal of earnestness and unction. Just now he is much troubled at being obliged to go to Copenhagen to superintend the putting up his great works there.

April 23.—I went to see Cardinal Giustiniani this morning, thinking that, as one of the Pope's ministers, he could give me some light upon
the future plans of the government about quarantines. But it was plain
that he knew little or nothing about it. . . .

April 24.—The Prussian Minister, with his usual indefatigable
kindness, came this morning and settled the question about Naples
for us. He had been to the Cardinal Secretary of State's Office, and
read the despatches received to-day from the Nuncio, and the measures
of the government here in consequence, in order to be able to tell us
the whole truth. . . . After we had settled this point I had a long
and interesting talk with Mr. Bunsen on matters relating to the Roman
government and society, about which he feels all the interest of one
who has lived here twenty very active and happy years, where he was
married, and where his nine children were born to him; but though
he loves Rome as few Romans do, no man sees more clearly its present
degraded state and its coming disasters.

April 25.—. . . We dined at Prince Musignano's, a great dinner
given by him on his being made a Roman Prince, in his own right, by
the Pope. Two or three Cardinals were there; the Mexican Minister;
Monsignors four or five, and among them Capuccini, perhaps the most
important person in the Roman government; Alertz; 6 Prince Cor-
sini; and so on. It was a luxurious and elegant dinner, very well
managed as to conversation. Au reste, Cardinal Odescalchi, the Mexi-
can, and Alertz, with whom I sat, were very agreeable, the Cardinal
curious about America, and thoroughly ignorant. Capuccini gave no
hopes about the cordons. So, no doubt, we decided well not to go to
Naples.

After a pleasant excursion to Albano and Frascati, in all the
radiance of an Italian spring, and accompanied by their friends
Gray and Cogswell, and young Ward, also from Boston, they
returned to Rome for a single night before setting out for the
North. An agreeable incident occurred on that last evening,
which is thus described in the journal:—

I was just going out to make a visit to Mr. Bunsen, when I met a
message from Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, desiring me to come to her,
as there was a gentleman at her house who had asked to see me. I
went, and to my great surprise found Wordsworth with his fidus
Achates, Robinson of the Temple.7 We had some excellent talk, and
then both of them came home with me. They came to Rome yester-
day, and will stay here two or three weeks, after which they travel
slowly to the North, and go to the Tyrol and Upper Austria. I am

6 A German, physician to the Pope.
7 Mr. H. C. Robinson in his Diary says: "We drank tea with Miss Mackenzie. She had sent messages to Collins and Kestner, but neither
came. On the other hand, by mere accident seeing a card with Mr. Tick-
nor's name, I spoke of his being a friend of Wordsworth; on which she
instantly sent to him, and, as he lived next door, he was soon with us, and
greatly pleased to see Wordsworth, before setting off to-morrow for
Florence."
not without the hope of meeting them again, . . . or I should be extremely sorry to see them but for such an instant. Wordsworth has, of course, seen little of Rome except St. Peter’s, but that has produced its full poetical effect upon him. It was in talking about this that we finished our last evening in Rome.

April 28.—At half-past eight, as we were enjoying our last view of Rome from the Pincio, we saw our carriage cross the Piazza del Popolo beneath us. We hastened down to it, and in a few moments we left behind us the Porta del Popolo, *fumum et opes, strepitumque Rome*, if, indeed, such words can be applied any longer to this city of the past. We crossed the Ponte Molle, . . . looking back often to the dome of St. Peter’s and the castle of St. Angelo, as we caught glimpses of them between the villas and over the hills.

CHAPTER V.

Florence.—Pisa.—Lucca.—Milan.—Venice.—Passes of the Alps.—
Wordsworth.—Heidelberg.

A SLOW and lingering journey from Rome to Florence, by the Perugia route, in exquisite spring weather, could not be otherwise than delightful, and in Perugia Mr. and Mrs. Trevelyn added a zest to every pleasure by their presence. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor reached Florence on the 5th of May, and left it on the 20th.

Florence, May 6.—. . . . Having letters to them, I gave the evening to the Bonapartes. Louis—Count of St. Leu—lives in a good palazzo, Lung’ Arno. I was received by two gentlemen in waiting, and found him in his salon; a fat, plethoric, easy old gentleman, nearly a fixture in his elbow-chair. He talked well enough, and very good-naturedly, about everything except French politics, in relation to which he was bitter, and accused the present government of a want of *bonne foi et loyauté*, accusations which sounded oddly from one of his name and kindred. Several persons came in, and I should think he leads an agreeable life here, in rather pleasant society. But I was vexed to have one Italian address him as *Sua Maestà*. The good-tempered Count cared so little about royalty when he was really a king, that I do not think he ought to permit himself to be poorly flattered now with the buried title.

At the Countess Survillier’s—the wife of Joseph—I found much the same state of things, but perhaps a little more air of lady-like comfort and a little less ceremony. She is feeble, and is only seen wrapped in shawls on her sofa, where her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, is devoted to her. Everything about her seemed gentle and in good taste, and her manners were excellent. The Princess is plain in person and face, but has vivacity in conversation, and a good deal of
talent in the arts. She is the widow of that son of Louis who died of wounds received in the insurrection of 1831, and is much loved and valued by her family for her good qualities. Several persons came in while I was there, and among them the Princess Jablonowski, whom I knew formerly as the beautiful Anna Jouberton. She has been married twice, the first time to Prince Ercolani, and a few years ago to her present husband, and is still a fine-looking person, though in feeble health. She seemed to like to remember the olden times of her early youth.

But I did not stop long; for the Princess Charlotte told me that the Marchioness Lenzoni would not receive after to-night, and that she expected me. So I accompanied her there, and found Niccolini, Forti, two or three artists, and a room full of other similar people, all very pleasant, and stayed there till eleven o'clock.

*May 15.*— . . . The evening I spent with a small party at the Prince de Montfort’s—Jerome Bonaparte’s—who lives here in more elegance than any of his family, and in excellent taste. His beautiful daughter did the honours of the house with grace, but there is a shade of melancholy over her fair features not to be mistaken. She was engaged to be married to her cousin Louis, who attempted that foolish insurrection last autumn at Strasburg, and who is now in America, having given his *parole* not to return for ten years, without the consent of France.

*May 16.*—It being a plain duty of courtly civility, we went to-day to pay our respects to Prince Maximilian and the Princess Amelia. . . . They are now in *villeggiatura* at Castello, a small villa of the Grand Duke, three or four miles from the city. The drive to it was beautiful, . . . and everything is now in the freshness and luxuriance of spring. . . . They received us with kindness and *empressement*, and talked upon subjects which they knew would be agreeable to us. I was struck, however, with their air and manner when they spoke of the present meeting of the Diet or Estates in Saxony, which is an innovation brought in by the Constitution of 1831. Their countenances fell at once, and their tone was as of something unpleasant; for though the Diet has never done anything that could annoy the reigning family, and though Prince Max, and especially his daughter, are persons of truly good sense, the instincts of aristocracy could not be quite suppressed. There is not a drop of its blood in Europe that does not tingle at the name of a representative government.

The Grand Duke having desired me to let him know when I should be here again, I desired the French Minister to give notice to the Master of Ceremonies, . . . and I suppose he knew from the Saxons

8 Daughter of Madame Lucien Bonaparte, Princess Canino, by her first husband.

9 Note by Mr. Ticknor: “This fact about his *parole* was mentioned to me by his father’s Chevalier de Compagnie, and therefore it seems difficult to disbelieve it; but the young man is returned to Europe already—July, 1837,—and denies having given any such promise. The French government, however, insists that he did.” The young lady was the Princess Mathilde.
that I was to visit them to-day. While, therefore, we were quietly talking, a Court messenger came in, and announced that the Grand Duke would receive me immediately if I would come to Petraria, another little villa a quarter of a mile off. . . . The announcement produced quite a stir, for it made it necessary for the Saxon princes to dismiss us at once. . . . However, there had been some talk of our seeing a prospect, and the Princess Amelia hurried us upstairs—through servants’ halls, antechambers, and once through a room where women were ironing clothes—to a saloon, where we could see the city, the valley of the Arno, and a long stretch of the river and of the richest country in the world. But we could stop only an instant to enjoy it. . . . We drove up the hill to Petraia, which we found an old building that had belonged to the Medici, modernized and fitted up as for a common family. Nothing announced the presence of the Prince but the guards.

A livery servant showed me upstairs to the antechamber, and while he went to make known to the Grand Duke that I was there, I looked into a little ancient chapel, with some pretty good frescoes in it, and a very good copy of the Madonna dell’Impannata. . . . The Grand Duke received me in a little room which he uses as a cabinet de travail, with bare walls, no carpet, and only a few chairs, and a table with papers and portfolios on it, for the whole of its furniture. . . . After the first formal compliments were over, I spoke of the Maremme. It is a favourite subject with him, for he has spent immense sums of money to rescue them from the malaria, and do, on that part of the coast, what Peter Leopold did for the now beautiful Val di Chiana. He talked well about it, but it remains still doubtful whether his treasure and labours have not been thrown away. Taking up Dr. Baird’s French “History of American Temperance Societies,” he made many inquiries about them; said there was very little intemperance in Tuscany; spoke of spiritual liquor as an unnatural, artificial, noxious beverage, but treated wine, like a true Italian, as a gift of God, and one of the comforts and consolations of life, as healthy, and as nourishing. Coming accidentally upon the subject of the Medici, he spoke with great interest and admiration of Lorenzo; said there were great quantities of his letters on public affairs, and many to his friends, in the archives of the state here, those on public affairs being generally in cipher; that they were almost all written with his own hand; and that Lorenzo was so laborious in his habits, that he had found seventeen such, written in a single day, most of them long, and some important. Of the poetry, he said he had published all he could find, except such portions as were indelicate, which he felt it a duty to suppress; and he ended by saying he should send me a copy of it, having still, he added, two or three left. The whole literary credit of the work he attributed to the Abbé Fiacchi, and said he was himself only a collaborator,

1 Note by Mr. Ticknor: “It is to Fiacchi the Grand Duke alludes in his prefatory letter to the Accademia della Crusca—a letter, by-the-bye, which Italian scholars say is much better written than the reply from the Academy, which follows it. The Abbé Zanoni, also, had something to do with the edition.”
directed how it should be printed, and that one hundred and fifty copies should be struck off. He intended, after this, to have published the letters of Lorenzo; but just at that moment he came to the government, by the death of his father, and so the project has been given up.

While this conversation was going on the Grand Duchess sent to him twice, to say it was time to go to dinner with Prince Max, . . . . but it was plain he liked to talk about Lorenzo, and he had his talk out. At last, at the end of an hour, he dismissed me in the usual form, and I went to the grounds behind the château, where Mrs. T. had been sketching. . . . Just as we were going to our carriage the Duke came along on foot, with his secretary. He stopped an instant, and pointed out to us a little villa near, where Varchi lived, and wrote his "Istorie Fiorentine;" and then, as the Grand Duchess came by, he got into the carriage with her and drove off.

May 18.—We went to the gallery this morning, and after going for a short time through its principal rooms, . . . . we sat ourselves down to the collection of original drawings by Perugino, Raffaello, etc., and had a luxurious hour over them. . . . Afterwards we drove and climbed to San Miniato in Monte, a grand old church long since deserted, where we found old pictures and frescoes in abundance, . . . . and a magnificent view of the ever-beautiful valley of the Arno, and the ever-picturesque Florence. . . . When shall I see the like again?

We dined in the evening at the French Minister’s, where everything was as tasteful and as comfortable as possible, and where we met the Belgian Minister, Count Vilain Quatorze, and his wife; the Sardinian, Count Broglia di Monbello; Mr. Abercrombie, son of the Speaker of the House of Commons; the Duke de Dino, Talleyrand’s nephew and heir; and two or three other persons. . . . Mr. Abercrombie, who was formerly at Berlin, talked about the private dislikes of Ancillon and Humboldt in a very amusing manner.

On first leaving Florence for the North, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor made a visit of one night to the Marchesa Lenzoni, at her villa at Certaldo.

Just before entering the last [the modern village of Certaldo], the Medici arms, over rather an imposing gateway, informed us that we had reached the villa of the Marchioness Lenzoni, who had invited us to come and pass a day with her, and see whatever remained of Boccaccio’s time, all of it being on her estates.

She received us very kindly, and settled us at once in excellent and comfortable rooms. She then sent for her fattore,—or man of business,—for the priest of the place, and for a Florence lawyer, and put us into their hands to show us what we wanted to see in Certaldo, being herself a little indisposed. We passed through the lower village, . . . . and then, climbing a precipitous hill, entered the little nest of stone houses where Boccaccio’s fathers lived, and where he
himself died and was buried. Everything seemed still to belong to the Middle Ages, so primitive was the look of the houses and the people.

Of Boccaccio's house,—which belongs to Mad. Lenzoni,—there is now remaining a tower, and a series of small rooms running up three stories on each side of it, all most cheerless and uncomfortable,—according to our present standard of comfort,—but truly marking his times. Mad. Lenzoni has put some old furniture in it, the fragments of his tombstone, the early editions of his works, and a very good fresco of Boccaccio himself, by Benvenuti, the best of the living Florentine artists. The whole is in excellent taste, and cared for as such a spot ought to be; Mad. Lenzoni's intention being to fill the principal room with whatever may best serve to recall the memory of the great man who died in it. We went to the church where he lies buried, and where is the tablet he erected to his father; to the vicar's house, which is just as it was in the fourteenth century; and, indeed, walked over most of the little town, and through its precipitous streets, finding everything curious, and very little to remind us of days less recent than Boccaccio's. The views from the top of the tower and from all the heights about are fine.

In the evening we had a specimen of the genuine Italian villeggiatura that was curious. Mad. Lenzoni, as the lady of the land, opens her saloon every evening to all her tenants who are of condition to be received in it; a great pleasure to them, and the only one of the sort, no doubt, that they get in the year. . . . As soon as the clock struck eight they appeared; the Florence lawyer, the schoolmaster, the priest of the upper and the priest of the lower villages, the doctor, his wife and her sister. They were all respectable people, who came in their every-day dresses and in the simplest manner, to enjoy themselves at the great lady's conversazione. But it was all done in a very business-like way. As soon as they came in, two or three packs of well-used cards were produced, and everybody played except Mad. Lenzoni, the doctor,—who from fatigue slept a good deal,—and ourselves. But there was talk enough besides, and things went on evidently according to a very settled system until ten o'clock, when they all went together, . . . . having passed an evening very much to their satisfaction, I think, though one in which not the slightest refreshment was offered to them. . . .

May 21.—Mad. Lenzoni had a good deal of fever in the night, and being too unwell to get up this morning, we took our breakfast by ourselves, and then went to her chamber and made our adieux to the kind old lady in her bed, which was covered with the letters the post had just brought her. . . .

Few persons visited the old Etruscan and mediæval towns in the western part of Tuscany forty years ago; but Mr. Ticknor stopped to enjoy the remarkable and interesting antiquities of San Gimignano and Volterra, and did not reach Pisa until the 23rd of May.
Pisa, May 24.—Carmignani, the principal jurist in this part of Italy,—to whom I had a letter,—came to see me this morning. He is about sixty years old, plain in his person, simple in his manners, and very frank in his conversation, at least on political subjects. He was much acquainted with Mazzei, who left him his literary executor; but he does not seem to have valued him very highly, except as an extremely amusing person who had seen much of the world, and passed through a great many remarkable adventures from the time he fled from the Inquisition in Pisa, about 1770, to the time when he quietly returned there in 1800. He died, I think, about 1816. Carmignani readily promised to send me his memoirs and papers to look over, and see what I can find in them. . . .

The evening was made pleasant to us by a visit from Rosini, the author of the "Monaca di Monza," of "Luisa Strozzi," etc.,—a round, easy, good-natured, vain, and very agreeable person, about as old as Carmignani; somewhat jealous, as an author, of the reputation of Manzoni, Grossi, and the rest of his successful contemporaries, and extremely frank in suffering it to be seen. He is full of anecdote, and talked about Mad. de Staël and Schlegel at the time they were here in 1815-16, of Manzoni, and of himself. He seems extremely well pleased that the "Monaca di Monza" has gone through eighteen editions, and declares that he is no imitator of Manzoni or anybody else; for that in 1808 he had made collections for an historical romance on the times of Erasmus, in which Lorenzo de’ Medici, and the coterie around him at Florence, were to have been introduced; that he showed his materials and his plan to his friends at the time, and went so far as to get a head of Erasmus to be engraved for the frontispiece, but was turned aside from his project by the times and his friends. He talked, too, a good deal of politics, and as freely as Carmignani, but with less discretion and good sense.

May 25.—Carmignani, who cannot receive visits at his house, because it is undergoing great repairs, came to see me again this morning, and sent me Mazzei's Memoirs of himself and a quantity of letters and papers from Franklin, Jefferson, the King of Poland,—Stanislaus,—whose Chargé d’Affaires he was at Paris, Abbé Mably, John Adams, etc. It all looked very curious, some of it quite piquant; but I could only read a little, for it is a large folio volume of about four hundred closely-written pages. What I did read, however, gave me the impression that Mazzei was a mere adventurer.² Carmignani talked

² Mr. G. T. Curtis, in recalling facts about his uncle, illustrating the retentiveness of his memory, says, "I was sitting with Mr. Ticknor one day in his library, about a year before his death, when he was rather feeble in health. That eminent lawyer, Mr. Sydney Bartlett, came in, and happened to mention that he had just had occasion to give a professional opinion on the title to the estate of Monticello, formerly Jefferson’s, and he repeated the names of some of the places in the neighbourhood. Mr. Ticknor remarked that Philip Mazzei named those places. Mr. Bartlett asked, ‘Who was Philip Mazzei?’ Mr. Ticknor, with great animation, exclaimed, ‘Don’t know who Philip Mazzei was?’ He then for the space of ten or fifteen minutes made a rapid sketch of Mazzei’s history, tracing him into the society
very well about him, as well as about everything else. He [Carmignani] entered into the discussion with Rosini, etc., about the line in Ugolino,—

‘Poscia, piu che'l dolor, potè il digiuno,’”

but there, I think, he took the wrong side; though with Niccolini, perhaps, he would rather err than go right with Rosini. Both, however, are such good-natured men that their literary difference has not broken their personal good-will.

After he was gone I went to see Rosini, whom I found in a literary chaos of books and manuscripts. He showed me a long poem he is now writing on the war of Russia in 1812; the beginning of a history of painting in Italy, to serve as a pendant to Cicognara’s “History of Sculpture;” a quantity of odes, sonnets, and other mélanges, about all which he talked with the most good-humoured vanity; and the first part of a romance on the subject of Ugolino, about which he talked with more reserve, but to which, I suspect, he feels that he entrusts a good deal of his reputation. When we had talked an hour or more, he went out with me, . . . and to the cathedral, where I left him to hear his mass. But he soon rejoined me in the Campo Santo, and we had an interesting walk round its fine cloisters and by its extraordinary monuments of ancient art, about which he has written so pleasant a book. . . .

LUCCA, May 27.—We had to-day, between Pisa and Lucca, one of the most beautiful, nay, I may say delightful, drives that we have had in Europe; the weather perfectly fine and the country sufficiently broken on our right to be picturesque, while in the plain through which we passed the cultivation was so luxuriant—the trees, the whole way, hung with the young and graceful vines in all the freshness of their spring vegetation—that it seemed as if the entire land had just been arrayed for a fête. . . . Lucca stands delightfully, in the midst of a plain almost unrivalled for fertility, with hills that surround it in every variety of form and character; . . . and the rich and exact cultivation comes up to the very walls themselves. . . . The people, though the population is the most dense in Europe,—being 456 to the square mile for the whole territory,—looked comfortable and well-off, so abundant are the resources of its soil, where to-day we have frequently seen, in the same fields, the olive, the vine, wheat, and sometimes figs, and mulberries for silk cultivation, added. . . . At the old Church of the Dominicans . . . are two pictures by Fra Bartolomeo,—one the Virgin imploring mercy for the people of Lucca; and the other, God the Father, and St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine beatified in His presence. Few works of art by any artist are equal to them. We went twice to see them, and stayed long each time.

The cathedral is a grand old building, erected 1060–70. Its front is covered with a rich and gorgeous sculpture of minute labour, . . . and over the doors are bas-reliefs by John of Pisa, and Nicholas of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, in Virginia. The whole was told with great spirit and vivacity.”
Inside, not only its bold and solemn style throughout is effective, but there are interesting works of art,—very interesting. A Madonna by Ghirlandajo is excellent; two kneeling angels in marble on the altar of the sacrament, by Civitelli, 1470,—whose works are hardly found except here and in this neighbourhood,—and a St. Sebastian, also by him, in 1484, are marvellous for the time when they were produced, and beautiful and full of deep meaning for any age. An altar-piece by John of Bologna, with the figures of the Saviour and St. Peter on one side and Paul of Lucca on the other, is one of the few satisfying representations of the Saviour I have ever looked upon, or perhaps I should rather say one of the few that do not offend the feelings when you look at it. It is of 1579....

We went, too, to the palace where the Duke of Lucca has, not a large collection of pictures, but an admirable one, distributed through a few beautifully-furnished rooms, where they can be seen in good lights and with great comfort. Among them are Raffaello’s Madonna of the Candelabra,—a fine work, but not among his best or purest; Gherardo della Notte’s incomparable Christ before Pilate, etc., really quite an admirable collection. It was the last thing we saw in Lucca, which we left with regret, so beautiful is the situation of the town itself, and so many beautiful things does it contain.

Ten more days, passed in the circuit through Spezia and Genoa, brought them to Milan, where Mr. Ticknor writes:

MILAN, June 7.—When we were fairly established, I went out to see if I could find some persons whom the cholera had kept out of the city when we were here last autumn; and I was doubly pleased, not only to find the Marquis and Marchioness Litta in their palace, but to learn that Manzoni—who has recently been married again—is still in town; that all the Trotti family are here; and that the Marchioness Arconati is on a visit to them from her exile in Belgium. I therefore went to the Trotti Palace this evening, where I found the old Marquis, above eighty years old, with the Marchioness, almost equally old, surrounded by their children and grandchildren and friends in the happiest and simplest manner. Mad. Litta was there [one of the daughters]; Mad. Arconati [another daughter], always intellectual and agreeable; and several of the friends and relations of Count Confalonieri; and I had a very pleasant visit of one or two hours.

June 10.—... One morning, Mad. Arconati, with her brother, the Marquis Trotti, and two or three other persons, took us out to an old and deserted villa of the Marquis Trotti, and showed us there a very large establishment for raising silk-worms, the great staple of this part of Lombardy. ...

... Two evenings we spent at Manzoni’s, whose house is the only one in Milan, I am told, where society is freely received. His wife was ill, and we did not see her, but his venerable mother was

3 Statues.
there, his daughters, and a few of his friends, the Casatis, Baron Trechi, and some others. Among them was one of Confalonieri’s brothers, whom I met at Prince Metternich’s last summer. Both evenings were very agreeable, for it was impossible not to feel that the people were kind and good.

Manzoni talked well, and upon subjects where he might have been excused from talking at all, because it would have been no discredit to him to have been ignorant; such as the commercial difficulties in the United States, which he regarded in their most important point of view, their moral effect on the people; the slave question, on which he is a thorough abolitionist, so far as to hold that it is our duty at once to do something which shall insure emancipation at some future time, however remote, so that the principle should be now acknowledged.

Of his timid sensitiveness I have heard many more striking facts: such as, that he does not like to be in any sort of solitude, not even to go alone to say his prayers in church; that he makes no visits, because he does not know whom he may meet, etc. Yet with all this he has a high and even bold sense of duty, and not a little moral courage, maintaining his liberal opinions on all occasions with frankness. His popularity as a writer is extraordinary. Nothing like it has been known in Italy for a century; nor has any man since Alfieri produced so striking an effect on the popular feeling. Traces of the “Promessi Sposi” are found everywhere, from the Pitti Palace—where the Grand Duke is having a room painted in fresco with designs from it—to the chintz on the sofas and chairs in the taverns, which are often covered with its story. Of the editions of it there seems to be no end. Meantime, he himself loses nothing either of the simplicity or shyness of his character; and the timidity, which seems to be based in a sort of principle and persuasion with him, is in no degree affected by his fame and success, unless, indeed, it be rather increased by them.

Mad. Arconati, who has been intimate with him from childhood, says he has drawn his own principles and character in the last speech of Adelchi, where he says, among other things in the same tone, that he has lived in a state of the world where it has been necessary either to do or to suffer wrong.

But such evenings as we spent at Manzoni’s are spent by few in Milan. The great ambition of the Milanese ladies is to have a fine equipage with which to drive in the beautiful public promenade, and a box at the opera to go to afterwards. We tried them both. We drove with the Littas two evenings, just at sundown and twilight, and saw the fashion of the city, perhaps from two to four hundred equipages, driving round rapidly for a little while in the really noble space arranged for it on the old ramparts, .... and then stopping for a little time in the middle, where the gentlemen on horseback and friends on foot or in other carriages come and speak to them. Many of the equipages were very rich and tasteful, .... and the whole show was very brilliant and graceful. The last evening we were in Milan we went for an hour to the Marquis Trotti’s, and found the
same circle of children and friends gathered around the courtly old gentleman that I saw there the first evening. After staying there a little while we went to the opera, for which Mad. Litta had sent us the key to her box. . . .

The interest and enjoyment of two delightful days at Como were much increased by the unexpected presence of Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Robinson for a part of the time. At Bergamo, "the birthplace of Bernardo Tasso and of Tiraboschi, and the spot whence comes that peculiar Bergamesque dialect which, in the person of Harlequin or Truffaldino, amuses all Italy," another cordial meeting with Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Robinson occurred; but after breakfasting together the parties separated, Mr. Wordsworth going to the Lago d’Iseo, Mr. Ticknor to the Lago di Garda, promising a reunion at Venice. There our party arrived first on the 17th of June.

**Venice, June 17.**—It seemed very strange to us to come into a city so silent and yet so grand; magnificent in its palaces and churches, but looking deserted; with streets of water, over which men glide noiselessly as spectres; . . . and with houses that seem to have no foundation, as you step in and out of them. . . . We rowed about in our gondola like Turks, ate ices and drank sherbets in St. Mark’s Square with the thousand other gay idlers, . . . and went home late, only to listen to music from the gondoliers and thoughtless minstrels, who seemed to fill the summer night with their harmony. The whole was purely Venetian. . . .

**June 22.**—. . . We finished the evening, as usual, with a lounge in St. Mark’s Square, where we had the pleasure of being joined by Wordsworth and Robinson, who arrived this afternoon, and talked very agreeably of their adventures. They found nobody at Iseo who remembered anything about Lady Mary Montagu’s residence at Louvere.4

**June 23.**—. . . In the evening we had the genuine gondolier music of the country. We procured four or five gondoliers, who went in one gondola, while we went in others, . . . and embarking just at dark, rowed down the Grand Canal towards the Lagune. As soon as we were fairly in motion they began to sing. They took at first Tasso, and began in a sort of recitative, and in their soft Venetian dialect, to chant the episode of Armida. . . . They were themselves much excited by it, and stood up and gesticulated as if they were improvisating. At first it did not produce much effect, but the

4 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went to Italy for her health, and remained there twenty-two years, in the closing period of her life. During many of these years she passed her summers in the profound seclusion of Louvare on the Lago d’Iseo. She returned to England in 1761, where she died ten months afterwards.
The "whimsical journey" was, in fact, a voyage en zigzag through different passes of the Alps; out of Italy by the Brenner; in again over the Stelvio, and down the lovely Valtelline to the Lake of Como; out once more by the Splügen; through the Via Mala and over the Arlberg to Innsbrück,—a course suggested by Mr. Wordsworth as the best way of seeing and enjoying the Alps. Mr. Ticknor reviews the experiences of these three weeks as follows:

Innsbrück, July 16.—... I do not know that we could have done more in the same time to see what is grand and solemn, or graceful and gentle, in the valleys and mountain-passes of the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the portions of Switzerland we did not visit last year. ... I feel, indeed, now as if I were well enough acquainted with the mountain-country between Vienna and Marseilles; for with our visits to Upper Austria and Switzerland last summer, added to my former passages of the St. Bernard and the Maritime Alps on horseback, I have made seven passages of the Alps,—namely, part of the Brenner, the whole of the Stelvio, the Splügen, the Arlberg, the Simplon, the St. Bernard, and the Corniche,—and seen all the principal lakes, mountains, and valleys on each side of them. Of all this the lakes of Upper Austria are the most winning and satisfying as lakes except the Lake of Como, which is of the same sort; the Tyrol is the most picturesque country, and its people, their costumes and houses, the most curious and striking; the Ortler Spitz, the Jungfrau, and the Mont Blanc are the grandest of the mountains; the Valtelline and the valley of the Inn the loveliest of valleys and at
the same time the grandest; the Mandatsch Glacier the most solemn of the glaciers, and next after this, the Glacier of Grindelwald and the Mer de Glace.

After a week at Munich—where they again met Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Robinson—they parted not only from these English friends, but from their Boston fellow-travellers, Gray, Cogswell, and Ward, and went on to Heidelberg, where they remained nearly four weeks, "as a pause and rest after just three months of uninterrupted travelling and sight-seeing." Of his acquaintance and interests there, Mr. Ticknor writes thus:

Creuzer, the classical scholar, whom I knew here twenty years ago, seemed to me little changed. Schlosser, the historian, is in manner just what his books might lead one to suppose,—decided, and a little bruyant, strong and genial, if not good-natured. He lives quite by himself, and is probably the most quarrelsome of the very quarrelsome professors here; but to me, who entered into none of their manifold feuds, he was pleasant.

Ullmann, the principal theological professor, is a quiet little man with a good deal of knowledge in elegant literature, who was very much disposed to be useful to me, and at whose house I met agreeable people, more luxuriously entertained than is common in professors' houses in Germany.

But Mittermaier, a man just fifty years old, is more a man of the world, notwithstanding his great learning, than any of them. He is President of the Chamber of Deputies in Baden, and therefore a man of a good deal of political consequence in this part of Germany; and his frank and popular manners form rather a striking contrast to those of his caste generally. Besides this, however, he is a laborious and successful professor, and his works on the criminal law have given him reputation throughout Europe. His house is probably the most agreeable, for personal intercourse, in Heidelberg, since there is a greater variety of persons found there than is found elsewhere.

In all these families intercourse was simple, according to the German notions of simplicity; but in all of them—except Ullman's—the ladies of the family seemed to have a good deal of the household work to perform. At Mittermaier's, in particular, it was curious to see the daughters bring in the evening lights, and set and serve two rather large supper-tables, assisted by a single waiting-girl.

We knew, too, the old Baron Malchus and his daughter. The old gentleman was Minister of Finance to Jerome Bonaparte when he was King of Westphalia, and afterwards to the King of Wurtemberg; and he used to make us rather long visits, and talk, much at large, of the days of his power and dignity. I have seldom found a person who had such an immense mass of statistical details in his head, and as he has kept up a good deal of intimacy and influence, with not only the Bonapartes, but the Wurtembergers, since his abdication of public affairs, he has a great deal of pleasant and useful
matter-of-fact conversation. Some of his accounts of the Bonapartes, of their present state and condition, . . . showed how completely this great family has come to point a moral and adorn a tale; how completely it has sunk beneath the fears of the potentates whom it formerly displaced from their thrones, and treated as puppets and slaves.

Our most agreeable acquaintance, however, was the family of the Marquis Arconati, who has taken a house at Heidelberg for the summer, to be near his only child, who is at the University here. They came to see us, with Berchet, the morning after our arrival, and during our whole visit treated us as old friends. It was a great pleasure to us, for Mad. Arconati has few equals, among her sex, for intelligence and a perfectly uniform and simple elegance of manners. We dined with them twice, and were much with them besides, and count upon the pleasure of meeting them again in Paris. At their house we met Quinet, who, I hear,—for the first time,—is to be numbered among the living French poets of some note; a man about five-and-thirty, with a good deal of self-sufficiency; *au reste*, with something epigrammatic and smart in his conversation. . . .

On the way to Paris in the autumn,—having left Heidelberg on the 24th of August,—the party stopped at Frankfort and Wiesbaden. At Bonn,—

I had an agreeable meeting with my old friend Welcker, kind and learned as ever, liberal in his politics, so as to be obnoxious to the Prussian government, but so true and honest in his character that no government ought to fear or dislike him. A part of the evening I spent with August von Schlegel, where I met Tourguéneff, a learned Russian, Secretary of the St. Petersburg Academy, and a great admirer of Dr. Channing. It was very agreeable, but Schlegel in his old age is more of a *fat* than ever. He can talk with comfort of nothing but himself.

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CHAPTER VI.

Paris.—*Von Raumer.—Fauriel.—Duke and Duchess de Broglie.*—Guizot.—*Miss Clarke.—Coquerel.—Jouy.—Confalonieri.—Count Molé.—Augustin Thierry.—Lamartine.—Count Circourt.—Mignet.—Cesare Balbo.—Mad. de Pastoret.—Louis Philippe and his Family.

JOURNAL.

Paris, September 18.⁵—I was at Bossange's book-shop and two or three other similar establishments to-day. They are less ample and less well supplied with classical books of all kinds than they used to be. The living literature, too, does not much figure in them, and from

⁵ He had reached Paris September 11.
what I could judge and learn, especially in a long and somewhat curious conversation with the elder Bossange. I suppose the booksellers now are driven for a good deal of their profits to reprinting popular authors with extravagant ornaments, like "Gil Blas," "La Fontaine," and "Paul and Virginia," which have recently been published with engravings on every page. . . .

September 20.—I had a visit from Von Raumer this morning. He is in Paris to consult and make extracts from the Archives of the Foreign Affairs, and is now near the end of a two-months' labour for his great historical work, like that which he gave to it, last year and the year before, in London. He says he has found an immense mass of materials, and that he is permitted to search where he likes, and copy, with only the formality of an examination, which is made by Mignet, the historian.

It was not my intention to make acquaintances or visits at Paris till the winter shall come on, but to-day I was driven to make one that I found very agreeable; I mean that of M. Fauriel. I wanted his work on the Romances of the Provencal, and desired Bossange to procure it for me some days ago. Not finding it, or any trace of it, he applied to Fauriel for some indication in relation to it. Fauriel told him, what was new both to Bossange and myself, that the Essay on Romances had been printed only in a periodical; and being surprised that an American should inquire for it, Fauriel sent me last evening a copy of it, with a very civil note. Of course I called on him to-day and delivered him a letter of introduction which Schlegel had given me at Bonn. I found him a man above sixty years old, I should think, living in the Faubourg St. Germain, in a quiet and modest manner, and surrounded with a library of extremely curious books, in the early literature of France, Germany, Spain, and Provence. His conversation was more accurate and careful than is commonly found in his countrymen, but still lively; and his knowledge in early Spanish literature, on which we chiefly talked, is such as I have not found before in Europe. It exceeded that of Wolf at Vienna, as much as his years do, and gave me great pleasure.

October 1.—I went this morning to see Camillo Ugoni, the author of the "History of Italian Literature in the Eighteenth Century," in order to make some inquiries of him about Count Confalonieri, who has lately been in Paris, and been sent away by the Police. . . . Ugoni I found a pleasant Italian, about sixty years old, with the apparatus of a man of letters about him; but I talked with him only concerning Confalonieri, whose intimate friend he is, and, I believe, also a fellow-sufferer in exile from political causes.

On my return home I found all Paris in motion in the upper part of the city, chiefly with a fête at the Gardens of Tivoli, but partly, also, with the St. Germain Railroad. It looked very little like Sunday. Indeed, so few shops are shut, and all works—even those for the government—are so diligently carried on, that I cannot distinguish Sunday from other days.

6 See vol. i. pp. 134, 212.
We attended service at the Oratoire, where Monod, son of the person who was a preacher there twenty years ago, officiated. The sermon was thoroughly Calvinistic. He seemed serious and earnest. . . .

October 5.—The Duke and Duchess de Broglie being announced in the papers as having come to town, I went to see them this morning, and I am glad I did; they received me as an old friend,—as if it were but a short time since I was last in their saloon. But they are, of course, a good deal altered. The Duke, who is above fifty, shows that he has had cares upon him, and that he has not been Prime Minister with impunity; but still he has preserved his natural and original manner, a singular mixture of pride, warm-heartedness, and modesty, which gives him a slight air of embarrassment, and makes him blush a little whenever he expresses a strong or decided opinion. Mad. de Broglie is just forty years old, but does not look so much; is still pretty; and has that charm she always had, of perfectly simple and even naive manners, added to great frankness and talent. Her daughter, the Viscountess d'Haussonville, was there, and is beautiful; . . . and a M. Doudan, who is a sort of secretary to the Duke, and who has the reputation of beaucoup de moyens. We talked chiefly about old times, and the changes that years have brought,—the death of their beautiful daughter Pauline, and of Miss Randall; the death of Auguste de Staël, etc.,—till Villemain came in, who has grown quite stout, with his added reputation, and then I came away, promising to dine with them to-morrow, and meet Guizot, who is expected in town on business to-night. I asked the Duke about Confalonieri's case; and he said he was as much in the dark about it as everybody else, and extremely sorry not to find him in Paris. . . .

October 6.—I dined at the De Broglies', and went an hour before dinner, because Mad. de Broglie said she wanted me to come so early that we might have some quiet talk before company should come in. She was very interesting; told me much of her life and of her family during the last twenty years, and talked largely of her religious opinions, which are Calvinistic, knowing mine to be Unitarian. Of her children, and of her husband and his public career, she spoke with all her natural frankness; and about America and our institutions she was curious, but is evidently less democratically inclined than when I knew her before. Her conversation was always earnest, sometimes brilliant, and I was sorry when the approach of dinner interrupted it. Her pretty, or rather beautiful daughter came first, with her husband; then M. Doudan and then Alphonse de Rocca, the youngest son of Mad. de Staël, now about twenty-five, extremely ugly in the lower part of his face, like his mother,—very good-natured, it is said, but with a moderate capacity.

The Duke de Broglie came last, with Guizot, who, having had his hints beforehand, pretended to remember a great deal more about me than my vanity could render credible.7 He talked at first, with much

7 See vol. i. p. 212.
French esprit, upon a recent article of Montalembert on the Revival of the Arts, upon an Edinburgh review on Bacon attributed to Macaulay, and such matters.

I thought, in all this, there was something got up for effect, a little more of the fashionable air of the salon than became his character and position. But all Frenchmen—or almost all—desire this reputation for esprit, and are not insensible to the succès de salon; and this was the first time M. Guizot had seen the De Broglie family for several months. At table he talked more like a statesman, on the French elections now approaching, and on American politics. He treated Mr. Van Buren, compared with the other Presidents of the United States, as a person not known in Europe. But on American affairs the Duke de Broglie seemed better informed, and talked better than he did. . . .

October 8.—Gans of Berlin came in early this morning to see me, full of activity and lively conversation as ever. He has been traveling in the South of France, to restore himself after a considerable illness, and seems very round and hearty, as if the experiment had quite succeeded. . . .

October 9.—I visited Guizot this morning. He is poor, and lives very modestly in a small apartment, where it would be quite impossible for him to receive fashionable company; but I believe that he has never sought to make a fortune, and that, being without debts, he is contented. He was very curious this morning in his inquiries about the United States, and showed that he has ceased to believe in the stability of our popular institutions. It was not so formerly. He professes to be very anxious on the subject; to consider it a great calamity to the world if the experiment of liberty in the United States should fail; is much concerned about our mobs, the question of slavery, etc. But if he talked the other day, at the Duke de Broglie's, like an homme d'esprit and like a statesman, he talked this morning like a politician. . . .

In the evening we went to Mad. de Broglie's. Though she does not receive regularly, a good many persons came in, most of them men of letters, or men marked by intellectual endowments. I was particularly glad to see Ste. Beuve, a modest little gentleman of about fifty-five; for if I had not seen him now, I should have missed him altogether, as he is just going for the winter to Lausanne. No man alive has so good a knowledge of French literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as he has; and I obtained some good indications from him this evening, which will make me regret his absence this winter the more.

October 16.—Mad. de Broglie made us a long visit this morning, and talked politics and religion in abundance, which it was agreeable to listen to, because she is so frank and sincere, but in which it is not possible for me to agree with her, because she is so Calvinistic, and looks with so much less favour than she used to on free institutions. . . .

October 25.—. . . In the evening we went to see a Miss Clarke, an English lady, living with her aged mother over in the old Abbaye
aux Bois, in the Faubourg St. Germain. She brought us letters lately from Mrs. Fletcher. She has lived in France a large part of her life, and keeps a little bureau d'esprit all of her own, à la Française. Au resté, she is, I believe, an excellent person, and is a friend of Mad. Arconati, as well as of other good people.

We found there Fauriel, who is, I believe, to be seen in her salon every night, and one other Frenchman, I think Mérimée. There was much talk both in English and French, which Miss Clarke seems to speak equally well. Fauriel was witty and cynical, as usual; and the lady very agreeable.

The latter part of the evening I spent at Mad. de Broglie's, where I met Pageot; Rossi, formerly a great politician in Geneva, and now, it is said, preparing himself for a peerage in France; the Duke Decezès, so long the Minister and the favourite of Louis XVIII.; Vieil-Castel, one of the principal employés in the Department of Foreign Affairs; Janvier, the well-known debater in the House of Deputies, on the Doctrinaire side, etc., etc. It was very agreeable.

October 26.—We drove out, in beautiful weather, this afternoon, to Vincennes, and saw the outside of the fine old castle; but as it is a military depot, we were not permitted to see the inside. The strongest recollection that now dwells on it, of course, is that connected with the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

On our way back we went to the suburb, or village, of Picpus; and there, in a cemetery behind the convent of the Sacré Cœur de Jésus, saw the grave of Lafayette. This convent consisted of distinguished women, who devoted themselves to the business of education; and in its cemetery a few of the higher aristocracy had their graves. The Revolution broke it up, and made it the resort of a Jacobin club. In 1804 it was restored, and the tombstones that had been overthrown were replaced. I should think about fifty families of the higher and older aristocracy have their places of rest here, but everything looks fresh and recent.

Mad. de Lafayette was buried near some of the Noailles, and her husband desired to be placed near her. There is nothing remarkable about the two stones, except their simplicity. They are exactly alike, —no titles are given to Mad. de Lafayette, and to her husband only Major-General and Deputy; and on each gravestone is recorded the date of their respective births, of their marriage, and of their deaths, and the two stones are united by a cross.

October 27.—Ugoni—who has been frequently to see us of late, chiefly to talk about Confalonieri, whose case excites everywhere great remark—carried me this evening to the weekly soirée of Mad. Mojon. She is an Italian, her husband a Spaniard, long a professor of medicine and physician at Genoa, and both are great friends of Confalonieri.

8 Since Madame Mohl.
9 Pellegrino Rossi, assassinated in Rome, November 15, 1848.
1 Mad. Bianca Milesi-Mojon translated Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns and some of Miss Edgeworth's Tales into Italian; and a sketch of her life was published by Emile Souvestre, in 1854.
Sismondi, and other persons of mark. They live here to enjoy their fortune and educate their children. I found several agreeable people there, and passed a pleasant evening.

October 30.—At the Duke de Broglie's, to-night, I met Count Molé, now the French Premier, and holding the place of President of the Council, which the Duke formerly held. It was curious and amusing to see the two ministers together, who, without being positively enemies, cannot certainly be very good friends. Their talk was chiefly about the elections, which are to happen next week, and which they seem to think might be less favourable to the Ministry than had been hoped. M. Molé in an intellectual-looking man of about sixty, and talks well. After he was gone, I had some curious conversation with the Duke de Broglie about the King and about Confalonieri's case.

October 31.—I went this morning—at her request—to Mad. de Broglie's at their breakfast hour, and sat out a part of their family breakfast, where I talked politics with M. de Broglie, who has less confidence in free institutions than he used to have. Afterwards I went with Mad. de Broglie into her boudoir, where she showed me a picture by Scheffer, representing her daughter Pauline, who died at fourteen. It is a small picture, arranged like the picture of an Oratoire, and I could not help being struck by the circumstance that her Calvinism approaches here, as in other instances, to the faith or the feelings of the Romish Church. This is the more natural, to be sure, as her husband, to whom she is devotedly attached, is a Catholic; but still I think it also lays in her own character and feelings. At any rate, she is a very interesting person; full of simplicity, sincerity, and talent. I talked with her a good deal this morning about christianizing the poor and those who neglect all religion, and she showed much practical familiarity with the subject, as well as a strong interest in it.

November 6.—I spent an hour this evening very agreeably at the Countess de Ste. Aulaire's,² where I found only her daughters and two or three gentlemen, this not being one of her evenings of reception, though I supposed it was when I went. Her character, her talents, and her graceful and winning manners plainly fit her for her place as the wife of a foreign ambassador; but, like all the French, she rejoices in the opportunity to come back to Paris. I talked with her about the elections and French politics, which are at this moment the absorbing subject. She is of course ministerial, but it was striking to see how much she fears the Chamber of Deputies, now grown, by the changes of the times, of great and preponderating consequence. No such opinions and feelings could have been expressed when I was here before; and I find them on all sides, though expressed with more reserve by such men as the Duke de Broglie and Count Molé than by a lady like Mad. de Ste. Aulaire.

On the case of Confalonieri she expressed herself with equal frankness; as did also Rossi, whom I visited this afternoon. The whole

² See vol. i. p. 212.
of that affair, indeed, is very discreditable to the French government, and especially to the King: but persons standing in the same relations of party and personal friendship to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, as the Duke de Broglie, Rossi, and Mad. de Ste. Aulaire do to the French throne and administration, would not have spoken out their opinions as freely and truly as these persons have spoken them out to me. This is a difference between the countries discreditable to us, and which I feel as a moral stain upon us.

November 7.—I spent some time this morning in the King's private library, originally Bonaparte's, and which I knew under Barbier as the library of Louis XVIII. It is an uncommonly comfortable and well-arranged establishment; better than any of the sort I know of, except the Grand Duke's at Florence, and larger than that. Jouy, the author of the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," is the head of it, a hale, hearty, white-headed old gentleman of about sixty-five. Like everybody else, now, he talked about politics and the elections, and rejoiced at the success of the Ministry. He seemed to be throughout very content, and has occasion to be so. He made a good fortune by his periodicals, and admits very frankly that he wrote for that purpose; wrote as long as the booksellers would pay him well, and wrote a great deal too much. And he has now a good, easy place under government, where he occupies himself with his literary studies, and has settled all his arrangements for an agreeable old age.

November 8.—Being at Guizot's this morning, he told me some curious particulars about the King. He says, the King commence beaucoup de fautes, et en finit fort peu; that he feels his talent and power of action, and sometimes decides without consulting his ministers; that when he himself was Minister for the first time, the King twice so decided in affairs that were of his department, but that, having himself immediately caused it to be understood that he had no responsibility in those cases, the King never did it afterward; that the King sometimes asked him to leave his brouillons de mémoires, etc., with him, to be looked over, but that he always refused, because he did not choose the King should consult others about his unfinished and explained projects, or make a separate work and decision of his own upon them, etc., etc. . . . The King, too, Guizot says, is very anxious and sensitive on the subject of the punishment of death, examines each case of capital conviction himself, and makes a written abstract of the reasons for and against a pardon, in parallel columns, and decides with care and conscientiously without the intervention of his ministers.

In the afternoon I saw Confalonieri. He was in bed, broken down in health, and much broken in the brightness and strength of his intellectual powers, but full of kindly affection and gratitude. I went over the whole of his strange case with him; his case, I mean, so far as the French government is concerned, and told him, what he did not before know, how completely it was the King's personal affair. I did not stay long with him, for it was not well that he should talk much. He has been in Paris, this time, three days. To-morrow he is to have an operation performed, and when he is sufficiently recovered will
go to the South of France. It is a great pain to see him so different from what he was when I knew him at Milan in 1817, and at Paris in 1818-19. The Austrian government seems to have succeeded. It has crushed him, broken his spirit, broken his heart; and his nature was so noble and lofty that it seems as if tyranny were encouraged and strengthened, by his present condition, to proceed as far as it has power. It seems as if it had now found new and better means to work withal than it had ever discovered before.

November 12.—The case of Confalonieri is so remarkable, and, from accidental circumstances, I have become so fully and exactly possessed of details that are almost unknown even in Paris, and some of which Confalonieri himself learnt only from me, that I have thought I would write it out in full. It is strongly illustrative of the way in which things are managed, not only in France, but by other governments in Europe; and I dare say no proper account of it will ever be published, and the whole truth will never be known.

Count Confalonieri, belonging to one of the first and richest families in Lombardy, was, by his position in society, by his talents, by the nobleness of his character, and by his personal relations throughout Europe, not only one of the most prominent persons in Italy, but altogether the first and most important of the victims of Austria in 1821. When in the United States he wrote to his old friend, the Duke de Broglie, then Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis Philippe, to inquire whether his presence in France would be unwelcome to the government. The Duke—who told me this fact—said he replied that he ought not to have permitted himself to ask such a question; that France was, as it were, his natural asylum; and that the sooner he should be here the more happiness he would give his friends. On receiving this assurance he gave notice in New York, to the Austrian Consul, of his intention to come to France, that he might not even seem to do anything covertly, and embarked for England.

He there gave a new and somewhat formal notice to the French Chargé d'Affaires,—the Ambassador being absent,—and desired him, if he had any doubt about his reception in France,—where the Duke de Broglie had been displaced by Count Molé,—to write for instructions; to which the Chargé replied, that there could be no doubt in the case, and that he should hold it to be a pleasure as well as a duty to viser his passport. Under these circumstances he crossed the Channel, and arrived in Paris about September 20, where he established himself in a private hospital to undergo a surgical operation, intending to pass the winter in the South of France, as his constitution is much shattered by his confinement and sufferings for sixteen years in the Spielberg.

When he had been a few days in this Maison de Santé he was suddenly sent for to the police, and there, very rudely, as he told me, ordered to leave France, and to go back to England by the very road by which he had come from it, quitting Paris within twenty-four hours. Confalonieri replied that, to a gentleman, any command on such a subject was quite unnecessary; that to make him anxious to leave the country it would have been sufficient to have intimated to him that his
presence in it was unwelcome; and that he should not fail at once to obey the injunctions of the government. But the next day the Prefect of Police came to him in the Maison de Santé, four miles from his office, in person, with mitigated instructions, and followed up this sort of visitation for three successive days, with offers of kindness, and intimations of an unaccountable regret, which Confalonieri received very politely, but declined, unless it were understood that the government had changed its opinion about his residence in France. He accepted, however, the permission to go to Belgium instead of England; and on the 29th of September set off to join his friends the Arconatis, at their castle of Gaesbeck, near Brussels.

Meantime the newspapers had got possession of the matter, and the government was attacked for its harshness. The Temps, the Ministerial paper, replied, and defended the king by three assertions: 1. That Confalonieri had come to Europe contrary to his promise given to Austria, that he would not return. 2. That the king in 1823, being then Duke of Orleans, had used his influence with Austria to have Confalonieri’s sentence changed from death to imprisonment, and implied that it was partly at least through this influence that it had been so changed. 3. That the king had, two years since, again used his intervention with Austria and procured Confalonieri’s full liberation, on condition that he should not be received in France. Confalonieri, feeling his honour attacked by this semi-official statement made with great formality, replied by a few decisive words in a note, to which he subscribed his name: 1. That, as to the promise to Austria, he never made any whatever; a fact well known, but since proved by the publication of the paper which contained what he did sign on his release from prison. 2. That, as to the two interferences spoken of and said to have been made by the Duke of Orleans and the King of the French, he had remained in complete ignorance of both of them up to the moment of the publication in the Temps. . . . Nobody has known, since 1823, that the commutation of Confalonieri’s punishment was procured, at the last possible moment, by the agony of his wife at the feet of the Empress; and that the Duke of Orleans, as the head of the liberal party then existing in France, would have injured instead of helped her cause, if he had been known or even suspected to favour it. . . . The assertions, however, about the two interferences were made anew in the official paper after Confalonieri’s note appeared; the matter seemed to grow more and more serious, and people began to wonder how it was to end. . . .

At last it came out. It was ascertained that the Austrian Chargé d’Affaires, Baron von Hügel,—Count d’Appony, the Ambassador, being in Vienna,—as soon as he knew Confalonieri was here, went to Count Molé, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and declared that Confalonieri had broken his word, that it was an outrage to Austria to permit him to be in France; and, in short, took up the matter so violently that Molé said afterwards he expected little less than a speedy demand to have Confalonieri delivered up to Austria, or something equally extravagant. Molé, however, is a cool and a cautious man, and did not commit himself by any decisive answer. Where-
upon Von Hügel drove out the same evening to St. Cloud, and made similar representations to the King in person, who, less cautious than his Minister, declared at once that Confalonier should be sent out of the country. . . .

Further and more strange developments soon followed. Von Hügel turned out to be deranged in mind, and his representations to the King and Molé were found to be wholly unauthorized by his government, were found to be, in fact, the first outbreak of his insanity. His recall was asked for by France, and he is just gone off to England, because, I suppose, they think, with the Clown in Hamlet, that it will not be seen in him there, where all the men are as mad as he. This made things bad enough. But Prince Metternich took care to make them worse. He felt his advantage instinctively, and used it with his inevitable shrewdness. He made no explanations or statements to France, for these might have been answered, and so the difficulty covered up, if not got over by diplomatic ingenuity. But as soon as Confalonier was settled in Belgium he sent a despatch to the Austrian Minister at Brussels, written wholly in his own hand, and directing him to show it to Confalonier, declaring that the Austrian government had nothing to do with the proceedings in France, and claimed no right, and had no wish, to prevent his residing there. . . .

Meanwhile the King's enemies say, as V. did last evening, "Le voilà! il a menti de nouveau, et pour si petite chose!" or with the spirituel—— "Un fou l'a effrayé avec un mourant." . . . In Brussels, the Belgian government, urged by Count Mérode, gave Confalonier to understand, at once, that he should not in any event be molested there. But this was not necessary; for it was impossible the French government should stand where it now stood. It must either go forward or go back. After some hesitation, therefore, and an attempt to persuade Confalonier indirectly to ask for permission to return to France,—which of course failed.—Count Molé was obliged to write him a letter, offering him the leave he would not solicit.

Even now, however, the newspapers were full of misrepresentations. It was said "mistakes had been committed in consequence of Confalonier's unexpected appearance at Paris;" that "in consequence of representations from his physicians he had received permission to go to Montpellier;" that "the Count had written from Brussels," etc., etc., all of which is false, and only intended to let the public come gradually at the truth. However, Confalonier arrived here on the 5th instant, and on the 9th it was finally admitted, by the government journals, that there was no longer any objection to his being in Paris.

December 11.—I dined to-day at Mr. Harris's, where were General Cass, our Minister, Prince Czartoriyski, formerly Prime Minister of Alexander of Russia, General Lallemand, and a few others. But the person who most interested me was Baron Pichon. I sat next to him at dinner, and talked with him afterwards till half-past ten

3 Earlier our Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, for a time.
4 See vol. i. pp. 109 and 216.
o'clock, long after the rest of the company was gone. He was Secretary of Legation to Genet and Fauchet in the United States; afterwards in the office of Foreign Affairs here, during the Directory and under Talleyrand; then again in the United States, Secretary and Chargé d’Affaires from 1801 to 1805, and I know not what else, until he was Governor of Algiers under Louis Philippe, to whom he is now Conseiller d'État. Among other things he told me that Tom Paine, who lived in Monroe's house at Paris, had a great deal too much influence over Monroe; that Monroe's insinuations and representations of General Pinckney's character, as an aristocrat, prevented his reception as Minister by the Directory, and that, in general, Monroe, with whose negotiations and affairs Pichon was specially charged, acted as a party-democrat against the interests of General Washington's administration, and against what Pichon considered the interests of the United States.

Of Burr, he said that he was the most unprincipled man he had almost ever known, and that he hardly knew how he could have become so, to such a degree, in the United States. He said that between 1801 and 1805, while Burr was Vice-President of the United States, he made suggestions and proposals to Pichon, for throwing the United States into confusion, and separating the States under the influence and with the aid of France; and that when Burr was in France afterwards, he renewed the same offers and suggestions, both to Talleyrand and to Bonaparte.

Of Hamilton he spoke with great praise and admiration; but said he must qualify it somewhat, because Hamilton once said to him that Talleyrand was the greatest of modern statesmen, because he had so well known when it was necessary both to suffer wrong to be done and to do it. Talleyrand, he said, who had been the entire cause of his—Pichon's—fortune, and with whom, for the greater part of his life, he had been extremely intimate, hates the United States. He has never—Pichon thinks—forgotten Washington's refusal to receive him at his levee, because he did not think it suitable, in the delicate position of affairs with France, to receive an émigré in the presence of the French Minister. At any rate, since the 18th Brumaire, he had always expressed himself openly against the United States, and used his influence recently against granting our claims for the famous twenty-five millions.

Burr once said to Pichon, "The rule of my life is, to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business."

December 14.—... In the latter part of the evening I went to a fashionable party at the Marquis Brignole's, the Sardinian Ambassador. Count Molé and several other of the ministers were there, most of the foreign diplomacy, and a good deal of the fashion of Paris. But this is the first party that has been given this season, and the whole force of the beau monde is, therefore, by no means collected. It was, like all such parties in the great capitals of the Continent, a collection of extremely well dressed people in beautiful and brilliantly lighted rooms. Among them I found a few old acquaintances, especially the Duke de Villareal, recently Prime Minister in Portugal, and
son of the Souza who published the magnificent "Camoens." I knew him when he was Minister of Portugal at Madrid, and had much pleasant talk with him about old times. The Circourts were there, Count d'Appony, Countess de Ste. Aulaire, and a good many persons whom I knew, so that I had an agreeable visit.

December 18.—I went, as usual on Mondays, to Fauriel's lecture on Spanish Literature; which, as usual, was much too minute on the antiquities that precede its appearance. In fact, now, after an introductory lecture and two others, he has not completed his view of the state of things in Spain at the first dawning of tradition, seven hundred years before Christ. At this rate, he will not, by the time we leave Paris next spring, have reached the Arabs. He lectures at the Sorbonne, whose ancient halls are now as harmless as they were once formidable, and has an audience thus far of about fifty or sixty persons, not more than half of whom are young men. He is very learned and acute, but too minute and elaborate.

In the evening I went to Mad. Martinetti's, who is here for the winter. She is as winning as ever, and as full of knowledge and accomplishments, but her beauty is somewhat faded. There were a few people there, and it was pleasant, but I did not stay long.

December 19.—In the evening I went to Count Molé's, at the Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères, where, as on the evening when I was presented, I found his large saloon full of the foreign ambassadors, and the great notabilités of the country. As the Chamber of Deputies began its session yesterday, there were many of them present, not a few who came for the first time; and the way in which the old huissier, seventy years old, who has stood at the door of all the ministers from Bonaparte's time, announced these different individuals, was often amusing. He evidently did it sometimes in a tone which, but for his grey hairs, would have been impertinent, since it distinguished the rank of those who entered, if they were Frenchmen. I found a good many persons whom I knew. . . . Among the new acquaintance I made, the most agreeable were Koenneritz, the Saxon Minister, and Mignet, the author of the "History of the French Revolution;" a man of about forty, evidently full of talent and striking qualities.

December 22.—I went this afternoon to see Mignet and Rossi, certainly two of the most distinguished persons I have yet become acquainted with in Paris; and talked with them, of course, on political subjects, or subjects connected with politics and history.

In the evening I went with Count Circourt, and made my first visit to Thierry, the author of the admirable history of the Normans. It is rare to see so striking an instance of the triumph of intellectual power and moral energy over personal infirmities.

He is about forty years of age; but fifteen years ago he lost his sight entirely, and for the last eight years has been paralyzed in his lower extremities, so as to be incapable of moving himself at all. But after his blindness was upon him, and after the paralysis was already begun,—but not so far advanced as it is now,—a lady of intellectual

habits and accomplishments, and of an eligible position in society, became attached to him and married him, from a desire to devote herself to his happiness, which she has done faithfully and cheerfully for seven years. . . . He, meanwhile, has gone on with his difficult studies as if no infirmity had befallen him.

Under the auspices of the government he is employed in collecting manuscript materials from all parts of France for a history of the tiers état, and is, besides, engaged in an historical work on the Merovingian race. He has published, too, his letters on the Communes, and many reviews, and other single articles on the same difficult and obscure subjects; all written with great felicity of manner, and showing laborious and careful research into the original and unpublished sources of French history. I found him this evening with two or three friends, in an uncommonly pretty and well-arranged parlour, sitting in his arm-chair, with a sort of comforter of silk thrown about the lower part of his person. His infirmities were plainly upon him, but there was nothing or very little that was painful in their character. He talked with great distinctness of opinion and phrase upon a wide variety of subjects; such as the different races of men in the early ages of the world, the impossibility of two races becoming mixed on equal terms, the state of Canada at this moment, Cooper's novels, etc. He says he is, though entirely liberal in his politics, less inclined to republican, or democratic, institutions than he used to be, because he thinks the people are, from the tendencies of their nature, less disposed to choose the most elevated minds for the most important places, or to intrust their affairs generally to the wisest and most disinterested hands.

At ten o'clock I left him,—for his visitors do not stay late, on account of his health,—and went to the Duchess de Broglie's. I went to see her in the forenoon, a couple of days ago, when she first returned from Broglie; and she then told me that she intends to receive le monde every Wednesday night, but that her friends would find her, besides, on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays. So I went this evening,—Friday,—and found about a dozen persons there: Eynard, Rossi, Lebrun, etc. It was extremely agreeable, and I stayed till the table was brought in at eleven o'clock. So much for French hours! There was an extremely animated talk for some time about Arnauld, Pascal, and the writers of Port-Royal generally; and if it had continued, I daresay I should have stayed later.

December 23.—. . . I left a dinner at Colonel Thorne's somewhat early, to go to Lamartine's, who, being in rather feeble health, does not like to receive late. He is a man of fortune, and lives as such; besides which, he is eminently the fashionable intellectual man of his time in Paris.

He has just been elected to the Chamber of Deputies from three different places, a distinction which has happened to no other; and in the chamber he has a little party of his own, about fifteen or twenty in number, who generally support the Ministry, but are understood to vote independently, and to desire nothing from the government; so that, in the present balanced state of parties, he has a good deal of
political power in his hands. As a poet, he is, of course, the first and most fashionable, and he has always round him a considerable number of young aspirants for fame, to whom he is said to be more kind than is even discreet or useful for them.

I found him in a beautiful hotel and a tasteful saloon, in which were five or six pictures by his wife, and among the rest an excellent like-ness of himself. About a dozen gentlemen were there, of whom I knew only Tourguéneff and Count Circourt.

He knew I was coming, and when my name was announced received me frankly, and almost as if I had been an old acquaintance. His wife seems about forty years old, and was dressed in black,—a colour she has constantly worn since the death of their only child, a daughter of fourteen, who died on their journey in the East. She avoids the world and general society, and receives only gentlemen who visit her husband. She talked well with me about the Abbé de Lamennais, and his "Livre du Peuple;" and showed herself to be, what I believe she really is, a lady of much intellectual accomplishment.

Lamartine himself, I think, is about forty-five years old, thin in person, but dignified and graceful in his manners, and with a very fine style of head,—a head and countenance, indeed, that may be called poetical. He is, I should imagine, nervous and sensitive; and walks up and down in the back part of his saloon, talking with only one, or at most two persons, who walk with him. This, I am told, is his habit, and that it is not agreeable to him to talk when sitting. In the course of half an hour, thus walking and talking with him, only two things struck me,—his complete ignorance of the present English literature, and the strong expression of his poetical faith that the recent improvements in material life, like steam and railroads, have their poetical side, and will be used for poetical purposes with success. He was as curious about America and American literature as was polite, but I think cares really very little about either. His table was covered, and even heaped, with recent publications by living authors, who wish to get a word or a smile from the reigning favourite; for nobody now publishes anything in elegant literature without sending him a copy, I am told.

December 25.—. . . In the evening I went to Jomard's, at the [Royal] Library. He is now the head of that vast establishment, as well as the head of all Egyptian knowledge in the world; indeed, from the time of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt down to the present day, he has been one of the principal members of the Institute, and one of their most learned men. He is now old, and his eyes are bad, but he has much reputation for kindness of disposition, and receives, gladly and agreeably, all men of learning.

To-night was his first soirée for the season, and I found his rooms filled with books, curiosities, and interesting people. Among those I was most glad to see, and with whom I chiefly talked, were Aimé Martin, the editor of Molière, who was outrageous in his ignorance of America; and Ternaux, whose acquaintance I made diligently, because

6 M. Henri Ternaux-Compans.
Fauriel tells me he has one of the finest libraries of Spanish literature in the world. It was more of a meeting for learned men than any I have seen in Paris.

December 26.—I spent an hour this morning with Mignet, at the Affaires Étrangères, where, since 1830, he has had a comfortable and agreeable office at the head of the Archives. Considering the part he took in the Revolution, and the length of time that has elapsed since he published his History, he looks to me very young. In fact, he does not seem to be thirty-five years old; but he must be older, and is one of the finest-looking men I have seen in France. He is, too, acute, and has winning manners. I do not wonder, therefore, that he is popular. This morning, after some general conversation, he was curious to learn from me any particulars I could give him about Mr. Edward Livingston, on whom it is his duty, as Secretary of the Academy of Moral Sciences, to pronounce an éloge next spring.

Count Balbo, who is here from Turin, on account of the death of Villeneuve, father of his late wife, dined with me; and we had a great deal of agreeable talk upon old matters and old recollections, as well as upon things passing.

Afterwards I went with him to see Mad. de Pastoret, the Mad. de Fleury of Miss Edgeworth. She is, of course, much altered since I knew her in 1818–19; but she is well, and able to devote herself, as she always has done, to works of most faithful and wise charity. Her fortune, and that of her family, is large; but being Carlists, and sincerely and conscientiously so, they gave up offices in 1830, to the aggregate amount of 180,000 francs a year, including the dignity of Chancellor of France. The Marquis de Pastoret is now the legal guardian of the Duke de Bordeaux, though from his great age the duties of the office are chiefly exercised by his son, the Count. Once a week, however, he holds publicly, in his hotel, a Council on the affairs of the Duke de Bordeaux, or Henry V., as they of course call him. The government is wise enough not to notice this sort of sincere and honest treason; and lately, therefore, when a violent Carlist was reproaching the reigning family with un esprit vraiment persécuteur, Mad. de Pastoret said, in her gentle and beautiful, but decided manner, "Je crois, Monsieur, que nous sommes une forte preuve du contraire de tout cela."

Mad. de Pastoret has the distinguished honour of being the first person to imagine and establish an infant school, and she told me tonight that she had lived long enough to see the grandchildren of her first objects of charity coming daily to receive its benefits, with—in several instances—the same matrons to take care of them. Until lately she was the Lady President of these institutions in France; but this year the Ministry thought fit—perhaps wisely—to put them under

7 See vol. i. p. 211 et seq. "Madame de Fleury" is the title of one of the Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth, which is founded on incidents of Madame de Pastoret's experience. M. de Pastoret received the title of Marquis from Louis XVIII.

8 Comte de Chambord.
the protection and control of the University, and as she said to-night, "the wife of M. de Pastoret could not with propriety enter into relations with the Minister of Public Instruction;" so that she resigned her place, without, however, giving up her interest or diminishing her real exertions in the cause. I was delighted to see her again, and to find her still, though nearly seventy-five years old, so full of the talent, gentleness, and practical wisdom that have always marked her character. Among other little things I learnt from her to-night is the fact that "de Fleury" is not an invented name, but the name of an estate belonging to her, and taken as such by Miss Edgeworth, whom she knows, personally, extremely well.

After spending an hour with her I went to Guizot's and spent another. His modest rooms were full of peers and deputies, of whom I think an hundred, at least, were there at different times while I stayed; among them were Decazes, Lamartine, and nearly all the principal Doctrinaires.

December 27.—We spent three or four hours this morning at the meeting of the class of Moral Sciences of the Institute. It was their annual meeting, and their fine rotunda was filled with a fashionable audience of gentlemen and ladies. The members of the class of Moral Sciences were there in their uniform, the other Academicians in their common dress. It was a goodly show, and a dignified one. The president announced the prizes for the next year, and then gave, with very little ceremony, a medal of fifteen hundred francs to a young man named Barthélémy de St. Hilaire for a dissertation on the Organon of Aristotle. After this Mignet read, for above an hour, an élége and biography of Roederer, very brilliantly written, and in reading which he was often interrupted by very hearty rounds of applause; and the whole was concluded by parts of a memoir of the state of the civil law of France, considered in its relations with the economical condition of society, by Rossi,—again frequently interrupted by applause,—which was admirable for its soundness, wisdom, and strength, worthy of a solemn academical occasion. As a meeting, it had more of dignity in it, and seemed better to fulfil its purpose, than any meeting of the sort at which I remember to have been present. There was really a good deal to be learned at it by those who went with a wish to be taught.

In the evening I went a little while to Baron Pichon's, where I found a form of soirée different from the common one at Paris; almost everybody gravely seated at whist,—deputies, peers, and all. But I had some strong talk with M. Pichon himself, with whom it is not easily possible to have anything else, so masculine is his mind and so practical and business-like the tone of his faculties. However, I could stay only a short time. We had promised to take Mad. Martinetti to the De Broglies' to-night.

It was the evening of her grande réception, and, arriving at about ten o'clock, we found her beautiful saloon open, and the notabilités of the time coming and going. The Russian Ambassador was there;

9 See vol. i. p. 209 et seq.
Guizot and a plenty of Doctrinaire peers and deputies; the Countess de Ste. Aulaire and her accomplished daughters; the Duchess of Massa; the well-known Princess Lieven, who figured so long in London; Janvier, one of the most eloquent of the Chamber of Deputies; the d’Haussonvilles, etc. Everything was very brilliant, but it was less agreeable than on the petites soirées. We stayed late, however, for Mad. Martinetti enjoyed it so well that she did not at all like to come away.

December 28.— . . . In the evening I was presented at Court, which took a tedious while; for I left home before seven o’clock and did not get back till nearly ten, the first hour being spent in assembling, with eight or ten other Americans, at General Cass’s and getting to the palace, an hour and a half at the palace itself, and half an hour to find my carriage and get home. . . . I think about an hundred and thirty persons were presented. Of these, perhaps seven or eight were Austrians, sixty or more English, one Russian,—my friend Tourguéneff,—and the rest chiefly Germans, with a few Italians and Spaniards. The Russians are hardly permitted to come to Paris now, or, if they do come, hardly dare to be presented at Court, so small is the ill-will of the Emperor, and so detailed his inquisition into private affairs. Tourguéneff avowed it to me as we went up the stairs.

When we were all arranged in a row round the two halls of audience, with the ambassadors and ministers in the order of their reception at Court, the King, the Queen with the Princess Clementine on her arm, the Duchess of Orleans, Madame Adelaide, and the Duke of Orleans entered and went round, speaking generally a word to each individual as he was presented; for we were all gentlemen, the ladies being presented later. It took them a little more than an hour. One thing was soon apparent from their manners. They wished to please.

. . . . The King came first. He is stout without being fat, and clumsy from having two short legs. He spoke English to all the English and to all the Americans, and spoke it uncommonly well. He asked me about my former visit to Paris, inquired particularly after Mr. Gallatin, and praised Boston and its hospitalities, which he said he remembered with much pleasure and gratitude. He took some time to say this, of course, and bowed and smiled most profusely. The Queen came next. She looked much older than he does, is very thin and grey-headed, and seemed worn and anxious. But she, too, smiled abundantly, and asked me about the differences between Paris now and when I was here before; which adroitly relieved her from the necessity of saying much herself. She spoke French to me, as did all the ladies to those who could understand it. Her lovely daughter, with the most intellectual countenance in the family, looked very naturally uninterested, and only courtesied to each as she passed, without thinking it necessary to smile or to speak to anybody. She was dressed with perfect simplicity, in a light pink satin, without lace or ornament of any kind on any part of her person. She must be admitted to be lovely, perhaps beautiful, but certainly she had a very dull time to-night.
After her came the Duchess of Orleans, the only one much dressed. She wore many diamonds, and, without being beautiful, is very good-looking, graceful, and winning. She spoke to me in German, and said some very pretty things about Germany, and how much she still loves her “Vaterland,” where, she said, the people are so true and so happy. Her manner was more natural than that of any of the rest of the family. Indeed, perhaps it was quite natural. Madame Adelaide, who followed, is short and stout, like her brother, whom she resembles both in countenance and in an air of firm, full health. She spoke to me, in French, of the great pleasure her brother had in the United States, and how well he remembered our hospitalities; and said, with great emphasis, repeatedly, that they were always glad to see the Americans at the Tuileries. And so she played her part. The Duke of Orleans, who closed the scene, spoke English well, but had nothing to say. He is a pretty fellow, but looks feeble in intellect, and was embarrassed in the merest commonplaces of asking me about my journeyings and residence in France.

December 29.—. . . In the evening we went first to Mad. Mojon’s, where the party was much as usual; and to Mrs. Garnett’s. . . .

About half-past ten I went with a couple of friends to the great gambling-house which passes under the name of Frascati.

It was the first time in my life I ever was in a large establishment of the sort, or, indeed, at any, except such as are seen at watering-places; and I shall probably never see another, for it is one of the good deeds of Louis Philippe’s government that, after having abolished lotteries, it has now ordered all public gaming-houses to be closed from January 1, 1838, that is, in two days. This evening we found the rooms full, but not crowded. . . .

The usual marks of superstition accompanied some of the more regular gamblers. One person kept a sou constantly in a particular position on the table as a sort of luck-penny; and another, a woman, as soon as she had put down her money, shut her eyes, and muttered something without looking up, till the result was announced.

The person that interested me the most, however, was a middle-aged man, who played upon a somewhat ingenious system; waiting, perhaps, thirty or forty times, till he found three numbers that had not come up at all, and then playing and doubling on those three till he won. He was a large gainer while I watched him; but I take it, his system, like the systems of all gamblers, would not stand before La Place’s “Calcul des Probabilités,” and that, in the long run, the table would ruin him, as it does everybody else.

I reached home by twelve o’clock, having found my visit little curious or interesting. Perhaps it would have been more so if I had stayed later; for the company was increasing fast when I came away, and the older faces there looked as if it would take a long sitting to work them up to anything like external excitement, so hard were they, and settled. But to me it was all simply wearisome and disagreeable.

December 20.—I took the whole of this evening to go with Count Circourt all the way to the Bibliothèque de l’Arsenal, to see Charles
Nodier, who is its librarian. It took us nearly an hour to drive there, and another to return, and yet in the time of Henry IV., and even in the time of Louis XIII., that was the fashionable part of the city; so much is everything changed in Paris. The bad part of the matter, however, was that we did not see Nodier. Circourt had warned me beforehand, that when his daughter and her husband chance to go out, Nodier, who is a whimsical old fellow, not being able to make up his party of whist with his wife alone, goes to bed and takes to his bibliographical studies. Unluckily, as we entered his grim old residence, at nine o’clock, we met his daughter in a ball-dress just coming out for a party in the gay quarter of the city from which we were just arrived; and instantly afterwards received Mad. Nodier’s melancholy exclamation that her husband was in bed. Nothing remained but to sit down and be agreeable to Mad. Nodier for nearly an hour, which we did faithfully. Luckily, she is an agreeable person herself, so that we were not so badly off as we might have been. The best of the matter was the drive of two hours with Circourt, who, at my request, related to me in great detail, and with picturesque effect, what he knew of the outbreak of the Revolution of July, 1830, when he was the confidential Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Prince Polignac.

CHAPTER VII.

Thierry.—Duchess de Rauzan.—Bastard’s Work on Painting in the Dark Ages.—Montalexembert.—Mad. Murat.—Mad. Amable Tastu.—Princess Belgiojoso.—Thiers.—Debate in the Chamber of Peers.—Chateaubriand.—Politics.—Farewells.—General View of Society, etc.

JOURNAL.

January 2, 1838.—I passed this evening with Thierry, who talked well on the subject of the Communes in France; of the manuscripts relating to the history of the country still in existence; of the new plan of a Commission relating to them, just submitted by the Minister of Public Instruction, which Thierry thinks will fail; of the politics of the times; and of the affairs of Canada.

He is much skilled in etymology, and thinks our etymologies of the word “Yankee” are all wrong, and that, having arisen from the collision and jeerings of the Dutch and the English, in New York and New England, it is from the Dutch “Jan,”—pronounced Yan,—John, with the very common diminutive “kee,” and “doolen,” to quaver; which would make the whole, “qua-vern,” or “psalm-singing,” “Jacky,” or “Johnny.” “Doodle-sack” means bag-pipe.

Johnny would refer to John Bull; and if “doolen” be made in the present tense, “Yankee-doodle” would be “Johnny that sings Psalms.” “Hart-kee,” my dear little heart, and hundreds of other diminutives, both in endearment and in ridicule, are illustrations of the formation
of the word. It amused me not a little, and seems probable enough as an etymology; better, certainly, than to bring it, with Noah Webster, from the Persian.

January 5.—We went last evening to Miss Clarke's, where there was rather more of a party than usual, collected by formal invitation. Fauriel was there, of course, and Mohl; but there was, also, a number of ladies, among whom were Mad. Tastu, the well-known authoress; the Princess Belgiojoso,—the well-known lady of fashion, and one of the most striking and distinguée persons in Parisian society; the Countess de Roy, who also figures in the saloons, etc. I met, too, several men of note, whom I was glad to talk with,—Baron d'Eckstein, the opponent of Lamennais; Mérimée, the author of "Clara Gazul," and now employed by the government to collect whatever relates to the ancient monuments of French art; Mignet, the historian; Élie de Beaumont, the great geologist; the two Tourguenéeffs, etc. It was as intellectual a party as I have been with since we came to Paris, except at Jomard's; and I enjoyed it very much. Mérimée, however, disappointed me. He is affected, and makes pretensions to exclusiveness. He ought to be above such follies.

January 6.—I went this evening to the first soirée of the season at the Duchess de Rauzan's, the headquarters of the more intellectual and more fashionable of the Carlists. She is the daughter of the admirable Duchess de Duras, whom I used to know here, nineteen years ago;¹ and she remembered me enough to signify her pleasure that I should come to see her. So I went, but she does not receive till half-past ten o'clock at night, and that is a little too ultra-fashionable for my comfort. I found there the Marquise de Podenas, who was the lady that managed so long the affairs of the Duchess de Berri;² Mlle. de Bethune, of the old Sully family; a fine, white-headed old Duke, of the time and with the manners and dress of the reign of Louis XVI.; Count Circourt; the Baron d'Eckstein; Count Bastard, etc.

The last person has been employed for twenty years—with the assistance of the successive governments that have prevailed in France—in collecting from manuscript miniatures the materials for a history of painting, from the fall of the art in the fourth century to its entire restoration under Raffaëlle. The first numbers will come out in May next; there will be forty-two in all, and the average cost of each copy of each number will be eleven hundred francs. He prints, and illuminates, and paints sixty copies for the government and nine for himself; and though the government allows him two millions of francs, yet, like a true Carlist as he is, he complains that it should come through the budget, and be distributed through seven years, instead of being given all at once, and without condition. He interested me very much for an hour by the details of his undertaking. His reason for taking his materials for the History of Painting in the Middle Ages

¹ See vol. i. p. 210 et seq.
² See ante, p. 34.
from manuscripts entirely, is, that he can in no other way get them quite authentic, while in the manuscripts he can get them with accurate dates.

January 8.—We went this evening a little while to Thierry's, by appointment with the Circourts, whom we met there. Thierry himself we found in the same chair and in the same position in which he is always seen, but with the same spirit that raises him above his bodily infirmities. He talked about Manzoni, and repeated long passages of the "Adelchi;" he talked about the present state of painting in France; and about the Canadians, in whom he takes a great interest, and to whom, for the sake of their French names and origin, his heart warms, till he wishes them success. On all these various points he talked well, with interest, and even with enthusiasm, forgetting, apparently,—when he spoke of painting, for instance, or the opera,—that he cannot hope ever again to enjoy either of them.

We finished the evening at Mad. de Broglie's, where we met Villemain; Duchâtel, one of the ministers of Louis Philippe; with Guizot, Lady Elgin, and two or three others; besides Doudan and the d'Haussonvilles, who are always there. It was a très petite soirée, and very agreeable.

January 10.—It was the first grand ball of the season to-night at the Tuileries, and we went, with the rest of the world, to see the show. It was, what is rare in such cases, worth the trouble. Between three and four thousand persons were collected in the grand halls; but still there was no crowd, so vast was the space, and so well was the multitude attracted and distributed through the different rooms. Nothing could well be more brilliant than the lighting, nothing more tasteful than the dresses. I have seen more diamonds both in Dresden and in Madrid; and, indeed, the duchess of Anglona, to-night, made more show than anybody else, with the diamonds that, I suppose, I used to see worn by the old Duchess of Ossuna, twenty years ago.

Having quite accidentally fallen in with Mad. Martinetti, the Count and Countess Baldissero, and the Spanish Ambassador Campuzano, we made one party with them till about one o'clock, when the ladies went in together to supper. We gentlemen stood and saw them pass through, to the number of more than fifteen hundred. It was a beautiful sight. After the King and Queen, nobody attracted so much attention as the very picturesque Princess Belgiojoso. But the whole was striking. The supper, which was in the theatre of the palace, was, I am told, both magnificent and tasteful, and offered a coup d'œil which would have satisfied an Oriental fancy; but though, after the ladies had supped, the gentlemen were admitted, the crowd was so dense and the struggle so unruly that I would not undertake it.

January 12.—This evening I carried Count Balbo to Thierry's, and introduced him to them. Balbo has written a good deal on the early history of modern Europe, and occupied himself with the Communes of Italy, so that they had high converse together, which I enjoyed.

This was during the Canadian insurrection, called the Papineau Rebellion.
Thierry was striking in his positions, and in their illustration, as he always is.

January 13.—I went this evening to the Princess Belgiojoso's. Her house and style of reception are as picturesque as herself; and savour strongly—even to the hot climate she makes in this cold weather—of her Italy. There was much fashion there, and many men of letters: Mignet, Fauriel, Mohl, Quinet, Baron d'Eckstein, etc. I saw, too, for the first time, the Count de Montalembert and his graceful wife, who was a Belgian Méréde. I was surprised to find the Count, who is already so famous by his ultra-Catholic and liberal tone, both in the Chamber of Peers and in his writings, to be so young a man. He will certainly be much distinguished if he lives, notwithstanding his sort of poetical fanaticism, which accords but ill with his free tone in politics. His conversation is acute, but not remarkable.

January 14.—I spent the early part of the evening at the Countess Lipona's, the name under which Madame Murat passes here.4 She is a very good-looking, stout person, nearly sixty years old, I suppose, and with ladylike and rather benevolent manners. She lives in good style, but without splendour; and, like the rest of her family, allows those about her to call her Reine. Prince Musignano was there, and perhaps in the course of an hour twenty people came in, for it was her reception evening; but the whole, I suppose, was Bonapartist, for I happen to know that those who wish to stand well with Louis Philippe avoid her doors; a weakness on his part as great as that which, on hers, permits her to be called Queen.

January 17.—I passed a large part of to-day with H. Ternaux, who was formerly in the United States, since which time he has been in French diplomacy. . . . My object was to see his library, which is curious in many respects, especially in old Spanish literature and in early American history. He kept me occupied till dark, in looking at a succession of rarities and curiosities, such as I have not seen before for many a day.

January 20.—At Lamartine's this evening, walking up and down his salon,—as is his wont,—he talked a good deal about himself. He said he wrote no poetry till he was twenty-nine years old, prevented, as he thinks, by the fougue de ses passions. He left it again as soon as he obtained diplomatic employment, because he much prefers the business of the state to anything else, and holds it to be a duty higher and more honourable. He liked his place as Minister at Florence very much, and he likes his occupations as Deputy. In the summer, when in the country, he still writes poetry, and has finished this year a poem of some length; but he makes everything of the sort to yield to public affairs. Indeed, he says he regards poetry as the occupation of youth and of old age, each of which has its appropriate tone and vein; while middle age should be given, as Milton, Dante, and Petrarch gave it, to the business of the country and to patriotism. There was, perhaps, a little affectation in this, but not much. His character seems frank, if not

4 Caroline Bonaparte. Lipona is an anagram of Napoli, her former kingdom.
entirely natural. In speaking on politics, he said that he was the first person who urged Thiers to adopt the system of Spanish intervention, and that it was long before he could persuade him to it; but that he little imagined Thiers would be so absurd as to make it a cabinet question, when it was one which would need much time to be understood aright even in the Chamber of Deputies, and much more to be comprehended by the nation. I did not think much of his conversation on these points; it was chiefly an unsuccessful defence of himself, which to me, a stranger, he ought to have known was uninteresting, and, as far as he himself was concerned, he ought to have known was unimportant.

January 27.—From nine to ten this evening I spent with the venerable and admirable Marchioness de Pastoret. At first she was quite alone; afterwards the Duke de Rauzan came in, some of the Crillons, the Choiseuls, etc. She receives in the simplest way, in her boudoir; and this circumstance, with the names of historical import that were successively announced, seemed to carry me back to the days of Louis XIV. at least, if not to those of Henry IV. It was, of course, the purest Carlism; but if it was nothing else, it was entirely respectable and elevated in its tone. Nothing else can approach Mad. de Pastoret.

January 28.—In the afternoon we made a visit to Mad. Amable Tastu, on the whole the most distinguished of the present female authors of France. She is about fifty-and-forty years old, I should think, very gentle in her manner, and of an excellent reputation. Her husband has lost his fortune, and not showing energy enough to recover it, Mad. Tastu has for some years supported her family by her pen. Her poems, in three volumes, are the best of her works, and indeed she has not published much else. These are very good of their sort, and sometimes remind me, as she herself does, both in her fortunes and her character, of Mrs. Hemans. She talked well this afternoon, and her French, both in accent and in phraseology, was particularly beautiful. Her appearance denotes feeble health, and I am told that she works too hard, writing much for the periodicals to earn a subsistence.

January 30.—The beginning of the evening I spent at Thierry’s. There was no company, and I had a great deal of pleasant talk with him about his occupations, and his projected history of the Merovingians; a prodigious work for one broken down with such calamities as he is.

Afterwards I went to Guizot’s, and found a plenty of deputies, the Greek Ambassador, in his costume, and the Baron de Barante with his beautiful wife, now spending the winter in Paris, on leave of absence from St. Petersburg, where he is French Ambassador. He is much altered since I knew him before; but still looks well, and talks as becomes the author of the “History of the Dukes of Burgundy.”

5 “Récits des Temps Mérovingiens,” 1840; a charming work, made directly from the early chronicles.
6 See vol. i. p. 212.
As I arrived late, only a portion of the evening's party remained, and I was glad of it; for Guizot's rooms are small, and his friends numerous.

January 31.— . . . I dined to-day at the Duke de Broglie's; a dinner made in honour of the Baron de Barante, and the Count de Ste. Aulaire, French Ambassadors at St. Petersburg and Vienna, now here on leave of absence. It was, of course, a little ceremonious, and a good many of the principal Doctrinaires, Guizot, Duchâtel, etc., were there. Barante, however, was missing, and was waited for half an hour; and when we sat down at table it was plain that it was a political dinner; for, except Eynard of Geneva and myself, every individual was of political note. The whole conversation, too, was in the same tone, and was curious, since it turned, for some time, on the character and prospects of Thiers, whom, I must needs say, they treated with great generosity. Ste. Aulaire has all the acuteness and esprit he used to have; but he is grown very old, and looks, more than anybody else I have seen here, like a genuine Frenchman of the ancien régime, his hair powdered, and his physiognomy belonging to the theatre rather than to real life. After dinner I talked a long time with him about Vienna, Prince Metternich, etc., and found him very amusing. Nothing, however, of his conversation indicates in him the author of the "Histoire de la Fronde," while in De Barante it is quite different. Afterwards Count Montalembert, Tourguéneff, Villemain, and a crowd of other people came in, as it was grande réception, and I came home. . . .

February 3.—I divided the evening between the Princess Belgiojoso's and the Duchess de Rauzan's; both their saloons were full. In both, too, I found Berryer, the leader of the Carlists in the Chamber of Deputies, and their most able agent and defender in France. He talked well. Before I knew who he was, I had a long conversation with him, Mignet, and the Princess, on the present state of the French theatre, and was much struck with his acuteness. But the hours kept at these fashionable places are intolerable. . . .

February 5.—I dined to-day at Baron de Gerando's, with a tolerably large party of men of letters, whom he had asked to meet me, or at least he had asked Fauriel and one or two others on my account; Patin, the Professor of Latin at the Collège de France, the remplaçant of Villemain; Droz, of the Academy of Moral Sciences, etc. The talk was, of course, all on literary subjects, and Fauriel was clearly the first spirit at table. In the evening, it being De Gerando's reception evening, a crowd came in; members of the Institute, peers, deputies, and men of letters in abundance. At ten I went to the De Broglies', where I found only Guizot and four or five others, and had a most agreeable time. . . .

February 6.—This evening I went with Mignet, and was introduced at Thiers' house. He lives in a good deal of splendour, with his father-in-law, the banker Dosne, and his rooms to-night were full, chiefly of deputies, among whom, however, I distinguished no considerable notabilité, except Marshal Maison and the Count Montalembert, who is of the Chamber of Peers. However, I went only to see
Thiers, and looked but little about me. He is a short man, wearing spectacles, a little grey-headed, though hardly above forty years old, and with a very natural and earnest, but somewhat nervous manner. He talked to me for half an hour, wholly about his projected history of Florence to the time of Cosmo de' Medici, and talked with great spirit and knowledge. He intends it as a development of the character of the Middle Ages, and means to divide it into four parts, viz., Political History, History of the Laws and Constitution, History of the Commune, and History of the Arts and Letters. Thiers, I ought to add, surpassed even my expectations, in the brilliancy as well as in the richness of his conversation.

February 9.—This evening, at Mad. Mojon's, I found the customary sprinkling of Italians, Academicians, and political personages. Coquerel was there, and I talked with him much at large on the religious politics of France. He thinks well of the prospects of Protestantism, in which I suppose he may be right; but he counts much on the Duchess of Orleans, in which, I doubt not, he is wrong. Her position will prevent her from favouring Protestantism, even if she should continue to be a Protestant. All, however, agree that the religious principle makes progress in France, though the external signs of favourable change in this respect are certainly very slight.

Afterward, at the Duke de Broglie's, I introduced the same questions. The party was small, but suitable for the subject, and brilliant with talent, consisting of Duchâtel, Lebrun, Duvergier, Guizot, Rémuat, Viel-Castel, Doudan, Villemain, and one or two ladies, besides the Duchess. It was like a rocket thrown on straw. They all spoke at once, and seemed all to have different opinions. At last Guizot and Mad. de Broglie were heard, and they both thought religion is making progress in France, and that it will continue to do so. Several of those present were Protestants, and expressed their feelings very warmly, to which Villemain and, after him, Guizot spoke with great indignation of the present condition of the stage and of elegant literature. It was very interesting. . . .

February 10.—The Duke de Broglie said last night that there would be a good debate to-day in the Peers, on the law for Hospitals for the Insane, and that he would have good seats for us to hear it. So we went. The room is well arranged for business and discussion. . . . The Duke came to us and explained what was going on. The forms are good, except that of speaking from the Tribune, which, however, is not insisted upon here as pedantically as it is in the other house, though still the more formal speeches are made from it. . . . We heard, successively, Montalivet, the Minister of the Interior; the Duc de Bassano, so famous under Bonaparte, and now a most venerable, white-headed old gentleman; La Place, son of the mathematician; Barthélemy; Pelet de la Lozère; Gasparin; Villemain; Tascher de la Pagerie, connected by blood with the Bonapartes, and representing their interests; Girod de l'Ain; Montalembert, the fanatic and Carlist, etc. The discussion was carried on in the most business-like manner, and to practical purpose. Indeed, for these great ends the House of Peers is admirably constituted, being filled with men, most of whom
have distinguished themselves by business talent among the deputies; but, unhappily, all being nominated by the King, and holding their places only for life, with a miserable pension, they enjoy, as a body, not the smallest political influence in the state. This is, in truth, a great misfortune, because many of the men, thus neutralized by their advancement, are such as ought to exercise in some way or other the power of the state. Indeed, this state of things is so obvious that such men as Thiers and Guizot cannot be induced to enter the Chamber of Peers.

February 13.—I went to-day to see Chateaubriand. He lives in the extreme outskirts of the city, far beyond St. Geneviève, in a sort of savage retirement, receiving few persons, and coming into no society. He has set up there a sort of hospice, where he supports twelve poor men and twelve poor women, in extreme old age; not, indeed, out of his own means, but by an annual contribution which he levies every year, far and wide, even in the palace of the abominated Louis Philippe. He received me kindly in his study, which did not seem very comfortable, but which contained a superb copy of a Holy Family, by Mignard, given to him by the late Duchess de Duras, at whose delightful hotel I used to see him, in 1818 and 1819. He is much altered since that time. The wrinkles are sunk deep into his face, and his features are grown very hard; but he has the same striking and somewhat theatrical air he always had, and which is quite well expressed in the common engraved portraits. He talked of Mad. de Duras with feeling, or the affectation of it, and of the days of Louis XVIII. with a little bitterness, and very dogmatically, not concealing the opinion that if his judgment had been more followed, things would not now have been where they are. His work on the Congress of Verona, now in the press, will, he says, explain many things the world has not known before; and from all I have heard, I am disposed to think it will create some sensation when it appears, and probably offend—as he has often before offended—some of his best friends. Indeed, in all respects, save his looks, he seemed to me little altered. He asked me, when I came away, to visit him occasionally, but made many grimaces about it, and said he was a poor hermit and pilgrim, who had nothing to offer to a stranger used to the grand salons of Paris. I am something of his mind, and shall hardly go again.

On my way home I stopped at the Seminary of St. Sulpice to see one of the priests who is a professor there. I was surprised at the extent of the establishment, and the number of élèves, in their gloomy dresses and with their formal air, who were walking about in the vast corridors. It was, however, all monkish, as much as if it had been in Austria or Rome; and I could not but feel that it was all out of joint with the spirit of the times, in France at least. I recollected our conversation at De Broglie’s, the other evening, and could not but think, if the Catholic religion requires for its support such establishments as this, it can hardly be suited to France, or likely to make progress there.

7 See vol. i. pp. 114, etc., and 210, 211.
February 14.—Divided a long evening between Thierry and the De Broglies. Poor Thierry was in bed, suffering more than usual; but two or three friends were with him, and he showed how completely his spirits and animation are indomitable. At De Broglie’s all was as brilliant as luxury, rank, and talent could make it. The contrast was striking, and not without its obvious meaning; yet both were interesting, and I enjoyed both.

February 15.—A formal, luxurious, splendid dinner at Ternaux’s, where were Jaubert, the eloquent and witty Doctrinaire leader; Jouffroy, the popular, liberal, professor; Jomard, whose modesty and learning I admire more the oftener I see him; Santarem, a Portuguese nobleman, of the rare scholarship which is sometimes, though very seldom, found in his nation; and several others. I talked much with Santarem, and wish I were likely to see more of him, for he is a very extraordinary person; but he leaves Paris in a few days.

February 17.—We spent the evening at the Delesserts’, where we met Eynard, the mover of the Greek affairs, and his winning wife; Ternaux and his wife; Guizot; and a few more. It is a magnificent establishment, in the style of Louis XIV., and the conservatory, making a sort of additional saloon, is, when lighted up in the evening, extremely beautiful. About half-a-dozen of the pictures, too, are of high merit; and the grave, dignified old Baron seems in good keeping with the whole. They are, too, all good, kind, and true people, and you feel that you are well when you are there; a feeling by no means universal in the brilliant saloons of Paris.

February 18.—I went to Thiers’ to-night before ten o’clock, intending to stay only half an hour, and then make some other visits; but I was tempted by the brilliancy of the ex-minister’s conversation, and remained till after midnight. There were only three or four persons present; but among them was General Bugeaud, who lately commanded in Africa; and Jusuf, in his Arab costume, who has made such a figure lately by a sort of romantic atrocities on the Algerine frontier,—one of the most picturesque creatures I ever looked upon. The political embarrassments of the Ministry, involving the African affairs, and leading Thiers to the hope of returning to power, gave piquancy to some parts of the conversation. Thiers did not conceal his full consciousness of his position, and Bugeaud did not conceal his desire to have certain things done in Africa if Thiers should come in Minister, while between the two Jusuf cut up and down like a true Arab, until at last Bugeaud became so vexed with him, that he said rather pettishly, “If you go on in this way, Jusuf, you will end by having your handsome head cut off.” The point was, whether the occupation of Africa should be merely military and desolating, or whether it should be conciliating and agricultural; Bugeaud being for the first, and Jusuf for the last. Both showed great adroitness, but both got angry, and so Thiers obtained the advantage of both, and, as he always does, used them both for his own purposes. He was at times very brilliant and eloquent, especially when showing the effect of a military desolation of Northern Africa.

February 19.—Mad. de Pastoret had a grande réception this even-
ing, with the ancien régime about her. I alluded to it, but she said: "No, we are not in favour; we have our old friends only about us."
At that time there were some of the greatest names in French history before her; Crillon, Bethune, and Montmorency. I told her I was going to Mad. de Broglie's, and she spoke of her with great affection and regard, but said their different views of religion and politics kept them quite asunder. She said she knew Mad. de Staël well at one period, but I think the same causes prevented her from ever seeing much more of the mother than of the daughter.

February 23.—Mrs. Fry—the famous Mrs. Fry—has been here a few days, with her husband and a "friend Josiah," and has excited some sensation. Her object is to have something done about the French prisons, which are no doubt bad enough; .... and though she will, I think, bring nothing to pass, she produces the same sort of impression of her goodness here that she does everywhere. We were invited to meet her this evening at the De Broglies'. There were few persons there, the Ste. Aulaires, Guizot, Portalis, Pasquier, Villémain, Eynard; in short, the small coterie, with Barante and two or three others. .... She is quite stout, very fair, with not a wrinkle in her placid countenance, and a full, rich blue eye, beaming with goodness. She expressed her opinions without reserve, and, whether those about her agreed with her or not, nobody opposed her. She had the air of feeling that she was charged with a mission, but was not offensive or obtrusive; liked to listen, and was pleased with what she heard. ....

Mad. de Broglie sympathized fully with her religious feelings, and spoke of her to me after she was gone, with deep sensibility, and a sort of despair of seeing her spirit prevail in France. But Portalis, the President of the great Court of Appeals, and Guizot, the practical politician, comprehended her, as I thought, very little. ....

February 24.—The Queen gave a ball to-night to the children of those who have the entrée, to which no other persons but their parents were admitted; and I cannot help thinking it was one of the most beautiful sights that can be seen in the world. I am sure I never saw anything of the kind so beautiful. It began early, about eight o'clock, and by nine o'clock full five hundred beautifully dressed children, between four and sixteen years old, as bright and happy as such a scene would naturally make them, with about a thousand other persons, including the whole Court and the ministers, were collected in those magnificent halls, where there was abundance of room for everybody to see and enjoy the fairy-like show. There was no etiquette. The King, the Queen, and the rest of the royal family, including the very graceful Duchess of Orleans, moved about the rooms without ceremony; and the children, often ignorant who addressed them, talked to them with the simplicity and directness of their years. One little girl of five years old complained to the King that her shoes pinched her dreadfully, and asked him what she should do; and another said she had not had a good time, for her partners had been disagreeable. .... Yet even in so bright a scene, care and business could intrude. I saw the king once talk half an hour with two of his minis-
Scène AT Guizot's.

February 26.—There is great trouble in the government, and it seems to be doubtful whether the Ministry can keep their places. In order to see the signs of the times a little more nearly and accurately, I went this evening to the three houses where they can be best considered, and found the experiment amusing. First, at Count Molé's, the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, I found the magnificent official salons almost deserted. Whenever I have been there before, I have found crowds of deputies; but to-night, when I asked Count d'Appony if their number was not uncommonly small, he said that in the course of the half-hour he had been there he had seen but four arrive; and the wary, smooth politician did not conceal the pleasure it gave him.

Count Molé looked more sallow than ever, was awkward and embarrassed, and talked to me some time, which he has not done before since the first evening I was there, and which he did to-night only because I am a perfectly neutral person, to whom his conversation could not be misinterpreted to mean anything whatsoever. The foreign ministers were chiefly there, watching carefully, like spies, and some of them showing that they were amused, more than I thought it quite polite they should.

After staying till it was plain the company would not increase, I drove to Guizot's. The first thing I noticed was, that all access was thronged. It was some time before I could draw up to the door and be set down, and when I got in I could hardly see who was there for the crowd. Barante was much excited. His place as Ambassador at St. Petersburg is safe with Molé, of course, but he would like to have Guizot come in, and especially De Broglie, and he would like, too, to come in himself, which is just within the range of possibilities. Lamartine was more moved than usual, but he overrates his political consequence; though, being the real leader of a few in the Chamber, he has certainly some power, now that the three or four parties in the Chamber are so evenly balanced. Jaubert, Duchâtel, Duvergier, and the rest of the clique were very active; and though Guizot was as dignified as ever, there was a rigidity in his features that showed how much he was excited. He was frequently called aside, and whispered to mysteriously, as were several others of the leaders. Among those that were the most busy was the Duc Decazes, who must feel his position a curious one on such an occasion, having been so long the minister and favourite of Louis XVIII., and now playing a part so eager, and yet so inferior. The whole scene was striking, and was a striking contrast to the quietness of the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères.

Just so it was at Thiers'. The Place St. George, on which he lives, was full of carriages, and though I arrived late, the crowd was still
coming. The ex-minister was in excellent spirits, and all about him seemed so too. Arago, Marshal Maison, Mignet, Odillon-Barrot, and the rest of the leaders of the party were more gay than the corresponding personages whom I had just left at Guizot’s. Thiers himself talked with everybody, and seemed pleased with everybody, even with Count Montalembert, and some of the Carlists, who came there I hardly know how. He bustled about, perhaps, a little too much for his dignity; but I think he knew his men and his vocation perfectly, and when I came away, between twelve and one o’clock, he seemed quite unwarried.

February 28.—I spent the greater part of the evening at Thierry’s very agreeably. He takes a great interest in the movement of the French in Canada. “Ces noms Français,” he said to-night, “me vont au cœur!” He is unlike his countrymen in many respects, but this is genuinely and completely French. He cannot endure the disgrace and defeat of men who bear such names.

The last of the evening I went to Lamartine’s, but the atmosphere was altogether political. It is a pity. He is not a great poet, certainly, but he ought not to be absurd enough to fancy himself a politician.

March 3.—... I dined to-day at Baron Delessert’s. The party was not large, but among them was De Metz, the Judge of their Upper Court, who has been lately to the United States, at his own expense, merely to see our prisons, and printed a book about them since his return; Guizot; Rémusat; and two or three other deputies.

Mad. François Delessert pleases me more the more I see of her, and the old Baron, with his uprightness, his solid wealth, his science and politics, is quite an admirable person. He reminds me of “the old courtier of the queen, and the queen’s old courtier,” so completely has he the air of belonging to the best of the old times.

But I talked chiefly to-day with De Metz, who is full of intelligence and talent, and one of those able, sound, conscientious magistrates of whom any country may be proud. Like Tocqueville, Julius, and Crawfurd, he returns having changed his opinion about solitary confinement, and now thinks the Philadelphia system preferable to the Auburn.

Between nine and ten I took Guizot in my carriage to Mad. de Broglie’s, where we had, en très petit comité, a very gay and brilliant talk, partly political and partly literary, in which the generally degraded tone of French letters at the present time was not spared.

On my way home I stopped at the Duchess de Rauzan’s, where there were heaps of Carlists, the Bethunes, the Crillons, the Circourts, Count Bastard, ... and among the rest Jusuf, with his picturesque costume, and that sort of spare Arab beauty which Scott has given to Saladin in the Crusaders. ... Berryer was there, and brilliant.

March 4.—... I was tired in the evening, but went to Thiers’

8 From a song given in “Percy Reliques” as from the Pepys collection.
where, with a few other distinguished persons, chiefly politicians, I met Cousin, Vildemain, and Mignet, and had a very agreeable talk. Cousin, however, I like as little as any man of letters I have seen. He has a falsetto, and a pretension with his vanity, that takes away much of the pleasure his talent and earnestness would give...

March 6.—We went this morning with Count Circourt, and passed some hours in looking over the materials, and, as far as finished, the extraordinary work of Count Bastard, on the Arts of Design, from the fourth to the sixteenth century; the most splendid work of the kind that was ever issued from the press...

He has succeeded, thus far, admirably. But the amount of labour and money it has cost him is truly enormous. He has been obliged to have his paper made of linen cambric, in order that it might not injure the colours laid on it; he has been obliged to have all his colours specially made to suit his purpose, and he has been obliged to employ miniature painters of high merit to execute the designs, after the slight engraved outline has been struck off. In this way his own private fortune, which was large, was soon absorbed; Louis XVIII. and Charles X. gave him two million six hundred thousand francs; and when Thiers was Minister he took up the project with great zeal, and appropriated half a million a year for five years to it. Nine numbers are already prepared, and the whole number is to be forty-two; and each contains five or six plates. I must needs say, I never thought art could go so far. The imitation was absolute, and when an old Missal was put beside its copy, it seemed hardly possible to distinguish.

March 9.—We made a hard forenoon’s work of it this morning, in the Annual Exhibition of living artists; in the new collection of pictures the King has just caused to be brought from Spain; and in the collection of original drawings by the old masters. In the evening I went to Mad. Mojons, where, besides such persons as I commonly have met there, I found Tommaseo, the author of the “Duca d’Atene.” He is quite young still, and seemed full of feeling and talent. I talked with him a good deal, and, among other things, he told me he was employed on a work on the Philosophy of History. I should not have thought his talent lay that way, for the “Duca d’Atene” is a picturesque book, showing history through the imagination; but we shall see.1

March 10.—I made some visits of ceremony to take leave, and in the evening went to Mad. de Pastorets’s, whom I found almost alone, and had some very agreeable talk with her. She is the only true representative I know of the old monarchy, and would be a most respectable one of any period of any nation’s history. Our friends the Arconatis are come to Paris, and it gave us great pleasure to-day to have a visit from them and Count Arrivabene.

9 This great undertaking remained incomplete. Twenty numbers were published at the price of 1800 francs each; but in the later ones the work was negligent, and, government aid being withdrawn, the enterprise dropped.

1 Tommaseo was associated with Manin at the revolution in Venice, in 1848.
Mad. Arconati is certainly one of the most distinguished women I have known, distinguished alike for her talent, and for her delightful, gentle, ladylike qualities of all kinds.

March 13.—To-day we made many visits, and did a great deal of packing. We received, too, several visits, among the rest a long one from the Circours, two of the most gifted and admirable persons we have known during our absence.

In the evening I went to Thiers’ and Guizot’s, that I might finish my impressions of French society by its appearance in the two salons in Paris whose political consequence is the most grave, whose avenir, as the French call it, is the most brilliant. Both the great statesmen parted from me with much kindness of manner, and multitudinous expressions of good-will, a little of it French, but some of it serious and certain, especially in Guizot’s case.

I went, too, for a moment to the De Broglies’. Mad. de Broglie was not at home, but had left word for us to come to see her at her daughter’s.

March 14.—More bidding good-bye; sad work! The saddest was with the De Broglies. . . . We stayed, of course, only a short time, and when we came away Mad. de Broglie followed us to the head of the stairs, and saying to me, “Nous sommes amis depuis vingt ans,” embraced me after the French fashion, adding, “Si je ne vous revois pas dans ce monde, je vous reverrai en ciel.”

As in relation to other cities, Mr. Ticknor, on leaving Paris devoted several pages of his Journal to remarks on the public institutions, and the changes he observed since his last visit there. We give one or two passages. Speaking of the theatres, he says,—

The tone is decidedly lower, more immoral, worse than it was twenty years ago; and when it is recollected how much influence the drama exercises in France on public opinion, it becomes an important fact in regard to the moral state of the capital and country. The old French drama, and especially the comedy, from Molière’s time downwards, contained often gross and indelicate phrases and allusions, but the tone of the pieces, as a whole, was generally respectable. The recent theatre reverses all this. It contains hardly any indecorous phrases or allusions, but its whole tone is highly immoral. I have not yet seen one piece that is to be considered an exception to this remark. The popular literature of the time, too, is in the same tone. Victor Hugo, Balzac, the shameless woman who dresses like a man and calls herself George Sand, Paul de Kock, and I know not how many more,

2 Mad. de Broglie died suddenly in September following, of brain fever. M. Guizot, when mentioning her death, calls her, “l’une des plus nobles, des plus rares et des plus charmantes créatures que j’ai vu apparaître en ce monde, et de qui je dirai ce que Saint Simon dit du Duc de Bourgogne, en déplorant sa perte, ‘Plaîse à la miséricorde de Dieu que je la voie éternellement, où sa bonté sans doute l’a mise.’” Mémoires, etc., de mon Temps, vol. iv. p. 259.
belong to this category, and are daily working mischief throughout those portions of society to whom they address themselves. How is this to be explained? Is it that the middling class of society, that fills the smaller theatres and reads the romances of the popular writers, is growing corrupt; that the progress of wealth, and even of education, has opened doors to vice as well as to improvement? I fear so. . . . At any rate, I know nothing that more truly deserves the reproach of being immoral and demoralizing than the theatres of Paris, and the popular literature of the day. It is all much worse than it was twenty years ago.

Society, so far as it has changed at all, has changed by becoming more extensive, and more political in its tone. The number of those who go into the higher salons is much increased, and especially in those that are purely political, like Molière's, Guizot's, Thiers, etc., and the numbers that resort to each fluctuate disgracefully, exactly according to the political position of the host. It was quite ridiculous to see how this principle operated once or twice this winter, when the Ministry were supposed to stand insecurely. But in all the salons it is perceptible. Even the Tuileries is not an exception. Party lines decide who shall and who shall not go there. Carlists, of course, are never seen. Deputies in citizens' dresses and black coats go only to show that they are in the opposition; and many a Bonapartist cannot or will not be seen there, though the King himself treats them kindly enough as a party, and even permits Mad. Murat to live in Paris for the prosecution of claims against the government, and lately received Prince Musignano with a sort of distinction which he [Musignano] boasted of more than once to me. . . .

I went to about twenty, or, occasionally, five-and-twenty of the principal salons, and they were all infected with the different shades of the political parties that now divide France; a state of things much worse for society, as well as for the practical administration of government, than if there were but two great divisions running through the whole. . . . Now here are five different sets, and though it was possible to escape from them all, and go to the literary and philosophical salons of Lamartine, De Gerando, Jomard, Jouy, and some others, yet it is a chance if you would not, after all, even there, fall into the midst of political disputes between some of those who, even on this neutral ground, could not help the ascendancy of the partisanship that governs them everywhere else.

The Diplomacy—except at Lord Granville's, which was always flooded with English, and at General Cass's, which was nothing but stupid—had no open salons this winter. . . . The effect of the whole of this is, that the society of Paris is less elegant than it used to be. Its numbers are greater and its tone lower, and politics are heard everywhere above everything else. . . .

Everything in France, its government, its society, its arts, the modes of life, literature, and the morals and religion of the country, are in a transition state. Nothing is settled there. Nothing, I think, is likely to be in our time.

Æ. 46.] GENERAL VIEW OF SOCIETY. 115
To William H. Prescott, Boston.

Paris, February 20, 1838.

... I have no time to write you, as I should be glad to, about ourselves. We have made a genuine Parisian winter of it, and are not at all sorry that it is drawing to a close. For two months I have been so much in society that it has, at last, fairly wearied me, and I am obliged to stop a little. Anna, who likes the salons less than I do, goes out less; but enough to see all the forms in which, from the politics or the taste of the people, they appear.

One thing strikes me in all these places. I find no English. Though there are thirty thousand now in Paris, they can hardly get any foothold in French society, and it is only when you are at a great ball—at Court or elsewhere—that you meet them. These balls are separate things, entirely, from the proper French society. We have been to few of them, and found them very splendid, very crowded, and very tiresome; so much of the last that we were guilty, only last night, of neglecting an invitation to the palace, where we should have met above three thousand people! At the Austrian Ambassador's, a little while ago, we met two thousand. But though such crowds go, and though the balls at the palace are more splendid than anything of the sort I have seen in Europe, I have never yet found a single person who would say they were agreeable. So perverse is fashion, and so severe in its sway.

One more place I must add, separate from all the rest; the neat and quiet salon of Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, long since totally blind, and, from a ten-years' paralysis of his lower limbs, incapable of motion, but with his faculties as active and his habits of labour as efficient as they ever were. He is now the person relied on by the government as head of a commission to collect all manuscripts relating to the history of the cities and of the tiers état in France; besides which he is writing, himself, a history of the Merovingian dynasty. I have passed several most agreeable evenings with him,—one last week, when he was so ill as to be in bed, but still directing two or three young men about the great work of collecting the manuscripts. He is a wonderful man, and his letters on French history, and other small works published within ten years, give no token of his infirmities, over which his spirit seems completely to triumph.

As the time draws near for leaving this exciting, but wearing state of society, we feel more and more impatient to get home. I hope we shall be able to embark before midsummer, so as to get a good passage, and see you all the sooner. Love to all. We are all quite well; but I am grievously pushed for time.

G. T.

To William H. Prescott, Boston.

Paris March 5, 1838.

My dear William,—I send you a single line by this packet, to
let you know that three days ago I received from Bentley the six copies of your “Ferdinand and Isabella.” One I sent instantly to Julius, by Treuttel and Würtz, his booksellers here, as he desired; one to Von Raumer by a similar conveyance, with a request to him to review it; one to Guizot, whose acknowledgment I received the same evening, at De Broglie’s, with much admiration of a few pages he had read, and followed by a note this morning, which I will keep for you; one to Count Circourt, who will write a review of it, and of whom Thierry said to me the other night, “If Circourt would but choose some obscure portion of history, between A.D. 500 and 1600, and write upon it, he would leave us all behind”; one to Fauriel, the very best scholar in Spanish literature and Spanish history alive, as I believe, and one of the ablest men, as a general scholar, I know of anywhere, whom I have also asked to notice it, or cause it to be noticed under his superintendence; and the other copy, keeping for myself, I have lent to Walsh. Moreover, in a few days I expect to have Shattuck’s American copy, . . . for a gentleman named Doudan, attached to the household of the Duke de Broglie; a man of first-rate qualities of esprit, who writes occasionally most beautiful articles for the “Revue Française,” who promises me to render there an account of your book . . . .

In a fortnight we hope to be there [in London], nothing loath to quit Paris, which fatigues me by its bad hours and exciting society. . . . I am impatient to get to London, and still more impatient to get home. I am wearied of Europe, as I am of Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.


JOURNAL.

March 19.—We had a very good passage across the Channel. . . . Notwithstanding a little regret at leaving the picturesque old Continent, and a good deal of regret at leaving a few friends, and the easy society of the salons at Paris, I was well pleased to set my feet once more on British earth. . . . A letter from Kenyon inviting us to dine with him next Saturday, and one we received, just as we were packing up in Paris, from Lord Fitzwilliam, asking us to pass a week or fortnight at Milton, made us feel welcome on the kindred soil, and reminded us anew how far-reaching is English hospitality.

March 20.—From Dover to Rochester. English posting is cer-

3 Dr. Julius, of Hamburg, a scholar and philanthropist, had been in the United States in 1834—1835.
tainly very comfortable. The four fine horses we had, with two neat postilions, going always with a solidity that makes the speed less perceptible, contrasted strongly with the ragged beasts of all kinds to which we had been for three years accustomed. . . .

London, March 23.—We had a good many visits to-day, . . . but the only person that came, whom I was curious to see as a stranger, was Henry Nelson Coleridge. He must still be under forty, I think, but his hair is quite white, and the contrast this forms with his rich black eyes, and no less black eyebrows and whiskers, gives him quite a picturesque and original look. His manner is a little shy and embarrassed, and the tones of his voice are very mild and conciliating, so that the first impression he makes is pleasing. His conversation fully sustains this impression. He talks well and agreeably, but not brilliantly. What I chiefly asked him about, was the publication of his uncle's works, but the details he had to give me were not very curious.

March 24.—I had a long visit this morning from Hallam, whom I never saw before, because he was not in London, either in 1819 or 1835, when I was here. It gratified me very much. He is such a man as I should have desired to find him: a little sensitive and nervous, perhaps, but dignified, quiet, and wishing to please. Before he came, he had taken pains to ascertain that there was a vacant place at the Athenæum Club, where only twelve strangers are permitted at a time, and offered it to me; but though this was quite an agreeable distinction, I declined it, since, being here with my family, I care nothing about the club houses. But this is good English hospitality, and a fair specimen of it.

Mr. Hallam is, I suppose, about sixty years old, gray-headed, hesitates a little in his speech, is lame, and has a shy manner, which makes him blush, frequently, when he expresses as decided an opinion as his temperament constantly leads him to entertain. Except his lameness, he has a fine, dignified person, and talked pleasantly, with that air of kindness which is always so welcome to a stranger.

March 25.—. . . . After we came home [from church] Senior came in,4 and was as lively, spirited, and active as ever, and full of projects for our convenience and pleasure. Rogers followed him, and talked in his quiet way about all sorts of things and people, showing sometimes a little sub-acid. It has always been said he will leave memoirs behind him. I hope he will, for who can write anything of the sort that would be so amusing? . . . Before he left us Lord Lansdowne came in, and stayed above an hour. . . . He talked well. He seems to be something worried and annoyed by our bad behaviour on the frontiers of Canada, and spoke a little with the air of a minister of state, when he came upon this delicate subject. Of the condition of France, politically considered, he spoke wisely, and was curious to hear what I could tell him, adding that he had known, from 1814, the relations of the two governments, and that, excepting when the Duke de Broglie was Premier, they had never felt, in England, that they

4 Nassau W. Senior.
could depend implicitly on the representations of the French government; an honourable testimony from one upright minister to another, which was creditable to both.

March 26.—We had visits this morning from Taylor,—Philip Van Artevelde,—Southey,—who is just come to town for a short visit,—Dr. Holland, and the admirable old Professor Smyth, which were all as pleasant as morning visits well could be. We dined again at Kenyon’s, who wanted us to meet a Dr. Raymond, one of the high dignitaries of the Church, attached to the Durham Cathedral; a person whom I found a little precise in his manners, but more of a scholar in modern elegant literature than Englishmen of his class commonly are, and a very well-bred gentleman. His sister was there too, and so was a Miss Barrett, who has distinguished herself by a good poetical translation of the “Promethens Vinctus” of Æschylus. The dinner was very agreeable; indeed, Kenyon always makes his house so, from his own qualities. . . .

March 27.—A very busy day. As soon as breakfast was over we had a long visit from the delightful old Professor Smyth, which was followed by visits from H. C. Robinson and two or three other persons. These were not fairly over before Kenyon came to take us to the club houses, the Athenæum, the University, the Travellers’, and the United Service of the Army and Navy. These are the four most splendid of these recent inventions, growing out of the increasing luxury and selfishness of the present state of society in London. I do not know that anything can be more complete. The Athenæum is the most literary, and there we found Hallam, reading in its very good library, which owes much to his care. . . .

It was beautiful weather, and we took a drive in Hyde Park, where we met the Queen on horseback. . . . She looked gay, but has grown quite stout since I saw her at York.

After a walk in Kensington Gardens, which was quite delightful in this warm spring day, . . . I made a most agreeable visit to Sydney Smith, who now finds himself so well off,—thanks to the Whigs whom he is abusing in his pamphlets,—that he has rented a small house in town, where he spends a few months while he takes his turn as Canon of St. Paul’s. He was very kind and very droll to-day. . . .

March 28.—Another long, laborious London day. The morning was given to business, visiting, and receiving visits. Sydney Smith returned my yesterday’s call, and talked for an hour in the most amusing manner, at the end of which he said, taking up his hat, “And now I’ll go and pray for you;” for he was going to some service at St. Paul’s.

We dined with the . . . . but we did not stay late, for we were engaged at Lansdowne House, where we found a very select party, made in honour of the Duchess of Gloucester, daughter of George III. . . . All the Ministry were there, . . . the Duke of Cambridge, the foreign ministers, Lord Jeffrey,—just come to town,—Lord and Lady Holland, the last of whom is rarely seen anywhere, except at

Mrs. Browning.
home, etc. . . . Lord Durham is a little, dark-complexioned, red-faced-looking gentleman, who was not very much sought, though his position is now so high; Poulett Thompson talked very well, but looked too foppish; Lady Holland was very gracious, or intended to be so; and Lord Holland was truly kind and agreeable. . . . We, of course, were obliged to stay late, and I was willing to do so, for I had a great deal of pleasant talk. But though we did not leave the party till nearly one o'clock, several persons were announced as arriving while we were waiting for our carriage.

March 29.— . . . We were out at Senior's—a mile beyond Hyde Park Corner—to breakfast, by half-past ten o'clock. Chadwick was there, the Secretary of the Poor Laws Commission, and said to know more than any man in England about the great subjects of pauperism and popular education. Lord Shelburne, too, was of the party, and two or three other persons. The talk was a good deal political in its tone, including such subjects as Rowland Hill's plan for a post-office reform, the state of the manufacturing population, etc. Chadwick seemed very acute, and I had a long talk with him, because we brought him home with us. From what he said, and from what I have seen and heard elsewhere, I am persuaded that the nature, the wants, and the means of popular education are little understood here, in practice at least.

Among some other places I went to afterwards was John Murray's,—the publisher's,—where I fell in with Lockhart, with whom I have exchanged cards this week, but whom I had not seen. He is the same man he always was and always will be, with the coldest and most disagreeable manners I have ever seen. I wanted to talk with him about Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and by a sort of violence done to myself, as well as to him, I did so. He said he had seen it, but had heard no opinion about it. I gave him one with little ceremony, which I dare say he thought was not worth a button; but I did it in a sort of tone of defiance, to which Lockhart's manners irresistibly impelled me, and which I dare say was as judicious with him as any other tone, though I am sure it quite astonished Murray, who looked . . . as if he did not quite comprehend what I was saying.

We dined at Mrs. Villiers', and had a very delightful little party; . . . we were only nine in all, just Horace Walpole's number for a dinner. . . . Lord Jeffrey talked all the time, and extremely well. He admires Mrs. Lister very much for her vivacity, talent, and beauty, and made himself as agreeable as he could to her; and certainly he was very agreeable. The superciliousness he showed when he was in America, and the quiet coldness I used to witness in him sometimes in Edinburgh, in 1819, were not at all perceptible to-day. He was very lively, and yet showed more sense than wit. We talked a good deal about the late atrocious duel of Cilley at Washington; about his recollections of the United States, apropos of which he gave a very humorous account of his own wedding, and of a dinner at

6 Mother of Lord Clarendon, of Edward Villiers, and of Mrs.—afterwards Lady Theresa—Lister.
President Madison's; about the elder days of the "Edinburgh Review;" and about the present state of society at Edinburgh, which he represents as much less brilliant than it was when I was there formerly.

After the ladies were gone we talked about what is now a much vexed question, in relation to Scotland,—how far the government is bound to provide religious instruction for the poor. Jeffrey said he had been to see Lord Melbourne about it, and took a party view of the matter altogether, as I thought. I maintained that the soil should provide all instruction that is necessary to preserve the order and purity of society for all that live upon it; and I think I had much the best of the argument, drawn from our New England institutions and the Boston Ministry for the Poor. At any rate, I carried Lister and Edward Villiers with me against Jeffrey, who admitted almost everything but its political expediency in Scotland.

March 30.—Made a long visit to Hallam this morning, whom I found in his study,—a very comfortable room in the back part of his house, well filled with books, some of which were rare. He talked well, and among other things I asked him about the universities, knowing that his relations to them are somewhat peculiar, as he was educated at Oxford, and sent his son to Cambridge, where he much distinguished himself at Trinity. His replies were such as I anticipated, very cold as far as concerns Oxford, on which he has thus decidedly turned his back, but less favourable to either than I supposed they would be. But he is a wise man, a little nervous in his manner and a little fidgety, yet of a sound and quiet judgment. His objection to the English universities, which he expressed strongly, was, that, with such great resources of property and talent, they yet effect so little. Hallam's establishment is not a showy one, but it is rich and respectable.

We dined at Edward Villiers', where we met old Mrs. Villiers, Mrs. Trotter,—another of the Ravensworths,—Bouverie, the son of Lord Radnor, Sir Edmund Head,—Stephenson the great engineer, and one or two others. It was agreeable, but I took most to Sir E. Head, a man of about thirty-five, who has much pleasant literary knowledge, and who has been in Spain and studied its literature. Stephenson showed genius in his conversation, and altogether we were enticed to stay late.

April 1.—A delightful breakfast at Kenyon's. Southey and his son were there; Chorley, the biographer of Mrs. Hemans, and much given to music; and two or three others. Southey, who is in town for two or three days, is grown older since I saw him three years ago at Keswick, more than those years imply. The death of his wife, which might have been thought a relief to his sufferings on her account, has yet proved an addition to them, and he has now all the appearance of a saddened and even a broken man. Still, he talked well this

7 Mrs. Edward Villiers was a daughter of Lord Ravensworth.
8 Twenty years later this acquaintance between Sir E. Head and Mr. Ticknor grew to an intimate friendship. This was their first meeting.
morning,—though in a voice lower than ever,—and was once warmed when speaking of Wordsworth, for whom his admiration seems all but boundless. Coleridge (H. N.) says he is weary of life, and certainly he has all the appearance of it.

I made, too, this morning, a pleasant visit to the kind old Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, . . . . and arranged with him to be in Cambridge on the 14th (Easter), to pass a couple of days there; and then went to Sir Francis Doyle's, whom I found much changed, by severe and long-continued disease, but still with the same distingué, gentlemanlike air he had when I knew him three years ago.

I dined with Bates, the banker. Van de Weyer,⁹ the Belgian Minister, was there,—an acute and pleasant person, talking English almost perfectly well,—and Murray, formerly secretary to Lord Lyndhurst, and now the Secretary of the great Ecclesiastical Commission,—a very good scholar and a very thorough Tory, who talks with some brilliancy and effect.

In the evening I had an engagement to go to Lord Holland's, who is now passing a few days at his luxurious establishment in South Street. I found there Lord Albemarle, Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Melbourne, the Sardinian Minister, Young Ellice and his beautiful, high-bred wife, Allen, and some others. Pozzo di Borgo was brilliant, and Lady Holland disagreeable. Lord Holland talked about Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," as did John Allen, and gave it high praise; Allen pronouncing the chapters on the "Constitutions of Castile and Arragon"—particularly the last—to be better than the corresponding discussions in Hallam's "Middle Ages." This I regard as decisive. No man alive is better authority on such a point than Allen. Southey, too, this morning, was equally decided, though he was not so strong, and did not go so much into detail. Lord Albemarle, Lord Holland, and Allen talked about Dr. Channing; and Lord Holland said he regarded him as the best writer of English alive. So we are getting on in the world. Such things could not have been heard in such saloons when I was here twenty years ago.

April 2.—Breakfasted with Sydney Smith, where we had only Hallam and Tytler, the Scotch historian; just a partie carrée, of the first sort. The conversation, at one time during the breakfast, was extraordinary. It fell on the influence of the aristocracy in England, on the social relations, and especially on the characters of men of letters. To my considerable surprise, both Hallam and Smith, who have been to a singular degree petted and sought by the aristocracy, pronounced its influence noxious. They even spoke with great force and almost bitterness on the point. Smith declared that he had found the influence of the aristocracy, in his own case, "oppressive," but added, "However, I never failed, I think, to speak my mind before any of them; I hardened myself early." Hallam agreed with him, and both talked with a concentrated force that showed how deeply they felt about it. In some respects, the conversation was one of the most remarkable I have ever heard; and, as a testimony against aristocracy, on the point

⁹ Soon afterwards Mr. Bates's son-in-law.
where aristocracy might be expected to work the most favourably, surprised me very much.

Speaking of the "Edinburgh Review," Mr. Smith said that it was begun by Jeffrey, Horner, and himself; that he was the first editor of it, and that they were originally unwilling to give Brougham any direct influence over it, because he was so violent and unmanageable. After he—Smith—left Edinburgh, Jeffrey became the editor; "but," said Smith, "I never would be a contributor on the common business footing. When I wrote an article, I used to send it to Jeffrey, and waited till it came out; immediately after which I enclosed to him a bill, in these words, or words like them: Francis Jeffrey, Esq., to Rev. Sydney Smith,—To a very wise and witty article, on such a subject, so many sheets, at forty-five guineas a sheet.' And the money always came. I never worked for less."

Hallam told a droll story about Canning's occasional unwillingness to devote himself to business. The principal person in the management of Indian affairs—who related the fact to Hallam—had occasion once to press Mr. Canning, as Premier, for several weeks, to look over and determine some matters quite important to the condition of India. The business was disagreeable, and Canning disliked to touch it, though the delay was becoming injurious to the service. At last, much urged, he promised to come to the proper office, on a certain evening, and finish the business. He came, but said he hated the whole thing; and he had come only because he had given his word; and then, turning suddenly on the Secretary, "Now, if you will let me off from this business to-night, I will treat you to Astley's." The Secretary saw it was idle to do, or to attempt to do, anything like serious work with the Premier while in such a humour, and accepted the invitation to the amphitheatre, leaving India to suffer till Canning's sense of duty should make him industrious.

After the singular conversation about the influence of the aristocracy this morning, it seemed somewhat odd, at dinner-time, in that truly aristocratic establishment at Lansdowne House, to stumble at once upon Sydney Smith. . . . We had to wait dinner a little for Lord Lansdowne, who, as President of the Council, had been detained in the House of Lords, fighting with Brougham, whom he pronounced to be more able and formidable than at any previous period of his life. Lord Lansdowne seemed in excellent spirits. Not so Lady L. As she went into dinner, surrounded by the most beautiful monuments of the arts, and sat down with Canova's Venus behind her, she complained to me, naturally and sincerely, of the weariness of a London life, and said that it was almost as bad as Bowood, with Lord Lansdowne always coming up to town to attend the Council. But the talk was brilliant. Senior is always agreeable, but, by the side of Sydney Smith and Jeffrey, of course he put in no claim; and I must needs say, that when I saw Smith's free good-humour, and the delight with which everybody listened to him, I thought there were but small traces of the aristocratic oppression of which he had so much complained in the morning. Lord Jeffrey, too, seemed to be full of good things and good sayings. . . . Fine talk it certainly was,
often brilliant, always enjoyable. The subjects were Parliament and
Brougham; the theatre and Macready; reviewing, apropos of which
the old reviewers hit one another hard; the literature of the day,
which was spoken of lightly; Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella,"
which Lord Lansdowne said he had bought from its reputation, and
which Milman in his quiet way praised. . . .

April 3.—Breakfasted at Dr. Holland's, where I met only Hallam.
Of course I had a most pleasant time, for there are hardly better
talkers in London. Dr. Holland came fresh from a professional visit
to the Duke of Sussex, whom he had found reading his Hebrew Bible,
whose margins were filled with his Highness's notes; a rare instance
of royal exegesis, but I apprehend rather a whim of the Duke than
the result of very solid learning. Dr. Holland told us a somewhat
strange story of the Duke's boyhood, which the Duke had told him
this morning.

George III.—as is well known—was strict with his children; and
one day when with their tutor, in a sort of regular school-hours, the
Duke was seized with that asthma which has pursued him through
life, and for which he was—when he related the fact—consulting
Dr. Holland for the first time. The disease made his breathing at
once audible; and the tutor, mistaking the noise for a voluntary one,
ordered the young Duke to be quiet. He replied that he could not,
and the noise was continued, until the tutor, after two or three
rebukes and threats, called him up and flogged him soundly; a
discipline which the Duke assured Dr. Holland was not of rare
occurrence. . . .

We dined in the city, with our excellent friends the Vaughans,
where we met Lough, the sculptor, who was quite amusing. He
married in Italy, and returning last summer with two or three
children, he had much difficulty in reconciling them to the appearance
of things in London. When they saw the sun through the fog, they
exclaimed, "Che brutta luna!" and could not be persuaded to call it
anything else.

April 5.—Hallam—by previous arrangement—came to us this
morning, and gave us the whole forenoon at the British Museum, of
which he is a trustee, and through the whole wilderness of which he
carried us, in what is called "a private view." This is understood to
be a considerable favour and distinction, but I must needs say, it proved
a truly wearisome one. . . . Hallam's patience was admirable, and
he was agreeable to the end of the almost endless visit.

April 6.—We dined at Hallam's, a party made for us, and it would
not be easy to make one more delightful: Whewell and Professor
Smyth, of Cambridge; Milman; Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian,
and Keeper of the Records at Westminster; Empson, the successor of
Sir James Macintosh; a sister of Hallam, and his young daughter,
with one or two more, just enough, and of the most agreeable
varieties. The conversation was as various as the people. The
only regular talk or discussion was on the German universities,

1 "What an ugly moon!"
and I was well pleased to find that in such an academical company justice was done to them. It would not have been so twenty years ago. But Whewell and Hallam are above all common prejudices, at least.

April 7.—We made a most delightful visit to Miss Joanna Baillie. . . . She talked of Scott with a tender enthusiasm that was contagious, and of Lockhart with a kindness that is uncommon when coupled with his name, and which seemed only characteristic of her benevolence. It is very rare that old age, or, indeed, any age, is found so winning and agreeable. I do not wonder that Scott in his letters treats her with more deference, and writes to her with more care and beauty, than to any other of his correspondents, however high or titled. . . .

We dined at Henry N. Coleridge’s. He lives very pleasantly near Regent’s Park, and old Mrs. Coleridge, the widow of S. T. Coleridge, and mother of his wife, lives with him. The Head Master of Eton was there,—a stiff dominie, but not without agreeable talk,—and two or three barristers, with as many ladies, and the dinner was agreeable. Coleridge himself has a good deal of acuteness.

In talking of Southey and Wordsworth, he said—what is according to my own impression—that Wordsworth has a keen enjoyment of life, and he added that Southey is become extremely weary of life. Not long since, he said, somebody was predicting what they should see, if he and Southey lived ten years longer. Without directly interrupting him, Southey clasped his hands and cast his eyes upward, ejaculating parenthetically, “Which God in His infinite mercy forbid!” and seemed to shudder all over at the thought of his possibly living so long. He has been in this melancholy state, I understand, ever since Mrs. Southey first gave signs of insanity, about five years ago.

Mrs. Coleridge, the elder, presided at the table, her daughter not being well enough, from recent illness, to be in her place; but she came down into the saloon afterwards. . . . Her health has long been bad, and she showed to-day but slight traces of the round, happy, and most beautiful creature I knew, just sixteen years old, in 1819, at Southey’s. But she was very lady-like and gentle in her manner, and showed occasionally bright flashes of spirit and fancy. She is very pleasing, too, and I dare say has much of the extraordinary talent her father gives her credit for. We enjoyed our visit, and, though tired with a laborious day, stayed late.

April 9.—We went this morning, by the invitation of Sir Francis Palgrave, and visited the old records in the Chapter House at Westminster; the oldest records in the kingdom, of which he has the charge. They proved extremely curious; for among them were Doomsday Book, in two volumes of unequal size, but singularly legible, and well arranged in a close, neat hand; all the oldest records of the administration of justice in the kingdom; the contracts between Henry VII. and the Abbot of Westminster, for building the Abbey, with the donations for that purpose of the pious monarch; treaties of Henry VIII., and I know not what else; besides another large room full of a wild
confusion of old parchments. The very architecture of these repositories, with its unhewn or unsmoothed timbers,—dating from 1250,—was in keeping, and added to the curious venerableness of the whole arrangement.

When we had seen all this we went to the Cloisters, where Milman, amidst the remains of the monastery of the elder religion, has a most tasteful and quiet mansion arranged . . . by Inigo Jones. He came immediately out and went over the Abbey with us. We admired, of course, the magnificent choir, one of the finest specimens of rich Gothic in the world; the elaborate chapel of Henry VII., . . . and the other architectural wonders and beauties of this rare and solemn pile. But, after all, the parts that have historical names attached to them are most attractive . . . In the Poets' Corner it was not without a very thrilling feeling, that, on reading the inscription to Goldsmith, I suddenly found myself standing on the grave of Johnson, who wrote it . . . The whole visit was most interesting . . .

April 13.—Made a truly delightful visit to Mrs. Somerville at Chelsea, who is certainly among the most extraordinary women that have ever lived, both by the simplicity of her character and the singular variety, power, and brilliancy of her talents. Afterwards I went to see Lord Jeffrey, who is unwell, and confined to his room, and from whom I wanted a little advice about my coming journey to Scotland. I found him with Empson, . . . a very agreeable man of great knowledge. . . .

I went afterwards to the Albany, to dine with the admirable, delightful old Mr. Elphinstone, the gentle, learned old gentleman we knew at Rome . . . His establishment here is truly comfortable and agreeable, in the midst of a fine library; but it is not luxurious, and the secret of the whole is, that he is a wise man, who makes himself happier with the society of the first mark and intellect in London, which is all open to him, and who knows that he is happier than he could be made by an Indian income bought by ten years' more absence from home. Felix qui potuit.

The party to-day consisted of Empson; Richardson, so much mentioned by Lockhart as Scott's friend; Mackenzie, son of the "Man of Feeling," long Secretary-General in India; Phillips, the barrister; Murchison, the man of fashion and the great geologist; Professor Wilson, of the London University; Colonel Leake, the Greek traveller; and Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller.

We sat at a round table, just ten of us, and the service of plate, given to Mr. Elphinstone when he left Bombay, which covered the table so that the cloth could hardly be seen, was one of the richest and most tasteful I ever looked upon. There was not a person whom I met there to-day that was not a remarkable man,—remarkable by his culture and accomplishments, and by the consideration he enjoys in society. Of course, it was very agreeable. We talked about Scotland and Scott; about Lockhart, with whom Murchison is very intimate; about India, Rome, Bunsen, and the Archbishop of Cologne;

2 Thomas J. Phillips.
about America and American literature; and—as its antipodes by antiquity and everything else—of Egypt. In short, the conversation was as various and pleasant as possible, and I stayed dreadfully late. . . . We did not sit down till half-past eight, nor did we get up till midnight.

On the 14th of April Mr. Ticknor left London with his wife and his eldest daughter, and reached Cambridge early the same day. The following characteristic note awaited them there:

_Peter House, Wednesday._

My dear Sir,—The chickens will wait your pleasure at the Bull at six, and I shall come down to you at eight, to show you the way to my cell. I am angling for some sirens, whom if I catch, your ladies will have some choice music. I have mounted you to the second story, that your bedroom may be close to your daughter's.

The spring has peeped in upon us, and will not, I hope, change her mind after her April manner; still, our walks are not yet in any beauty.

With best remembrances to your ladies,

_Wm. Smyth._

**JOURNAL.**

_April 14._—. . . While the servants were unpacking the carriage and imperials, we went out and took a walk behind Trinity and some of the other colleges, in the gardens that border the banks of the Cam. . . . Some parts of the glorious old establishment I found much altered and improved; a new and grand quadrangle to Trinity, a superb screen and hall to King's, and other large improvements, finished or going on, among which is a fine University library; so that Cambridge is gaining upon Oxford, where no such improvements have taken place for a long time. . . .

We went [to Professor Smyth's rooms] before nine, and had a very agreeable party. Whewell and Sedgwick, the two great men of the University; Clark, the head of the Medical Department; Peacock, next to Whewell and Sedgwick in general reputation; a considerable number of ladies, among them two Miss Skrines and Miss Wilkins, who sing very well, and whom Smyth calls his nightingales. . . . We had a little supper, and what between the music and excellent talk, stayed very late.

_April 15._—Easter Sunday. . . . At two o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, and some other of the professors, came and carried us to the afternoon service at King's College Chapel. It was very fine, especially the music, and everything produced its full effect in that magnificent and solemn hall, the finest of its sort, no doubt, in the world. After wards I went with Whewell and Sedgwick . . . to dine in the Hall of Trinity, a grand old place, vast, and a little gloomy and rude, with its ancient rafters; but imposing, and worthy of the first college in the world, for the numbers of great men it has produced. . . . It is the
fashion for a nobleman, when he comes here, to be furnished with a silver cover, forks and spoons, etc., and to leave them when he goes away. . . . It chanced to-day that I had poor Lord Milton's cover, with his name and arms on it, which led to some sad talk with the Fellows, who retain a very lively recollection of his winning character and striking talents. At our table there were several strangers, the most remarkable of whom were Sir Francis Forbes, just from India, and the famous Joseph Hume, M.P., of radical notoriety.

After dinner, according to ancient custom, a huge silver cup or pitcher was passed round, containing what is called Audit Ale, or very fine old ale which is given to the tenants of the College when they come to audit their accounts and pay their rents. We all drank from it standing up, each, as his turn came, wishing prosperity to the College. When this was over an enormous silver ewer and basin, given by James First's Duke of Buckingham, were passed down, filled with rose-water, into which each one dipped his napkin. . . . Finally, a small choir of selected singers came into the hall and sang the Latin chants appropriate to the day, with great richness and power, attracting a crowd in at the doors, among whom were several ladies, who looked oddly out of place in such a monastic refectory. It was a fine finale to the grave and ceremonious entertainment.

We now adjourned to the Combination Room, where, in great luxury and comfort, a dessert and wines were arranged for the members of the table of dais. We had done pretty well, I thought, in the way of wine in the Hall, where there was an extraordinary amount of health-drinking, but here we had it on a more serious and regular footing. We had, too, a plenty of good conversation; among the rest, on Sergeant Talfourd's Bill, and the Post-Office Bill . . . .

At last the bell rang for evening prayers . . . . and broke us up. The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and the Master and Fellows, in their robes of ceremony, made a striking appearance; though the whole, with the turnings and bowings to the altar, and frequent genuflexions, looked a little too much like what we had a surfeit of at Rome last year. . . .

From the chapel—where the ladies, with Mrs. Clarke, had joined us—we went to Professor Whewell's rooms in Trinity, the same where, twenty years ago, I used to pass my time with the present Bishop of Gloucester, Monk, who was then Greek professor here. We had a pleasant party, . . . enjoyed a nice cup of academical tea, gossiped very merrily, looked over rare books, prints, and a good many spirited drawings and sketches from nature, by Whewell, who seems to have all talents; had some excellent stories told with much humour by Smyth, and political talk from Hume, which sounded quaintly inappropriate in these Tory cloisters; and finally, at eleven o'clock, wound up the whole with a gay petit souper, and were gallantly escorted home by the good Professor Smyth, just before midnight.

April 16. . . . Before breakfast was over we had a visit from Sedgwick and Smyth, who were as agreeable as possible, and eager to lionize the town to us . . . . We went with them first to the Univer-
sity library, ... and afterwards to the Trinity College library, which is well worth seeing; for, like everything else about this rich and magnificent College, its library is large, curious, and well preserved. But there are two collections in it that hardly permit a stranger to look at anything else. The first is a large mass of the papers of Sir Isaac Newton, both mathematical and relating to his office as Master of the Mint, with correspondence, etc.; and the other is the collection of Milton's papers, chiefly in his own handwriting, including Comus, Lycidas, Arcades, Sonnets, etc., and some letters, which have been bound up, and preserved here about a century. Nothing of the sort can be more interesting or curious, especially the many emendations of Milton's poems in his own hand.

Twenty years ago I remember being shown, at Ferrara, the original manuscript of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," and the old librarian pointed out to me, at the bottom of a blotted page, these words, with a date, all in pencil, "Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò," adding that when Alfieri wrote them, his tears fell so fast that they dropped on the paper and blistered it. It was impossible to avoid having something of the same feeling when looking at these venerable remains of two of the greatest men, in the opposite departments of science and poetry, that the world has ever seen. 

There was one thing, however, that Professor Smyth was anxious to show us, and we went, of course, to see it. It is an original portrait of Cromwell, kept in the apartments of the Master of Sydney College. It is in coloured chalks, beyond all doubt done from the life, and done, too, after anxiety had made deep lines of care in his face. Smyth will have it that it justifies and illustrates completely the descriptions of his corroding sufferings, given by Hume with such vivacity, immediately after the death of Mrs. Claypole, and immediately before his own. In fact, Mr. Smyth had been carrying the volume of Hume with him all the morning round Cambridge, and now read the passage to us with great spirit and feeling, to justify his opinion. No doubt the picture is very striking, and so is Hume's account of Cromwell, and both belong to anything but a man of an easy or tranquil mind. But I doubt whether Cromwell ever suffered so much from remorse, as Hume, in this particular passage, supposes. Indeed, a few pages later he seems to admit it.

... When we had rested, we went to dinner at Professor Smyth's. He has a very comfortable bachelor establishment in Peter House, the same, I think, that was occupied by Gray the poet, whose successor he is in the chair of History, a place given to him by Lord Lansdowne when the Whigs were in power, above thirty years ago. He received us in his library, which is well stored with a somewhat miscellaneous collection of books, in history and poetry, and the little party soon collected there to the number of eight or ten, including the Vice-Chancellor Worseley, Master of Downing, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, counted among the agreeables of Cambridge, and Professor Peacock, counted among the very agreeable. We had a cheerful, pleasant time in the very comfortable dining-room. Worseley is more of a belles-lettres scholar and knows more continental literature than is
commonly found in these cloistered establishments, and Peacock is an excellent talker.

We were invited to a party at the Skrines', but declined, so as to stay as late as we could with our admirable old friend, whose kindliness, gaiety of heart, and talent have been our constant delight since we have been in Cambridge. At last, between eleven and twelve, we took our leave, and the old gentleman, coming downstairs and following us to the gate of his College, gave us a sort of paternal benediction in the open street. We parted from him with great regret.

A night passed at Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's delightful place in Northamptonshire, where the kind hospitality of three years before was renewed, was followed by a course of cathedrals and show-houses, on the northern route, from Ely to Alnwick, until the Scottish Border country was reached.

The hills which we crossed, in order to strike the Tweed at its most favourable point, were dreary and barren enough, and the ranges of huts or hovels we saw, scattered through their ridges, in which live a sort of bondmen, of a peculiar character, were anything but agreeable to look upon. I did not before suppose that anything so nearly approaching servitude was still to be found in England; but here it is, not better than was the condition of the serfs in Bohemia before Joseph II.'s time, or those in Silesia before they were liberated by the present King of Prussia. I doubt whether there is anything so bad now in Europe, out of Russia.3

CHAPTER IX.

Abbotsford.—Edinburgh.—Maxwells of Terregles.—Wordsworth and Southey.—Manchester.—Mr. and Mrs. Greg.—Oxford.—Althorp.—London.—Return to America.

JOURNAL.

April 22.—We drove to Melrose, "fair Melrose," . . . took horses and went on to Abbotsford. My feelings were hardly more changed on approaching it, from what they were when I approached it nineteen years ago, than was the place itself. We had been reading on our journey the last sad volume of Lockhart's Life, with the account of Scott's pecuniary troubles, and their tragical result. The first glimpse of Abbotsford made us feel that we knew their cause; we put our feet in its court-yard, and were sure of it. . . .

The house is grown very large. It is somewhat fantastic in its

forms and appearance, but still from several points produces a good effect. The grounds immediately adjacent to it are pretty, and the garden, with its conservatories, is such as should belong only to a large and free fortune, one much larger than Scott's was. The inscription in it struck me as beautiful and happy, though I believe it would be difficult to find the very words in the Vulgate, or elsewhere,—"Audie-bant vocem Domini ambulantis in Horto." But it is one of those "accommodations" which are very characteristic of Scott.

We went, of course, all over the house, seeing things most of which it was painful to look upon. . . . But there was not much else [except some pictures] to recall the cottage which I visited in 1819 so happily, and, indeed, it was not without a good deal of difficulty that I found the room in which I was lodged, now neglected and given up to mean uses, but then one of the best in the house. It is all a pity. The house was then well suited to his fortune, and is now only the monument of his ruin. . . . In a niche [in the library] where he himself had placed a cast of Shakespeare's head, there now stands the bust of himself by Chantrey, idealized, no doubt, and with more of smooth symmetry than belonged to his head at any period, but a beautiful work of art and an admirable likeness. It will be the type of his head with posterity, because the one that will best answer to the claims of his genius and his works. . . .

Already what relates to Scott himself is more curious than all he collected relating to others, however famous and distinguished. Since 1832, from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred persons have come yearly to visit his home, and the pilgrimage will not cease while the stones he piled up remain one upon another, and the English continues a living tongue. But it is now, and must long remain, a sad and sorrowful place. . . . "Follies of the wise," are inscribed on all its parts, in letters posterity will not forget, even if they learn nothing by the lesson that was so bitter to him that teaches it.

April 23.—We left Scott's peculiar country, the Tweed side, this morning for Edinburgh. But the road we travelled was up the Galawater, and was his road, the road by which he habitually went to Edinburgh. . . . At Fushie Bridge we had a little talk with the veritable Meg Dods, of "St. Ronan's Well," a personage well worthy of her reputation. Her real name is Mistress Wilson. . . . We arrived at Edinburgh about noon. . . .

I was desirous to see Napier, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in order to do what I could to have "Ferdinand and Isabella" noticed in that journal, and therefore I sent my letters to him at once. . . . I received immediately an extremely civil note in reply, saying that he wished to see me; and being unwell, and unable to go out, begged me to call on him in the evening. I went, of course.

On reaching his door, I was a little disconcerted to find that he lives in what Scott so mournfully calls "poor 39," the very house in which I had passed so many pleasant hours with Scott in 1819. . . . I was received upstairs in Mrs. Scott's drawing-rooms, fitted up for a bachelor and man of letters, but lighted as if to receive a party,—a fancy in which, I believe, Napier indulges himself every night. He
is thin and pale and nervous, and I am told, what between his Law Professorship in the University, and the labour of editing the "Edinburgh Review" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he is kept feeble and ill nearly the whole time. He received me kindly, with empresse-ment, and came at once to the business, as I wanted him to do; and before I had been with him half an hour, it was fully agreed that there should be an "Edinburgh Review" of "Ferdinand and Isabella;" that Allen should write it, if Napier can persuade him to do so,—which I do not anticipate; that otherwise a review by a young Spaniard, by name Gayangos, which I know Allen will propose, shall be accepted; and, if both these fail, that then the subject shall be given to Dunlop, the author of the "History of Fiction," who, I suppose, will do it as a sort of hack work, but of whom Napier feels sure. I was glad, however, to have it settled, for the book deserves all that any of its author's friends can do for it. Napier said it had been sent to him, but that he had not looked at it, and knew nothing about it; so that the whole of his kindly promptness was owing to the letters I brought him, which, to be sure, would carry as much weight with them as any in the Three Kingdoms.4

I asked Napier about Lockhart's Scott. He says he cannot review it, partly because Lockhart is editor of the "Quarterly," and partly because of the connexions of the work on all sides in Edinburgh; but that it is full of prejudices and errors; that many persons in Scotland are much offended by it, the children and friends of the Ballantynes most justly so, etc.; much of which is no doubt true, and some is prejudice on Napier's part.

April 25.—I went to see my old friend Mrs. Grant.5 I found her in comfortable quarters, and cheerful; . . . but from age and its infirmities she is a fixture, unable to leave her chair without help. But she was as cheerful as she used to be, when she was twenty years younger, and had her children about her, of whom John only remains. . . . I was especially struck with the fresh admiration she expressed for Scott's memory. . . . She is certainly a remarkable person.

I dined with Napier. It is not quite agreeable to go thus to "poor 39," and find it so altered; and when I was upstairs before dinner, I really felt more awkwardly and sad than I should have thought possible. . . . But there were pleasant people there; my old friend Thomas Thomson, grown a Benedict, but full of pleasant antiquarian and literary talk; Bell, the Professor of Civil Law; and Sir William Hamilton,6 the man of all knowledge and all learning. We talked about everything; among the rest of phrenology, which they treated with little ceremony,

4 From Lord Holland and Sydney Smith. Lord Jeffrey and John Allen had also written to Mr. Napier on the subject. Don P. de Gayangos wrote the review.
5 See vol. i. p. 230, and note.
6 The distinguished Professor of Logic and Metaphysics of the University of Edinburgh, author of "Discussions in Philosophy, Literature," etc.
and spoke slightly of Combe. Animal magnetism, too, I find is
beginning to make a noise here, as it does in London, but finds less
favour. Brougham was much discussed; and it was plain he has great
authority in the "Edinburgh Review" because he writes so much and
so well for it, and not because they have a great respect for him or his
opinions. Napier avowed openly, that he tried very hard to get him
to strike out the passage in a recent number abusing Lord Melbourne,
but could not succeed, and did not seem to be aware that he ought then
to have refused the article.

April 26.—We had a visit early from Lord Fullerton, who offered
again to go with us about the town; but I know it so well from my
former long visit, that I did not think it quite right to bore him to
such an extent; and so, taking a few directions from him, we sallied
forth again. . . .

We dined at Lord Fullerton's, where we met Thomson and his wife,
Graham, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Wilson, and two or three
others. Lord Fullerton's wife is a beautiful woman, and so is his eldest
daughter; and the dinner was pleasant. The person I was most curious
about was Wilson, the successor of Dugald Stewart, and the editor of
"Blackwood." He answered much to the idea given of him among
the roisterers of the "Noctes Ambrosiana." He is a stout, coarse, red-
face person, with a great deal of red, bushy hair flying about his face
and shoulders, taking snuff freely, and careless in his dress, talking
brilliantly, sometimes petulantly, and once or twice savagely. He is
a strange person. He talks of coming to the United States. . . .
Boat-building has been a passion with him, and when he lived near
Bowness, he practised it a good deal.7 . . .

April 27.—We drove out this morning to see my old friend Mrs.
Fletcher, around whom, in the early days of the "Edinburgh Review,"
Brougham, Jeffrey, and all that clique were gathered, and whose talents
still command their admiration and regard. She is living with her
daughter, the author of "Concealment," at the little village of Dun-
cliffe. . . . She received us very kindly, and talked most agreeably,
so agreeably that we should have been very glad to accept more of her
hospitality, if our time would have permitted. . . .

We had a visit from the Fullertons, and dined at Sir Charles Bell's,
the well-known surgeon, and author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises.
Lady Bell is quite a delightful person, and must once have been beau-
tiful, for she is still fine-looking; and Sir Charles, though beginning
to grow old, is fresh, perfectly preserved, and abounding in pleasant
knowledge and accomplishment. Sir William and Lady Hamilton
were there; Mrs. McNeill, wife of the British Ambassador to Persia,
whom I knew in London and Vienna; and Wilson, who is her brother,
and two or three others. I think it was very like a dinner at home.
Certainly it was very agreeable; but we stayed much later than we
should have done in America, for it is the way here, and was so twenty
years ago.

7 See vol. i. p. 230, and note.
April 28.—Our friend Mrs. Alison,8 . . . whom we have seen frequently since we have been in Edinburgh, invited us to go with her this forenoon to see Mrs. Dugald Stewart, who lives quite retired near Leith. We found her much broken, but still as ladylike and gentle as ever, and with one of those beautiful faces of old age whose beauty consists in their moral expression. Her very intelligent and excellent daughter devotes herself wholly to her.

We dined with the Rev. Mr. Ramsay9 and Mrs. Ramsay; the latter being our old Boston acquaintance, Miss Cochrane. Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Territ, the two preachers in the old church that was Dr. Alison’s and Dr. Morehead’s, . . ., were of the party; Miss Sinclair, the daughter of the famous Sir John, and herself an authoress,1 Mr. Forbes, brother of the late Sir William, and one or two others, were there.

Forbes is an intelligent, spirited, accomplished gentleman, upon whom much reliance is placed that the Edinburgh monument to Sir Walter Scott shall be what it ought to be; but the rest were a sort of Tory and high Orthodox clique, whose talk was corresponding to their principles.

Mr. Ramsay is a quiet, hard-working clergyman of the principal Episcopal church in Edinburgh; and his wife is a truly kind, excellent, ladylike person.

April 29.— . . . It was our last day in Edinburgh, and we gave it to the Alisons, who had invited us for any day we could reserve for them. The party was small, but very agreeable,—Sir Charles and Lady Bell, Professor Wilson, Sir W. Hamilton, young Mr. Gregory, brother of Mrs. Alison and son of the famous Professor Gregory. Miss Alison, daughter of the old Dr. Alison,—a very uncommon and striking person, who devotes herself wholly to her father,—came in after dinner. We all stayed late, even for Edinburgh; and Sir William Hamilton came home with us, and bade us farewell in the kindest manner, on our doorsteps.

After an excursion as far north as the season allowed, and a visit of one night at Carstairs, on the Clyde, the handsome establishment of Mr. Monteith, the party arrived on the 5th of May at Dumfries, and went the next day to Terregles, the old seat of the Maxwells and Earls of Nithsdale. Here they were expected by Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Maxwell, old acquaintances of the party at Wighill Park in 1835.

It is one of those ample estates with a large, hospitable, luxurious house upon it, such as abound through the whole island. Its present possessor is Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, and the estate has belonged for four centuries and more to his ancestors, the great Maxwell family, which rose on the fall of the Douglases, and for a long time was the

8 Who had been at Edgeworthstown in 1835.
9 Dean Ramsay, author of “Reminiscences of Scottish Life,” etc.
1 Authoress of “Modern Accomplishments,” “Modern Society,” etc.
most powerful family in all the South of Scotland. . . . For a long period they were the proud Earls of Nithsdale, a title which was forfeited, . . . for adherence to the Stuarts, in 1716. For the last century they have been simply the retired, rich old Catholic family of the Maxwells. When we arrived the brothers were at service in their own chapel, and Mrs. Maxwell, who is a Protestant, received us. She is little altered by her change of name and position, and must always be gentle and ladylike.

The brothers came soon afterwards,—honest, frank, intelligent men, just in the prime of life,—and with them was Mr. Weld, another rich Catholic, somewhat older, and brother of the late Cardinal Weld. . . . Nobody else was in the house but Mr. Reed, a Catholic priest. . . . After a little refreshment we walked out on the lawn and round the park and some of the grounds. The old trees, full of rooks, were witness to the antiquity of the family, while the nice, new stone cottages, which are necessarily rented at a rate that barely pays for their repairs, bore no less witness to the kindliness of its present head.

The dinner was in the French style, and very luxurious; after which the brothers, who hold Sunday to be a jour de fête, and are very fond of music, played on a fine organ, and sang glee's and airs. . . .

May 7.—The first thing this morning, after a luxurious Scotch breakfast, they showed us some of the curiosities of their ancient house. The most interesting, if not the most remarkable, was the cloak with which the last Countess of Nithsdale, in 1715, disguised her husband, and freed him from the Tower. . . . I inquired about this extraordinary woman, and find they have a good many memorials and letters of hers, besides the delightful one that records the story of her lord's escape.

The other very curious relic they showed us was a prayer-book belonging to Mary Queen of Scots. The family were at all times her faithful adherents, and just before she left Scotland to put herself under the protection of Elizabeth,—which the Maxwells most strenuously resisted,—she stayed a night with them, and in the morning, when she went away, left this prayer-book as a keepsake.

Having shown us these and other curiosities, Mrs. Maxwell proposed to take us to their great memorial, the ruins of Carlavrock Castle, the scene of their family's ancient splendour, and not only so, but the scene of Allan Cunningham's Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, and the Ellengowan Castle, of Scott's "Guy Mannering." We gladly consented, and, driving through Dumfries, went down through a fine country, to the point where the Nith joins the Solway. There we found these grand ruins, standing in the solitude of their neglected old age. The first castle, which was destroyed by fire in the year 1300, has left few or no proper remains; the present widespread ruins belong to the castle that was built immediately afterwards, and which was maintained till it was taken by Cromwell, who could not prevail on the Earl of Nithsdale to surrender, though reduced to great extremity, until he had the written orders of the King to that effect. . . . The ruins are finely

2 Mr. Henry Maxwell was staying at Terregles.
situated, extensive, and picturesque, and were shown to us by an old warder,—maintained there by the Maxwells,—now eighty-three years old, who kept a school in the village fifty-three years, and who, in showing them, repeated long passages from Grose, . . . besides fragments from Burns, and snatches of old poetry in honour of the castle and the family. . . .

On the 8th of May, arriving at Keswick:—

Southey received us as usual, in his nice and somewhat peculiar library, but seemed more sad, and abstracted even, than he did when we last saw him. One of his daughters only was at home, Bertha, a very pleasing person; and there was, besides, Mrs. Lovell, the sister of his late wife, and a Polish Count, a very intelligent man, who seemed to have travelled everywhere. . . . I talked chiefly with Southey himself; who seemed to like to be apart from those around him, and to talk in a very low, gentle tone of voice. He showed me a curious letter from Brougham, soon after he became Chancellor, asking Southey's advice about encouraging literature by rewards to men of letters; and his answer, saying that all he thought desirable was a proper copyright law. He showed me, too, some curious books, in which he takes great delight, and with which he has filled his modest house, the bedchambers, staircases, and all. But his interest in all things seems much diminished, and I left him with sad feelings. . . .

May 9.—. . . We were expected at Wordsworth's, and were most heartily welcomed, with real frank kindness, as old friends. It was nearly their dinner-time, . . . and we took the meal with them. It was simple as possible, . . . and the servants took our places when we left them, and dined directly after us. Afterwards we walked an hour . . . on the terrace, and through the little grounds, while Mr. Wordsworth explained the scenery about us, and repeated passages of his poetry relating to it. Mrs. Wordsworth asked me to talk to him about finishing the Excursion, or the Recluse; saying, that she could not bear to have him occupied constantly in writing sonnets and other trifles, while this great work lay by him untouched, but that she had ceased to urge him on the subject, because she had done it so much in vain. I asked him about it, therefore. He said that the Introduction, which is a sort of autobiography, is completed. This I knew, for he read me large portions of it twenty years ago. The rest is divided into three parts, the first of which is partly written in fragments, which Mr. Wordsworth says would be useless and unintelligible in other hands than his own: the second is the Excursion; and the third is untouched. On my asking him why he does not finish it, he turned to me very decidedly, and said, "Why did not Gray finish the long poem he began on a similar subject? Because he found he had undertaken something beyond his powers to accomplish. And that is my case." We controverted his position, of course, but I am not certain the event will not prove that he has acted upon his belief. At any rate, I have no hope it will ever be completed, though after
his death the world will no doubt have much more than it now possesses.

We remained two or three hours with him in this sort of talk, and recollections of our meetings, . . . . and then took a cheerful leave of him and Mrs. Wordsworth, feeling that we left true friends behind us, even if we never see them again.

After passing a day or two at the Dales', near Manchester, where they were most kindly invited by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Greg, whose acquaintance they had made in Rome, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor went on to Oxford.

May 15.—We walked about in a beautiful morning among the exquisite gardens and the grand old colleges with which the town is filled. . . . It is such a pleasure as is afforded by no place I have ever visited, except Oxford.

When we came home, I found a note from Buckland, saying he was attending a meeting of the Oxford Gas Company, and inviting me to his lecture at two o'clock. So a little before two I went to his lecture-room. There I found the active and energetic little gentleman, in a short jacket, very busy in nailing up maps, plans, and engravings, and in arranging all sorts of specimens to illustrate his subject. He seemed very glad to see me, and talked as hurriedly as ever till his class came in, which consisted of about thirty-five good-looking young men, several of whom wore the nobleman's gown and cap. His subject was the stratification of rocks, and his manner was quite easy and business-like. . . . In the course of the lecture he took occasion to compliment Hitchcock, and Eaton, another American geologist. . . .

As soon as he could leave the room, he was hurried away to preside at a meeting held to organize a society for encouraging the cultivation of bees, for he is the centre of all movement and activity at Oxford. He asked me to go with him, and I soon found myself in the midst of a collection of masters of colleges and their wives, . . . . and many of the principal persons at Oxford, assembled by the zeal of one of the Fellows of Christ Church,—Cotton,3—a man of fortune, who hopes to do much good by persuading the cottagers of the country about to cultivate bees. Buckland made it all very amusing, . . . . and everything was done that Mr. Cotton desired. It was now late. Buckland asked me to go home and dine with him, but I was very tired, . . . . and came back to the comfort and quiet of our excellent inn.

May 16.—I breakfasted with Dr. Buckland, and met Dr. Duncan, one of the principal persons at the meeting yesterday; Cotton; Peters, the principal person in Merton College; the Marquis of Kildare; Marryat, a dandy brother of the traveller; and one or two others. We had a lively time of it for a couple of hours, and Buckland finally commended me to Cotton and Peters, saying he had made the breakfast in

3 W. C. Cotton afterwards went to New Zealand with Bishop Selwyn.
order to bring me acquainted with those persons who would be most likely to be agreeable and useful to me in Oxford.

Cotton went with me at once to the Bodleian, where I wished to make some researches and inquiries, and where he is himself employed on a manuscript of St. Chrysostom, and presented me to Dr. Bandinel, the principal librarian. I was struck with the name, and found he is of an Italian stock, and claims to be descended from Bandinelli, the Italian novelliere. At any rate, he is a pleasant, kindly person, and has more bibliographical knowledge than anybody I have met with in England, except Hallam. . . . I was curious for old Spanish books, but the Bodleian, vast as it is, and even with Douce's rare collection added to it, making in all nearly half a million volumes, is yet miserably deficient in Spanish literature. . . . I was much disappointed, for I thought I should have found a great deal in odd corners; but Bandinel evidently had the whole collection by heart, just as Von Praet used to have the Royal Library at Paris, and he could find nothing really rare or valuable.

I went afterwards with Cotton to Peters at Merton, and went over his fine old College, with its curious and strange library, where some of the books are still chained, and the arrangement is much the same as in the Laurentian at Florence, both belonging to nearly the same period. . . .

May 17.—I breakfasted this morning with Cotton, in his nice suite of rooms in Christ Church, and met there Peters, Bunsen—son of my old friend, the Prussian Minister, who is here preparing himself for the English Church,—and two or three others. It was a favourable and agreeable specimen of the University life, something too luxurious, perhaps, but still it was plain there was a good deal of learning and literary taste among them. . . .

At two o'clock I went again to Buckland's lecture. . . . In the course of his remarks, he said America could never be a manufacturing country without coal in great quantities. After he had finished, I told him we depended on water-power, of which we had great abundance. He said he thought that would not be sufficient, as it was frozen up five months in the year. I set him right about this also. He seemed surprised, but took it all well, better than most professional men would have done. I dined with him, and met a brother of Denison, a man of fortune, who lives at Shotover,—Milton's Shotover,—Dr. McBride, Dr. Hawkins, and some others of the masters of colleges, and Dr. Bandinel. It was a genuinely academic dinner, and things had much less the air of the world than they had at Cambridge, compared with which, no doubt, Oxford is a very monastic place. But it was pleasant and good-natured. Their talk was of books and geology, of the church, and such things.

May 18.—Cotton invited the ladies to breakfast with him this morning, and invited two or three persons to meet them, among the rest a Mr. Ruskin, who has one of the most beautiful collections of sketches, made by himself, from nature, on the Continent, I have ever seen. The whole affair was tasteful and pleasant, and very luxurious for cloisters, certainly. . . .
ALTHORP, May 19.—The approach to Althorp is through a fine, rich, and broken country, and the moment we had passed the porter's lodge we felt the quietness and comfortable repose that come over one in these rich, aristocratic establishments. The grounds of the park are uneven and beautiful in their variety, and such rich clumps and copses of venerable oak I do not remember to have seen elsewhere. The house is large, but not remarkable; but the moment we entered it we recognized the superb staircase that figures in Dibdin. . . . Lord Spencer had gone to Northampton to attend a meeting of the justices, which the best of the nobility are anxious never to miss. I asked if anybody was stopping in the house, and was glad to hear there was not, but that Mr. Appleyard, the last Earl's librarian, and who knows the library better than anybody else alive, was expected to-night; a most agreeable attention, as I afterwards found, on the part of Lord Spencer, who had him down from London for the express purpose of showing the rarities to us. We went to our rooms, and, in the peculiar English phrase, "made ourselves comfortable" amidst their manifold luxuries.

Soon afterwards Lord Spencer came home dripping, for it rained hard, and, like a true country gentleman, he was on horseback. He sent his compliments to us, . . . and when we went down to dinner . . . we found him as good, frank, and kindly as we had found him at Wentworth, three years ago. The dinner . . . was made agreeable by his conversation, which was uncommonly free, as if he were not afraid or unwilling to say what he thought about anybody; but his good-nature makes him charitable, and his honesty is proverbial. . . . Lord Spencer went on with an admirable series of stories and sketches of Pitt, whom he knew much in his early manhood, when his father was Pitt's first Lord of the Admiralty; of Sheridan, who was associated with his own earlier friends; and of Brougham, from whom he has now separated himself, but who was long his very intimate companion, if not friend.

Pitt he described as more successful and less good-natured in conversation than I had supposed him, and particularly as liking to make some one in his company his butt, in a way that was neither consistent with good taste nor very good manners; but which he said made him, as a boy, delight to be in Pitt's society.

Sheridan he undervalued, I think, and especially placed his conversation quite low; and Brougham he thought, since he became Chancellor, had been misconducting nearly the whole time. He said that within his own knowledge it had been determined, when Lord Melbourne took office the second time, that Brougham should be left out, on the ground that he would do more injury to the administration as a member of it, than as an opponent; that Brougham, however persisted in believing that he had been rejected by the King personally; that he—Lord Spencer—had tried to undeceive him twice, but that Brougham would not be approached on the subject, and that when the Queen came in and he could no longer doubt why he was excluded from the Ministry, he took the unprincipled and violent course he has pursued ever since. Lord Spencer looks upon him as politically ruined.
He talked, too, a good deal about himself, and explained the circumstances under which he took office with Lord Grey, and how he carried it as leader of the House of Commons, without being able to make a speech. It was all very curious and interesting; for, though he does not talk fluently or gracefully, he is full of facts, from an experience and familiarity with whatever has been most distinguished in affairs or society for the last thirty-five years, and his fairness and honesty are so sure that you can trust implicitly to his statements. We sat, therefore, late with him, and went to bed reluctantly.

May 20.—We walked to church, about a mile through the park.

... Lord Spencer told me that his family was originally from Warwickshire, where they still possess estates, and that they removed to Althorp in the time of Henry VII. ... It is the fashion, he added, to hold only by annual leases in this part of the country, but there are several families on the estate who have been there by annual renewals of their rent-holds from the time when the Spencers first came here; a fact very remarkable in itself, and very creditable to both parties. ...

When we had lunched, Mr. Appleyard and Lord Spencer began in earnest to show us the library, and taking us to the beautiful room built by the late Earl, and called the Poet's Library, where the most splendid books are collected, they took down successively some of the most magnificent works of art, of the sort, that I ever beheld. Among them were the original drawings for the Magna Charta, that was published some years since; those for the coronation of George IV.; and the outlines of Flaxman for Æschylus, interleaved in a beautiful copy of the original, and presented to the late Countess Spencer by Flaxman, with a manuscript inscription. The large paper copies of books in this room are extraordinary, both for their beauty and number, especially the folios; and the binding of all the books, without being showy, is as rich and solid as money could make it. ... In the Long Library is a cabinet containing the Historical Plays of Shakespeare, illustrated by Lady Lucan, Lord Spencer's grandmother. I looked there among the early Italian and English books, where almost nothing was wanting that could be asked after or thought of.

The whole number of volumes in the library is about 110,000, no doubt the finest private library in the world, and all collected by the late Earl. The collection of rarities is said to have cost above £200,000. And so the present Earl finds it expedient to economize, which he does very cheerfully. ... He refused to let his father retreat, saying that he would do all that was necessary to restore the estate, which, to be sure, is not much encumbered. ... In the saloon, after dinner, we had a succession of curious things brought to us from the library, sketches by the old masters, illuminated books, etc., which occupied us till nine o'clock, ... when Lord Spencer read prayers in the dining-hall to the whole family. It was a very solemn scene, and became well the man and his position in society. ...

May 21.—Immediately after prayers and breakfast Lord Spencer invited us to take a walk and see the place. We went first to the
village, . . . afterwards to the church, which can be traced back to the fourteenth century, which, with its graveyard, is a picturesque object on all sides. In one of the chapels, or chancels, the Spencers lie buried, from soon after 1500 to the last Earl and Countess.

The park is the same John Evelyn describes, and different monuments in it, from 1567, show when different woods, still subsisting, were planted, and by whom. . . . It is, too, the scene of Ben Jonson’s beautiful masque, “The Satyr,” which was performed amidst its shrubbery when the Queen and son of James I. were entertained here on their way to London in 1603.

Indeed, Althorp has always been poetic ground; . . . but, as Gibbon says, the brightest jewel in the crown of the Spencers is the Faery Queen. . . . Our walk, which did not seem long, Lord Spencer told us had extended above five miles.

When we were rested we went to look at the pictures. . . . We had been constantly seeing in the dining-hall, saloon, and library, works of art, such as the famous Rembrandt’s Mother, the fragment of a cartoon by Raffaello on the murder of the Innocents, two or three portraits by Titian, etc., . . . a collection of perhaps an hundred pictures in all, that place it among the best in England. But we went now to see the family portraits on the grand staircase and gallery, a crowd of Vandykes, Sir Peter Lelys, and Sir Joshuas, with now and then a Holbein, and one Pompeo Battoni. . . .

We lunched, and then Lord Spencer gave us over to the librarian to show us the rarities of the library, the incunabula, the unique copies, and the other curiosities for which the late Earl spent such incredible sums of money. . . . The series to illustrate the earliest history of printing down to the first book printed with a date—the Psalter of 1457—is, I suppose, the most complete in the world, certainly the most complete I have ever seen.

Afterwards there is only an embarras de richesses, but I occupied myself chiefly with the earliest specimens of the English press, and especially the English poets, where, again, nothing seemed wanting. Of course we stared at the famous Valdarfer Boccaccio, 1471, which was sold, in 1812, at the Roxburgh auction, for £2260, and which was sold again in 1819, at the sale of the Duke of Marlborough’s—Marquis of Blandford’s White Knight’s—library, for £918 16s.; both prices, I suppose, unexampled in their absurdity. Lord Spencer told me two odd facts about it: that Lord Blandford was not worth a sou when he bought it, and yet had given orders to go up to £5000 for it, and was obliged to leave it in the auctioneer’s hands above a year, before he could raise the money to pay for it; and that the last purchaser was Longman, against whom Lord Spencer, when he found out who his competitor was, would not bid, because he thought it was improper for his own bookseller to run him up, and of whom he would not afterwards buy it at any advance, because he would not suffer him to profit by his interference. The book is certainly a great curiosity, but it is made so chiefly by the folly of those who have owned it and those who have written about it.

We had a most pleasant dinner and evening, Lord Spencer telling
us a great many anecdotes of Lord Brougham, illustrating the inconsistency and unprincipledness of his course since he ceased to be Lord Chancellor. . . . I was sorry to break off such talk and go to bed, for it was the last evening we could give to Althorp, where we certainly have been most kindly received, and where we have enjoyed a great deal. But, as Sancho says, "there is an end to everything but death."

On this Sunday passed at Althorp, Mr. Ticknor wrote the following letter:

TO MISS MARIA EDGEWORTH, EDGEWORTHTOWN.

ALTHORP PARK, NORTHAMPTON, May 20, 1838.

MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—It is seldom the lot of a letter to give so much pleasure and so much pain as did the one we have quite lately received from you,—so much pleasure from the kindness it expresses towards us and our children, in the renewal of your invitation to Ireland, and the words in which you renew it,—so much pain because we cannot accept it. It is truly a grief to us; and I do not feel sure you had a right to make it so heavy; and yet I would not, for much, part with one of the kind phrases that constitute its weight. The fact is, we have talked a great deal about another visit to Ireland, which with us is another name for Edgeworthtown. When we first had the happiness of seeing you, we felt pretty sure of it; for we thought then we should remain four years in Europe. But of late we have changed our purpose. Mrs. Ticknor, for whose health I came abroad, has long been quite well and strong. My eldest daughter, who is now fifteen, needs to be at home, where she is destined to live, and cannot have what the French call une existence complète any longer in lands of strangers. The youngest cannot be anything but a plaything while she is all the time in hotels, and at five she must begin to be something more serious. And I feel, myself, that I have duties to perform which are not on this side the great waters. So we are going home. I will not even disguise from you that some of us are very anxious to do so, and even a little homesick withal. But still we leave many things, many friends behind us to regret, and when I say that there is not, among them all, anything we shall more

4 We give a part of the letter from Miss Edgeworth, to which the above is an answer: "We are very eager, very anxious, to see you again at our own home, retired and homely as it is. You flattered us you were happy here during the two short days you gave us. O, pray! pray! come to us again before you go from our world for ever—at least from me for ever. Consider my age! and Mrs. Mary Sneyd begs you to consider her. I trust you will. . . . Be pleased, my dear friends, to like or to love us all as much as ever you can, and pray prove to us that you will take as much trouble to come to Edgeworthtown, after having become acquainted with us, as you took when you only knew the authorship part of

"Your affectionate friend,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."
regret than not being able to make you another visit at Edgeworth-town, I shall only repeat what was our first remark at Rome when we began to talk of shortening our absence, and what we have repeated a great many times when we have spoken of it since. We shall think of you much when we pass the bright coasts of your island in June; we shall think of you still more when we are amidst our own home, and always with great pleasure and much gratitude.

In Scotland we saw the Alisons often, and it brought us near to you; for you may remember that it was under your hospitable roof we made their agreeable acquaintance. We saw, too, Abbotsford, which is still more intimately associated with you in our minds. But I cannot tell you how sad a place it is, so deserted, so cold, so full of heart-rending recollections and memorials. We did not feel half so bad when we stood by its master’s grave at Dryburgh. Indeed, I almost wish it were burnt up, or destroyed in some way, for it is a monument of the weakest part of Sir Walter’s character; that love of a magnificence beyond his means, which, by causing his pecuniary embarrassments, caused his premature death. It is altogether a most painful, melancholy place. The very air seemed oppressive as we went through it.

And now, farewell. I do not despair of seeing you in the course of this world’s chances and changes yet once more, for there is a greater chance that I shall be in Europe three times now, than there was originally that I should come once. So, I still say au revoir.

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

G. Ticknor.

Reaching London on the 22nd of May, Mr. Ticknor was again plunged, for two weeks, into the excitement of “the season.” On the day after his arrival he received and paid some visits, and thus describes Lord Brougham:

He has gained a good deal of flesh since I knew him in 18181—9, and is even improved in that particular since I saw him at York three years ago. But in other respects I do not think he is changed for the better. He showed a very disagreeable disposition when he spoke of Jeffrey and Empson. . . . It was really ungentlemanlike and coarse to speak as he did, of two persons who were formerly his associates, and are still, in all respects of general intercourse, his equals. What struck me most, however, was his marvellous memory. He remembered where I lodged in London in 1819, on what occasions he came to see me, and some circumstances about my attendance on the committee of the House of Commons on Education; which I had myself forgotten, till he recalled them to me. Such a memory, for such mere trifles, seems almost incredible. But Niebuhr had it; so had Scott, and so has Humboldt; four examples—including Brougham—which are remarkable enough. I doubt not that much of the success of each depended on this extraordinary memory, which holds everything in its grasp.
I dined with the Geological Club, and afterwards attended a meeting of the Geological Society. . . . We sat down to table nearly thirty strong; Whewell of Cambridge, the President of the Society, in the chair, and Stokes, the witty lawyer, as its Vice-President. Among the persons present were Sedgwick and Buckland, Murchison, Lord Cole, Mr. Ponsonby, the Marquess of Northampton, Babbage, Hallam, and especially Sir John Herschel, just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and decidedly at this moment the lion of London. I sat between Sir John and Babbage, and had an excellent time. Sir John is a small man, and, I should think, a little more than fifty years old, and growing gray; very quiet and unpretending in his manner, and though at first seeming cold, getting easily interested in whatever is going forward. . . .

At half-past eight we adjourned in mass, after a very lively talk, from the tavern, which was the well-known "Crown and Anchor," in the Strand, to the Geological Rooms at Somerset House. . . . Sedgwick reads a synopsis of the stratified rocks of Great Britain; an excellent, good-humoured extemporaneous discussion followed, managed with much spirit by Greenough, the first President, and founder of the Society; Murchison; Lyell, the well-known author; Stokes; Buckland; and Phillips of York. . . .

May 24.—Dined at Holland House, with Lady Fitzpatrick, Mr. Akerley,—who has done such good service as chairman of the committee on the Poor-Laws,—Lord Shelburne, Sir James Kempt,—who is thankful to be no longer Governor-General of Canada,—Lord John Russell, Allen, and two others. It was a pleasure to dine in that grand old Gilt Room, with its two ancient, deep fireplaces, and to hear Lord Holland's genial talk, for I cannot help agreeing with Scott, that he is the most agreeable man I have ever known. The reason, I apprehend, is, that to the great resources of his knowledge he adds a laissez-aller, arising from his remarkable good-nature, which is quite irresistible. We passed the evening in the great library, Addison's picture-gallery, one of the most luxurious and agreeable spots in the world. I talked a good deal with Sir J. Kempt about the Canadas, which he seems to regard much as we do in the United States, and condemns—as Lord Holland did plainly—the whole course of Sir Francis Head, as far as the United States are concerned. He had intended to ask Head to dine to-day, and as I expressed a good deal of regret that I had not seen him, he said he would invite him soon, and let me know when he would come; but seemed a little surprised that I should be pleased to meet one who had just been abusing my country so thoroughly, confessing, at last, that he had omitted him to-day, thinking I might be unwilling to meet him.

Lady Holland, I really think, made an effort to be agreeable, and she certainly has power to be so when she chooses; but I think I could never like her.

May 25.—Began the morning with a long and most agreeable visit from Sedgwick of Cambridge, one of those visits which are only made in England, I think, and there only when people take some liking to
one another. . . . Few men, anywhere, are so bright and active-minded as this most popular of the English professors.

Afterwards I went by appointment to see old Mr. Thomas Grenville, elder brother of the late Lord Grenville, and uncle of the present Duke of Buckingham. He was one of the negotiators of our treaty of 1783, and was first Lord of the Admiralty; but retired from affairs many years ago, on the ground that he preferred quietness and literary occupation to anything else. A few years ago he declined an addition of 10,000l. a year to his large fortune, saying he had enough, and that he preferred "it should go on"—as he expressed it—to the next generation that would be entitled.

He is now nearly eighty-four years old, and lives in that old, aristocratic quarter, St. James's Square, next to Stafford House. He is admirably preserved for his age, and took apparent pleasure in showing me his library, about which Lord Spencer had written to him, asking him to show it to me.

It consists of twenty-two thousand volumes; but what is remarkable about it is, that not only is every book in rich, solid, tasteful binding, but it may almost be said that every book is in some way or other a rarity, if not by the small number of copies known to exist of it, at least by something peculiar in some other way. Such beautiful miniatures I never saw before in books, as in two or three that he showed me; and in individual cases, for instance Milton and Cervantes, his collection of the original editions is absolutely complete, which I have never seen elsewhere. Of course it is not to be compared to the library at Althorp, though even there it would frequently fill gaps; but take it altogether,—the library, its owner, and his house,—it is one of the most perfect, consistent, and satisfactory things I have ever seen. . . .

May 26.—. . . To Mortimer House to dine with Lord Fitzwilliam. Besides the family, there was the Bishop of Hereford,—Musgrave,—the Bishop of Durham,—Maltby,—Sedgwick, Lord and Lady Radnor, and Miss Bouverie,—their pretty daughter,—Lord Brougham, and Dr. Birkbeck, the father of Mechanics' Institutes and popular lecturing. He is a nice, round, warm old gentleman. . . . Sedgwick was eminently agreeable, as he always is; and Brougham was violent and outrageous, extremely rude and offensive to Maltby and Sedgwick, but very civil to Lady Charlotte and Lady Radnor. I never saw anybody so rude in respectable society in my life. Some laughed, some looked sober about it, but all thought it was outrageous. Sedgwick was the only person who rebuked him, and he did it in a manner rather too measured and moderate for my taste. . . .

About eleven o'clock we got away from Lord Fitzwilliam's and went to Mr. Babbage's, who, at this season, gives three or four routs on successive weeks. It was very crowded to-night, and very brilliant; for among the people there were Hallam, Milman and his pretty wife; the Bishop of Norwich,—Stanley,—the Bishop of Hereford,—Musgrave,—both the Hellenists; Rogers, Sir J. Herschel and his beautiful wife, Sedgwick, Mrs. Somerville and her daughters, Senior, the Taylors, Sir F. Chantrey, Jane Porter, Lady Morgan, and I know not how.
many others. We seemed really to know as many people as we should in a party at home, which is a rare thing in a strange capital, and rarest of all in this vast overgrown London. Notwithstanding, therefore, our fatiguing day, we enjoyed it very much.

May 27.—To-day being Sunday, we have kept as quiet as we could, refusing invitations. . . . In the afternoon we had a very long and agreeable visit from Rogers, who showed great sensibility when speaking of his last visit to Scott, which he said he was obliged to shorten in order to keep an appointment with other friends, and then added—as if the thought had just rushed upon him, and filled his eyes with tears,—“and they too are dead.” It was some time before he could command himself enough to speak again.

While we were at dinner Senior came in, and stayed with us very agreeably, having come to ask us to dine with them some day before we go; but we have none left.

May 28.—. . . On our return home we had visits from the Misses Luxmoore 5 and their brother, the Dean of St. Asaph, . . . who have taken a house for a few weeks to enjoy London, and from the pretty Mrs. Milman, whose kind and urgent invitations to dinner we were really sorry to refuse. After they were gone we went to visit Lady Mulgrave, who is just arrived from Ireland. . . . She is “fair, fat, and forty,” I should think; but she has a certain sort of beauty still, most sweet and winning manners, and a great deal of tact and intelligence. She is fit to be a queen, every inch. Indeed, all these Ravensworths are remarkable people. Scott’s visit to them, which he so well describes, shows what a race they are.

May 29.—We are beginning now to be extremely busy, in our labours to finish up this three-years’ absence from home, and get our affairs ready for embarkation. . . .

In the evening I went to a late and very aristocratic dinner at Murchison’s, the great geologist and man of fortune, at the west end of the town, who seems to have his house really at the ultra west end, so that I thought I never should get there. The party, however, was worth the trouble, for it was a striking mixture of talent and aristocracy and fashion. The talent might be considered as represented by Sedgwick, Lubbock,—the mathematician, whom I liked a good deal,—Lockhart, and Murchison; and the aristocracy and fashion, by the haggard, dried-up Lady Davy, Sir Charles Dalhick,—the Commander of the Cavalry,—the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh,—both young, handsome, and well-bred,—and the Earl of Dartmouth, who renewed an acquaintance I had with him formerly at Rome, and invited me to his place in Staffordshire. It was all quite agreeable. Even Lockhart was softened by the society, and introduced the subject of “Ferdinand and Isabella,” which he would not have done if he had not been very amiable. . . . He promised, when he should be in the country, to look it over, and if he finds it what he expects to find it, to give it to some person who understands Spanish literature, to make an article

5 To whom Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor had made a visit in Wales in 1835.
about it. . . . This is a good deal, and it is still more that he was really good-humoured about it. . . . It was a pleasant time with such people, but we did not stay late; and when we left, I took Sedgwick to the Athenæum, and there bade him farewell with much regret. He goes to Cambridge to-morrow.

May 30.—. . . . A party at Mr. Bates’s, entirely American except Baron Stockmar, a Saxon, formerly confidential secretary to Prince Leopold, now much about the Queen. I had him pretty much to myself, and found him very acute, and full of knowledge. He talks English almost like a native.

May 31.—We breakfasted, by very special invitation, with Rogers, in order to look over his pictures, curiosities, etc.; and therefore nobody was invited to meet us but Miss Rogers and the Milmans. We had a three-hours’ visit of it, from ten till past one, and saw certainly a great amount of curious things; not only the pictures, but drawings, autographs, little antiques; in short, whatever should belong to such a piece of bijouterie and virtù as Rogers himself is. Nor was agreeable conversation wanting, for he is full of anecdotes of his sixty or seventy years’ experience.

Among other things, he told me that Crabbe was nearly ruined by grief and vexation at the conduct of his wife for above seven years, at the end of which time she proved to be insane. . . .

We dined with our friends the Edward Villiers’, where we always enjoy ourselves, and where we always meet remarkable people. To-day there was a Mr. Lewis, evidently a very scholarlike person; Sir Edmund Head; Henry Taylor, the poet; and Mr. Stephen, the real head of the Colonial Office, an uncommon man, son of Wilberforce’s brother-in-law, the author of “War in Disguise.” He is, I apprehend, very orthodox, and, what is better, very conscientious. He told me that his father wrote the “Frauds of Neutral Flags”—which so annoyed us Americans, and brought out Mr. Madison in reply—wholly from the relations of the subject to the slave-trade; his purpose being to resist all attempts on our part, or on the part of any other nation, to stop the English right—or practice—of search, because without that he was persuaded the slave-trade could never be practically and entirely abolished. The present state of things seems to justify his fears, if not his doctrines.

June 1.—. . . . After all, however, I found time to make a visit to Carlyle, and to hear one of his lectures. He is rather a small, spare, ugly Scotchman, with a strong accent, which I should think he takes no pains to mitigate. His manners are plain and simple, but not polished, and his conversation much of the same sort. He is now lecturing for subsistence, to about a hundred persons, who pay him, I believe, two guineas each. . . . To-day he spoke—as I think he commonly does—without notes, and therefore as nearly extemporé as a man can who prepares himself carefully, as it was plain he had done. His course is on Modern Literature, and his subject to-day

6 Afterwards Sir George Cornewall Lewis.
7 Afterwards Sir James Stephen.
was that of the eighteenth century; in which he contrasted Johnson
and Voltaire very well, and gave a good character of Swift. He was
impressive, I think, though such lecturing could not well be very
popular; and in some parts, if he were not poetical, he was picturesque.
He was nowhere obscure, nor were his sentences artificially con-
structed, though some of them, no doubt, savoured of his peculiar
manner.

June 2.— . . . I dined at Kenyon's, with a literary party: Reed,
the author of "Italy;" Dyce, the editor of "Old Plays," whom I was
very glad to see; H. N. Coleridge; and especially Talfourd, the author
of "Ion;" with a few others. Talfourd I was glad to see, but he dis-
appointed me. He is no doubt a poet of genius, within certain limits,
and a very hard-working, successful lawyer, but he is a little too fat,
red-faced, and coarse in his appearance. . . . He talks strikingly rather
than soundly, defending Cato, for instance, as an admirable poetical
tragedy; and was a little too artificial and too brilliant, both in the
structure and phraseology of his sentences and in the general tone of
his thoughts. . . . However, we got along very well together, and
about eleven o'clock I took him to Babbage's, where there was a grand
assembly, lords and bishops in plenty. . . . The only person to whom
I was introduced that I was curious about was Bulwer, the novelist;
a white-haired, white-whiskered, white-faced fop, all point device, with
his flowing curls and his silk-lined coat, and his conversation to match
the whole. . . .

June 3.—We began the day with a breakfast at Miss Rogers's, in her
nice house on Regent's Park, which is a sort of imitation—and not a bad
one either—of her brother's on St. James's. She has some good pic-
tures, among which is Leslie's Duchess and Sancho, the best thing of his
I have seen of late years; and she keeps autographs, curiosities, and ob-
jects of virtù, just like her brother. Best of all, she is kind and good-
humoured, and had invited very pleasant friends to meet us,—Leslie,
Babbage, Mackintosh, and her brother, who was extraordinarily agree-
able, and made us stay unreasonably late.

We then made some visits P. P. C., and on coming home received
many, which we were sorry to receive, because they were intimations
that our expected departure would hardly permit us to see these kind
friends again. . . . As soon as they were gone I hurried out to dine
at Holland House. It was a larger party than is quite common at that
very agreeable round table. . . . We dined, of course, in the grand
Gilt Room, and had at table Mr. Ellice, one of Lord Melbourne's first
cabinet, and brother-in-law of Lord Grey; Lady Cowper and her
daughter, Lady Fanny,—mater pulchra, filia pulchrior; Lord John
Russell, the Atlas of this unhappy administration; . . . Lord and
Lady Morley; Stanley, of the Treasury; Gayangos,—the Spaniard
I was desirous to see, because he is to review Prescott's book; and Sir
Francis Head. . . . It was certainly as agreeable as a party well
could be. I took pains to get between Head and Gayangos at
dinner, because I wanted to know them both. The Spaniard—about
thirty-two years old, and talking English like a native, almost—I
found quite pleasant, and full of pleasant knowledge in Spanish and
Arabic, and with the kindliest good-will towards "Ferdinand and Isabella."

Sir Francis Head, on the contrary,—a little short man, with quick, decisive motions, and his reddish hair cut very close to his head,—I found somewhat stiff; but the difficulty, as I soon discovered, was, that he did not feel at his ease, knowing that he is out of all favour with the present administration, two or three of the leading members of which were at table. However, Lord Holland's genial good-nature in time thawed all reserve, and before we followed the ladies into the grand old library the conversation was as free as possible. Sir Francis, however, I observed, made his escape early.

The rest of us stayed very late, gossiping and talking over odd books, old Spanish manuscripts, and the awkward state of parties in England. I was sorry to come away, for I shall never be there again; but it was nearly one o'clock when I reached the Brunswick.

*June 4.—We breakfasted at Milman's, in his nice, comfortable establishment in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, with only Mr. and Miss Rogers and Rio, a Frenchman learned in what relates to the Middle Ages, and who, from talking English very well, has had good success in London literary society of late. They were all pleasant, Rogers especially so. I was amused, and not sorry, to hear him say that Balmer, though of a good old family, and enjoying a certain degree of popularity, had never been able to establish for himself a place in the best London society. He added, that he himself had never seen him so as to know him, though he supposed he must have met him in large parties; a curious fact, considering Rogers's own universality. He urged us again to dine with him to-morrow, said he would give up dining abroad himself and insure us seats at the opera, to see Taglioni, who appears for the first time; in short, he was exceedingly kind. But it is out of the question. To-morrow is our last day in London. . . .

*June 5.—. . . We went to breakfast at Kenyon's, where we met Davies Gilbert,—the former President of the Royal Society,—Guilemard, young Southey, and Mr. Andrew Crosse, of Somersetshire, who has made so much noise of late with his crystallized minerals, formed by galvanic action, and especially with the insects that appeared in some experiments with acids and silica. The object of the breakfast was to show these minerals and insects, and they are really very marvellous and curious.

Crosse, too, is worth knowing; a fine, manly, frank fellow, of about fifty years old, full of genius and zeal. It was an interesting morning, but it was ended by a very sad parting; for Kenyon is an old and true friend, and when he stood by the carriage door as we stepped in, we could none of us get out the words we wanted to utter.

Leaving London on the 6th of June, Mr. Ticknor and his family embarked at Portsmouth on the 10th, on board a sailing

* M. A. F. Rio, author of "La Poésie Chretienne," etc.
packet. The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic, the Sirius, made its first voyage from England to the United States that spring; but, when Mr. Ticknor was obliged to decide on the mode of his return, she had not been heard from, and he did not think it wise to risk the safety of his family on such a new experiment.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival at Home.—Letters to Miss Edgeworth, Mr. Legaré, Prince John of Saxony, Count Circourt, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Kenyon, and others.—Death of Mr. Legaré.

MR. TICKNOR'S second return from Europe resembled the first in the happiness it brought, and in the warmth of affection with which he was greeted by his friends and kindred, but differed from it in the character of his general reception; for he was not now simply a young man of brilliant promise, but he had, by his talents and character, made a mark in the community, and his absence had been distinctly felt. A visit to Europe, especially one of so long duration, was still a rare event, and the return of such a man, after such an absence, was a matter of no common interest. Almost as soon as he entered the rooms provided for him at the Tremont House, the parlour was entirely filled by friends and acquaintances—some of whom had met him at the station—eager to welcome him; and while he remained there, many hours of each day were occupied by these cordial greetings. His love of home, his pride in his country, and his preference for a regular, domestic life, always—as has already been said—made him regard his absences as periods taken out of his legitimate life; and he now resumed, as quickly as possible, his share in the interests of his native sphere.

For a year or more after his return, he and his family still lived somewhat like travellers, visiting various relatives and friends during the two summers, and in the winter and spring, while in Boston, passing a few weeks at an hotel, and five months under the hospitable roof of their friend, F. C. Gray. In September, 1839, they were able to return to their house in Park Street, which had been rented for four years, and at the expiration of that time had required some renovation and change.

During the succeeding years, Mr. Ticknor's correspondence with friends, both in America and in Europe, became more in-
teresting than before; but it contains few allusions to his personal occupations, or the daily incidents of his life. It shows the strong feeling he had for the progress of his country, and his desire to have it better understood abroad; and it is always full of a warm-hearted interest in whatever concerned those to whom he was personally attached.

The frequent reference to political subjects in his letters, especially at a later period, will be observed, not only as somewhat unexpected from a man devoted to scholarly and literary pursuits, but as opposed to the impression entertained by those who knew him only slightly, that he was indifferent to matters of government and politics. That he had strong convictions and intelligent opinions on all the political movements of his time in his own country, that he observed carefully, and watched with interest what may be called comparative politics, historical and contemporaneous, will readily be seen. The formation of his views was the result of influences, some of which were peculiar in his case.

One of his marked characteristics was loyalty to truth; and he always felt that this virtue could be maintained in politics, as in everything else. He thought that in our written Constitution we had a standard of political truth and integrity to which it was always safe and patriotic to conform. He therefore belonged to whatever party in the country gave the most trustworthy assurance of adhering to the Constitution and preserving the Union, with least variation from the principles of its founders. He belonged to a generation which began life while yet the discussions connected with the first creation of the United States government were fresh in men's minds; when the opinions of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams were familiarly known; and he lived through a period when the progress of the nation was remarkably rapid, well-balanced in material, moral, and intellectual growth, and guided by men of worth as well as of ability. As his generation began to pass away, an enormous material development, immense immigration, and eager divergence into sectional parties, changed the character of the country in several important respects.

His intercourse in Europe with men distinguished both as leading statesmen and as political thinkers; his pursuit, even at Göttingen, of studies calculated to make him a competent observer of the public life, the statesmen, and the governments of different lands,—all trained his judgment and quickened his insight into similar subjects at home.
In consequence of this, he took, for more than fifty years, as keen an interest in all the active political thought of his time, as if he himself had been concerned in its creation or its control. His ability and his sagacity will be differently estimated by different readers; but his interest, and the breadth, wisdom, and elevation of his desires for his country, will be apparent to all. He loved his native land, and always fulfilled the duties imposed on private citizens with the privileges of a free government. That he was thought sometimes desponding about the success of our institutions grew, probably, out of the eagerness and emphasis which he often put into the expression of that consciousness of our dangers, from which no man, with his antecedents and his point of view, could escape; but which to younger men, of a generation marked by a spirit of *laissez-faire* and sanguine confidence, seemed exaggerated and depressing.

His conversation showed his sense of the responsibility which rests on every man of thought and integrity to transmit to others the great truths and traditions he has received as an inheritance from those before him; to discountenance opinions which he is satisfied are dangerous to civilization and to healthy progress (a duty, as he once wrote, especially important where the government rests on public opinion); and to promote, so far as in him lies, the sovereignty of law and justice.

When a young law student, 1813—15, Mr. Ticknor belonged to the Federalist party, and he always adhered to its creed, calling himself, in his latest years, an "old Federalist." In those early days he wrote political articles for the newspapers, and was somewhat a partisan; but after his first return from Europe he did not renew either this spirit or that habit.

Mr. George T. Curtis furnishes the following anecdote, which is associated with this subject: "I chanced," he says, "at a public dinner in Boston, on some political occasion, to sit next to a gentleman of some literary celebrity, who, although he resided in the neighbourhood, was not intimately acquainted with Mr. Ticknor, and who did not know that he was my kinsman. In the course of the evening he spoke with some asperity of Mr. Ticknor, as a man who never voted at elections. I told him he was entirely mistaken; that Mr. Ticknor had always voted at elections, when he was at home; that I had very often gone with him to the polls, and when I had not done so, I knew that he had voted, and how. This statement occasioned some surprise among those who heard it, and who had been in the habit of regarding Mr. Ticknor as a man who held himself
entirely aloof from all sympathy in the political questions that agitated his country or his State." Abundant testimony could be gathered on this point, as his friends and family know that he never failed to vote at municipal, State, and general elections.

Premising that, from this time forward, all his winters—except one—during the remainder of his life were passed in Boston, and that the summers of 1840, 1841, and 1842 were spent in a quiet spot on the sea-shore,—partly described in the letters,—we give a selection from the correspondence, in chronological order.

To Earl Fitzwilliam.

Boston, October 17, 1838.

My dear Lord Fitzwilliam,—. . . . Since we saw you, we have seen a good deal of our own country, . . . . and I cannot express to you how much I have been struck with the progress everything has made during the three years of our absence. And yet, during those years, we have passed through the severest commercial embarrassments we have ever experienced, and have sustained losses which almost anywhere else would have left deep, if not dangerous traces. But the truth is, the condition of the lowest classes of the people is so truly comfortable, there is so much thrift and prosperity among them, and, above all, so much education, intelligence, and domestic happiness and purity, that the changes which affect the condition of the rich, reach them almost very slowly, and generally not at all. . . . . I witness, therefore, wherever I go, nothing but proofs of improvement,—houses everywhere just built and building; villages and hamlets starting, as it were, from the earth before me; three railroads just opened into this city; steamboats plying in all directions; and all the signs of activity and success, an activity and success which belong not to a few, or to a class, but to the whole people. . . . .

Education is advancing more rapidly, even, than wealth is accumulated. . . . . Indeed, if we can keep the relations of domestic life as true and as pure as they now are, and continue the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and intelligence through the whole people, I know not that we can ask anything more for the country. Our free institutions will then have a fair chance; and if they fail, they will fail from the inherent faults of such institutions, and not from the unfaourable circumstances under which the experiment will be tried. . . . .

To Miss Maria Edgeworth, Edgeworthtown.

Boston, U.S.A., March 6, 1839.

Dear Miss Edgeworth,—. . . . We have been at home long enough to feel quite settled; and we are very happy in it. Our family
circle is large, and the circle of kind friends much larger. The town, too, is a good town to live in. It is a part of my enjoyments,—and one that I feel deeply,—that in this town of 80,000 inhabitants,—or, with the suburban towns, 120,000,—where there is a great deal of intellectual activity and cultivation, there is no visible poverty, little gross ignorance, and little crime.

. . . The principle, that the property of the country is bound to educate all the children of the country, is as firmly settled in New England as any principle of the British Constitution is settled in your empire; and as it is alike for the interest of the majority, who have but little of the property that is taxed to pay for the education, and for the interest of the rich, who protect their property by this moral police, it is likely to be long sustained, as it is now sustained, by universal consent. But, though I do not foresee the effects, it requires no spirit of prophecy to show that they must be great; and can they be anything but good? The present effect, which I feel every day, is, that Boston is a happy place to live in, because all the people are educated, and because some of them, like Dr. Channing, Mr. Norton, and Mr. Prescott, who have grown out of this state of things, and Mr. Webster, and others, who could have been produced in no other than this state of things, are men who would be valued in any state of society in the world, and contribute materially to render its daily intercourse agreeable. . . .

. . . Among the books republished here, and of which more copies have been sold in America than were sold of the original edition in England, is Lockhart’s Life of Sir Walter, about which you ask. It is a most interesting book, and has greatly interested the multitudes here, who feel that Scott belongs to us as he does to you, and who thank God that Milton’s language is our mother-tongue, and Shakespeare’s name compatriot with our own. But the ocean that rolls between us operates like the grave on all personal and party feelings; and our thoughts and feelings towards such as Sir Walter and yourself are as impartial, at least, if not as wise and decisive, as the voice of posterity. We were, therefore, pained by some parts of this book. . . . To the admirers of Sir Walter in America, who knew him only as they know Shakespeare, part of what is in Lockhart was an unwelcome surprise, much more so than it was in England, where the weaknesses of his character were known to many. Sir Walter, therefore, does not stand, in the moral estimation of this country, where he did.

Perhaps Lockhart could not avoid this, certainly he could not avoid it entirely, but there is one thing he could have avoided; I mean printing some of the letters, and some parts of the private journal. No doubt the letters, generally, are the most delightful part of the whole work, and if all had been like those to you, they would have given only pleasure. But in some of them Sir Walter is made to expose himself. There was no need of this, and it has given great pain. Some day I hope we shall see all the letters you were so kind as to show us at Edgeworthtown. Two or three of them do him more honour than any in Lockhart. Nothing, however, can prevent the
book from being a painful one. I felt, in reading it, as if I were wit-
nessing the vain and cruel struggles of one driven forward by the
irresistible fate of the old Greek tragedians. . . .

To H.R.H. Prince John, Duke of Saxony.

Boston, U.S.A., May 17, 1839.

My dear Lord,—I received in the summer of year before last a
kind letter from you, in reply to mine from Florence about Carlo
Troya, and I intended to have done myself the honour to thank you
for it; but constant travelling, with the occupations consequent
upon my return home, have thus far prevented me. But our recol-
clections of Dresden, and of all the kindness we received there, are
too deep and sincere to permit us to neglect any opportunity of
recalling ourselves to the memories of those to whom we owe so
much.

I am the more anxious to write to you now, because I wish to offer
you a book published last year by one of my most intimate friends;
the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by Mr. William H. Prescott,
of this city, a work which has obtained great success in England as
well as in this country, and which is beginning to be known in France
and Germany. Our friend Count Circourt published an elaborate
review of it lately in the "Bibliothèque Universelle," giving it great
praise; and Hallam, Southey, and others of the best judges in England,
have placed it equally high. I wish to offer it to you, therefore, as a
specimen of the progress of letters in this country at the present time,
and I think it will give you pleasure to look over it. To Baron
Lindenau I send, by the same conveyance, a Commentary on the
"Mécanique Céleste" of La Place, which marks the limit of our
advancement in the exact sciences.

But everything with us makes progress. I am struck with it on all
sides, since I came home, after an absence of three or four years. I
wish, indeed, that in some respects our progress were less rapid, for I
should then feel that it would be more safe, and that its results would
be more solid. But there is no remedy for the evil, if it be in fact an
evil, which the future only can prove; for progress—rapid, inevitable
progress in wealth, in education, in civilization—is the very law
of our condition, and its impulse is irresistible. We all feel and
obey it.

I am very anxious to hear of the publication, or rather the printing,
of your translation of the "Purgatorio." It must, I think, by this
time be out of the press. . . .

And now, my dear Prince, I pray you to keep us in your kind
thoughts, for we always think of you and of our pleasant winter in
Dresden with gratitude. Offer too, we pray you, our respectful homage
to the King and Queen. . . .

Ever, my dear Prince, very faithfully yours,

George Ticknor.

9 By Dr. Bowditch.
To Hugh S. Legaré, Charleston, S. C.

Boston, December 29, 1839.

My dear Legaré,—After the old Anglo-Saxon fashion, I wish you a Happy New Year, and doubt not my greeting will find you well in possession of it; for your letter has a cheerful tone about it. You were just arrived at your own home,—if such a desperate bachelor as you are has anything, or deserves to have anything, that is such a real comfort,—and your heart seemed to feel light. I rejoice at it, and counsel you, while you make the most of what you have, to add the rest,—as it were the shirt to the ruffle,—as soon as you find a good chance. Your present wheels, like those of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea, will drive more heavily the farther you go in your journey....

It is true, as you say, that our old friend Hita, or Hyta, speaks doubtfully of the place where the glorious Alonso de Aguilar, of the Ballads, fell. But there is really no doubt about it. It was in the Sierra Vermeja. One of the most picturesque passages in the history of any country is the account by old Mendoza, of an expedition by the Duke of Arcos, in the days of what is quaintly called the Rebellion of the Moors,—say 1570,—and of his finding in the Vermeja the bones of those that perished with Alonso; a passage you will enjoy the more if you will compare it with Tacitus' account of the finding, by Germanicus, of the bones of Varus' lost legion, which the old Spaniard has so exquisitely used, and stolen, as to make his very theft a merit and a grace. Do read it. It is in the fourth book of the proud old courtier, and fully confirms the ballad....

Gray, Prescott, and the rest of tutta quella schiera,—as you call it, and you might have added benedetta,—are well. We dined together yesterday, and wanted you cinquième, Sparks being the fourth. We are all well in my house, and enjoy a quiet winter and many most agreeable evenings. I am teaching five or six very nice girls, of sixteen to nineteen, who belong to my family, to understand and love Milton, and it is a great pleasure to find how they take to it.

Yours always,

G. T.

To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, December 31, 1839.

My dear Charles,—... The world goes on here, inside and

1 The Hon. Hugh Swinton Legaré, already mentioned more than once (see vol. i. chapters xiv., xxiii., and xxiv.), had gradually reached a position of much eminence in the United States. He was a statesman, with opinions and views of the broadest character, who, in the nullification troubles in his native State of South Carolina, in the years 1832—33, was a firm and influential adherent of the Union, in opposition to the local sentiment of the State. The friendship between him and Mr. Ticknor grew warmer, and their intercourse more frequent. Mr. Legaré had been a member of Congress, but was at this time (December, 1839) practising his profession (the law) with almost unrivalled distinction in South Carolina.
outside my domicile, much after its old rate. The money market is
easier, business men less anxious, and the prospect of getting into new
scrapes and embarrassments, from Eastern or Western lands, up-town
lots, or other absurdities, very promising. The opinion here is that
money will be a drug in April, and the consequence of that, I suppose,
is inevitable. Old Mr. Lyman used to say he never knew anybody
learn anything by experience; and the Yankees, nowadays, seem to
justify his wisdom, or sarcasm. Whereupon, I hold it judicious to
sell out all bank, insurance, and other stocks, whether fancy or not,
and live on mortgages and such small deer, till the succession of gales
now blowing, and of political parties now fighting, are pretty much
gone by, and things are settled down into some sort of peace and
order; for, considering how much we are under the fluctuations of
foreign affairs as well as domestic follies, and, taking Louis Philippe,
the Chartists, the North-Eastern Boundary, and the South-Western
bankruptcy, all into the computation, a close reef is better than a flow-
ing sheet. "Ye have what I advise," as Beelzebub said braggingly,
after he had counselled "ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,"—a parallel
to my case, if you like so to call it.

.... We are all well; my wife famously, and the bairns thrivingly.
Whiggery is low. I never thought much of it, and now less than
ever, since the Whigs have chosen a nullifier and a sub-treasury man
for Speaker. 2 2 2. But we shall get settled some time or other, and
so will you in Maine. When will you get your land on the Mada-
waska, and when will you get pay for your frolic last winter? How-
ever, laissez-aller. It is a new year. Love to all.

Yours always,

G. T.

To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, May 12, 1840.

Guizot's essay on the character of Washington is admirable, and
Hillard has done justice to it in the translation. As soon as it is out
I pray you to read it, and cause it to be read in your purlieus. It is a
salutary document, and as beautiful as it is salutary; full of states-
manlike wisdom, and with an extraordinary insight into the state of
our affairs, in their most troublesome and difficult times. Moreover
no man, I think, has rendered such ample and graceful justice to
Washington's character. Brougham's sketch is an ordinary piece of
shallow rhetoric compared to it.

I received a few days ago from our old friend, Professor Smyth, the
two first volumes of his lectures on history; a genial work, like him-
self, and, if not a regular abstract of dates and events, a work as well
fitted as any I have ever seen to rouse up the minds of young men
and induce them to inquire and learn for themselves. . . . The
rather irregular mode in which it is all done adds, perhaps, to its
effect, by giving it the same air of frankness and sincerity that marks

2 R. M. T. Hunter.
his own character and talk, and are more persuading than anything formal ever is.

We are all well. For the last week we have had five nieces staying with us, and so have made a merry time of it; but in a day or two they will go home and leave us to ourselves. It is perhaps time, on some accounts. We have had our house full a large part of the winter.

TO MISS MARIA EDGEWORTH, EDGEWORTHTOWN.

July 10, 1840.

You ask me, dear Miss Edgeworth, to give you some account of the state of metaphysics in this country, desiring, I think, chiefly to be informed of their practical effect on life and character among us. It is very kind in you thus to give me an opportunity of speaking to you, and so keeping up a little of that intercourse which, during the few days we were at Edgeworthtown, was so truly delightful to us. But I do not know that I should venture to take you at your word, if the story were not a very short one; for I think you have as little fancy for metaphysics, taken in the common and popular sense of the word, as I have; and that a history of them, given at any length, would be very wearisome to you.

Luckily we are a practical people, perhaps a little too much given to the merely useful, but we are eminently a practical people. If therefore, we are at any time attacked by the metaphysical disease, we must, like the Scotch, necessarily have it lightly. It cannot become chronic or permanent in the constitution, as with the more spiritualized and imaginative Germans. Indeed, I doubt whether we should, at any period of our history, have been metaphysically inclined, if our popular theology had not long been of a character so peculiar.

The Assembly’s Catechism and other similar works, acutely metaphysical, were the books in almost universal use among us, and the only truly great metaphysical work we have produced is the type and complement of such a state of things.\(^3\)

No doubt such sort of reading as this, which was the popular reading in New England, where everybody read, had a considerable effect on the character of the people for a time. One of the most practically wise statesmen now alive has often told me, that we never should have had our Revolution, if all the people had not been, for a century, in the habit of discussing the Westminster Assembly’s Catechism. And there is more truth in the odd jest than at first appears.

However, as I said before, we are a practical people,—eminently so,—and it was not possible metaphysics should become part of our constitution. Since, therefore, our revolutionary condition has passed away,—revolutionary, I mean, in intellectual movement as well as political,—and has given place to a more settled state of things, we have shown little tendency to metaphysical discussions or controversies. Even Calvinism, where it exists, has lost much of its theoretical philo-

\(^3\) Edwards on “The Freedom of the Will.”
LETTER TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

sophical character and severity; and the other religious sects, seeing to what absurdities the Calvinists were so long carried, by their perverse intellectual philosophy, have been—especially for the last five-and-twenty years—even more afraid than was reasonable of the logical deductions to which their systems may lead them.

Still, there is, at this moment, a tendency in a few persons among us to a wild sort of metaphysics, if their publications deserve so dignified a name. . . . But such discussions come from a source totally different from that of the hard metaphysics of the old school, and are going in quite an opposite direction. They are of German origin, and within the last few years have been modified and rendered grotesque by a free infusion from the school of Carlyle, whose follies of form and style they have adopted, without finding any of his power. . . .

I do not mean, however, by what I have said, that we are careless of what is valuable in practical metaphysics. On the contrary, in relation to this really important portion of the science, we were never so much in earnest. In proof, I send you the account, given in two successive reports of the Blind Asylum, in this city, partly on the education of a child, who, at the age of two years, wholly lost her eyes and hearing, who has a very imperfect taste, and no smell at all; in short, a child who . . . has no idea of the external world, and no means of communicating with it but through the sense of touch. The great question, of course, was how to educate her, how to give her any ideas, and open a communication between her and the outer world. It was a question hard for any ingenuity of intellectual philosophy or practical metaphysics to solve. . . .

After being in the Institution a little more than three years, she has been brought to the incredible point of writing—quite alone—a letter to her mother, of which a fac-simile is given in the Report for 1840. . . . She is an intelligent, rapidly improving, happy, gay child. Now, this I call practical metaphysics, and rejoice in it; and when the book is printed about her,—that will be printed when her education is further advanced,—it will, if I mistake not, awaken the attention of the wiser sort of intellectual philosophers throughout the world; such philosophers, I mean, as you and I, who care to make people happy, and not to make them crazy or quarrelsome. . . .

To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, December 3, 1840.

The great political question which you were in doubt about . . . has been triumphantly settled. Yesterday the flag on the top of our State House showed what was going on below, and I could not help thinking what a beautiful and provident arrangement it was, that made it necessary to cast the Electoral vote on the same day, and at nearly the same hour, through all the States. And this brought me to think of the convention that made the Constitution, and the Madison papers. Have you looked them over? I say looked over, for it is not likely many people will read them through. I have done as much, I suppose, as I ever shall with them, and was struck with the
moderate amount of talent, knowledge, and practical skill in government that was shown in the whole body. Nor was I displeased to see that it was so; for it gave so much the more prominence and value to their honesty. I do not believe that so honest a body of men was ever collected, for a similar purpose, since the world was made; and it was their honesty, their sincere desire to fulfill the great duty for which they were appointed, which, under God, saved us,—not their talent or their wisdom,—and gave us the best form of government that was ever made.

And this I regard as a fact in the history of nations, and in the development of God's providence in political affairs of almost unrivalled importance, and full of benefits to the future. It seems from it, as if honesty could do almost anything; and when we see what has been doing the past years, and a long way back, it seems almost to prove the converse of the proposition, and show that talents alone can do nothing,—can bring nothing to pass that will last. Pray make a speech to that effect when you go to the Senate; or, if you think it would make friends and enemies, all round, think you are crazy, give my respects to Dr. Nichols, and ask him to preach upon it next Fast Day. It is no paradox; it is a great truth, and the Old Convention is as striking and weighty an illustration of it, at the same time, as could be asked for.

To Hugh S. Legaré.

BOSTON, June 16, 1841.

My dear Legaré,—Your letter came last Saturday morning, and the same day there dined with me Allston, Prescott, Longfellow, and Hillard, the editor of Spenser. You ought to have been there, for we had a good time, wholly extempore, by accidental coming together, and it is the last gathering under my roof-tree, till the cool weather and longer evenings make such things worth while. Meanwhile we are to be found at Wood's Hole, the extreme southerly point of Falmouth, at the bend of Cape Cod, where, as the saying goes, there is nothing but Ticknors and fish. We shall, however, expect you if you come into these parts, . . . and when you get there you will find a decent inn, containing, in general, nobody but ourselves and our servants, the thermometer never above 76°, no dust, no noise, no insects,—except flies,—no company; a plenty of Spanish books, fish, and sea-bathing. . . . Perhaps you can arrange to come with Mr. Jeremiah Mason, or some of our friends who will be coming to taste the cool air on our Point, which is exactly opposite the Elizabeth Islands. . . . We go in three days, and stay till the end of September. . . .

Meantime, I shall receive and read your libellus on Demosthenes with great interest, and, I dare say, with the same delight with which I read your account of Demus himself.4 It will, no doubt, savour of that ingrained love of political life which will never come out of you

4 Articles on "Demosthenes" and "Athenian Democracy," written by Mr. Legaré for the "New York Review."
except with all the rest that is in you. As the Spanish girl tells her sister about love, in one of the old Ballads,—

"No saldra del alma
Sin salir con ella."

So the next thing I shall hear of you, after all your Greek and Spanish, will be a seat in the House of Representatives, or a foreign mission. But first you must come here, and swear, like the knight, that it is all nought, and I will believe nothing of what you say, nor even do you the grace to think you perjured.

TO HON. HUGH S. LEGARÉ, WASHINGTON.\(^5\)

January 2, 1842.

Many thanks for your kindness to the Lyells.\(^6\) They deserved it. You give us the last news we get of them, and the last, perhaps, we ever shall get, if your account of the storm in which they left Washington is to be taken without mitigation. But I suspect you politicians there are so in the habit of exaggeration, that fiction, half the time, comes as handy as fact. At the latest dates, I notice, the Treasury was so empty that the draft of the proper officer, to procure funds to pay members of Congress, was refused. I wish I could believe it. The rule of the Chinese, in relation to their doctors, would apply admirably to all of you at Washington; for they of the Celestial Empire pay their physicians a salary, which stops the moment the payer becomes indisposed, and is renewed as soon as he is well again. And I would pay you all for the time you are not in Washington, cutting off your rations the instant you go there, and begin to talk and act. Besides all other benefits, we should get some of you here at the North, "the quarters of the North,"—Satan's kingdom, you know,—where we would make merry excellently; better in a winter's visit than even in a summer's.

Morpeth 7 went off a week ago, having given us rather a severe tour of duty here in the way of dining out. You will have him in Washington about the 20th, I suppose, and will entertain him there, no doubt, with bull-fights on the floor of the House, and perhaps a gay affair or so at the President's. But go your ways. You are not to be mended. He is a good-natured fellow, cultivated and intelligent, and generous of everything but his own opinions, of which I think you shall get no great profit. We liked him.

We are all well, and have just gone through a Merry Christmas—really and truly merry—and a really happy New Year. All good wishes we send you; and shall expect to have yours in return, very soon, to stow away with the rest in our great treasury, upon which you, too, may draw when you like, and find it, perchance, sounder and

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5 Mr. Legaré was now Attorney-General of the United States.

6 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyell, afterwards Sir Charles and Lady Lyell.

7 Afterwards seventh Earl of Carlisle, died 1864.
safer than anything you are likely to make in Washington this year. Addio, caro.

G. T.

TO HON. HUGH S. LEGARÉ, WASHINGTON.

March 4, 1842.

MY DEAR LEGARÉ,—

"They tell us 'tis our birthday, and we'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness,
'Tis what the day deserves," etc. 8

The four poor guns at sunrise this morning, instead of the hundred that ushered in the day last year at this time, 9 were an apt commentary on Mark Antony's drivelling, and much in the same key. Whiggery is over. Tylerism there never was any, 1 at least not in this part of Christendom. And if there had been symptoms of either, the legislature that adjourned last night, to the great delight of all sensible people, has done what it could to prevent the disease from breaking out. Besides the foolish and useless extra session, which the Whigs ordered by a strictly party vote, three quarters of them, with the governor at their head, went against a State tax; while the other quarter, with about four-fifths of the Locos, went for it, and lost it by a majority of eight, thus putting us into the same road of repudiation with other States, to the annoyance of every man in Boston whose opinion you or I should care a button about. 2 However, I was glad to see in the paper this morning, that one of the leading Democrats warned them yesterday, in his place, that "next year there will be a party in power who will dare to pay the State debt." Indeed it is not uncommon now, to hear good leading Whigs say, that "after all, we have made so many mistakes about banking, and currency, and such matters, that perhaps the other party have been as nearly right for the last ten years as we have, and that they may now try their hands at putting things in order." And certainly they are in great luck. You will just have gone through the whole odium of the bankrupt law, and the bankrupt banks; will have adjusted everything with England; and, in short, done up whatever disagreeable and dirty work Van Buren would have been unwilling to do, and then he will come in, with renewed strength, upon the sober third thought of the people, and sail upon a sea of glory to the end of his course. Huzza for Demus! 3

9 The inauguration of General Harrison, as President of the United States, occurred March 4, 1841.
1 Vice-President Tyler had succeeded to the office of President, on the death of General Harrison.
2 After the demise of the old Federal party, Mr. Ticknor voted with the Whigs, without being always ready fully to indorse their action.
3 The Democrats came in with Mr. Polk.
Webster's letter about the Creole, concerning which,\(^4\) of course, you may like to hear a word, excites some talk here, but not a great deal. Sumner is the only person I have met with who is vehement against it. But it is, of course, against the moral sense of our community, and though the legal sense will sustain it, that is not enough.

"Allá van leyes,
Adonde quieren reyes,"
says the old Spanish proverb; and as the people is King here in New England more than on any other spot of earth since the days of the saurians and ichthyosaurus,—who unquestionably made a pure democracy,—the people in the long run will settle the law of this matter as of others. We made a bargain with you south of Mason and Dixon’s line, and we mean to keep it; but when it comes to enforcing it, you must expect Venetian law, and nothing more. We shall give you the pound of flesh, but not a drop of blood. Negro slaves are property, by the Constitution of the United States,\(^5\) and we are willing to claim them as such for you, when by the act of God, or by violence, they fall into the British power. But by British law they are not property, and therefore, if England turns round and says she is too moral to recognize them as such, we shall reply, perhaps, that it comes with a very ill grace from her, after having for eight centuries recognized and profited by serfdom and slavery, and after having planted these very negroes here, two centuries ago, against our will; we may say this, I have no doubt, and gird at her well, in sundry well-written diplomatic notes; but if it grows more serious, and there is talk of fighting about it, we shall be a great deal too moral at the North to belong to the war party. Considering how direct taxes have been managed, we feel fully justified in being thus strict constructionists about this matter. The most we shall sustain you in doing, will be in making a good bargain for the protection of black property, going through those ugly Bahama shoals Webster talks about, if you are willing to set the matter on the coast of Africa right, so that we shall not favour the slave-trade as we do now, to our disgrace before all Christendom. Indeed, this is likely enough to be the whole amount of the game you are playing. Webster’s letter is very able; so able that, while it convinces many, it strengthens the Abolitionists, by showing how very disagreeable is the true constitutional ground, which hangs a man as a pirate, for having been willing to jeopard his life in order to obtain the freedom in which that same Constitution says he was born.

The moral I draw from all this is, that as you have nothing to hope as a Whig party, at Washington, I trust you will make up your minds.


\(^5\) For those who are not familiar with the details of our history and form of government, it may be well to say, that Mr. Ticknor here refers to the right to hold slaves as property, not as directly established by the Constitution of the United States, but as indirectly recognized in it, through the arrangements made for the basis of representation in Congress, and the extradition of fugitives.
to do your duty to the country, in such a way as to make it plain that you mean to do it, being beyond fear or favour.

Yours faithfully,

G. T.

TO REV. W. E. CHANNING, BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 20, 1842.

I am rejoiced to hear what you tell me, of Chancellor Kent's opinion, and I wish the Supreme Court of the United States might declare it to be the law of the land. On the subject of our relations with the South, and its slavery, we must—as I have always thought—do one of two things; either keep honestly the bargain of the Constitution, as it shall be interpreted by the authorities to whom we have agreed to confide its interpretation,—of which the Supreme Court of the United States is the chief and safest,—or declare honestly that we can no longer in our consciences consent to keep it, and break it. I therefore rejoice at every legal decision which limits and restrains the curse of slavery; both because each such restriction is in itself so great a good, and because it makes it more easy to preserve the Union. I fear the recent decision, in the case of Pennsylvania and Maryland, works the other way, but hope it will not turn out so, when we have it duly reported; and I fear, however the decisions may stand, that the question of a dissolution of the Union is soon to come up for angry discussion.6

TO PRINCE JOHN, OF SAXONY.

BOSTON, U.S.A., March 15, 1842.

MY LORD,—I received duly your very kind letter, and the beautiful copy of the translation of Dante's "Purgatorio" that accompanied it. For both, I pray you to accept my best thanks. As in the case of the "Inferno," I find the translation conscientiously accurate; but the notes are quite different from those you gave before, the "Inferno" requiring historical, and the "Purgatorio" requiring theological elucidations. With the last I have been extremely struck. It must have cost you great labour and a very peculiar course of study to enable you to prepare them. But they are worth all the trouble they gave you. From the "Ottimo Comento," through Landino, and so on, down to the last of the annotators, no one has made the metaphysical difficulties of the "Purgatorio" so intelligible. I trust you are employed on the "Paradiso," and that I shall soon enjoy the results at which you will arrive. Dante is a mare magnum for adventure, and every time I read him I make, or think I make, new discoveries.

I take the liberty to send you, with this, Stephens's work on the aboriginal antiquities found in the woods of Central America. You

6 Mr. Ticknor often said, that after his visit to Washington in 1824, he always felt that a civil war might grow, sooner or later, out of the question of slavery. He dreaded this, and always desired its postponement, if it could not be averted, on the ground that every year the resources of the North were strengthened, and its power to maintain the cause of the Union increased.
will find it, I think, very curious, especially in the comparisons it will suggest with the earliest remains of ancient art in Egypt and Asia.

In the same parcel you will find two newspapers, of the vast size in which they are often published in this country. The one printed at New York contains Mrs. Jameson's translation of the Princess Amelie's "Oheim;" the one printed in Boston contains an original translation of the "Verlobung." Of each of these papers eight or ten thousand copies were printed. Please to give those I send you, with my best respects, to the Princess. It will amuse her to see how popular she is in the New World.

My family are all well, and we have had great health and happiness and little sorrow since we saw you. We all remember Dresden, and its hospitalities, with much pleasure and gratitude, and hope we have friends there who will not entirely forget us. Mrs. Ticknor desires that her acknowledgments and compliments may be offered to you.

I remain, my dear Prince,

Very faithfully and affectionately yours,
GEORGE TICKNOR.

FROM PRINCE JOHN, OF SAXONY.

DRESDEN, 4 July, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have received, with great pleasure, your letter and the books and newspapers you had the kindness to send me. Mr. Stephens's work seems to be very interesting. I have, methinks, found some time ago a notice of it, in the "Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung." My sister being at this moment in Florence, the newspapers are to make a journey into the bel paese là dove 'l si suona. I am sure the author will be much charmed by it, being not insensible to success. The annotations and preface to the "Uncle" are very interesting for an European and German, because they show the difference of views and sentiments in the two peoples. Mrs. Jameson, the translator, was here, and is personally known to my sister.

I am glad you were content with the "Purgatorio" and my theological annotations to it. These last are—like all hardly-got children—favourite children with me. The translation of the "Paradiso" is finished, but the studies which I must undertake, for the annotation to it, are yet more difficult than they were for the "Purgatorio;" and yet I would not give out something incomplete, so that the publication of this last part may yet be deferred some time. But I console myself with the nonum prematur in annum of Horace.

I am charmed to hear that you have had no sorrow in your family. For myself, I cannot say quite the same thing. My wife has suffered this last spring from a very serious illness, which presented, even, one day, an immediate danger for her life, and was followed by a long and painful convalescence. . . . Now, by the mercy of God, I hope to be

7 Prince John always wrote to Mr. Ticknor in English, and the correspondence continued till the end of Mr. Ticknor's life.
almost relieved of every apprehension for the future. My children, likewise, were almost all more or less sick at the same time, yet none so seriously, and they are now all well again.

In Europe all is now peaceful, at least for the moment. The misfortune of Hamburgh has made a great sensation in the whole of Germany. Our affairs in Saxony, particularly, go on well. Trade and industry are flourishing, and agriculture, which was till now a little neglected, begins to make good progress.

You will, perhaps, find a notable difference in the character of my writing, and I hope not for the worse. I am indebted for this change to the New World, having taken, this winter, lessons in writing after the American method, as one calls it in Germany. Now, it may be, or not be, an invention of the New World. I, for my part, am very content with it, having till now been much censured for my bad writing.

I finish these lines by praying you to commend me to Mrs. Ticknor's recollection, and by the expressions of the highest consideration, with which I am

Your affectionate

JOHN, DUKE OF SAXONY.

TO REV. H. H. MILMAN, LONDON.

BOSTON, U.S.A., May 7, 1842.

My dear Sir,—A recent and most pleasant visit we have had from our mutual friends,—as I trust I may now call them,—the Lyells, reminds me that I owe an acknowledgment for your very agreeable letter, written to me last winter, and that I have a subject on which to speak to you, that will make you glad to listen to me. For I know you will always be glad to hear about the Lyells; and I am sure you can hear nothing from this side of the Atlantic about them which would not give you pleasure. Their visit has thus far certainly been successful. Mr. Lyell has found enough in the geology of the country to reward him for his trouble, and enough intelligent geologists to help him on, and show him what he wanted to see. After his long tour at the South, therefore, in the States where the presence of slavery infects everything, and renders the travelling—especially to strangers—disagreeable, he has just left us,—first stopping a fortnight in my family—for a still longer tour in the West and in Canada.

.... But to Mrs. Lyell these varieties, as far as they chance to be disagreeable, are not of consequence, so long as geology goes on well. She is one of those who "make a sunshine in a shady place," and I really believe she has enjoyed herself almost everywhere she has been. Certainly everybody has been delighted with her.

And this reminds me of what I said in a former letter about education in Boston, and your reply to it, that Boston is, probably, in advance of the other cities of the country in this respect. It is so. But Boston is often not in advance of the villages, and townships, in the interior of Massachusetts, and of New England. On the contrary, they are often in advance of us. In illustration of this, I send you what I regard as the most curious and important document, concerning
LETTER TO COUNT CIRCOURT. 167

popular education, that has ever been published. I mean one of the annual reports condensed—and agreeably condensed—from the returns made to the Legislature of Massachusetts for the 3103 public free schools of the State. . . . The whole of the statistics in this volume are, I think, curious; but I would call your attention to the subjects and books taught, to the money paid, and to the occasional remarks of the committee, nine out of ten of the members of which must have been originally educated in the schools they now control.

. . . I add for Mrs. Milman, with my best respects, a little volume recently printed by my friend Mr. Longfellow, asking her not to omit the Preface. Mr. Longfellow is just gone to the Rhine, to try to mend his health in some of its baths, and when he stops in London a few days next October, I will take the liberty to tell him he may call on you in my name, if you happen to be in town. He is a most amiable and agreeable person, of whom we are all very fond. Mrs. Ticknor desires her kind regards may be given to Mrs. Milman and yourself.

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

TO COUNT ADOLPHE DE CIRCOURT, PARIS.

BOSTON, MAY 30, 1842.

MY DEAR COUNT CIRCOURT,—In your very kind and most agreeable letter, written last February, you ask me to write to you on the political prospects of the United States. More than once I have determined to do so, but have been compelled to forbear, because everything was so unsettled, and it was so uncertain what course would be finally taken. Now, however, we begin, I think, to see some of the results at which we must, before long, necessarily arrive, and having something really to say, I shall have much pleasure in saying it to you. But you must bear in mind that it is in the nature of prophecy, and, therefore, rather consider it as the ground for your own speculations, than as anything more sure and solid. 8

The refusal of President Tyler, last summer, to sign the bill for a National Bank, gave, as you know, an opportunity to Mr. Clay to attempt to prevent Tyler from being again a candidate for the Presidency; indeed, to attempt to compel him to resign. In this last he failed, but he necessarily broke up the party of both of them,—the Whig party,—of which Mr. Clay retains much the larger portion, but of which neither has enough to command a majority in the nation, or in Congress. Of course, effectual measures cannot be taken, except under a great pressure of popular opinion, compelling Congress to act for the good of the nation. This is the present state of affairs, in

8 In writing to M. Legaré about this time on politics, Mr. Ticknor gives what he says "may be taken for the tone of opinion here at this moment, which I gather at Dr. Bowditch's old office [the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance office], where I am an unworthy vice-president, and where I meet most of the men whose affairs and opinions direct the times."
reference to practical legislation. President Tyler and his Cabinet are in a small minority, both in Congress and with the people.

Meantime, large portions of the country are suffering. At the South and South-west—where individuals and States borrowed rashly and unwisely—there is great distress. To individuals, the Bankrupt Law is bringing appropriate relief; but to the States, the process must be more slow. Some of them, like Illinois and Indiana, never will pay. They have not the means, and cannot get the means. They are honest and hopeless bankrupts, and will do what they can, but it will not be much. Others, like Mississippi,—which repudiated its obligations so shamelessly,—will be compelled to pay by the force of public opinion. Others, like Pennsylvania and Maryland, are troubled by the pressure of the times, but are able to pay, and have no thought of avoiding it or attempting to avoid it. All the rest—eighteen or twenty—are in no trouble, nor are likely to be. The lesson will have been an useful one, but the final loss, except in the atrocious case of the Pennsylvania United States Bank, will be small to any one. But Europe, I trust, will lend us no more money. It is for the benefit of both sides of the Atlantic that she should not. In New England our credit has been untouched, and our industry prosperous. At the South, and in the slave States, they are poor and growing poorer, even where they are not in debt.

Now at this moment the country is in debt, perhaps to the amount of twenty-five millions of dollars. The sum is trifling, no doubt, but it is wholly odious to the people to be in debt at all. The means, too, for raising a sufficient revenue are abundant; the country, notwithstanding the indebtedness of the five or six suffering States, and the multitudinous bankruptcies of individuals, is rich, and was never at any moment more productive than it is now. We could, without injury, bear taxation to thrice the amount that would be needful to put the finances of the general government into the best possible condition. But this subject can be approached only through a discussion and adjustment of the whole tariff; and the tariff is a name that, more than any other, rouses up the sectional feelings and interests, and disturbs the passions of the country. It must, however, be discussed and settled, and that, too, in the course of the months of June and July. The country requires it, and it must be done. That a really wise and judicious tariff will be made, I do not venture to hope; but no doubt, as it seems to me, a tariff equal to the wants of the government will be passed, and after that there will be no more talk of financial difficulties. It is quite ridiculous that they have ever existed, and has been wholly owing to the state of parties; but the mass of the people, who have been forgotten in the strife for office and power, are the real masters, and they have plainly determined that their interests shall no longer be sacrificed. Congress will obey, and, with the settled finances of the country, its prosperity will return.

On our foreign relations, I have always told you, I have no anxiety. Mr. Webster's wisdom and moderation are a guaranty for peace, and Lord Ashburton has so found it. Everything in our relations with England will be settled, and that speedily, and placed on a more
firm and satisfactory foundation than they have been before, since the two countries were separated. The only point of any real difficulty has been found to be the North-eastern Boundary. This Mr. Webster has skillfully composed, by asking Maine and Massachusetts to appoint commissioners, with full powers to consent to such an adjustment as they may deem satisfactory, and honourable, to their respective States. . . .

The other points—the affairs of the Creole and the Caroline, with the right of search on the coast of Africa, as explained by Lord Aberdeen—are very easy to adjust, and are in fact adjusted. The whole, too, has been done, as between the principal negotiators, in the best possible spirit. Mr. Webster told me the other day, that he did not think a person, more fitted to the place he fills than Lord Ashburton, could have been found in the Queen's dominions; and I understand Lord Ashburton, on his part, is equally well pleased. The English affairs, then, I consider settled; though, when the treaty comes before the Senate, there will be some factious opposition to it, and though you will not have the official annunciation for a couple of months. Mr. Webster's letter to the governor of Maine has done more for this result than any other thing. It was a capo d'opera, and left nothing for faction to take advantage of. . . .

The little affair of Rhode Island has tended, I think, to strengthen our institutions, by settling the principle that the people of a State have no right to change their Constitutions, except in the forms provided by law. The case was this. The Constitution, or Charter, of Rhode Island was one sufficiently absurd, which had been given by Charles II., and had long since ceased to be suited to the people. But the landholders, who had all the power, refused to give it up until lately, when the mass of the people became so exasperated that, without observing the forms prescribed by law, they made a Constitution for themselves, and undertook to carry it into practical operation. Everything but bloodshed followed; but the popular party was completely put down, and now a suitable Constitution will be legally formed and peaceably carried into execution. It constitutes a strong case, because the people were originally right, and only erred in the forms, and in the passions they indulged. But enough of politics.

To Hon. Hugh S. Legaré, Washington.

LEBANON SPRINGS, June 9, 1842.

Dear Legaré,—A nice place it is, to be sure, as you say, and I do not wonder that you spent sundry happy days here last summer, except that there were so many people in it. We came a week ago, and had the Prescotts and Gray, till day before yesterday, when they returned, and left us to enjoy this rich and beautiful nature quite alone. It is really delicious. Don't you think we can tempt you to

9 Judge and Mrs. Prescott, Mr. W. H. Prescott and his daughter, and Mr. F. C. Gray.
give up at Washington and come here? We can offer you the beautiful woods and valleys you know of, and as many sheep as your shepherd’s craft can manage. It would be better than being the Poimenos Laon; especially when the people don’t follow. Not a soul has disturbed our peaceful repose, except that Colonel Colden and the Dickenses came, one night after we were gone to bed, and cleared out the next day at noon, much grieved that the Shakers were so insensible to his widespread merit, and so little respecters of persons, as to refuse to show him any of their mysteries, or managements touching men or beasts. We have, therefore, all the endless piazzas of Mr. Bentley’s huge, out-squandered house, and all the fine drives in the Berkshire valleys, as much to ourselves as if there were no fashionables in New York; and, having stipulated beforehand for a separate establishment and table, we may hold out, perhaps, even after the first irruption begins. But, as soon as the Philistines are really upon us, we shall be gone; and that will no doubt be in the course of ten days. . . . Don’t tell of us, but come and see; a word I utter just as if it could have any meaning in political ears. Well, I am sorry for you. As old Cooper said, you were really made for better things, and, when you are fairly turned out of office, it is within the limits of a miraculous possibility that you should find it out. Perhaps the revelation will come to you at Woods’ Hole, which he of the Lamentations 1 calls my Patmos, or, more euphoniously, “Ticknor’s Patmos.”

. . . Write to me, and tell me of some glimpses of sunshine in Congress; some ground for rejoicing in the country; something that shall make a man submit more willingly to bear the name of an American. They that were in Hamburg when it was burnt up, or in Cape François when it was sunk, were better off than a citizen of the United States will be in London or Paris a year hence, if in the interval things go downward as fast as they have a year past. Take that to the next Cabinet meeting, and show it to President Tyler. They say he loves plain truth, and seldom gets it; but I rather think that, like other men, he gets as much as he wants, probably more.

Addio, caro. You see how this gentle nature mollifies mine, and makes me gracious beyond my wont.

Always yours in good faith,

Geo. T.

Mrs. T. sends kindest regards, and will shortly prepare a pastoral for you. My daughter, too, desires to be remembered. Piccinina talks of you. We all want to see you. My next, I suppose, will be from the Classic “Hole”—Jeremiah’s “Patmos”—a more euphuistic combination of four words than has been made since the days of Lily. I am vain of it.

You will probably gather from the bucolic entusimuzy of my letter that I never was in this part of the world before. It is so. All Berkshire is new to me; but I think we shall come here often hereafter. It is more agreeable, as well as more picturesque, than I expected.

1 Hon. Jeremiah Mason.
To William H. Prescott, Nahant.

Woods’ Hole, Sunday, August 14, 1842.

My dear William,—You will be glad to hear that the rest of your manuscript is safe. We were just ready for it, having, a few hours before it came, reached the antepenultimate chapter of the first portion of the manuscript. Last night, when we went to bed, we left poor Montezuma moaning out his life, in the hands of his atrocious conqueror. I cannot bear to have his sufferings prolonged, and as the next chapter despatches him, we shall go through it at once. I should feel much more satisfaction if it were Cortes himself, who richly deserves all that Montezuma suffers, and more too.

Meanwhile, I am going slowly through the whole the second time; not having, till to-day, finished the second book. The first time going over, especially in the more interesting and exciting passages, I am quite unable to attend to the smaller matters of style and phraseology. But what I do note is put on separate paper. Afterwards it is jotted down, in pencil, on your manuscript. The whole is not much; and even in the little I have seen fit to mark, I do not suppose you will often agree with me, and shall never know whether you do or not, for they are trifles so unimportant that I shall not remember them myself, when I read again the same passages.

There can be no doubt of your success. The subject is not so grand and grave, and you do not have such opportunity for wisdom and deep inquiry, as in “Ferdinand and Isabella,” but it is much more brilliant and attractive. It reads like romance, and there is a sort of epic completeness about it, which adds greatly to its power and effect. But these are things we will talk about hereafter.

We are all well and have gone on with great quietness and peace since I wrote you last. Mr. Mason and his two daughters spent three days here, last week; but they were upstairs all the forenoons, so that I have been lord of all below. In the afternoon Jeremiah came out with his politics, dark enough. But Gallio careth for none of these things. We deserve what we get, and shall deserve it if we get worse. Tyler will, I think, take a full loco-foco Cabinet, and sail on a sea of glory to the end of his term, when he will disappear, and never be heard of afterwards. In six months it will be matter of historical doubt whether such a man ever existed.

Addio, caro.

G. T.

To Hon. Hugh S. Legaré, Washington.

Boston, October 2, 1842.

My dear Legaré,—You will be curious to know how Webster’s speech has taken with the people here; and as there is no question about it, I write just a line to say that the success is extraordinary. I did not hear it, but all who were there say the effect was prodigious.

2 Manuscript of the “Conquest of Mexico.”
3 This speech was to explain Mr. Webster’s course in remaining in the Cabinet of President Tyler. See Curtis’s “Life of Webster,” vol. ii. p. 142.
The excitement in the afternoon, about town, was obvious in walking through the streets, where knots of men were everywhere discussing it. Next day,—yesterday,—on 'Change, it was plain the effect was produced. Things had taken a new turn. Mr. Webster will be let alone, to do as he likes. The courage by which this has been accomplished is the most remarkable thing about it, in my estimation; the next, the perfect tact with which it was done, notwithstanding the resentment he felt, which must constantly have prompted him to go too far. The Prophet \(^4\) was present, and was filled with admiration. So was everybody, down to my tailor, bookseller, and bookbinder. Webster, I think, is looked on as a greater man to-day in Boston than he ever was before; certainly he is more felt to have been injured. ... We left Patmos on Wednesday morning. ... That villainous hoarseness, and slight cough, which disturbed my lady wife when you were with us, is not wholly gone, and, therefore, it is not unlikely we shall take a turn of a few days on the Worcester Hills, —the sovereign'st thing on earth for such a cold. I am quite resolved it shall not run into the cold weather, else I might be obliged to bring her as far south as Washington,—a nauseous medicament, not to be thought of except in the failure of all others. However, I have no fear of such a dose, and only mention it by way of mere impertinence.

We missed you grievously; but played a few games of whist through our tears the night after.

**To Hon. Hugh S. Legaré, Washington.**

Boston, October 21, 1842.

Dear Legaré,—Your friends in Washington must be wise men, and sagacious politicians, to complain of the mighty Pan's speech in Faneuil Hall. It is the only thing that has done them any good for months, and no other man in New England would have been listened to if, on that spot, he had dared to say half so much in favour of the Administration. He was every moment upon the brink of all his audience hated, and it is still a wonder how he got through without being mobbed. That what he said should not please everybody as much as it did the good people of Boston, is natural enough, and indeed inevitable. No speech could suit more than a small fraction of a party falling to pieces as fast as the Whig party is. ... When he delivered it he was in a pretty savage temper, from all I hear. I only wish he had been a little more provoked, and laid one of his great paws on the Administration. How he would have been glorified! Every cap in that vast multitude would have been in the air. But, unluckily, he was in the humour of speaking well of the President and all the rest of you in the Cabinet, and told Mason, and his other friends who talked with him, all about your paper on the Creole, and what other people did to help on affairs. How he feels now I don't know, for, since the morning after the explosion, nobody has seen him. He has been chiefly in New Hampshire, and writes to nobody, and seems to care for the opinion of nobody. Look out.

\(^4\) Mr. Mason.
LETTER TO MR. KENYON.

To Hon. H. S. Legaré.

Boston, April 16, 1843.

Our spring has been anything but tempting, and if I had succeeded in decoying you here, a fortnight or three weeks ago, you would have found yourself in the midst of a succession of snow-storms; for which, I suppose, you would have held me responsible, and which certainly would have made me the more cross, if you had been here to suffer from them. The last of the ice, however, I am happy to say, is now disappearing from the dark corners under the fences, and the swelling buds show that spring is to come over the hills with a rush that will bring summer quickly on her traces.

Meantime, what are your projects? . . . Why not come North and make us a little visit? We shall keep in town, I think, but am not quite sure, till the end of June; and I dare say we shall be here in the middle of it, when Webster will make his speech at Bunker's Hill. Why can't you come then? We will abuse you handsomely, as one of Tyler's men, and I dare say might make some money by showing you in a cage, which is worth thinking about in these hard times. . . .

We are all well, and just beginning to enjoy drives into the country, where the brooks are in all their beauty, and the birds beginning to rejoice at the disappearance of the snow. . . . But when July suns begin to scorch, we shall escape to our Patmos, and look for a visit from you then, at any rate. It is the pepper-corn rent due from you, annually, by prescription; and we have no mind to give it up.

This is the last letter that remains of a truly delightful correspondence; and in the one to Mr. Kenyon, which stands next in these pages, Mr. Ticknor describes the sudden shock, and the striking scenes, with which the warm and satisfying friendship was ended, that had grown closer between him and Mr. Legaré as years went on. Such companionship was, indeed, hard to relinquish, and it was sad to part from the hopes for their country that Mr. Ticknor had rested on his friend's talents and principles.

To Mr. John Kenyon, London.

Boston, June 29, 1843.

Dear Kenyon,—By each of the last steamers I received a letter from you, the first a long one, but most refreshing and delightful, and full of your kind and faithful nature. I wish I could answer them both as they ought to be answered, cheerfully, brightly, heartily. But I cannot. I am full of troubled thoughts, even I may say I am full of sorrow. An old and much-loved friend has just died in my house, in my arms,—Mr. Legaré, of South Carolina, our Attorney-General; and, at the moment of his death, filling, ad interim, the
place of Secretary of State, which Webster's resignation six weeks ago had left vacant.

He came here, with the President and his whole Cabinet, to the great national celebration of the completion of our monument on Bunker's Hill, when Webster, on the 17th of June, made a grand speech to all the authorities of the country, and 40,000 or 50,000 besides. But poor Legaré could not be there. He was taken ill the same morning, with what seemed a simple obstruction of the bowels. Medical aid was called at once. I was with him that day and the next,—during which his sufferings were great,—and removed him to my house, where he survived but thirty-six hours, without having at any moment obtained the slightest relief. On a post-mortem examination, it was found that no relief was possible from the first.

The suddenness of the death,—he was ill about seventy-eight hours, and we were really anxious about him only eighteen,—and the greatness of the loss,—for he was certainly the most important man in the Administration after Webster left it,—filled our city with sorrow and consternation, shocking all so much the more, for the jubilant excitement of the days immediately preceding it. To me the personal loss is very great. He was a man of genius, full of refinement and poetry, and one of the best scholars in the country; but, more than all this, he was of a most warm and affectionate spirit. I had known him familiarly from 1819, when we studied together in Edinburgh. When we passed that Winter in Dresden, in 1835-36, of which you know so well, he, being then our minister at Brussels, came to us and spent a week with us; and every year but one, since we came home, he has made a pilgrimage to the North, to see us. But the last two years he came to us in our retreat on the sea-shore, and made it brilliant to us by his wit and dear by his affections; and now, when the President should have left Boston, he intended to have given us four or five days of quiet enjoyment. But God has ordered otherwise, and if we can all submit with as much docility as he did, it is enough.

He possessed his powers in perfect composure to the last moment; made his will, sent all his public papers to the President, who was lodged quite near to us, and did everything suited to the occasion, without once altering the level tone of his voice, except when he spoke of the only remaining member of his immediate family, a much-loved unmarried sister. And yet this man was only forty-seven years old; just as the country, divided about everything else, was beginning to look with great unanimity to him, from a perfect confidence alike in his talents, his principles, and his honour,—it was, indeed, just when he felt sure he was at once "to burst out into sudden blaze," that "the blind Fury came, and slit the thin-spun life."

It is one of the most solemn and striking events that has ever come within my knowledge. The old physicians who attended him, and who have attended their thousands before, were as much astonished at his composure as I was. But he saw nobody, except for a moment one member of the Cabinet, who insisted upon looking at him once
more; so that the quietness of everything gave it a power that makes me shudder when I think of it.\footnote{The death of Mr. Legaré, with its attendant duties and sorrows, caused an entire change in the plans of Mr. Ticknor and his family; and this summer, of 1843, was passed in various excursions in Massachusetts and New York. They avoided Woods’ Hole, where Mr. Legaré’s annual visit had added so much to their enjoyment, and where, in fact, they never went again.}

Sydney Smith’s petition has done good, and it is something to be able to say this. Nearly every newspaper in the United States has printed it, generally without commentary; now and then enforcing its doctrines, and sometimes, though very rarely, trying to apologize for the indebted States. In only two cases I have heard of any exception to the above courses. One Boston paper, and one New York paper, disavowing the whole doctrine of repudiation, and declaring every dollar of the debts must be paid, yet abused Mr. Sydney Smith for the manner in which he urged his claims, and for the motives that led him to invest money in American stocks. I replied to both these, in a short article I enclose, the only article savouring of politics that I remember to have written since I was twenty-one years old. Perhaps you will find some mistakes of fact about Mr. Smith in it, though I rather think not, as I remember my authorities—chiefly himself—for all I have said about him. You will notice, however, that our newspapers, like many of yours, insist on spelling his name Sidney.

On the whole subject of repudiation I feel better than I did when I wrote you last about it, eight or nine months ago. The country, I think, is getting to understand the matter, and, what is more, to feel it. What Prince Metternich once said to me, in reproach of our democratic institutions, is entirely true: we must first suffer from an evil before we can apply the remedy; we have no preventive legislation upon such subjects. But then, on the other hand, when the people do come to the rescue, they come with a flooding force, which your societies, where power is balanced between the governments and the masses, know nothing about. I have much hope that this rescue is coming; I think I see signs of it throughout all our “fierce democratic.” The people cannot bear to be dishonoured, disgraced. They suffer as Metternich said, but not as he meant; and I begin to trust to them again, with my former slowly placed confidence.
CHAPTER XI.

Letters to Mr. Lyell, Miss Edgeworth, Mr. Kenyon, G. T. Curtis, C. S. Daveis, Prince John of Saxony, G. S. Hillard, and Horatio Greenough.—Summers at Genesee, N. Y; Manchester, on Massachusetts Bay.—Journeys in Pennsylvania, New York, New Hampshire, etc.—Passing Public Events.—Slavery and Repudiation.—Prison Discipline.—Revolutions of 1848.—Astor Place Riots.

TO CHARLES LYELL, ESQ., LONDON.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. LYELL,—I wrote you a word by the last steamer, and now, in continuation, take up the several points in yours of October 12.

The first is repudiation. On the whole of this matter, I refer you to an article which will appear in the "North American" for January. . . . You may depend, I think, on every word of fact or law that you find in this paper. When you come to the prophecy you must judge for yourself. I do not know that anything needs to be added to it for your purpose, except in reply to your suggestion, that an impression prevails in London that the States which have not paid the interest on their public debts are well off. Nothing can be farther from the truth. There has been great suffering in all, and in some, like Indiana and Illinois, a proper currency has disappeared, and men have been reduced to barter, in the common business of every-day life. What you saw at Philadelphia was nothing to the crushing insolvency of the West and South. The very post-office felt the effects of it,—men with large landed estates being unable to take out their letters, because they could not pay the postage in anything the government officers could properly receive.

. . . . How foolish, then, is Sydney Smith in his last letter, to treat us all as pickpockets! He does his cause a great mischief by it; that, perhaps, I could submit to, but I cannot submit to the injury he has done to my cause, and to the cause of all honest men, by exciting passion and prejudice against it. He should have had more wisdom than to do this, more good feeling, more true sympathy with us; for it is we who are to fight this battle for him, if it is to be fought successfully. Burke says, somewhere, that it is never worth while to bring a bill of indictment against a whole people. Certainly, then, it must be a mistake to insult a whole people, more especially if you wish to persuade that people, at the same time, to do something; and most especially if that people is really sovereign, and can do as it likes after all. Nobody in this country can be glad of what he has written, unless it be the few who wish to build up their political fortunes on the doctrines of repudiation. He is on their side, and the best ally they

6 Written by the late Benjamin R. Curtis.
now have, so far as I know. But I think we will beat them all. And let it be remembered that we have no weapons in the world to do this with but the exact truth, and that we can succeed in no way but by the ballot-box and universal suffrage. So much for Sydney Smith on repudiation.

On the general relations of the two countries he is still worse. His remarks on our desire to go to war with England, because we envy and hate her, how true are they? And if they were true, then how wise? Does he not know that this is the spirit that makes nations hate each other, till their frigates go down side by side, with their colours standing, and fills the bubbles that rise on the spot with the curses of their dead? If I were to talk so to him, very likely he would turn round and say, "This is the very sort of passion I intended to put you into. 'I meant you there in the heart of hell, to work in fire and do my errands.'" Well, let him say so, that is, if his conscience will permit him. But in the meantime, notwithstanding the temptation he lays before us to do wrong in anger, we will still say what is true about repudiation; and he shall have his money, every penny of it, by the blessing of God, though he seems to prefer, as a matter of taste, to get it by the help of Satan.

To Mr. Lyell, London.

December 14, 1843.

My dear Mr. Lyell,—Continuing along with your questions, the next one to which I come touches the fatal subject of slavery. I hate to come near it, so odious is it to me in all its forms, and so full of difficulties for our future condition. However, there are consoling points about it, and I will go on.  

The last important discussion on involuntary servitude at the South was in the Virginia Legislature, in 1831-32, soon after a formidable insurrection had occurred near Southampton, in that State. No question was taken; but, from the whole tone of the debate, all men apprehended the near abolition of slavery in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, and, so far as I know, all men rejoiced at it. Certainly all the North did. We hoped something would now be done that should counteract whatever of mischief had followed the extension of slavery, in 1820, to Missouri, sorely against our will.

But we were disappointed. Political and sectional abolitionism had appeared already. The South soon became alarmed and excited. They put themselves on the defensive first, and then on the offensive. Instead of regarding slavery as a great moral and political evil, as it had always before been admitted to be among the mass of the slaveholders, and as it was openly proclaimed to be in the Virginia debates of 1831-32, it has been, since 1833, maintained by McDuffie, Calhoun, and perhaps a majority of the leading men of

7 Alluded to in the previous letter, November 30.
8 Here he gives a summary of the history of slavery in the United States from colonial times.

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the South, to be a great good in itself, and defensible in all its consequences.

Meantime, at the North we grow rigorous with the South. We say, and say truly, that it was not a thought in the minds of men, when the Constitution of the United States was made in 1788, that slavery was to be regarded as anything but a temporary calamity, which was to be removed with the assent of all, as soon as fit means could be found for it. Washington, a slaveholder, actuated so. Jefferson, a slaveholder, wrote so. All men felt so.

But we at the North do not enough remember that we made, by that same Constitution, a special bargain with the Southern States, by which we left it entirely to them to remove, by their own means, and in their own time, the curse which was their own private mischief only, reserving to the whole nation the power of abolishing the slave-trade, which was promptly done. We further promised to permit them to retake their slaves escaping into our States, and to do other things, which we at first did cheerfully, and in a spirit of honour, but which we now do grudgingly, or not at all. . . . So deep, so fatal, indeed, is the vice of the whole system, that nothing but mischief can come from it, whichever way you turn.

What, then, you will say,—nay, you do say it in your letter,—what is to be done? I answer, wait. For, first, it is right in itself to do so. Slave labour can never, in the long run, come into successful competition with free labour, and in time slaves, therefore, will everywhere cease to be valuable as property. . . .

In the next place I would wait, because I cannot help myself. I can do nothing. Legislation, I fear, can do nothing. It is an affair of two millions and a half of human beings, all slaves, and all in a most remarkable state of equality of condition in other respects. It is beyond the reach of legislation; too big for it. It will be disposed of by its own gravity, not by any instruments of human invention.

Finally, I would wait, as a Northern man, because it is for my interest. The South is growing weak, we are growing strong. The Southern States are not only losing their relative consequence in the Union, but, from the inherent and manifold mischiefs of slavery, they are positively growing poor. They are falling back in refinement, civilization, and power. Every year puts the advantage more on our side, and prepares us better to meet the contest, which will be gentler and more humane the longer it is postponed, but which can never be other than formidable and disastrous.

I do not, however, deprecate the struggle as doubting the result, or fearing inconvenience or suffering for the North. There can be but one result. Slavery will be abolished; if soon, probably with much blood; if later, I hope with none. But in either event, what is to become of the millions of poor slaves? I foresee no milder fate for them than that of the Indians, and I fear one much more cruel. The eager, active, encroaching race, to which we belong, will never endure those gentle, inefficient tribes to cumber the earth about them, after they themselves begin to feel that they want it and can profitably use it.
But do not misunderstand me; indeed, I know you will not. Foreseeing all these consequences, I am still for keeping on in the straightforward course, to abolish all slavery throughout the world. Great mischiefs, I know, will come of it. Let them. The thing is right and will succeed; and greater good will at last result from it. But let us do it by the wisest, which in such cases are always the gentlest means; that so humanity may least suffer from what is, after all, too old a disease to be eradicated without the use of remedies that may sometimes make us, in our short-sightedness, grieve to have it back again.

I pray, therefore, we may all remember, at the North, that "they also serve who only stand and wait." And I pray, too, we may all remember that the condition of the master, if rightly considered, is hardly more to be envied than that of the slave, and needs quite as much tenderness, and forecast in its treatment.

TO MISS MARIA EDG EWORTH, EDG EWORTH TOWN.

BOSTON, March 30, 1844.

MY DEAR MISS EDG EWORTH,—... On looking over your letter, which is now lying before me, I am stuck anew with the substantial similarity of the interests, great and small, that agitate society on both sides of the Atlantic, and, I dare say, on both sides of the globe. "Man," as a wise friend 9 once said to me, "is, after all, an animal that has only a few tricks." ... Only think for a moment what a resemblance there is between that Rhode Island question, about which you did me the honour to read the long story I wrote to Mr. Lyell, and your Irish question; what counterparts your Daniel O'Connell and our Governor Dorr are, both in the motives that govern them and in the ends they pursue. Why, "half the platform just reflects the other," though here I must needs be permitted to say, that I think we have a little the advantage of you,—a thing that comes rarely enough, to be sure,—but I really think we have a little the advantage of you. For the Rhode-Islanders have not only put Governor Dorr in prison, but they keep him there. ... And there, I think, he will have to remain, till he is willing to come out and take the oath of allegiance to the government he has endeavoured to overturn. ...

But to leave politics,—though these questions are much deeper than mere party politics, which are always odious,—to leave politics and come to another of your exciting topics,—Puseyism,—we have, in proportion to the number of persons in the United States who belong to the Episcopal or Anglican church, just as much Puseyism, and just as bitter quarrels about it, as you have. In New England—thanks to the wisdom, I believe, of the Anglican clergy—we have not been much infected either way; but New York is full of the matter, and its newspapers too. Then, too, our tariff question, which is annually

9 Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, author of "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy," etc., and President of Brown University, Rhode Island.
shaking the nation, is exactly your corn-law question turned upside-down; the manufacturers here being the party complained of, while with you it is the landowners. So, you see, we are still children of Old England; and if we were not, we should be still doing substantially the same things, for we are all of us children of one family; connected by original qualities that will never permit us to get very far apart, even if we try.

These, however, are great matters, and I might have added to them the Repeal movement; for, though that has been almost as exclusively an Irish affair, in the United States, as it has been in Ireland, it may still serve to show how intimate are the bonds that connect the two sides of the world together. But perhaps small matters will show this even more plainly, and show at the same time how much we are alike; for, as they are not themselves the vast stream of public interests, which, like the Gulf Stream, strike of their own great impulse from one continent over to the other, but rather the feathers and straws that float on its surface, we can, perhaps, after all, measure the movement itself by them, better than we can by the flood that bears us along, as if we were only a part of it. For instance, there is mesmerism. You are all astir with that in England, and I dare say in Ireland. Well, we reprint Miss Martineau's brochures, and read them, perhaps, as much as you do. We have, too, our great mesmerizers and our great phreno-mesmerizers, some of them like Katterfelto,—if that is the way Cowper spells his name,—with their hair on end at their own wonders, wondering for their bread; and others, mere gross, immoral mountebanks, not at all deluded by the odious tricks they perform. . . . There is, no doubt, something true at the bottom of it; and, as in many other cases, the small portion of truth preserves the large mass of error, into which it is infused, from becoming obvious and odious to all men. That there is such a thing as a mesmeric sleep can hardly now be questioned; but my faith can go no farther. One of the curious circumstances about the whole matter is, that the believers should consent to be called by the name of a man whom they themselves must regard as an impostor, and who, by common consent, survived his own honour above a quarter of a century. For Mesmer, I think, did not die till about the time of the battle of Waterloo. . . .

If you will draw from all these facts the inference that the United States—notwithstanding we have just chosen Mr. Polk to be President, and are in great danger of annexing Texas to our already too large territory—will still go on, and work out the original Anglo-Saxon materials of the national character to some good result, I shall certainly be contented with it. We have made a great many mistakes, by most of which we have profited. We shall make a great many more, as other nations have done. But the aggregate of the whole will not be half so large as was anticipated by the wisest and best among us, when we began the world as an independent people about sixty years ago. The people here—I mean the mass, the whole—is more truly sovereign than it ever was before. . . . All great questions, therefore, must be argued out before this sovereign. Repudiation
was one of them, and was involved in a good deal of difficulty. . . . But the question has been argued out,—or is now arguing out,—and the result is, that the sovereign has decided, and will continue to decide rightly.

. . . Just so it will be with slavery. It is a more difficult question than the last, but it must be argued out before the sovereign, and there is but one way in which it can be decided. Only think where you, in England, were, within the memory of a man like Mr. Thomas Grenville, when, as somebody says, the pious John Newton went regularly twice a year to Guinea, with a cargo of hymn-books and handcuffs. We are now nearer to emancipation than you then seemed, and are quite as sure to come to it; if for no other reason, for the plain one, that slavery will empowerish, and degrade morally and intellectually, every State in the Union that persists in maintaining it. I take these two great questions, of repudiation and slavery, as instances of what I mean, because they are the only questions of a political nature in which I have ever felt a deep personal interest; and because, if the popular sovereign is wise and honest enough to decide such questions as these rightly, he may be trusted, in the long run, with all the attributes of government. He will make mistakes, but none that will be fatal. . . .

The summer of 1844 was devoted by Mr. Ticknor and his family to a journey through the interior of Pennsylvania, at that time beyond the region of railroads and crowded thoroughfares. Taking a carriage, and a light waggon for the luggage, they followed the windings of the beautiful Susquehanna and Juniata, often missing the comforts to be found on more frequented routes, but finding full compensation in the beauty and seclusion of these river valleys. Passing through the southern parts of the State of New York, which were full of interest and variety, they went through the lake country to Niagara.

To George Ticknor Curtis, Boston.

Duncan’s Island, confluence of the Susquehanna and Juniata.

June 23, 1844.

My dear George,—I suppose by this time you may be glad to hear something of our whereabouts; or if you are not, we should like to hear something of you, which amounts to the same thing, in Irish. On both accounts, therefore, I write. And, first, we are all well, and have thus far made a good expedition of it. . . .

One day we passed in New York, and two nights, all given to noise, except a few hours that we were at the opera, which was pretty good, and a great relief. One week we passed in Philadelphia, almost as noisy, and quite hot and dull. Then, a fortnight ago yesterday, we plunged into the interior of Pennsylvania, by the Reading Railroad, making our first stop at Pottsville, ninety-seven miles. . . . Here
your aunt first began to feel all the beneficial effects of change of air, and exercise, and from this time she has been constantly gaining strength. . . . From this time we have been in a beautiful country. About Pottsville it was wild, and broken, and picturesque; crossing over through Lebanon to Harrisburg it was the richest and finest rural scenery, German wealth, cultivation, and manners; and from Harrisburg here, only sixteen miles, we had the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna. We stopped five days in Pottsville; and here we have been eight days, in a quiet old mansion-house, where the decayed Duncan family, with a spirited old lady at the head of it, takes boarders, and accommodates them most comfortably. To-morrow we go up the Juniata; sorry to leave such a beautiful spot as this is, even for the more various beauties we are promised in travelling farther.

The population of the interior of Pennsylvania I find more different from ours than I expected, and more marked with the German character. But the German language—everywhere that I have been, badly spoken, but still always so as to be intelligible—is evidently dying out and the German character will follow it. . . . Meantime, the population is a pretty rude, opaque mass. . . .

When we shall be at home is entirely uncertain. I have taken a plenty of work to do, and your aunt thrives so well, and we all have so good a time, and the country is so beautiful, and the travelling so easy, etc., etc., that there is no telling what will be the end of the matter, or when we shall get to Niagara.

To John Kenyon, Esq., London.

March 30, 1845.

. . . . With the February packet came a codicil to your kindness, again most delightful, for which we owe you more thanks. How can we render them? Come and see. Here are the Lyells coming a second time, nothing daunted by their first experiment. The steam packets will bring you almost to our door; and when you are once here, you can judge of the soundness of your American investments, a great deal better than you can even through Bates’s wide correspondence and painstaking judgment, for the whole depends upon the character of the people. This you may think is a bold remark in me just now, when you are thinking so ill of us, for electing Polk President, and taking measures to annex Texas. But it is true, nevertheless. You have nothing else to depend upon, as far as you are a holder of American funds, but the moral sense of the people who are indebted to you. . . . The only question is, have they enough of this wisdom and honesty, to do what is wise and right? I think they have; that is, I think, in the long run, the popular sovereign may be depended upon. No doubt he has made great mistakes; no doubt he will make more. But those mistakes have been neither half so numerous, nor half so grave as the wisest and best men amongst us thought they would be, seventy years ago, when we were beginning
the world; and I verily believe we have gained wisdom from all of
them.

The matter of slavery, of which Texas is only a subdivision, is one
full of embarrassment both for the present and the future. But I
think we shall come safely out of it, if we can only persuade ourselves
to wait. . . .

It is inevitable, I conceive, in the nature of things, that slaves
should become unprofitable, at some time or other, in the United
States,—probably as soon as it is for the interest of the slaves
themselves that emancipation should take place,—and by the slow
and gentle process which will alone permit the emancipation of two
or three millions of human beings to be a benefit to them. The great
difficulty is, to make all interested in the matter willing to wait.
Ten or a dozen years ago the South became very much alarmed, by
the conduct of the unwise abolitionists of the free States, and finding
themselves growing weak, have now contrived, or are likely to con-
trive, by unjustifiable means, to add Texas to their end of the con-
federacy, not perceiving that slavery is their weakness; and that to
add farther to it is only to increase that weakness. The breaking
of the Constitution, too, on this vital point, is breaking the old bar-
gain and the compromise between the North and the South, which is
becoming every day more important to them than it is to us. And
the consequence of all this is, that ill-will is growing up between the
free States and the slave States, that can be a source of nothing but
mischief, especially to the poor slaves. For to them there is no
source of hope and ultimate benefit, except in the influence, the
kindly, peaceful influence, of the North, and its spirit of freedom.
The Union, however, will not be broken in my time. It is too im-
portant to both extremes; and whenever it is broken, it will be because,
as so often happens, the passions of men triumph over their
interests. . . .

Very different from all this is the "Vestiges of Creation," a book
which has been reprinted here, and read, perhaps, quite as much as
it has in England. I read it through at once, in the beautiful copy
you sent me, and enjoyed the transparent style in which it is written,
and the boldness of its philosophical generalization, very much. But
I have no faith in the conclusion to which it comes, because almost
every step in the argument is set upon some not sure theory, and the
whole consists of a series of nicely fitted links, in which "ten, or ten
thousandth, breaks the chain alike." If the author fails in a single
instance,—even in the poor matter of the Mac Lac speculations at
the end,—the whole system explodes, just as a Prince Rupert's drop
does when you break off its tail. Of each of the scientific parts that
compose it I am not sufficient judge, but I hear the experts in each
branch, on both sides of the Atlantic, are least satisfied where they are
most skilled; that Lyell likes all but the geology, Owen all but the
comparative anatomy, etc.,—so that from the nebulous theory up
to the theory of the perfectibility of human nature, this veiled prophet
and philosopher, who draws all his materials from the darkness
of the past, and pushes them with his mace, like a great causey, into
the darker chaos of the future, will not be likely to find many who will venture on "his new, wondrous pontifrice." Those that do, will, I think, be seen dropping through it, one after another, like the crowds in Mirza's vision in the Spectator, but none will get over by it to the shadowy land beyond. It is no common man, however, that undertook such a work, and if you ever find out who he is, I pray you to send me word.

To G. T. Curtis, Boston.

Niagara Falls, Upper Canada, July 23, 1845.

My dear George,—We begin to want to hear again from you and Mary, and so I must me up to thank you for your letter and ask for another. I have, however, little to say. We passed a very quiet life at Geneseo,¹ after I last wrote to you, till five days ago, when we came here, or rather to the other side of the river; Miss Wadsworth and Gray joining our party, and Sam Guild having preceded us by a couple of days, after having spent two days, much to his satisfaction, at Geneseo.

There—the other side of the river—we found Ole Bull and Egidius, his shadow, which seems in no likelihood to grow less. Of course we had a concert, and there was much visiting of wonders, and much enjoyment of lunar bows, and walks by moonlight on Goat Island, and adventurous rowing up to the foot of the falls. So passed three days.

Then we all came over here, where there is a very good, quiet house; and right before our windows and along the piazzas, where we chiefly live, is, according to my notion, the finest view of the two falls united. The two tall Norwegians and Sam left us night before last, reducing our party to its original six; and to-morrow, having completed three days on this side of the river, and pretty much used it up, we propose to remove to the other side, where we shall bivouac a longer or shorter time according to our humours, the fates, the sisters three, and such odd branches of learning.

The finest thing we have seen yet—and one of the grandest I ever saw—was a thunder-storm among the waters, as it seemed to be, the other night, which lighted up the two cascades, as seen from our piazzas, with most magnificent effect. They had a spectral look, as they came out of the darkness and were again swallowed up in it, that defies all description and all imagination.

¹ Mr. Ticknor and his family passed the months from June to October, 1845, in the village of Genesee, New York, near to the country houses of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wadsworth and Miss Wadsworth. In a letter, written after his return home, to Prince John of Saxony, he mentions a visit to the prison at Auburn, in which he was interested in consequence of the eager discussion of questions of prison discipline then going on, to which allusions will be found in the letters.
To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

New York (Staten Island), June 21, 1846.

My dear Charles,—I received your letter in due time,—that is, about a month ago,—but we were then in New York, much occupied with cares of different sorts, and more with society; so that I had no leisure to do always what would best have pleased me. There we remained in all two months and more, our main business, to which everything else was postponed and made subordinate, being the care of the eyes of no less than four ladies who were under our charge. For we thought that, as we were likely to make a campaign of it, we might as well do all the good the opportunity offered. ... Of those of our acquaintance whom we have found agreeable and pleasant, I can answer pretty readily what you ask. ... Chancellor Kent, a little deaf, but as vivacious as ever, is much the same he always was; and Mr. Gallatin, whom I saw a good deal, because he lived near me, is very wise, wary and philosophical, full of knowledge, and still eager in its pursuit. He is, on the whole, the man in New York whom you can get the most out of, if you will take a little pains; for he is really what Bacon calls "a full man," and is as ready as he is full.

... But enough of all this. We had a very good time in New York, after the way of the world; but at our age such things weary. It was impossible to refuse kindnesses such as were offered to us; but I do not know how often I said to Anna, in the words of Christophoro Sly, after he had heard some scenes of the "Taming of the Shrew," "Tis excellent work, i' faith, lady wife, would it were done."

So, as soon as the weather permitted us, we finished it and came to Staten Island, where, though we are in a large hotel, we lead an uncommonly quiet life. The island is full of beautiful drives and walks.

After passing four months in New York and on Staten Island, in order that his eldest daughter might be under the care of an oculist, he writes to Mr. Daveis: "We came home about August 12. But it was too hot to remain in Boston. We—meaning my wife and myself—therefore took the cars to Concord, New Hampshire, as soon as we could, and there hired a buggy, with which—in the true Darby and Joan style—we jogged round the White Hills, stopping wherever we fancied, and enjoying about a hundred miles of the drive very much. We never were there before, either of us."

On this journey he wrote as follows to his daughters, who had remained with their relatives in Cambridge:—

To his Daughters.

Conway, Thursday afternoon, August 28, 1846.

I do not think I can add much, dearest children, to your mother's
letters, except an account of herself, which, however, I rather think you will be more glad to receive than anything else. . . . The moun-
tains, which rather deserve their ancient name of hills, are before our windows, and the pretty meadows of the Saco are all round the thriving, comfortable village in which our inn stands. It is just what I have wanted, and I assure you I enjoy the tranquillity and absence of all intercourse with strangers, except of the slightest kind, very much. Whether the hills are high, or low, is a matter of small moment to me. . . . We shall both be glad to see you again, and will give you a day or two fair notice of what Dogberry calls our "reproach,"—a thing you know little about.

But I only meant to fill up the envelope a little, that nothing might go empty of love to you; and, in good truth, I have nothing else to send.

Always your affectionate father,

G. T.

FRANCONIA, August 30.

I am glad your mother has made the amende honorable to the mountains, my dear darlings; for it is always an awkward thing to do, and she has done it much more gracefully than I could. They really deserve it. It was a beautiful drive up the Saco, with its rich meadows, on Friday, and it was a fine, wild one down the Ammonoosuck—the wild Ammonoosuck, as it is well called—to-day; but this Franconia Notch, by which we go from the waters of the Connecticut to those of the Merrimack, has been a great surprise to me, so beautiful is the pass. Just here, the rude, perpendicular hills are so close together that there is hardly room for the buildings, and when you stand a few feet from the house on either side of it, you see the rocks from the other side frowning over it. The moon went down two or three hours, I think, before its time, and keeps, still, a beautiful twilight over "the mountain in front of us, and the reflection of a pale sort of spectral light on the one behind.

The house where we are, like several we have seen, has a look like the hospices in the Alps, large, long, and standing alone; they amuse you, too, with echoes, and long tin horns; and the children, as you toil up the mountains, come out with berries and flowers for you; so strikingly do similar local circumstances produce similar results, in habits and manners. We have, indeed, enjoyed the last three days more than the week that preceded them, and shall stop to-morrow in this wild, secluded spot. After that, two days will easily take us to Franklin, Mr. Webster's fine farm, again; and therefore Thursday may well bring us home to Boston. . . .

Meantime, console yourselves for my absence as well as you can, with my best love, and with the assurance that I want to see you as much as you can desire to have me. Love to all, especially "uncles and aunts."

Always your loving father,

G. T.

2 This epithet could not now be applied to the same spot in August.
To Prince John, of Saxony.

Boston, U.S.A., October 30, 1846.

My dear Prince,—When I had the honour of writing to you, about a year since, I told you, I believe, that, in the spring of this year, I should send you a document of some moment on the subject of prison discipline. . . . But the report of the small minority adhering to the Philadelphia or solitary, system, has appeared from the press only within a few days, and the report of the majority is not yet published at all.

The first—or the report of the minority, attacking the Auburn system and defending the Philadelphia system—I have now the honour to send you. It is the most important document that has been published *in this country, on the side it espouses*. More weight would be given to it if it dealt more with facts, and had its foundations more deeply laid in statistical results. But the truth is, we have not yet experience enough to furnish the materials for such an examination of the subject. I, therefore, regard it still as an open question; and in proportion as the discussion advances, and the materials for a wise decision accumulate, I shall be happy to be able to send you whatever is here published, that will be likely to interest you. Meantime, I console myself with the assurance, that both systems, wherever they are in practical operation, are doing much good, and are rapidly maturing results, which will enable good and faithful men to reach conclusions, upon which the best system of penitentiary discipline may be left to rest.

Whenever I have an opportunity I inquire about Saxony and its affairs, and am always glad when I hear, as I do almost always, of its prosperity and welfare. In particular, I have been gratified to learn that the troubles of the last year have ceased to agitate the country, and that the whole population is in a state of advancing civilization. There are few parts of the world in which I am so much interested.

I wish I could report to you as well of my own country as I hear of yours. Of progress, indeed, we have enough. We advance in power, in prosperity, and in intellectual culture, with gigantic strides: and I have no doubt our future destiny is to be one of honour, and of ultimate benefit to the great cause of humanity. But, at this moment, we are engaged in a very disgraceful war with Mexico; and one in which, thus far, we have been very successful. It is, however, one of the good signs of the times, that, though successful, this war grows less and less popular every day.

But I occupy myself entirely with letters, and take no part, but such as belongs to every citizen, as a duty, in the affairs of a free country. I hope, too, that you, though bound to the state by the most onerous duties, are still able to rescue leisure for your favourite pursuits. We look impatiently for the last and crowning volume of your labours on Dante. When shall we have it? . . .

I remain your Highness’s affectionate and faithful friend,

George Ticknor.
To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, December 9, 1847.

My dear Charles,— . . . You had, I dare say, a pleasant Thanksgiving, for you have in your own household, and among your own kin, all the materials for it. Ours, too, was pleasant, and ended at the Guilds', with the most thorough game of romps I have come across for many a year.

Since that time we have gone on with our usual quietness; seeing a good many people at home, and few anywhere else. Gray's pamphlet 3 — of which you acknowledge the receipt — has done its perfect work, and settled the question as between the two systems of prison discipline. I never knew anything of the sort so well received, or produce so considerable an effect. Mr. Norton ended a note to Gray by saying, "One lays down your pamphlet without feeling the least curiosity about what may be said in reply to it," . . . and Webster said he "never expected to learn any more on the subject; it was exhausted and settled." Except where dissent was sure, whatever might be proved, none has been expressed, and even of this sort there has been much less than was expected. . . .

The last steamer brought me a pleasant letter from Hillard . . . and another from Miss Edgeworth,—aged eighty-one,—written with the freshness of forty. All I hear makes me anxious for England, and almost in despair about Ireland. Indeed, all Europe seems to have a troubled mist hanging over it; but the people of the world, I trust, have gained some of the wisdom which Cowper wished for them, and do not show themselves willing to play at the game of war to please their princes. I have much hope from progress, little from violent reforms; God seems to work in the moral world by periods, like the geological periods of the great changes in the natural. Hallam says, "Peace societies were attempted in the twelfth century, and are no more likely to succeed now, than they were then." Perhaps so; but more men are now tired of war. Just so it is with slavery; it was never so near its final fall as it is now; but it is decaying as fast as it is for the interest of the slave that it should; and if we attempt to hurry its overthrow, the cause of humanity will suffer, as it always does, from violence.

To Mr. Lyell, London.

Boston, April 5, 1848.

My dear Lyell,— We were truly glad to get sight of your handwriting again, it was so long since we have seen it. . . . But what subjects you have to discuss! We were thunderstruck here by the convulsion in France, nor were you less so in England. It seems impossible to come to any reasonable judgment on the whole affair, and quite useless to discuss what, long before our thoughts can reach you, will have been forgotten in the rush of revolutionary changes. . . .

The Revolution of 1830 gave political power to the middling class;

that of 1848 gives it to the working class. Are they capable of exercising it beneficially to themselves, or to others? We think they are not. Will they attempt practically to exercise it? Not, we think, at first. . . . But we look for little practical wisdom in the mass of the French, and fear that what there is will not be able to take the lead. A constitution like ours—one of whose chief elements is to be found in the separate powers of the separate States—cannot be made effective in France, where there are no historical foundations on which to build it. We look, therefore, first, for a great commercial trial, and then for an unwise constitution, which will disappoint its makers, and lead to further troubles and changes. . . . We are most anxious about Italy, least so about Germany; but we expect the people will everywhere demand concessions from their princes, and obtain them. Tell me how much of this is true. . . . I am greatly obliged to you for the abstract of your lecture before the Royal Institution, but am sorry you do not like to have it reprinted here. . . .

I intended to have had the pleasure of telling you myself about my Spanish Literary History. But Prescott, I find, has done it a little before there is anything to tell. The truth is, I have finished the first draft of the work, and it has just been copied out into a fair hand. But it will still be long before I shall have corrected it and prepared it for the hands of the printer; a task I cannot find it in my heart to hurry, so agreeable is it to me.

Agassiz continues to flourish, and enjoys the same sort of popular favour he has from the first.4 His bonhomie seems inexhaustible; and how much that does for a man under institutions and in a state of society like ours I need not tell. . . . Everett is less and less satisfied with his position,5 and I think cannot remain in it beyond next August. I feel confident he has done much good since he has been there.

Write soon, and tell me what you, and other wise men think about the Trastorno.

Faithfully yours,

George Ticknor.

TO GEORGE T. CURTIS.

BOSTON, April 22, 1848.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—. . . We think and talk of little here except the French and foreign affairs. There are so many steamers nowa-

4 Professor Louis Agassiz came to Boston in the year 1846, and immediately became a much-loved guest, and friend, at Mr. Ticknor’s house. The friendship was uniform and full of warmth on both sides; and while the pursuits of the two men, their national peculiarities, and their modes of viewing many subjects, were very different, they took great pleasure in each other’s society. Mr. Agassiz took counsel of Mr. Ticknor many times, saying that the working of the Anglo-Saxon mind was full of valuable instruction for him; while the practical wisdom of his friend, individually, assisted him in settling questions, the solution of which did not lie in his department as a man of science.

5 As President of Harvard College.
days, and magnetic wires are so successful, that we get revolutions by driblets, and have something—at least the overthrow of a single monarchy—every day or two. But never was speculation more at fault. . . . The truth is, we have no precedents to go by. History gives us military revolutions and political revolutions enough. But this is neither. It is a social revolution. The hordes that broke down the decaying civilization of the Old World, in the fourth and fifth centuries, did it by violence. The decaying civilization of our times is assailed by social theories, which, it is possible, the masses may introduce, by the mere fear of their numbers,—though this seems highly improbable,—but which, if introduced, would lay waste the world as much as is consistent with its present advancement, and, at any rate, create an incredible amount of human misery, and reduce, materially, the population of Christendom. But it seems to me much more likely that the old order will be maintained; and if it is, it can only be by reconstructing society through some strict despotism, either military or civil. One more strict or severe than now exists in France can hardly be imagined. But whether it be able to do anything for the formation of a government that will protect property and life, is very doubtful.

For the first month, during which we have an account of the progress of things in Paris,—or rather the first forty days,—the work of destruction and the dissolution of society has gone on faster than it ever did before, in any period of the world's history. Power has been wholly in the hands of an irresponsible mob, to whom the world had not been friends, nor the world's law, and who do not feel that they have any interest or business but to overturn everything that is established. The only question, therefore, is, how far things are to go on in this direction before a reaction takes place. The farther they go, the severer must be the power that is to reconstruct society. Etc., etc.

It is lucky for you that I was interrupted just now by a visitor, who has taken up all the time I have free before this letter must go off. Otherwise you might have had more of the dissertation on social revolutions; but now, I will only add that, under the best aspect of things, it seems to me that the mischiefs to follow the convulsions of the last few weeks will be more lasting than those that followed the convulsions of 1789.

FROM PRINCE JOHN, OF SAXONY.

PILNITZ, the 14 May, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your last letter, with the books you were so kind as to send me, in the midst of our greatest political convulsions; and this may be an excuse if I answer you so late. But before I begin to speak of all that has happened in the Old World, I must thank you with all my heart for the interesting publications which you have sent me, with whose reading I am occupied at this moment, and which have almost shaken my opinion, that began to be
fixed for the separate system. The dispassionate and truly critical mode
of proceeding of the author inspires much confidence.\(^6\)

If you should return to old Europe you would find many things, and,
above all, the public opinion and the leading persons, so entirely changed,
that you would think to be in quite another country. There is almost
not one state, great or little, which has not made its revolution since
the declaration of the republic in France. Germany is perhaps in a
more convulsive state than any other country, being occupied at the
same moment in reconstructing its general constitution and the con-
stitution of its several states. The two greatest monarchies—Prussia
and Austria—are shaken to their foundations; the last, above all, by
the great difference of nations which are united under one crown, and
which seem now inclined to separate into so many different kingdoms.
With all that, two wars in the neighbourbhood,—the one of Prussia, or
rather Germany, with Denmark, the other of Austria with Italy,—and,
what is yet worse, the sense for legitimate order, even for property,
when it suits not the opinions of the day, shaken to its foundation in
the lower classes; the principles of socialism and communism diffusing
themselves everywhere. But yet every one must endeavour to
hold his post as long as he can, and perhaps the storm may pass away,
and the stream return to regular channels,—not the old,—that seems
impossible, and must not be attempted.

Nevertheless, I have not forgotten my friend Dante. The "Para-
diso" is finished, and I am only occupied with the last correction, and
filling some blanks which I have left in the past labours.

I am, with the highest esteem and sincerest friendship,

Your affectionate

JOHN, DUKE OF SAXONY.

My compliments to Mrs. Ticknor.

To MR. LYELL.

BOSTON, June 21, 1848.

MY DEAR LYELL,—We are just entering on one of those political
campaigns which, whatever he their mischiefs, tend more to give life
and energy to our national character than anything else that comes
round as a part of our republican institutions. The simple fact that
the eyes of the whole population are directed to two men, and their
thoughts seriously fastened on the great principles by which their
government shall be administered for four years, and even the great
measures it shall adopt, give a concentration and authority to public
opinion that could be given, so far as I see, in no other way, and
quite outweigh the disadvantages of a contest, fierce while it lasts, but
never marked with physical violence, and forgotten as soon as it is over.
Nothing struck me more in the last election than the absolute calm
which instantly succeeded the turbulence which had filled the whole
land a week before. All the storm that had been so threatening was

\(^6\) Mr. Gray's pamphlet on Prison Discipline, of which mention has already
been made.
blown off, and nothing remained but the steady power to give movement to the machinery of the State. So it will be now.

To George S. Hillard.

July 17, 1848.

My dear Hillard,—I have your note from London, and thank you very sincerely for it. Its views are discouraging enough, but not more so, I fear, than are true, though I do not agree to all its conclusions.

As to the present French and Continental convulsions, which some persons regard with favourable eyes, I can only say, that during a life of seven or eight years in Europe, I never was in any country where I should have thought it wise, or Christian, to join in any such movement. The reason is obvious. Whenever the institutions of society are so far destroyed as they were in last February and March in France, I take it to be certain that they can be reconstructed only on a military basis, and—whatever may be the nominal form of government—that the power for this reconstruction must be wielded by the will of one strong man, to whom the mass of the people will submit gladly, in order to secure their property and lives. But republics, I much fear, cannot grow on the soil of Europe; at least, not republics in the sense we give to that word. There is no nourishment for them in the present condition or past history of the nations there, and if such struggles as we have witnessed for the last sixty years are to go on, with the vain hope of obtaining free governments, in which universal suffrage shall make the whole body of the people a practical sovereign, nothing but a decay of civilization will be the result. Christianity, almost powerless with the multitudes of a large part of Europe, and the press abused to mislead them, will not have conservative energy enough to save the most enlightened parts of the modern world, from the fate which befell the most enlightened parts of the ancient, from struggles not dissimilar. France, in the course of a thousand years, or in some other of the great periods which God appoints to the history of nations, as He does to the building and decay of the globe, may well become what Asia Minor and Egypt are now. At any rate, I think the steps she is taking at the present moment are in that direction. We, too, are no doubt going on like the buried nations of antiquity, through the changes of youth and age.

But you and I have the happiness to live in the period of our greatest vigour and prosperity, and in that part of the country where the moral tone is the highest, and the strength and activity the soundest.

I am sorry, as you are, for the effect these discussions\(^7\) produce upon society in Boston; but the principles of that society are right, and its severity towards disorganizers, and social democracy in all its forms, is just and wise. It keeps our standard of public morals where it should be, and where you and I claim to have it, and is the circumstance

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\(^7\) On Prison Discipline.
which distinguishes us favourably from New York and the other large cities of the Union, where demagogues are permitted to rule, by the weak tolerance of men who know better, and are stronger than they are. In a society where public opinion governs, unsound opinions must be rebuked, and you can no more do that, while you treat their apostles with favour, than you can discourage bad books at the moment you are buying and circulating them.

To Prince John, of Saxony.

Boston, U.S.A., July 30, 1848.

My dear Prince,—Your kind and interesting letter of the 14th of May, with one from Count Circourt, written after he had been at Dresden, have kept you almost constantly in our thoughts of late. Indeed, it is difficult to think of anything else but the changes that are now going on, like a solemn drama, in Europe; not only because the fate and fortunes of so many of our personal friends are put at hazard by them, but because they involve so deeply the cause of Christian civilization and the paramount interests of our common humanity.

We feel, to be sure, comparatively safe ourselves. Our people are young; we have room enough and bread enough for all; free institutions are the only ones that, even in colonial days, took root here; we have been gradually and thoroughly educated to them, and every year manage them with a more practised skill; in short, from our vast local advantages, and from the whole course of our history as a nation, a republic is a truth here; but what is it in France, or what can it be either there or in Germany?

You will not be surprised to hear that wise men in the United States saw, from the first, that no good was to come—except as God brings good out of evil—from the violent changes that began in the South of Europe and in France last winter, because they saw plainly that, if the institutions of society are once destroyed,—as they were in Paris in February, March, and April,—they can be reconstructed only on the basis of a military despotism, and in the presence and by the authority of the bayonet. But you will, perhaps, be somewhat surprised to learn that the great mass of our people at the North felt no confidence in the French movement from its outset; no more confidence, I may say, than did the wiser. They are accustomed every day to the workings of a truly popular government, and they saw little in France that reminded them of their own experience, and nothing to justify the belief that a wise republic would be founded, in which the people, by severe organic laws, would limit its own powers; in which labour and capital would rest on the same foundations; and in which the rights of the minority would be protected by the same principles that give the majority all its control of the state. They knew that a people who not only are without knowledge enough to be able to read and write, but without the more important political education which enables them to judge the measures of the government they have...
created,—they knew that such a people can never make a wise, practical sovereign.

All men, therefore, with few exceptions, in this part of America, have judged the changes in France rigorously, but rightly, from the first; predicting events from time to time as they have occurred, and looking now to no more favourable results than they anticipated four months ago.

Very faithfully, my dear Prince,
Your friend and servant,
GEORGE TICKNOR.

FROM PRINCE JOHN, OF SAXONY.
PILLNITZ, 3 September, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I have received some time ago your long and interesting letter of the 30th July. It is very curious to hear the impression which our great political convulsions make on an impartial spectator, placed at a distance, on a secure ground. Yet perhaps it may be likewise interesting to you to hear the description of one who is in the midst of the tempest. In general, I must say that since I wrote you last the public spirit is become better, yet we are not at the end of the crisis; and I fear the last decision will be that of the sword.

One can distinguish, in general, five great divisions of opinion in Europe. 1. The anarchical party, or party of the red republicans, composed of a great part of the prolétaire, of some men of broken fortunes, who like revolutions for revolution's sake, and of the disciples of communism and socialism. 2. The republicans, who wish a legal introduction of a republic. The number of this party I think comparatively small, yet it is to be feared that on some occasion it may lend its forces to the first party. 3. The men for monarchy, with the broadest democratical basis, who will have monarchy without any power in the monarch, and without the necessary condition of it. This party, which is very numerous, rejects all census of eligibility and the first chamber. 4. The conservative liberal party, composed of the ancient liberal opposition, not so numerous, yet weightier with respect to intelligence than the last, but partly overwhelmed by the consequences of its own system. 5. The ancient aristocratical party, overawed for the moment. The most intelligent men in it feel that they cannot oppose the torrent, and make common cause with the liberal conservative party.

Since the late events in France and at Prague, and the victories of Austria in Italy, the conservative parties have gained in courage and activity, and this is the best symptom of our present situation. But if a union of the third-named party with the two republican fractions should take place, the position would be very dangerous. As for the particular countries, the conservative liberal party, which is there not so much separated from what I called the party of democratical monarchy, has been for the moment victorious in France. In that country, liberty is not so much what men desire, as equality and order.
This is the reason why Cavaignac can take many measures against the press and associations which no German government could venture to propose. The parties now at the head of the government know not what to do with their republic, which was given to them by the republican and anarchical parties against their wishes; and I am persuaded that monarchy—perhaps a rather despotic monarchy—will in time be re-established in France.

In Italy the movement was more the work of a faction than of the people; of a faction composed of the nobility, the higher classes of the bourgeoisie, and a part of the clergy, and influenced more by national than by political ideas. Since the victories of Radetzky,—a marvellous old man of eighty-three,—the enthusiasm seems extinguishing; the people, over all the people of the open country, have received everywhere the Austrians as deliverers, and if France does not mingle itself in the contest, things will be re-established in the ancient limits, yet with popular institutions. Yet this is the point where the danger of a general war is the most threatening.

As for us in Germany, the situation is more complicated. It is not only the constitutions of the particular states that have been shaken, but the whole confederation is to be re-established on a new basis. The two constitutional monarchical parties are disputing the ground with that acrimony which characterizes our German theoretical disputes. But with respect to the whole of Germany there is another question dividing the opinions,—the question of centralization and of particularism. As for my opinion, a constitution like that of the United States would, in this point of view, be the best. Self-government of the particular States as the rule, and centralization of all that is necessary for preserving unity, as foreign affairs, the army, the fleet, and the general commercial regulations. I think this is likewise the opinion of the majority at Frankfurt; but, nevertheless, I fear that we take there, in many respects, a false way.

With us in Saxony, things are relatively better, and have even made a progress since last spring. The loyal and benevolent character of the King is generally estimated, and there is yet a fund of true attachment for his person. . . . The King was lately at Leipzig, and was received there with the greatest demonstration of loyalty. . . .

You ask me some news of the King and my family. We are all tolerably well, after these great convulsions, the King much better since last spring. My family is growing up, my second daughter promised to the Duke of Genoa, son of the King of Sardinia, but the political circumstances have retarded the marriage. . . .

The notices you gave me about the question of prison reform are very interesting. I am sorry that Gray’s book is so little known in Europe. I will endeavour to render it more public. The “Paradiso” is finished, and I hope the impression will soon begin.

Your sincere friend,

JOHN, DUKE OF SAXONY.
To Charles S. Daveis.

Manchester, September 10, 1848.8

My dear Charles,—You have not kept your tryst. . . . However, I dare say we shall find a room for you, if you will find a locus penitentia for us, though, as we have no safety-valve in our territory, like the Tremont House, and as our own hotel is rather popular, not to say populous, just now, I recommend it to you to give us notice a day or two if you have any kind purpose in our favour. . . . We have had beautiful weather ever since you were here, and much good, pleasant company staying with us. I only wish you had been with us to share our pleasures, both rural and marine, bucolic and piscatory.

Of the external world I know little. I have been in Boston but once for above two months, and hope not to be obliged to go there again for above a month more. But, now and then, somebody comes to me wandering over the morning dew,—as the shepherds did to Parnell's Hermit,—and I hear in this way of the bustle of the great world of our little city, without being incommoded by its stir. From what I hear I suspect the early Taylorites in my neighbourhood do not feel so easy as they did when I saw them last. . . . Moreover, they begin to be afraid, as Macbeth did, that they have "filed their minds," after all, for somebody's else benefit and not for their own, or that of their party. They begin to be afraid, in short, that Taylor may not be chosen. . . . I am, on the contrary, of the mind of the elder brother in "Comus":—

"I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squat suspicion."

I shall vote for Taylor, and if you do as well for him in Maine as Vermont has done, you will yet give him your personal vote as an elector. . . .

I write to you about politics because there is nothing else hereabouts to send you, except a little orthodoxy from the village church, or a little of the πολυφλοίσβου θαλάσσης from the beach before us. We have had Mrs. Norton and some of her children staying with us, and expect them again. Gray, too, has been here, the Everetts, Prescotts, and so on. We have not been alone since the first few days after we came down, and are not likely to be as long as we stay.

To Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., London.

Boston, May 15, 1849.

Dear Lyell,—as we are decidedly imitating your émeutes in Europe, I send you two or three newspapers extra, of all complexions,

8 This and the two following summers were passed by Mr. Ticknor on the northern shore of Massachusetts Bay, where he had hired a pleasant house, standing on the edge of a cliff directly by the sea, and having a hundred acres of wood and field around it.
that you may see how we get on. 9 . . . One or two moral reflections I must make.

The people here about twelve years ago first began to feel that a mob impaired the popular sovereignty. The first proper firing of the people on a mob was at Providence, where a mob undertook to pull down some houses of ill-fame. Since then it has been frequently done; as, for instance, at Philadelphia, in the case of the Catholic riots, the attack, I mean, on the Catholics. But this at New York is the most decisive of all. The work was thoroughly done, both by the police and the militia; and it has been sustained by an unanimous cry from the whole country, as far as heard from; but the farther from New York the louder, even from the lowest and most vulgar of the penny papers in New York and Boston. I think it settles the question, that the sovereign people will defend its sovereignty against the mob at all hazards, and I am not sure that this feeling will not make government among us as strong as it is anywhere. The difficulty is, that we must work by cure, not by prevention. But then such cures are like certain diseases, that disinfect the constitution.

You may set it down as a fact that the whole country goes with the city authorities at New York in relation to the late mobs. . . . It would certainly be easier now to put down any form of anarchy in any city in the United States than it was a fortnight ago. There is a confidence which no man had a right to feel then, but which all feel now, since two hundred and ten soldiers, called from the mass of the people, at two hours' notice, faced and overcame a mob twenty thousand in number, and of which about one thousand were ill-disposed. Nearly every person injured, killed, or arrested was a foreigner; so were three-fourths of those present, and nineteen-twentieths of the active mob. When we think that the Parliament House in Montreal was burnt down only a month ago in the presence, as it were, of two thousand regular troops, and the governor there insulted and mobbed, we feel as if our government were growing strong, and that it may live to grow old. Certainly I feel a vastly greater confidence in both its stability and its wisdom than I did five-and-twenty years ago. . . .

The California fever is spreading fast. . . . There is, in fact, in our Anglo-Saxon blood more of a spirit of adventure and romance than belongs to the age, mingled with a gravity and forecast that are natural to it. Companies collect here with rules of the severest kind for their government, invite an eloquent preacher to pray with them and address them on their duties; bind themselves to the most absolute temperance; and then set forth upon an adventure as wild as ever a cavallero conquistador dreamt of. Meantime, the most authentic accounts are the most extravagant. . . .

But as long as Congress quarrels about the extension of slavery, so long there can be no government in California, and every man will do

9 This refers to the "Astor Place" riots in New York, when Mr. Macready was attacked by a mob, in consequence of the course taken by Mr. Edwin Forrest, who attempted to put down the English actor.
what seems good in his own eyes; a state of things that does not promise an advance in civilization. Indeed, in any event, it will be a curse to most persons who go there; perhaps to the world. . . .

Yours always,

G. T.

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH, Esq.

BOSTON, December 15, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. GREENOUGH,—I received, a short time since, your kind letter written in October, announcing to me that you had shipped for Boston a bas-relief, which you destine for me. It has not yet arrived, but I feel that I ought not to delay thanking you for it on that account. The little assistance you needed when young seems so trifling a matter, when compared with the acknowledgment you make for it, that I hardly know what I should say. But when I receive it I will write again. Meantime, be assured that I feel your kindness and thoughtfulness very sensibly. And I ought to; for it is rare that such little favours are so long remembered; and, if it be any pleasure to you to think so, you may have the satisfaction of understanding that you have acknowledged many obligations of others, besides this inconsiderable one of your own, and that I regard them all as cancelled, both those that have been forgotten and those that have not, by this one return.

I wish we were likely to see more of your works here, and do not despair of it. But things have been so unsettled for the last two years, and the great material interests of New England are so much jeopardized, that no appeal to public liberality has been ventured in Boston for a long period. . . . But be assured that it would give me very great pleasure to see a bronze statue of Washington by you in State Street, and that whenever a favourable time for it may come, I shall be most happy to co-operate with your other friends in placing it there.

The state of things here is, indeed, in many respects very little creditable to us. We have not, I am aware, the troubles that break up society, and put in danger civilization itself. These are the trials of countries entering into the period of old age. But we have our own peculiar trials, and just at this moment we feel them severely.

1 The history of this bas-relief is interesting, and creditable to both parties. In Mr. Greenough's youth, Mr. Ticknor, and other gentlemen who withheld their names, enabled the young sculptor to go to Italy and pursue his art, doing it partly by direct assistance, and partly by such assurances as inspired him with confidence in times of difficulty and depression. Knowing no one in the matter but Mr. Ticknor, he expressed his gratitude for the collective kindness by making this bas-relief, one of his most graceful works and almost his latest, and sending it as a gift. It represents an artist sitting in an attitude of dejection before his work,—a female figure,—while a hand, unseen by him, pours oil into his expiring lamp. This charming work stands in the entrance-hall of Mr. Ticknor's house, and it was a pleasure to him that Mr. Greenough, before his death, saw it in its place, and was satisfied with its position.
CHAPTER XII.

“History of Spanish Literature.”—Long Preparation.—Purpose of interesting the general Reader.—Correspondence with Washington Irving, Don Pascual de Gayangos, and Dr. Julius.—Growth of his Spanish Library.—Manuscript of the Work submitted to Mr. Prescott.—Publication, in New York and London, in 1849.—Reviews, etc.—Letters from J. L. Motley, H. Hallam, and Tieck.—Third and Fourth Editions.

URING all the years since his return from Europe, Mr. Ticknor had been steadily occupied with the preparation of the chief work of his life; that on which his reputation as a scholar, and his widest claim to distinction, must rest,—the “History of Spanish Literature.” He devoted himself to this labour, as was his wont, with noiseless but unflagging industry, building his edifice, from the foundation, with solidity and precision; and while, of course, it was founded on the studies of twenty previous years, he threw aside, without hesitation, all that he had composed, during that period, in the form of lectures.

For a long time no trace appears in his correspondence, of this his principal occupation, and, until very shortly before the publication of the book, it is mentioned only in those letters through which he sought materials and information. The friends on whom he had no demands to make for this object were not required to share in an interest which did not naturally coincide with their habits of mind, and in his correspondence, as in his daily life, he kept the even tenour of his way, meeting the claims of others on his time and thoughts, without exacting the sympathy which did not flow from a common enthusiasm.

The subject he had chosen attracted him wonderfully. Indeed, it must be said, as preface to all else on this theme, that rarely has a man of letters fallen upon a subject which more entirely or more increasingly satisfied and interested him. Instead of growing eager to complete this, and take up some other work; instead of becoming impatient to bring his favourite matter, or himself, before the public,—having the brilliant success of his friend Prescott to stimulate him in that direction,—he lingered over his preparations with affection, acknowledging that he disliked to part with the work after ten years' devotion. From
time to time, his nephew, Mr. George T. Curtis, asked him how soon he intended to stop collecting and to begin printing, and he would only answer, "When I have done." In April, 1848, he calls it "a task I cannot find it in my heart to hurry, so agreeable is it to me." 2

His love of exactness, of thoroughness, of finding the nearest possible approach to absolute truth, was a very prevailing element in his character, cultivated into a habit, which affected all his thoughts and utterances; and this had its influence in the prolongation of his labours on the book. It also had much to do with the success of the History; for the thoroughness of his investigations, and the exceeding care shown, in all particulars, to arrive at facts, and to express them accurately, has always been generally acknowledged.

Meanwhile, this absorbing occupation did not separate him, or induce him to seclude himself, from the current of social and domestic life. His library door always stood open,—not figuratively only, but literally,—and no orders excluded visitors of any degree. He had, also, after his return home, in 1838, resumed his hospitable habits, as well as his connexion with the more important societies and charities to which he had been attached; but his powers of concentration and methodical regulation of mind made him master of his time. When he left town for the summer he always carried a mass of books with him, selected with reference to some division of his work, to which he intended devoting himself during his absence; and his writing-table was arranged and became as much his natural resort at a hotel, where he was to stay a short time, as was his library table at home. An old Spanish book seemed to take him out of the world around him, wherever he might be; yet if any person, high or low, interrupted his studies, having a reasonable cause for doing so, he was habitually prompt and courteous in turning to the new subject brought before him. He was rarely absent-minded, and scarcely ever visibly impatient of interruption.

The growth of the History is intimately connected with the growth of his Spanish library, for his books were his necessary tools, and the library took its character from the literary purpose for which it was collected. His correspondence with Don

2 Mr. Samuel Rogers, the English poet, when Mr. Ticknor's book was published and a copy of it lay on his table, said to Sir Charles Lyell, in allusion to it, "I am told it has been the work of his life. How these Bostonians do work!"
Pascual de Gayangos, his constant orders to Mr. Rich, and to others, for Spanish books, and for all accessory materials, became, as the years went on, more and more marked by indications of the absorbing subject he had in hand.

Three years and a half after his return to America he wrote as follows to Mr. Washington Irving, who had just accepted the post of Minister from the United States to Spain, and with whom, it had been hoped, Mr. Cogswell would go as Secretary of Legation:—

To Washington Irving, Esq., New York.

Boston, March 31, 1842.

My dear Mr. Irving,—Cogswell's decision throws me quite out of my track, and leaves me no resource but to turn to you. I trust, however, that my little affairs will give you almost no trouble, and therefore I will tell you quite frankly how they stand, and how much help I must ask of you. Please to tell me in return, as frankly, if it will be quite convenient for you to fulfil my wishes, and if it will not, let me beg you to say so without the least hesitation.

I have been employed for some time on a "History of Spanish Literature," and need for it copies of a few manuscripts to be found in Madrid and in the Escurial. A young Spaniard named Pascual de Gayangos has helped me already somewhat, and has volunteered to procure the copies; but he lives in London, and is going with his nice, pretty English wife to Tunis as Spanish Consul, moved to it by his vast Arabic learning, which he hopes there to increase. He is an excellent, and, besides, an agreeable person, who was much liked at Holland House, and is well known and in good request in much of the best literary society of London; the author of the article on Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" in the "Edinburgh Review," etc., etc. Now, I wish your permission to have him come and see you in London, which I will desire him to do, and let him give you a written memorandum of what he has ordered for me in Madrid, the person of whom he has ordered it, and the best mode of accomplishing there all I desire, which is really not much. . . . Pray do not think me unreasonable, and pray refuse me plainly if you foresee more trouble in it than I do.

I am very sorry you are not coming to Boston to embark. We should have given you a hearty welcome, and, if good wishes could help, you should have been well sped on your passage. As it is, we can only hope that you may take us on your return. Meantime, allow me to write to you in Madrid, if I happen to get into any unexpected bother for want of a rare book, or an unpublished manuscript.

Yours very faithfully,

G. Ticknor.

3 See ante, pp. 132 and 148.
4 Mr. Obadiah Rich, once Consul of the United States at Port Mahon, a faithful and cultivated bibliopole, was, as a London bookseller, Mr. Ticknor's agent for many years.
Almost simultaneously with the foregoing letter he wrote to Mr. de Gayangos, with whom he had already been in correspondence for some time, who gave him unremittingly the most valuable and faithful aid, in every possible way, for the furtherance of his work, and to whom he once wrote: "Nothing encourages and helps me in my study of Spanish literature like your contributions."

TO DON PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS, LONDON.

BOSTON, March 30, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since I wrote you, February 17—March 1, I have received both your kind letters of January 28 and March 2. They have gratified me very much. I am, indeed, sorry that you are unwilling to sell the books you have been so very good as to lend me;¹ but, certainly, I have not the least disposition to complain of your decision. On the contrary, if the books were mine, I am persuaded I should not part with them, and for all that you have done in relation to them, and to me, I can only feel gratitude. For your very generous offer of the works of Gregorio Silvestre, I will consider it. But I must not be unreasonable, and if I do not accept it, you may be sure that I am just as thankful for your kindness as if I did.

I am much disappointed that my friend Mr. Cogswell has refused the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Madrid; preferring to remain in New York, as librarian of a great library just about to be established there.² Who will be his successor I do not know, and shall hardly interest myself again to procure the place for anybody. Irving will do all he can to help Prescott and myself, for his kindness may be entirely relied upon; but he was never very active; he is now growing old, and his knowledge of books and bibliography is not at all like Cogswell's. I must, therefore, rely much upon your advice, and shall be very glad to be put in communication with Don Fermin Gonzalo Moron, or any other person in Madrid, bookseller, book-collector, or whatever he may be, that will assist me in obtaining what I want. As you are good enough to ask me for a list of the books and manuscripts I wish to obtain, I enclose one; but what I desire especially to know is, what I can buy, for I very often might purchase books of whose existence I had before no knowledge, as, yesterday, I received from the Canon Riego's library a copy of "Damian de Vegas," Toledo, 1590, of which I never heard till I found it in his catalogue.

¹ Mr. Gayangos generously lent Mr. Ticknor many volumes from his own library, which were of great service. They came in successive parcels across the ocean, and were returned to him in the same way.

² Mr. Cogswell remained, at the request of Mr. John Jacob Astor, to organize the library he had promised to found, which was not, however, established for several years.
To Don Pascual de Gayangos, Madrid.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 24, 1844.

My dear Mr. Gayangos,—I have not written to you lately, because I have been absent from home for the last two months, travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania and New York for Mrs. Ticknor's health, which, I am happy to add, is wholly restored by it, so that we are now about to return to Boston. Meantime, I have received your kind letters on April 17 and May 14. I was sorry to learn by the last the death of your eldest child, and pray you to accept my sincere sympathy for it. I know how to feel for you, for I, too, have suffered.

I shall be extremely glad to receive the manuscripts and books, both old and recent, that you have been so good as to purchase for me. I shall be interested to see the translation of Sismondi, whether it be good or bad, and I pray you to send it; and thank you very much for the purchases you have made out of the Marquis of Sta. Cruz' library, which I am sure will all be welcome. Please to let me know when you have taken up the remainder of the money in Mr. Irving's hands, and I will send more. From Southey's sale I obtained about thirty volumes, I understand; but, though I believe I have received from it all the Spanish books of any real value that I ordered, I did not get the whole of my order, because Rich was afraid he should bid too high, though he spent only half the sum I sent him, with directions to return none of it, except in the shape of Southey's books. . . .

I will send you, as soon as I can have it made out after my return home, a list of my Spanish books; and shall always be glad to have you make additions to it.

The Calderons are in Boston, as I hear from our friend Prescott, quite well and very happy. We are very glad to have them back again, and the government here is very glad to have Calderon come as Minister to it once more. His relations were always of the kind that are useful, alike to the country that sends the mission and the country that receives it.

I am sorry to hear that the Calderons bring poor accounts of Mr. Irving's health. I trust he is better. Pray give my affectionate regards to him, and when you write tell me how he is.

I am here for some days with all my family, enjoying anew the magnificent spectacle of these cataracts,—a spectacle quite as remarkable for its picturesqueness and beauty as it is for its power and grandeur. Some day I hope you will come here and enjoy it. You will find more friends in this country than you know of, and we will all try to make your time pass pleasantly, if you will make us a visit.

Yours very faithfully,

G. Ticknor.

I wrote to you last on the 25th of April, and one of the books I then asked you to procure for me was the "Carcel de Amor, de Diego de San Pedro." I do not now need it, for it is among the books I bought at Southey's sale.
To Don P. de Gayangos.

Boston, August 24, 1844.

My dear Mr. Gayangos,—I wrote to you on the 24th July, from Niagara Falls, since which I have returned to Boston with my family, and have caused the catalogue of my Spanish books to be made out, that goes with this. It is, I believe, tolerably complete. At any rate, I shall be very glad to receive from you any books not on it that you think would be useful to me in writing a history of Spanish literature. As, however, Prescott's library, and some public libraries here, contain all the merely historical books I can need, I suppose you will confine your purchases to libros de poesía and libros de entretenimiento. But I pray you in this, also, to exercise your discretion freely. When you need more funds, please to let me know it.

Of course, during my residence in Spain, many years ago, and my visits since to the principal libraries of Europe, I have seen and used many curious Spanish books which I have not bought, but from which I have made extracts and abstracts to serve my purposes. The more of these you may pick up for me the better I shall be pleased.

His eagerness to possess all the instruments for the work in which he was engaged naturally grew with rapid strides, and although the love for collecting never became simply a bibliomaniac's passion, but was always ruled by the literary element from which it sprang, yet it was a fervent enthusiasm, and the accessions to his Spanish library between 1846 and 1852 were greater than in any other years. He says to Perthes, Besser, and Mauke,7 February 24, 1846, when sending them a catalogue marked for purchases: "I am willing to pay high prices for them,—not des prix fous, as the French say,—but I am willing to pay high prices decidedly, rather than lose them;" and to Mr. O. Rich, in June of the same year: "I wish to give you carte blanche, and feel sure that with my letter of January 27, and this list of my books, you cannot mistake my wants; which, you know, have always been confined to Spanish belles-lettres, and whatever is necessary to understand the history of Spanish elegant literature. From time to time I pray you to send Mr. Gayangos a note of your purchases, as he has a similar carte blanche from me, and I will desire him to do the same with you."

To Dr. Julius, Hamburg.

Boston, January 25, 1846.

My dear Dr. Julius,—In the autumn, when I returned to Boston

7 Of Hamburg.
from my summer's rustication, I found your kind letter of July 12. That of July 21 followed soon after, and two days ago came your note of August 17, with the "Dietrichstein Programme." . . .

Schack's "Geschichte" was particularly welcome; it is an important book, and I am very anxious to receive the rest of it. Huber's Programme is excellent, as is everything of his on Spanish literature that I know about, viz. his "Skizzen," his "Cid's Leben," his "Cronica del Cid," and his "Lesebuch," all of which I have had from the dates of their publication. What else has he printed? If there be anything on Spanish literature, order Perthes and Besser to send it. Particularly I pray you to thank him for the copy of the Programme. Wolf, I hope, will reconsider his determination to print only a part of the "Rosa Espinola," 1573, with the "Cancionero." Everything of Timoneda's is worth reprinting. Thank him, when you write to him, for the Programme, and beg him to let us have the whole of the unicum volume of the Imperial Library.

It was too late in the season to send you the Reports, Registrations, and Asylum Journal, that you want. They will go by the first spring vessel, and that is not far off. The account of the Boston charities, in the "North American Review," after whose author you inquire, was written by my brother-in-law, Mr. S. A. Eliot, formerly Mayor of the city.

And now I am about to trouble you with a matter of some consequence to me, but one which I hope will not ask much of your thoughts or time. My collection of old Spanish books is doubled since you were here, and is now so large that I am anxious to make it complete as I can. What can I do for it in Germany? The only resource there, that I can think of, is the small bookcase that used to stand near the window in the venerable and admirable Tieck's parlour, where I have spent so many happy hours. Does he still preserve that little collection, and if he does preserve it, do you think he could be induced to part with it to one who, as you know, would value it from having been his, as much as would anybody in the world? Will you do me the favour, in some way or other that would be most agreeable to him, to approach him on this subject, and see if anything can be done in my behalf? I cannot but think that it would be worthy of him to permit a part of his library to be planted on this Western continent, where, at some time or other, it will bear fruit, and where it will never cease to be remembered that it was once the property of the first man of his time in Germany. If it comes into my hands it will, I think, be kept together, and never leave the Western world. . . .

I work away constantly at my "History of Spanish Literature," after which you kindly inquire. It is now approaching 1700, after which there is not much, as you well know. . . .

Your friends here are all well, except Mr. Pickering, whose strength

8 Dr. Julius (see ante, p. 117, and note) had given special attention to prison discipline. He was one of the German translators of the "History of Spanish Literature."
is much broken down by complaints in the organs of digestion. Prescott gets on well with his "Conquest of Peru," and will then take up Philip II. He desires to be kindly remembered to you, and so does Mr. Pickering, whom I saw yesterday, and so would your other friends if they knew me to be writing, for we all remember you with a very sincere and lively interest.

Yours always faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

Do you know of old Spanish books anywhere to be obtained in Germany or elsewhere? . . . .

Mr. Prescott was, naturally, the confidant of his friend during the whole progress of the work, from its inception to its publication; and when the manuscript of it was complete, it was submitted to his examination and correction, as his histories had been placed in Mr. Ticknor's hands for a similar revision. He was at this time hesitating over his plans for writing the "History of Philip II.," doubting whether his infirmities would permit him to undertake it, and he devoted some weeks of this period of comparative idleness to the task of friendship, described by Mr. Ticknor as "an act of kindness for which I shall always feel grateful, and the record of which I preserve with care, as a proof how faithful he was, and how frank." Returning the manuscript with nineteen quarto pages of memoranda, in the handwriting of his amanuensis, Mr. Prescott also sent a note of eight close-written pages, dated and signed by himself, of which the following is a part:

Beacon Street, May 19, 1848.

My dear George,—I return you the manuscript which I have read, or rather heard attentively, text and notes, and I only regret that I could not have gone over them with my eyes, instead of my ears, as I could have done them more justice. I need not say that I have received a constant gratification from the perusal, for the subject is one of great interest to me. But I have no hesitation in saying that the work is done in a manner, both as respects its scientific results and its execution as a work of art, that must secure it an important and permanent place in European literature. Not only the foreign, but the Spanish student must turn to its pages for the best, the only complete record of the national mind, as developed in the various walks of elegant letters. The foreign reader will have ample evidence of the unfounded nature of the satire "that the Spaniards have but one good book, the object of which is to laugh at all the rest." Even those superficially acquainted, as I am, with the Castilian literature, must be astonished to see how prolific the Spaniards have been in all kinds of composition known in civilized Europe, and

9 Life of Prescott, 4to ed. p. 284.
in some kinds exclusively their own. The few more learned critics, in the Peninsula and out of it, will find you have boldly entered the darkest corners of their literature, and dragged into light much that has hitherto been unknown, or but very imperfectly apprehended; while there is not a vexed question in the whole circle of the national literature which you have shrunk from discussing, and, as far as possible, deciding.

The plan of the book seems to me very judicious. By distributing the subject into the great periods determined by its prevalent characteristics at the time, you make a distinct impression on the mind of the reader, and connect the intellectual movement of the nation with the political and moral changes that have exercised an influence over it. You have clearly developed the dominant national spirit, which is the peculiar and fascinating feature of the Castilian; and you have shown how completely this literature vindicates a place for itself apart from all other literatures of Christendom. For it was the product of influences to which they have never been subjected.

The most interesting parts of the work to the general reader will, I suppose, be those which relate to topics of widest celebrity,—as the Ballads, for example, the great dramatic writers, Lope, Calderon, etc.,—above all Cervantes, and scarcely less Quevedo. ... The portions least interesting to the vulgar reader will be the details in relation to the more obscure writers. ... If you are bent on abridging the work, it is in these portions ... that you might exercise your shears. ...

I believe every scholar will concede to you the merits of having had a most extraordinary body of materials at your command,—where such materials are rare,—of having studied them with diligence, and, finally, of having analyzed and discussed them in a manner perfectly original. You have leaned, in the last resort, on your own convictions, derived from your own examinations. This will give you high authority, even with those who differ from you in some of your opinions. ... [Then follow some remarks on details of style ending thus:—]

I have thought that you sometimes leave too little to the reader's imagination, by filling up the minute shades, instead of trusting for effect to the more prominent traits. If you don't understand me, I can better explain myself in conversation.

These are small peculiarities, which some might think not worth noticing at all. But style is a subtle thing, and as it is the medium by which the reader is to see into the writer's thoughts, it cannot be too carefully studied. ...

Always faithfully yours,
William H. Prescott.

In a part of Mr. Prescott's letter there is a reference to one element in Mr. Ticknor's plan which guided him in the composition of his whole work. It is thus expressed in notes to two friends, which accompanied presentation copies of the book when they were distributed. To Sir Charles Lyell he says:—
You know our reading public in the United States, how large it is, as well as how craving and increasing; so that you will be less surprised than others, that I have prepared my book as much for general readers as for scholars. Perhaps, however, it will surprise you, too. But I have done it, and must abide the consequences. Indeed, for a great many years I have been persuaded that literary history ought not to be confined, as it has been from the way in which it has been written, to persons of tasteful scholarship, but should be made, like civil history, to give a knowledge of the character of the people to which it relates. I have endeavoured, therefore, so to write my account of Spanish literature as to make the literature itself the exponent of the peculiar culture and civilization of the Spanish people. Whether I have succeeded or no remains to be seen. But *if I have*, my book, I think, will be read by my countrymen, whose advance in a taste for reading on grave and thoughtful subjects increases so perceptibly that there is a plain difference since you were here.

To Mr. George T. Curtis he says the same thing in other words:—

As you read, please to bear in mind that my book is an attempt to make literary history useful, as general reading, to a people like the American, by connecting it with the history of civilization and manners in the country to which it relates. Whether I have succeeded is another question; but you will not judge me as I wish to be judged, unless you take this for what the Germans call your "stand-punct."

A history of literature necessarily falls far short, in animation and in human interest, of a history of events, and it must consist, in great part, of a catalogue—more or less *thématique*, but essentially a chronological list—of books, accompanied by statements of dates and skeletons of contents. Mr. Ticknor, however, in pursuing his object of giving a living interest to his work, seized every opportunity for a sketch of national character and experience, or of individual lives, into which he infused variety and vivacity, as well as philosophic observation; and he enlivened his pages by translations, and by intelligible and attractive criticism.

The result is, that while it is a work of which one of the English writers who noticed it said, when it appeared, he believed there were not six men in Europe able to review it, and which, by universal consent, is a thorough and scholarly history, not likely to be superseded for the period it covers, it has actually proved so attractive to general readers, that several thousand copies have been sold in the United States, and it has been

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1 Shirley Brooks, in the "Morning Chronicle."
translated into three of the great languages of Europe. Among the reviews and notices of the book, which appeared on both sides of the Atlantic immediately after its publication, we find, therefore, Mr. Prescott remarking on the pains his friend has taken "to unfold the peculiarities of the Castilian character, and how, with a spirit of sound philosophy, he raises his work above the ordinary province of literary criticism;" while Mr. Brunet refers to the "renseignements bibliographiques qu'il offre en grande quantité, et qui fournissent les matériaux de nombreuses et importantes additions, aux recherches de Brunet, d'Ébert, et autres savants, versés dans la connaissance des livres." Mr. Richard Ford gives him "infinite credit" for the great number of rare and curious books which he has pointed out, for his careful tracing of their editions, and the exact indications of chapter and verse, on his margin, and at the same time, adds some words about Mr. Ticknor's gentlemanlike and elegant remarks, couched in a calm tone, and expressed in a clear and unaffected style," and asserts that he has produced a record which may be read with general satisfaction, and will be lastingly valued for reference. Mr. Buckle also, in a private letter, says: "In Mr. Ticknor's singularly valuable 'History of Spanish Literature' there is more real information than can be found in any of the Spanish histories which I have had occasion to read."  

The first edition of the work appeared from the press of the Messrs. Harper, New York, in the latter part of the year 1849, while Mr. John Murray, at the same time, published a small edition in London. A Spanish translation was already begun, from advanced sheets, by Don P. de Gayangos and Don Enrique de Vedia, but the last volume of this did not appear until several years later. Meantime, reviews and notices appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, some of which contained inconsiderable objections to matters of style, or to special opinions, omissions,

2 Spanish, German, and French.
3 In the "North American Review." This was the last article Mr. Prescott ever wrote for a periodical. See "Life of Prescott."
4 From the "Bulletin Belge," article signed G. Brunet. "The bibliographical information it contains in great quantities, and which furnishes materials for numerous and important additions to the researches of Brunet, Ébert, and other experts, versed in the history of Books."
5 Author of the "Handbook of Spain." He wrote an article on Mr. Ticknor's work in the "London Quarterly," and a notice of it also for the "London Times."
6 The letter appears in the "Life of Theodore Parker," to whom it was addressed.

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and statements; but all the articles which carried weight with them agreed in praise and respect.  

Private letters also flowed in, of course, and some of these are of a character suitable to be introduced here.

FROM J. LOTHRROP MOTLEY TO G. TICKNOR.

CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, December 29, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—At the risk of appearing somewhat impolite, I have delayed expressing my thanks to you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your “History of Spanish Literature,” until I had read the whole work. This I have now done very carefully, and parts of it several times, and I am happy to express to you my sincere congratulations at the eminent success which you have attained. Your book is an honour to yourself and to American literature.

I felt sure, before reading it, that it would be thorough, accurate, learned, and that the subject would be entirely exhausted by your labours; but as histories of literature, with a few exceptions, have generally been rather arid and lifeless productions, occupying rather a place upon the library shelf as books of reference than upon the table as sources of entertainment and instruction at the same time, I must confess that I was not prepared for three volumes of so exceedingly interesting and picturesque a character as these which you have given to the world.

In this result, I think you may take the most credit to yourself for the artistic manner with which you have handled your materials. The subject is, to be sure,—as it now appears after your book is finished,—a brilliant and romantic one; but I have read enough of literary histories to know that they are too apt to furnish a kind of Barmecide’s feast, in which the reader has to play the part of Shacabac, and believe in the excellence of the lamb, stuffed with pistachio nuts, the flavour of the wines, and the perfume of the roses, upon the assertion

7 The more important notices of Mr. Ticknor’s work, at its first appearance, were the following: “London Quarterly” (by Richard Ford); “North American,” January, 1850 (by W. H. Prescott); “British Quarterly,” February, 1850; “London Athenæum,” March, 1850; “Revue des Deux Mondes,” 1850 (by Rossieuw de St. Hilaire); “El Heraldo,” Madrid, March, 1850 (by Domingo del Monte); “London Morning Chronicle,” May, 1850 (by Shirley Brooks, who wrote to Mr. Ticknor to inform him of the authorship); “Christian Examiner,” Boston, April, 1850 (by G. S. Hillard); “Methodist Quarterly,” New York (by C. C. Felton); “L’Opinion Publique,” Paris, which had five articles in 1851 (by Count Adolphe de Circourt); “London Spectator,” “Examiner,” “Literary Gazette,” and “Gentleman’s Magazine,” 1850; “Journal des Débats,” 1852 (by Philarète Chasles, who also paid a tribute to the work in his “Voyages d’un Critique en Espagne,” 1868); “Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung,” 1853 (by Ferdinand Wolf).

8 A delightful letter from Washington Irving has already been published in his Memoirs, which deprives us of the pleasure of producing it here.
of the entertainer, and without assistance from his own perceptions. This is not the case with your history. While reading it, one feels and recognizes the peculiar qualities of Spanish poetry and romance, which are so singularly in union with the chivalrous and romantic nation which produced them. You have given extracts enough from each prominent work to allow the reader to feel its character, and to produce upon his mind the agreeable allusion that he himself knows something of the literature to which you introduce him. You analyze enough to instruct, without wearying the reader with too elaborate details.

This I take to be the great art in composing literary history. The reader should be able to take, and to remember, a general view of the whole, and while looking down the long vista of the gallery, he should be allowed to pause at each remarkable picture long enough to study and comprehend its beauties and its individual character.

I cannot doubt that the work will always be the standard work upon the subject, and that it will turn the attention of many to a literature which has of late years been, I should think, comparatively neglected.

Spanish literature is not only an important subject in itself, but it furnishes a complete and separate episode in the history of the progress and development of the European mind. Nowhere else have poets exhibited themselves in such picturesque and startling attitude and costume. The warrior, monk, troubadour, and statesman, all in one, combining the priest's bigotry and the poet's fire with the "courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword," exist only in that romantic literature of which you have written the history so well.

One can hardly understand the history of Europe without knowing not only the history, but the literary history, of Spain; and after the brilliant illustrations of both, furnished by yourself and Mr. Prescott, no one will have an excuse for ignorance.

Begging you to excuse this slight expression of the merits of your work, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. Motley.

FROM HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

WILTON CRESCENT, LONDON, JANUARY 10, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. TICKNOR,—The American mail went so soon after my receipt of your very obliging present of your three volumes, that I was not able to thank you at that time. The delay, however, has given me time to read them through, and I can congratulate you on having brought your long labours to a close with so much honour to yourself. The book has evidently taken a position in which it both supersedes, for its chief purpose, all others, and will never be itself superseded, certainly not out of Spain; and, unless Spain become very different from what it is, not within its confines. Your reach of knowledge is really marvellous in a foreigner; and I particularly admire the candour and good sense with which you have escaped the ordinary fault of exaggerating the writers whom you have occasion to
bring before the public, while you have done ample justice to their real deserts. Your style is clear, firm, and well-sustained. Perhaps you will excuse a very trilling criticism; a few words seem to recur too often, such as *lady-love*, which I hold hardly fit for prose, and *genial*, which is better, and not objectionable, except that I think you have it too often.

I rejoice—not only on your account—that your work has every prospect of a large sale in America. It is greatly to the credit of the country that a subject so merely literary, and not relating to transient literature, has attracted a number of purchasers—at least according to the calculation of your publisher—very far beyond what any book, except one of a popular character, could reach at once in England. This shows that America is fast taking a high position as a literary country; the next half-century will be abundantly productive of good authors in your Union. And it is yet to be observed that there is not, nor probably will be, a distinct American school. The language is absolutely the same, all slight peculiarities being now effaced; and there seems nothing in the turn of sentiment or taste which a reader can recognize as not English. This is not only remarkable in such works as yours and Mr. Prescott’s, but even, as it strikes me, in the lighter literature, as far as I see it, of poetry or belles-lettres . . .

You will, I hope, be pleased to learn that Lord Mahon has proposed your name as an Honorary Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. You will be united in this with Everett, Prescott, and Bancroft. Lord Mahon did this without the least suggestion of mine, from being pleased with your book, but I was, of course, glad to add my name to the recommendation. You will receive the diploma in time.

I was much interested by your letter of September 25, which I took the liberty of showing to Dr. Holland and Lord Lansdowne. . . . I hope that peace may continue all over the world, and indeed there seems no great cause for alarm at present. Without the nonsense of a Peace Society, a change is coming over the spirits of men, and it is more and more felt that war is not to be undertaken for frivolous, punctilios or unimportant interests. . . .

Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

Henry Hallam.

A few months later Mr. Ticknor writes as follows:—

To Don P. de Gayangos.

Boston, October 14, 1850.

My dear Don Pascual,—I wrote you last on the 19th of August,

9 Lord Mahon, as President of the Society, said at its annual meeting, April 23, 1850: “It is also with great pleasure that I find another gentleman from the United States, the author of the excellent “History of Spanish Literature,” augmenting the list of our honorary members. Five years ago we had not one from that country. At present we have four, namely, Mr. Everett, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Ticknor,—an accession of talent and high character of which any society might justly be proud.” After reading the book Lord Mahon had opened a correspondence with Mr. Ticknor, whom he had not previously known.
since which I have not heard from you directly; but I know that the copies of my History which I sent to Mr. Barringer and to Don Adolfo de Castro, through your kindness, have safely reached their destination. Don Adolfo writes to me very agreeably about my book, but says he shall answer what I have said about the Buscapié.

Young Prescott has returned lately, and brought me the fine copies of "Ayllon's Cid," 1579, and of the "Toledana Discreta," 1604, which you entrusted to his care. His father came at the same time, and both of them are quite well, and much gratified by the kindness they everywhere received in Europe.

I continue to receive much better accounts of my book from Europe than I can think it deserves. You will, I suppose, have had Ford's review in the "London Quarterly" for October, and that of Rossieuw de St. Hilaire in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" at Paris. Julius is going on vigorously with his translation at Hamburg, assisted, as he writes me, by notes from Wolf of Vienna and Huber of Berlin, and expecting to publish at New Year. Tieck writes with much kindness about it. Villedmain has volunteered to me a message of approbation and thanks; and I enclose you a letter from Humboldt, found in a newspaper, of which I know nothing else, not even to whom it was addressed; but which I think you and Don Domingo del Monte will read with pleasure, for the sake of the few words in which he speaks of Prescott and myself, and for the broad view he gives—after his grand, generalizing fashion—of the progress of culture in the United States.

There have been a great many notices of my History, I understand, in England and this country, which I have not seen; but I have not heard of any of them that were unfavourable.¹

**From Ludwig Tieck.**

**Potsdam, July 28, 1850.**

Honoured Friend,—What a happy time it was when we met almost every day in Dresden. I still look back to that time with much pleasure. Genuine friendship, indeed, consists in this, that men understand each other better every day, and become indispensable to one another in sentiments, expressions, and so forth; this is what ordinary society neither appreciates nor requires. Notwithstanding the high esteem with which you inspired me, your valued present surprised me; for, delightful as these welcome volumes were, their many-sided and profound learning astonished me. Much is now doing for Spanish literature, but your learned work appears to me the first of the day.

If I did not immediately thank you from a full heart, my malady,

¹ In a letter from Mr. Abbott Lawrence, then our Minister to England, to Mr. S. A. Eliot, he says: "I was present a few evenings since, when the Queen asked Mr. Macaulay what new book he could recommend for her reading. He replied that he would recommend her Majesty to send for the 'History of Spanish Literature,' by an American, Mr. Ticknor of Boston."

² Translated from the German.
which takes hold of me, and exhausts me to an incredible degree, must
be my excuse, and, on the same ground, you will kindly accept this
ddictated letter.

Much as I have read of Spanish, and though I counted myself
among the connoisseurs in the province of poetry, your beautiful book
has yet put me to shame, for I have gained an endless amount of new
information from it. The chapters on the Romances seemed to me
especially new and instructive, and I rejoice in the prospect of repeated
readings, that I may study and learn more. It was new to me, also,
that you had travelled in Spain.

I confess that I cannot feel much admiration for the modern poetry,
in comparison with the earlier poetry and literature. These modern
ideas, this French style, this degraded language, do not suit the grave
Spaniard.

I could have wished the chapters on the Drama more minute still,
and it seems to me that we Protestants, by education, habit, and daily
intercourse, lack a power of entering into the mythical religious
poetry. For, while Calderon inclined to allegory, we find in Lope
religious mythical views, and poetic representations which have exer-
cised an extraordinary magic power over me for many years. Just so
Lope's contemporaries, such as Mira de Mesqua and others, are very
remarkable in representations of miracles, legends, apparitions. This
point seems to me to have been too little regarded by all friends; for
I cannot speak of those caricatures which, for a time, tried to attract
attention by much noise; when even young Jews were indefatigable
in painting Madonnas and Christ.

Remember me to your lady, and think sometimes of your admiring
friend,

LUDWIG TIECK.

Having thus met with a solid and most gratifying success, the
"History of Spanish Literature" maintained its place, and in
1863, when he had accumulated additional materials, and had
profited by all the suggestions contained in the Spanish and
German translations of his work, as well as in such reviews and
private criticisms as seemed to him of value, Mr. Ticknor brought
out a third edition of the book, "corrected and enlarged." The
Preface to this gives a full account of the means and methods by
which he had acquired the new matter, and of the changes he
saw fit to make. 3

He continued, as long as he lived, to gather from every acces-
sible source whatever could add to the accuracy and the merit
of this his chief production. "A copy of his History was always
on his table; and, retaining to the last his literary activity, and

3 In this Preface Mr. Ticknor states that 3500 copies of his work have
been published in America alone. Since that time 1300 more have been
sold in the United States.
his interest in his favourite studies, he constantly had it in hand, for the purpose of making such revisions as were suggested by his own researches, or those of Spanish scholars in Europe. . . . Any one who will take the trouble to compare the two editions [the third and fourth] will see how carefully and conscientiously Mr. Ticknor laboured, to the day of his death, to secure completeness to the work to which the best portion of his life was dedicated, with a singleness of devotion rare in these days of desultory activity and rapid production.”

CHAPTER XIII.


In the spring of the year 1850 Mr. Ticknor went to Washington for the first time since 1828, taking his eldest daughter with him, and the fortnight he passed there was very animated, owing to the presence in the society of the capital that season of a number of persons with whom he could not fail to have interesting and agreeable intercourse. Mr. Webster was in Washington as Senator; so was Mr. Clay, who occupied rooms near Mr. Ticknor’s in the hotel, and frequently came in as a friendly neighbour; Mr. Calderon was Spanish Minister; Mr. R. C. Winthrop was member of the House of Representatives from Boston; and many other friends and acquaintances were there, officially or for pleasure. Sir Henry Bulwer, as English Minister, was a brilliant acquisition to the society of the place; the Chevalier Hülsenmann, Austrian Chargé d’Affaires, recollected seeing Mr. Ticknor once in the riding-school in Göttingen, thirty-five years before, and remembered his appearance so well, he said he should have recognized him; a son of that Marquis de Sta. Cruz who had so often been his host in Madrid, was a member of the Spanish Legation; and, finally, the White House, as presided over by good General Taylor and his attractive daughter, Mrs. Bliss, was, socially, more agreeable than usual.

4 Preface to the Fourth Edition, by G. S. Hillard. This edition, prepared for the press by Mr. Hillard, appeared a year after the death of Mr. Ticknor, who left a special request that his friend might perform this office.
The constant dinner-parties at which this circle met were uncommonly bright with clever conversation, and the mornings passed with Mr. Webster, or in the House of Congress and the Supreme Court, were interesting. Unfortunately, Mr. Ticknor was not well during this visit, and unfortunately, also, his letters, though filled with the daily record of what he did, contain almost nothing in a form to be appropriate here.

On one occasion he writes:

As Judge Wayne says, "the demonstration in favour of Webster's speech⁵ is triumphant." The number of letters he receives about it is prodigious; and the flood still comes in, as if none had flowed before. He has sent me a roll of a few hundred, with which I have been amusing myself this morning; and from their look, and from what I hear, he could have, from any part of the country, a list of names as significant of its public opinion as the list from Boston. The great West goes for him with a rush.

In another letter he says:

The dinner at Webster's was very agreeable, quite agreeable; though having risen at three in the morning to prepare his great case in the Supreme Court, then having argued it, and, finally, having had a little discussion in the Senate as late as five o'clock, he grew tired about nine, and showed a great infection of sleep. But at the table he was in excellent condition.

Again he writes:

The first half of the evening I spent with Clay, who had with him Foote and Clingman; and a curious conversation we had about slavery, I assure you. . . .

At last, however, mentioning the arrival of Mr. Prescott with a party of friends, he adds, "They will stay till Friday, so as to dine at the President's on Thursday, for which we have invitations, but I would not stop here next week to dine with the Three Holy Kings of Cologne."⁶

This visit to Washington is mentioned in the following letter to Mr. Milman:

TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN, LONDON.

BOSTON, April 30, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. MILMAN,—I am indebted to you for a most kind letter concerning my "History of Spanish Literature." Such approbation as your kindness has given is the true and highest reward an author receives; for though the public may read,—and in this

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⁵ The famous 7th of March speech.
⁶ The description, in the "Life of Prescott," of the attentions showered upon his friend, might be applied with equal truth to the welcome Mr. Ticknor himself received.
country the reading public is very large,—yet it is the few who decide. . . . 

I have lately spent a fortnight in Washington. The times there are very stirring; the passions of men much excited. But no permanent mischief will come from it. The people of the North have neither been frightened nor made angry, and are not likely to be. . . . The result will be, that after much more angry discussion a ground of compromise and adjustment will be found which will settle the controversy once and for ever, as we hope. This will be mainly owing to the conciliatory tone taken by Mr. Webster, which has much quieted the popular feeling at the North; for if he had assumed the opposite tone, the whole North would have gone with him, and the breach would have been much widened, if not made irreparable. . . . 

Meantime the country advances with gigantic strides, and as the new States get on and take their permanent places in the Confederacy, they feel a new power coming upon them, which is destined to have a preponderating authority to keep the peace in all conflicts that may hereafter arise between the North and the South. I mean the great basin of the Upper Mississippi, with its free States, which, after the census of 1850, and the representation which will be organized upon its basis, will have upon all national questions a decisive power, and never endure for a moment a state of things that can tend to making New Orleans a foreign port. This power will be eminently conservative, hostile to the spirit of slavery, and every year will become more so. This makes the present contest in Congress very important, and will explain to you much of its fierceness. . . .

I have ventured to write to you about our political affairs, because they are of so broad a nature that they become a part of the concerns of the whole human family, and can be alien from no man's heart who feels what belongs to Christendom and its interests. It is, besides, the uppermost subject here now. Mr. Webster made a bold and manly speech about it in one of our public squares yesterday afternoon, as he arrived at his hotel from Washington for a few days, and I have just been talking with him about it. . . .

Hoping that when your leisure permits we may hear from you again, Very sincerely yours, Geo. Ticknor.

7 During this visit in Boston Mr. Webster one day sent a note to Mr. Ticknor, asking him to come to his hotel in the afternoon, and having detained him in conversation till a party of gentlemen had assembled who had united to give a semi-public dinner in his (Mr. Webster's) honour, Mr. Ticknor was induced to sit down with them. When the after-dinner speaking began, one of the guests suddenly called on Mr. Ticknor, whom, he said, in all his large experience of public dinners he had never before seen on such an occasion; and, without a moment's chance for preparation, Mr. Ticknor responded with what a person present asserts was one of the happiest and most effective little speeches he had ever heard. This was the only time Mr. Ticknor was ever entrapped into such a performance; a fact as significant of his tastes as the testimony to his success is significant of his gifts.
To Prince John, Duke of Saxony, Dresden.

Boston, July 22, 1850.

My dear Prince,—I have desired to write to you for some time, and acknowledge the receipt of a very interesting and instructive letter which you sent me in the spring, and a note of May 9, in which you speak with your accustomed kindness of my "History of Spanish Literature," of which I had early ventured to send you a copy. But the state of our public affairs, on which I wished to say something, seemed every week to be likely to take a decisive turn. . . . I have waited, however, in vain. The debates are still going on, the decision is still somewhat uncertain, and the disturbed and excited state of public opinion and feeling is still unappeased.

But in the midst of this angry discussion has come a melancholy event, of which you have already heard,—I mean the very sudden death of the President of the United States; an event which, perhaps, will not exercise a great influence on the course of public affairs, but is worth particular notice, from the circumstance that what has accompanied and followed it throws a strong light on the nature and operation of the free institutions of this country. . . . The shock was very great; and, in a despotism, the loss of the head of the government, under circumstances of such national embarrassment, would have undoubtedly, I think, brought on a period of confusion. But here, the course of things was not in the least shaken. The next day at noon, July 10, the Vice-President was publicly sworn into office, with the greatest solemnity, and in the presence of both Houses of Congress, but without the least show or bustle, not a soldier being visible on the occasion, nor any form observed or any word spoken but the accustomed simple and awful oath of fidelity to the Constitution.

Nor was the effect on the country different from what it was in the Capitol. Men were everywhere shocked by it, as a warning of God's power, and felt grieved for the loss of one in whose faithfulness, moderation, and wisdom even those originally opposed to his election had come very generally to place great confidence. But there was no convulsion, no alarm. Neither private nor public credit was affected to the amount of a penny, nor did any man in the country feel as if his personal happiness and security, or those of his children, were to be any way involved in this sudden death of the political head of the nation. . . .

Nor has there been any ground for alarm. The popular will, which gives the main impulse to all governmental action in free institutions like ours, will be as efficient in carrying on the state under Mr. Fillmore as it was under General Taylor. The people know this, and therefore feel little affected by the change. And Mr. Fillmore, on his part, knows that power will be given to him by this popular will only so far as he consults the real interests of the whole country, or what the whole people—little likely to be deceived on such
great matters affecting themselves—believe to be their real interests. 

The affair of Cuba, I suppose, made much noise for a time in Germany, and perhaps the American government was blamed. But it did not deserve to be. We have, as you know, no secret police, nor anything approaching it; the numbers concerned in the piratical expedition were inconsiderable; and they were embarked cunningly for Chagres,—as if they were going to California,—in a regular packet from New Orleans, and then, when at sea, were transferred to the steam-vessel that carried them to Cuba. The government officers and the agents of the Spanish Minister at Washington, who suspected what was going on, had been watching for some time at New Orleans, New York, and Philadelphia, and made several seizures of vessels not concerned in the attempt; but the true one escaped them. Those who have returned to the United States, and others suspected of being concerned with them, have been arrested, and will be tried. It was a piratical affair altogether. The persons engaged in it were chiefly foreigners, and the money to carry it on came from Cuba.

The death of Sir Robert Peel will be felt in the affairs of Europe; in England his great administrative talents will be excessively missed. 

I have finished your "Paradiso," and have been more and more struck, as I went on, with the extraordinary mediaeval learning with which it abounds. No man hereafter, I think, can be accounted a thorough scholar in Dante who has not studied it. I give you anew my thanks for it. I hope you will soon permit me to hear again from you on the subject of European affairs. At this distance things look more quiet only; hardly more hopeful. But I trust we are mistaken.

I remain always very faithfully, my dear Prince,
Your friend and servant,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

TO THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

MANCHESTER [MASSACHUSETTS], July 31, 1850.

MY DEAR EVERETT,—I have just read your oration of the 17th of June. I made an attempt in the "Advertiser," but broke down from the obvious misplacing of some paragraphs, and I am glad I failed, for I have enjoyed it much more here in this quietness, reading the whole without getting up out of my chair, and then looking over certain parts of it again and again, till I had full possession of them. It was a great pleasure, and I thank you for it. Perhaps some of your earlier efforts were more brilliant, but for real power, as it seems to me, you have never done anything equal to it. Its philosophical views will strike many persons in Europe, and will be hereafter referred to as

8 Walker's.
authority at home. So much I have thought I might say to you, but
to anybody else I should gladly talk on much longer.

We are having a deliciously cool and pleasant summer here, with a
plenty of agreeable occupations for the forenoon, and beautiful drives
in the afternoon. I wish you would come down and see us. The
beach is as smooth as it was when you bathed on it last year; but I
would rather you should come and pass a night, for "the evening
and the morning" make the day here, as much as they did in the
Creation. . . .

Yours very sincerely,
Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head, Bart., Fredericton, N.B. 9
Boston, November 19, 1850.

My dear Sir Edmund,—I thank you, we all thank you, for your
letter of October 30, with the criticisms on Allston. . . . For myself,
I thank you for your offer of rare and precious Spanish books, which
I receive exactly in the spirit in which it is made; that is, I accept
the last of the six volumes, and leave the rest to somebody that has
better claims on them. The book I refer to is, "Historia de San Juan
de la Peña, por su Abad Juan Briz Martinez," Zaragoza, 1620. Of
the five others, I possess the "Diana" in sundry editions, including
the first. . . . I accept thankfully the old Abbot Martinez,
because in such books I almost always find something to my pur-
pose. . . .

Sir Henry Bulwer has been here lately, and is just gone. He is a
good deal délaboré, or, as we say in Yankeeedom, "used up," but is
shrewd, vigilant, sometimes exhibiting a little subacid, but on the
whole very agreeable. He took kindly to the town, and we met him
constantly in the houses of our friends at dinner, to say nothing of
quantities of gossip that went on in our own library. Lady Bulwer
did not come with him. His relations with the present Administra-
tion are no doubt very satisfactory to him, but with his shattered
nerves, I should think a residence in Washington would be anything
but agreeable.

Webster, too, has been here, and hurried off yesterday to his post,
better in health than he was a month ago, but almost sixty-nine years

9 Sir Edmund Head was, at this time, Governor of New Brunswick. He
and Lady Head had paid a visit to Boston in October, and he wrote thus to
Mr. Ticknor afterwards: "Sir Charles Lyell says of Mr. Prescott, 'Pres-
cott's visit has been a source of great pleasure to us, and, though I can by
no means sympathize with Macaulay's astonishment that, being what he
is, he should ever go back to Boston, I cannot help regretting that the
Atlantic should separate him and you from us." Nor can I," continues Sir
Edmund, "sympathize with Macaulay's astonishment, since I have had the
great pleasure of receiving your kindness and enjoying your conversation at
Boston. Those few days are days on which Lady Head and myself shall
always look back with sincere satisfaction. We only regret that they were
so few."
old, and showing decidedly the approach of age. Still, he is capable of great things, because he works so easily, and in the forty years and more that I have known him well, he never seemed to me so wise and great as he does now. If his strength is continued, he alone will carry us through our present troubles.

... I am curious to know what you think about the restoration of the Papal titles, etc., in England. It strikes me that all compromises like that of Puseyism must now be given up; and, however indiscreet it may have been in the good Pio Nono—as foolish people called him—to throw down the gauntlet, nothing remains for your National Church but to fight it out with him on the most absolute grounds of Protestantism, or to fall before dissent in its many forms. However, I am only a looker-on from a great distance. \textit{Dominus providebit}. Protestantism, in some shape or other, must prevail.

Mrs. Ticknor is writing to Lady Head, ... but there is no harm in adding her kindest regards to mine and the daughters’ for both of you. Duplicates in such cases are like surplusage in law, \textit{non nocent}.

Yours faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

\textbf{TO SIR EDMUND HEAD.}

Boston, January 7, 1851.

\textbf{MY DEAR SIR EDMUND,—}Mrs. Ticknor some days ago told Lady Head that the fine copy of good old “Abbot Martinez” had come safely to hand, and I now add my sincere thanks for it, as a curious book, out of which I have already dug one fact of some consequence to me, which I was never able elsewhere to settle as exactly as I wanted to. I like these old chronicling histories, full of monkish traditions, and often waste a deal of time over them.

Lately I have been looking again over another sort of book, on similar matters, and—so far as I can judge—one of very accurate and rare learning; I mean Dozy, “Recherches sur l’Histoire politique et littéraire de l’Espagne, pendant le moyen âge,” Tom. I. The author, I believe is a Dutchman, and certainly writes in most detestable French; but his knowledge of the Arabic history of Spain, and his access to original materials for it, are quite remarkable. The way in which he shows up the Cid as a savage marauder, who burnt people alive by the dozen and committed all sorts of atrocities, sometimes against Christians, and sometimes against Moors, with a considerable air of impartiality, is truly edifying.

Once he hits upon a man who had seen the Cid, and so gives a \textit{coup-de-grace} to Masdeu, if indeed that person of clumsy learning has survived the blows given him by others. For all he says, Master Dozy gives the original Arabic, with translations, and generally relies only on contemporary documents, so rare at the period of Spanish history which he has chiefly examined thus far. ... I shall be very curious to see the continuation of his work, for this first volume—1849—comes down only through the Chronicle and old poems on the
Cid, concerning which his discussions are very acute, if not always satisfactory.

You keep the run of our politics from the "Advertiser," . . . and in that case you have not missed reading Webster’s letter to Hülsemann, the Austrian Chargé, on the subject of the agent we sent towards Hungary, during their troubles. I refer to it, therefore, only to say that it is satisfactory to the whole of this country, without distinction of party . . . .

I had a letter from Stirling last steamer. He has been in Russia, and talks of coming here at some indefinite time. Lord Carlisle’s lecture about America is very flattering to some of us, and for one I feel grateful to him for his notice of me, but I think its tone is not statesmanlike. . . . However, it seems to have given general satisfaction in England, and I suppose the rest is no concern of ours. Let me hear from you at your leisure, of which you must have some in the long evenings.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART.

BOSTON, June 24, 1851.

MY DEAR LYELL,—There is no use in trying to stir up our people to make a decent show of themselves at the Crystal Palace; they won’t do it. As soon as I received your letter of May 20, I wrote an article for the "Courier," which was copied into other papers, and our friend Hillard went to the Secretary of our Commission about it. But the answer was prompt all round: “The French, the Russians, and the Germans send their goods to England as a means of advertising them all over the world; we look for no sale out of our own country. Why should we take the trouble and expense to advertise abroad?”

One very ingenious person, who has invented a most extraordinary machine for weaving Brussels and other carpets, said he was very desirous to send a working model to the Exhibition, but found it would cost him $5000 to put it up there and run it for four months; too much, he thought, for the price of such a whistle. Others came to the same conclusion, and the upshot of the matter is, that from the moment the proposition was fairly examined and understood, there has been no stir at all about it . . . . I ought to add, however,—what is strictly true,—that everybody enjoys the splendour and success of the Exhibition just as much as if we were a substantial part of it; every newspaper in the country, I believe, glorifying it, with the arrival of fresh news of it by every steamer . . . .

As I am sending a parcel, I put into it a copy of Webster’s late speeches in the State of New York. Your people neither comprehend that we had a moral right to make the stipulation in the Constitution of 1788, to deliver up fugitive slaves,—as we always had done before,—nor that we have a right to fulfil that stipulation now; nor, that if
we were to separate from the slave States rather than fulfil it, we should be obliged to renew it in the form of a treaty, or enter into an endless war with them, which would be no better than a civil conflict. The object of the law of 1850 is rather to prevent slaves from running away than to restore them; this it effects. . . . But as I have told you before, the great difficulty which underlies all these political questions is the difference of race; more formidable than any other, and all others. . . .

Your friends here are, I believe, all well. Prescott, with a gay party, is gone to Niagara, and sends pleasant accounts back, coming himself in a few days. We go off before long. . . .

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

TO MR. WEBSTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

BELLOWS FALLS, VERMONT, July 9, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for a copy of your speeches at Albany, which followed me here last night from Boston, and which I am glad to have in a permanent form, and to read again, with few typographical errors.

However, I should hardly trouble you with my thanks if the same post that brought your parcel had not brought me a letter which you must in part answer. It was from Sir Edmund Head, Lieutenant-Governor1 of New Brunswick; a person who is very much of a man, and a most accomplished and agreeable one, with a wife to match. He says to me,—Fredericton, July 2,—"What I am now going to say is quite private. A report has reached me that Mr. Webster may visit the British provinces in his vacation. I have also heard that he is fond of fishing. Now, if you have an opportunity, pray say that I shall be delighted to see him, either officially or incognito, whichever he may prefer. If the latter, I will go into the woods with him myself, and show him what sport can be got. Salmon-fishing is uncertain in August, but good trout-fishing, with the chance of salmon, I could insure. Observe, I may be mistaken altogether, but nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him, if he have any notion of seeking relaxation among the 'Blue Noses.'"

I suppose Sir Edmund is wrong, for I think you will hardly have vacation enough to go so far, though it is barely possible you may feel yourself to be driven over the line to get any vacation at all. At any rate, nobody but yourself can give me the means of answering the question. . . .

I cannot tell you what strange thoughts my present position gives me; mingled up, as they are, with recollections of journeyings through the woods, and the "Indian Charity School," and President Wheelock's cocked hat at the end of them. Just half a century ago this month, stage-coaches being yet unknown hereabouts, it took a pair of horses six mortal days to carry my father and mother from Boston to

1 The official title.
Hanover, saddle-horses being put in requisition to help us along part of the time. Now, I am living with my family in a grand hotel, capable of containing comfortably a hundred persons, with a nice private parlour, a luxurious table, silver forks, champagne, and good carriages and horses, as in Boston, for drives. . . . It is, on a small scale, one of the thousand exemplifications of what you so magnificently set forth about the whole country, on the 4th, at Washington. But it is to me, as it would be to you, if you were here, a very striking one. . . .

Yours faithfully,

George Ticknor.

To Sir Charles Lyell.

Boston, November 25, 1851.

My dear Lyell,—I have been attending a good many lectures of a course now going on at the Lowell Institute, by Dr. Dewey, and they have made me think often of you and of your projects for next year. Dewey's lectures—which might make another Bridgewater Treatise—are very brilliant and able, and keep together an intelligent audience that fills the hall. But he has one advantage, which has served him well thus far, and which I wish you—if it be consistent with your other arrangements in the United States—to secure for yourself; I mean the period for lecturing. He has the first course of the season; it is usually the time when we have the finest weather,—October and November,—and the audiences are fresh and eager. Please think of this. It is a matter of somewhat more consequence than it was when you were here before, because lectures of all kinds are less run after. Three full, large audiences, however, still listen to three different courses weekly, and several minor ones are going on at the same time. . . .

Please offer to Mr. J. L. Mallett my best thanks for the copy of the life of his father he has sent me. His father's name has been familiar to me from my boyhood, when I read his "Considerations on the French Revolution,"—published here,—and received a direction to my opinions on that subject which I think has not been materially altered since. I am, therefore, much interested in a full account of their author. . . . who was undoubtedly one of the best, as well as most far-seeing men who entered into the French Revolution.

One of the most important points connected with that momentous movement was the change it made in the laws for the tenure and descent of property, and the constantly widening results that follow from it. I have at different times, and now again lately, considered this subject, and on talking it over one day at dinner with Mr. Tremenheere, he told me Lord Lovelace had published a most important pamphlet about it. . . . Will you do me the favour to make some

2 Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, one of the many cultivated Englishmen who in these years were familiar guests at Mr. Ticknor's house. He was author of "Political Experience of the Ancients in its Bearing upon Modern Times," and "Constitution of the United States compared with our own."
inquiry about it, and if there be such a pamphlet send me a copy of it.
Affectionate regards to dear Lady Lyell from all of us, as well as to
yourself.

Yours faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

To F. Wolf, Vienna.

Boston, April 6, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for the curious and interesting tracts
you have been so good as to send me on Castillejo, and on Don
Francis de Zuniga, but especially for your admirable paper on the
remarkable collection of Spanish Ballads, that you found at Prague.
The settlement of the date of Castillejo’s death is important, and gets
over a difficulty which everybody who has looked into his life must
have felt; and the discussion about the old Romances sueltos has the
thoroughness, finish, and conscientious exactness which marks every-
thing of yours that I have seen. I have studied all four of them with
care, and have no doubt you are right in the result of your investiga-
tions in each case. For the kindness with which you speak of me, I
beg leave to make you my best acknowledgments.
I should have thanked you long before this time for these proofs of
your remembrance and good-will, and for the very interesting letter
that came with them, if I had not been constantly hoping to receive
from Germany a copy of my “History of Spanish Literature,” trans-
lated by Dr. Julius, and enriched by dissertations from you on the
Romanceros and Cancioneros. Five months ago half of it was printed,
but since that time I have heard not a word about it. I have resolved,
therefore, to wait no longer, but to send you now my very hearty
acknowledgments; indeed, to thank you beforehand for what I know
you have done to render my History more valuable in my own eyes, as
well as those who are interested in its subject.

Prescott is well, and is busy with his “Philip II.,” but the state of
his eyes compels him to work slowly.
I hope I may soon hear from you, and soon see the German
volumes, in which my name will have the honour of being associated
with yours.

Very faithfully your friend and servant,
Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, June 14, 1852.

My dear Sir Edmund,—I begin with business, for I observe that
you are very accurate in such matters, and I mean to be, though I fail
sometimes. . . .
Thank you for the reference to the passage copied by Southey, from
Zabaleta, about las ambas sillas.3 It seems, there, to be used in its

3 Sir E. Head to Mr. Ticknor, June 5, 1852: “Have you got the first
volume of Southey’s ‘Commonplace Book?’ If so, you will see, at page 62,
Vol. II.
primitive and literal sense, though I do not quite make out what are the two particular sillas referred to. As a proverbial expression, sometimes ambas sillas, referring to the silla a la quieta and the albarda, and sometimes de todas sillas, referring to all modes of mounting and riding, I suppose it means what we mean when we say a man "is up to anything," just as the converse, no ser para silla ni para albarda, means a blockhead.

Thank you, too, very much for the note about the New Testament of Juan Perez. I never saw the book, and do not understand whether you have a copy, or only saw one at Thorpe's. But, if you have one at hand, I should be much obliged if you will give me a little bibliographical account of it.

I am much struck by what you say about Francis Newman and his "Phases of Faith;" the more so, because only the Sunday before your letter came, I read a book, by William Rathbone Greg, called "The Creed of Christendom," to which your account of Newman's could be applied verbatim. It came to me from the author. . . . It is a formidable book, not too long to be popular,—a small 8vo.—nor too learned, but logical, fair-minded, and well written. . . . He takes ground similar to that of Strauss and Theodore Parker, but still is original to a certain degree. He draws heavily on the Germans, with whom he is evidently at home, and to whom he owes much. . . .

Kindest regards to Lady Head from all of us.

Yours faithfully,

G. Ticknor.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Boston, June 26, 1852.

My dear Lyell,—The postponement of your visit to America till the first of September hardly interferes with our satisfaction at the prospect of it, because we cannot, without sacrificing much of the benefit of a summer residence in the country, return before the middle or the 20th of that month. . . . But you must not cut off from the other end; or rather you must in fairness add to the end of your visit what you take off from the beginning. . . .

The Presidential nominations are made, as you know, and the Democratic candidate, General Pierce, will be chosen by a large majority of the electoral votes. . . .

Kossuth is in New York, about to embark for England. His mission here has not turned out better than I predicted to you, in any respect; in some respects not so well. He has injured his dignity by making speeches for money, and he has injured his respectability by issuing "Hungarian bonds," as they were called, down to a dollar, to serve as tickets of admission. The whole number of his addresses has been about six hundred; the whole sum he has collected in all ways, about ninety thousand dollars. . . . But he

a passage illustrating the use of the phrase las dos sillas. It appears there to mean the seat of war and the seat of peace; of the manège and the road."
is a brilliant orator and rhetorician; showing marvellous power in
different languages not his own, almost as if he had the gift of
tongues; and acting sometimes on the masses as if he were magne-
tizing them. . . . I did not see him in private; indeed, he was
hardly seen by anybody, his time being wholly given to his great
public objects. . . .

Whenever you arrive, you must come directly to our house, whether
we are at home or not; for in any event, I think, you would be better
off than you would be at the Tremont. Most of our servants will be
there. . . .

Yours, always faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

To G. T. Curtis, Esq.

Clifton House [Canada], Niagara Falls, July 29, 1852.

My dear George,—I received, some days ago, your note written
at Newport. We were then on the other side of the river, where we
stayed ten days, our rooms—or at least the balcony before them—
overhanging the Rapids, right opposite Goat Island, . . . making the
island our great resort, seeing the sunset there daily, and passing two
evenings of superb moonlight there. Five days ago we came over
here, and established ourselves in a neat, cheerful little cottage, with
a large garden before it; the only thing there is between us and the
excellent hotel where we get our meals. We have it all to ourselves,
and live in great quiet, with the awful grandeur of the Falls before
us whenever we lift our eyes, and their solemn roar for ever in our
ears. . . .

Last night Frankenstein, a painter from Ohio,—whom we had
known before,—took us in a boat, and rowed us about for near an
hour. Nobody has done such things before; not because they are
dangerous, but because no eye for picturesque effect had ever detected
its power. The moon was nearly full, and I cannot describe the awful
solemnity, magnificence, and in one instance preternatural gorgeous
glories, of the scene. We went quite near the American Falls, and
when we emerged from the shade of the grim shores, and the moon
began to illumine the edge of the waters above us, as they plunged
down, there was a quivering mass of molten silver, that ran along the
whole mighty flood of the waters as they rushed over, that was a thing
of inconceivable brilliancy. . . .

I enclose you a few notions about international copyright. . . .
You can send them to Mr. Webster; adding that I am always at his
service.

In the matter of international copyright three things, I suppose, are
to be considered,—the rights of the author, the interests of the manu-
facturer of books as marketable commodities, and the interests of the
public as consumers.

On the rights of the author you will find a discussion worth looking
at, by Dr. Johnson, in "Boswell,"—somewhere, I think, in the first
half of the book,—and a more ample, but a more prejudiced examina-
tion of it, in a little volume by Talfourd. . . . This, however, relates only to the rights of the author in his book, within the limits of his own country, or, in other words, the common question of copyright; but this, it should be observed, is the foundation of the whole matter so far as the author is concerned. It is his right of property in the book he has written, the thing he has created. Now, it does not seem to me clear, why this author is not, in the nature of things, entitled to a protection of his property in his book, as far as a merchant may rightfully claim it in his bale of goods; for, after all, a book is peculiarly its author's work, since without him it would not exist, and nothing, therefore, as it seems to me, should control or limit his right of property in it, except that high public expediency which, like the right of eminent domain, overrides other rights and takes the property of one for the benefit of all; not, however, in any case without compensation, which compensation, in the case of authorship, is to be found in the copyright law, whose peculiar provisions are regarded as a remuneration to the author for the right of property, which he loses when that law no longer protects him. The author, therefore, it seems to me, is entitled to the privilege of following his book—his property—into a country not his own, and claiming a part of his compensation wherever this property is used; one reason in favour of it being that nowhere, either at home or abroad, can he receive compensation except exactly in proportion as he confers benefit, for where his book is not sold he can receive nothing from it.

This I take to be the moral view of the case, and I think it is a strong one for the author, especially when you consider that nine authors out of ten fail utterly, and sacrifice their lives to the public and the world for nothing; so that the few prizes open to their class ought to be made as good as possible, to induce them to adventure in a lottery so beneficial to society, but so dangerous to themselves.

As to the interests of the bookseller, the case is not so clear; though it is quite clear that if the author have an absolute right of property in his book, it ought to control the interest of the bookseller, who, in that case, should acquire no right but such as he may obtain from the author. Still, I think the booksellers and publishers would be quite as well off with an international copyright as they are now. What they should publish would be their own protected property, just as much if the book were the work of a foreign author as if it were the work of a citizen. No man could publish it in competition with them. Now it is well known that the profits of the American publisher are greater on a book protected to him by copyright, than they are on the books he reprints without such protection. His great enemies are rival publishers, who compel him, by the fear of competition, or by the actual competition itself, to print his books in most cases poorly, and to sell them at very small profit. I think, therefore, the American publisher would lose nothing by an international copyright, certainly nothing to which he has so good a right as the foreign author upon whom he feeds or starves.

But how is it in the third place, with the interests of the public, which often seem to rise to the dignity of rights by their mere weight.
and importance, with little or no regard to their moral qualities? Two circumstances, I think, will tend to show that the interests of the public—the book consumers—will be served by a becoming international copyright treaty.

First, such a treaty would prevent, to a great degree, the republication here of trashy English books, now so common. Few of them would bear to have even a small amount of copyright money added to the price of manufacturing the books here, and a right to reprint without it would rarely be asked of the English owner by the American publisher, and still more rarely granted. I cannot doubt, therefore, that the circulation of worthless or mischievous English books would be materially diminished by an international copyright.

And, second, I think it would greatly increase the number of American authors. We can now make as good books upon all subjects as the English,—upon some, such as school-books and children's books generally, we make better,—and, with proper encouragement, we should do nearly the whole of our own work of writing books for the mass of the people. In this respect, I conceive, the question stands on the same ground with that of a proper tariff. We already exclude English school-books from our market, just as we do the coarser cottons, and for the same reason, and by the same process. With the encouragement of an international copyright, we should soon supply our market entirely, and supply it with books more wisely adapted to our wants generally, but never by any possibility excluding the better sort of English books, because we can reprint them so much cheaper than the English publishers can furnish them to us.

One thing more. France has made an international copyright treaty with England, and the cases of France and the United States in this particular are so nearly parallel, that, if it is for her interest to have such a treaty, it can hardly fail to be for ours. For France prints great numbers of English books; England prints hardly any French books; nothing so many as she prints of American. If reciprocity be desirable, therefore, it is much more nearly to be attained between England and the United States, than between England and France. Moreover, this principle of reciprocity between us and England tends every year more towards an even balance, for the English print ten of our books now, to where they printed one a dozen years ago. True, our books are now protected in copyright, by a recent decision of their courts of law; but true it is also that if we do not give equal protection to their books, we shall lose it for your own, by act of Parliament, very speedily; and this protection is constantly growing more important to us. It may in time be more important to us than it is to them.

Half a century ago I was fitted for college in none but grammars, etc., printed in England, for no others were to be had. It is vastly more probable now that, half a century hence, English boys will be using manuals printed in the United States for this purpose,—indeed, some are using them now,—than it was, in 1800, that we should, in fifty years, be printing what we now print.

The argument of future benefit is, therefore, I conceive, much
stronger on our side than it is on the English. But so, I think, is the argument of present benefit. Through the means of a wise international copyright treaty, I think we could, by the exclusion of worthless and injurious English books, and by the encouragement of American authors and publishers, fill the country with useful, interesting, healthy reading; to a degree never known before, and with beneficial consequences, all of which cannot now be foreseen. We could, in fact, adapt our reading to our real wants and best interests much more than we do now, and so do much more by it for the general improvement and elevation of the national character.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Caldwell, Lake George, August 22, 1852.

My dear Charles,—By this time you may, perhaps, be curious touching our whereabouts; and if you are not, I have some mind to give you an account of what we have done since I saw you last, and what we propose to do, peradventure, in the course of the next two or three weeks.

Our first hit was Niagara, and a very happy one, as it turned out. We spent ten days on the American side, ... but the Lundy's Lane gathering approached, and we moved over to the other side, where we passed twelve days most agreeably, in a nice comfortable cottage. ... It satisfied all my expectations of Niagara,—the views, the walks, the drives, and above all certain excursions by the full moon on the river, where we rowed about in front of the American Falls, keeping partly in their shade, till the water seemed to rush over like sparkling molten silver, or like a line of living fire, jumping and dancing for a moment on the perilous edge, and then plunging into the roaring, boiling abyss, on whose verge our little boat was all the while tossing. It was grand, brilliant, awful beyond anything I ever saw; quite beyond Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau. ... There is no real danger in it, and at the full moon everybody will go on the river, I think, to see it. We went repeatedly.

From Niagara we went to Geneseo, and passed three or four sad days with our friend Mrs. William W. Wadsworth, whose husband died after six years' illness, while we were at Niagara. The beauty of everything without, and the luxury, finish, exactness, of everything within, contrasted strongly with the noiseless stillness of a house of death. ...

Here, again,—Lake George,—is another contrast to the rushing glories of Niagara, for the beautiful, quiet lake is always before us, and nearly every one of our pleasures is connected with it. Agreeable people, however, we have in the house, several fixtures, the same we had last year,—Dr. Beck, the author of the book on legal medicine;

4 A political meeting connected with the Presidential election and the candidacy of General Scott.

5 In the years from 1851 to 1855, inclusive, Mr. Ticknor and his family passed a part of each summer on the shores of this lovely lake.
Dr. Campbell, the popular preacher in Albany; and two or three others, . . . with whom we have agreeable, easy intercourse. The ruins of the old Forts, from the time of Dieskau and Montcalm, with the graves of the soldiers who perished in them and around them, are full of teachings; while at the other end of the lake is Ticonderoga, with its old ruins and traditions. . . .

This week, we start for the North River, the younger portion of the party having never seen Catskill, and all of us being pleased to pass a little time at West Point, after which it is likely enough we may fetch a circuit by Newport, to see Mrs. Norton, and reach home about September 15.

CHAPTER XIV.

Letters.—Death of Mr. Webster.—Crimean War.—Letters to C. S. Daveis, E. Everett, Sir E. Head, King John of Saxony, Sir C. Lyell.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, October 30, 1852.

My dear Charles,—I received your letter, in your old familiar hand,—always welcome to my eyes—when I returned last evening from the funeral. 6 It was refreshing to me, and I needed some refreshment. The scene had been inexpressibly solemn and sad. The family had declined from the President and the Governor everything like the ceremonial observances customary on such occasions, and he was buried simply as a Marshfield man, with Marshfield pall-bearers; his kin—and servants, chiefly black—following next, and then all who had come uninvited to see him laid in his grave. How many of them were there I know not. The procession—wholly on foot—was above half a mile long, and we walked about a mile to the tomb, through a line of saddened forms and faces on each side of us, the eminence to which we advanced being all the while black with the crowds on it, and the crowd on the lawn before the house seeming, as we looked back, not to be diminished in numbers. I do not doubt more than ten thousand persons were there.

And yet it was, in all other respects, a mere New England funeral; no change in the house, no change in the ceremonies. He was buried, as his will prescribed, merely "in a manner respectful to his neighbours;" and if any came to share in their sorrow, it was because they had sorrow of their own to bring them. No military display on

6 The funeral of Mr. Webster, who had died on the 24th. Late in September Mr. Ticknor had visited him at Marshfield.
earth was ever equal to this moral display of the feeling of a whole people; no ceremonies ordained by imperial power could ever so strike on the hearts of men.

We are all well, but I have been very much cut up the last fortnight, less perhaps by my own sorrow than by occupation with all the arrangements, and constant excitement from the sorrows of others. In my time, Boston has never been so saddened before; and, if I am not mistaken, the same number of people were never so saddened before in this country. Such a meeting as was held [here] last Wednesday, of three thousand persons, is, I am fully persuaded, unlike any other that was ever held of so many persons, anywhere; not a sound being heard except the voices of the speakers, and the sobs of the audience of grown men, and the response of Aye to the resolutions coming up, at last, like a moan. But we will talk of it all; I cannot write.

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Hon. Edward Everett, Washington.

Boston, November 20, 1852.

My dear Everett,—I have received two notes from you, and sundry packets of letters, etc., relating to Mr. Webster; but I have thought it better not to trouble you with answers. Everything, however, has no doubt come safely that you have sent.

I am surprised anew every day at the sincerity and extent of the sorrow for Mr. Webster's death. There is a touch of repentance in it for the injustice that has been done him, and a feeling of anxiety about the future in our political position, which tend to deepen its channel, as it flows on in a stream that constantly grows broader. The number of sermons that have been published about it in New England is getting to be very great, and the number of those delivered is quite enormous.

The Library is getting on, but will hardly be opened till after your return. I wrote a strong letter to Mr. T. W. Ward—in New York—a fortnight or more ago, about funding Mr. Bates's donation, and reserving the income to purchase books of permanent value; which he sent to Mr. Bates, “confirming it strongly.” I added that your opinion coincided with mine. So I hope that will be rightly settled.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Ticknor.

7 Mr. Everett, Mr. C. C. Felton, Mr. G. T. Curtis, and Mr. Ticknor were, by Mr. Webster's will, made his literary executors. With his usual promptness Mr. Ticknor began at once to collect, from all quarters, whatever letters, reminiscences, and documents might serve as materials for future publications. He made excursions to Marshfield and its neighbourhood, and to Fryeburg in Maine, expressly for the purpose of seeing and taking down the oral narratives of those who had been Mr. Webster's neighbours, or employed by him.

8 The Boston Public Library, of which an account will be given in the next chapter.
To Sir Edmund Head, Fredericton.

Boston, December 20, 1852.

My dear Sir Edmund,—I am much struck with what you say about the ignorance that prevails in England concerning this country and its institutions, and the mischief likely to spring from it. Indeed, it is a subject which has for some time lain heavy on my thoughts: not that I am troubled about any ill-will felt in England towards the United States, for I believe there never was so little of it; but that, from Punch up to some of your leading statesmen, things are constantly said and done out of sheer misapprehension or ignorance, that have been for some time breeding ill-will here, and are likely to breed more. I will give an instance of what I mean; the strongest, but by no means the only one.

The slavery question—as we do not fail to let all the world know—is our great crux; the rock on which not only our Union may split, but our well-being and civilization may be endangered. All our ablest, wisest, and best men occupy themselves with it, and have long done so; and if we cannot work out a remedy for it among ourselves, we are well satisfied that nobody else can do it for us. Now in this state of the case, when the sensibilities of our whole people are excited on the subject as they never were before, popular meetings have for some years been holding in England about it; American clergymen have been deemed fit or otherwise to preach in English pulpits, according to their opinions on this text; and, finally, the first ladies in the kingdom—to be followed, of course, by a multitude of the rest—are about to interfere, and give us their advice, all well meant, certainly, but all as certainly a great mistake. At least, so it seems to us at the cool North, where no single person, so far as I know, defends the institution of slavery, or would fail to do anything practicable, within his power, to mitigate its evils. The ladies of England, it seems to us, have as little to do with slavery in the Carolinas as they have with polygamy in Algeria, and know less about it; the men of England have, as we think, no more to do with it than they have with our injustice to our Indians, or with the serfdom of Russia, and its evils and abominations.

We feel this all over the country, and you will not be surprised if we soon show that we feel it. The Irish population among us is very large, and has already two or three times made movements to help their kinsfolk at home to break up their union with your island. But thus far they have found little or no sympathy among the rest of our population; the Anglo-Saxon part I mean. Now, however, the tide is turning. Meagher has been lecturing in New York to immense audiences, and, since I began this letter, I see by the newspaper that Choate, the leading Whig lawyer in New England, Seaver, our Boston Whig Mayor, and many others, who six months ago would have dreamed of no such thing, have sent him a complimentary invitation to come and lecture here. He will of course come, and he will produce not a little effect, even in this conservative town. But the
real danger is not yet; that will come when the troubles in Europe come. . . .

I dare say you will smile at the results to which I come, and I am willing to believe that little of what I picture within the range of possibilities is likely to come to pass. But that the tendency of things at the present moment is toward troubles with England, . . . nobody hereabouts, for whose opinion you or I should care a button, doubts. . . .

I began, intending to write a letter about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I have talked about everything else. However, I must still say a word. I have read it with great interest. It is a book of much talent, especially dramatic talent, . . . but is quite without the epic attributes that alone can make a romance classical, and settle it as a part of the literature of any country. As an exhibition of manners it is much more exaggerated than it should have been, for neither its good slaveholders nor its bad slaveholders can be taken as examples of even a moderate number of either class. As a political book it greatly exasperates the slaveholders, and perhaps most seriously Offends those among them who most feel the evils of slavery, and who most conscientiously endeavour to fulfil the hard duties it imposes on them, the very class whom Mrs. Stowe should, both as a Christain woman and politician, have sustained and conciliated. Elsewhere—I mean everywhere but in our slaveholding States—it will produce an effect exactly in proportion to the distance of its readers from the scenes it describes, and their previous ignorance of the state and condition of the questions it discusses. Thus, in New England, where we have learned to distinguish between our political relations to the South and our moral relations to slavery, it deepens the horror of servitude, but it does not affect a single vote. . . . But of one thing you may be sure. It will neither benefit the slaves nor advance the slave question one iota towards its solution. . . . You ask me about Bunsen's "Hippolytus." I can hardly say I have read it. I looked over my copy, and then sent it to my kinsman, Mr. Norton, who, from having written learnedly on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," would be much more interested in it than I can be. I incline, however, to Bunsen's opinion, that the tract he prints is a work of Hippolytus, though I am by no means clear about it, not half so clear as I am that the tract itself is of little importance to anybody. The rest, which is foreign to the subject, seemed to me curious,—the maxims high German, and often very little intelligible; the apology interesting to your Episcopacy, but not to my Puritanism; and the Latin excursus on the old liturgies, or their fragments, most learned and irrelevant to everything else in the book. . . .

We wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,—shorter next time,—

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir C. Lyell.

Boston, May 23, 1854.

My dear Lyell,—There goes in the diplomatic bag of this steamer
a portion of the printed sheets of a work on the "History of the Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States." It is addressed to Mr. Murray. The book—2 vols. 8vo, when completed—is by my kinsman, Mr. George T. Curtis, and involves the civil history of the country, in all the relations which constitute the foundations of its present prosperity and character, from 1776 to 1789. It is written with ability, clearness, and power, and it is astonishing how much of what it sets forth from the forgotten journals of the old Congress, and from manuscript sources, is not only new to many persons better informed in the history of the country than I am, but curious and important. It will produce, I think, considerable effect here, and tend to good, both as to our condition at home and our relations with Europe, and especially England. You know how conservative Curtis is, and how frank and fearless he is in expressing his opinions; but the main characteristic of the book is a wise and statesmanlike philosophy, profitable to all. . . . The Nebraska Bill has passed, as we have heard this morning, not in all its forms, but in effect, by a majority of thirteen,—100 to 113. It is a shameful violation of an old compromise, and will tend to a dissolution of the Union more than any measure ever did. But it will not tend to increase the slave power. . . .

Everett is quite ill, and has resigned his place in the Senate. . . . It is a misfortune for himself to be obliged at this crisis to leave public affairs, and a misfortune to this Commonwealth and to the conservative cause throughout the country. . . . He will come up again, I trust, in such quiet as his home will give him. . . .

**To Sir Edmund Head.**

*BOSTON, May 26, 1854.*

**My dear Sir Edmund,—** I have your two letters, and thank you for them very heartily. . . . High matters they contain;—wars and laws. The first troubles me a good deal. Every man, however obscure, is an item in the great and beneficent account of Christian civilization, and anything that puts this paramount interest at the least hazard is a personal danger to him and his children.

I cannot endure the idea that anything should occur to impair the influence of England in the world's affairs. I almost as much deprecate—and, as its corollary, quite as much deprecate—any increase of Russian influence in Western Europe. I detest the Turks, who have never set their standard up over a foot of earth that they have not blighted, and I never, as I think, sympathized with Bonaparte, except when he threatened to drive them over the Bosphorus. But, above all, I deprecate and detest a general war in Europe, which can be a benefit to no one of the parties to it in whom I feel the least interest, and which may be a permanent mischief to the great cause of Christian civilization. I suppose, however, that it must come. . . .

I bought some rare old Spanish books lately at Richmond, Virginia, —"Belianis of Greece," 1587, the original editions of nearly all Antonio
de Guevara's works, etc., . . . making in all about fifty volumes, well worth having, . . .

A few days ago Puibusque, who wrote the "Histoire comparée des Littératures Espagnole et Française," . . . sent me a thick octavo filled with a translation of the "Conde Lucanor," a long political and military life of its author, Don John Manuel, and copious notes, adding, both in the original and in the French, one more tale, from a manuscript in Madrid, than was before known, making the whole number fifty. The book is a creditable one to the author, but not important, except for the new tale. One odd thing in relation to it is, that he found some of his best manuscript materials in my library when he was here in 1849; a circumstance of which he makes more honourable mention and full acknowledgment than Frenchmen commonly think to be needed.

So, you see, I go on, almost contrary to my principles, piling up old Spanish books on old Spanish books. *Cui bono?* Time will show. I add a few notes for an edition of my History, to be printed in a year or two, the stereotype plates now used to keep up with the demand being still satisfactory; as nobody knows enough about the subject to care for such little items as my present researches can afford. They are printing now 1200 copies. But when I make a new edition I shall sacrifice the plates to my vanity of making the book as good as I can. Meantime, the old Spanish books do no harm; they amuse me, and they will be valuable in some public library hereafter. . . .

To C. S. Daveis,

Caldwell, Lake George, August 2, 1854.

My dear Charles,—. . . Since I wrote the preceding pages Cogswell has come in upon us for a few days; he looks a little thin and pale, as a man well may who has been in New York all summer, but he seems in good health and spirits. He has already gone with the ladies and Hillard in a boat to the other side of the lake, where they spend the forenoon in those cool woods, with "book, and work, and healthful play." I seldom join in these excursions. Four or five hours of good work in the forepart of the day, in our own quiet parlour, is as healthful for me as anything, and fits me to lounge with a few agreeable, intelligent *habitués* of the house, all the rest of the time. We have suffered from the heat, as all men in the United States have this summer, I suppose, but less than most of them. The thermometer has averaged about seven or eight degrees below the temperature from Boston to Baltimore. . . .

To Sir E. Head, Bart.

Caldwell, Lake George, August 3, 1854.

My dear Sir Edmund,—I am delighted with the news* in your

* Sir Edmund Head was appointed Governor-General of Canada. In the
letter of the 23rd ult., which has followed us here, after some delay. You now will remain on this continent yet some years longer, but it will be under circumstances so honourable to you that you will be content with what might otherwise grow burdensome. It is, too, a great opportunity to do good. The relations between the two countries, as they will be adjusted by the Reciprocity Treaty, give you a very fair field; as fair as man can desire. I remember that Metternich, talking about some old Austrian affairs, once said to me, “I did not make the treaty of 1809; I was to come into the Ministry, and I chose to have a terrain net prepared for me by somebody else. This terrain net has been prepared for you by Lord Elgin’s treaty, and I do not see why you should not earn a higher satisfaction and honour than his, by the results which it will give you an opportunity to bring about. I do not mean annexation. We are too large now. But the moral influence of the North, whether British or American, will be greatly increased by such an union of interests as may be made wisely to grow out of the present adjustment. Indeed, I do not see how anything but good can come out of it, so far as the interests of humanity are concerned; and as for the interests of the two countries, it seems to remove the last perceptible materials for trouble. Thank God for that. . . .

We left Boston at the end of June, and have been ever since on the borders of this beautiful lake. . . . Except one or two visits to friends, we shall remain here till the beginning of September, and then establish ourselves for the winter at home, where we shall be sure to be in season to receive you, and delighted with the opportunity, of which, till the intimation came from the Lyells, we had almost despaired.

We all send our kindest regards and thanks to Lady Head and yourself for your most agreeable recollection of a promise which I had wholly forgotten, but which I feel not the slightest disposition to deny or evade, or, in American parlance, to repudiate. Nothing could be more agreeable to us all than to visit you in Canada. The only time we were ever there was in the reign of the late Lord Dalhousie. I do not know whether your residence is to be in the old château at Quebec, which we found a most comfortable and agreeable place when we dined there, and visited a sick friend in his room, in a way that gave us some notion of its size and resources; but if you do, I think you will be satisfied with it, though you will of course find it as cold as Fredericton, or colder.

However, we will talk of these things in Boston next month. Meantime, give our hearty congratulations to Lady Head. She will certainly find it more agreeable in Canada, summer and winter, than in New Brunswick.

Yours faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

autumn of this year, when he transferred his residence from Fredericton to Quebec, he passed through Boston with his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor accompanied them to New York.
My girls are out under the trees, reading the "Paradiso," the eldest using the copy you gave her, and helping her sister, who uses the Florence edition, as she is not yet so familiar with the grand old Tuscan as to read him without notes that are very ample.

**To John Kenyon, London.**

Boston, January 8, 1855.

Dear Kenyon,—I do not choose to have another year get fairly on its course, without carrying to you assurances of our continued good wishes and affection. The last we heard from you was through Mrs. Ticknor’s correspondent, ever-faithful Lady Lyell, who said she had seen you in the Zoological Gardens, well, comfortable, and full of that happiness that goodness bosoms ever. But this second-hand news is not enough. We are growing old apace. My girls laugh at me, and say that they will not allow me the privileges of age, while I continue to run up two steps of the house-stairs at a time, without knowing that I do it. I am wiser, however, in such matters than they are, and, although I am thankful for my excellent health and for an abundant reserve of good spirits, I know that, nevertheless, I passed my grand climacteric some months ago.

But enough of myself. We are all well, wife and daughters, and all send you our love, and ask for yours in return, despatched under your own hand. If anybody like Hillard were going to London, I should charge him with an especial commission to see you, and bring it back to us. But such ambassadors are rare, and I do not send less than the best to old friends like you; for I do not choose to lower the standard by which you measure my countrymen. I would rather raise it; and as I have no ready means to do this, you must write me a letter as soon as you can, telling us all about your brother and his wife, both most lovable people; Mr Crabbe Robinson, not precisely in the same category, but excellent in his way; that promising bright son of Henry N. Coleridge, etc., etc. You know who are the persons I need to hear about. It is those you like; but chiefly yourself.

Your friends here are generally as you would have them. Hillard is crowded with law business, but only the happier for work. His book on Italy is more successful than anything of the sort ever printed among us. Above five thousand copies have been sold. I trust you have read it. . . . Prescott is well, and has in the press the first two volumes of his "Phillip II." We see him almost daily, and he is as fresh as ever, with twenty good years of work in him, at fifty-nine.

Savage, blessed old man, is busy with his unending antiquarian researches, and makes his last days happy—though an excellent wife and two daughters have been taken from him—by bringing to his home a daughter, made to carry sunshine anywhere, and a son-in-law of much intellectual cultivation and very agreeable qualities.

We are worried about your war, and are probably more anxious to see an end of it than if we were Englishmen. At least, such is the case with those of us who are most interested in the land of our forefathers. . . .
My dear Kenyon, remember us, as we do you, with true regard, and write to us as soon as you can.

Yours faithfully always,
Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, March 2, 1855.

My dear Head,—Thanks for your letter, with the references to Calderon and Romilly, and for the note with its enclosed pamphlet about the Bodleian. The reference to Romilly came particularly apropos;¹ for I have had two letters—the second a sort of postscript to the first—from Lord Mahon about the André matter. . . . Lord Mahon cited to me an opinion of Guizot’s given him lately in conversation at Paris, that Washington should not have permitted André to be hanged; to which I gave him your reference to Romilly, as a Roland for his Oliver.

He is in trouble, too, about a passage in his last volume concerning the Buff and Blue—“Mrs. Crewe, true blue”—as the Fox colours, which he intimates, you know, to have been taken in compliment to Washington. But, besides that—as I think—the Whigs would have been reproached for this assumption of traitor colours in a way that would not now be forgotten; those colours were fashionable earlier. You will find a curious proof of this in Goethe’s autobiography,—“Dichtung und Wahrheit,” Book XII.,—where, speaking of the young Jerusalem as the chief prototype of his Werther, he says that he wore a blue coat, and buff vest and underclothes, with top-boots: a dress, he adds, which had been already introduced into Lower Germany, in “Nachahmung der Engländer.” This was at Wetzlar, in Upper Germany, in 1772, where the fashion evidently attracted notice as a known English one. Washington’s cocked hat, and that of our army at the time, I have supposed, might have been taken from the hat of Frederick II. and his officers. At any rate, they are the same, and the Prussian army was then the model army of Europe. But I have no authority for my conjecture.

The pamphlet about the Bodleian² is much to the purpose about all public libraries, and remarkable for being written so early, before the sound doctrine it maintains was endured either in England or in this country. I shall bind it, and keep it among my curiosa, adding to it the anecdote about old Gaisford and the “Bibliothèque Nationale.”

I have just been reading the first volume of Prescott’s “Philip II.” down to the middle of the War of the Netherlands. The early chapters about the abdication of Charles, etc., he is disposed to think are a little too sketchy, a little too much in the style of memoirs. I differ from him entirely. The manner is suited to the subject, and is attractive and conciliating to a remarkable degree. He will grow grave enough before he gets through, without making any effort for it. Moreover,

¹ Life and Letters of Romilly, p. 142.
² A Few Words about the Bodleian. [By Sir Edmund Head.] 1833.
the last half of the first volume is already such. The battle of St. Quentin, and all about that time, is excellent, and the whole is, I think, in quite as good a style as anything he has done, in some respects better. . . .

My letters from Paris are full of matter. In one of them I have words spoken by Guizot at a meeting of all the Academies of the Institute, which I hear have been printed, but which, as I have not seen them in print, perhaps you have not. "We fail even to use the little freedom which is left to us. We are drunk with the love of servitude, more than we ever were with the passion for liberty."

The Emperor, I hear, means to gain personal military fame as a commander, probably on the Rhine; and the adoption of De Morny is openly spoken of as a settled thing. It seems as if the worst days of the Roman Empire were come back. It reminds me of a conversation at Chateaubriand's, in 1817,—of which I have a note made at the time,—in which he said, "Je ne crois pas à la société Européenne," going on to show that we were about in the fourth century of the Roman Empire. This adoption looks like it. . . .

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, December 23, 1855.

My dear Head,—Our Christmas greetings are with you. By New Year, if your reckonings are right, you will have your books all arranged, and dear Lady Head will have her drawing-rooms in order, so that both departments will be going on right, and you will be better off for the winter than if you had remained at Quebec. . . .

I have heard Thackeray's four lectures on the four Georges, truculent enough in their general satire,—though not much beyond the last half-volume of "Harry Esmond" about Queen Anne,—but full of generous passages about individuals. The sketches of the German princes of the seventeenth century, and down to the middle of the eighteenth, with which he opened, amused me more than anything else. They were capital. The passage most applauded was a beautiful tribute of loyalty to Queen Victoria, and the tone and manners of her Court. It was given, on his part, with much feeling, and brought down the house—always crowded—very fervently. . . . His audience was the best the city could give, and above twelve hundred strong, besides which, he repeated the lecture about George III. to an audience of two thousand, two or three evenings ago. . . .

We are all well, and send you kindest regards. . . . Pleasant

3 Mr. Thackeray was, during both his visits to America, a familiar and welcome guest in Mr. Ticknor's house, and showed his responsive feeling in most kindly ways. Being in Boston at the close of the year once, he invited himself to eat his Christmas dinner with the Tickners, and on New Year's Eve came to watch the new year in by their fireside, and drink the health of his daughters. On the stroke of twelve o'clock he rose, and with tears filling his eyes exclaimed, "God bless my girls, and all who are kind to them."
letters came from the Lyells, last steamer, and all accounts announce
the entire success of Prescott’s book.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. TICKNOR.

TO KING JOHN, OF SAXONY. 5

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1855.

SIRE,—I received duly your Majesty’s last letter, full of wise philo-
osophy and sound sense both on European and American affairs; but I
have not earlier answered it, because there is so little to send from this
side of the Atlantic that can be interesting on the other.

We think and talk about your great war between the eastern and
western divisions of Europe, almost as much as you do, and look with
the same sort—if not the same degree—of eagerness for telegraphic
dispatches. For we feel that all Christendom rests on one basis of
civilization, and that whatever shakes its foundations in one part does
mischief to the whole. No doubt, a revolution in Europe would not
be felt here, at once, as a calamity. It might even, for a time, add to
our prosperity, already as great as we can bear. But it would come to
us at last, as surely as the great Gulf Stream goes from our shores to
yours, and then turns back to begin its course anew from the point
whence it started. And steam is every day bringing us nearer to-
gether, and making us more dependent on each other.

Notwithstanding all you may hear in Europe, there is no prospect
that the United States will involve themselves in the present troubles
of your part of the world. The apprehension of it that was felt in
London in the latter part of October, was very absurd; and I am
happy to be able to add that the indiscreet bullying of the “Times”
newspaper produced no effect at all on our population, which has
often been so very sensitive to such things . . . . The Nicaragua
matter—the claim of the British government to certain rights in the
Bay of Honduras—is a matter which may be much complicated by
diplomacy, and draw long consequences after it. But the obvious
trouble, and the one that can be most easily turned to account, is the
attempt made by the British government last summer, in our prin-
cipal cities, to enlist persons for their military service against Russia;
breaking or evading our very stringent laws upon the duties of
 neutrals . . . . This is a very disagreeable affair. The people can
easily be made angry by it, because it was done in a secret, underhand
manner . . . .

The “Know Nothings” have come in contact with the slavery ques-
tion, and have been much injured by it in their resources and organiza-
tion, for it is very difficult now to organize a new party, all whose
principles shall be acceptable in the free States and in the slaveholding
States; and it was always foreseen by intelligent men that this Know

4 This Prince had come to the throne, on the death of his brother, in
August, 1854.

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Nothing party contained, in its secrecy and in its intolerance, the elements of its own destruction. But it is still strong. The principle, that none but persons born in America, bred in its peculiar institutions, and attached to them by habit as well as choice, shall govern America, is—with reasonable limitations—so just and wise, that the party founded on it will surely leave its impress on a government as popular as ours is. They may not elect the next President,—although even this is possible,—but they will succeed in making a better naturalization law than we have now, and see that it is executed with justice, and even with rigour. . . .

Your short crops in Europe are filling the great valley of the Mississippi with population and wealth. The wheat, which it costs the great farmers in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan,—whose population in 1850 was above three millions and is now above four,—the wheat which it costs forty dollars to these great farmers to raise, they can sell at their own doors for above an hundred, and it is sold in London and Paris for nearly three hundred. Indeed, your European wars are not only making the States in the valley of the Mississippi the preponderating power in the American Union, but you are making them the granary of the world, more than ever Egypt or Sicily was to Rome. So interchangeably are the different parts of Christendom connected, and so certainly are the fates and fortunes of each, in one way or another, dependent on the condition of the whole. The war in the Crimea raises the price of land in Ohio. A salutary movement to protect our own institutions checks emigration from Ireland and Germany. The influence of the Know Nothings is felt in Wurtemberg; the Prolétaire of Paris enrich the farmers in Illinois, of whose existence they never heard.

The law or the legislation to restrain the use of all intoxicating drinks, by prohibiting the sale of them under severe penalties and by declaring them to be no longer property when so offered for sale, is found ineffectual. It will be abandoned in the course of the coming winter in all, or nearly all the States where it has been attempted to introduce it.

I hope I shall soon hear again from your Majesty, and that you will give me, not only good accounts of yourself and your family, but of Saxony and Dresden, to which we are all much attached, and of the prospects of an European peace. . . . .

I remain very faithfully, your Majesty's friend and servant,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

To SIR CHARLES LYELL.

BOSTON, June 9, 1856.

MY DEAR LYELL,—. . . I want to speak to you of our affairs. It is a long time since I have done it, and I have never had occasion to do it so sadly. The country is now almost entirely divided into two sectional, fierce parties, the North and the South, the anti-slavery fast becoming—what wise men have long foreseen—mere aboli-
tionism, and now excited to madness by the brutal assault on Sumner, by the contest in Kansas, and by the impending Presidential canvass.

I have not witnessed so bad a state of things for forty years, not since the last war with you in 1812-15. At the present moment everything in the Atlantic States is in the hands of the Disunionists, at the two ends of the Union; Butler, Toombs, and the other fire-eaters at the South, seeking by their violence to create as much abolitionism at the North as they can, so that it may react in favour of their long-cherished project for a separation of the States; and Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and their coadjutors here striving to excite hatred towards the South, for the same end. It is therefore action and reaction of the worst kind.

But the majority of the people, even at the two ends of the Union, are still sound on the great question, and will, I think, make their power felt at last. One favourable sign is, that wise men are become anxious everywhere, and are ready to act, and take responsibility. . . . Still, I do not deny that there is much look of revolution in the excitement I see everywhere around me. The South is very desperate. Its people feel every year, more and more, how they are wasting away under the blighting curse of slavery, and struggle like drowning men to recover some foothold on solid ground. The North, justly outraged by the assault on Sumner, and by much that has happened in Kansas, loses—for a time—both patience and wisdom, so that I hear “fighting the South” constantly talked of as a thing not to be deprecated.

But the great West, the valley of the Mississippi . . . . is comparatively little excited on the great question that makes so fierce a quarrel between the northern and southern Atlantic States. The Mississippi forbids Iowa and Illinois from belonging to a different country from New Orleans; and the laws of the States on its upper waters, excluding all the coloured race from their soil, prevent a contest about slavery between them and the States at its mouth. I look, therefore, with confidence to the West, to save the Atlantic States from the madness of civil war. . . .

Sumner’s wounds were severe, and became worse for two days by unskilful treatment. I have seen a letter from his brother, which says that, as soon as the treatment was changed, his condition was improved, and he has been getting well. . . . His political position is now a commanding one, but not well managed by his friends. How he will manage it himself remains to be seen, but I think he will make fewer mistakes than they have made for him.

The Heads are well; so is Prescott; and so, I think, are all your friends here. We are eminently strong and stout, and the young couple as happy as a honeymoon and bright prospects can make them. God bless them! I was, much to my surprise, after the

5 He here alludes to the marriage of his younger daughter, and in the close of the paragraph refers to a projected trip to Europe, of which more will be said in the coming chapters.
wedding, overtaken with a strange feeling that I had somehow or other met with a loss. The same feeling haunts me still. But I mean to be rid of it when I get to England. We have no well-defined plans after that, but I think we may cross the Channel with you, after which we are most likely to strike for Brussels, Berlin, etc., and take Paris in September, on our way to Italy.

Love to dear Lady Lyell. I begin to long to see you both.

G. T.

CHAPTER XV.

Boston Public Library.—Its History and Mr. Ticknor’s Connexion with it.—His great Purpose to make it a Free Library.—His Perseverance on this Point.—His Labours.—Popular Division first provided.—Mr. Ticknor’s visit to Europe for the Interests of the Library.—Subsequent Attention and Personal Liberality to the higher Departments of the Collection.

For some time after the publication of his “History of Spanish Literature,” Mr. Ticknor did not take up any new or absorbing occupation, but, at the end of a little more than two years, he was asked—unexpectedly to him—to take part in a work which connected itself with plans and desires that had long been among his favourite speculations, and he soon became profoundly interested, and zealously active in promoting the organization of the Boston Public Library.

In the early period of his life, when he returned from Europe in 1819, after enjoying great advantages from the public libraries of the large cities and universities which he visited, the idea of a grand, free library, to supply similar resources in this country, was talked of by him with a few of his friends, and was for a time uppermost in his thoughts. Some movement was made to increase the Library of Harvard College, and that of the Athenæum, in which he co-operated; but the improvements then gained seemed to satisfy the immediate wants of the community, and the desire for anything larger and freer, though it still survived in the minds of a few, did not spread widely or fast. During Mr. Ticknor’s second visit to Europe, in 1835–38, he felt more than ever the inestimable resources furnished by the great libraries to men of intellectual pursuits like himself, especially in Dresden, where he had often twenty or thirty volumes
from the Royal Library at his hotel. He therefore watched with interest every symptom of the awakening of public attention in America to this subject, and every promise of opportunity for creating similar institutions. The endowment of a great library in New York, given by Mr. John Jacob Astor, at his death, in 1848, was much talked about; and men of forecast began to say openly that, unless something of a like character were done in Boston, the scientific and literary culture of this part of the country would follow trade and capital to the metropolis, which was thus taking the lead. Still, nothing effectual was done. Among the persons with whom Mr. Ticknor had, of late years, most frequently talked of the matter, Dr. Channing was dead, Mr. Abbott Lawrence had become Minister to England, and Mr. Jonathan Phillips was growing too infirm to take part in public affairs. The subject, however, kept its hold on Mr. Ticknor's mind.

His idea was that which he felt lay at the foundation of all our public institutions, namely, that in order to form and maintain our character as a great nation, the mass of the people must be intelligent enough to manage their own government with wisdom; and he came, though not at once, to the conclusion that a very free use of books, furnished by an institution supported at the expense of the community, would be one of the effective means for obtaining this result of general culture.

He had reached this conclusion before he saw any probability of its being practically carried out, as is proved by the following letter, which he wrote to Mr. Everett, in the summer of 1851. A few months before this date Mr. Everett had presented to the city—after offering it in vain more than once—a collection of about a thousand volumes of Public Documents, and books of similar character, accompanied by a letter, urging the establishment of a public library.

To Hon. Edward Everett.

Bellows Falls, Vermont, July 14, 1851.

My dear Everett,—I have seen with much gratification from time to time, within the last year, and particularly in your last letter on the subject, that you interest yourself in the establishment of a public library in Boston;—I mean a library open to all the citizens, and from which all, under proper restrictions, can take out books. Such, at least, I understand to be your plan; and I have thought, more than once, that I would talk with you about it, but accident has prevented it. However, perhaps a letter is as good on all accounts, and better as a distinct memorandum of what I mean.

It has seemed to me, for many years, that such a free public library, if adapted to the wants of our people, would be the crowning glory
of our public schools. But I think it important that it should be adapted to our peculiar character; that is, that it should come in at the end of our system of free instruction, and be fitted to continue and increase the effects of that system by the self-culture that results from reading.

The great obstacle to this with us is not—as it is in Prussia and elsewhere—a low condition of the mass of the people, condemning them, as soon as they escape from school, and often before it, to such severe labour, in order to procure the coarsest means of physical subsistence, that they have no leisure for intellectual culture, and soon lose all taste for it. Our difficulty is, to furnish means specially fitted to encourage a love for reading, to create an appetite for it, which the schools often fail to do, and then to adapt these means to its gratification. That an appetite for reading can be very widely excited is plain, from what the cheap publications of the last twenty years have accomplished, gradually raising the taste from such poor trash as the novels with which they began, up to the excellent and valuable works of all sorts which now flood the country, and are read by the middling classes everywhere, and in New England, I think, even by a majority of the people.6

Now what seems to me to be wanted in Boston is, an apparatus that shall carry this taste for reading as deep as possible into society, assuming, what I believe to be true, that it can be carried deeper in our society than in any other in the world, because we are better fitted for it. To do this I would establish a library which, in its main department and purpose, should differ from all free libraries yet attempted; I mean one in which any popular books, tending to moral and intellectual improvement, should be furnished in such numbers of copies that many persons, if they desired it, could be reading the same work at the same time; in short, that not only the best books of all sorts, but the pleasant literature of the day, should be made accessible to the whole people at the only time when they care for it, i.e. when it is fresh and new. I would, therefore, continue to buy additional copies of any book of this class, almost as long as they should continue to be asked for, and thus, by following the popular taste,—unless it should demand something injurious,—create a real appetite for healthy general reading. This appetite, once formed, will take care of itself. It will, in the great majority of cases, demand better and better books; and can, I believe, by a little judicious help, rather than by any direct control or restraint, be carried much higher than is generally thought possible.

After some details, of no present consequence, developing this idea, the letter goes on:—

6 Mr. Ticknor was much struck by the publication of a cheap edition of Johns' Translation of Froissart, by the Harpers, of which he found a copy in a small inn of a retired village of southern New York, in 1844; and he always watched the signs of popular taste, both in publishers' lists and in the book-shelves of the houses which he entered, in his summer journeys, or in his errands of business and charity in the winter.
Nor would I, on this plan, neglect the establishment of a department for consultation, and for all the common purposes of public libraries, some of whose books, like encyclopædias and dictionaries, should never be lent out, while others could be permitted to circulate; all on the shelves being accessible for reference as many hours in the day as possible, and always in the evening. This part of the library, I should hope, would be much increased by donations from public-spirited individuals, and individual's interested in the progress of knowledge, while, I think, the public treasury should provide for the more popular department. 

Intimations of the want of such public facilities for reading are, I think, beginning to be given. In London I notice advertisements of some of the larger circulating libraries, that they purchase one and two hundred copies of all new and popular works; and in Boston, I am told, some of our own circulating libraries will purchase almost any new book, if the person asking for it will agree to pay double the usual fee for reading it; while in all, I think, several, and sometimes many copies of new and popular works are kept on hand for a time, and then sold, as the demand for them dies away.

Omitting other details, now of no importance, the letter ends as follows:

Several years ago I proposed to Mr. Abbott Lawrence to move in favour of such a library in Boston; and, since that time, I have occasionally suggested it to other persons. In every case the idea has been well received; and the more I have thought of it and talked about it, the more I have been persuaded, that it is a plan easy to be reduced to practice, and one that would be followed by valuable results.

I wish, therefore, that you would consider it, and see what objections there are to it. I have no purpose to do anything more about it myself than to write you this letter, and continue to speak of it, as I have done heretofore, to persons who, like yourself, are interested in such matters. But I should be well pleased to know how it strikes you.

To this letter Mr. Everett replied as follows:

Cambridge, July 26, 1851.

My dear Ticknor,—I duly received your letter of the 14th from Bellows Falls, and read it with great interest.

The extensive circulation of new and popular works is a feature of a public library which I have not hitherto much contemplated. It deserves to be well weighed, and I shall be happy hereafter to confer with you on the subject. I cannot deny that my views have, since my younger days, undergone some change as to the practicability of freely loaning books at home from large public libraries. Those who have been connected with the administration of such libraries are apt to get discouraged, by the loss and damage resulting from the loan of books.
My present impressions are in favour of making the ampest provision in the library for the use of books there.

Your plan, however, is intended to apply only to a particular class of books, and does not contemplate the unrestrained circulation of those of which the loss could not be easily replaced.

That Boston must have a great public library, or yield to New York in letters as well as in commerce, will, I think, be made quite apparent in a few years. But on this and other similar subjects I hope to have many opportunities of conferring with you next winter.

The difference of opinion, here made evident, as to the possibility or safety of allowing books to circulate freely, was not removed by many subsequent conversations, nor were the hopes of either of the gentlemen, with regard to the establishment of a great library, raised even when, in the early part of 1852, the mayor, Mr. Seaver, recommended that steps be taken for such an object, and the Common Council, presided over by Mr. James Lawrence, proposed that a board of trustees for such an institution should be appointed. When, therefore, both Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor—the latter greatly to his surprise—were invited to become members of this board, they conferred together anew on the project; and, although the mayor, on hearing Mr. Ticknor's views, was much pleased with them, and urged him to take the place, yet he at one time determined to decline the office, certainly unless the library were to be open for the free circulation of most of its books, and unless it were to be dedicated, in the first instance, rather to satisfying the wants of the less favoured classes of the community, than—like all public libraries then in existence—to satisfying the wants of scholars, men of science, and cultivated men generally. 7

Mr. Everett's opinion was not changed; but seeing Mr. Ticknor's determination to co-operate in no other plan, and perhaps feeling himself the difficulties of beginning with any other, he agreed at last—though not convinced—that the experiment of a popular institution of the freest sort should be tried, and the two friends accepted their appointments as trustees of a prospective library. From that moment their co-operation in its affairs was cordial and complete; and although Mr. Everett never fully believed in the practical benefits of Mr. Ticknor's plan, he was perfectly faithful to his promise, that it should have a fair chance. 8

7 See letter to Trustees, April 16, 1860, printed in the Eighth Annual Report, pp. 34, 35.
8 In a note of May 15, 1867, from Mr. Jewett, the first Superintendent of the Public Library, to Mr. Ticknor, he says: "Few persons alive know as
But the library did not yet exist. In an attic of the City Hall—in the old building, of which no part was spacious, or well appointed—four or five thousand volumes were stored, consisting of documents given by the city of Paris, by Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Everett, and others,—books entirely unsuited to stimulate either the popular taste for reading, or the disposition of the Common Council to make appropriations. In the city treasury was the sum of one thousand dollars, given about two years before by the then mayor, Mr. J. P. Bigelow, “in aid of the establishment of a Free Public Library,” from the income of which some of the books had been bought. Clearly the library was yet to be founded.

The newly-formed Board of Trustees appointed a committee of four to consider their work, and Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor were made a sub-committee to draw up a report. Mr. Ticknor prepared for this purpose a paper, expounding the principles and plan on which the institution was to be founded,—these being his own,—and Mr. Everett left this entirely untouched, adding some pages, at the beginning and end, on the general import of the project. From this moment Mr. Ticknor felt that he had assumed a great responsibility, and, while he never met with obstacles raised by Mr. Everett, who was loyal throughout, yet he was led, thenceforward, to make many exertions, and to do much laborious, disinterested work, both here and in Europe, which would not otherwise have been incumbent on him.

When Mr. Bates’s munificence came, like a great light shining in upon their faint hopes, it came in consequence of the effect produced on his mind by this report,—drawn up by Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett,—because he saw the importance to his native town of such a library as is there recommended. Here, then,

well as you and I do, that with regard to the great features of the plan,—the free circulation of the books, and the paramount importance attached to the popular department,—Mr. Everett had, from the beginning, serious misgivings, and that he yielded his own doubts only to your urgency. He repeated to me within, I think, a week previous to his death, the doubts which he said he had always entertained on these points, and said that he did not think that he should have yielded his assent, but for your determination not to put your hand to the work unless these features of the plan were adopted in all their prominence.”

9 City document, No. 37, 1852. Mr. Ticknor’s part, p. 9 to p. 21.
1 He spent more than a year abroad, in 1856-57, at his own expense, for the express purpose of conferring with Mr. Bates, establishing agencies, and purchasing books for the Library.
2 In his letter to Mr. Seaver, October 1, 1852, Mr. Bates says, he is “impressed with the importance to rising and future generations of such a library as is recommended.”
was the founding of a library, a gift of $50,000, with the condition annexed, that the city should erect a suitable building for the use of the institution. And now began the practical labours of organizing the scheme, collecting the books, and perfecting the details of a system as yet entirely new and untried.

To follow Mr. Ticknor minutely and closely through all the steps of the development of this work would require more space than belongs to the subject here, but at certain points his influence and his exertions may be described. The whole was in harmony with his life-long purpose, to make his own intellectual attainments useful by promoting culture in others.

That much labour fell upon him it is needless to say to any one who, with any knowledge of what had to be accomplished, regards certain facts,—his fitness for the work; his responsibility for the plan; the general ignorance about such institutions, which could not fail to be represented in the Board of Trustees; and the absence of Mr. Everett during a very important part of the time, he being in Washington, as Secretary of State of the United States, from November, 1852, till May, 1854.

Before Mr. Bates's offer of his first great donation was received, the City Government had granted the use of two small rooms in a school-house in Mason Street for the purposes of the library, and although the scale on which even the preliminaries were to be designed was, of course, altered by this gift, it was in those small rooms, and with about twelve thousand volumes,—only seven thousand of which could be called attractive or popular,—that the institution opened, in 1854.

Mr. Ticknor's first step was to induce Mr. Bates to have his gift funded, and to have this done in such a way that the income only should be expended by the Trustees, and also to prevail on the Trustees to agree that this should be done. This he brought to pass, and during the year and a half that elapsed between the first news of Mr. Bates's intentions and the opening of the little library, an immense amount of detail work was done by several persons, and a catalogue, corrected by Mr. Ticknor as it went through the press, was ready to be sold cheaply, so that what books were there might be easily accessible to all.


4 His reason for this was that it would promote other donations, from citizens who would feel secure of the permanence of their gifts.

5 An unobtrusive form of occupation which—having already been habitual with Mr. Ticknor on account of his own private purchases—now became in-
the day when books were first given out Mr. Ticknor passed many hours in watching the process, and recorded the fact that the first taken out was the first volume of Southey's "Commonplace Book."

In developing his predominant wish and idea, one of the first points he put forward—and he did it in the first report, July, 1852—was that of connecting the Library with the public schools, by granting the privileges of it to those boys and girls who had won the Franklin medal prizes. On his suggestion, the Trustees in their "Rules" made this to bear a still wider construction, and to admit in addition an equal number of the pupils selected for good conduct by the teachers. Thus the use of the Library was made an object of ambition in the schools.

Another and a favourite proposal of his was much discussed and somewhat opposed among the Trustees,—that of allowing frequenters of the Library to ask for books to be purchased, and for that purpose to supply cards or blanks for such applications. He gained this point, also, and persevered in having it not only offered but urged, although for ten years this great and useful privilege was not appreciated. Until 1865 the public could not be induced to understand or avail itself of this opportunity, and, before that time, the Trustees had come fully to apprehend the value to them of such requests, in pointing out what was desirable to purchase, and would be immediately useful.

In the matter of furnishing duplicates of books most asked for, it was not easy, under the system first adopted, to discover what were the most sought, and a good deal of extra work had to be done, in the course of which Mr. Ticknor had a report, of the facts ascertained during the day, brought to him every evening, sometimes as late as eleven o'clock. A new and unexpected reason for confidence appeared now, in the evidence that most people resorting to the Library desired very much to obtain some book, but were not so anxious to get one particular book that they would complain of missing it, if they got something to read. This was unlooked for and reassuring.

Although after 1855 Mr. C. C. Jewett, an accomplished bibliographer and librarian, was much employed in the practical labours of the new Library, yet, until the office of superintendent was created and Mr. Jewett established in it, in 1858, Mr. Ticknor continued very constantly and often absorbingly occupied with its duties.

cessant, was the reading of trade catalogues of books, for sale at auctions and by booksellers or publishers, piles of which catalogues always lay on his table.
Mr. Everett was unable to give much time to the interests of the Library, and repeatedly wished to resign, calling himself only "a parade officer;" but at Mr. Ticknor's constant urgency he remained, and, faithfully giving his name and influence to the institution, he enabled Mr. Ticknor to go on with the work, which he often told his friend he should be obliged to abandon if he resigned, for the annoyances and difficulties he encountered were certainly not less than are usual in such cases.

When the city set about fulfilling the condition Mr. Bates had annexed to his gift, by erecting a suitable building, Mr. Ticknor was placed on the Commission of seven, appointed for that purpose, but it was expressly against his wish that this was done. He found himself always in a minority, more and more dissatisfied with all that was doing, and at last withdrew from the board entirely, feeling that the building was costing too much, and was much less well adapted to its purpose than it should be. ⁶

It was, perhaps, fortunate that he could withdraw from those unpleasant duties, leaving his vacant seat to be filled by Mr. Everett; and yet, instead of doing less, be actually employed in doing more and better work for the institution, which had by this time become a cherished favourite with him.

When once the work of preparing a proper building had been taken in hand, Mr. Bates began to give cautious intimations of further generous purposes in relation to the Library. He kept up a frequent correspondence with Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor, and in July, 1855, he finally expressed, to both of them, a distinct intention of giving a large quantity of books to fill the shelves of the new edifice as soon as it should be ready.

Mr. Ticknor was passing the summer at Lake George, and there received two letters to this effect from Mr. Bates, and one from Mr. Everett enclosing what he had received. Immediately each of these gentlemen expressed the conviction, that some one should go soon to England to confer with this liberal benefactor, and each proposed that the other should go. Mr. Ticknor urged Mr. Everett, as far as he thought he properly might, to undertake this mission, and Mr. Everett answered him in the following terms, both feeling that this was a turning-point in the history of the Library:

July 25, 1855.

Mr. Bates's letter to you shows, still more clearly than his letter to

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⁶ He always approved of the site for the building in Boylston Street, which was the subject of much discussion, another piece of land having once been actually purchased by the city.
me, the necessity, not of sending an agent, but an Envoy Extraordinary to Europe. His purposes are liberal,—munificent,—but he does not know, on the present occasion, what he ought to do to carry his own views into effect. No doubt, when he gave his first fifty thousand dollars he thought that would do all that was necessary. Now, nothing but full and free conversation with some person who does fully understand the matter, and who possesses his confidence, will raise his views to the proper elevation.

I must say, candidly, that I know nobody but you or myself competent to this; I mean, of course, who could be thought of for the errand. I would go if I could. I thought over that point before I wrote my other letter. But I really cannot. You have stated some of the obstacles,—my wife's health, my own, and Will's education (now my chief thought and duty); but there are others. . . . But if I could go, it is no affected diffidence which makes me say that you would accomplish the object much better. I have no particular aptitude for the kind of executive operations which this errand requires,—I mean purchasing books with discrimination in large masses. Perhaps I am rather deficient in it. You possess it in an uncommon degree. I think you would buy as many books for thirty thousand dollars as I should for fifty thousand dollars,—certainly, for forty thousand dollars. . . .

I hope I am not selfish in urging you to do what I decline doing myself. I will only add, that if you will go, I will do more for the Library at home than I have hitherto done, in order that your absence may be less severely felt.

While this question remained unsettled, no time was lost with regard to Mr. Bates's new donations. Mr. Ticknor immediately began personally to collect, from men distinguished in special departments, lists of works on their several subjects, which ought to be on the shelves of a great library, thus getting contributions of much consequence from such men as Professors Agassiz, Bond, Cooke, Felton, Hayward, Holmes, Lovering, Pierce, and Dr. John Ware; from Professor W. B. Rogers and Judge Curtis; from Colonel Thayer of the Army and Captain Goldsborough of the Navy; from engineers and architects, clergymen and men of letters. With these, and with all the bibliographical resources they could command, Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Jewett worked, in Mr. Ticknor's library, for more than two months, Mr. Jewett remaining there eight hours a day, preparing the lists that were to be sent to Mr. Bates. These lists, embracing above forty thousand volumes, were successively forwarded, and were approved by Mr. Bates, who had in these matters the invaluable advice of his distinguished son-in-law, M. Silvain Van De Weyer, Belgian Minister in England, a scholar eminent for his practical knowledge of bibliography and letters.
All this, however, did not silence the conviction that some one should go abroad, for the interests of the Library; and although at one time Mr. Ticknor decided—in February, 1856—that he could not make the exertion, he afterwards reversed this decision, and prepared to leave home that summer. His dislike and reluctance to going were very positive. He had already passed seven years in Europe, and anticipated no great pleasure from going again, and at his age it was disagreeable to him to break up his habits and pursuits; but he was much urged, and in consequence of an illness of Mr. Bates, and circumstances connected with a book agency in London, he saw sufficient grounds for acquiescing. He still felt responsible for the success of the Library, for which his fundamental plan had been adopted, and at this moment he had some fears of failure.

The account of this trip to Europe, in its other aspects, will appear in the next chapter, but, so far as concerns its main object, and the essential work done in the course of it, this is the place for its story. He took his family with him, and was absent fifteen months, travelling entirely at his own expense.

Going first to London, he remained there three weeks, seeing Mr. Bates constantly, and conferring with him and M. Van De Weyer on the interests of the Library. He saw and investigated the merits of the bookseller who had become the agent of the Library, and he, personally, purchased some hundreds of volumes for its shelves. But, after having come to a full understanding with Mr. Bates, he hastened to the Continent, and stopped first at Brussels, once an important book-mart, but not at this time of consequence enough, in this respect, for establishing an agency.

In a letter to Mr. Everett he gives an account of some of these earlier experiences.

To Hon. E. Everett.

Brussels, July 30, 1856, and Bonn, August 4.

My dear Everett,—I was able to write you only once from London, and then a very short and unsatisfactory note. . . . With Mr. Bates everything was done in the promptest and easiest manner;—quiet, after his fashion, and as decisive as quiet.7 He agrees to

7 In a letter written after Mr. Bates's death, Mr. Ticknor says of him: "To me he was a peculiar man. I knew him familiarly several years when we were both young; and if, after he established himself in Europe, I saw him rarely, still, whenever we met, as we did at seven or eight different periods on one or the other side of the Atlantic, I always found him, in what goes to make up the elements of personal character, substantially the same.
take charge of all purchases under our past orders in London and Paris, and thinks it would be well to make out other lists,—though I suppose others can hardly be sent until the results of my purchases are known; because, as you will see, I am buying right and left, outside of all the lists we have yet prepared, and must, therefore, be buying books which you would indicate on new lists. Still, these fresh lists cannot be put too soon in preparation.

For everything relating to Germany, including the North of Europe, and for all that relates to Italy, Mr. Bates looks to me and to the arrangements I shall make. For this purpose, I took a credit from him of 2000L., a sum larger than I shall probably use, and certainly enough to purchase such books, not on any of our lists, as I may find cheap and tempting, and to establish agencies in Leipzig, Florence, and perhaps elsewhere; beginning the purchases, and putting the agents in communication with Mr. Bates for subsequent directions and resources.

I began in London, buying, perhaps, four hundred volumes, which you will easily recognize. To this city—Brussels—I took a letter from M. Van De Weyer for Mons. Alvin, Conservateur of the Royal Library, who at once placed entirely at my disposition Mons. Charles Ruelens, a scholar full of bibliographical and literary knowledge, who is on the staff of the Library to purchase its books all over Europe. Under his guidance I have bought about seven hundred and fifty volumes. I have not bought a book here or in London, and shall not, I suppose, buy one anywhere, that I would sell in Boston for twice its cost.

The books I have bought of the booksellers here are all sent to the Bibliothèque Royale, where M. Ruelens has charge of them. He will have them collated; will cause such of them as may need it to be bound, under the roof of the Library, at the prices the Library pays for its own binding, and will then despatch them. But I have obtained from the Bibliothèque Royale about one hundred and fifty volumes more, which they can let us have, under the rules imposed on them by their government, only in the way of exchange for other books.

After leaving here, unless I find Bunsen at Heidelberg, which I hardly expect, we shall go to Leipzig without much stopping. There I have already begun to make arrangements for the purchase of books, and for an agency.

Yours always,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

Six weeks later he gives a further account of his work.

Indeed, during almost sixty years that I thus knew him, he was less changed than almost anybody I have ever been acquainted with. The reason, I suppose, is, that he was a true man, faithful always to his own convictions, and therefore little liable to fluctuations in his ways and character.” (From a rough draft corrected and kept by Mr. Ticknor.)
To Hon. E. Everett.

Berlin, September 20, 1856.

My dear Everett,—... I have been in Leipzig three times, and established an agency there. Dr. Felix Flügel, Vice-Consul of the United States, is our agent and Mr. Bates's, and he has associated with himself Dr. Piltz, editor of the last edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," and Mr. Paul Frömel, who is connected with Brockhaus's great establishment. The two first are known to Mr. Jewett, but I was not aware of this fact till after we were nearly through with our arrangements, for I took Dr. Flügel, who alone is responsible to us, on the advice of Dr. Pertz, the admirable head of the great library here in Berlin. 

On Mr. Bates's account I have myself bought, in Brussels and Berlin, a little short of two thousand volumes, and I enclose you a list of them, which I have roughly copied from the bills. ... I have, however, bought none but by the advice and in the presence of Mr. Ruelens in Brussels, of whom I wrote you amply, and in the presence of Dr. Karl Brandes, Custos of the library here, who, like Mr. Ruelens, buys books for his library all over Europe. ... I am now in Berlin for the second time, on the affairs of the Library, and the purchases I have made here are, I think, quite as good as those I made at Brussels. ... Dr. Pertz was a student in Göttingen when we were studying there, and knew all about us through Rufstein, who wrote to you lately, and who is now one of the first men in the Kingdom of Hanover, being the head of its ecclesiastical establishment, and every way a most respectable person. Dr. Pertz was made librarian of the King's library, Hanover (which is his native place), after the death of our old friend Feder. ... English is as much the language of his family as German, and being, besides, a true, sympathizing, faithful German of the old sort, there is nothing he has not been willing to do for me, out of regard for America and the Lyells, and nothing in reason that he will not do for our Library hereafter, or cause to be done by his assistants, two or three of whom have been at my disposition for the last week. ... 

I beg you to commend me to the Trustees, when you meet, and tell them that I hope their zeal for the interests of the Library will not abate. I do not intend that mine shall.

Yours always sincerely,

Geo. Ticknor.

The feeling which inspired this message to the Trustees appears frequently in his letters. At one time, when Mr. Everett had been under a mistaken impression that Mr. Ticknor had felt annoyed about some want of information, he answers: "In any event, you will understand that I make no complaint of

8 Dr. Pertz's first wife was from Virginia, his second wife a sister of Lady Lyell.
anybody that has done as much for the Library as you and Mr. Jewett have. Let me add that I am much gratified with the account you give me of Mr. Greenough's important services, and of the 'very assiduous and disinterested manner' in which he has rendered them. I expected no less from him, and thank him as heartily for what he has done as if I were to be personally benefited by it. I feel, too, under similar obligations to you and to Mr. Jewett, and to all who work for the Library in earnest and disinterestedly."

During these visits in Berlin Mr. Ticknor worked with Dr. Karl Brandes indefatigably, staying sometimes so late in the evening in the booksellers' shops that they were obliged to obtain special permission from the police to remain and to go home without molestation. Prague and Vienna proved unproductive, though in the latter place he had efficient aid from old friends. He writes: "The trade is low in Austria; and the collections of the booksellers are either of the commonest books, or of those that are old, but of little value. I went round with Dr. Senoner, librarian of the principal scientific library in the city, and I had help from Count Thun,\(^9\) Minister of State, who has charge of the public libraries throughout the Empire, and Baron Bellinghausen and Dr. F. Wolf, the principal persons in the Imperial Library: all these are old friends and correspondents; but they all told me that I should do little, and it so turned out."

"At Venice," he says in the same letter, "I found a first-rate bookseller, H. F. Münster, a German. He was anxious to purchase for us, and Dr. Namias, Secretary of the Institute there, urged me to employ him. But Venice is so out of the way of trade that I did not like to venture. We shall, however, I hope, profit by the good-will of both these persons, if we should have any occasion hereafter to appeal to it."

In the North of Italy, therefore, he accomplished little beyond obtaining the transactions of learned societies. Meantime, his correspondence became laborious, for he was obliged to keep up active communication with many points in Europe, as well as with many persons at home, merely on the business of the Library. Consequently, he did not, as before, keep a journal of his daily experiences, and his more private correspondence also suffered in consequence of his constant occupation.

In Florence he established an agency in the autumn, and attended again to its affairs in the spring. He determined, after some preliminary correspondence with an old acquaintance in

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Florence, Mr. Sloane, "to go to the Baron von Reumont, Prussian Minister in Tuscany, whom Humboldt at Berlin had described to me as a historical writer, whose works he valued very highly, and whom he advised me strongly to visit as a person who would receive me kindly, and give me the best of literary help about Italian affairs and books, as he has lived in Italy above twenty years." Mr. Ticknor had known Baron von Reumont in Rome twenty years before, when he was attaché to the legation of Baron Bunsen, and he says of him, "in all sorts of ways he has turned out an invaluable friend." On his recommendation, he selected Professor Eugenio Albèri as the agent of the Library, "after hearing much good of him from many persons, and among the rest from the Grand Duke and the Marquis Gino Capponi." Thus Mr. Ticknor's former associations with literary and distinguished persons gave him valuable aid in his present undertakings.

In Rome, where he passed the winter, he had no need, of course, to search for agents; but he busied himself in buying books, keeping a young man constantly employed in seeking out whatever was curious and cheap, receiving daily reports from him, and paying him day by day; also going himself much to libraries and book-shops, superintending the packing of books at his own lodgings, and really working hard as a collector for the Library at home. He says: "The best places I have yet found for buying books are Florence and Rome. The books that have been thus far bought by me in Brussels, Berlin, and Rome, or under my directions in Leipzig and Florence, have been bought at above forty per cent. under the fair, regular prices." To this should be added the fact, that on Mr. Ticknor's purchases the Library was saved all commissions. On the 2nd of February he closed his "third box of books bought in Rome; making in the three boxes seven hundred and eighty-nine volumes, chiefly Italian, but a good many French, and some English, etc., which have cost, binding inclusive (but not emballage), five hundred and five dollars."

In one of his letters to Mr. Everett, from Rome, he refers to the fact that five-sixths of the books then in the Library were in the English language, and to intimations he had received of a feeling among some persons in favour of making the Library exclusively English. After alluding to his original anxiety to have a popular circulating library, with many copies of many popular books, he goes on:—

I do not, indeed, want for my personal convenience any library at
all, except my own, but I should be ashamed of myself; if, in working for such an institution as our Public Library, I could overlook the claims of the poor young men, and others who are not able to buy valuable, costly, and even rare books, in foreign languages, which they need in studies important to them and the public. I never did neglect their claims in relation to my own inconsiderable library, and why should I do it in relation to a large public library? Nor do I see how anybody who may have a collection of rare and valuable books in a foreign language,—Sanscrit, if you please, like the late Mr. Wales's, or little collections in Spanish or Portuguese, like mine,—can find a proper place for them in any such almost wholly English library, with whose general plan such collections would be quite out of keeping, as well as with the common course of its purchase and administration. I have never apprehended that we were making such a library, nor do I suppose so now; but I see from your letter that there are persons who would prefer it,—I mean persons who would prefer to keep our Public Library almost wholly an English one.

In Paris he devoted a considerable part of every day to the affairs of the Library, and in London he passed a month in the summer of 1857, during which he completed the adjustment of everything with Mr. Bates to his satisfaction. Finally, he concluded, by correspondence, the settlements with agents on the Continent, and finished the last of this work on the day before embarking for home, having remained two months after his wife and daughter had returned, in order that he might leave nothing incomplete, or unsatisfactorily adjusted.

For all his exertions abroad he received very gratifying testimonials from the Trustees, on his arrival at home, the votes and reports on the subject being contained in the Fifth Annual Report.

After his return, Mr. Ticknor wished if possible to avoid entering again into the active operations of the Library, hoping that his friends Mr. Everett and Mr. Greenough, with the assistance of Mr. Jewett, could secure the well-being of the institution without more than his presence and support in the Board; but he could not be released, and therefore accepted the position of chairman of the committee for the removal of the books to the new Library building.

This might, at first sight, seem to imply only a supervision of mechanical work, but it involved much more. It involved, at one point, the assertion of the principle which, in Mr. Ticknor's mind, lay at the bottom of the whole special character of the institution. A separate and accessible hall and library-room had been prepared, on the lower floor of the new building, for the popular part of the collection of books, by Mr. Ticknor’s sugges-
tion when he was on the Commission for the building. He now urged the preparation of a separate index to the books of this department, to be furnished before a complete catalogue of the whole mass of books could be got ready. This interfered with the more striking idea of a large and imposing volume, exhibiting to the public the whole wealth of the Library in one catalogue. Mr. Ticknor, however, prevailed, and the popular collection, with its separate rooms and its separate index, being ready and open to the public more than a year before the rest could be opened, was very welcome, and so eagerly used that the question of the success of the Free Lending Library, for the less favoured classes, was settled in a way never to be shaken again.

Mr. Ticknor felt that a great deal of good had been done in the humble rooms in Mason Street; for the principles on which a public library might be made to co-operate in the education of a city had been substantially settled. He now induced the Trustees to make the Lower Hall collection as attractive as possible, by adding to the books brought from Mason Street such English and American books as were still desirable, so as to open with about fourteen thousand agreeable and useful volumes in the English language, and a thousand more in the other modern languages; and then, with some little anxiety, he watched the operations on the day of opening. The practical results justified the theory of the institution in the most gratifying manner, and Mr. Ticknor said that, after witnessing the giving out of the books till eight in the evening, without seeing a moment's trouble or confusion, he went home feeling as if he had nothing more to do so far as this, in his view the most important, part of the institution was concerned.

Troubles there were still, but of other kinds; and, although he was a trifle disappointed by the result of an experiment he tried in 1860, to test the popular disposition for reading useful books, he did not lose faith in his theory that, the taste for reading once formed, the standard of that taste would rise. He would have rejoiced in the absolute proof produced, since 1873,

1 December 20, 1858. The reading-room, with periodicals, had been opened September 17.
2 He gave the Library fifty copies of Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing;" twenty copies of Smiles's "Self Help;" twenty copies of Everett's "Life of Washington;" ten copies of the "Life of Amos Lawrence," a merchant of Boston; twelve copies of the "Teacher's Assistant," and some others. For a time many of these kept well in circulation, especially Miss Nightingale’s excellent little book; but at the end of six months the demand or them had substantially ceased.
of the steady gain in the proportion of useful books taken from the Library; after increased facilities had been afforded for their selection, by the admirable annotated Catalogue of works of the higher class prepared by Mr. Winsor. 3

Being now at ease about that which he considered as not only the first, but, in our social condition, the most valuable part of the Library, Mr. Ticknor began to give proof that his instincts as a scholar were only held in abeyance by his judgment as a citizen.

In April, 1860, he gave to the Library 2400 volumes of works of such a high character that he made it a condition that two thousand of them should not circulate, and in October of the same year he presented to it one hundred and forty-three volumes, forming a special collection on Mollière, with similar restrictions; while in October, 1864, he gave one hundred and sixty volumes of Provencal literature, under still more stringent conditions. In 1861, also, being consulted as to the conditions to be attached to a bequest of money to the Library, he reverted to an idea, entertained by him long before, which was adopted, and the income was required to be expended for books, none of which should have been published less than five years.

Finally, by his last will he gave to this institution, which he had cherished and had done all in his power to perfect, the invaluable collection of Spanish books, to the formation of which he had devoted so much of his time and his fortune. Of these, by his own direction, not a volume is to be allowed to leave the Library building.

His desire to put culture within the reach of those who are least apt to seek it and least able to acquire it, and his belief that they could be trusted to use carefully what was bestowed generously, this desire and this belief inspired his action for the Library for the first six or eight years of its development; but when the principles he thus contended for were vindicated by experience, and put beyond danger, he turned to work for the more scholarly and studious class, of which he himself was a member.

He hoped that the principle of funding donations of money, and the example of giving collections of works on special subjects, would lead to further gifts of both kinds; and he trusted that the disinterested and broad views for the administra-

3 The percentage of increased demand for works of travel, biography, etc., over the increase of general circulation, has continued to be quite remarkable for more than two years, since the publication of this valuable Catalogue.
tion of the Library, which had been established and continued during the fourteen years of his connexion with it, would prevail in future, so that public confidence might in every way be secured. That this institution should be administered for the good of the whole community, earnestly inviting the less favoured, yet remembering that the researches in learning and science made by the less numerous may spread widest, and do most good in the end; that its officers and employés might always be selected for their efficiency and fidelity; and that its Trustees might always be men who know what such a library should be and do, uninfluenced by politics or sectarian views,—these were his earnest wishes in all his latter years. He felt that if the affairs of the Library were ever administered in any other spirit, or for any other purpose, than to promote the best culture of the whole mass of our people, it would decay and fail, ceasing to accomplish its true object.

On the death of Mr. Everett he was elected by the Trustees President of their Board; but a year afterwards he resigned that place, leaving it to be filled by his friend, Mr. Greenough, who for ten years had co-operated with him and Mr. Everett in every effort for the wise advancement of the Library. Mr. Ticknor also declined to be re-elected Trustee, and thus retired, after fourteen years of zealous labour, having carefully, during the last months, brought to completion those portions of the work to which he had been more especially pledged.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit to Europe for the Affairs of the Boston Public Library.—London, Brussels, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna.—Verona.—Milan.—Letters to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dexter, and Mrs. Ticknor.

The motives and causes which led Mr. Ticknor to decide on on a third visit to Europe have been set forth, as well as the nature of the work he did during the thirteen months it covered. The marriage of his younger daughter to Mr. William Sohier Dexter, which took place in May, 1856, preceded his departure

4 Mr. William W. Greenough is still President of the Trustees of the Library.
by a few weeks, and he sailed on the 18th of June, accompanied by Mrs. Ticknor, with their eldest daughter and a niece. The facilities for every mode of travelling had been improving with extraordinary rapidity in the twenty years since his last visit, and these introduced novelty and comfort, beyond his expectations, into this journey. The steamer voyage shortened the miseries of the sea, which, for the first time, Mr. Ticknor escaped in great measure; and at Liverpool, before they left the deck of the steamer, letters of welcome and invitations were placed in his hands, casting a most delightful atmosphere of genial feeling over the arrival.

This warm greeting was multiplied and continued wherever they went; the hands of old friends and new were extended to receive them at every point. In London, a charming house in Knightsbridge was placed at their disposal—with servants and all appliances—in the absence of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Twisleton, and from thence Mr. Ticknor wrote as follows:

To W. H. Prescott.

London, July 17, 1856.

My dear William,—You have heard, I dare say, of our safe arrival, and perhaps something more; for though I have had time to write only one letter,—it was to William Dexter,—enough has been written by the party to tell all that anybody can desire to know about us.

When the cars stopped, the first thing I saw was Lady Lyell's charming face on the platform, to welcome us, and during the eighteen days that have followed since, we have had nothing but kindness and hospitality. Our old friends, adding to them those with whom I have had intercourse without personally knowing them, have filled up our whole time. Five invitations were waiting for us when we arrived.

5 Hon. Edward Twisleton, a man of remarkable cultivation, much beloved and respected in the best society of England, had recently married a favourite niece of Mrs. Ticknor, Miss Ellen Dwight. Mr. Ticknor, too, was very fond of Mrs. Twisleton, and, before there had been any question of this marriage, Mr. Twisleton had been much liked by him and all his family. These interesting and highly valued persons are now dead, and their loss has been deeply felt on either side of the ocean, for both had made themselves loved in the new circles they had entered by their marriage.

6 In the letter to W. S. Dexter of July 4, mentioned above, he says, after being four days in London: "Thus far I am in for eight dinners and four breakfasts, all of which promise to be very agreeable, but will make heavy drafts on my resources of all sorts, and will probably do me up. But vogue la galère; for I have always thought a regular London life little better than that of a galley-slave."
Lord Stanhope came the next morning, immediately after breakfast, and I gave him your letter. Stirling came in the afternoon, and so it has gone on ever since. After to-morrow I have declined all invitations, and begin to make my arrangements for Brussels, for which we shall set out as soon as we can get ready.

Your friends here are generally well, and remember you with sincere and affectionate interest, asking constantly whether you will not come again soon, to which I always answer in such a way as to put the burthen upon Susan, who, I suppose, will bear it contentedly rather than lose you. I delivered all your letters; most of them, however, I could not find time to deliver until after I had filled up my days with engagements, which we did in about four or five days after our arrival. . . . The Ellesmeres, the Laboucheres, and Ford have been very kind, and invited us to dine, but we could not accept. I dined at the Duke of Argyll’s with a very brilliant party, and we talked much of you; but Anna was in Kent, on a visit to the Mildmays and Stanhopes, where I was very glad to have her go for refreshment for a few days, and so missed this pleasure. . . .

Macaulay is the lion. He has been asked to meet us seven times, so that it has got to be a sort of joke. But he is very agreeable, not in perfectly good health, and not, I imagine, talking so much for effect as he used to, or claiming so large a portion of the table’s attention; but well enough to be out a great deal in the evenings, and with fresh spirits. I dined with him and Lord John, at Richmond at Lord Lansdowne’s, and at the Duke of Argyll’s. The rest were breakfasts, at Lord Stanhope’s, Milman’s, Van de Weyer’s, etc., and at his own house. He lives in a beautiful villa, with a rich, large, and brilliant lawn behind it, keeps a carriage, and—as he told us—keeps four menservants, including his coachman, and lives altogether in elegant style for a man of letters. . . .

We live, you know, in Twisletohn’s house. It is a very nice one, with four or five thousand volumes of first-rate books, in rich, full binding, scattered through its three principal rooms. It looks on Hyde Park in front, and has a series of gardens behind, so that few houses are more pleasantly situated. It is, too, filled with an abundance of rich furniture à l’Anglaise. The Lewises—Sir George and Lady Theresa—are near neighbours, and have been most abundant in kindness. We have breakfasted, lunched, and dined with them, the last being last evening, when we had Lord and Lady Clarendon, Lord Harrowby, Lord John Russell, Frederick Peel, and a most charming, cheerful, free time we made of it till near midnight. I talked a good deal with Lord Clarendon and Lord Harrowby, as well as with Cardwell and Sir George, about America,—three of them being of the Ministry,—and found, as I have uniformly found, a great desire to keep at peace with us. . . .

Thackeray has been to see us a good deal, but he is very poorly,

7 Mentioned before as Lord Mahon. See ante, p. 212.
8 See vol. i. p. 338.
9 See vol. i. p. 337, note, and ante, p. 147.
and has troubles that may wear him out. . . . Kenyon, too, is very ill with asthma, at the Isle of Wight, where he has taken a beautiful place, and on finding himself a little better asked us to come and see him for as long as we could stay. But it is not possible, or we should certainly go. Colonel Harcourt asked us, also, to the Isle of Wight, and at one moment I thought we might combine the two; but I must not be too late on the Continent, or my plans will be all spoiled. Stirling invites us to Keir, when we come back, and I shall try to go if I can. A dinner at his house in town was as recherché as anything that has happened to me of the sort; and his house, filled with curious books, old silver, and objets d'art, is quite marvellous,—nearly all collected, he says, since you were here.

The breakfasts are very formidable. They have become dinners in disguise. . . . But they are agreeable. Old Lord Lansdowne says he enjoys them more than any other form of society, and I have met him at them twice. Indeed, he goes out a great deal, and entertains as much as ever; large parties in Berkeley Square, and small ones at Richmond. He seems to me more amiable and agreeable than ever, and enjoys a green old age, surrounded with the respect of all, even of those most opposed to him in politics. I have met him as often as anybody, except Macaulay, and am to meet him again to-day.

To-morrow is our last day for society. We breakfast with the Milmans, lunch at Evelyn Denison's,—who has become a man of much political consequence, and lives in a grand house on Carlton Terrace,—and we dine at Mr. T. Baring's. I am glad it is the last day. I never stood the exigencies of London society well, and I am so old that I am quite done up with the work now. And yet this is nothing to what they do themselves.

Lord Clarendon, yesterday, gave me the account of his mode of life for the last three years, including the war with Russia and the Conference at Paris. . . . “But,” I said, “do you never give yourself a holiday?” “Yes,” he replied, “I gave myself one holiday at Paris, and went to a great discussion and showy occasion at the Institute, but the next time I do it I will take chloroform.” . . . He has great spirits, and laughed and frolicked in the gayest manner, but looks much worn and very thin. On my telling him that I thought he would do better if he were to take his hardest work in the morning, when he is refreshed by sleep, he admitted it, but added, “I can get more out of myself, under this nervous, unnatural excitement, than I can in a more regular life; and if it does wear me out sooner, that is no matter, the work must be done.” . . .

But it is one o'clock at night, and I am imitating the great man in my small way without thinking of it. I will therefore stop, only adding my love to Susan and Elizabeth and all about you. . . .

Yours always,

G. T.

1 See vol. i. p. 338, note.
To Hon. E. Everett.

London, July 18, 1856.

My dear Everett,—Thank you for your agreeable note of the 2nd inst. I am very glad to hear such good news of the Library, and that Mr. Greenough is in your Board. I think you will find him a very efficient person. Things go on equally well here. Many books, as you are aware, have been despatched from Paris, and a considerable number will be sent by the steamer that takes this. Others will follow.

Thus far my time has been much consumed by society, a good deal more than I intended it should be. But it has been inevitable, and after to-day we have refused all invitations, and I go seriously to work to finish the arrangements for the Library, and begin my preparations for the Continent, for which I hope to be off in a week.

I delivered your letter to Mr. Macaulay, and he has been extremely kind. I breakfasted with him at once, in his beautiful villa, meeting Panizzi, Senior, Van De Weyer, Lord Lansdowne, and three or four more; and I have met him five or six times since. . . . So you see he is still the lion he was when you were here. But he is not, from what I hear, so exigent in conversation. At any rate he is very agreeable, and people had rather listen to him than talk themselves. Like everybody else, I have been astonished at the resources of his memory. They are all but fabulous. He wants to know when you are coming again; and spoke to me of you, as have Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and all your old friends, with great interest, some with great affection.

I have seen most of the members of the government, and talked with them about our American affairs. They certainly show no desire to get into a quarrel with us. But John Bull is no doubt dissatisfied, and doubtful of the future. He thinks we are ill-disposed towards him, that there is no use in making more concessions, and that, as we are growing stronger and more formidable, it is as well to meet the trial soon, as later. Those in power, however, seem to me to wish to put it off as long as they can.2 . . .

To Hon. Edward Everett.

Brussels, July 30, 1856.

. . . I began this letter at its date, at Brussels, but I was much crowded with work then, and now I finish it at Bonn.3 . . . Welcker is here still fresh and active, and remembering you with great kindness. I find Brandes too, but nobody else surviving of the old time; Niebuhr, Schlegel, and the rest are all gone. "Old, Master Shallow, old," I feel it. I felt it, too, in London, though the survivors there

2 There were complaints about enlistments in the United States during the Crimean War. See ante, p. 241.
3 Parts of this letter were given in the preceding chapter.
were numerous, and fresh acquaintance were added, in no small proportion, to the old.

I saw your friend, Sir Henry Holland, and breakfasted with him. I need not tell you that he is coming to make you a visit, but you may be glad to know that he is unchanged, and as active as ever. He says he intends to go and see Mr. Buchanan. I hope he will. It may do good to have the relations they stood in maintained, if Buchanan becomes President, as I suppose he will.

We have, as you will infer from what I have said, rather than from any details I have given, been very busy since I saw you last. Indeed, it seems incredible, that we have been absent from home only seven weeks, and yet have come so far, and done so much. London life seems to me to have become more oppressive than it ever was. The breakfasts, that used to be modest re-unions of half-a-dozen, with a dish or two of cold meat, are now dinners in disguise, for fourteen to sixteen persons, with three or four courses of hot meats. Once we had wine. The lunches are much the same, with puddings, etc., added, and several sorts of wine; and the dinners begin at a quarter to half-past eight, and last till near eleven. Twice, spiced wines were handed round with the meats, which I never saw before, and did not find nearly so savoury as my neighbours did. Everything, in short, announced—even in the same houses—an advance of luxury, which can bode no good to any people. But the tide cannot be resisted.

I am not sure whether I told you, in my note from London, that I found Hallam much broken in strength, and with dangerous troubles. He was, however, very bright, and talked as fast as ever. He went to the country two or three days after we reached London, to stay with his daughter, who, as I heard, makes his declining years very happy. He inquired most kindly after you, and desired to be remembered to you. I think he felt it to be very doubtful whether he shall see me next spring, if I then go to England again. Certainly I did as I parted from him, and he said, "I am very old," and his eye spoke more than his words.

I am writing now just as we set off. . . . Addio. Write me how the Presidential canvass goes on, and what is the prospect of things generally.

In a letter to Mr. George T. Curtis, written two weeks later, Mr. Ticknor tells the following anecdote:

The day but one before we left London, we accepted an invitation given in an uncommonly kind manner two days earlier, to dine at Lord Clarendon's. . . . Just before dinner was announced, Lord Clarendon came up to me and said, with rather a peculiar manner, that attracted my attention at once, "Here is a gentleman who wishes to be introduced to you. He has been a good deal in the United States, and knows all about you, but has never seen you; and yet he is a pretty notorious man,—it is Mr. Crampton,"—and then he burst into a very hearty laugh, for which he is somewhat famous, and was joined by Sir Charles Wood, and one or two people near us, who
enjoyed the joke to the full. I found Mr. Crampton very agreeable, and immediately noticed his great resemblance to his father, as I knew Sir Philip in 1835. "Yes," said a person to whom I mentioned it, "they still look so much alike that we call them the twins." . . . The Ministry were, no doubt, partly responsible for the mistakes about the enlistment last summer,—more, perhaps, than they can well admit. They were too much engrossed by the Russian war, and the worrying arrangements for the peace before the negotiations began, to be able to give the American difficulty the degree of attention it needed. So I think Crampton will get a place and be contented with it.

To Mrs. William S. Dexter.

Heidelberg, August 8, 1856.

Dearest Lizzie,—I hardly know what I can write to you, your mother and Anna have written so much, except to renew to you expressions of my affection, which you feel as sure of without their repetition as with it. But I must write something; it is a want I feel to have intercourse with you. Only last night I looked over to the other side of the table, thinking to see you there; so entirely have you kept your place in my thoughts. And thus I miss you constantly. Give my love to your husband, and tell him I count upon his making up a great deal of my loss to me, since I give him so much of what is important and dear to my affections.

As I travel about in places more or less familiar to me,—because I have been in them at least twice before, and in some cases three times,—I feel a good deal as a professor emeritus does, who keeps the title, but does none of the work of his place. I call myself a traveller, but fulfil little of a traveller's duty.

I enjoy, however, seeing my old friends very much. Count Arriva-bene, in his fine old castle at Gaesbeck, with its beautiful walks and environs, gave me great pleasure, but I did not go into the church of Ste. Gudule at Brussels, though I was near it many times. At Cologne I never knew anybody, or at least I never knew more than one person, and I forget his name; so I went only to the cathedral. But that was enough. I was astonished to find how much has been done towards finishing it, and begin to believe, what never seemed credible.

4 Mr. Crampton had been recently recalled from Washington, where he was British Minister, on complaints of our government. Mr. Ticknor says elsewhere: "Thackeray, who has a strong personal regard for him, was outrageous on the matter, and cursed the Ministry by all his gods for making him, as he said, their scape-goat." As Mr. Ticknor expected, he was soon sent Minister to Hanover, and afterwards to St. Petersburg and Madrid.

5 Count Arrivabene, formerly the guest of the Arconati at Gaesbeck, now lived there alone, and the enchantment of a summer's day, in the interesting old château and among the labyrinthine beech alleys of its beautiful woods, was all enhanced by his really affectionate mode of making his friends feel at home, and feel that he valued and wished to prolong their visit.
to me before, that it may yet be completed. ... But enough of the old city; it is in the main a nasty old place.

Bonn, on the contrary, is as neat as a new pin. But there, too, except one afternoon's delicious excursion up the river to the Godesberg and the Drachenfels, and a visit to the monument of Beethoven, I hardly once went out of the house. Your aunt Catherine, and the girls, and Charles were enough; but besides these, I had my old kind friend, Professor Welcker, every day, Pauli,—a very active, spirited young man who was secretary to Bunsen,—and Professor Gerhard, the last day, who was among those Lady Lyell wrote Anna she had seen at Berlin, and hoped we should see there, little thinking that he was an old acquaintance, and was coming right to us at Bonn.

Here it is much the same sort of thing. Dr. Pauli told me of an enthusiastic, scholar-like German, whom I had known at Rome, and who, after having been for some years private secretary to Prince Albert, is now living up in the old castle. He came this morning and left his card, inviting me to breakfast. It was too late, for we were just finishing that important meal. However, when we went up to the castle, we found him there showing about Captain H., a young man fresh from the Crimea, where he went through all the battles and sieges in a battalion which brought home less than half its numbers. ... Now he has a very agreeable, fine-looking wife, to whom he has been married only a few weeks, the day but one, I believe, after he marched through London in that great show of the reception of the Guards by the Queen, which we were smuggled through the lines to see by Lord and Lady Ellesmere. ...

Then I drove to see Mad. Bunsen, from whom I had a letter at Frankfort, telling me that her husband was in Switzerland. I found her very hearty in her welcome, and her two daughters very nice; all living in a pleasant house just outside of the town. ... I liked them so well that I think I shall go again this evening. ...

Anna has just come down from the castle, and says your mother and H. mean to dine there under the trees. She, herself, goes to see her old friend Mad. B., and very likely I shall drive there with her and go and see Professor Mohl, brother of the one in Paris, and perhaps—if I am not too tired—call on Professor Mittermaier, the jurist. But I become easily fatigued. I did too much in London, and am but just getting over it. However, I am very well. So are we all, and stand our work remarkably. ...

Your affectionate father,
G. T.

The detailed accounts of pleasant experiences, at different points of these travels, will be found scattered irregularly through the letters, and do not, perhaps, lose their flavour by being delayed in chronology. On reaching Dresden, August 13, a halt was

6 Mrs. Norton returning from Italy.
7 Herr Carl Meyer von Rinteln.
called, and the home-like place was made head-quarters for six weeks. Those dear friends, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, happened to be in Dresden at the time of the arrival of the party; and later a meeting was arranged there, with Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton and her sister, that was delightful; besides which Dean and Mrs. Milman passed through about the same time. One pleasant afternoon, especially, this tripartite party of American and English friends spent with the charming family of the artist, Julius Hübner, looking over his drawings and enjoying his collections. This artist's home was genially opened to Mr. Ticknor and his family, in consequence of an introduction from Gerhard.

Mr. Forbes was still English Minister to the Saxon Court, and, on his return from an excursion, he resumed his old kind and familiar intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor. But, above all, the friendship, which their correspondence had cherished and increased, between the King and Mr. Ticknor, was further strengthened by the warm and simple welcome which King John gave his American friend, desiring him to come to Pillnitz to see him without other form than at a private house, and summoning him repeatedly to dinner, on all which occasions he treated him with affectionate confidence.

On the 27th of August Mr. Ticknor took his family for a short visit to Berlin, where they remained together for six days, and where he out-stayed his party. Rejoining the ladies in Dresden on the 7th of September, he again left them there on the 14th, and went to Berlin for another week. In Leipzig, where he stopped three times in his journeys to and fro, he was busy for the Library, and in Berlin he did a great deal of laborious work. But in Berlin, as in Dresden, he found old and new friends, and in subsequent letters he describes his enjoyment of daily intercourse with Humboldt,8 and the entertainment of a great Court dinner at Potsdam, on occasion of the arrival of the Grand Duke of Baden for his marriage with a princess of Prussia. This was Mr. Ticknor's only opportunity for conversation with the then reigning sovereign, Frederic William IV., whose varied accomplishments and versatile talent made a strong impression on him. Von Raumer and Count Raczynski, among old

8 Mr. Ticknor writes to Mr. Prescott, after this visit: "Humboldt was much changed, as might be anticipated; for the difference between sixty-seven and eighty-seven is always much greater than between forty-seven and sixty-seven: these being, respectively, the intervals of my acquaintance with him. But his faculties seem as active, and his pursuit of knowledge as eager as ever; while, at the same time, his benevolence seems to grow with his years."
acquaintances, and the younger Schadow, among new ones, added to the pleasures of Berlin.

On finally leaving Dresden, September 25, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor had further proof of the constancy of those who had formerly been kind to them, in the warm and earnest welcome given to the whole party at Tetschen, where they stopped a few hours to see Count Thun and his daughters. Old memories were recalled,—some sadly and tenderly, for the Countess had died,—and their kindness was, if possible, greater than ever. Additional instances of it occurred in Vienna, where Count Thun followed them, and where his sons, Count Franz and Count Leo,—the latter then a Cabinet Minister,—renewed all their former faithful and attractive courtesy; and in Italy, where Count Frederic, whom Mr. Ticknor had not before known, received him at Verona as an old friend of the family.

During his second short visit in Berlin Mr. Ticknor wrote as follows to Mrs. Ticknor:—

BERLIN, Friday, September 19.

I cannot get back before Sunday evening, 6 o'clock. It is impossible. I have worked till twelve o'clock every night, and, though I am sixty-five years old, I have accomplished as much in the last five days, including Leipzig, as I ever did in any five days of my life.

Wednesday I passed all day at the Library, and in the booksellers' shops with Dr. Brandes, and wrote all the evening, except that I called twenty minutes at Varnhagen's. But the booksellers are very clumsy and slow; and kind Dr. Brandes solds them in vain, and gets more out of patience with them than I do.

Yesterday I first arranged with Professor Dehn, of the Library—where there are 95,000 works in music and on music,—to buy 100. worth to begin our Library with. Then I came home, and had a visit from Varnhagen and his niece, desperately agreeable, and I promised to take coffee with them this p.m. at five. Then I worked on books; then at two o'clock was off to Potsdam, to dine with the King, who sent his verbal commands by his Hofmarschal, about eleven o'clock, to that effect. Went out in the cars, and slept nearly the whole way, from sheer fatigue.

Dinner was very brilliant; the whole Court. . . . Had a jolly good time at table with forty odd people, but chiefly with an old general, who went to England when the affiancing took place there,1 and is now just back from the Russian coronation; the Prince of Prussia;2 and of the dames d'honneur, of which I will give you an account. After dinner we were in the salon about an hour, and the King talked with me more than half the time; was truly agreeable, and sometimes scholar-like, urged me very much to stay to the fêtes

9 See vol. i. pp. 416, 417 et seq. 1 Of the Princess Royal. 2 The present Emperor.
LIFE OF GEORGE TICKNOR.

of the marriage next week, and took leave of me with a hearty shake of the hand, and a heartier, "God bless you; come again to Sans Souci." I said I hoped I might. "Mais malheureusement, nous n'aurons pas de mariage."

I came in with the Minister at War, old General Nostitz,—Blücher's aide-de-camp,—and my general from the coronation,—name forgotten,—he amusing us with accounts of the ceremonies and ladies there. But I have neither room nor time to tell you details; but I will add, that Humboldt's kindness was consistent to the last moment, and in every possible way. When I came to town, being en grande tenue, I made a call on our Minister,—but did not tell him where I came from,—and then went to the Pertzes'. . . . I stayed till after eleven, and had a first-rate time; came home and wrote till half-past twelve.

This morning I feel rested; but I have a good deal of work to do to-day; go at ten to see some rare Spanish books; at one to Humboldt; at five to Varnhagen; and fill the rest of the time in writing about books. To-morrow I settle accounts, pay up, and send off everything to Leipzig; and on Sunday, at six, expect to meet Alessandro [his courier] at the station.

The Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, who has taken half the hotel for the fêtes of the marriage, arrived last night, while I was at the Pertzes', and the consequence is that the entries are full of livery-servants, and the porte-cochère is garnished with a guard of honour.

To Hon. E. Everett. 3

BERLIN, September 20, 1856.

. . . . Two evenings ago I was at Dr. Pertz's house, in a very brilliant and intellectual party, where were the Milmans and Horners from London, Ranke, Meineke,—the Grecian,—Ehrenberg, Encke, Lepsius, and others of the same sort, when a nice white-headed, charming old lady, with a very taking little Scotch accent, and who seemed much valued by all about her, spoke to me, and told me she was Miss Gibson, that pleasant, pretty little Scotch girl whom we knew at Dresden and Potsdam just forty years ago, and who tells me she has the handwriting of both of us in her album. I assure you I had a most pleasant talk with her. She is still Miss Gibson, living here much regarded, with a good fortune. . . . . She is connected with the Sutherland family, by the beautiful Marchioness of Stafford, whom I could hardly keep my eyes off of, as she sat opposite to me one day at dinner, in London. . . . .

But if I begin to gossip about people, I shall be in for two or three sheets more. I will only, therefore, say a word about changes. They are enormous. Berlin is a city of 450,000 souls, eminently prosperous, and full of monuments and collections in the arts. Dresden has improved in equal proportions, and has now a magnificent gallery for its magnificent collection of pictures, a finer and grander building, and one better fitted to its purposes, than any similar one in Italy or

3 Parts of this letter have appeared in the preceding chapter.
elsewhere. You must come here again, indeed you must. Before I tried the experiment I would not have said so. In truth, I came most reluctantly. But I find the improvements in travelling so great, that what used to cause me constant weariness and vexation now causes me neither; and, to my great surprise, I enjoy myself more—mainly in consequence of the ease and comfort with which I move about, and live—than I did in either of my other visits to Europe.

I am very glad that Congress has adjourned, and I shall be still more glad when the Ides of November are past. Nobody has said an unkind or unpleasant word to me about our country since I have been in Europe; but I feel, on all sides, that we stand in little favour or respect. Humboldt—whom I have seen every day, or had a note from him—is, I understand, very strong in his remarks sometimes, even to Americans. I cannot say that I am surprised. But I hope for the best, and always talk cheerfully. Mr. Fillmore left a most agreeable impression here. The King was delighted with him, and told me he would vote for him for President. I replied, that Buchanan would get the election, notwithstanding his Majesty's vote. "Well," he answered, "never mind, I am glad we are of the same party, and you may always count upon my vote, at any rate."

We had been talking some time on American politics, and I had told him that I was of Fillmore's faction. En passant, let me say, that the King is one of the most agreeable men in conversation that I have ever talked with, and has that reputation here. But that is a very different thing from being a great or wise statesman.

Dresden, September 21.—I returned to Dresden last night, and this morning, when turning over my papers, I fell upon a memorandum about a new ordinance for the Library, concerning which we talked last March, and I gave you a sketch or outline, trusting that it would be done this autumn. Now is the time. Please give your thought to it.

To William S. Dexter.

Dresden, September 24, 1856.

My dear Dexter,—Thank you for your letter from Woods' Hole, dated August 24, just a month to-day. It is a great comfort to those who are so far off, and leave interests behind greater than they ever left before, to have such cheerful accounts, and to have them so often and so regularly.

I need not tell you that we are all well. Nor need I tell you what we have been doing. You know more about it, from the time of our casting off from the wharf in East Boston, than I can now remember. But in general terms, I can say that we have had a much better time than I expected, and enjoyed much more than I thought we should. The travelling servants are much more accomplished, and better fitted to their business than they used to be. When I was first in Europe, forty years ago, the species was hardly known, and the few that served were almost entirely real couriers, who rode ahead to order
horses, and were fit for little else. Twenty years ago they were better, but their number was not fairly equal to the demand, and they presumed a good deal upon their consequence. Now they offer themselves to you in crowds, and competition makes them active, efficient, and even honest. How much such a state of things alleviates the troubles of travelling I need not tell you; but even this improvement is little, compared with the improvement in the hotels, and the hotel service, and the facilities and comforts offered by the railroads. The result in my own case is that, wholly contrary to my expectation, I enjoy travelling.

Changes I find on all sides; enormous, and sometimes startling. Many friends are gone, who used to be very important to us. Tieck, Tiedge, and Mad. de Lütitches among the first; but more remain, I think, than could have been reasonably expected, after the lapse of so many years, and we find them very kind. Like true Germans, they take us up just where they left us. This I say, thinking of Dresden; but at Berlin it was the same, and so it will be, I am sure, wherever we go in Germany, for the Germans are an eminently faithful people.

We all feel a little sorry and troubled at leaving Dresden. . . . But the autumn is coming on, and we shall find milder skies and brighter days at the South. We set off, therefore, to-morrow for Vienna, hoping to be in Venice by the middle of October, and before Rome by December 1. . . .

Give my best love to dear Lizzie. I am delighted to hear that she is so well. Let her keep gaining till I see her.

Yours very affectionately,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Mrs. W. S. Dexter.

Milan, October 26, 1856.

Dearest Lizzie,—I thank your husband, through you, for a very kind and interesting letter that I received from him a few days ago, dated October 7. He writes to me always on important matters, which are rarely touched upon by my other friends, and never in a manner so satisfactory. I trust, therefore, that he will continue to tell me what he may be sure I should be glad to hear from anybody, and what I am particularly glad to learn from him. . . .

We have done eminently well in our journeyings from Vienna to this place, and seen a great deal that interested us. Most of it was new to me, and much of it very remarkable. The passage of the Semmering—the first day after leaving Vienna—is one of the grandest things that can be seen anywhere. It almost—perhaps quite—proves that a railroad can be built over the Alps; and that people will go in four or five days to Rome from London,—a great matter for the Cockneys, who only care to be able to say they have been there, having little comprehension of what they see, and none at all of what they hear.

The journey by Grätz on the south side of the mountains—which
was the counterpart to the one we made by Ischl and the Lakes, on the north side twenty years ago—was very fine. From Adelsberg to Venice, by Lend, through Friuli, was all new, likewise; and more than that, most of the way we travelled quite out of the reach of guidebooks, and had a sense of discovery as we went along. It is a beautiful and very picturesque country, and we avoided, by passing through it, the passage in a steamboat from Trieste to Venice. . . .

Since I wrote the two last pages I have been to high mass in the cathedral. The music was not much; but there must have been five thousand people at least present, and the scene was very grand and solemn, more so, I think, than the similar one is at St. Peter's. We had a very plain, good sermon on forgiveness of enemies, which, perhaps, half the audience could hear. But one thing I would desire to note on this occasion, viz. that, as I witnessed to-day, and have often witnessed before, the habit of spitting—with which we are so much reproached in Yankeedom—is by no means an exclusively American habit. I find it common in Italy thus far. Well-dressed people all around me this forenoon, who paid for the chairs they occupied, spat on the marble floor of the church without ceremony. So did a man of science, Secretary of the Institute at Venice, who lived in a fine, beautiful, neat palazzo, that was once Cardinal Bembo's. . . . In Germany they seemed a little more careful, but there was plenty of it too there. . . .

But let us talk of more agreeable things. Anna has not, I think, kept you in ignorance of Count Frederic Thun, the present civil governor of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, or of his charming wife, or of the most agreeable dinner we had in his palazzo at Verona. When we left him, he told us he should soon be in Milan on business, and that very likely he should see us again. Last evening he came in at eight o'clock—just like an old friend in Park Street—and sat with us till bedtime. His English is excellent, and he talked with great frankness and power; about European politics generally, the troubles in Germany in 1848-49, and the present state of Italy. I have seldom been more interested. . . .

Radetzky, at ninety, is full of fire, rising at four in the morning, and working, with faculties unbroken by age, until evening, when he goes early to bed. This year, for the first time, his physicians told him that he could not any longer mount on horseback. For a moment it distressed him very much, and he wept. Even afterwards it continued to worry him, and he sent in his resignation, saying that he was no longer fit to command troops at whose head he could no longer march. But the Emperor refused to accept his resignation with words so kindly and gracious, that he consented to keep his place, and has had a little carriage constructed in which he can review the troops quite to his mind; so that the Count says he is in better spirits, and oftener in the field, than for some years. That he is a most wonderful man for his age, there can be no doubt. . . .

Count Thun is as energetic as he. And the power and resources of both are wanted here, for no position in the Empire is more important or more beset with difficulties than theirs.
While your mother was at the Lake of Como I spent my days in the libraries here, and with three or four men of science and letters. But one evening I went to the theatre, attracted by the annunciation of a comedy of Goldoni, "La Sposa Sagace,"—The Discreet Bride. The price of the best seat in the house was about twenty-seven cents, but the stage and all the accessories were very good, the acting admirable and the audience decent and well-behaved. Few paid so dear as I did for a place, none more, and the great body of the audience—which about half-filled the theatre—went in their work-day clothes, and seemed to consider it a very domestic way of spending the evening. I noticed a man and his wife, who looked like modest shopkeepers, or, perhaps, respectable mechanics, who had a little son between them, so young, that, not being able to enjoy the play, he had been permitted to bring his cat to amuse him. It was capital; genuine, popular Venetian characters, set forth in the purest and simplest Italian verse, and, as I said before, all admirably performed. Get the play; it will amuse you. I should not wonder if you read a good many of the plays, and if you do, you may always remember that they are perfectly true to Venetian life and manners, and relished for that reason by all classes of society in the North of Italy.

Addio, carissima. Off at eight to-morrow, for Firenze la bella.

CHAPTER XVII.

Italy.—Winter in Rome.—Florence, Turin, Paris.—Letters to Mr. Prescott, Count Circourt, and Mr. Greenough.

TO WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

ROME, November 24, 1856.

DEAR WILLIAM,— We have had delicious journeyings, fine weather without interruption. The consequence is that we have enjoyed ourselves very much. Indeed, I doubt whether a gayer party has crossed the Alps this year; and now we have been four days settled at Rome, at the Hôtel des Iles Britannique. We have had a little touch of cold weather, but the roses are still in full blow, and so are the cactuses, and other southern plants, in great numbers on the Pincio.

We had a week of full moon at Venice,—including the eclipse,—and enjoyed our open gondola on the Grand Canal, which was filled with Bacarole choruses till after midnight nearly every night we were there, a thing to be had nowhere else in the world. At Verona I stopped a day, chiefly in order to see Count Frederic Thun, the civil "Viceroy"
of Lombardy and Venice, as Radetzky is the military; neither having the title, but all the power. . . .

In Milan I found friends old and new, and occupation enough for the five days we stopped there. And then such a journey as we had for seven days to Florence; not a cloud in the sky, so to speak; no wind; no heat, no cold, no dust; the carriage always open, and breathing and living a pleasure in such an atmosphere. We paused at Piacenza, Pavia, Modena, and Bologna, so that the ladies could see everything they wanted to see, and drove down into Florence on the 2nd of November, through hedge-rows of myrtle and roses. There we stopped thirteen days. I had a good deal to do for the Library, in establishing a permanent agency, and ordering the purchase of books. But I went to see the old things that most interested me, in my three previous visits, and looked forward to my fifth next spring, with added pleasure and interest.

Society is abundant there, and good. I called, soon after my arrival, on Gino Capponi, and, as he was not at home, left my card. The same evening he came to see us; totally blind, and led in by a friend and a servant; and afterwards came in the same way and spent three more evenings. His infirmity seems to have taken away none of his courage or spirits. He talks with the same richness and power, philosophy and faith, that he did twenty years ago, and with the same vast knowledge of facts and details, which yet never overlay or embarrass his wisdom. There are certainly few men like him. But the old, rich, powerful family, recorded by Dante,—and great before Dante’s time, as well as ever since,—disappears with him, and all his vast fortune passes to another name. . . .

And yet he hates no jot of heart or hope, and talks about the great interests of the world, and the state and prospects of Italy, as if they were his personal affairs, and as if his happiness, and that of his great race, were connected with them as they used to be. Of course he has no political influence, and desires none. In the troubles of 1848–49, when, not quite blind, he was for some months at the head of affairs, he did good service to the state by counsels of moderation; and now, when everything is changed, he preserves not only the respect of Tuscany, but of enlightened Italians everywhere; and even the personal kindness of the Grand Duke, who spoke to me of him with great respect, while on his part he did full justice to the Grand Duke, and his motives.

But his main attributes are those of a wise, learned philosopher. He ought to have lived in the days of the Stoa, or in the best days of the Roman Republic, and would have left his mark on either. The Baron von Reumont, Prussian Minister in Tuscany, who has been in Italy twenty years,—and whom Humboldt told me he considered eminently qualified to write a history of any part of the Peninsula,—said to me, “Once a week I spend an afternoon with the Marquis Capponi to take a lesson in Italian history. Nobody knows it as he does.”

I speak to you at large about Capponi, because you are more interested in him, I suppose, than you are in anybody else in Florence. He
told me that the first hundred pages of your "Ferdinand and Isabella" were translated by Mariotti,4 who used to live in Boston, and that they were better done than the rest.

I passed an evening with the Grand Duke, who, soon after we reached Florence, went off to the marriage of his eldest son with a very charming Saxon Princess. He is more changed than almost anybody I have yet seen. He stoops, and is very grey. But this can be easily accounted for. Before 1848 he thought himself a popular prince, and believed he belonged to the true party of progress. The rude awakening that he had from that delusion has much changed and disheartened him. Otherwise he is the same, not quick in perception, but intelligent, painstaking, honest, and absolutely beyond the suspicion of reproach, in what regards his private life and personal character. I do not envy him his high position. It is a very false one. He was very eager in his inquiries about the United States, and often acute in the questions he put to me.

On looking over your letter to see if there is anything to answer, I notice with pleasure what you say of Humboldt. He is, indeed, a man worth knowing, and even more so now, than he was when I was first acquainted with him in 1817–19. His kindliness increases with his years. Every day of the fortnight I was in Berlin he did something for me, and every day I either saw him or had a note from him. The minuteness of his care would have been remarkable in a young man. One day, when, at our own lodgings, we expressed a doubt about going to Potsdam, he urged us so strongly to go, and said so much about the changes since we were last there, that we told him we would take the next day for it. The same evening there came a long note entitled "Plan stratégique pour Potsdam," containing the minutest directions about going and returning, with a list of everything we ought to see there.5 On arriving, we found the librarian of the library of Frederic II. waiting to receive us, with a similar note of detailed directions in his hand, and pleased, from reverence for Humboldt, to show the whole, exactly in the order he had appointed, and then see us to the cars to go back. Once, as we were going along a walk where a cord had been stretched, to signify that the passage was forbidden, he removed it and told us to go through. I hesitated, and objected on account of the prohibition. "I should like," he replied, "to see anybody, in Potsdam or Berlin, who will stop me when I have these crooked lines that everybody knows"—taking out Humboldt's note—"telling me to go on."

Just so it was when I dined with the King, in consequence of a letter to him from the King of Saxony. It was a large dinner in honour of the arrival of the Duke of Baden, who was married three days afterwards to the beautiful and only niece of the King. Humboldt, as you know, dines with the King every day, and sits in the

4 Signor Antonio Gallenga, author of "Country Life in Piedmont," and works on the history and present state of Italy. Mariotti was a pseudonyme.
5 He took the same pains to enable Mr. Ticknor to see to advantage his brother, William von Humboldt's, place at Tegel.
stranger's place of honour, opposite to him at a narrow table. He had me introduced by the proper person to all the family, and introduced me, himself, to everybody else that I could possibly desire to know, and more than I can now remember; intimated—I have no doubt—to the King that he would like to have him talk to me,—for he did it, a long time after dinner,—and placed me at table opposite to the bride, as he said, that I might see how handsome she was, and near himself, who, like many men of extreme age, eats very largely, yet still talked all the time, as if he were doing nothing else. He had the great collections in the arts opened to us in the most thorough manner; met us at Rauch's studio, at the time when he knew Rauch had invited us to be there, and so on, and so on, seeming to care for us constantly. I do not believe there is another man in Europe who would have taken such trouble for a person of so little consequence, and from whom he could expect only gratitude.

November 27.—We have been here a week, and I have seen a good many of the old places and monuments. They all seem natural; some fresh, as if I had seen them yesterday, particularly St. Peter's and the Pantheon. Yesterday afternoon, the weather being very fine, we went to the top of the Capitol and looked at the grand panorama, the septem dominos montes, the old Alban Hills, the Sabine, the remote snow-capped Apennines, and then the whole modern city, crowded at our feet. It was such a sight as can never be seen too often, and I was glad to find that I knew nearly everything by heart. I think I shall enjoy Rome very much, because I shall go to see only the things I want to. Having seen everything twice before with care, I regard myself as emeritus.

If at any time you want to know what we are doing, you have only to stop and see Lizzie a moment. She always has the last news, and will be only too happy to tell them, or read them, in exchange for the great pleasure a little visit from you will give her.

I am very glad to hear that your Robertson, expurgatus et emendatus, is so near the confines of day. I only wish it were all your work instead of a part; for respectable as the old, philosophical Edinburgh clergyman was, he can never be made fit to fill the gap between "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Philip II." Ma basta.

Yours always,

GEO. TICKNOR.

To William H. Prescott.


Dear William,—I have received your characteristic and agreeable letter of December 8, and received it in Rome, as you thought I should. It is a nice old place to get pleasant news in, and to live in, and to go about; a little out of repair, to be sure, as the Cockney said, but not the worse for that. At least, such as it is, I observe that those who have been here once are more glad to come again than if they had

6 Taking with him the lately arrived folio of the "United States Expedition to Japan," which he had just learned that Mr. Ticknor had not yet seen.
never been, and that those who have lived here long are apt to hanker after it, and come at last to end their days among its ruins and recollections. . . . Nor am I much astonished at it. The society is not exactly like what society is in any other capital in the world; but it is very attractive, and has gradually settled into forms well fitted to its condition and character. Mad. de Staël—who was a good judge, and a dainty one, too, in such matters—is known to have liked it very much, and to have spoken of it in a way that sometimes surprised her friends in Paris. In Corinna,—I think it is, at any rate it is somewhere,—speaking of Rome she says, "C'est le salon de l'Europe," and the phrase has its force. More or less distinguished and intellectual persons come here every winter from the different countries of Europe, and as there is really but one society, they must either live isolated, or among their own countrymen, or meet in the common places of exchange for all, and carry on, in the conversational language of all, an intercourse which never wants topics for agreeable conversation. . . .

Society has grown more luxurious, more elaborate, and less gay. The ladies' dresses, by their size, really embarrass it somewhat, and Queen Christina,® with the ceremonies attending such a personage everywhere, embarrasses it still more this year. Above all, it costs too much. Three balls, therefore, are as much as anybody gave last winter, or will give this year. The rest is made up of tea and talk, ices and sideboard refreshments, which at Count Lutzow's and the Marquis Spinola's are very agreeable once a week, and pretty dull at the Roman Princesses of the race of Fabius Maximus. At all the other palazzos—and in sundry other places—a half-hour or an hour may be spent pleasantly, whenever the inmates are not out visiting, a fact politely intimated by shutting half of the porte-cochère. I go pretty often in this way, especially to the Borgheses',® where there is of course much of a French tone, and where, amidst all the luxury of Paris, and in grand old tapestried halls, such as Paris cannot show, you find the most simple and unpretending ways; the children and their playthings, in the third and fourth generation, mixed up with a stray cardinal or two, or a couple of foreign ambassadors and their wives, as I witnessed the last time I was there. . . .

Of the French, except the personnel of the Embassy, . . . I know

7 Dowager-Queen of Spain.

8 One evening in conversation with the Dowager-Princess Borghese, the fact was noticed that in his three visits to Europe, Mr. Ticknor had met members of five generations of the family of the Princess, who was née la Rochefoucauld. An appointment was immediately made for his seeing her infant great-grandson, who represented the sixth generation, and Prince Borghese laughingly bade him come back in another twenty years and see the next. The frequency of this kind of incident became amusing to Mr. Ticknor's party, so that once, on seeing him introduced to an Italian lady and presently use a gesture as of measuring a small height from the ground, one exclaimed, "Of course, he is telling her he saw her when she was a little child," which proved to be the fact.
hardly anybody that I care to see often. . . . But we are promised Ampère, who comes to Rome as often as he can, and generally writes something good about it afterwards. Indeed, in consequence of his visit last year, he has lately published some remarks about the period of decay in the Roman Empire, which, by an intended ricochet, hits the present Emperor so hard that, as his Ambassador said to me the other night, speaking of Ampère, "on l'a terriblement grondé," meaning that the imperial newspapers had come down very hard upon him.

But he will be well received at the Embassy here notwithstanding, he is so agreeable. You must recollect him in Boston, full of esprit, and with vast stores of knowledge, partly inherited as it were from his remarkable father, but chiefly acquired by hard work and very extensive travels. He is a member of two classes of the Institute, and one of the few very popular men of letters now in Paris.

The Germans are better off, as they always are in Rome, where they have loved to come ever since their first irruption, fourteen centuries and more ago. The ablest man I meet is, I suppose, Count Colloredo, the Austrian Ambassador, living in great state and luxury in the vast old Palazzo di Venezia. He is a spare man, looking much like a Yankee, quick and eager in all his motions, yet unmistakably a grand seigneur, both by the dignity and by the attentive politeness of his manners. We knew him very well twenty years ago, just beginning his career as Austrian Minister at Dresden with auguries of great success, which have been fully justified; for he satisfied his government during five years of trouble and anxiety in England, including the Russian war, and has been sent here now,—much to his own satisfaction,—on account of the preponderating influence of France. His wife,—whom we also knew in Dresden, though he was not then married to her,—is a Polish lady, very rich, and by her talent fit to do half the work of his Embassy, any day. Both are very agreeable, courtly people, who have the fame of giving the best dinners that are given in Italy. I have been at one which was given to Count Goyon, the French Commander, on his first arrival here. It was quite beyond any scale I have for measuring such things, but it struck me as more simple in its arrangements and compounds than I expected. . . .

On our arrival we found, in the hotel where we live, Baron Schack, who wrote the remarkable book you know of on the Spanish Drama, and who has an extraordinary knowledge of Spanish literature, and of everything Spanish, having lived in Spain two or three years, and worked there like a dog. I have had great comfort in him, the more, because, being in very bad health and hardly able to go out at all, he has been glad to have me sit with him, whenever I could find half an hour for it. He is a man of good fortune, but as simple-hearted and unsophisticated a mere German scholar as I have ever known, reading

9 In the margin of this letter Mr. Ticknor wrote: "Feb. 15. Ampère has been here a fortnight, and is extremely agreeable. The first place in which I met him, the day of his arrival, was that Embassy. But he goes everywhere."

1 See ante, p. 205.
nearly all languages worth it, and talking several, especially English, very well.  .  .  .

Gregorovius, too, is here, whose remarkable book on Corsica was not only translated into English, but had the honour of a separate translation in the United States. He has been employed the last four years on a history of Rome for the eleven centuries and more that elapsed between its first occupation by the barbarians and its capture by the Constable Bourbon; a well-limited period, taking in what may most fairly be called the Middle Ages. He assigns six years more to his most difficult task, living here meanwhile in straitened circumstances, but with a very bright, cheerful nature, that seems to gild his dark hours as they move on.  .  .  .  I said at the beginning of my letter that Rome is a good place to live in permanently.  .  .  .  Three or four hours every day are spent in going about, often to drive in delicious weather—the roses are in blow, and the camellias just coming out—over the Campagna in an open carriage, with grand ranges of aqueducts on each side, and before us the Alban and Sabine hills.  .  .  .  More often we go to see what you saw in your time and I in mine, but to which I am surprised to find additions of interest much beyond what I expected.

Some of us lately saw the remains of the Wall of Servius Tullius, recently dug out, just where Dionysius Halicarnassus said it would be found, if they would remove the houses standing over it in his time. A few days ago we took a learned young German, who has been two years here looking up antiquities in the pay of the Prussian government, and went with him over the Forum and the adjacent localities. A great deal has been excavated, and much is now certain and settled that was in fierce contest when I went over the same ground with Bunsen twenty years ago.  .  .  .

Going outside of the city there are two marvellous things to see that were not to be seen in our time. One is the Appian Way,—regina viarum,—which has been opened quite out to Albano, and its tombs uncovered farther than we have yet driven.  .  .  .  The other is the Catacombs, where a great deal of work has lately been done, and very extraordinary remains of the early Christians and their art discovered. We passed two hours in one the other day under the leading and lecturing of de Rossi, a learned and enthusiastic man, who has made many of the excavations and will publish a book about them. Whewell was of the party, and we were all greatly surprised at what we saw.  .  .  .

As I am in the category of changes in Rome, I will give you another class of them,—I mean those that relate to ecclesiastical affairs and manners. The manners of the higher clergy, and probably of all classes of the clergy, are become more staid; perhaps their characters are improved, for I hear fewer stories to their discredit. The first time I was invited to the Borgheses' in 1836, was on a Sunday evening, and the first thing I saw when I entered was seven Cardinals, four at one table, three at another, with their red skull-caps and pieds de perdrix, playing at cards. Similar exhibitions I witnessed all the season through, there and elsewhere. But this year I have not seen a single
THE CARNIVAL.

Cardinal at a card-table. The Pope is known to disapprove it, and that is enough. . . . Indeed, though ecclesiastics of all the higher ranks go into fashionable society still, and even to balls, their numbers are smaller, and they go early and leave soon. The Pope's favour can hardly be had else; for however much the people generally may dislike him,—or rather his ministers,—those near his person are sincerely attached to him, and all admit him to be a man of irreproachable character, and to be striving above everything else, by his own strict observances and by corresponding requirements of others, to advance the Catholic religion.

We have every way an agreeable time here; generally a merry one. Pleasant occupations are abundant, and pleasant people to be found everywhere in the salons and at the dinner-tables. Anna the elder, having once gone thoroughly through all the phases and fashions of Roman society, has declined it this time. . . . Anna the younger, passing every forenoon in an atelier at landscape-painting, and the rest of the day in sight-seeing, began the season with the same purpose of abstinence; but, since the Carnival came in, she has thawed out a little, and been to sundry balls and parties, which have amused her a good deal. I have worked a good deal, more than I expected to, and have found more than I anticipated in the Libraries, which seem to expand as I advance. . . .

February 17.—. . . We are in the midst of the Carnival, with mild, delicious, clear weather, that makes everything gay, carries everybody into the Corso in open calèches, and fills the Villa Borghese with blue violets, and the Villa Pamphili with roses and camellias. We have a balcony in the Corso, and grow as crazy as the crowd below us. Ristori is acting, and we have a box at the theatre. The upper society is as active as the lower, mingling with it on even terms all the afternoons, and setting up for itself with dinners and balls in the evenings. . . . It is all very strange, often a mad scene. I think I never saw so much of it before, or was so much with the people that carry it on. Certainly I never watched it so carefully, or knew so much about it, as I do now.2 . . .

I will fill up my little space with an account of a dinner yesterday, unlike any I have seen here.3 It was at the Duc de Rignano's, a statesman who was in poor Rossi's excellent cabinet, and one of the ablest and most respectable men in Rome. He lives with great luxury in his palace on the declivity of the Capitol, and had at his table yesterday the President of the French Academy here, a professor from

2 In 1837 the amusements of the Carnival were prohibited from fear of cholera. In 1818 they were free from the noisy and boisterous manners of foreigners, and Mr. Ticknor remarked on the difference, saying that then, instead of the present indiscriminate pelting with cruel plaster confetti, nothing but bouquets and bonbons were thrown, and those only as signs of recognition despite the mask and disguise.

3 Mr. Ticknor dined also during the winter at the French and Sardinian Embassies, and at Prince Borghese's, as well as at other tables, both Roman and foreign.
the Sapienza, de la Rive, Ampère, Visconti, Pentland,—who wrote
the Murray on Rome, and is more than half an Italian,—the Due de
Sermoneta, 4— who is accounted the pleasantest man in society here,
and who has a great deal of literary cultivation,—with two or three
members of the family, including the Duchess, who was the only lady
at table. The service was silver, as in most great Roman houses, and
the dinner recherché, after the Paris fashion. But it was really a
dinner for talk, and in this particular was very brilliant.

The curious circumstance about it, however, was, that at the end
of the regular two hours, we went into the salon for coffee, and there
continued the conversation on French politics, Italian literature, etc.,
neat two hours more, with cigars, to the full content of the Duchess,
—a Piombino,—who enjoyed it very much, talk, cigars, and all.
Ampère, de la Rive, and Sermoneta—especially the first and the
last—were admirable. I have not been present at so agreeable and
brilliant a dinner in Europe. Don't you think the Italians are im-
proving?

On looking over your letter, as is my fashion when I am closing an
answer, I find two things that surprise me. Who told you that I
"outwatch the bear," and that I "keep a diary"? Both are mis-
takes. I have led a more regular life as to bedtimes for the last
eight months than I do at home; and as for journal, I do not even
write many letters, though when I do, as you see, they are apt to be
long ones. However, there is an end to everything human. When
we leave Rome, we shall have so much travelling to do, that I think
letters on my part will be rarer than ever. . . . But my paper is
full. Are you not glad? Love to Susan, and a great deal of it, and
to Elizabeth. 5 We think and talk a great deal of you, and long to see
you.

Always yours,

G. T.

TO COUNT ADOLPHE DE CIRCOURT.

NAPLES, March 27, 1857.

MY DEAR COUNT CIRCOURT,—I received in Rome your very kind
letter, enclosing one for Count Goyon, and your little note introducing
Mrs. Gaskell and her two daughters. . . . We enjoyed very much
our acquaintance with the de la Rives,—excellent people, full of intel-
ligence, and the most kindly natures. We were a good deal together,
and parted from them with no little regret. . . . With Visconti, who
is in all societies, as he always has been, we went to the excavations
he is superintending at Ostia, and to the Lateran Museum, which he
is arranging, and found him full of knowledge, inherited and
acquired. . . .

Let me add that I visited the Duchess de Blacas, and was much
touched with her situation and appearance,—a charming person, the
resources of whose character seem to be brought out by the great

4 Marchese Gaetano of the earlier visit. See ante, p. 57.
5 Mrs. James Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Prescott.
calamity of her husband's illness. Pray offer my homage to the Duchess de Rauzan, and tell her how much I was gratified by my little visit to her daughter, and how sincerely I sympathized with the misfortune that brought her to Rome.

The most spiritual of the persons I knew was the Duc de Sermonetta, who would be distinguished anywhere for his taste, knowledge, acuteness, and wit. But others were not wanting.

Cardinal Antonelli, whom I visited at the Vatican, and who was to be found in all societies, struck me as an accomplished person, with winning manners, but with much more the air of the world than that of the church. He was always agreeable to me, and I think agreeable to nearly everybody in common intercourse. He is the whole government. The Pope occupies himself very sincerely and earnestly with the spiritual condition of the church. Cardinal Antonelli does all the rest.

It is difficult, however, to see how the Roman government can get on at all, without a man of vigour and ability, like Cardinal Antonelli, at its head. Its finances are much embarrassed, and yet no jot of its outlay can be spared, for its employés are often unpaid, and its inevitable expenses are increasing, though the fact is, as much as possible, covered up and concealed. The French troops are a grievous burden and dishonour, but no reasonable person would ask to have them taken away, so important are they to the maintenance of order. The whole government, therefore, is carried on in the boldest, firmest manner, as if everything were safe, sure, and easy, and nothing else, it seems to me, could permit it to be carried on at all. The question is, how long such a state of things can last. Under ordinary circumstances, it could hardly have lasted as long as it has already. But so much of Europe is in a similar condition,—if not in one so bad,—there is such a general moral decay, demanding everywhere military repression and great vigour, that the common fate seems to be a common bond, holding all together, lest the whole should break up in one and the same convulsion. For what is the condition of Spain, or even Austria,—both really bankrupt and dishonoured,—and how stands your own France, with its vast resources and yet unspent energies, leaning on the most extravagant financial projects that have been imagined since the days of Law? Indeed, it seems to me that the financial question is the great question next to be solved, and that its solution will shake Europe more than is now anticipated. There is no government that is not running in debt every year, merely to maintain social order, and to this inevitable course there can be but one inevitable termination. Credit must still be pushed, but must at last fail, and then revolution of some sort seems inevitable; but I cannot imagine that anything beneficient should come in its train.

But you would rather I should talk to you about the United States than about Europe, which you understand so much better than I do. Indeed, I should hardly have spoken even about Rome, if you had not desired it, and when I turn to America I cannot speak with the details and confidence I should if I were at home. But I am, perhaps, more cool than I should be if I were in the midst of the domestic dis-
cussion, though certainly I have less connaissance de causes. I do not, indeed, see far ahead.

Mr. Buchanan has made his Cabinet, and it is as good and conservative a cabinet as could have been expected from his position. . . . The country, too, is quiet, and the new government will begin without a fierce or indiscriminate opposition to its measures. But there are bad elements at work under the surface. At the South a large body of the slaveholders are desperate, and openly avow a determination to break up the Union. . . . At the North everything is as tranquil at this moment as it is at the South, or even more so. But not a few persons in New England, besides the open Abolitionists, are in favour of breaking up the Union. . . . but none except the Abolitionists honestly avowing their purposes.

That the South will be indiscreet enough, pushed on by its fanatics, to give ground, either sufficient or insufficient, to these ambitious men of the North to make a permanent Northern party, is a question that will soon be settled. I think it likely they will, and that we shall have a sectional excitement within two years fiercer than the one that preceded the late Presidential election. . . . That any degree of wisdom and integrity can make Mr. Buchanan’s administration of the country other than dangerous to our peace, both domestic and foreign, I do not believe.

To W. H. Prescott.

Florence, May 8, 1857.

My dear William,—I have to thank you for two most agreeable mementos of kindness; one a letter without date, written, I think, in March, the other a note dated April 4, touching my new honours as a grandpapa. They were both most welcome. The only thing I do not like in what I hear about you, or what you tell me of yourself, is your recent persecution by headaches. Pray be careful. They were diminishing, I am glad to know, at the last dates. But the brain is an important part of many people,—by no means of all, though all may be under the delusion that it is,—and to nobody is it of more importance than to such as you. . . . Besides, I cannot afford to have anything untoward happen to you; it interferes too much with my selfishness and my private well-being.

I have attended to your little commission with great pleasure, and shall have equal pleasure in attending to any others you may give me. I am not only in such cases working for a friend, but for myself and for a multitude of outside barbarians. . . .

We left Rome about the middle of March, after having passed a pleasanter winter there than any I have ever passed in Europe. . . . A fortnight in Naples was much less satisfactory. The city itself is anything but agreeable; but the excursions are charming, and the Museo Borbonico, containing in numberless rooms the spoils of Herculanum and Pompeii, could be agreeably visited daily for almost any length of time, going occasionally to see the spots from which its treasures came.
Another fortnight divided between Sorrento and drives to Amalfi, Salerno, Pæstum, etc., was delicious; especially eight quiet days spent in the full burst of spring at Sorrento, with the most beautiful bay in the world before our windows, Vesuvius in front, and the Mediterranean washing the foundations of the terrace on which our parlour opened. The mornings that we passed in the orange groves there, where the trees were in luxuriant fruit, and the afternoons we gave to going on donkeys over the precipitous hills, and once to boating on the still waters, we shall never forget. Those gardens, Hesperian fables true,—if true, there only,—where the ladies sketched, and ate the delicious fruit as it fell from the trees,—left nothing to desire. Next after Rome, we have undoubtedly regretted Sorrento. But enough of this.

Thank Susan for all her kindness to Lizzie, of which Lizzie has written often, and thank her for the kind thoughts she sends us about one so dear to us, and which we value from her as we should from few. You see I write in haste, by my manuscript. I have no more such leisure as I had in Rome, dear old Rome; but such as I have, leisure and everything else, I give unto you.

G. T.

To William W. Greenough, Boston.

Turin, May 22, 1857.

My dear Greenough,—I am indebted to you for two most agreeable letters, and I do not suppose I shall ever pay you. But honesty requires me to confess what I owe, and give you such a poor dividend as I can out of my insolvency. Let me add to this unhappy confession, that I hope you will let me hear from you again, and that you will tell me more about the Library; concerning which I know a good deal less than I want to, nobody having intimated to me what sort of a building our structure in Boylston Street turns out to be, ugly or good-looking, suited to its purpose or inconvenient; or whether the books that have arrived are well bound, and, from their contents and character, of the classes that it is desirable should early be put on our shelves, so as to satisfy the public wants and make a satisfactory impression and appearance. . . . .

I need not tell you that we passed a pleasant winter in Rome. It was the pleasantest of the eight I have spent in Europe. I took things very easy, went where I liked, and stayed at home when I had a mind to, and never overworked myself with sight-seeing. The climate, indeed, I found debilitating,—as do nearly all strangers,—and I felt a good deal fatigued when I left the city; but I enjoyed, perhaps in consequence of this, eight days of delicious rest at Sorrento soon afterwards, more than I ever enjoyed any days of mere repose in my life. But then I was never in such a delicious place before, with such luxurious quarters, to add to its peculiar agréments. Our drives about all that part of the kingdom, too, not merely those in the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, but those to Salerno and Amalfi, and once a little boating, left nothing to desire, taken as they
were in the rich and beautiful spring season; the orange groves, where we lounged away sundry forenoons, in full fruit, and the hills, that we climbed on donkeys, covered with vines bursting forth in all their early luxuriance.

Since that time—we arrived in Naples March 20, and left it April 18—we have spent a few days in Rome,—from which we turned our faces with great regret,—and a fortnight in Florence, where I did a good deal of work for the Library, and then came on to Genoa by Pisa, Spezia, and the picturesque Corniche road; and from Genoa by the magnificent government railroad, passing through a tunnel almost exactly two miles long, lined and arched with brick from one end to the other. We arrived here day before yesterday, and already I notice how much the city is altered, enlarged, and improved since I last saw it. Everything, indeed, that I have seen of the kingdom from Spezia hither is full of a vitality and busy energy which were not to be seen twenty years ago, and which are not to be found elsewhere in Italy now.

I have been here less than two days, and of course have seen very few people; but everything I have seen in society has been as strongly marked with the changes and revolutions of the period since I was last here, as the city and its streets. The first evening—having arrived at noon—I went to see the Marquis Arconati and his very remarkable wife. When I knew them in 1835—38 at their castle near Brussels, in Heidelberg, and in Paris, they were living on the income of their great estates in Belgium. . . . Now all his estates have been restored to him, and he has, since 1849, left the dominions of Austria and established himself here, where he enjoys, amidst great splendour, the consideration and influence which his personal character and his high position naturally give him. Several deputies were in his salon, . . . and one or two men of letters, attracted there chiefly, I think, by Mad. Arconati, who is everywhere regarded as one of the most intellectual women of her time, but one whose remarkable powers are rendered graceful and charming by a gentleness and modesty rarely found even in those who have only a tithe of her resources. . . .

Yesterday I had another phasis of the changes of the times. I dined with Count Cavour, the most distinguished of all Italian statesmen at this moment, and the man who, since 1852, has been doing so much to infuse new life into Sardinia. I was surprised to find him so young, only forty-seven, and not looking above forty; a round, pleasant-faced gentleman, who, to judge from his countenance and manner has not a care in the world. His conversation is such as you might expect from his appearance, lively and agreeable; his views of everything on which he talked strikingly broad, but not, I think, always very exactly defined; and his general air natural but not impressive. His eye is very quick; it reminded me of Lord Melbourne's, which was the most vigilant I ever saw. Nothing seemed to escape the Italian Premier, and I think he not only saw but heard more than anybody else in the room. Indeed, though there was a good wide table between us, I am satisfied that he heard what my next neighbour, the Minister of the Interior, said to me, notwithstanding-
ing his tones were so low that I was obliged to be attentive to catch his words. I was introduced to a good many persons, whose names I do not remember, and some that I do, all, however, announced as remark-able for something. One that I noticed particularly was Cibrario, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs; another was the principal secretary, on whom Cavour depends for work he cannot do himself. . . . But as I was told, it was a dinner of intellectual men, such as Count Cavour likes to give, and therefore such as marks a great change in the tastes and character of those who govern the affairs of the kingdom.

In the evening I went to a palazzo from which power has departed,—that, I mean, of the Balbos,—in order to pay my due respects to the widow of Count Cesare, who was among my friends in both my other visits to Europe, and at one time filled the place now filled by Cavour. But the rich old halls, in which I once had a most gay and luxurious dinner, looked very grave and sad. Everything was respectable, but the change was very great. All five of his sons were in one of the national battles, where their father stood by the side of the King, and afterwards often said it was the proudest hour of his life. One son was afterwards killed in the battle of Novara. They were all evidently pleased to have a friend of their father, of whom they knew something, come to see them for his sake, and I was glad of it. I have been this morning to see a good statue of him, erected in the public promenade; but his works, historical and political, often reprinted, are his best monument.

We shall stay here two or three days more, and then go to Paris, where I hope to arrive about June 1st, and where, or in London, I shall hope to hear from you. . . .

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

Mr. Ticknor passed the month of June in Paris, and, although it was the season when French society was scattered, he saw many of his old friends. He also did a great deal of work for the Library in those thirty days.

There are, however, no letters from him describing the pleasures which really marked this visit, because at the end of the first fortnight a great alarm was brought in the letters from home, which contained news of the sudden and dangerous illness of Mrs. Dexter. For a day or two the anxiety was distressing, and nothing could be thought of but rapid preparations for returning to America. Better accounts soon followed, but the pleasant days were almost put out of mind, and no history of them was written out. One short letter to Mr. Prescott is dated after the ill news came.

Paris, Thursday Morning, June 18, 1857.

Dear William,—I thank you, I thank you, I thank you a thou-

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sand times for your thoughtful kindness in sending me your letter about my darling child, and getting Dr. Storer's note for me. The news was dreadfully unexpected, and it needed all the affection of our friends to soften it to us. . . . Your tender words were most welcome to us, and your kindness to dear Lizzie what we shall never forget. You and Susan have been friends indeed, as you always are; God bless you for it.

The two Annas and H. G. embark from Havre in the Arago on the 30th. It is the earliest chance. . . . I must go to England instantly after I have seen them off, to finish my business there,—of which there is more than I now like to undertake, and more than I have courage to do. But it is the finale, and a good deal depends upon it, and I shall do it. I refer to the Library. . . .

But I have no time to write more, nor could I write upon any other subject than the one that fills this poor note, for I have nothing else in my thoughts, though I am busy with things and people all day long. Your letter came evening before last (Tuesday). I have read it a dozen times, and thanked you for it many more times than I have read it. Farewell. . . .

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

When the party first reached Paris the Duc de Broglie was still in town, and also Madame de Staël, whom Mr. Ticknor had never seen, but who received him warmly, and in whom he took a great interest, as the widow of Auguste de Staël, with whom he had been so intimate during his first youthful visit in France. These friends, with their delightful coterie,—Doudan, Villetmain, Madame de Ste. Aulaire, M. and Mad. d’Haussonville, and others of the Duc de Broglie’s family,—renewed the old associations, and there were pleasant dinners in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a breakfast at Mr. Ticknor’s hotel. Puibusque, Ternaux-Comans, Mignet, came to find their former friend, and De Tocqueville came repeatedly, during a few days he was in town, and dined once with Mr. Ticknor. Ten days after his arrival in Paris the Count and Countess de Circourt returned, from a journey, to their pretty country-place at La Celle St. Cloud, and there Madame de Circourt, who was then a suffering invalid, received the Ticknors at a charming breakfast _al fresco_, on a lovely summer day. Count Circourt was constantly a delightful companion in town, breakfasting and dining in the Place Vendôme, dropping in for interesting talk, and showing hearty sympathy when the bad news came from America.

6 Of Madame de Staël, _née_ Vernet, Baron Bunsen says in a letter, printed in his Memoirs: “The combined impression made by her manner, countenance, and conversation, prepares one to believe, and even to guess, at all the great and good qualities attributed to her.”
M. Guizot invited Mr. Ticknor to Val Richer, where he went and had two most agreeable days; and he afterwards went for a day or two to Gurcy, the country-place of M. d'Haussonville, where he once more saw the Duc de Broglie.

In a letter to Count Circourt, written a few years later, after the death of Mad. de Circourt, and immediately on receiving news of the death of the Duchesse de Rauzan, Mr. Ticknor sketches his experience in his four visits to Paris:

As you say truly, the traditions, even, of that old society which once made Paris so charming are already among the things of the past. Its last relics lie buried with Madame de Circourt and Madame de Rauzan. What I saw of it was in 1817, in the salon of the dying Madame de Staël, in that of Madame de Chateaubriand and Madame Constant; then, in 1818 and 1819, in the more brilliant salons of the Duchesse de Duras and the Duchesse de Broglie, and of the Comtesse de Ste. Aulaire, not forgetting the Saturday evenings at the palace, where the Duchesse de Duras received, with inimitable graciousness and dignity, on behalf of the King, as wife of the first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber; and finally in the winter of 1837–38, which we had the pleasure of passing in Paris, when the Duchesse de Broglie and Madame de Rauzan shared with Madame de Circourt the inheritance they had received from their mothers, and Guizot and Thiers and Molé had salons with very little of the old feminine grace and gentleness in them.

But this was the last that I saw of what remained from the old French salons. When we were in Paris in 1857, the Duchesse de Rauzan was there with her charming daughter, the Duchesse de Blacas; but it was the summer season, Madame de Circourt was ill, and, though at the Duc de Broglie's and at Thiers' and at Mad. d'Haussonville's—both in town and at Gurcy—I met most agreeable people, yet it was plain that all was changed. It was another atmosphere. Old times were forgotten; the old manners gone. And what is to come in their place? Paris is externally the most magnificent capital in Europe, and is becoming daily more brilliant and attractive. But where are the old salons,—their grace, their charming and peculiar wit, their conversation that impressed its character upon the language itself, and made it, in many respects, what it is?

Four weeks passed away in this, Mr. Ticknor’s last visit to Paris, and on the 29th of June the whole party travelled to Havre, and all went on board the American steamer “Arago,” which was to touch at Southampton on its way to New York. The last letters from home had brought good accounts of Mrs. Dexter's recovery, and a package received at Southampton confirmed these good reports. Mr. Ticknor parted there from his wife and daughter, and when they sailed for America he went to London to complete the work he had undertaken.
He was there the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton, who were at home in their pretty house at Rutland Gate, and his time was filled, as in the previous year, with a perpetual contrast of really arduous and earnest work with the excitement of a most stimulating intellectual society in every form. All this is described in his daily letters to Mrs. Ticknor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

London.—Letters to Mrs. Ticknor.—Harrow.—British Museum Reading-Room.—Anecdote of Scott.—W. R. Greg.—Tocqueville.—Macaulay.—Wilson.—Spanish Studies.—Letter to Mr. Prescott.—Duc de Aumale.

TO MRS. TICKNOR.

LONDON, July 3, 1857.

Dearest Wife,—I am here safe in gentle Ellen's 7 kind care. I wish I could add that I am easy in my thoughts. ... I want to know every hour how you are. I want to seem to do something for you. ... I wish heartily, half the time, that I had never left the "Arago," and sometimes think that the storm in which I escaped over the side of that vessel was a sort of warning to me not to leave it. But there is no use in all this; rather harm. ... We 8 did not reach Southampton till the five-o'clock train had been gone ten minutes. So we made ourselves comfortable, with a mutton-chop and a cup of tea, at an excellent inn there, and at fifteen minutes past seven took the next train, reached London at ten, and Rutland Gate at half-past.

Ellen and the Lyells had waited for me till half-past nine, and then giving up all hope of me, they went to their respective parties. ... At midnight, giving them up in my turn, I went to bed. The first thing yesterday morning I had a note from Ellen, saying that if I intended to accept an invitation—which with others was on the table waiting for me—to go to "the Speeches," or annual exhibition at Harrow, I must be at breakfast before ten. So I was down in season, and she came immediately after, and received me most sweetly and affectionately; Twisleton followed, with hearty kindness. We breakfasted, and set off for Harrow at once. ... After the exercises came lunch, of course, partly in the house of the Principal, Dr. Vaughan,—soon to be a bishop, they say,—and partly under a tent, in beautiful

7 Mrs. Twisleton.
8 Miss Cushman and Miss Stebbins were his companions on this journey to London.
open grounds, the ladies often sitting on the grass, and looking as gay as the flower-beds around them. A good many acquaintances were there,—the Milmans, who asked most kindly for you and Lizzie, the Godleys, etc., etc., besides lots of new acquaintances, the best of whom were Dean Trench and the Adderleys. With these last we drove into town, and I got out as nearly as I could to Harley Street, took a cab, and hurried to the Lyells'. Dear Lady Lyell was dressing to go out, but came down at once, and was as kind and good as ever. So was Sir Charles. But I did not stop long. It was dinner-time for both. . . .

We had nobody at dinner except Professor Brodie, from Oxford, son of Sir Benjamin Brodie, and a good pleasant talker. But after ten I was very sleepy, and Ellen having disappeared, I went to bed. . . . This morning, however, I find I made a mistake in hurrying off so. Ellen had only gone upstairs to dress in Spanish costume for a fancy ball, and intended to show herself to me before she went. It was a pity I missed it. . . . I dine to-day with the Lyells,—who still have the Pertz family with them,—and in the evening go to the Horners'. . . .

I am just setting out for Bates's and the British Museum, so as to begin work first of all. How much there will be of it, or what else I shall do, I cannot yet foresee. But you will know just as fast as I can learn it myself. . . . I am sorry to write in so bad a hand this morning, but I should not have had time to say half I have done, if I had written carefully and plain. And even now I have not said what I most want to say, and that is, to send my best love and many kisses to darling Lizzie, of whom it seems to me I think more and more, now I think of you both more together. Love to Dexter, of course.


When I am alone there seems no way of preventing myself from being assailed by anxious thoughts about you and our home, except by writing to you of all I see and do here; a proceeding which necessarily turns my mind upon what is nearest to me. And so I wrote to you all my leisure yesterday, and so I suppose I shall write to you all my leisure to-day. I left off my hurried despatch just as I was going out. . . . I drove first to Mr. Bates's. "He is not in town," was the answer of the bowing porter. I was a little disappointed not to begin my business at once; but it is of no great consequence. . . .

Failing in this I made half-a-dozen visits. First I went to Lord Fitzwilliam's. He was at home, so were Lady Charlotte and George. . . . They were all as kind as possible, and made all sorts of inquiries about you; Lady Charlotte really takes it to heart that she misses you again, and sent most affectionate messages to you. . . . I found nobody else at home, but Lord and Lady Stanhope. . . . They were very agreeable, and I stayed and gossiped a good while. . . . Panizzi, at the British Museum, said that Lord Holland had told him I was come, and therefore he felt sure he should see me

9 The fourth and last Lord Holland, son of his former host.
soon. He carried me at once to the new reading-room, which you
know has a magnificent dome, a few feet larger in diameter than that
of St. Peter's. The effect of the whole is very fine; the arrangements
and details are admirable. ... Ellen says it is the finest room she
has ever been in. I am not sure but I must say the same; even with
the Pantheon fresh in my mind. Certainly I have never seen any
room so completely adapted to its grand purpose of intellectual labour
for a large number of persons. Indeed, I am much disposed—as I
hear others are—to think that Panizzi has succeeded in making it
what he boasted to me last year he would make it, namely, a more
desirable place for literary work than any man in London can find in
his own library, however ample and luxurious that library may be.
For only think of having a dozen walking bibliographical indexes,—
like Watts, Nichols, and the rest of them,—ready, each in his depart-
ment, to tell you just what books you should ask for out of the million
at your command, and then to turn and find an intelligent attendant—
or even two or three—always ready to bring you whatever you may
need. ... Parnell's tale of Edwin and the Fairy Feast is nothing
to it. I intend to have great comfort there, and do a good deal of
work.

When I came home, between four and five, I went in to see Lady
Theresa, and found her in the midst of a fashionable matinée musicale.
... She is as winning in her manners as ever, and as attractive. She
told me to give her love to you and tell you how much she felt for
your anxiety. ... She would have had me stay and talk with her
when the music should be over, but I excused myself, and told her I
would come another time soon.

I dined with the Lyells; nobody at table but solid, good Dr. Pertz
and Mrs. Pertz, for they were all to go off—and I too—at a little after
nine, the Lyells to the Queen's concert, and the rest of us to Mrs.
Horner's. The dinner was pleasant, a little learned, a little gay, and
altogether sensible. ...

The party at Mrs. Horner's was just like the one you and I went
to there last year. We had Gibson and Lady Bell, Edward Bunbury,
Colonel Lyell, and perhaps a dozen more. ... Lady Bell and Mrs.
Horner sent you abundance of affectionate messages.

I talked a good deal with Richardson, Scott's old friend, who appears
so largely and pleasantly in the Life by Lockhart. ... Telling him
how fine I thought Scott's colloquial powers, he answered, "Yes, but
they were never so fine as when he was having a jolly good time with
two or three friends." He then described to me what he considered
the finest specimen he had ever had of them. It was when nobody
was present but Tom Campbell. They dined together at Tom's, in
Sydenham, near London,—a very modest little cottage, where I dined
in 1815,—and where the scene of this talk was chiefly laid at just
about the same period. They dined early, but by ten o'clock, brilliant
as the conversation was, Tom was past enjoying it, and nothing re-
mained for them but to carry him upstairs and put him to bed.
Scott, however, was neither disturbed nor exhausted, and they two
repaired to the village tavern, and ordering beefsteaks and hot brandy-
and-water, Scott poured out floods of anecdote and poetry, and talked on till three, when, with undiminished resources and as bright as ever, he reluctantly went to bed. Next morning they were up in good season. Tom came over to them, a little the worse for wear, but not much. Scott talked on, more brilliantly, if possible, than ever. At eleven they had mutton-chops and beer for breakfast, and then all three went off to London, Scott amusing them all the way, as—according to Richardson's account—men were never amused before or since. The whole story is, no doubt, characteristic of the period, as well as of the men. . . .

I was up in good season this morning—the glorious Fourth,—and gave as many hours as I could hold out to work. I went to the Barings' about business, . . . did several errands, and then went for four hours to the British Museum. Nothing could be better than the arrangements, and the good-nature with which my rather peculiar case was understood and met. I say peculiar, because, whereas other people want particular books and ask for them, I do not know what I want, except that I want books I have never heard of in old Spanish literature. So kind Mr. Watts took me to the place where they stand, far in one of the recesses of that vast pile of building, and gave me the services of one of his assistants. This person took down and showed me about three hundred and fifty curious volumes, and replaced them all. I was familiar with all but twenty of them. Of these twenty I took the numbers and titles, and shall go on Monday to the grand reading-room, establish myself there, and send for them to examine their contents and make such memoranda about them as I may find expedient. And so I shall go on till I have gone through all the old Spanish books, a collection inferior to my own, but, of course, containing odd and curious things that I do not possess. Thus far, however, I have found nothing of any considerable value, nor indeed anything of extreme rarity. . . .

At home, . . . . I had a long visit from William Greg, and an excellent talk with him. . . .

July 5.—I breakfasted with Greg, having desired him to ask nobody else, as I wanted to have a thorough talk with him. I had it, and enjoyed it very much for two hours. Tell Hillard that he agrees with us exactly about the present position of affairs in America, and understands them better than anybody I have seen since I came from home.

After I came home, we had a visit from Tocqueville, as agreeable as ever. Then I drove out to Macaulay's, who seemed uncommonly glad to see me, and talked after his fashion for half an hour, with great richness and knowledge, chiefly on female beauty, which, by the most curious citations from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, from Sir Charles Grandison, Congreve's Plays, and such out-of-the-way places, he proved had greatly increased in England since the disappearance of small-pox. It was very amusing, but the first rush as he comes down upon you, is like a shower-bath, or rather like a waterspout. But you will remember. Only, I think, his manner grows a little more declamatory.
On my way back I stopped at Holland House, and again met Tocqueville, and two or three agreeable people. But I could not stop long. The old house is much altered, and made very luxurious, but I missed things I should have been glad to see in the library, the dining-room, and the drawing-room. Some of it, too, was a little fine, though on the whole it is much improved and better kept. From Holland House I drove to Hallam's. He is little altered since last year, dines out sometimes, he told me, with old friends, and talks as fast as ever. He asked me to dine for Tuesday, but I am engaged, and as he goes out of town in a few days, I may not see him again. He said that he is just upon eighty years old.

I dined with Mr. Wilson, a member of Parliament, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, owner, and formerly editor, of the "Economist," and the person on whom the government depends in questions of banking and finance. He never reads a book; he gets all his knowledge from documents and conversation, as Greg tells me, that is, at first hand. But he talks uncommonly well on all subjects; strongly, and with a kind of original force, that you rarely witness. He has a young wife, and three nice, grown-up daughters, who, with Greg, a barrister,—whose name I did not get,—one other person, and myself, filled up a very luxurious table, as far as eating and drinking are concerned. And who do you think that other person was? Nobody less than Madame Mohl; who talked as fast and as amusingly as ever, full of good-natured kindness, with a little subacid as usual, to give it a good flavour. The young ladies Greg accounts among the most intelligent of his acquaintance, and they certainly talk French as few English girls can; for Tocqueville came in after dinner, and we all changed language at once, except the Master, who evidently has but one tongue in his head, and needs but one, considering the strong use he makes of it. Mad. Mohl was very kind about you, and assured me that I might consider Lizzie quite well by this time. My heart aches to think that I can't. But patience. To-morrow, letters will come. If they could only come from the middle of the Atlantic too!

July 6.—No letters! no steamer! I waited till the last moment this morning, hoping Ellen's would come before I went to breakfast with Macaulay. The postman brought sundry notes of no regard, but no letters.

The breakfast at Macaulay's was very agreeable. I suppose I ought to say very brilliant. We had just nine persons. Senior, Tocqueville, Lord Stanley, Lord Glenelg, Lord Roden, Lord Granville, and Lord Stanhope, with the Master and myself, made up Horace Walpole's number. We all walked for half an hour on the beautiful lawn behind the house, talking in squads, English where Macaulay was, French for Tocqueville's humour.

1 Formerly Miss Clarke. See ante, pp. 87 and 102, etc.

2 At a still later period of his life, when Mr. Ticknor's French might have been supposed to have lost some of its freshness, a French lady of cultivation said to Mr. Hilliard, "Monsieur Ticknor parle Français délicieusement."
breakfast was very agreeable. We talked about everything, and wearied with nothing, ending with another half-hour on the lawn, in rich sunshine, where I talked all the time with Lord Granville. ... At half-past twelve I drove to the British Museum, and worked there four hours most satisfactorily. ... After this I made a few visits.

... I had just time, on returning home, to dress for dinner at Lord Fitzwilliam’s. The family portion of the party was large, as you might expect. But beside this we had Wilde, a Queen’s Counsel of eminence; Lord Montague, an excellent talker; Lord Burlington, a man of known ability, but shy; and Bouverie and his wife. ... The conversation was good and strong, chiefly in the hands of Lord Montague.—Spring Rice,—who continued it afterwards in the saloon, where we became so animated that I did not get home till half-past eleven.

**July 7.*** ... Ellen had a breakfast-party this morning; Senior, Merivale, Godley,—our old friend,—Adderley, Trench,—Dean of Westminster in place of poor Buckland, one of the men I am most glad to meet,—and Sparks. ... The talk was excellent. Ellen was charming at the head of her own table. ...

**July 8.***—The letters came this morning by the early post. Thank Heaven, everything was right on the 22nd of June. I hope I feel grateful in some degree as I should, but it seems impossible. And now I must wait till I can hear from you, and that will be a long time; two passages across the unsociable ocean. But you have made two-thirds of one of them. ... Sir Edmund Head came in immediately after breakfast. ... He is looking very well, and says he is better than he has been for many years. ... He is to come again to-morrow morning, and I shall go with him to Lady Head, and he with me afterwards to the British Museum. ...

I went to the Duchess of Argyll’s party. ... There were a good many people there whom I knew, more than I expected, and I had a very good time. The Lyells, Lord Burlington,—who is to be Duke of Devonshire, and is fit to be,—Stirling, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Mrs. Norton, and I suppose a dozen more.

**July 9.***—We had a most delightful breakfast at Twisleton’s this morning: Tocqueville, Sir Edmund Head, Senior, Stirling, Lord Glenelg, Lord Montague, Merivale,—again, and I was glad of it,—Sir George Lewis, and Lord Lansdowne,—a little older than he was last year. The talk was admirable, and I was struck anew with the abundance of Lewis’s knowledge; but I have not time to tell you, and only see how many pages I have written. I went home with Head, and was most kindly, even affectionately, received by Lady Head, who could not say too much of her regret at not seeing you. ... We then went to Stirling’s and looked over his pictures and things, very curious, rich, and rare, and I worked a little among his Spanish books,

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3 Mr. Godley, a man of most agreeable qualities and culture, had been in Boston a few years before this time.
4 Lately arrived in England for a visit.
and mean to work more, for there are good things among
them.

From Stirling's, Head and I went to the British Museum, where,
as he truly said, it was amusing enough that I should lionize him.
But he had not been there, of course, for five years, since which every-
thing is changed. He agreed with all whom I have heard speak of
it, that the reading-room is the finest room in Europe, taking out
churches. I am more and more impressed with it. I then made
some calls, finding no one at home but Lord Ashburton, with whom
I had a very interesting talk; then, after a walk for exercise with
Twisleton, in Kensington Gardens,—the first I have been able to
take since I came to London,—we passed a quiet and happy evening
together, having refused to go to Milnes,' lest we should all be quite
worn out with dinners.

I cannot tell you how kind, gentle, and loving Ellen is to me,
making me all but happy, and relieving my anxious thoughts more
than they could be relieved anywhere else, separated as I am from you
all. Nor can I tell you how much she is liked in society here, the
very best of it. . . . I hear of her on all sides. She is certainly a
charming creature, and if I were to fail to love her, I should be very
ungrateful.

A good many people come to see me, and I of course return their
calls, but I have not time to tell you of them, still less to repeat,
as I intended to do when I began this volume, some of their good
things.

July 10.—I am invited thrice to breakfast this morning, and
although I am sorry to miss Dean Trench, and should have liked the
company at Senior's, including Lesseps,—whose father I knew at Lis-
bon in 1818,—yet I rather think I am in luck in being first engaged
to Lord Stanhope. . . . The breakfast was first-rate in all points,
company and talk. Lady Evelyn Stanhope was the first person I
saw,—young, pretty, unmarried. . . . The next was Tocqueville;
. . . . then came the Lyells, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Caernarvon,
a young nobleman of great fortune and promise, who, a few years ago,
carried off the first honours at Oxford. All talked French. . . . This
gave Tocqueville, of course, the advantage, and nobody was sorry for
it. He did his best, both with discussion and anecdote, and nobody
can do better. The consequence was, that we sat late, two hours and
a half; some of us, perhaps, lingering because we remembered that
it is Tocqueville's last day. Before we separated, he came up to me
and gave me a long message of regrets for you and Anna, . . . add-
ing that if either of us want anything in Paris that he can do for us,
he shall always be charmed to do it. . . . I sat next to Lord Aber-
deen, and had some very interesting talk with that wise old statesman.
Lady Stanhope was charming, as I think she always is, and so was
Lady Lyell.

The next three or four hours I spent in hard work at the British
Museum, and then went by appointment to the Athenæum, and was
taken by Lord Stanhope to the House of Lords, and placed on the

5 Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton.
“steps of the throne,”—as the place is called, and really is,—to hear a great debate on the “Oaths Bill,” or the bill that should permit Jews to sit in Parliament. ... I was in a good neighbourhood. Milman stood next to me, and introduced me to Elwin, editor of the “Quarterly,” and I talked with both a good deal. ... Sundry of the lords came to the rail, which separated me from their consecrated body, and spoke to me,—Lord Stanhope, Lord Glenelg, Lord Granville, and others. ... The debate was very exciting, if not very able, and produced all its effect in that grand hall, so imposing, so suited to its grave purpose. Earl Granville opened the discussion. He is a graceful, fluent speaker, not very powerful, but a man who produces upon you the impression that he is in earnest, and means to be fair. Lord Stanley followed, vehement and subtle, but not persuasive. Then came Lord Lyndhurst, compact, logical, and very exact in his choice of language. These were the three principal speakers. Of the three, Lord Lyndhurst was decidedly the ablest as a debater, and what he said lost none of its force from the circumstance that he is eighty-five years old, and more. ... The bill was lost by thirty-four, as was foreseen. But I did not wait for the division; I was too tired. I had given up a pleasant dinner, and at twelve o'clock,—having had not so much as a drop of water since the brilliant breakfast of the morning,—I went to the Atheneum, ordered mutton-chops, and sherry, and enjoyed my dinner, I assure you.

July 11.—I breakfasted tête-à-tête with Mr. Bates, and had a long and very satisfactory conversation with him about the Library. Then I went to Stirling’s, and worked in his library two or three hours, till I was obliged to go and make some calls, after which ... I came home and rested till it was time to go to dinner at the Lyells’, where I had an uncommonly good time with the Heads, and a small party consisting of the Pertzes and two and three others. Ellen and Twisleton were engaged elsewhere, for which I was sorry, for Sir Edmund was in great feather, and very amusing. ...  

To W. H. Prescott.

London, July 13, 1857.

Dear William,—I must write to you in this hurry-skurry of a London season, if it be only to thank you and dear Susan for your great kindness to our darling Lizzie. It is mentioned in all our letters from home, and sinks into all our hearts. ...  

I am very busy. I have nearly got through with everything I wish to discuss with Mr. Bates, who continues to entertain most generous purposes towards the Library; and I have done a good deal of work in the British Museum and elsewhere. But I have plenty more to do, and I want to make considerable purchases of books, or at least make arrangements for them. Still, everything will depend on what I may hear.

I am living with the Twisletons, in a most agreeable manner, petted
enough to spoil me outright. They live almost next door to Sir George Lewis and Lord Morley,—not forgetting Lady Theresa,—close by Reeve of the "Edinburgh Review," and within easy distance of Senior, Macaulay, Lord Holland. . . . But their social position is better than all their surroundings on Hyde Park. . . . It almost amuses me sometimes to hear such people as old Lord Glenelg, old Lord Monteagle, Lord Ashburton, and your friends Lord and Lady Wensleydale, talk of our own little Ellen, who is really as attractive a lady, and as agreeable, as any I meet in society. As for Lord Lansdowne,—now seventy-seven,—who breakfasted here the other morning, his manners to her showed a mixture of affection and gallantry that it was delightful to witness. Indeed, the sort of admiration I everywhere hear expressed for her is truly remarkable, when you remember that five years ago she was a stranger here, and that this society which now claims her as an ornament is the most exclusive society of London, and the one most reluctant to receive anybody into its intimacy or association.

And speaking of people who are admired, reminds me of Tocqueville, who has been here some time, and as Senior and Lord Stanhope said the other day,—looking from quite different positions,—he has been decidedly the lion of the season. I have met him quite often, and though he has an English wife, and talks English well enough, he has generally been humoured by keeping the conversation in French. Indeed, it was well worth while; for nobody talks as well as he does, not even Villedain or Mignet, who have the more brilliant epigrammatic style of recent fashion, while he talks with the beautiful grace and finish of the ancien régime. Once or twice when Macaulay was present this produced a curious contrast. He—Macaulay, I mean—talked French, indeed, and not bad as to idiom, but it was most amusingly hard and unwieldy, and poured forth, if not as triumphantly as he pours forth his English, yet with the same tone and accent. . . .

July 14.—Your letter of June 27, addressed to Anna, came this morning. Thank you for it as much as if it were addressed to me, for I have had the full benefit of it. So have sundry of your friends,—as far as good news about you are concerned,—for I read it on my way down to Milman's, where I met the Heads, the Lyells, Macaulay, and Elwin, the editor of the "Quarterly," all of whom were glad to hear about you. We had a most agreeable breakfast; Macaulay doing, of course, pretty much all the talk, but doing it in a gayer, and even a more droll spirit, than I have known him to do it before. We laughed immoderately sometimes.

Yesterday evening I met a lot more of your friends at Lord Wensleydale's,—the Argylls, Milnes, etc. They all want to know about "Philip II.,” but I can tell them very little. You must come and explain the matter yourself. If you will, you will find as glad a welcome as anybody can have, from as good people as are to be found anywhere. To-day, at dinner, I am to meet Grote. I forget whether you knew him. I mean to find out what he thinks about Philip, for though I do not doubt what his opinion on the whole will be, I am
curious to know how he will give it, and it is well worth having in detail.

The condensation of social activity seems to be more absolute than ever this season. Besides invitations to breakfast, lunch, dinner, and all the forms of evening parties, . . . they have now a sort of tea and talk meetings, with fruit and ices, from four to seven, which they call matinées, . . . and which I am told are very agreeable, especially when they are given with music, in gardens. . . . I have been asked to several, but have not yet been able to go. Lady Holland, however, is to give three in the next three weeks, which I hear are likely to be the best of the season, and which, no doubt, will be fine, under those grand old trees in the park round Holland House; where, though I miss some things that I wish had been preserved as records of the past, I find everywhere great improvements, and in excellent taste. To one of these matinées I mean to go . . . .

Your laurels are very green, and grow fast; perhaps faster on the Continent than they do here. Mignet spoke to me of you nearly every time I saw him, and he knows the value of your labours, for he has himself been employed several years on a history of the sixteenth century, which he evidently intends should be his opus magnum. And a great work it will be if he finishes it in a manner becoming so great a subject; but he gives no sign as to the time when it will be ready for the press, and his health is not strong, especially since the death of his mother last winter, which I hear had a very painful effect upon him. But I am at the end of my paper . . . .

Yours always,

G. T.

TO MRS. TICKNOR.

LONDON, July 13, 1857.

I worked at the British Museum till four o’clock, and had some talk there with Stirling, who comes there almost every day to work for his history of Don John of Austria. But the chief event of the morning for me was a long visit I made, by his invitation, to old Lord Aberdeen; and a very interesting talk I had with him about the politics of Europe, and, to some extent, of the United States. I have talked with no man in England who seems to be, on such great matters, so able and wise as he is, or so calm and moderate. . . .

In the afternoon Henry Taylor came and made me a long visit. He is only in town for the day, passing from Worcestershire to St. Leonard’s, where he is to spend the next two months. He is grown quite grey, but otherwise is little changed. He was surprised to find Ellen a kinswoman of ours; and when I told him she was a niece of whom I have always been very fond, he answered instantly, “How could you help it? everybody is fond of her.” This, indeed, is certainly the feeling of a very large, high, and intellectual society, which claims her as one of its ornaments. Godley, who knows a great many people of the best sort in the upper classes, told me the other day
that he had never heard a word of anything but praise and love of 
her, since she had been here. One person, however, he added, objected 
to her, that she was "an admitted paragon, and that paragons were 
not to his taste."

At half-past ten in the evening—nobody goes to a party earlier—
we went to Lady Wensleydale's, she and Lord Wensleydale being 
among Ellen's great admirers. A good many people were there, but 
not a crowd. I talked chiefly with Milnes, Lord Belhaven,—a Scotch 
Lord,—and the Lord Chancellor and his wife, Lady Cranworth; the 
latter curious about the rich, large houses in New York. There were 
more people there that I knew than I expected to find in any London 
party of the sort.

*Tuesday, July 14.—* Lizzie's letter of the 28th–30th was my morn-
ing benediction. Thank you for it, darling child . . . . If I could 
now only get news of your safe and comfortable arrival at home, dearest 
wife, it seems as if I should be patient. But I do not suppose I shall 
be till I see you all.

As soon as I had read your letter, dearest Lizzie, I took the rest, 
. . . . and set off on my travels into the city to breakfast with the 
Milmans. The rooms were not quite so dark as they were when we 
breakfasted there a year ago, for the weather is very bright and 
warm. But even if it had been dull and smoky outside, the company 
at table would have made everything cheerful, namely, the Lyells, 
the Heads, Elwin (editor of the "Quarterly"), and Macaulay, so that, 
with the family, we had just ten, which seems to be the general number. 
Macaulay, of course, did the talking, and certainly he did it well. He 
was more positively amusing than I have ever heard him, more nearly 
droll . . . .

By the time I reached home—four miles, I think— . . . . it was 
two o'clock, and very hot and close. Reeve, the editor of the "Edin-
burgh Review," came in soon afterwards, and I talked with him for 
nearly an hour. . . . . We all dined together, with Mrs. Stanley, a 
very agreeable, sensible old lady, mother of the Stanley who wrote 
Arnold's Life. . . . . We had Mad. Mohl, Senior, and Grote, the 
historian, so that there were abundant materials for good talk, and we 
had it; Grote doing his part rather solemnly, but very well. In the 
evening Tocqueville came in, passing through London towards home, 
and so I took leave of him . . . . for the third time, and always 
sorry to do it . . . .

*July 15.—* I worked a good while at Stirling's this morning; but 
as he gives me leave, very liberally, to bring home with me such 
books as I want to examine, I did not stop so long as I otherwise 
should have done, but came home to rest a little. It was lucky I 
did, for I was but just stretched on the sofa when I was called to the 
Duc de Broglie and Albert. They have been, as you know, to visit the 
family of Louis Philippe. . . . . The Duc is one of their counsellors, 
or, as the Duc d'Aumale called him, this afternoon at Lady Holland's, 
the patriarch in their politics. They are only in town for a part of 
the day, so that I was really touched with their kindness in coming 
to see me at all. But on Friday they will be here again for a few
hours, and I shall hope to find them just a moment, to thank them. Afterwards I went to see the Lyells, for they go off to-morrow, and I do not want to take leave of them in the midst of a great party, where I am to meet them to-night. I need not tell you I was sorry to bid them good-bye. They have been as kind and true as they always are. . . .

I then went first to General Fox's, 6 where I found the same sort of hearty kindness I always have, and where I took one of the party I found lounging there and went to a grand matinée at Holland House. . . . Nothing of the sort could well be finer. The wind had come round to the north, so that it was cool enough; and, passing through the house, . . . the company came out into the park, where all the fashionable society of London seemed collected in picturesque groups under the magnificent old oaks, and in the open glades and fine gardens, which are scattered over that superb domain,—a true country scene, such as is found in the rich, quiet parks of the inland counties, brought to the very borders of crowded, bustling, noisy London. Tables were spread with all kinds of refreshments in the open air, and in one of the buildings appropriate to such a spot . . . a Neapolitan confectioner, with his attendants, making ices and screaming out their qualities and excellences in rhyme and in his native dialect. . . . Elsewhere there was music, and a little dancing, but not much, though enough to enliven a scene that was the most riant that can be imagined. . . . The cynosure indubitably was Mad. de Castiglione, a Sardinian lady, with all the attributes of Italian beauty added to an English complexion of purest red and white,—generally seeming as unmoved as if she were of marble, but warming to a very beautiful smile when I told her I had lately been at Turin. . . . She was dressed with good taste, no doubt, but in the extravagance of the French fashion, and looked as if she had just walked out of Watteau's pictures of a garden scene in the time of Louis XV. . . . Everybody stared at her, and yet, they say, she does not think she is admired here so much as at home, and rather complains of it.

Lady Theresa asked for my arm, and I walked round with her and saw everybody and everything in the most agreeable manner, and gossiped and heard gossip of all kinds, such as belongs to London fashionable society when the season is the fullest, and the movement of everything, like the weird dance in Tam O'Shanter, grows fast and furious.

. . . . At half-past eleven Twisleton, Ellen, and I reached Lord Lansdowne's to a great concert. . . . I could not stop in the concert-room, it was like a steam-bath; but the Queen of Holland was there, sundry other high-mightinesses, and abundance of ladies and old gentlemen, like Lord Glenelg, Lord Monteagle, Lord Lyndhurst, and not a few more, who seemed to thrive in it like hot-house plants. Many others—of whom I was one—stayed in the outer rooms, where were the charming Lady Shelburne, Sir Edmund Head, Sir Henry Holland, and a plenty more people whom it was agreeable to talk to. . . .

July 17.—When I despatched my letters to you this morning,

6 Son of the third Lord Holland.
giving an account of my travel's history down to that moment, I was
beginning a regular London day, which I have now just finished at
one a.m., without so much fatigue as to prevent me from writing you
at least a page. I always do before I go to bed, as I do not think I
could go quietly to sleep else, or have a good night. I began at the
British Museum three or four hours' work, and very interesting work,
too, from which I came home with a good many notes, and very dirty
hands, from turning over curious old Spanish books. When I had
washed and put myself in order I went to Lady Chatterton's, a lady who
has written a book about the South of France, and collects a certain
portion of fashionable and literary society at her house to hear music
and eat ices, drink tea, and talk, from four to six or seven. . . .
Harness was there, Harriet Hosmer, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, "Faust"
Hayward, Barlow, Lady Becher, etc. But I went late and came away
early. . . .

My dinner was at Lord Wensleydale's, where we had Murchison, Lord
Caernarvon, the Bishop of London,—very agreeable,—the Laboucheres,
Edward Ellice, Lord Brougham, Lady Ebrington, etc. I talked before
dinner with Lord Brougham, who seems to grow old as fast as any-
body I meet, and who is said to have shown symptoms of age in a
speech to-day. . . .

It was so pleasant that I forgot myself and stayed too late, so that
I did not arrive at Senior's, to a musical party, till considerably after
eleven o'clock. There I talked a long time with Lord Hatherton, who
has just had a day or two from Tocqueville, and who—as well as Lady
Hatherton—seemed to share the general admiration he has inspired
during his visit here. . . .

July 18.—Milnes called for me in his open carriage at ten, and we
drove through the beautiful country—which is found on almost all sides
of London—to Twickenham, for a breakfast at the Duc d'Aumale's. His
place is called Orleans House, and is one of those rich old places that
abound in England. It was once occupied by his father, Louis Philippe,
and the Duc—who, you know, has the immense Condé fortune—has
filled it up with rare and curious books, inherited pictures, manu-
scripts, etc., etc., all arranged with admirable taste, so that it is like a
beautiful museum. This is inside; outside, an English lawn of many
acres, with flower-beds and groups of trees scattered all over it, slopes
down to the Thames, and leaves nothing to desire; while belts of wood,
that look like a forest, exclude whatever would be disagreeable in the
neighbourhood.

We had for company Sir John Simeon, Van de Weyer, Milman,
Hawtrey, Lord Dufferin, etc., etc. The breakfast—at twelve and a
half—was, in fact, a dinner of great luxury and many courses. . . .
But it did not occupy much above an hour, and then we went out upon
the lawn, walked about, talked gaily, smoked, went into the orangery,
greenhouses, and one or two other buildings, which are made repositories
for works of art and curiosities.

The Duc is very agreeable, and in rare books one of the most knowing
men in England, collecting them with care and at great cost, and
cataloguing them with curious notes himself. . . .
By four o'clock we were in town again, and I went to a matinée at Lady Theresa Lewis's. It was music. The large saloon was full, ... the Milmans, Lady Head, Lord and Lady Morley, Mrs. Edward Villiers and her three pretty daughters, Hayward, etc. ... I was now—as you may suppose—well tired, and took a good rest. ... At half-past eight or nine o'clock—for it comes to that nowadays—I dined with Mr. Bates, and met Sparks and his wife, Cary,—a sensible M.P.,—Sir Gore Ouseley and Lady Ouseley, and a Count and Countess Somebody from Brussels. ... I finished the evening at Lady Palmerston's; that is, I was there from eleven to one, and saw great numbers of distinguished people,—Lord Aberdeen, Mad. de Castiglione,—with her hair crêped, and built up as high as it was used in the time of Louis XV., and powdered and full of ribbons,—the Argylls, the Laboucheres, Lord Clarendon, and most of the ministers, ... and ever so many more. Mr. Dallas was there, and introduced me diligently to foreign ambassadors, both Christian and heathen, and to General Williams, the hero of Kars, for which last I was much obliged to him, as the General is a most agreeable person. Lord Palmerston was uncommonly civil. ... But I was glad when it was over, I was so tired, though Milnes and Lord Wensleydale thought it was very American to go home so early.

I was however, richly paid for it, ... for on the table in the entry lay, most unexpectedly, dear Lizzie's charming letter of July 6 and 7, which I read through twice without stopping, and then carried to bed with me. ... July 19.—Twisleton and I breakfasted with Milnes, and we had Mad. Mohl, Sir John Simeon,—a book-collector whom I met at the Duc d'Aumale's and find very pleasant,—General Kmety,—a Hungarian, who flourished much in the last war at home and now flourishes much in society here—young Harcourt, Lord Stanley, and enough more to make up a dozen. The talk was much about the defection of the Sepoys in Bombay, which begins to trouble them very much. I noticed last night that Lord Clarendon, Lord Palmerston, and two or three of their set, seemed so anxious to put a good face on the matter and keep up a cheerful courage, that I could not help feeling that they must have serious misgivings. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise; and the impression seems to be that there will be angry discussions in Parliament. But this last I take to be uncertain. British pluck will, I think, stand the ministers in good stead on this occasion, as it did in the war with Russia.

I came home before two, and wrote to you and Circourt till four, when I made a very agreeable visit at Holland House, where I went into the old library and turned over a good many curious books, the very positions of which I remembered, so that when Lord Holland mustered up a knowing person and sent him to me,—for I went to the library alone,—I found him useless. Lord and Lady Holland were receiving a good many friends, and I lounged with them some time, after which I made a visit to Macaulay, who lives near, and with whom I had a long and interesting talk about Burke, as we sat on his beautiful lawn, where I found him reading. He said
that Burke would have made a good historian, judging from his East India speeches and papers, which were drawn up with great labour, and perfectly accurate in their facts. I doubted, and doubt still. Burke was really made for a statesman and orator, and for nothing else.

In the evening I went to Lord Granville's, having been obliged to refuse an invitation to dine there two days ago. Sir John Acton, who had been to see me twice, but whom I have not before met, was there, having arrived four days ago from the Continent.7 Both he and his mother, Lady Granville, received me with the greatest kindness. Lord Granville came in soon afterwards, wearing the Star and Garter, because he had been dining with the Queen of Holland. He was followed by Count Bernstorff and his wife, the Prussian Ambassador and Ambassador, Lord and Lady Clanricarde,—the daughter of Canning,—and a good many more. . . .

Lady Clanricarde—of whom, when Lord Granville presented me to her, he said she was among the most brilliant persons in English society—I found a very pleasant talker, but not quite, I thought, up to the character he gave her. I took the most pleasure in Sir John Acton and his mother. Sir John seemed to begin just where he left off in Boston, and to have the liveliest recollection of everything there. He sent many messages to you and Anna and Lizzie, full of regret that he should not see any of you, and told his mother how much kindness he had received from you. She is a person of excellent manners, elegant but not elaborate, talks a great deal, with a slightly foreign accent, and is vigilantly attentive to everybody. . . . She invited me to come as often as I can, saying she is always at home. . . .

I shall go if I can, but I have no time at my disposition. At least, it seems so to me; for I cannot do as the English do, go to two or three places after a dinner that does not end till half-past ten, because, being a stranger, I must talk some time with each person to whom I am introduced, or else seem uncivil. Besides, I want to talk to them generally.

July 20.—I worked at home till twelve o'clock, and then went about Library affairs, to the booksellers', and then to the British Museum. But on my way I stopped at the famous Bow Street office, where the police of all London is chiefly managed, and where one of the principal officers is Jardine, an old fellow-student at Göttingen forty years ago. He had complained heretofore that I had not been to see him when I had been in London, and two days ago I left my card, which he returned yesterday with a note, begging me to come and see him this morning at the Bow Street office, as he leaves London tomorrow for six weeks. I was glad I went, though I stopped only a few minutes: for he is a good, warm-hearted man, and was evidently pleased that I had remembered him.

From three to six I spent in the library of a Mr. Turner, who has a very beautiful collection of rare old Spanish books, which he did not

7 Sir John, now Lord Acton, had been in Boston in 1852.
at all weary of showing me. . . . I dined with John Chorley, the Spanish scholar, meeting only his brother,—who writes about music,—and Arthur Helps, and we talked on till after midnight with as much interest and in as high a tone as any conversation I have had in Europe. The subjects were of the noblest, the differences of opinion enough to give zest to the discussion, and the men—especially John Chorley—first-rate in knowledge, and the power to illustrate and fortify their positions. . . .

July 21.—. . . I worked some time in the British Museum, where the way seems lengthening as I go, under the leading of Panizzi and that living index, Watts. . . . But I am determined not to wear myself out there much more. . . . I dined at Senior's. . . . Several interesting people were at table: the Bishop of Hereford, better known as Dr. Hampden; Doyle, the editor of Punch; Colonel Rawlinson.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visits in the Country.—Isle of Wight.—Shoreham.—Chevening.—Stoke Park.—Walton-on-Thames.—Bolton Percy.—Wentworth House.—Wallington.—Aldenham Park.—Malvern.—Ellerbeck.—Manchester Exhibition.—Liverpool.—Departure for America.—Letters to Mrs. Ticknor.

To Mrs. Ticknor.

St. Clare, Isle of Wight, July 22, 1857.

I am in the country till Friday evening, refusing four or five invitations, two of which I would gladly have accepted, one to Sir Somebody Eardley’s, to see the beginning of the shipment of the electric cable between England and America, and eat the needful dinner on the occasion; and the other a matinée from four to eight, at the beautiful establishment of the Duchesse d’Aumale at Twickenham, where I should have met the Comte de Paris and most of the Orleans family. . . . I left Ellen and Twisleton with a pretty sad feeling; as well as with a wearied body and jaded spirits, and came down to Colonel Harcourt and Lady Catherine, in the Isle of Wight. You and Anna were invited, and much regret expressed, both in writing and by word of mouth, that you could not be here, a regret that I share with very great aggravations. It is a beautiful place a couple of miles from Ryde. It is a stone house, very picturesque, but not over large, with fine grounds full of old trees and gardens, pleasant walks, and glades sloping down to the sea and looking over to the English coast. . . . Nobody is here but General Breton, who commands at Portsmouth, and a nice pretty daughter, on account of whose delicate health
he has just accepted the command at Mauritius. Everything is most agreeable,—the tonic sea-air; the charming walks through woods and by the sounding shore; above all, the delicious quiet and repose.

The Colonel is as handsome and as gentlemanlike as ever, and a most attentive host. Lady Catherine is gentle, intelligent, cultivated, and very accomplished, of which not only her piano gives proof, as you know, but, as I find, the walls of her house, where are many really beautiful paintings both in oils and water-colours.

July 23.—The principal place of the Harcourts is in Surrey, where they stay about four or five months of each year, here only six weeks. They call this their small place; but there is nothing half so luxurious, or in half such good taste, in the United States, nor, I think, any country-house so large, certainly none to be compared to it in any other respect.

July 24.—The two days here, dearest wife, have been most refreshing, and I do not feel at all gratified at the idea of going back to noisy, exciting London. The Harcourts are so kind, too, and want me not only to stay longer, but to come to them in Surrey, neither of which can be done. I must be in London this evening, and in Eton tomorrow, or be accounted uncivil, and, what is worse, not regardful of Ellen's unwearied kindness to me, and her husband's thoughtful, careful hospitality. So I go at noon.

We had a very pleasant drive yesterday over to Ventnor and Bonchurch and the southern part of the island, not forgetting the harmonious Shanklin Chine, all of which I am sure you will remember, for I found I had not forgotten it. The only place we really stopped at was Steep Hill Castle, which the Harcourts tell me is the best establishment in the island. It is a fine modern Castle, built on a hill-side, which is full of varieties of surface and charming glens, and commands grand views of the sea at every opening. The possessor, Mr. Hamborough, is a middle-aged man with a family of beautiful English children, and much devoted to botany and wood-craft. His place bears proofs abundant of his good taste, as well as of his great resources.

Just after we arrived all the school-children of the neighbourhood—about one hundred and eighty—came in with their teachers and clergymen, and after having had tea and cake on the grass, were brought up, two at a time, to Mrs. Hamborough, and according to their conduct during the year received reprimands,—very gentle,—or rewards very appropriate and attractive to their young eyes. They then distributed themselves about the lawn and frolicked and danced. We were so much amused that we stayed too late, and did not reach home so as to get dinner till near nine o'clock, though some of the neighbours were invited, and of course had to wait.

I went all over the house, offices, stables, and gardens this morning. It is, as you may suppose, all very complete. Lady Catherine's sitting-room is singularly tasteful, and has a dozen panels after the fashion of Louis XV. painted by her husband in oils, and on her mantel-piece two little childish drawings by the Queen when they were taught together. After this series of expeditions we went down
to the seaside and sat under the fine old oaks on the lawn until twelve o'clock, when, with not a little reluctance, I bade them good-bye, charged with messages of remembrance and kindness from each of them for you.

My return to London was through a rich and beautiful country, but at the end rose the huge, black, shapeless city. Ellen received me most affectionately, and Twisleton with his usual heartiness broke out, "You must go and hear the great debate to-night, in the Commons." It was on the Divorce Bill, and had been put off from Monday last, when he knew I had made arrangements to go, and been disappointed. So, after some hesitation on my part, and a little urging on his, I determined to go. The Twisletons were to dine with Lord Save and Sele, but I had declined the invitation; so I hurried to the Athenæum for a bachelor's dinner, and there found Kinglake and Rawlinson, to whom were soon added Hayward and Stirling. We pushed our tables together and had a jolly dinner, at which I left them and went to the House of Commons. I gave my card to the doorman, and desired him to send it in to the Speaker,—our old friend Denison,—who had told me I should have the seat of "a distinguished foreigner" last Monday night; and I was not a little surprised and pleased to find he had just sent out an order to the same effect for to-night. So that I walked right in.

The debate had been opened, and Gladstone soon rose, the person I had mainly come to hear. He spoke about three-quarters of an hour, and was much cheered. His manner is perfectly natural, almost conversational, and he never hesitates for the right word, or fails to have the most lucid and becoming arrangement of his argument. If anything, he lacked force. But his manner was so gentlemanlike, and so thoroughly appropriate to a great deliberate body, that I could not help sighing to think we have so little like it in our legislatures. When he had finished, Stirling, who had been sitting with me some time, took me out, to avoid the tediousness of the next speaker, and carried me to see the magnificent library-rooms, and the fine terrace over the Thames, some hundred feet long, where I found plenty of lazy members, lounging and smoking. After my return I heard Napier, of Dublin, the Attorney-General, Stanley, and Lord Palmerston; all worth hearing, and two or three others who were not. Before the end of the debate, however,—though not much before,—I came home, well tired, as you may suppose, and found Ellen waiting for me, no less tired. But the least agreeable part of it was, that I was to go to Eton early in the morning, and she was to go to Malvern. I was to bid her and her excellent husband good-bye for the present, intending to see them in their retreat when I am on my way to embark. Even with this prospect, however, I was very sincerely sorry to part from them.

July 25.—I was off this morning at a quarter before eight,—and that was before anybody was up,—to Eton, for a ceremony like the one I witnessed at Harrow the day after I arrived. Dr. Hawtrey

8 Brother of Mr. Twisleton.
invited me last year, but I could not go, and so felt bound to go to-day. It is a fine old place, as you know, and his rooms at the Lodge, besides being covered with good pictures and portraits, and crowded with rare books, are tapestried with agreeable and classical recollections. The breakfast in one of them was large, with sundry "My Lords and Ladies" at table, of small note, I suppose, and a few pleasant people, like Dr. Hawtrey's niece, the Bishop of Salisbury,—Hamilton,—the Provost of King's College, Dr. Oakes, etc. The speaking of the young men—like that at Harrow—was not so good as it is with us, generally, but the German and French, which I was surprised to find intruding on such classic ground, were excellent. One of the young dogs, who took the part of Scapin in Molière's dialogue, "Que diable allait il faire dans cette galèrè," doing it almost well enough for the French stage. After this was over I went over the building and grounds with the good Provost, visited the chapel, and saw what was to be seen, and then came home, too tired to wait for the dinner and regatta, which last, however, I should have been glad to witness. On reaching Rutland Gate I fairly lay down and slept.

When I waked I felt fresh and strong, and went to Lady Holland's, as the day was very beautiful, and a party in that fine old park is so striking. And I was paid for my trouble. All the royalties that I missed at the Duc d'Aumale's, last Wednesday, were there, besides everybody else, as it seemed to me, that I know in this wilderness of a city. There was fine music, a learned dog that played cards and dominoes for the children, all sorts of refreshments and entertainments, but above everything else, the beautiful lawns, all covered or dotted with gay groups, and with grand and venerable trees, under whose shade people sat and talked, surrounded with flowers that were distributed over the brilliant greensward in fanciful beds.

In the evening I met a great many of the same people at Lady Palmerston's, but the scene was as different as possible. Among those whom I talked with was a Mr. Lowe, in one of the considerable offices of the government, who spent some months last year in the United States. I assure you he saw things with an eye both very acute and very vigilant.

July 26.—I took Senior in my little brougham, and drove to Richmond to make two or three visits. First we went to the Marquis of Lansdowne's, who, I am sorry to notice, grows feeble fast, though he preserves his good spirits, and has the same gentle courtesy he always had. . . . The Flahaults were there, and seemed to take pleasure in remembering our acquaintance in 1818–19, at Edinburgh. . . . The charming, unworldly Lady Shelburne, who seems more agreeable than ever, is, you know their daughter. . . . I found her too, and her father and mother, at Lord John Russell's, where I was invited to an afternoon déjeuner, and where I met a good deal of distingué company; Lord Monteagle, et que sais-je? Lord John has a beautiful place in Richmond Park, which the Queen has given him for his life, and where he seems to live very happily with his children. He showed me his seat, as he calls it, under some trees, commanding a
beautiful view of the river and all the surrounding country, where, in
the shade, he told me, he had read my book.

But I did not stay long there, for I was more anxious to make
another visit than either of the last. And who do you think it was I
wanted so much to see? No less people than old Count Thun,
Countess Josephine, and Count Frederic and his wife, who are stopping
at the "Star and Garter" for a few days. They came to England for
the Manchester Exhibition, and for sea-bathing for the young Countess.

I was lucky to hear of them yesterday at Lady Holland's. They
were really glad to see me, and no mistake. The bright beautiful
young Countess broke out at once, "And why did you not stay that
other day at Verona? I went to see Mrs. Ticknor; but you were all
flown." They were all looking well, and sent any quantity of
kind messages to you and Anna. But it was late, and I was obliged
to leave them, parting from them as heartily as I met them, with a
promise that they will come and see me in London.

We drove to town as fast as we could, and finding it impossible to
change my dress, I went straight to Senior's, it having been
understood that I was to dine with him, sans cérémonie. We had,
however, something of a party: his brother, a military man; Miss Hampden, daughter of the Bishop, and very sensible; and
Lesseps, who is here now about the great project of the Suez Canal,
and making war on all occasions—including this one,—upon Lord
Palmerston in the most furious manner, though making a merry affair
of it all the time, with true French gaiety. Il a beaucoup d'esprit,
and amused me very much.

I walked home, the distance being very small, dressed and
went to Lady Granville's, where, having been informally invited, I was
much surprised to find a small, but very distinguished party: the
Queen of Holland, the old Duchess of Cambridge's Prince George, the
present Duke, the Princess Mary, his sister,—ni mai gre, ni mince,—
the young Duke of Manchester and his very pretty wife, and I
suppose a dozen more. Lady Granville introduced me to the
Queen, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Manchester.
The Queen, with whom I had only a few words of ceremony,
talks English very well, and is quite free and natural in her manners.
The Duchess of Cambridge, who is very stout and plain, seemed to
be full of German bonhomie, and I talked with her a long while about
Hesse Cassel, where she was born, Hanover, which she knows well,
etc. For half an hour I talked with the Duke and Duchess of Man-
chester, who invited me to visit them at Kimbolton. But the most
agreeable person there, I suppose, was Lady Clancicarde, who amused
me very much.

I told Lord Palmerston that I had been dining where I met Lesseps,
and that he was full of his canal. "He may be full of his canal," said
the Premier, "but his canal will never be full of water, as the
world will see." And then, having laughed heartily at his own poor
joke, he went on, and abused Lesseps quite as much as, two hours
before, Lesseps had abused him, though in a somewhat graver tone,
explaining all the while his objections to the grand project, which it
still seems to me can do England no harm, though it may much harm the stockholders, which is quite another thing.

"July 27.—Thank Heaven, I know you are at home, "safely arrived, all well," though that is all I know. I have only Lizzie's dear, good letter of July 14, containing the telegraphic words. It is a great relief; I cannot tell you how great, but still I am unreasonable enough to want more. And I know there is more somewhere. . . .

When I had breakfasted . . . I went out for work, and came home for work, and in the course of three hours did a great deal of it. I have not told you how I have been bothered about the Library affairs, for I did not want to have you troubled as well as myself, especially as you could not give me counsel. The difficulty has been about getting an agent. . . . I shall see Mr. Bates, and I trust settle everything by the end of the week. If I do, it will be a considerable weight off my mind, . . .

Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon both thought there would be a good debate to-night in the Commons. . . . So I went to the Athenæum the moment I could get through my troublesome work, . . . and having dined pleasantly with Merivale, Kinglake, and Hayward, I hurried off to the House. Lord Harry Vane procured me the seat I had last time. But I was too late, or at least too late for what I wanted. Disraeli had spoken, but not very well. . . . The subject was India, but there was no excitement; little interest, less indeed than I find anywhere else, for in society people now talk incessantly about the mutiny, or revolt, which some call a revolution, and which may turn out one, though I think not in its final results.

"July 29.—. . . The morning is bright and warm, as the weather has been to a remarkable degree ever since I came to London. . . . I write this just as I am setting off for Twickenham, to breakfast with the Duc d'Aumale again.

"Evening.—Breakfast was at twelve, and I was punctual. The Duc received me in his library, and carried me through a beautiful conservatory to the salon, where the ladies were with the Prince and Princess de Joinville. We sat down, just twelve, at a round table. The dame d'honneur said to me in a low tone, "Madame la Duchesse vous demande à sa gauche." The Prince de Joinville sat of course on her right. The whole breakfast was as agreeable and easy as pleasant talk could make one anywhere. Two of the children were present, the mother of the Duchesse,—the Princess of Salerno,—etc. The service was not as recherché as it was when I was there with literary celebrities and no ladies, but it was much like a dinner, . . . nice as anything can be, with a savouriness to which, somehow or other, no English table reaches.

After breakfast I went to the library again with the Duc, who took down nearly two hundred curious books to show me, concerning some of which,—Spanish—I made notes. Then we came back to the ladies, who were now settled at their needlework in the salon, which opened on the beautiful lawn, while the Duc, the Prince, and I sat before the door, and enjoyed an uncommonly nice cigar and much agreeable gossip.
But there is an end to everything human, and I brought this to an end a little sooner than I otherwise should have done, but Hampton Court is not far off, and I wanted very much to see it. . . . My only object—so to speak—was the cartoons; I walked, therefore, hardly looking to the right or left, through twenty-four rooms lined with pictures of all sorts, good and bad, many blank spaces indicating that some of the better had been sent to Manchester, and at last through crowds of people,—amounting, I should think, to nearly a thousand,—reached the somewhat ill-lighted room, built expressly for the cartoons by Sir Christopher Wren. They are certainly very grand. I remember the School of Athens and the Sibyls, in the Sistine Chapel, but, after all, I think the Preaching of Paul, and Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate, stand before anything in Rome. Indeed, as I have occasionally—when I was tired of work at the British Museum—gone into the sculpture-gallery, and stood before the works of Phidias there, I have come to the conclusion that these cartoons and the bas-reliefs from the Parthenon are, of all that I have seen, the highest efforts of the highest art. But nothing ever seemed so lost on those that came to enjoy them, as did these cartoons, to-day, on the people that lounged through the room, during the hour and a half that I was in it. Their number must have been nearly two hundred. Not one stopped. Many turned away from the cartoons, and looked out of the windows to see a poor fountain in the court-yard and the gold-fish in the basin. Yet they were well dressed and looked intelligent. Certainly they had stopped to enjoy the good pictures of the Italian and Dutch schools, and the Sir Peter Lelys, in the multitudinous rooms before they reached the cartoons, for I saw them doing it.

On my way home I stopped half an hour at Holland House, where Lady Holland was giving her third and last fête champêtre. . . . It was like the others, and, as far as I could see, the same people every time. Nothing of the kind, I hear, has been given in England so beautiful. . . .

I was very tired, and little inclined to go out again; but everybody at Lady Holland's, to whom I spoke about it, said I must go to the evening exhibition of the Academy of Arts. So I went, and found they were right. The pictures and sculpture—both moderate—. . . . I had seen before. But the illumination this evening made everything brilliant, and the company. . . . comprised, it seemed to me, nearly everybody I know in London; and, what was more, everybody seemed animated, talkative, and unconstrained; things not uniform or universal in English society. The Hosmer had stayed in order to be present to-night, and she had the benefit of it. She came rather late, and I had talked about her Cenci with Eastlake, Waagen, and other people, whose word in such a matter is law here. . . . She was very neatly and simply dressed in pink, and looked uncommonly pretty. I found she knew a good many people,—old Lady Morley, the Cardwells, etc. But I took her and presented her to the Heads, the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir H. Holland, and sundry others. She pleased. Her statue
was much praised. She was very happy, and I enjoyed it a good deal. When Lord and Lady Palmerston were looking at the Cenci, and expressing great admiration, Eastlake touched my arm, and whispered, so that they could hear it, "Everybody says the same sort of things. It is really a beautiful work of art, and, for one of her age, quite wonderful."

*July 30.*—I took Chorley⁹ this morning at ten, and—with Lord Holland's leave—carried him to Holland House, where he wanted to see some of the curious Spanish books. Lord Holland, in his dressing-gown, was ready to receive us, and laid out what we wanted to see, both printed and manuscript, in the kindest and most painstaking manner. We worked there three hours, and I found a good deal that I was glad to get, and so did he. . . .

I dined at the Atheneum, where I found Merivale and Whewell, and so had a very good time. Whewell grows squarer and more Bishop-like than ever. . . .

*July 31.*—A busy day, and a long one. At half-past eight I was at Mr. Bates's, and at half-past nine had settled everything with him. . . . I breakfasted with the Heads, and had a most agreeable time. There are no pleasanter people in London, and I stayed late talking in consequence. . . . I drove to the Thuns'. Count Frederic was at home, his sister soon followed, and then his charming, bright wife. Mrs. Austin, too, came in, and immediately announced to me that she had just left a card for me, having called to invite me to Weybridge, an honour and pleasure I was obliged to decline. She talked very well about India, the great subject now, and I should be glad to talk more with her about anything, for she has great resources. An hour with them all passed very quickly and pleasantly. When I came away the Countess Josephine sent her affectionate regards to you and Anna, and the Countess Frederic sent her love to Anna, and her regrets that she had not seen you. She is really one of the most attractive persons I have ever met. Count Fritz desired his respects to you, and seemed to have a very lively recollection of his visit to us in Milan. I was very sorry to part from them.

I dined tête-à-tête with Chorley, as I promised . . . . I would the first day I could rescue, and I had a very interesting talk with him till nearly midnight. He is a shy, reserved man, living quite retired with an invalid sister, to whom he seems to devote himself; but he is one of the persons in whose acquaintance I have had most pleasure in London. He is a first-rate Spanish scholar; evidently better than Ford, or anybody else hereabouts.

*Saturday, August 1.*—Sixty-six years old, and not half what I ought to be at that age, in goodness, or anything else. I do not like to pass the day away from all of you. . . . After packing, and arranging for my final departure, I went out this morning to leave my P. P. C.'s. . . . At two or three doors I inquired and went in. Sir Francis Beaufort's was one. Of course I did not see Lady Beaufort.¹

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⁹ J. R. Chorley.
¹ Miss Honora Edgeworth. See vol. i. p. 353.
She keeps her room entirely; but she sent me a kind message. . . . I saw also Lady Mary Labouchere, and completed an arrangement to go to Stoke Park on Monday. Her husband, you know, is Minister for the Colonies, and she said he came home last night at half-past two, made nearly ill by reading the details of the horrors in India, that were brought by the mail of yesterday. . . .

I dined at Sir George Lewis's, a dinner given to the Heads, and which the Heads did as much as anybody to make agreeable. Dr. Waagen was there, . . . fourteen in all. I sat next to Lady Theresa, who talked as brilliantly as ever. She seems never to tire. . . . Her admiration for Tocqueville seems to know no bounds, and when she found how much we all liked him, she fairly shook hands with me upon it, at table.

After we went upstairs, Sir George came and sat down—evidently with a purpose—next to me. . . . He wanted to talk about the slavery question, and I went over it with him for nearly two hours, Sir Edmund joining us for the last half-hour, during which we went somewhat upon India, and the difficulty there, as in the United States, of dealing with different races of men. It was strong talk that we had, I assure you, and nourishing. . . .

*Sunday, August 2.*—I breakfasted with Senior, and afterwards went to Lord Minto's, to see La Caieta, a distinguished Neapolitan exile who lives there, and whom I knew somewhat last year. He told me grievous things about his poor country and the friends he has there, both in prison and out of it, but he has no remedies to propose. . . . He is too sensible to be in favour of a violent revolution, and yet it is hard to wait.

At half-past two I drove down to the Deanery of St. Paul's, where the Heads came soon afterwards, and we all went at three, with the Dean and Mrs. Milman, and attended afternoon service in the choir. . . . After we came out of the choir, we walked about the church a little, then went to the Deanery, then walked on the adjacent bridge, which gives a fine view of the river,—all alive with steamboats, filled for Sunday excursions,—and a still finer view of St. Paul's, which certainly—even after St. Peter's seen—is a grand and imposing fabric; and then, finally, we had a good Sunday family dinner of roast beef, and a good talk, which lasted until nearly eleven. It was all very simple, easy, and comfortable. . . . But it was very hot in the city; indeed, the weather has excited much remark in this particular, few persons remembering so long-continued a spell. . . .

The next day, the 3rd of August, Mr. Ticknor went to Stoke Park, the seat of Mr. Labouchere, since Lord Taunton:—

I found the Park much larger than I expected; it is, indeed, one of the grandest I have seen, full of groves of old oaks, and a plenty of deer, and all so near London,—only seventeen miles. Windsor is in full view from it, and makes a grand show. . . . The house is large, but not very good-looking outside. Inside, however, it is fine, and filled with fine works of art, ancient and recent; among the last, four
bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, and one of his statues, which gave me great pleasure. Lady Mary took me over the whole, including her own parlour and bedroom, which are very luxurious and tasteful; but the rooms that I preferred were the dining-room, and one adjacent to it, in which was a most graceful fountain, that in the heat to-day was particularly attractive. I went, however, chiefly to see a few Spanish books, particularly a copy of Lope de Vega’s plays, the most complete and the best preserved in the world. With these I occupied myself an hour or two, the three charming little girls helping me to bring the books, and put them up again in the most frolicsome and agreeable manner.

Of course I was taken to see the old Manor House, the scene of Gray’s “Long Story,” that begins, “In Briton’s Isle, and Arthur’s days.” It is well cared for, and is an excellent specimen of the Elizabethan style, as it ought to be, since Hatton lived there. The church, too, and, above all, the churchyard, which gave the world the undying Elegy, and where rest the remains of Gray’s mother and aunt, who lived at Stoke Pogis after the death of his father. They are most poetical places, the architecture, the position, and the plantations, being just what you would like to have them, and treated with the respect they deserve. . . .

When we reached town,—just before seven,—I drove directly to the Athenæum, where, by previous appointment, I met Twisleton, who has come to town for two nights to attend a meeting of the Oxford Commission. . . . We had a jolly time, I assure you, and, after going home, a good talk till eleven o’clock.

August 4.—. . . I drove to the Barings’, in the depths of the city, . . . saw the gentlemen there,—except Mr. Bates, who is at Dover,—adjusted my money affairs, and, hastening to the London Bridge Station, came down to Mildmay’s at Shoreham, in a thoroughly hot, disagreeable, stifling carriage of the three-o’clock train. But I was refreshed by the drive of nine miles in a nice little open carriage, which Mildmay had sent to fetch me, and I was quite up to my usual condition when I reached the house,—so cool, so quiet, so consoling after five weeks in London, and the four preceding in Paris.

As I crossed the hall the servant gave me a note from Lady Stanhope about a visit to Chevening, and when I entered the room I found Lord Stanhope there, who had come over to see if I was arrived, bringing the Milmans with him, . . . as they are now stopping a couple of nights at his house. It was all very agreeable.

When they were gone, and I had made myself a little comfortable, we went and sat on the lawn under the fine old trees till it was time to dress for dinner. It was delicious. So was the evening. I had asked Mildmay to invite nobody to meet me, and so we had a quiet and most agreeable time in the library. . .

August 5.—We had a little rain this forenoon, which was much wanted in the country, and very welcome to me, as it prevented all suggestion of moving. I remained in my chamber, chiefly occupied

2 Mr. Humphrey Mildmay had been in Boston some years before.
with writing. In the afternoon it was fine again, and we drove to Knowle, a grand old castellated mansion, belonging to the widow of the late Lord Amherst, of Chinese memory. Parts of it date from the time of King John, and none is more recent than the time of Henry VIII. It is very extensive, few old castles being so large, and it has an awful, hard, grim, feudal look, so slight have been the changes made in it. The drive was fine, Its own park is very large, and we took another in our way back.

August 6.—... The day has been cool and beautiful. I lounged in the library an hour or so after breakfast, and then wrote and read in great quiet and peace till it was time to drive. I enjoy this life very much. I did not know how tired I was till I began to rest. ... Our drive to-day was to Sir Somebody Dyke's, whose family have held the property on which they now live above five hundred years. They were not at home, nor was Lady Amherst yesterday, and I was glad of both. The Dyke house is nothing, modern and "ugly; but there is a fine old gate, all covered with ivy, and a little church still older, just big enough for a good-sized family to assemble in, and full of "old brasses," as they are called. ... It is a curious old place.

After we came home we walked about Mildmay's domain, where I found a good deal that is tasteful and agreeable, which you will remember, both in the brilliant flower-garden behind the house and the park-like scenery in front of it. Mildmay has about three thousand acres in all, and seems to be adding a good deal to its value by building nice cottages in his village, and a pleasant extension of the house towards the east. ...

Chevening, August 7, 1857.—... We lingered at the breakfast-table yesterday, and the girls, instead of going to their governess, stopped to see me off,—a symptom that they liked my visit as well as they said they did, ... which was not unpleasant to me. At any rate, on my part I was sorry to leave them all, for they have been very kind to me, and Mrs. Mildmay is a person whose character and accomplishments are equally rare and attractive. Mildmay drove me over here. The road was pleasant, and lay through the valley in which both his estate and Lord Stanhope's are situated. You remember it, of course, as you must also remember Chevening, and so I will not lay out any of my words in describing it. Lady Stanhope came down to receive me, and took me at once to her own parlour, where Lord Stanhope joined us immediately. Monckton Milnes and his wife are stopping here, as well as Lady Granville Somerset, ... and Lady Strafford, or some such name, which I did not well hear.

We all walked out into the park, and went over the finer parts of it, where, among other things, I saw some Roman remains and monuments, brought by the first great Stanhope from Tarragona, in Spain, one of which gives much offence to all ladies, because it makes the crowning virtue of the wife to whose memory it is inscribed, that she was uxori obsequentissima. Lord Stanhope said that he had seen ladies flush with indignation at it, and break forth into unseemly expressions of anger.

In the little church, which is very becoming the family's posi-
tion,—not large, but picturesque and antique,—there is a beautiful group of a mother and child,—the mother only twenty-three,—by Chantrey, which he claimed—and I dare say rightly—to be the best of his works. It is certainly worthy to be such, by its purity and grace. Afterwards I went over the house, as you did last year. It was built by Inigo Jones, and may have been good as he left it, but it has been so altered and enlarged, that, except the fine staircase, and the entrance-hall all covered with arms brought home as trophies from the war of the Spanish Succession, there is nothing—or very little—to admire in it, except two or three good rooms. The library is large, and I occupied myself there for an hour or more among the old Spanish books, some of which are curious.

After lunch . . . . I took a long drive about the country with Lady Stanhope and Lady Granville Somerset. It is a beautiful region,—indeed, the whole of the county of Kent has a good reputation,—and as the weather was bright and cool, I much enjoyed it. In the course of the drive we stopped at a most neat and even elegant little cottage, standing in the midst of a rich lawn, full of shrubbery and flower-beds, where there still lives Miss Thrale, one of the daughters of Johnson’s Thrale, whose brewery—as Lady Stanhope told me—is now that of Barclay, Perkins & Co. Miss Thrale is of course no longer young. She is, in fact, eighty-seven years old, but she is a stout, easy, comfortable old lady, full of good works and alms, and one who, as she has no love for books,—or very little,—does not care to talk about Dr. Johnson, and still less about her mother. But her cottage and grounds are in excellent taste, and well become the character and position of their possessor, who is much liked through all the country side.

We returned by "Chatham’s drive," as it is called, a road through the highest part of the park, two or three miles long, which Lord Chatham advised to be cut, when he occupied Chevening in 1769. It proves him to have been a man of excellent taste, for the view from it is one of the finest I know of the sort. . . . Lord Chatham said he thought it the finest view in the kingdom. I suppose it may be the finest view of an approach to such a mansion.

. . . One or two neighbours were invited to dinner and were pleasant, especially a very rich Mr. Rogers, learned in the natural sciences. . . . Milnes said smart, epigrammatic things in abundance after his fashion; . . . but as I took in Lady Stanhope to dinner, I devoted myself to her, and had the best of the talk, I suspect. She is very bright, and extremely quick of apprehension. I went, a part of the evening, to Lord Stanhope’s private working-room, and looked over some curious old family papers. The rest of it we spent in the saloon very agreeably, some of it very gaily.

Saturday, August 8.—Off with Milnes—after an early breakfast—for London, where, having two or three hours to spare, I went to see the "Great Eastern," which Twisleton, Lord Stanhope, and sundry other persons have urged me very much to see, as one of the wonders of the time. . . . At four o’clock I met Mr. Sturgis by appointment at the railroad station, near Waterloo Bridge, and came with him
seventeen miles, to pass Sunday at his place near Walton. . . . Finding Weybridge to be only two and a half miles from here, I drove over there and returned Mrs. Austin's call, but was sorry to find her away from home for a couple of days. I should have liked one more talk with her. . . .

August 10.— . . . I came to London in an early train this morning. The weather was brilliant when I left Walton, all fog when I arrived forty minutes later. Not caring to go myself all the way to Rutland Gate, I drove to the Athenæum for my breakfast, and despatched my servant thence for my letters. At eleven I was at the station of King's Cross, and took my place for Bolton Percy, where I arrived—one hundred and eighty-three miles—just at five o'clock. The journey was rendered more than commonly agreeable by the fact that I came in the same carriage with a Mr. Norman, his wife and daughter, and a son fresh from Eton, who are neighbours of Mildmay, and whom Mildmay had invited to dine to meet me. Mr. Norman is much of a scholar; a man of large fortune, and Mildmay had told me that he had been very sorry he could not come to dinner, as he liked my book; a fact he did not at all conceal from me. We had a good time, and parted great friends. . . .

I was most heartily received by Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt,³ both looking just as they did last year. It is a most comfortable place; a fine old rambling house, with a rich lawn,—which they are just now shaving, though it looks, in Milton's phrase, close-shaven already,—and on one side of it an ancient picturesque church, such as you often see standing just in the right place to ornament an English landscape. . . . In the evening we had most cheerful talk on all sorts of matters, for few persons have more richly-stored minds than Mr. Harcourt. . . .

Tuesday, August 11.—After a cheerful breakfast Mr. Harcourt and I, at eleven o'clock, got into the train for York, and arrived there in twenty minutes. The old city looked natural, but its streets and shops are gayer than they were. . . . On arriving we went first to the Museum, as they call it, with its beautiful grounds, and the remains of a Roman wall, and the graceful ruins of a rich abbey of the fourteenth century. It did not seem two-and-twenty years since I saw them last. Nor did it seem so long since we all went over the grand old minster with Mr. Harcourt, just as I did to-day. It is in admirable preservation and repair, for since the two fires, . . . 120,000l. have been spent with excellent judgment and taste, under Mr. Harcourt's direction. We saw Mrs. Harcourt and Lady Susan ⁴ in the street,—in a carriage fit for any noble lady,—to make purchases. Indeed, their whole establishment . . . is of the most liberal sort, without being in the least luxurious, showy, or dainty. It is becoming their station and character, and indicates what is certainly true, that, while Mr. Harcourt is rich, . . . he prefers to live as a country clergyman and do his duty thoroughly as such. I am very glad to

3 See vol. i. p. 360.
4 Daughter-in-law of Mr. Harcourt.
have seen such an establishment, as I have never seen one before. In
the winter, for three months, he lives in that more elegant and luxu-
rious establishment in York, which is by turns the official residence of
the canons of the minster. 

August 13.— . . . The weather was very brilliant yesterday, and
in the afternoon I took a drive of sixteen or eighteen miles with Mr.
and Mrs. Harcourt and Lady Susan Harcourt. . . . We visited, in
the course of it, two of those beautiful places with which England
abounds. One was the estate of the Wenlocks, where I saw the
Dowager, who is a Nevil, which is tantamount to saying one of the
oldest families in England. The Lawley family, into which she mar-
rried, however, is recent and rich, the Hall and its gardens showing
their resources, and a new church and rectory, near, showing their
good taste and judgment.

The other was a place belonging to a Mr. Preston, who married a
grand-daughter of that Pamela who figures so much in Mad. de Genlis’
Memoirs, and who was, no doubt, a daughter of Mad. de Genlis and
Philippe Egalité.

She is a very bright, brilliant little Irishwoman, and so is her
mother, Lady Campbell, who is staying with her; both being worthy
of their descent from Mad. de Genlis and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.®

Mrs. Harcourt seems to like them both, and I was glad to see them,
as she much desired I should. Their park and garden, too, are fine.
The drive and visits occupied till dinner-time,—indeed, till after
the usual hour, which is seven, so that the evening was rather
short. . . .

The Harcourts have, many times since I have been here, expressed
their regret that you could not have come with me, and just now,
when I was downstairs, Mrs. Harcourt charged me afresh to express
it to you. You remember what a charming woman she is, but I
assure you she is nowhere so charming as in her own house. The
interest she has taken in Lizzie’s sickness . . . is most gratifying.
I am very sorry to leave them. . . .

Wentworth House, August 13.— . . . At half-past three I bade
the good, kind, intellectual Harcourts good-bye, and between seven
and eight drove through the grand old park, and came up to that
famous Italian front which is a good deal longer than Park Street.
. . . A magnificent porter and six or seven livery-servants appeared
at once, and then the groom of the chambers, who said in his most
elegant black-silk stocking manner, “My lord will receive you, sir;”
and then, perhaps noticing that I looked amused, he added very
blondly, “My lord hoped you would come to-night.” I was carried
at once to the long gallery. . . . There was no mistake about the
matter. They were glad to see me, and in ten minutes it was as if I
had been there a month.

Lord Fitzwilliam is somewhat infirm, but is stronger than he was
two or three years ago, when his health was impaired by an accident.
He was, as Lady Charlotte told me, stopping on the sea-coast with the

® Pamela having married Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
ladies of the family,—at Folkestone, I think,—and one day, as he stood on the shore, observed a young servant who was bathing and playing in the water. He turned to see something else, and on looking back in an instant the youth had disappeared. Old as he was—sixty-eight—he plunged in, swam to him, and, seizing him and seized by him, turned for the shore. But he was soon exhausted, and both were at last saved by his coachman. It was above a year before he recovered from the effects of his exertions.

August 14.—. . . After breakfast Lord Fitzwilliam asked me to go, with him and Lady Charlotte, to an examination of his schools by the Inspector of the District. It was in the village of Wentworth; . . . that is, the girls were there to the number of one hundred and eighty, from four years to fourteen. The boys are elsewhere, to be examined next week. The school-house, divided into several rooms, is excellent and in good taste, built by the present lord. . . . The examination was excellent, done with kindness and skill. . . . The doctrines of the church and the history of the Jews were well insisted upon, and the children were less quick and eager than ours. Otherwise, the examination might have occurred in Massachusetts. But I do not suppose that many schools are like those cared for by Lord Fitzwilliam.

We drove afterwards about the immense park. . . . On our return from this excursion,—as it may well be called from its length,—we walked on that beautiful terrace built up so grandly, and as soft to the foot as velvet, for half a mile. It is finer than it was formerly, some of the trees having been cut away, and a greater breadth given to it. . . .

I spent a part of the evening in looking over several volumes of the correspondence of the great Earl of Strafford and his friends, of which Lord Fitzwilliam has eight or ten, all autographs; and in talking with him about that stirring period of English history, with which he seems to be as familiar as we are with what has passed in our own times. Some of the private letters of Strafford to his agent, the manager of his Yorkshire estates, and some about his wife's health, are very curious. Those on political matters are grand, strong, decisive, as he was himself. I do not know but Evelyn was right, when he called him "the wisest head in Europe."

August 15.—. . . After breakfast, I went with Lady Charlotte over some parts of the house that I cared to see again, looked at some of the fine pictures of the Italian School,—the Salvators, the so-called Raffaelle, the Titians,—and then the portraits of Strafford and his friends by Vandyck, which are certainly among the best Vandycks to be seen anywhere. . . . But when I had taken this long walk through the interminable series of rooms,—that you cannot have forgotten,—it was time for me to go. They all sent, anew, kindest messages to you. Lord Fitzwilliam did not get up from his chair. He took my hand in both of his, and was very much moved. At last he said, "I hope we may meet again in a better place," and as I went away added, calling aloud after me, "Good-bye, dear Mr. Ticknor. God bless you." . . .
At Rotherham I took the railroad and dashed on for Northumberland, . . . arriving at our old friend Sir Walter Trevelyan's just as twilight was closing in. He lives about twelve miles from Morpeth, where I left the railroad, and in driving to his place—which is called Wallington—I passed through a broken country that looked very beautiful in the declining light. On arriving, I was ushered into a grand saloon, where there was a bright coal-fire,—for the weather is chilly,—and found half-a-dozen or more people sitting round it, and in different parts of the room. I was most warmly received, . . . and introduced to the party stopping with them, among whom are the youngest son of Percival, the Minister who was shot; Professor Donkin, Mathematical Professor at Oxford,—great in music,—with his wife; and a daughter of the late Dr. Buckland: all, as I find, accomplished and intellectual people, but—as you will readily guess—not more so than my host and hostess. We made a pleasant evening of it. . . .

Sunday, August 16.—I find myself in the midst of a very rich and fine establishment. Sir Walter has twenty-three thousand acres of land here, some of it moors, but the greater part very valuable as a grazing country and fully stocked with cattle; while in Somersethire he has another estate of twelve thousand acres, which comes to him from the elder branch of the Raleighs. . . . Everything is in perfect order. . . . His village, the school-house, the house of his agent, and the parsonage, are all as neat and as comfortable as anything in the kingdom; the two last having, besides, a little air of refinement and elegance. Everything, indeed, betokens knowledge and kindness. His own house is of stone, a hundred feet square, built in the Italian fashion round a court. But this court—as you will remember at Althorp—he has covered over, and made it into a superb music-room, running up through two stories, and about forty-five feet by thirty-five square, the walls of which he is now having painted with subjects from the local history of Northumberland, beginning with the building of the Roman wall. Lady Trevelyan is painting the spaces between the pictures with native plants, and doing it in oils and from nature. It is already a beautiful room.

One side of the house, looking out upon the lawn and flower-beds, has the dining-room, the saloon, and the library, all opening into each other; each above thirty feet long, with a good many pictures by Sir Joshua, and some by Italian artists, and the library filled with about six thousand volumes of books, after Sir Walter's own heart; many very curious, but all bought because he wanted them. His chief studies, as you may remember, were in botany, mineralogy, and geology, but he has done a good deal in Oriental literature, and is very rich in old English—having been one of the Bannatyne Club—and in the local literature and history of Northumberland. Indeed, it is a very precious library, and although I care nothing about one-half of it, the other half interests me more than any similar collection of books that I have seen for a long time.

Besides this, he has upstairs a very extraordinary museum, containing forty or fifty thousand curious articles in natural history and
in art, collected by some of his ancestors, ... and greatly increased by himself and his wife in their manifold travellings, and brought into order by his own care. It has, I understand, a considerable reputation with naturalists. ... 

I went to church in the morning, a mile off, and the weather being as fine as possible, most of us walked. ... The rest of the day I lounged about in the bright, beautiful sunshine with Mr. Percival, Professor Donkin, and Sir Walter. ... In the evening we were in the saloon, where Sir Walter brought us a great many books to look at, which were new and interesting to me, and which, with his talk about them and Lady Trevelyan's, made the time seem very short. ... She is as active-minded, natural, and cordial as she ever was, with ways a little freer, and on that account more agreeable. She said to-day that she was forty-one years old, but she is little changed from what she was when we knew her, and is as charming as any one I have seen for a long time. ... 

Monday, August 17.—After spending a couple of hours in the library, I went with Trevelyan to see his gardens and greenhouses, half a mile off, and, as he truly says, much too large for his establishment. ... We have abundant proof daily how fine they are, in the grapes, peaches, figs, etc., that come to the table. Declining a drive, ... I walked with Trevelyan to one of his villages, and went into some of the houses, which I found as neat as possible, and talked with three or four of the people, who seemed intelligent, and quicker of comprehension, and more vigilant in observation, than is common to their class here. Except their accent, I might have thought them to be good New-Englanders. ...

August 18.—Lady Trevelyan was at work this morning on the plants with which she is ornamenting her music-room. She paints very successfully, and very faithfully. Meantime, with her husband, I turned over above an hundred water-colour sketches which she made in Greece, not so remarkable as works of art,—though very good,—but evidently full of truth, and not touched or finished up in the least afterwards. But this was the last of my pleasures in this remarkable establishment, where I have enjoyed so much, for it was time to go. The whole party came with me to the door, ... bidding me good-bye, with many kind wishes that we might meet again, with all sorts of kind messages from the Trevelyans to you at home. Indeed, I very much wished you had been with me there, you would have so enjoyed it.

August 19.—... I left Derby ... late this morning; I was soon in the smoother of the manufacturing district, and passing through Dudley came to Wolverhampton, where I took a cab, which in two hours brought me nineteen miles to Sir John Acton's, at Aldenham Park. I arrived about four o'clock, was most heartily received, and came to my room, ... and went down to dinner at half-past seven. ... Sir John's establishment, of which I have yet seen very little, is perfectly appointed, and in admirable order. The house is as large as Trevelyan's, and not unlike it; and he, a young bachelor, can occupy only a small part of it. Nobody was at table except his
chaplain, Mr. Morris, one of the Oxford convertites, and known for one of the first English scholars in Oriental and Sanscrit literature. We were in the midst of the first course when your letters came; and I instantly read enough of them to give a new zest to the other courses. Sir John was full of talk, and knowledge of books and things, and by the help of a cigar,—which the chaplain and I took, but not Sir John,—we went on till near midnight. He is certainly a most remarkable young man, and much advanced and ripened since we saw him.

August 20.—Sir John’s estate here in Shropshire—he has lands elsewhere—consists of eight thousand acres, a part of which has been in his family above five centuries. His house, built about a hundred and fifty years ago, is in the Italian style of that period, and the court, in the centre of its quadrangle, has been covered in, and he is now making it into a grand library, books just at this time being his passion. . . .

August 21.—Sir John lives here, somewhere between prince and hermit, in a most agreeable style. Yesterday, before dinner, we took a long walk in the park, which I enjoyed very much, some of the prospects being admirable. . . . He fills up all his time with reading, and is one of the most eager students I have ever known. He will certainly make his mark on the world if he lives long enough. . . . We lounged among his books, old and new, till dinner time, which proved to-day to be near eight o’clock; dined quite alone at a luxurious and dainty table, and then had a solid and agreeable talk, one so solid and agreeable that it kept me up till nearly midnight again, which was not according to my purpose. . . . My windows are open, and I look out both east and south into the park, where, besides the superb avenue, which is full before me, there are some of the grandest old trees I have seen in England, and on one side a very tasteful garden and the chapel, where mass is performed daily, and where the chaplain lives. It is a very beautiful establishment, and I have enjoyed very much the peculiar life I have led here the past two days, not overlooking its absolute quiet and peace as one of its attractive ingredients.

Malvern, August 23.—. . . I was up in good season yesterday morning, and when breakfast was over I bade Acton farewell, thinking that it will be a long time before I see a man of his age so remarkable as he is. The drive was a beautiful one, first down his superb avenue, and then through his estates, and along by the banks of the Severn,—Milton’s Severn,—or at least in its valley, to Kidderminster. There I took the railway, which brought me to Worcester, and in an hour and a half more, in a sort of omnibus, I crept up the hills, . . . and was tipped up, or let out, only a very short distance from the Twiseltons’, and climbing a little farther found them in the most comfortable quarters, . . . that command the whole view that makes Malvern a resort so famous, for both invalids and lovers of the picturesque in nature. . . .

I walked about with Ellen and her husband, dined with them, and talked on till near ten, when I came to a nice room they had taken
for me, ... commanding the whole prospect. ... You see I keep on writing; although I suppose the portfolio on which my paper now lies will bring you the letter. But it is a trick I have fallen into. ... So I sit with my windows open on the magnificent prospect, now brilliant with more than an English sunshine, and, as the Duke of Cumberland said to Gibbon, I "do nothing but scribble, scribble."

Two delightful days Mr. Ticknor thoroughly enjoyed in the midst of that grand and brilliant scenery, and in constant intercourse with most affectionate and intellectual friends. On the 25th of August he parted from Mr. and Mrs. Twisleton for the last time, with deep regret, and passing through Liverpool went on to Ellerbeck. Mr. Cardwell's seat, near Manchester.

Nobody was at home to receive me except Mrs. Cardwell, a striking old lady of seventy-seven, who shook hands with me most kindly, and told me her son expected me,—but evidently did not know who I was,—adding, that the party would be in from Manchester very soon, where they were at the exhibition. ... In about a quarter of an hour Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell came in, with Sir Edmund and Lady Head, ... and Lady Cranworth,—wife of the Lord Chancellor. ... We had a most hearty meeting, and I felt at home at once. ... We dined at eight, and had a most agreeable evening. Sir Edmund is in great force; Lady Head is charming, as she always is; and Lady Cranworth is quite equal to her.

Wednesday, August 26.—The estate of Ellerbeck is a large one: ... there is a good park, fine gardens and hot-houses, and a mansion which they are at this moment furnishing and fitting anew. But everything is comfortable, and the cuisine with some other parts of the establishment, luxurious.

Cardwell carried off all the honours at Oxford in his time; is still an excellent scholar; was five years a barrister, and then entered Parliament, became soon Secretary of the Treasury and President of the Board of Trade, which brought him into the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, who left him one of his literary executors. He has an abundance of capital anecdotes, which he tells in a most agreeable manner, and makes his house as pleasant as possible to his guests.

Immediately after breakfast all seven of the party set off for the exhibition in Manchester.

In the vestibule of the immense and well-proportioned building,—while the ladies were giving up their parasols and taking numbers for them,—a stout man, with the air of a police-officer, leaned over the barrier to me, and said, "I want to speak to Sir Edmund Head." I touched Sir Edmund, and the man gave him a letter. When he had read about half of it, he tossed it to me, saying a little impatiently, "That is too bad; it is the second time Labouchere has summoned me back to London, since I have been on this excursion." I read it through, and found he was sent for to be sworn in as a Privy Councillor; a great honour, which can be conferred on him only on Friday,
as that is the last meeting of the Council for some weeks or months. 

After five minutes' consultation, and making an appointment with Lady Head to meet her on Saturday at Tewkesbury, he jumped into a cab, and was off for Ellerbeck and London.

As soon as he was gone the rest of us went into the exhibition. At first I was much bewildered. The building is so vast, and the number of pictures, statues, bronzes, engravings, drawings, and, in short, everything that can be called a work of art, is so immense, that, with five or six thousand people walking up and down, it was a very confusing scene. But the arrangement is good, and gradually the whole became intelligible. We first took a walk all round, and it was not a short one. The result on my mind was, that the Italian schools were not so strong as I expected to find them; the Spanish stronger; and the drawings of the old masters very numerous and very remarkable. We began then with the English school, which is, of course, the most amply represented, and gave a good deal of time to Hogarth, whose portraits are marvellous, and to Sir Joshua, whose works are of most unequal merit. The recent school was often excellent; Turner various and contradictory, but occasionally very fine; the Pre-Raffaellites ridiculous, almost without exception. On the whole, the English school was never before, anywhere, seen in such force or to such advantage.

As we strolled round we picked up Gibson, the sculptor, who has come to stay at Cardwell's, and who is in all respects a very agreeable addition to our party. We dined late,—after eight o'clock—but made nearly a three-hours' evening of it afterwards, so agreeable is the party, especially Lady Cranworth, than whom I have seen no lady in England more attractive and charming. She has lately been on a visit to old Mrs. Wordsworth, to whom she constantly writes, and for whom she has a loving sort of veneration that is quite beautiful.

August 27.—I was up this morning in good season, writing letters, chiefly about the Library, and doing other Library work, which is now nearly finished. As soon as breakfast was done Cardwell said, "Ladies, you have just fifteen minutes," and in less time we were all packed into the carriage, and on our way to the railroad. The halls were not so full to-day, as the admission is two-and-sixpence instead of a shilling. We looked chiefly at pictures of note, and found our account in not permitting ourselves to be distracted. The number of such pictures is larger than I thought at first. There are a good many of the Dutch and Flemish schools that are first-rate. But the Murillos and Lord Hertford's collection are the glory of the whole exhibition.

Again we had a pleasant drive home and a most agreeable evening, which ended late with a reluctant parting from Lady Head.

August 28.—We fretted, at breakfast, at the diminution of our party, and Lady Cranworth threatens that when the Lord Chancellor comes, by-and-by, she will ask him to lay an injunction that I shall not go out of the kingdom. Indeed, Cardwell has made a sharp calculation that I can reach Liverpool to-morrow, an hour and a half
before the steamer sails, even if I stop to-night, and I have agreed to do it, although my arrangements had all been made to sleep at the Adelphi before embarking.

We breakfasted, as usual, somewhat late, but were off punctually. For the last time I went through all the halls, looking a little more carefully than I had done before at the majolicas and other curious objets d’art, but coming back at last to the great masters, few and far between, to take my parting look at them, for I shall never again behold any of them in this world.

Lord Cranworth arrived hot from the Woolsack, and overflowing with talk; a kindly old man, such exactly as I thought him in London, and very frank in expressing his opinions. We listened, of course, with much interest to his accounts of the last days of the session, the quarrels about the Divorce Bill, and the London gossip generally, that he brought with him, sitting up till quite one o’clock to enjoy it.

August 29.—Breakfast was a little earlier, to make sure of my arrival in Liverpool, or rather at the railway station, in season, for, as I told them yesterday, there must be no slip between Ellerbeck and the side of the Europa. All were punctual, and said many kind things about my going away. . . . But at ten I was off, the party following me to the door, and at half-past eleven I was in Liverpool, having found Hawthorne in the cars, to enliven my last moments. I drove straight to the Barings’, and got a plenty of letters, but opened only Anna’s thoughtful, charming little note of the 14th, which had not been in Liverpool two hours, and which will make my voyage cheerful and bright as nothing else can.

Then I went to the Adelphi, and found a note from Ellen Twisleton, and then to a bookseller’s for something to read. My time was now all gone. Just before one o’clock I was on board the steamer. Bright came to take leave of me, full of life and cordiality, as he always is, and sent kind words to all of you, which I shall bring.

CHAPTER XX.

Letters, 1857—59, to Judge Curtis, Sir Edmund Head, Sir C. Lyell, Mr. R. H. Gardiner.—Letter from Baron Humboldt.—Letters to Mr. Everett, Hon. E. Twisleton, Sir W. C. Trevelyan.

The following letter—which, being chiefly concerned with our national affairs, belongs rather in the present chapter than where its date would have placed it—is addressed to a person whose slight connexion with this book is no indication of his position in Mr. Ticknor’s esteem. Judge Curtis was regarded by his uncle with an affectionate and faithful interest from his boyhood, and in his maturer years he became the object
of a respect, and admiration, which seemed to neutralize the natural effect of their relative ages. The appointment of Mr. Curtis to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1851, gratified Mr. Ticknor in an extreme degree, while he felt that it was the place for which his nephew was by all the qualities of his mind and character expressly fitted; and his high judicial reputation, and the estimation in which he came to be held throughout the country, seemed to confirm, by general testimony, the justice of Mr. Ticknor's privately cherished opinion. Judge Curtis, however, was never a diligent correspondent, and when the constant intercourse between him and his uncle, in Boston, was interrupted by the absence of either, the absorbing nature of his professional engagements interfered very seriously with any attempt at epistolary communication. Their mutual confidence was too faithful to suffer by such temporary silence.

This letter is characteristic of both men, inasmuch as their conversation was always on matters of grave and weighty import.

**To Mr. Justice Curtis.**

**Florence, May 12, 1857.**

My dear Judge,—I thank you for your letter of February 27, which I received, I think, in Naples, but which I have been too busy earlier to answer. However, this is of no moment; I do not profess to be a regular correspondent any more than you do. It is enough for both of us that your letter was most welcome, and that I am glad of a chance to say so.

Your view of the present condition and future prospects of the

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6 Mr. George T. Curtis places among his reminiscences, sent to Mr. Hillard, the following anecdote:—

"When my brother [the late Benjamin R. Curtis] received the appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, an appointment which, as you know, came to him unsought, but with the approbation of all New England, Mr. Ticknor was deeply gratified and not a little excited by the event, as well he might be; for no person had ever lived who had contributed, more than he, to the formation of the character of the man who had thus been elevated at an early age to one of the highest judicial positions in the country. Speaking to me on the subject, as he felt, he ended by saying, 'Well, I believe we must now leave off calling him Ben,' as my brother had always been called in the family circle and among his familiar friends. Somewhat amused by my uncle's earnestness, I said, 'What shall we call him?' 'He must be called the Judge,' was his decisive answer. We agreed, and conformed to this, as an authoritative family decree.'

After Mr. Ticknor's death, in a conversation between the brothers, Judge Curtis said of his uncle, "What I owe to that man is not to be measured."
affairs of the United States—written, I suspect, not without thought of the coming shadow of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in Dred Scott’s case—is certainly not cheering. My own opinion is of little value, to be sure; but it is at least formed coolly at a distance, and I am sorry to say that it is not brighter than yours.

This condition of things is at last coming to be perceived in Europe; but the opinions formed on it by intelligent men, as I have gradually learnt them, are seldom wise, and often tinctured with the national interests, or personal character of the individuals who express them. We are no doubt felt to be a power in Christendom as we were never felt to be before; for we are, so to speak, visibly and tangibly grown great and rich, and are fast growing greater and richer. The two parties—Liberal and Conservative—into which Europe has long been separated, look upon us in this respect alike, and intelligently enough; but when they go a little farther and come to our present position and contests, they divide, and both fall into grave errors according to their respective parties. The Liberals demand the abolition of slavery, much in the same sense in which Garrison demands it, and if this cannot be effected, would gladly see the North separated from the South, not at all comprehending the consequences of disunion to the whole country, or its fatal effects on the slave. Their philanthropy, from the days of the French Republic, has been an important part of their political judgments and systems at home, though not always a wise or consistent part of them, and they carry it now vehemently into their opinions of us, whom they have been accustomed to look up to with more admiration, perhaps, than we have deserved, as regards our form of government and our institutions as desirable and practicable to introduce throughout Europe. But our slavery is a great trouble to them. They have always felt it to be such; but since the immense success of “Uncle Tom,”—which is still acted, I am told, in the popular theatres in many parts of Europe, and was certainly acted in Rome last winter when I was there,—and since the bearing of slavery on our union and destinies has been discussed in Congress, and by our Presidents in their messages, the Liberal party, throughout Europe, have everywhere taken it up in earnest.

The opinion of the aristocracies and governments of Europe—excepting always Russia, who, for obvious reasons, is our natural ally against all—at least is simple and inevitable. They acknowledge our power, but they do not like it and never have, and they wish to see it diminished, which they know it would be, inevitably, by disunion. They can, as they see plainly, manage their affairs better with America divided, and weak by division, than with America united, already strong and growing stronger. They can, too, better oppose liberal and disorganizing opinions at home, when they can appeal to such a failure as disunion would be of our grand experiment of a free government in the United States, which has always been a main support of those opinions in Europe. You will find abundant traces of this feeling, even in England. The English like our growing rich so
far as it leads us to buy their fabrics, but they do not like to have us growing very strong; lest we should claim a high place among the nations, and make trouble in the world. Multitudes among them cry out very honestly against our slavery, and take part with the North, to help put it down by force of the world's opinion. But, when once we are separated, they will make the best treaties they can for their own interests with both parties. In doing this, philanthropy will have as little to do with their diplomacy as it has had in China. The manufactures will be admitted free at the South, and they will receive free the great staples they need in return;—but we at the North cannot make such treaties with them; and though we may possibly, but not probably, get Canada and Nova Scotia, about which they will care little, we can, if separated, never have profitable or really satisfactory relations with these provinces, or with the mother country. The same is the case, though in an inferior degree, with France and the other governments of the Continent, except, as I before said, with Russia, who would be glad to have us for a mighty counterpoise against all the other powers of Europe, with no one of whom can they have any really common interests, or, at bottom, friendly relations. All the rest of the great aristocracies have been long predicting that we should prove to be like fruit imperfectly formed and nourished, which rots without ripening. They show us up now as cheats, filibusters who go for lawless conquests of foreign territory, who repudiate our honest debts, and as hypocrites who boast of universal suffrage and boundless liberty, while we hold three million of our fellow-creatures in slavery; insinuating always that these are the natural results of democracy, and of intrusting power to ignorant hands to use. And their opinions are beginning to be accepted by the intelligent classes, who have heretofore been little inclined to them, but who, after seventy years of sufferings that have followed the Revolution, begin to fear that society must be preserved, and that the liberty they have hoped, and often struggled for, is to be given up, at least for a time, to do it.

I do not know whether, in writing so learnedly, I have made plain my purpose, and so I will explain it. I have desired to tell you that, in my judgment, whenever the fatal hour that strikes the dissolution of our Union comes, those who stand by it longest will have least sympathy in Europe. The question will be understood by few, and of these few many will be glad to have our country divided, for the sake of the benefits that, as they believe, will accrue to their own institutions, while the great majority will regard it as merely a commercial or political question, to be determined by the interests of their respective countries, which will generally be found opposed to our greatness and to the success of our principles of freedom and confederacy.

Having reached home in September, Mr. Ticknor found his time amply filled, especially by the affairs of the Public Library. The only letter of any general interest that has been found,
dating from the first four or five months after his return, is the following:—

**To Sir Edmund Head, Bart., Toronto.**

**Boston, November 18, 1857.**

Dear Head,—The last time I saw you, I think you were in the hands of a London police-officer. Of course we are all, in proportion, glad to find you safely returned to Toronto, and I should have told you so some days since, but I thought it was better to wait until you were fairly settled, and had got through your first batch of business. This, I trust, for your sake as well as mine, is now the case.

We are all well,—daughter that was so ill, grandchild, and all,—and all still living together in Park Street, after the fashion of the patriarchs. But the young folks will soon go away to a new home, which they are now fitting up with all the eagerness of inexperience; and we shall have a heavy miss of them, and a heavier one of the baby, who is now the plaything of the house. It is, however, all right.

But nothing else seems to be so just now. I need not tell you what a hurricane we have had in our commercial and monetary affairs. It has blown somewhat in Canada, I think, and even London, and Paris have not been unconscious of it. But here it has been tremendous. . . . A great deal has, no doubt, been owing to a mad panic. But there have been deep causes at work for years to produce it. The people of this country have been spendthrifts, to a degree that, I think, no people in all its classes ever were before; and as for the great merchants and manufacturers, the bank directors and railroad managers, they have been gamblers,—gamblers more adventurous, than any at the Bourse in Paris or in the Crédit Mobilier. We shall, however, get over it, and, I suppose, take nothing by our experience. The country was never more really prosperous,—never richer in all that goes to make up national wealth than it is now,—and as soon as this bourrasque is over, we shall go to spending, speculating, and gambling, just as if nothing had ever happened. One of the most curious things about it, and perhaps one of those most worth considering, is the way in which people accept it and submit to it, as if it were the work of an irresistible fate. Debtors claim, as if it were a right, an extension of time for paying their notes, and creditors everywhere grant it as a matter of course. It seems as if we had become used to such catastrophes, and had learnt to take them easy. The very bank circulation seems to have grown insensible; for there is hardly a perceptible difference between gold and inconvertible paper. It was never so before under the same circumstances, and ought not to be so now. I cannot account for it on any good principle, and do not like it in its moral aspects. . . .

I had an excellent passage home, the one Mrs. Ticknor ought to have had; for she had a very bad one, and was ill after her arrival.

7 See ante, p. 325.
But, as I said, we are all well now, uncommonly well, and are enjoying the season, which, for two months, has been very fine, and is still very mild. I wish you had come this way, and given us a week.

Yours faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

FROM SIR EDMUND HEAD.

Toronto, November 21, 1857.

My dear Ticknor,—I got your letter this morning, and I was very glad to hear so good an account of you all. We have heard some rumours of the manner in which your monetary crisis had affected Mrs. Ticknor's family, and we were, I need not tell you, sincerely sorry for it.

You left me, as you say, in the custody of the police. I escaped, on the whole, as well as could be expected, though, no doubt, if my real deserts had been before the court, I might have been more severely dealt with.

We had a stormy passage out; but I was glad that we took the Quebec route, for the last three days one is pretty sure to have smooth water, which is something gained on the passage. We left England all green, and found icicles a yard long on the cliffs of Belleisle.

Our banks have held their ground pretty well, but some of our land speculators have suffered, and will continue to suffer, from the pressure. I agree with you that the equal value of gold and convertible paper at Boston is a strange phenomenon. I suppose, however, it marks confidence in the ultimate ability of the issuers to meet all engagements, and it also seems to show that there is none of that irrational fear which tends to the hoarding of specie in less enlightened communities. I can easily understand that your suspension of cash payments was welcome on the other side of the Atlantic. So far as it had any effect, its tendency was to check the export of bullion. But I conceive that the consequences will last long after the resumption of specie payments, and will be felt in the pecuniary relations of New York and Boston. The readiness with which such a step can be resorted to will diminish confidence in Europe.

Nor do I see how the Legislature in New York is to help the banks by legalizing such a course. The fifth section of the eighth article of their Constitution is explicit, in depriving the Legislature of the power to authorize a suspension of specie payments. (I do not think that in Massachusetts you have any such clause, but I am not sure.) This will be a notable example of the difficulty caused by the absence of any living sovereign body, for the people of the State of New York can only speak when called into life for the purpose. Until they have so spoken, one of two things must be the case,—either the banks must

8 In the following February he writes: "We are enjoying a much finer winter than any of the three I have spent in Italy. . . . We have had almost unbroken bright, cheerful sunshine and a delicious tonic atmosphere."
openly and professedly violate the law, or the Legislature must deliberately set aside the Constitution.

I cannot enter on the slavery question, for I confess I do not see my way. If the Northern States secure Kansas as a free State, it will be the first time that their action has been ultimately successful.

With kindest regards,

Yours most truly,

EDMUND HEAD.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Boston, February 19, 1858.

My dear Lyell,—... I began a letter to you above a fortnight ago, the fragment of which is now before me, and would have crossed yours on the Atlantic if it had been finished; but Prescott's illness came the next day, and drove everything else out of my mind for a time. Anna wrote you about the first attack and the early relief. Since that time, thank God, he has constantly gone on improving, and is now almost restored. ... He is, of course, kept on a low diet, and knows that there must always be a cloud between him and the future; but, still, I believe there is many a year of happiness in store for him. His family, on both the father's and mother's side, have been long-lived; and he has a revenue of good spirits which is better than all the inheritances of fortune. His chief trouble, and it is one that he begins to feel already, will be the giving up his habits of exact industry, getting out of those iron grooves in which his life has so long run, and becoming comparatively an idle man. ... But he must do it, and he has made up his mind to it. Indeed, he has understood his complaint perfectly from the first moment, and accepts all its conditions and consequences with the most absolute cheerfulness.

Our financial troubles here, of which you speak, have been much like yours in Europe, and have come from the same causes. The suffering has been great, and will be long felt; but whether anybody will learn anything by the bitter experience is very doubtful. ... Our banking system is one cause of our troubles, but by no means the chief. The universal extravagance, the spendthrift character of the mass of the people, goes deeper than all their moneyed institutions. This, I think, is likely to be diminished for a good while. ...

Our politics are in a state of great confusion. As the elder Adams said to me, when he was eighty-nine years old, about the politics of the State of New York for seventy years previous, "they are the Devil's in comprehensibles." The reason is that the old parties are breaking up, and the new ones are not yet sufficiently formed and organized to be intelligible. The great contest, as you know, is about Kansas. Buchanan has behaved as badly as possible about it; the leaders of the Free Soil party no better. Both have treated it as a game for political power. It has been just as certain for nearly two

9 President John Adams.
years, as it is now admitted to be by everybody, that Kansas will be a free State, and yet, as each party has believed that it could profit more by the contest than its adversary could, the contest has been continued. Either party could have stopped it any time during the last two years. . . .

Lecturing is as active as ever, and the lectures well attended. Among others we have now religious lectures, delivered in a large church on Sunday evenings by clergymen of all the different persuasions, except the Catholics, in answer to one and the same question, namely, "Why, from love to God and man, do I hold the opinions in religion which I do hold?" The attendance, I understand, is very large, and the discussions are conducted in the most tolerant spirit. This I regard as the natural result of free inquiry; violence and bitterness, indeed, for a time, but at last fair and faithful discussion. Thirty years ago such lectures would not have been decently managed; forty years ago I think they would have been interrupted by rude noises and in other ways, so that they could not have been carried on. Now they are listened to like any other grave discussions. . . .

Remember us all most affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Horner and all their house, and believe us very affectionately yours. I sign for all.

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, April 24, 1858.

We have taken a very nice furnished house, five miles out of town, and shall go there next month, taking with us the Dexters and the granddaughter. I would never go away from my town-house except for mere change; so pure is the air here, the Common so bright, and the house itself so much better and more comfortable—library and all—than anything I get elsewhere. But when I do leave my city appliances, I like to go to a new place every year, or nearly every year, so as to make a real change, and not go over the old drives annually. You governors have this changing life in perfection; only now and then you are sent to very out-of-the-way places.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, May 20, 1858.

I cannot tell you how much we should be gratified if we could accept your invitation, so true a pleasure would it be to us to spend a few days with you at any time and anywhere. But I suppose it is quite out of the question. What I can have said to you about "moving round" this summer, as if I thought I should be more than commonly free, I do not easily comprehend. . . . The Public Library and two or three other things keep me here. I do not intend this shall be the case hereafter. Next year, I trust, I may execute a project I have had for many years at heart,—I mean that of making a good long visit at
Niagara, where we shall be so near you that we can run down to Toronto, and spend a few days with you, at any time that it will be easiest and pleasantest for you to receive us. Only you must not go off to be Governor-General of India or Minister of State at home; for there we shall never follow you.

I do not wonder you are perplexed about J. Indeed, I partly foresaw the case, and I think you did last summer when we talked about it. But in this world we must not be like the good old lady, who asked at the bookseller's shop for the smallest-sized Bible with the largest-sized print. And apropos of this, did you ever read Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on Inconsistent Expectations"? It is a little harsh and uncomfortable in its tone, but there is a cruel wisdom in it about education, which often comes up to plague me. . . . . I have always had two fixed ideas about young men; first, that they should be substantially educated in the country where they are probably to live; and second, that not a small part of the value of a university or public-school education consists in adjusting a young man, during the most flexible period of his life, to his place among the associates who can best help him onward. To these two considerations I should always be willing to sacrifice a good deal. But the question of exactly how much must be settled in each particular case, balancing all advantages and disadvantages. And this is exactly your trouble now. I wish I could help you, as you suggest, but I cannot. He who stands in the centre is the only person who can see truly all the relations of the circumference.

To Robert H. Gardiner, Esq.

Boston, June 25, 1858.

Dear Mr. Gardiner,—I received with much pleasure your kind letter of the 17th, and the copy of Buckle, all safe and in good condition. It is a remarkable book, as you say, and shows an astonishing amount of knowledge for a man of his years, and a power of generalization remarkable at any age. His views of what is connected with our spiritual nature are, no doubt, unsound, and his radicalism is always offensive. I have seldom read a book with which I have so often been angry, and yet I have learnt, I think, a great deal from it, and had my mind waked up by it upon many matters, for it has suggested to me a great variety of points for inquiry, of which I might otherwise never have thought. . . .

Yours very faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

In May, 1858, Mr. Ticknor received the following letter from Baron Humboldt, of which, according to the request in the post-

1 In another letter, of nearly the same date, he says: "I shall be in town a great deal, and do my work there rather than in the country."

2 Lent by Mr. Ticknor to Mr. Gardiner.
script, he immediately sent a translation to one of the Boston daily newspapers, with an appropriate preface. This does not seem to preclude the insertion of the original here, which will be followed by Mr. Ticknor's answer, or so much of it as has been found.

Mon cher et excellent ami,—Des rapports d'amitié qui remontent si haut dans ma famille, l'affection que mon frère Guillaume de Humboldt vous avait vouée lorsque très jeune vous habitez l'Allemagne, m'imposent comme un devoir bien doux à accomplir, celui de vous donner un signe de vie, c'est-à-dire, une marque renouvelée de mon attachement, de mon intérêt pour votre patrie, un précis de mes travaux.

Mes forces physiques baissent, mais avec lenteur. Ma démarche est moins certaine de direction, à cause d'une faiblesse (d'un relâchement) dans les ligaments des genoux, mais je peux rester debout, sans être fatigué, pendant une heure. Je continue à travailler le plus pendant la nuit, étant impitoyablement tourmenté par ma correspondance, qui s'étend d'autant plus que l'on devient un objet de curiosité publique. Ce que l'on appelle la célébrité littéraire est surtout l'effet d'une longue patience de vivre. Ce genre d'illustration augmente à mesure que l'imbécilité devient plus manifeste. Je ne suis jamais malade, mais souvent souffrant, comme on doit l'être à l'âge de 89 ans.

N'ayant été que deux personnes dans l'expédition Américaine (le malheureux Carlos Montufar, fils du Marquis de Selvalegra de Quito, est tombé victime de son amour pour la liberté de sa patrie) il est assez remarquable que, tous deux, nous soyons arrivés à un âge si avancé. Bonpland, encore très occupé de travaux scientifiques, se berçant même de l'espoir de visiter encore une fois l'Europe, et de rapporter, lui-même, ses riches et belles collections botaniques et géologiques à Paris, a 85 ans, et jouit de plus de forces que moi.

Je viens de publier en Allemagne le 4ème volume du Cosmos. On imprime en ce moment le 5ème volume, qui termine l'ouvrage si imprudemment commencé, et qui favorablement accueilli par le public. Le Général Sabine m'a écrit que la traduction Anglaise est terminée, et va paraître incessamment. La même nouvelle m'est venue de France, de la part de M. Galuzzi, qui a passé tout l'hiver dans le midi, à Cannes.

Le grand et bel ouvrage d'Agassiz (les deux volumes) ne m'est arrivé que depuis quelques jours. Il produira un grand effet, par la grandeur des vues générales, et l'extrême sagacité dans les observations spéciales embryologiques. Je n'ai jamais cru que cet homme illustre, qui est en même temps un homme de cœur, une belle âme, accepterait

Carlos de Montufar was a young man passionately attached to science, and accompanied Humboldt and Bonpland from Quito, where they arrived in January, 1802, through all their travels in Peru and Mexico, till their embarkation at Vera Cruz, in the spring of 1804. (Note by Mr. Ticknor to the translation published June 9, 1858.)
les offres que noblement on lui a faites à Paris. Je savais que la re-
connaissance le retiendrait dans une nouvelle patrie où il trouve un si
immense terrain à exploiter, et de grands moyens de secours. Puisset-
t-il, à côté de tant de travaux anatomiques et physiologiques, dans les
organismes inférieurs, vouloir nous donner aussi l’ichthyologie spécifi-
que de ces bassins nombreux dans le far West, à commencer par le
Saint Empire des Mormons.

Les sciences viennent de faire ici une perte immense, par la mort si
inattendue du plus grand anatomiste de notre siècle, le Professeur
Jean Müller. C’est une perte toute aussi immense pour les sciences,
que l’a été pour les arts la mort de l’immortel sculpteur Rauch.
L’universalité des connaissances zoologiques dans les classes inférieures
de l’organisation, rapprochait Jean Müller de Cuvier, ayant une grande
prééminence dans la finesse du travail anatomique et physiologique.
Il a exécuté des grands et pénibles voyages, à ses frais, sur les côtes de
la Méditerranée, et dans les Mers du Nord. Il n’y a que deux ans à
peine qu’il a manqué périr dans un naufrage sur le littoral de la
Norvège. Il s’est soutenu en nageant pendant plus d’une demie heure,
et se croyait déjà entièrement perdu, lorsque merveilleusement il fut
retiré de l’eau. Je perds en lui un ami qui m’était bien cher. C’était
un homme d’un grand talent, et d’un beau caractère à la fois. On
admiret et l’élévation et l’indépendence de sentiments. Il a fait
d’énormes sacrifices pour se former une bibliothèque choisie non seule-
ment d’anatomie, de physiologie et de zoologie, mais s’étendant sur
toutes les sciences physiques. Elle se compose de plus de trois milles
volumes, bien reliés, et d’autant de volumes renfermant des disserta-
tions si difficiles à réunir. M. Müller dépensait par an près de 800
écus (thaler) pour la reliure seule. Il serait triste de voir dispersée,
parcellée, une collection faite avec tant de soin. Comme en Europe
on craint les doubles, je dois presque redouter que cette belle collection
traverse le grand fleuve atlantique. J’ai presque l’air d’exciter votre
appétit en me présentant devant vous comme citoyen du monde, tandis
que la Kirchenzeitung de Vienne me momme, en lettres majuscules, un
naturaliste assassin des âmes, Seelenmörder.

Agrézé, je vous prie, mon cher et respectable ami, le renouvellement
de la haute et affectueuse considération que j’ai vouée depuis tant
d’années à votre talent et à votre caractère.

A. V. Humboldt.

À Berlink, ce 9 Mai, 1858.

Da so viele mir wohlwollende Menschen, farbige und weisse, in den
Vereinigten Staaten, an mir Antheil nehmen, so ware es mir angenehm,

4 Johann Müller had recently died, only fifty-seven years old.
5 Rauch, who died in 1857, was above eighty, and seemed, until shortly
before his death, destined to many years of health. When Humboldt kept
his eighty-seventh birthday, the 14th September, 1856, with his niece, the
admirable Mad. de Bülow, at Tegel, the favourite residence of her father,
and of his brother William, he desired to have only one other person of the
party, and that was Rauch, undoubtedly then the first of living sculptors. (Note
by Mr. Ticknor.)
theurer Freund, wenn dieser Brief von Ihnen ins Englische übertragen (ohne Weglassen dessen was sich auf unsere gegenseitige Freundschaft bezieht) gedruckt werden könnte. Wenn Sie es für nothwendig halten, könnten Sie zusetzen, ich hätte die Bekanntmachung selbst erbeten, weil ich so viele an mich gerichtete Briefe unbeantwortet gelassen.6

6 Translation of the above:—

MY DEAR AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,—Bonds of friendship, which have their origin so far back in my family, and the affection felt for you by my brother, William von Humboldt, when you lived in Germany as a young man, seem to impose on me the very pleasant duty of giving you some sign of life,—that is to say, a renewed proof of my attachment to you, and my interest in your country, and a brief account of my labours.

My physical strength declines, but it declines slowly. My steps are more uncertain in their direction, owing to a feebleness (a relaxing) of the ligaments of the knees; but I can remain standing for an hour without being fatigued. I continue to work chiefly at night, being unrelentingly persecuted by my correspondence, which increases the more as one becomes an object of public curiosity. What is called literary celebrity is especially the result of a long endurance of life. This kind of eminence increases, therefore, in proportion as imbecility becomes more manifest. I am never really ill, but often incommoded, as is to be expected at the age of eighty-nine.

Since we were only two persons in the American Expedition (the unfortunate Carlos Montufar, son of the Marquis de Selvalegra, of Quito, fell a victim to his love for the liberty of his country), it is somewhat remarkable that we should both have reached so advanced an age. Bonpland, still much occupied with scientific labours, even cherishing the hope of visiting Europe again, and of bringing in person back to Paris his rich and beautiful collections in botany and geology, is eighty-five years old, and enjoys greater strength than I do.

I have just published in Germany the fourth volume of "Cosmos," and they are now printing the fifth volume, which completes that work, so imprudently begun and so favourably received by the public. General Sabine writes me that the English translation is finished and will appear immediately. The same news comes to me from France, from M. Galuzzi, who has been passing the winter in the south, at Cannes.

The great and beautiful work of Agassiz (the first two volumes) reached me only a few days since. It will produce a great effect by the breadth of its general views, and by the extreme sagacity of its special embryological observations. I never believed that this illustrious man, who is no less a man of a constant and beautiful nature, would accept the offers nobly made him in Paris. I was sure that gratitude would bind him to a new country, where he finds a field so immense for his researches and great means of assistance. I hope he may be inclined, together with his great anatomical and physiological labours among the inferior organisms, to give us also the specific ichthyology of the numerous basins of the "far West," beginning with the Holy Empire of the Mormons.

Science has lately met with an immense loss here by the unexpected death of the greatest anatomist of our century, Prof. Johann Müller. This loss is as great for science as was for art the death of the immortal sculptor, Rauch. The universality of his zoological knowledge in the inferior organizations placed Johann Müller near Cuvier, having a great pre-eminence in the
To Baron Alexander von Humboldt.

Boston, U.S.A., July 8, 1858.

MY DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND,—I was much surprised to receive your letter of May 9. I was still more gratified. Indeed, I cannot tell you how much I was gratified by it. It contained such excellent news of yourself; it was so flattering to me that you should write to me at all.

You are quite right in supposing that Agassiz will remain in the United States. In fact, he has never doubted. He is happily married. His social position is as agreeable as we can make it. His pecuniary resources are quite sufficient for his wants. The field for his peculiar labours is new and wide, and he is not only able, from his fine physical nature, to go over a large part of it himself, but he is forming a school which will carry on what he may leave unfinished. I think, therefore, that by remaining here, he not only does well for himself, but for the cause of science, to which he so earnestly and effectively devotes his life. I gave him at once so much of your letter to me as related to him personally. He was very much gratified with it, and immediately sent to me for you, with his most ample acknowledgments for your delicacy of his anatomical and physiological work. He made long and painful voyages, at his own expense, on the shores of the Mediterranean and in the Northern Seas. It is scarcely two years since he came near perishing by shipwreck on the coast of Norway. He sustained himself by swimming for more than half an hour, and considered himself quite lost, when he was wonderfully rescued. I lose in him a friend who was very dear to me. He was a man of great talent, and at the same time of a noble character. He was admirable for the elevation and independence of his opinions. By making enormous sacrifices he was able to form a choice library, not only of anatomy, physiology, and zoology, but one that extended over all the physical sciences. It consists of more than three thousand volumes, well-bound, and of as many more volumes containing dissertations, so difficult to collect. Mr. Müller spent nearly eight hundred thalers a year [six hundred dollars] for binding alone. It would be sad to see a collection dispersed and broken up which was made with so much care. Since duplicates are dreaded in Europe, I cannot help fearing lest this fine collection should cross the great Atlantic river. I have almost the air of exciting your appetite when I thus present myself before you as a citizen of the world, while the “Church Journal” of Vienna calls me, in capital letters, a naturalist assassin of souls, Seelemörder.

Accept, I beg you, my dear and respected friend, the renewal of the high and affectionate consideration which, for so many years, I have given to your talents and to your character.

A. v. Humboldt.

Berlin, 9 May, 1858.

Since so many benevolent persons, coloured as well as white, in the United States, take an interest in me, it would be agreeable to me, my dear friend, if this letter, translated into English by you, could be printed, without omitting what relates to our mutual friendship. If you think it necessary you can add that I have myself begged of you this publication, because I leave unanswered so many letters that are addressed to me.
kindness, three pamphlets on the subject of the fishes to be found in the basins of our "Far West." This subject, to which you desired his attention to be called, is a very important part of the ichthyology of all North America, to which he has devoted himself ever since he has been among us, and has made a collection which is already become of great value, and to which he is constantly making large additions. The three pamphlets in question I forward to you immediately, sending them through Mr. Cass, our Secretary of State, and the diplomatic channel; so that if you have not already received them from our Minister in Berlin, he will no doubt transmit them to you very soon after this letter reaches you.

I enclose you a copy of the translation of your letter to me. I caused it to be printed first in the "Boston Courier" of June 9, and from that journal it has been copied all over the country, into all sorts of newspapers. I think that not less than half a million of such copies of it have thus been distributed; so universal is the interest felt in your person and fame throughout the United States.

Everywhere it has produced the same effect; astonishment and gratitude for your continued health and strength, and for your unpaired intellectual resources and supremacy. In America we thank God for all these things, and count them among the blessings and honours of the age in which we live.

I suppose you hear much about the United States and its public policy that is disagreeable. Indeed, I know you do. But I pray you to believe as little of it as you can. I have never belonged to the party that brought Mr. Buchanan into power, and never expect to sustain its measures on any national subject. Still, I do not impute to Mr. Buchanan all the political extravagances that are sometimes charged on him by my more ardent friends. That he desires the extension of slavery I much doubt. That he cannot succeed in extending it, if he desire so to do, I feel sure. Be persuaded, I pray you, that Kansas will be a free State. I felt certain of this when I had the happiness of seeing you in 1856, and I have never doubted it for a moment since. It may be a year or two before this result can be accomplished. But it is, in my humble judgment, as certain as anything future can be. Nor will one square mile belonging now to the territory of the United States be cursed with slavery, which is not at this present moment cursed with it. Of course I do not speak of Cuba or Mexico. I only pray that they may never be added to our Confederacy. Nor will they, except with the consent of Europe.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, June 21, 1858.

I hope the second edition of "Shall and Will" may come soon, and that there will be plenty of quotations from Shakespeare in it. There ought to be, after the pains you took. The Bible, too,—King James's,—will furnish the best of illustrations. I am not certain but that it is

7 An admirable treatise by Sir E. Head.
the constant use of this book that has kept us so very exact about "Shall and Will," from the Puritan times down. At any rate, we are all right in New England. I never knew a person among us—who was born here, or who was bred in our schools—to make a mistake in the use of these two idiomatic auxiliaries. Indeed, I do not think I hear one once a year, and it is so offensive to me, that I am sure a slight deviation would not escape my notice.

Boston, September 14, 1858.

Please thank kind Lady Head for transcribing the version of the last elegy of Propertius. It is not very close, yet remarkably phrased,—if I may use such a word,—so as to preserve the air and tone of the original. But I do not know how it is that all the expressions of feeling about death by the ancients—even this one, which is perhaps the best except the Alcestis—are so unsatisfactory. They seem to come out of dismal hollows in the earth, and to be without even that warmth of merely human feeling, which they might surely have without the confident belief of immortality that is granted to us. Thus, for instance, to say nothing of his other odes of the same sort, the Ode of Horace to Posthumus, and especially the phrase placens uxor, has always seemed to me ineffably mean. I dare say I may be wrong, but I can't help it.

Lord Napier spent seven or eight weeks at Nahant, and, I think, liked it very well. At any rate, he was very well liked by the people who saw him oftener. I met him only two or three times, for the same reason that I saw so little of the R——s. They were all out of my beat by twenty miles. I suppose he represents the opinion of England when he shows less disposition than has been usual with your ministers, to fall in with our Northern notions about slavery, and to insist that Cuba shall not be annexed to the United States. Probably it would do no harm to England to have us possess all the West Indies and all South America; but I do not conceive it to be for our interest to have more territory, North or South. It is now nearly impossible to make, at Washington, laws which are absolutely necessary for one part of the country, and yet which can be endured or executed in another part; and the larger we grow the more formidable this difficulty will become.

The following note to Mr. Everett derives its interest from the anecdote with which it concludes, of an admirable old man, Mr. Thomas Dowse, who, beginning life as a journeyman leath- dresser, and continuing always in that craft, though becoming a wealthy master, early devoted every dollar he could save to the purchase of good English books. Having lived a bachelor to an advanced age, he left to the Massachusetts Historical Society a valuable library of about five thousand handsomely-bound volumes. The simplicity and upright intelligence of Mr. Dowse

8 Translation by Sir E. Head.
had always attracted Mr. Ticknor, and he often quoted the autobiographical utterance which he records at the end of this note.

To Hon. E. Everett,

PARK STREET, December 10, 1858.

My dear Everett,— . . . If I had known that you intended to use Mr. Dowse's account of his youth to me in your most agreeable and interesting lecture last night, I would have given it to you in writing. One or two of the items of his economies I cannot remember; but for the others I will give you, on the next leaf, what I believe are the ipsissima verba of the old man, as he stood just by where I am now writing and leaned on the table. One item I have recalled since I repeated them to you, and if I could remember the others, the accumulation would be a little humorous and very striking. "But old, old, Master—" not Shallow, though Falstaff has it so.

Yours sincerely,
Geo. Ticknor.

[Mr. Dowse's account of his own youth.]

"Mr. Ticknor, when I was twenty-eight years old I had never been anything better than a journeyman leather-dresser; I had never had more than twenty-five dollars a month; I had never paid five dollars to be carried from one place to another; I had never owned a pair of boots; I had never paid a penny to go to the play or to see a sight, but I owned above six hundred volumes of good books, well-bound."

To Hon. Edward Twisleton.

BOSTON, January 18, 1859.

My dear Twisleton,—I thank you for the correction you have taken the pains to send me of an error in my "History of Spanish Literature," which I immediately entered in the margin of the copy from which I intend speedily to reprint it. I only wish my other friends would be equally observant and kind. Von Raumer sent me one correction much like yours,—telling me that "Ferdinand," whom —in note 10 to Chapter XI. of the First Part—I had called "father of John I." of Portugal, was, in fact, his half-brother. But this is all, and I mention it because it is so, as well as from its odd similarity to the one you have suggested. Even in the notes to the German and Spanish translations few mistakes have been pointed out. Now all this would be very consoling,—even very gratifying,—if it were not for one circumstance, viz. that I have found out so many mistakes myself, that I have little confidence in my readers and reviewers, and am really anxious about the number that may still remain after I have done my best.

9 When Mr. Everett had delivered a eulogy on Mr. Dowse, before the Massachusetts Historical Society.
Of family news, which are the most important and interesting to dear Ellen—and, therefore, to you—that I can send you, are they not written in the weekly chronicle she receives, from her old home, by every packet-ship? The new engagement and the new grandchild are old stories to you already, and I hate repetitions, vain repetitions. I will only, therefore, sum up all, by saying that we are all well, and that, notwithstanding the changes and trials that have occurred during the last fifteen months, the average of content and happiness in the family is, I think, as great as it ever was.

As to the country, we go on much after the fashion you understand so well from autopsy. . . . When we talked about our affairs in 1856-57, I easily foresaw that Buchanan would be chosen; that this would lead to no trouble with the governments of Europe, that Walker would fail as a flibustero, and that nothing could prevent Kansas from being a free State. But I cannot foresee now, as I could then. . . . Equally uncertain is what is more immediate,—the result of the present important discussions in Congress about the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi; though it is not doubtful, I fear, whenever it is constructed, that it will be made a stupendous job, involving great corruption, in Congress and out of it. . . . And then, finally, as to the other great question, nobody, I think, knows what will be done about Utah; though I have no doubt Mormonism will perish of its own wickedness and corruption, and would, in fact, have perished long ago but for the large recruits it has received from the North of Europe. Now, from all these negative and uncertain quantities if you cannot extract anything positive, I wish you joy of your ingenuity. I cannot.

Your friends here, I think, are all well and doing well. Prescott told me yesterday that he had received letters from you and Mr. Adderley. I have seen him lately almost every day. He is looking as well as ever, and his constitution has accommodated itself, with wonderful alacrity, to the vegetable diet prescribed for him eleven months ago. But he does not yet feel himself equal to severe work, and has not undertaken any. In this I think he is wise.²

Savage, who is now, I think, seventy-five years old, is uncommonly vivacious and active. He is now getting proof-sheets of the first out of four volumes of his book of vain genealogies. . . . It may be hoped he will live to carry it through the press; and perhaps we ought to hope that he will not long survive its completion. He would be unhappy without the work into which he has put so large a part of his life.

Hillard is very well, and very active. . . . These are the three people we see most constantly; oftener than we see anybody out of the family. . . . Tell dear Ellen that I love her just as much as I did when I was at Rutland Gate and Malvern, and hope still that she

¹ The financial troubles of 1857 had impaired the fortunes of some of the relatives of Mrs. Ticknor and Mrs. Twisleton.
² Mr. Prescott died nine days after this was written. The whole of this subject is reserved for a later chapter.
will come to the United States once more before I die. I talked much about her lately with Sam Eliot, who, with his wife and children, spent a week with us at New Year, and again, only yesterday, with Cogswell, who, after spending three or four days with us, went to New York this morning.

The two Annas and Lizzie send love. So do I. So do Prescott and Hillard, to whom I gave your messages, and so does Savage, to whom you sent none.

Always yours, 

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Walter Calverly Trevelyan.

Boston, U.S.A., June 28, 1859.

My dear Sir Walter,—. . . Hillard can tell you all you will want to know about this country. . . . On the Maine Liquor Law, which interests you so much, and which, if it were possible to execute it honestly, would interest me equally, he knows at least as much as I do. But I rather think his opinion is substantially like mine; namely, that it has not advanced the cause of temperance among us, and that it has tended much to bring all laws into disrepute which are not in themselves popular. . . . It looks as if legislation upon the subject were effete. But we are a people fond of experiments; and, perhaps, in time we shall hit upon something that will do good. I am sure I hope we shall.

Just now I am much more troubled about the European war than about our liquor law, which I do not hear mentioned once a month. But, if you will keep out of it in England, I will be content. At one time I trusted, or rather I hoped, that the financial question would override all the others, and that money would not be found to carry on the contest. But armed men seem to spring from the earth, as they did in the times of Cadmus and Jason, merely because wickedness has been sown broadcast; and the harvest of such seed can only be desolation and misery. Of course, our sympathies are all with the Italians. The difficulty is to see how they are to get any benefit from the struggle. . . . The ultimate horror is that, with every revolution and war, the governments necessarily become more military,—the number of the standing armies is increased; and this, if the history of the race for three thousand years means anything, is the death of civilization. . . .

Yours very faithfully, 

Geo. Ticknor.

3 Then visiting England, and introduced to Sir Walter Trevelyan by Mr. Ticknor.
CHAPTER XXI.


To Sir Charles Lyell.

Boston, May 17, 1859.

My dear Lyell,—By the time this letter reaches London, I trust that you will be safely back in Harley Street, from the land of dikes and canals,—a strange country, which I visited once, and seemed to lead such a sort of amphibious existence, that I have never cared to go there again. But it was in the month of July, and the waters pumped up by the windmills did not give out Sabean odours.

We feel very uncomfortable about the news we get from your side of the Atlantic. . . . But I had rather talk about the progress of civilization than its decay and death, which are, I conceive, the natural results of the prevalence of military governments. So I will tell you about Agassiz and his affairs. . . . The establishment 4 is a grand one, and I take an interest in it, not from any knowledge about the subject, or any personal regard for it, but because I think such an institution will tend, more than anything else, at the present time, to lay the foundation for a real university among us, where all the great divisions of human knowledge shall be duly represented and taught. I had a vision of such an establishment forty years ago, when I came fresh from a two years’ residence at Göttingen; but that was too soon. Nobody listened to me. Now, however, when we have the best law school in the country, one of the best observatories in the world, a good medical school, and a good botanical garden, I think the Lawrence Scientific School, with the Zoological and Paleontological Museum, may push through a true university, and bring up the Greek, Latin, mathematics, history, philosophy, etc., to their proper level. At least I hope so, and mean to work for it. . . .

We are looking for your paper on Etna, and I hope to be able to understand it, but do not feel sure. Of Mansell’s lectures I have better hopes. They are published here. We are all well, and all send love to dear Lady Lyell. . . .

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

In 1867 Mr. Ticknor, as one of the Trustees of the Zoological Museum, made some extemporaneous remarks before a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and after returning home he wrote down a part of what he remembered saying. One passage so connects itself with the contents of the preceding

4 The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge.
letter, that it seems well it should be added here. He evidently felt that, during the eight years that had intervened, his expectations had been realized in some degree.

I know almost nothing of the science he [Professor Agazziz] has illustrated, by labours and sacrifices, which I cannot find elsewhere among us. But this we all know. The different branches of human knowledge are closely connected, and each contributes its part to make up the grand sum of a state's culture and civilization. Nor do we find that, in any well-organized institution for education, any one of these branches gets easily much in advance of all the others. It is very difficult, very rarely known in Europe, where so much depends on protection and privilege. In our own country, where everything is so free, where competition is of the very essence of our institutions, and where there are everywhere such ambitious longings for progress, it seems absolutely impossible. The great difficulty is at the beginning, to awake the first interest, to persuade us that we are really deficient. It is the first step that costs. Get one department to move, and the rest will follow. Get mathematics to move, or natural science, and the languages, history, and literature will follow. Active, earnest men, who are interested in any one branch, will not suffer it to linger far behind the others.

Nobody will, I suppose, deny that natural science has been doing this work in Harvard College of late. But it has done more. It has tended to open that institution; to make it a free university, accessible to all, whether they desire to receive instruction in one branch or in many. And for these great services, tending to make our chief college like a university on the Continent of Europe, and not like a close corporation,—such as the English universities are,—the cause of natural science has, of late years, been much favoured by liberal and intelligent men in Massachusetts, as well as by the Legislature.

To Hon. E. Everett.

Niagara Falls, August 22, 1859.

My dear Everett,—By intimations in my letters from Boston, I find you must have been there, only two or three days ago. Of course your plans must have been changed since we parted. Pray write to me, therefore, and tell me what they are. I hope you will remain in Boston until I return, which will be in about a month,—certainly before October 1.

We have had a very pleasant summer so far, and are living here most agreeably in a cottage by ourselves, but belonging to the hotel on the English side, and facing both the falls. It is, on the whole, I think, the grandest scene known to me, though I dare say there are grander that I have never visited.

When we first came here, Sir Edmund and Lady Head—who are only four or five hours off by rail—came and made us a visit of a few days, since which we have passed a fortnight with them.
at Toronto and are not without hopes that they will come to us again before we return home. She is a very charming, highly-cultivated person, and he is one of the most accurate and accomplished scholars I have ever known. He has been a good deal in Spain, and has some curious Spanish books in his large library, over which we have had much talk. I think he can repeat more poetry, Greek, Latin, German, and Spanish, than any person I ever knew.

Toronto is much more of a place, and there are more cultivated people there, than I had any notion of. They have a good college for certain purposes, but the Province has another, on a larger and more liberal scale. They are just completing for it a very large stone building,—three sides of a quadrangle,—which is a finer building and better adapted to its purposes than any similar one in the United States; I suspect a finer building than any we have for any purpose whatever, except the Capitol at Washington. It is in the Norman style of architecture. . . .

But if we are ignorant, as I think we are, about Canada, they are quite as ignorant about us. I think they hardly know more than the people in England do. . . .

We are all well, and send kindest regards. . . .

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Ticknor.

TO SIR EDMUND HEAD.

BOSTON, March 26, 1860.

I have been invited by the Historical Society of New York, with Everett and one or two more hereabouts, to listen in their Music Hall to a discourse which Bryant, the poet, will deliver on Washington Irving's birthday, April 3, in honour of his genius and virtues. As I really loved and admired him very much,—having lived a good deal with him in London in 1818-19, just before the "Sketch Book" came out, when he was in straitened circumstances and little known,—I mean to go. I will not disguise from you, however, that Mrs. Ticknor and Anna, without whom, and their influence, I should not move, want a spree, and that Everett has entered into a bond to do all the talking. In this way I count upon a good time. . . .

I had a letter yesterday from Lord Carlisle. He seems to think that busy times are on them in Europe, and rejoices—as we do here—that there are no complications with the United States. Gladstone, too, he praises, as Reinike says, _utermaten_; but throws in a little doubt whether his judgment is equal to his genius and virtue. How striking it is, that two such scholars as he and Lewis should have made such capital Chancellors of the Exchequer! I think either of them could, while in office, have stood successfully for a scholarship at Oxford. But what is Lewis doing with Babrins, and what set him out to do anything with him? I only know the bookseller's announce-
To Sir Edmund Head.

Gardiner, Maine, July 26, 1860.

My dear Head,—Your letter has come round by Boston, and reached me here, where Mrs. Ticknor and I are making a visit to our old friends, the Gardiners. I was very glad to get it, and to know that you are safe and well home from your fishing-frolic, and that you had good success. I take it that few of the one hundred and five salmon that were slaughtered were killed by any hand but yours. If you get from it strength to face the campaign now impending, it will have done a good work for you.

We came here last week, and shall remain till the last day of the present one, when we return home, where I have needful occupations for three or four days. But after that we shall be most happy to join Lady Head, having no engagements from August 5 to September. We shall arrange our affairs so as to go to Gorham, whenever Lady Head advises us that she shall be glad to have us come. It is a good while since I have been in that country, and I shall enjoy it very much; and besides that, I think I shall find it salutary. Since the last winter and spring, when I was a little overworked and run down, I find a tonic atmosphere very useful.

Certainly we shall be at home all the month of October, and count very much upon your visit. Pray make it as long as you can.

I shall be glad to have Garibaldi succeed; but I do not see how all the Italian questions, which seem to be getting more and more complicated every day, are to be peacefully solved. Venice cannot remain as it is, and yet the rest of Italy be made quiet; the Pope will not give up; the Emperor cannot depose him, or permit revolution to go farther in Italy than it has gone. In short, it is much like the old case of undertaking to blow the barrel of gunpowder half-way down. I do not see how it is to end. I am in great hopes, however, that Louis Napoleon was made to feel, at Baden, that there are limits to his power which he must not attempt to pass; and from what I hear, I think he was made to feel it.

I shall hardly hear from you again until your flurry is over, but Lady Head will tell us all about it. Her case is a new illustration of the beneficent result of the revolution of 1776, which made the United States a refuge for the oppressed. Please give the love of all of us to her, and to C. and A., and assure them that we shall endeavour to keep up the reputation of our country for humanity.

Yours always faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

Boston, October 13, 1860.

My dear Charles,—Since I wrote from the Glen, I have heard

5 The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada.
6 In the White Mountains.
of you—until yesterday—only by accident. Our calculations for our tour in the Mountains were overrun by two days, so that, when we reached Gorham again, I had no time either to see Lady Head off for Quebec, or to stop a night in Portland and see you, both of which I much regretted. Since our nominal return to Boston, which was necessary to keep other engagements, we have been little at home. We made a visit directly to our kinsfolk in Berkshire, 7 which had been promised three successive years; then we went to New York to buy carpets, missing Cogswell, or, as he pretends, avoiding him by a day; then we went to some friends on the North River; and now we are just come back from Savage’s, 8 where we have been due since 1855. Of course the few intervening days at home have been busy enough. The practical result, however, of the whole is, that we have had an uncommonly pleasant summer,—generally a gay one for old folks,—and that we are now in excellent health, gathered comfortably to our own hearthstone, with good pluck to encounter a New England winter, which the two Annas like less than I do.

Touching the Prince’s visit,—of which you speak inquiringly,—I think you know just about as much as I do. ... Everything, however, has, I believe, been done circumspectly, and is likely to turn out as well as can be expected. My whole service, I suppose, will be to conduct Anna to the ball, her mother refusing absolutely to go,—for, as Judge Shaw will not be vis-a-vis to the Prince, neither Sparks nor I, nor any of the other gay young fellows associated with us, can aspire to that distinction. ... 

Thank you very much for your kind invitation; but my migrations for the rest of the year can hardly be more than the good Vicar’s, from the blue bed to the brown. You must come here. You are due some time before winter, and the sooner you come the better. Meantime, we all send love and kindest wishes.

G. T.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, Tuesday, October 23, 1860.

The Prince’s visit went off as well as possible. ... Two things strike me in the whole affair. The first is, the deep ground of the cordiality on the part of the masses. It is, I believe, that they felt they could show their good-will, without any fear of its being misconstrued into flattery. When we were young and weak, our pride made us sensitive, and we were not disposed to such exhibitions of feeling. The ill-will of the War of Independence continued long; continued, indeed, until lately; and there has been a strong sense—produced by the ignorance and indiscretion of reviews and newspapers—that we were undervalued by your nation. But the coming of your Prince among us was a compliment not to be misinterpreted or misunderstood.

7 Hon. B. R. Curtis and his family.

8 Mr. James Savage’s country-place at Lunenburg, in the northern part of Massachusetts.
and showed a confidence in our good feelings, which a people, with much less generosity in their natures than I believe my countrymen to possess, could not fail to accept, in the spirit in which it was offered. And they have certainly done it. I have no more doubt of it than I have of any fact in history.  

The other thing is, that the open cordiality of the people here has rebuked and silenced anything that remained, in newspaper editors and reporters, of the old feelings of ill-will towards your country. I have watched the tone of our papers ever since the Prince touched at Newfoundland, and have observed how their tone has gradually changed, from occasional touches of ill manners to such as are unexceptionable. This is especially true of the old democratic papers; those, I mean, that have always taken sides against England, from the time of the French Revolution. It is most desirable, and important, that this tone in our newspapers should be kept up, and that it should be met in a similar spirit by yours. On this point, both sides have heretofore behaved badly enough, and done more, I suspect, than all other causes, to keep up an ill-will between the two countries. Formerly, we were most in fault. Latterly,—allow me to say it,—you have been most in fault, especially the "Times," the "Saturday Review," and the "Quarterly;" whose occasional blunders about the most obvious things only vex us the more, that men so ignorant of what they discuss, should undertake to pass judgment upon our character and doings.

Now is the time to change all this. We are in the best possible temper for it, and are likely to continue so, if nothing comes from your side to cross and disturb us. . . . Our people are now in excellent humour with themselves, and with you; such, so far as England is concerned, as I never saw before, and never hoped to live to see. If your people are in the same temper about us, I think no trouble of a serious nature will arise in this generation. . . .

I have written such a long letter, about matters with which I have very small concern, that I have hardly room to send the love of all of us to dear Lady Head, and C. and A. I shall look to hear from you very soon, and to have you all again under my roof-tree in February.

Faithfully yours,

G. Ticknor.

From Sir E. Head.

Athenæum [London], November 23, 1860.

My dear Ticknor,—I owe you another letter, were it only to thank you for your kindness in writing again so soon. I am able to say that everybody in this country sets the highest value on the cour-

9 In answering this letter Sir Edmund says: "The views which you express with reference to the effect of the Prince's visit are, I believe, quite correct. I have taken measures for letting the Queen see such portions of your letter as bear directly on the benefits likely to accrue to both countries, and I hope you will not think me indiscreet in doing so." . . .
tesy and friendly bearing towards the Prince, shown in the United States. I may begin from the top, for I had the opportunity of talking both to the Queen and Prince Albert on the subject last week. Your Minister (Dallas) and his wife were at the Castle at the same time with myself. The Prince appeared in good spirits, and perfectly recovered from his long voyage. Neither her Majesty nor the Prince spoke to me of your letters, but General Phipps wrote to Lewis, saying how much they were interested by the first. Lewis read to them such portions of the second as were adapted to royal ears.

Prince Albert expressed himself to me personally in terms much stronger than were necessary with reference to the Prince’s visit. I attributed a large portion of its success to the Prince of Wales’s own courtesy and good-nature, which is strictly true. Palmerston and Lord John Russell were at the Castle,—the former vigorous enough to walk upwards of three miles with me and Lord St. Germans in the afternoon of Sunday.

Lady Head is tolerably well, but she has had a bad cold. We are at Farrance’s near Eaton Square, which is a most comfortable hotel. On Saturday, December 11, we shall be at Oxford, on our way to the West. Milman is very well; so are the Lyells. I examined Lyell’s collection of the flint axe-heads from St. Acheul, in Picardy, contemporaneous with the elephants, etc. Of their human origin there can be no doubt. The evidence of design in their fabrication is as clear as it would be in Paley’s watch. Lyell speaks confidently of their geological date.

Twisleton and his wife dined at Kent House last night. She is looking “peaky” from a cold, but otherwise well.

Hogarth will resuscitate your print, and I have told him to frame it plainly.

There is, I think, a considerable theological movement, since I was last in England, in a rationalistic direction.

Kind regards to Mrs. Ticknor and Anna.

Yours truly,

EDMUND HEAD.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART.

BOSTON, November 27, 1860.

MY DEAR LYELL,—You will be glad, I think, to hear something about the state of affairs in the United States, from somebody with whom you are so well acquainted that you will know how to measure what he says.

All men, I think, are satisfied that our principles of government are about to be put to the test as they never yet have been. The sectional parties, that Washington and Hamilton foresaw as our greatest danger, and which Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and J. Q. Adams died believing they would break up the Union, are now fully formed.
From the time of Calhoun, or from the announcement of his dangerous and unsound doctrines, that is, from 1828 to 1832, the people of South Carolina have been gradually coming to the conclusion that it is not for their material interest to continue in the Union. Nearly all have now come to this persuasion. They care little whether any other State goes with them; so extravagantly excited have they become. The State most likely to go with them is Alabama. Georgia is very much excited, and very unsound, as we think; and Florida, a State of less consequence, is quite ready to go. South Carolina, however, is the only State about which, at this moment, there seems little or no doubt. But property everywhere is the great bond of society; and in our slaveholding States the Negroes constitute an extraordinary proportion of the wealth of the people.

This property, which, at the time when the Constitution was formed, existed in nearly all the States, we all promised should be secured to the South by the return of their fugitive slaves, and without this promise the Constitution could not have been formed at all. The slave States are now in a minority, and several of the free States have enacted laws to prevent the return of these fugitives. This is the main, substantial ground of their complaints. But it is not the only or chief ground. They believe themselves in danger; and many of the leading men all through the South believe that if there were no danger in the case they should be better out of the Union than they are in it.

All this, as you at once perceive, is neither legal nor logical. The laws they complain of have nowhere prevented the return of their fugitive slaves. Moreover, they can be in no immediate danger. But all this avails nothing. The cry is, that the South is in danger, because the South is in the minority, and is weak; and they had better go out of the Union before they become weaker and more feeble by the constantly increasing power of the free States.

Meanwhile, the very suggestion has thrown the finances of the country into confusion. There was a panic last week, worse in many respects than the formidable one of 1857. It was foreseen by nobody, and is a proof not only of the importance of the political questions at issue, but of the peculiar sensitiveness of men in a government which is so purely a matter of opinion, and which has so few traditions and precedents to rest upon. Where it will end, no man can tell. With greater real wealth than we ever had before; with enormous crops, which are so much wanted in Europe that they are sure to be turned into ready money at once; and with exchanges in our favour, so that gold is coming in daily, one would think that it should end at once. But if we are going to quarrel at home, we have an element in our reckoning that was never there before, and the value and import of which none are wise enough to estimate. If any country in all the world were governed according to the well-understood demands of its material interests, the people of that country would be better off.

1 The passages omitted consist of amplifications and citations of facts, which seem needless now, and occupy much space.
than the people of any other country on the face of the earth. But passions and personal interests rule more or less everywhere. Plecturat Askivi is as true now as it was eighteen hundred or three thousand years ago.

One thing, however, is certain. There will be more real profitable, substantial thinking upon political subjects done in the United States during the next six months, than has been done during the last ten years. In no event will there be any attempt at coercion until we are much farther ahead in our troubles and exasperation. If it comes to fighting, we of the North of course shall beat. We have the moral and physical power, the wealth, and all the other means needful to carry through the contest successfully. But it will be such a contest as the civilized world has not seen for a long time: much like one of the old contests between the Greek republics, and at the end, when, if it ever happens, we must have three, or four, or five millions of uneducated slaves on our hands, what shall we do with them? Anna—the younger—asked this question of Count Cavour, in his opera-box, one night, after he had shown us that he knew more about the politics and parties of this country than any Italian we had seen all the preceding winter. “Mademoiselle,” he answered, “je crois que vous parlerez beaucoup de l’émancipation, et que vous émanciperez fort peu.” Shall we come to this condition, this point? I trust not in my time; but we are nearer to it than—six months ago—I thought it was possible we should be in ten years.

By the end of January you will be able to judge of all these things as well as we can. By that time the programme will be out.

Some people—and among them two or three whose opinions are worth having—believe that leading men at the South have already an understanding with Louis Napoleon, that, for certain advantages in trade, he should enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with them. I do not believe in this. But it may come with time.

Anna wrote to Lady Lyell so much about the Prince’s visit, that I can add nothing, except my conviction that it has done good to the relations of the two countries. The Duke of Newcastle and Dr. Acland were the only two persons of whom I saw a little, to any real purpose, during their two or three days’ visit here. The Doctor is a most interesting and attractive person. There can be no doubt about that. The Duke talked well and wisely.

Commend us to Sir Edmund and Lady Head when you see them. We had a charming visit from them when they embarked, and most pleasant letters since their arrival.

Yours faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

In a letter to Sir Edmund Head Mr. Ticknor says:

With Dr. Acland I had a charming day, driving about in Cambridge,

2 In 1857. See ante, p. 288.
Charlestown, and Boston, seven or eight hours,—one of which, or nearly one, was spent with him and Agassiz, alone in Agassiz's Museum, and of which I must give you an account when I see you. It was one of the remarkable hours of my life.

To Sir Edmund Head, Bart.

Boston, April 8, 1861.

My dear Head,—We are all asleep here, and have been for some time, personally and politically. . . . All North—the old Union—is asleep, but is not therefore doing well. In my judgment we are drifting. Perhaps some anchor will hold. But, if it does, the cable may snap. Of course, with these views, I do not feel better about our affairs than I did when you were here; nor take a more cheerful view of them than you do in your letters.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, April 9, 1861.

I had a letter this morning from a gentleman in Baltimore, eminent for his talents and position, who has exercised much influence through the border States against secession during the last four months. But he is now much disheartened. He says that disunion sentiments are gaining ground in Virginia and Maryland. He feels, as I think I told you I do, that we are drifting, and that nobody knows where we shall fetch up. "An intimate friend," he says, "and as I think the clearest-headed of the foreign ministers at Washington, and a lover, too, of the United States, writes to me, 'We are here still in great uncertainty, and the process of disintegration finds no remedy.'"

I think the same sense of uncertainty prevails everywhere. This, in itself, is mischief and disaster.

Yours faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, April 21, 1861.

My dear Head,—I sent you by yesterday's express a parcel, about which the two papers I enclose will give you all the information you will need. The Danish books, I think, will be all you will want for some time.

But there are other things to talk about now. The heather is on fire. I never before knew what a popular excitement can be. Holiday enthusiasm I have seen often enough, and anxious crowds I remember during the war of 1812-15, but never anything like this. Indeed,

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3 Six months before.
here at the North, at least, there never was anything like it; for if the feeling were as deep and stern in 1775, it was by no means so intelligent or unanimous; and then the masses to be moved were as handful compared to our dense population now.

The whole people, in fact, has come to a perception that the question is, whether we shall have anarchy or no. The sovereign—for the people is the only sovereign in this country—has begun to exercise his sovereign functions. Business is substantially suspended. Men think, wisely or unwisely, of the state of affairs, and not of much else. The whole population, men, women, and children, seem to be in the streets with Union favours and flags; walking about uneasily, because their anxiety and nervous excitement will not permit them to stay at home, where all ordinary occupation has become unsavoury. Public meetings are held everywhere, in the small towns and villages as much as in the cities; considerable sums of money are voted to sustain the movement and take care of the families of those who are mustered into service; and still larger sums are given by individuals. Nobody holds back. Civil war is freely accepted everywhere; by some with alacrity, as the only means of settling a controversy based on long-cherished hatreds; by others as something sent as a judgment from Heaven, like a flood or an earthquake; by all as inevitable, by all as the least of the evils among which we are permitted to choose, anarchy being the obvious, and perhaps the only alternative.

Here in Boston the people are constantly gathering about the State House—which you know is in front of my windows—and about Faneuil Hall, where the troops chiefly assemble or halt on their way through town. When soldiers march by there is grave shouting; nothing like the common cheering. There is an earnestness such as I never witnessed before in any popular movement.

TO SIR EDMUND HEAD.

Boston, April 28, 1861.

It [the last letter] was written just a week ago, and contained my first impressions about our outbreak at the North. Its character—that of the outbreak—remains the same; much enthusiasm, much deep earnestness. Men and money are profusely offered; the best blood among us volunteering and going, and money untold following them. Of course, more or less of both will be wasted; but it is of consequence that the resolute courage and devotion should be sustained, and they are not likely to cost too much. We have been slow to kindle; but we have made a Nebuchadnezzar's furnace of it at last, and the heat will remain, and the embers will smoulder, long after the flames that now light up everything shall cease to be seen or felt.

The solid men of Boston are just organizing a State movement to collect funds, which shall be systematically applied when the resources of this first enthusiasm begin to fail. . . . Thus far it has been, on our part, a sort of crusade. But the regular armies will soon be ready to follow.
Through the whole of the last six months, you see the working of our political institutions most strikingly. The people is the practical sovereign, and, until the people had been appealed to, and had moved, the Administration, whether of Buchanan or of Lincoln, could act with little efficiency. We drifted. Now the rudder is felt. Maryland must yield, or become a battle-ground over which the opposing forces will roll their floods alternately. Baltimore must open her gates, or the city will be all but razed. At least, so far we seem to see ahead.

But the people, the sovereign, came to the rescue at the last moment. . . . Now the movement—partly from having been so long delayed and restrained—is become absolute and impetuous, so that twice as many troops will speedily be in Scott's hands as he will want. . . .

Meantime, I think that the moral effect of our union and vigour at the North—which was wholly unexpected at the South—will tend to repress the Southern ardour for conquest, if not for fighting. We have never apprehended that we should be worsted in the end, and we do not now anticipate early reverses, or accidents of any consequence. We mean, on all accounts, to fight it out, once for all. . . .

Yours truly,

Geo. Ticknor.

CHAPTER XXII.

1859 to 1864.—Life of Prescott.—Civil War.

The heavy loss of dear and trusted friends had fallen on Mr. Ticknor repeatedly, for in Haven, Legaré, and Webster he had parted from much that gave charm and interest to his thoughtful life at different periods; but no blow of this kind struck so near the centre of his heart as that which deprived him of the delightful companionship of Prescott. Such constant affection as had united them for forty years is very rare, and their sympathy of tastes, heightened by the charm of Prescott's winning, joyous, affectionate nature, made their daily intercourse—and it was almost daily when both were in Boston—fascinating as well as important to their happiness.

The warning of coming danger, given by Mr. Prescott's illness in 1858, had not been lost from sight, but there was much to feed the hope that he might still be spared for some years, and Mr. Ticknor said in a letter to Sir Edmund Head,4 after his death, "The shock to me and to those nearest to him could hardly have been greater if he had been struck down two years

4 Dated February 21, 1859, Mr. Prescott having died January 27.
DEATH OF MR. PRESCOTT.

ago." A short time afterwards,⁵ in writing to Mrs. Twisleton, he says: "I do not get accustomed to the loss. Indeed, something or other seems to make it fall afresh and heavier almost every day. I go to the house often, of course, and always find Susan in the little upper study where he used to work, with everything just as he left it the moment before he was struck down, . . . and the whole room crowded and tapestried with associations and memories. . . . Much sunshine has been taken out of my way of life for the few years that I am to tread it,—perhaps the few months only, for I seem to have grown old fast of late, and can see only a very little distance before me." The account he afterwards gave—in the Memoir—of his friend's death, and of its effect, contains no direct allusion to his own feeling, but every word bears the impress of a pathetic undercurrent of emotion, which makes that chapter wholly different from anything that would have been written by one who stood in any other relation to the subject of it.

The public recognition of its loss, "such a sensation as was never produced in this country by the death of a man of letters;"⁶ the recollection that not the slightest neglect or imprudence had hastened the end; and that at the last moment of consciousness Prescott was his natural, cheerful self,—these were all admitted sources of comfort. Mr. Ticknor's faithful devotion and most delightful relations to the family of his friend, under whose will he was a trustee of his ample property, and whose children always looked on him as if he were one of their nearest relatives, was a further source of comfort.

Very soon Mrs. Prescott and her children asked him to prepare a Memoir of his friend, and he consented, with no hesitation, except a little consideration whether, at his age, he might venture on so absorbing a task.

On the 19th of April he wrote as follows to Lady Lyell:—

Boston, April 19, 1859.

MY DEAR LADY LYELL,—I come to you for help, which you will readily give me. I think I shall write a Life of Prescott, and, if I do, I shall set about it at once. But, first of all, I want to see the materials for it collected and arranged. Those in possession of the family are ample and interesting; especially a large number of memoranda concerning the course and modes of his studies, from the very beginning, with some of which I have been long acquainted, but did not know their extent or importance until I ran them over. Besides these, however, I want, of course, all his letters to his friends, and all the details

⁵ March 8, 1859.
⁶ To Don Pascual de Gayangos.
I can get from them. Nobody in England can furnish a contribution of this sort such as you can, for nobody knew so much of him as you and Sir Charles did.

What I especially desire to obtain from you is:—

1. All his letters and notes to you and your family, which I will carefully return to you, after I have taken from them all I may need; unless you prefer to send me copies.

2. Permission to print any portion of the letters from you and yours which may be found among his papers, and which may be necessary to explain or illustrate such parts of his own as may be printed.

3. Any facts about him, and especially about his visit to England, of which you knew more than anybody else; any anecdotes of him; anything, in short, which may tend to set him rightly before the world, as we knew and loved him.

In furnishing these materials for his Life, I am quite aware you will be obliged to rely on my discretion, as to the manner in which they will be used. But I hope you will feel safe, and I think I can promise that you will be.

I shall write by the next steamer, if not by this one, to Dean Milman, to Mr. Stirling, . . . . and to a few others. . . .

When you have anything ready, be it more or less, just put it under an envelope and let it come, without waiting for more. . . . I do not mean to be pressed or do it in a hurry. . . .

I have two capital letters from Sir Charles. Thank him for them in the most cordial manner, and tell him I shall write to him as soon as I can, and go into the Agassiz matter,7 which is very thriving, and likely to come to excellent results. I am more engaged in it than I ought to be, considering that a more ignorant man in regard to natural science can hardly be found; but Dr. Bigelow, who is in deeper than I am, is safe, and he and Agassiz will be held responsible for any mistakes I may make. At least, I intend they shall be. . . .

Anna writes, as usual, so that nothing remains for me but to give you my love, which you are always sure of, as well as that of all mine.

Geo. Ticknor.

Thenceforward he gave himself to his work of love with a sad pleasure. During the following summer, when he carried out his long-cherished wish to pass several weeks at Niagara, he was busy there, and while visiting Sir Edmund Head at Toronto, writing about his friend. The following letter contains an allusion to this:—

Boston, October 1, 1859.

Dear Lady Lyell,—I came home some days ago and found your precious packet.8 Yesterday and to-day I have read it through,—the

7 The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, of which Mr. Ticknor was a Trustee, as has already been said.
8 Lady Lyell’s reminiscences of Mr. Prescott.
whole of it,—but not with care, as I shall read it hereafter. It was too interesting for that. With many passages I was much touched, as you may well suppose; others revived a thousand recollections,—pleasurable, painful, amusing. After I began to read I could not bear to be interrupted until I had finished it. Nobody has furnished me such a contribution; no, not all put together.

I get on with my work somewhat slowly, but quite as fast as I expected. The great difficulty is to collect the materials. In this, his English friends have been more prompt than his American ones.

But I cannot speak of this, or hardly of anything else, without recollecting the Heads. I worked on Prescott's Life when I was at Toronto; but how changed is everything there now! What sorrow! what sorrow!9 . . . . We only know thus far what the telegraph has told us. . . . But we shall have letters in a day or two.

Sir Henry Holland is somewhere in the United States,—his fifth visit, I think, within twenty years; certainly his fourth within a dozen. Why can't you and Sir Charles imitate him? . . . . He is to be here on Monday at Everett's, where I dine with him on Tuesday.

The Prescotts are still all out of town, but Susan and Elizabeth come back in four or five days. They are all well, but I have as yet seen none of them. . . .

October 4.—Sir Henry Holland came in yesterday afternoon and told me all sorts of news about people in London. He is looking very well, and can tell you about all the great men at Washington, for he has been stopping with the President. He goes to-morrow in the steamer that takes this.

Anna sends her love, I mine.

G. T.

When he began the Life of Prescott he was already in his sixty-eighth year; and this advanced age might have influenced him unfavourably in either of two ways, making him over-fastidious and hypercritical of his own composition, as he grew, in fact, to be a few years later; or making him use undue haste, as regarding too much the possibility of not living to finish it. He avoided both dangers, wrote calmly and without hurry; and, after giving about three years to the preparation of the manuscript, finding the time unfavourable for its publication, he kept it by him for a while, and, going over it with care, undoubtedly added to the grace and proportion which distinguish it so much.

Meantime the civil war broke out, the war which roused the whole country, North and South, excited the passions of men with a bitterness and intensity scarcely to be conceived of by those who did not witness it, and raged for four years in the Middle "border" States, with an untiring obstinacy that kept

9 Sir Edmund Head lost his only son by drowning at this time.
every citizen under a strain utterly unknown in peaceful days. Mr. Ticknor's letters during the spring of 1861 have already described the popular movement. His belief that the North was gaining strength year by year, while the South was losing it, remained the same, and he always asserted, as he did in those letters, that the North was sure to conquer in the war.

No one who has read what he wrote during the previous years, when from afar he had foreseen the possibility of this conflict, and had felt that what his view of true patriotism led him to wish avoided or postponed was being rendered inevitable, can fail to perceive how deeply he would share the excitement of the time.

He was in his seventieth year when war became an actual fact. The Constitution of the United States, which had been the object of his pride and admiration from his youth, "the best form of government that ever was made,"¹ he saw often disregarded, heard often spoken of as if it were effete. After a visit in Maine he wrote to Mr. R. H. Gardiner, in September, 1861: "I recollect that the acute lawyer who was at your house one evening with the mayor of your city² did not hesitate to say that we have no longer any Constitution, and that very little of it had been in existence for some years. I could not gainsay him."

The Union, to him a reality such as it could only be to those who had loved the country while it was small, and had seen it grow and flourish, was threatened and misrepresented by men who, he felt, were misguided and desperate. A generation had grown up, under his observation (though at the South, where he had scarcely been, and where he had not an intimate friend living), which had, as he knew, been by skilful leaders wilfully made blind as to the nature of that Union which he loved. They were blind to the fact that political sovereignty is capable of division according to subjects and powers, without lessening allegiance to the central government. Therefore, seeing some subjects and powers left in the hands of individual States, they believed they could throw off that allegiance when they pleased. He had seen this process going on for many years, under the guidance of Southern leaders and the menaces of Northern extremists.

Slavery had always been to him a deeply, solemnly interesting question, the institution always in his eyes a curse, while he had dreaded both for masters and slaves any violent or sudden

¹ See letter to Mr. Daveis, ante, p. 159.
² Gardiner, Maine.
change. This had now become inevitable, but its consequences did not seem to him more promising than before. In February, 1862, he will be found to say, "Since the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter we have had, in fact, no choice. We must fight it out. Of the result I have never doubted. We shall beat the South. But what after that? I do not see. . . . For the South I have no vaticinations. The blackness of thick darkness rests upon them, and they deserve all they will suffer."

The passions, which, especially in the early period of the war, were at a pitch that menaced a reign of inhumanity and political persecution, and were actually expressed on both sides in acts quite exceeding a lawful warfare, caused him acute pain and anxiety.

His long habit of watching and reflecting on the political movements of all Christendom made him regard the subject from a different point of view from most men; his age and comparative seclusion also gave a colour to his feelings. His uppermost thought seemed always to be, that the greatest troubles for the country would come after the North had triumphed and the war was over; his deepest feeling always for the success of the Northern armies and the predominance of Northern civilization. In writing to a young friend who was, for the moment, carried along with the tide of bitter and resentful feelings, he says:—

I heard with great pain the tone of your remarks about the Southern Secessionists and their leaders. They are in revolt, no doubt, or in a state of revolution, and we must resist them and their doctrines to the death. We can have no government else, and no society worth living in. But multitudes of men in all ages of the world have been under delusions equally strange and strong, and have died loyally and conscientiously in defence of them. Multitudes more will follow. Both sides in such cases fight for their opinions, and I had hoped that the day had gone by, even in France since 1848, when the prevailing party would resort to executions for treason, after they should have established their own position by victory or even before it.

But, besides this, we should, I think, recollect, in dealing with our present enemies, not only that they are fighting for what they believe to be their rights, in open, recognized warfare, but that, whether we are hereafter to be one nation or two, we must always live side by side,

3 In a letter given a few pages later. Again, in April, 1863, he writes: "Whatever awaits us in the dark future depends, I believe, neither on elections nor speeches nor wise discussions, but on fighting. I have thought so ever since the affair of Fort Sumter, and fire cannot burn it out of me."

4 This letter is printed from a draft, or copy, in Mr. Ticknor's writing, found among his papers.
and must always have intimate relations with each other for good or for evil to both; and I, therefore, sincerely deprecate, as for twenty years I have deprecated, all bitterness and violence towards the South-
ern States, as of the worst angury for ourselves, and for the cause of civilization on this side of the Atlantic. Such insane hatreds as are
now indulged by both parties in this contest—still more at the South than with us—can, I fear, only end in calamities which none of the present generation will live long enough to survive. . . .

I have lately seen, by accident, many letters from the South—chiefly mercantile—which breathed this spirit fully. I have seen it placarded in the streets of Boston that we should hang the secession leaders as fast as we can get them into our power. I have found this course openly urged in leading papers of New York and Boston. It is even said that the government at Washington is now considering the expediency of adopting it. . . . I have, indeed, little fear that my government, or its military chief, will seriously consider such a suggestion, none that they will adopt it. But I have great fear that the spirit it implies will enter deeply into the present contest, and from time to time produce the deplorable results which it has so often, may I not say so uniformly, produced in the civil wars that have heretofore cursed the world, and of which the atrocities in the streets of Baltimore and in the hotel of Alexandria are, I fear, only a foretaste.

It was with these feelings that I answered you the other day, when I had the pleasure of meeting you, and if you do not now share them, I am sure you are of a nature too high and noble not to share them hereafter.

Your friend and servant,

G. T.

Mr. Ticknor contributed freely to the regular and the chari-
table expenditures of the war. 5 During the early months of 1861 he carried on an animated correspondence with a distin-
guished lawyer in Baltimore, a Union man, for interchange of information about the daily movements of opinion, where such vehement feeling was seething and surging. He welcomed offi-
cers returning on furlough, or passing through Boston, at his house and table, getting from each whatever of news or indica-
tions of popular feeling might come from the front. He went frequently to Braintree to see his old friend General Thayer, whose opinion on military affairs was acknowledged during the war by General Scott, in conversation, to be the highest autho-

5 He writes in 1866, "From that moment, therefore [of the attack on Fort Sumter], I began to contribute voluntarily in money and in all ways in which a man of above threescore and ten could do it, to carry on the war, giving more in proportion to my fortune, I believe, than did most of the original Abolitionists."
rity in the United States, and these visits were returned by the old General, most often at breakfast-time, his own breakfast having been taken at five or half after. From General Thayer Mr. Ticknor received exact and keen-sighted explanations of all the movements of the armies on both sides, and was able to form clear judgments of the merits of military men who were often misjudged by the public.

Mr. Ticknor repeatedly took regular officers of high standing on pilgrimages to the old chief at Braintree,—General Robert Anderson, General Donaldson, and others. In the summer of 1862 he met General Scott at West Point, being accidentally with him at the moment he was informed that President Lincoln was on his way to consult him; and when General McClellan visited Boston in 1863, he took great pleasure in meeting him. He talked with every one who could give him trustworthy information, with the same ardour he had always shown in studying public men and measures everywhere.

The excitements of every-day life were great at that period. A long interval of military inaction, during which political intrigues, blunders, and activity of all sorts were abundant,—all watched by Mr. Ticknor with vigilant observation, while he questioned friends fresh from Washington, and often got knowledge quite beyond the public view,—would be succeeded by battles, raids, successes, failures, that filled the air with the sounds of war. More than once the peaceful house in Park Street was roused at midnight by a friend bringing some startling telegram, of which he was sure the knowledge would be nowhere more interesting than there.

During the first eighteen months of the war his work on the biography of his friend was a great solace to Mr. Ticknor. After reading the morning paper with its war news, he could retire to his quiet library, and there, for two or three hours, could work undisturbed, retracing the pleasures and interests of the past. Later some visitor was sure to come in, and probably call his thoughts back to battles, losses, sorrows. His life might seem as sheltered as any, but his mind was full of eager interest, his heart was full of sympathy; the sons of friends and relatives were exposed, and suffered and died for their country; his own house was full of stir, and the hum of voices often reached him, as he sat writing, from ladies busy in other rooms, preparing comforts for men in camps and hospitals.

In the afternoon his daily walk usually ended at the Public Library or at Mrs. Prescott's. In his Sunday afternoon walks he was for many winters accompanied by Mr. William W.
Greenough, who says that they included occasional visits to poor dwellings, where a few moments of kindly talk and inquiry usually ended with some small gift of money. Sometimes, however, there was a curious tale, of imposture discovered, to be told at dinner after one of these Sunday explorations.

In the evening a game of whist was the almost essential sedative after exciting days; yet there are well-remembered occasions, when this, too, was interrupted by the apparition of a young officer joyously come to say good-by, on having received his commission and orders for the front, or of one limping in, full of disappointment that he could not yet be allowed to rejoin his regiment. Thus the lives of all were filled with strange elements, thoughts and duties that, by recurrence, acquired a temporary familiarity, but belong to no other than such an exceptional period.

During these years one of Mr. Ticknor's few positive recreations was that of dining, once a fortnight, with the "Friday Club," the only social club of any kind to which he ever belonged. In 1859 this most pleasant dinner-club was formed, limited to twelve members, and allowing only twelve persons to sit round its board. It need hardly be said that the party, in favour of which Mr. Ticknor made such an exception to his usual habits, was made up of his personal friends, and of men whose conversation rendered their meetings interesting and stimulating. Mr. Ticknor continued a member of this club until 1868, when he resigned on the ground of age.

Mr. Ticknor's duties and interests in connexion with the Zoological Museum at Cambridge, to which, for the sake of his friend Agassiz, he sincerely devoted himself, and the relations he still held to the Public Library, occupied him in congenial ways, but even here the excitements of the war intruded. He was greatly annoyed once, by an attempt which was made to cause him to appear in the light of an opponent of the popular military spirit, in order to prevent his re-election as a Trustee of the Public Library. The effort failed, but it was doubly displeasing to him in its public as well as its private aspect; for he always heartily disliked and disapproved the mingling of political questions in the management of that or any other institution for education or charity.

6 The original members of this club were Professor Agassiz, Mr. W. Amory, Mr. Sidney Bartlett, Hon. B. R. Curtis, Mr. C. C. Felton, Mr. W. W. Greenough, Mr. G. S. Hillard, Mr. R. M. Mason, Professor W. B. Rogers, Mr. C. W. Storey, and Mr. H. P. Sturgis. Mr. Ticknor joined it in 1861.
In February, 1862, we have a long letter to Sir Charles Lyell almost entirely devoted to the subject of the war; and in November of the same year, another to Lady Lyell, wholly on the matter of the "Life of Prescott;" extracts from which will give an insight into his thoughts and occupations at this time.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL.

BOSTON, February 11, 1862.

My dear Lyell,—No doubt, I ought to have written to you before. But I have had no heart to write to my friends in Europe, since our troubles took their present form and proportions. . . .

You know how I have always thought and felt about the slavery question. I was never an Abolitionist, in the American sense of the word, because I never have believed that any form of emancipation that has been proposed could reach the enormous difficulties of the case, and I am of the same mind now. Slavery is too monstrous an evil, as it exists in the United States, to be reached by the resources of legislation. . . . I have, therefore, always desired to treat the South with the greatest forbearance, not only because the present generation is not responsible for the curse that is laid upon it, but because I have felt that the longer the contest could be postponed, the better for us. I have hoped, too, that in the inevitable conflict with free labour, slavery would go to the wall. I remember writing to you in this sense more than twenty years ago, and the results thus far have confirmed the hopes I then entertained. The slavery of the South has made the South poor. The free labour of the North has made us rich and strong.

But all such hopes and thoughts were changed by the violent and unjustifiable secession, a year ago; and, since the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter, we have had, in fact, no choice. We must fight it out. Of the results I have never doubted. We shall beat the South. But what after that? I do not see. It has pleased God that, whether we are to be two nations or one, we should live on the same continent side by side, with no strong natural barrier to keep us asunder; but now separated by hatreds which grow more insane and intense every month, and which generations will hardly extinguish. . . .

Our prosperity has entered largely into the prosperity of the world, and especially into that of England and France. You feel it to have been so. And some persons have been unwise enough to think that your interference in our domestic quarrel can do good to yourselves, and perhaps to us, by attempting to stop this cruel and wicked war. It is, I conceive, a great mistake. I have believed, since last August, that France was urging your government to some sort of intervention,—to break the blockade or to enforce a peace,—but the general opinion here has been that England has been the real mover in the matter, thus engendering a bitter hatred of your people, which the unjustifiable tone of your papers and ours increases and exasperates. All this is
wrong, and so far as you are excited by it to intervention, it is most unhappy and portentous. The temptation, no doubt, is strong. It almost always is in the case of civil wars, which, from their very nature, invite interested and neighbouring nations to interfere. But how rarely has good come to anybody from such interference. In the present instance I am satisfied that it would only exasperate us, and lead to desperate measures.

As to the present comparative condition of North and South, there can be no question. At Richmond, and elsewhere beyond the Potomac, gold is at forty per cent. premium, coffee and tea at four or five prices, salt as dear. . . . Beef and bread they have in abundance, and so resolute and embittered are they, that they seem content with this. But it cannot be. The women, I hear, in a large part of the South, will not speak to men who stay at home from the army, without obvious and sufficient cause. But the suffering is great, however the proud spirit may bear up against it, and they must yield, unless, what is all but incredible, they should speedily gain great military success.

At the North the state of things is very different. There is no perceptible increase of poverty. . . . Nor is anybody disheartened. If you were here you would see little change in our modes of life, except that we are all busy and in earnest about the war. This, however, is not to last. The government must either impose taxes heavy enough to sustain its credit, as it ought to have done long ago, and then our incomes will all feel it, or it must rush into a paper currency, and then, of course, prices must rise in proportion, and the whole end in disaster.

One thing, however, is certain. We are well off now. We were, I think, never so rich, and never had so much gold stored away for a specie basis. It is, therefore, owing to the unwise course of the Government that the Treasury and the banks have suspended their specie payments; or, in other words, it is owing to the incompetency and corruption of the men at Washington. The people are ready and willing to do their part. The people's agents are incompetent.

A country that has shown the resources and spirit of the North—however they may have been misused, and may continue to be—cannot be ruined by a year or two of adverse fortune, or even more. Changed it will be, how, or how much, I cannot guess, nor do I find anybody worth listening to that can tell me. But we are young and full of life. Diseases that destroy the old are cast off by the vigour of youth; and, though I may not live to see it, we shall again be strong and have an honoured place among the nations. For the South I have no vaticinations. The blackness of thick darkness rests upon them, and they

7 September 7, 1862, he wrote to his eldest daughter, then at Newport: "I was very glad to see your name on the printed paper you sent yesterday. Give what money you think best, to the ladies with whom you are associated, and look to me to make it good. I was never so much in earnest about the war as I have been for the last week, when the very atmosphere has been full of the spirit of change and trouble."
deserve all they will suffer. I admit that a portion of the North, and sometimes the whole North, has been very unjust to them. . . . But it is all no justification of civil war. . . . It is the unpardonable sin in a really free State.

You will, perhaps, think me shabby if I stop without saying anything about the Trent affair, and so I may as well make a clean breast of it. Except Everett, all the persons hereabout in whose judgment I place confidence believed from the first that we had no case. I was fully of that mind. . . .

As to the complaint about our closing up harbours, we are not very anxious. It a harsh measure, but there are precedents enough for it,—more than there ought to be. But two will fully sustain the mere right. By the treaty of Utrecht you stipulated not only for the destruction of the fortifications of Dunkirk, but for filling up the port; and in 1777 (I think it was that year) you destroyed the entrance to Savannah, so that appropriations were made, not many years ago, by our Congress, to remove the obstructions, although the river, there, has cut for itself a new channel. I do not think that we have closed any but the minor and more shallow channels to any harbour, leaving the more important to be watched by the blockade. . . . However, if England and France want a pretext for interfering with us, perhaps this will do as well as any other. No doubt the "Times," at least, will be satisfied with it. . . .

Next week I intend to send you some photographs of Prescott, and ask you and Lady Lyell to see that they are properly engraved for my Life of him. I shall not print—though any time in the last year I could soon have been ready—until people begin to read something beside newspapers. . . . I enclose you two or three scraps from our papers of last evening and this morning. They are a fair specimen of our daily food,—bitter ashes. . . .

Yours always,
Geo. Ticknor.

Boston, November 25, 1862.

My dear Lady Lyell,—We have not, until within a few days, been able to settle anything about the beautiful engravings you sent us, or I should earlier have written to acknowledge your ever-faithful kindness. Nothing certainly could have been more judicious than the mode you took for getting the best that could be had, and your success has been greater than could reasonably have been expected,—so difficult or impossible is it, in a case like this, to satisfy the recollections of those who feel that they were always the nearest and dearest, and that in consequence a sort of responsibility rests on them, which is not the less sensitive nor the less to be regarded, because it is not quite reasonable. . . .

All of us feel truly grateful to you and Sir Charles for the thoughtful

8 One English engraving was accepted, that by Holl, of the portrait which faces the title-page.
and safe way in which you went about the labour of love we ventured to ask from you. For myself, I have no idea, if all who have been called to counsel about it had been in London when you took your measures to get the engravings made, that we should have done differently from what you yourself did. Or, if we had, we should not, I am persuaded, have done so well.

The Life, as you know, has been finished since early last spring, and lately I have been looking it over with his very near friend, Mr. W. H. Gardiner, who, you may remember, was his executor. Very likely I shall put it to press this winter. There seems no use in waiting. If such things are postponed till the end of the war, and till the healing influences of peace shall have brought the minds of men to a tolerable degree of tranquillity, we may wait till the Greek Calends. I see no light yet in the horizon.

In the opening days of 1864, the first handsome quarto edition of the "Life of Prescott" appeared, and was seized with avidity by the public. Mr. Ticknor gave away an unusual number of copies, and, when some allusion to this by his daughter gave him a natural opportunity for saying it, he told her that he never meant to have any profit to himself from that book. It was evidently too near his heart for him to coin it into money.

The merits of this Memoir have been fully recognized. Its genial style and the simple flow of the narrative are coloured with a warm sense of the charms of Mr. Prescott's character, as well as a frank admission of those slight weaknesses which, by their peculiar flavour, only made him the more beloved by his friends. The lesson taught by that life of voluntary labour, and of stern self-control, engrafted on a facile, ease-loving nature, is kept steadily in view from first to last, while the picture of an heroic struggle against an ever-present infirmity, which might otherwise have been too sombre, is brightened by the happy use of almost trivial details. His heart went with his pen, and the narrative glows with the warmth of a strong personal affection, which gives it a charm that the best taste, the soundest judgment, and the most finished literary skill would not alone have secured.

A few extracts from letters written by Mr. Ticknor to accompany presentation copies, and from letters which he received in relation to the Memoir, will close this subject.

Boston, U.S.A., January 18, 1864.

My dear Lord Carlisle,9—I have desired Trübner & Co. to send you a copy of the "Life of Prescott," just published. . . . However

9 This letter is printed from a rough draft.
imperfect my part of it may be, I think you will desire to see it for
the sake of its subject.
That it is a truthful portrait of our friend seems to be admitted by
those who knew him best. Whether there is life in the likeness I
know not, but I hope there is. I do not believe that there is flattery
in it, or concealment, for who is there that I should seek to flatter by
overpraise of him, and what was there in his life or character that any-
body should desire to conceal?
About your own relations with him, I suppose I can hardly have
been mistaken. I know how his heart turned to you from the very
first. I know how, in his little study in Bedford Street, he showed
you his private memoranda about his religious inquiries and convic-
tions, for he told me of it at the time, and it was a proof of his inti-
mate confidence which I think he never gave to anybody but to his
wife, to you, and to me; and to me very rarely, although I saw him so
constantly and we exchanged our thoughts so freely. But you will
judge of this, as you will of all else; and if you are willing to
give me your opinion of the book, or of any part of it, I shall be
grateful for it.
In any event, my dear Lord Carlisle, believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

In answer to this Lord Carlisle writes:—

Dublin Castle, March 17, 1864.

My dear Mr. Ticknor,—I fear you must have thought that my
acknowledgments of your most kind letter and thrice welcome volume
come to you very tardily; but I was determined not to leave a line un-
read before I wrote, and notwithstanding all the pleasure of the occupa-
tion, the many distractions which beset me here have not allowed it to
be as rapid as would have been both natural and agreeable. My
verdict is one of unalloyed approval. I think your memorial of our
dear and honoured friend is simple, complete, unaffected, and thus
entirely suited to the character and qualities of its subject. How much
it recalls to me that “sunny” countenance, pure heart, placid and
blameless life. I think I can rely on myself, that I am not bribed into
my admiration by the considerate manner in which I have been treated
through your work, as I can assure you I consider that you have put
no mean feather in my cap by exhibiting me to the world as one who
had won the regard of Prescott. . . .
Pray give my very kindest regards to Mrs. Ticknor. . . .
Believe me, my dear Mr. Ticknor,
Your most obliged and faithful
Carlisle.

An old friend of Mr. Prescott, Mr. Theophilus Parsons, says:—

Let me confess at once, you have surprised me most agreeably.
Of course I knew that no mere literary excellence would be wanting.
But I knew, also, that you were obliged to rely mainly on your long,
close, and unreserved friendship with Prescott as the means of understanding him—the events of his life and their bearing on his character—perfectly. And yet it was necessary to avoid the influence of this very friendship, so far as it tended to make you present him too favourably; and then to avoid, with equal care, resisting this influence so far as to render your presentation of him cold and cheerless.

To me it seemed that this task was, to the last degree, difficult,—too difficult. But you have conquered the difficulty perfectly. . . . I will not deny that my relations with Prescott made me sensitive, and fastidious as to the character of that which must be his permanent memorial. But I am satisfied. You have done him no more than justice, but that justice is ample and complete.

On the other hand, a literary man, who had not known Prescott, writes thus:

From J. R. Chorley.

76, Chester Square, Pimlico, February 24, 1864.

My dear Ticknor,—. . . I congratulate you on having so paid a tribute of friendship, as to make at the same time a welcome addition to literature. . . . The halo round the name of a distinguished author would not, of itself, suffice to maintain the attraction of a story the topics of which are few, and nearly uniform in their respective developments, from the critical period at which the moral and literary career of your friend was determined by a mere accident, . . . and to give life, and a certain variety to what is essentially monotonous, is a task that an able pen could not have accomplished without a pious hand to guide it.

. . . The character portrayed is a very peculiar one, above all, I think, in its mixture of qualities seldom found in company with each other, and still more rarely admitting, when they do meet, of any productive union or auspicious progress. It is remarkable how much of wholesome industry was evolved from a source intrinsically morbid; and this, too, in a character which, from the beginning, seems to have had a tendency to that kind of self-inspection which infirm health is apt to cherish until it becomes a positive disease. Mr. Prescott seems to have been rescued from such an extremity by the aid of a genial temperament, and it is curious to observe how, in him, this and other elements, which of themselves are signs of weakness and perversion, were adjusted and brought into harmony with the better side of his nature. The contrast and the composition are such as, I think, have rarely been witnessed elsewhere.

There is one considerable underpart in the story, obvious, indeed, to any attentive eye, which, however, perhaps deserved a more prominent notice. Had Mr. Prescott been a poor man, such a solution as he made of a difficult problem would have been impossible. That he made good use of his advantages is his praise; but in having them he owed much to fortune.

Nor was he less fortunate, surely, in his friends. I suppose no man
of letters ever received more zealous and constant aid (of a kind which no money can procure) in the promotion of his work. This circumstance, indeed, reflects honour on both sides; for one whom all love to help must be one who merits their love. Nor can those who knew him not better learn what he must have been than by seeing the impression he made on those to whom he was known. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

J. R. Chorley.

FROM HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

NEW YORK, Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR MR. TICKNOR,—Your splendid New Year's gift reached me last evening in time to dip into it deeply before going to bed. This morning I rose before any one else in the house, lighted my own fire, and gave the quiet hours of a long morning to the life of our friend. I expected a great deal, a very great deal from you; and you have far surpassed my expectation. You have given Prescott as he was, leaving no part of his character unportrayed. He was in life and in himself greater than his books, and you have shown him so. I find nothing omitted, nothing remissly done, and nothing overdone. I had feared that the uniformity of his life would cut off from your narrative the resources of novelty and variety and stirring interest; and here, in the inward struggles of his mind, and his struggles with outward trials, you have brought out a more beautiful and attractive picture than if you had had to describe the escapes of a hero or the perils of an adventurer. Well as I knew Prescott, you have raised my conception of his fortitude, and self-control, and consciously noble ambition. Your volume is a sermon to the young and a refreshment to the old, the best monument that one man of letters ever reared to his friendship for another; and you have done your part so well, that, in raising a monument to Prescott, you have constructed an imperishable one for yourself. So you see how many causes I have to thank you.

I remain, my dear Mr. Ticknor, with sincere regard,

Yours,

Geo. Bancroft.

What a fortunate thing it is for the country that its two favourite authors, Prescott and Washington Irving, had each a nature so pure and generous. Prescott's example as a man will have an influence, the most chastening and the most benign, on our young men of coming generations. You have gained a triumph in letters; but I think you are still more to be congratulated in having been able to set before our people every feature and form of his mind, as a model of integrity and a persevering, manly, successful war against difficulties which would have overwhelmed the resolution of many of the most buoyant and the most strong. You see I do not know where to stop.
TO REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

March 9, 1864.

My dear Dr. Wayland,—It can, I trust, hardly be needful, on your account, to tell you that your letter about the "Life of Prescott" gave me great pleasure. I hope that you knew that it would when you wrote it. But on my own account it is quite necessary that I should do so, for if I were not to thank you I should feel that I had been guilty of a wrongfull omission. Let me do it, then, very heartily and somewhat humbly: very heartily, because I am grateful that you accept the view of my friend's character such as I have presented it; and very humbly, because I cannot conscientiously accept most of the words of praise you so kindly send me. I wish I could. I should then feel that I have done, for Prescott's character and example, what the world had a right to claim from his biographer. But I must content myself with thinking that I have done the best I could.

One thing I doubt not that you must have seen—I was more interested about the man than about the author. The author, I think, can take care of himself; and whether he can or not, he has put himself into the hands of the world for judgment, and the world never fails to take jurisdiction in such cases. But the man, my friend, was put into my hands especially and trustingly. The difference of the two cases is, therefore, great, and I felt it from the outset.

I do not claim, nor can any man now claim, to be the final judge of Prescott's histories. No doubt it is possible that in some future time different views may prevail respecting one or another of the portions of the world's affairs to which he devoted himself. Neither Gillies, nor Clavier, nor Mitford, nor Ottfried Müller could finally settle the History of Greece, though the materials for it had been ripening a thousand years in the minds of statesmen and scholars; and I dare say that Grote has not done it, though he has stood on the shoulders of all of them. The same thing may happen about the times of Ferdinand and Isabella, and about the Conquest of Mexico. I see no signs of it at present, and I do not really think it will ever happen. But if it should, those books of Prescott's will no more be forgotten, or neglected, than Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Plutarch, or Mitford, or Grote. Nobody can hereafter touch the subjects to which they are devoted without referring to them, and doing it with respect and admiration.

But the man himself is in many important senses separate from all this. I knew him well, and I claim my portrait of him to be truthful. It may be ever so imperfectly or coarsely finished, but the great lines are right, and the likeness is there. Moreover, it is not flattered; I have put in the wart. I claim, therefore, to have it received as the vera effigies. Whether the world will admit the claim, time must decide. But that spectators like you—the best and fairest of experts—have received it as such, is greatly gratifying to me. Again, therefore, I thank you.
To Wm. Picard, Esq., Cadiz.

Boston, May 10, 1864.

My dear Mr. Picard,—I am under great obligations to you for your three kind and interesting letters. . . . I should have written as soon as the first came to hand, but I was unwell, and very anxious about Mrs. Dexter, who was dangerously ill for a short time. But, thank God, she is much better, and I am nearly well; as well as a man has a right to be who is nearly seventy-three years old. . . .

You will be glad to hear that the édition de luxe of the “Life of Prescott”—two thousand copies—is already sold; that another of five hundred copies is preparing as fast as possible; and that, meantime, two other editions, one in 8vo. of fifteen hundred copies, and one in 12mo., two thousand, are out and in good request. It is a great pleasure to me that the view I have given of my friend—I mean the view of him as greater and better than his books—is so generally accepted as I understand that it is.

Our war goes on with increasing ferocity. There has been terrible fighting between the Rapidan and Richmond, since Thursday, with considerable advantage to our side, but nothing yet (noon, Tuesday, May 10) absolutely decisive of the fate of the city. Elsewhere, especially in Louisiana, we have sustained losses. So things look as dark as ever. I still believe, however, that we shall gain the great battles, and defeat the great armies of the enemy. But after that, I fear, will begin our greatest difficulties. Meantime, luxury reigns as it never did before, in Boston, New York, and through the North generally.

With kindest regards from all of us to all of your house, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

Geo. Ticknor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1863 to 1866.—Letters to G. T. Curtis, Sir C. Lyell, Sir E. Head, R. H. Gardiner, Friend B. B. Wiffen, General Thayer, C. F. Bradford, Professor Louis Agassiz, Lady Cranworth.—Death of Mr. Everett.

During the period of old age, upon which Mr. Ticknor had now entered, he led a tranquil, simple life, adapted to his condition, and filled with serene and appropriate enjoyments. He had always made friends among the young, and his house continued to be the resort of many persons of all ages, who contributed to his pleasure by their society. The last five summers of his life he passed in Brookline, one of the prettiest spots among the charming environs of Boston, where he took a pleasant cottage, so situated that he had long-tried friends close
around him, and, through private garden-walks, could reach these and other younger neighbours, who welcomed him with warm and cheerful greetings. These summer days were truly days of ease, when books and correspondence, interchange of informal visits, and daily drives made up a goodly sum of rational satisfaction.

His letters grew fewer and shorter; but it will be seen in the remaining selection that he still wrote many, and often on topics both interesting and various. The first of these, by their dates, retrace a little the steps already trod; but a few pages will bring us again to the point we lately left.

To George T. Curtis, New York.

Boston, February 5, 1863.

My dear George,—I want to know how you are, and how you get on, one and all, great and small, for it is some time since I have heard. The Judge, I suppose, has been with you for a week, and we hope to see him soon. No doubt he will tell us about you. But I should like to know what you have to say, for yourself and your home.

We are all well,—uncommonly so. I think—but am not sure—that all four of us, meaning my wife, Anna, and Lizzie, shall go to Everett's to-night, a thing the like of which all of us have not done together, I suppose, for some years. But it is in honour of McClellan, and so we all screw our courage to the sticking-place and go.

His visit here has gone off as well as could be. I have dined with him twice, lunched with him once, and met him less seriously three or four times besides. He has always borne himself becomingly. His cheerful equanimity is absolute and universal. I think if he were to-morrow to go back to his railroad in Illinois, or to the head of the armies, his manner would be just the same, and his spirits untouched by either emergency. He has not suffered himself to make a speech since he came here, and, strange to say, seems to have no itching to do it, and yet the people have run after him everywhere all the same. He told me that he had never been so received in any other city; and his principal aide, Colonel Wright, told me the same thing. Crowds run after his carriage, and stop and wait at the doors where he alights to visit, to catch a glimpse of him as he goes in and out; and as for the multitude that gathered at the Tremont House the day he professed "to receive," I am sure I saw nearer ten thousand than five waiting for a possible chance. The street was crowded from School Street to Bromfield Street. And all this not only without any incitement from the gentlemen who brought him here, but much of it accepted by them very anxiously. Indeed, no ten or twenty men could have got up such a movement. It has come right up from the people themselves, warm, hearty, spontaneous.
Do not, however, misunderstand me. I do not suppose that such a movement tend either to restore him to the head of the armies, or to make him President of the United States. It is simply a graceful tribute to his services, and it has been cordially paid,—not forgetting, at the same time, that it damages the men who have treated him so ill. He does not conceal that he is much gratified with it; his wife and his aides admit plenary astonishment, as well as pleasure. . . .

Yours always,

Geo. Ticknor.

To George T. Curtis.

Boston, March 30, 1863.

I send you by this mail a pamphlet which I want you to read, and tell me in a few general words what you think of it. Some very sensible people believe its fundamental idea important and practicable. . . . Perhaps you know its author,—Fisher of Philadelphia, graduated at Cambridge in 1825,—a man of large fortune, conscientious, little accustomed to writing, as you will see by his style and modes of discussion, but determined to think for himself, and willing, I dare say, to make sacrifices to his convictions in action, if needful. He explained his plan, for representation by totalities, to me in Paris in 1857; but I thought nothing more about it until he was here a few weeks ago and told me he should soon print on the subject. His system, if carried into real, faithful effect, would, no doubt, break up the power of caucuses, and much impair the influence of demagogues; but the question is whether the people will not, after all, prefer the false gods they have so long worshipped. In other words, can they be got out of the old, deep ruts in which they have been so long misled. It seems to me as if, like Macbeth, we must wade over whatever may be the cost or the consequences.

And where are we going to, when we get to the other side without a Constitution? —— says we are going to the D—l as fast as we can, and ought to be very grateful that we have got a D—l to go to. That is his fashion of expressing the state of things. How do you express it in New York? . . . Many people are glad that the President is substantially made an irresponsible Dictator, though they have no confidence in him or his advisers; arguing that, if they are not sustained until victories enough are won to tide the present forms of our government over to another administration of its affairs, we shall go utterly to pieces now; chaos will come again now. But, suppose we fail of the victories, or, on the other hand, suppose we get them, and the dictatorship should be continued, in military forms, by the silent consent of a people too grateful for success and salvation, what then? Just now, men who hold the opinions referred to seem to have reached the point suggested by Macaulay, that there are times when liberty must be given up to save society. But are we called to this terribly stern sacrifice by the present state of things? . . .
To Sir Charles Lyell.

Boston, March 31, 1863.

My dear Lyell,—I have not yet finished your book about the antiquity of all of us, but I cannot longer delay thanking you for it. I have enjoyed it so far very much, and shall, no doubt, to the end. True, my ignorance prevents my opinion from being worth a button; but then, even in this view of the matter, I represent a large fraction of your readers, and may therefore assume that the pleasure I have had has been shared by many. We may, at least, feel sure that in many most important points we know how far geology has got on.

The parts that have thus far most interested me relate to those lacustrine people, a feeble folk, I suppose, like the conies in Scripture, but nearer to us, by a good deal, than the people who made the arrow-heads and hatchets in the valley of the Somme, so that I really am more curious about them. Next after your account of these lacustrines, I have been most interested about the history of the origin and development of Darwin’s theory, concerning which I suppose more is to follow, which I have not yet reached. But then your style is so crystal clear and so befitting your subject, that I read all with interest. Only, from ignorance, I have to read slow.

The “Memoirs of Miles Byrne,” which came, I suppose, from you or from Lady Lyell, at the same time, is as different from your book as one book can well be from another. Of this, too, I have read only the larger half, and am still going on with it. It seems to have, everywhere, the impress of truth upon it, and so it must be among the safe mémoires pour servir. But then the infinite details, which contribute to give it this character, are very confusing. A man ought to know the topography of the parts of Ireland to which it refers, as he knows that of his own village, and have heard all about its people and their nicknames. To one conclusion, however, we fairly come, from the first volume of the brave old soldier, and that is the one he would be most anxious about; I mean, how cruelly and wickedly the Irish of that period were treated by the British government.

Much of what I have read comes to me with great force, now that we are in the midst of a civil war ourselves. How we get on you can judge as well as we, perhaps better. . . . Keep your eyes on the Mississippi, and see if we soon clear out that great thoroughfare, and divide and break the resources of the Confederacy. This is the first and vital conflict, and I watch everything relating to it, daily, with intense anxiety. The Administration has received from Congress everything that can be asked, men and money without stint, and a power to declare martial law all over the country. If we fail, therefore, it will not be from want of the spirit of the old Roman dictatorship. But I do not think we shall fail, though I think the President and his advisers are not equal to the emergency. The people, however, are. At least I trust so, and so believe.

We are all well. . . .

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Ticknor.
To George T. Curtis, Esq., New York.

Boston, May 8, 1863.

The outside world in one shape intrudes upon everybody, even the most secluded, in these days. Hooker's disasters will be gradually let in upon the country, but what will be the effect? Will people wake up to the position of affairs, or will they go on in the old ways of talking, and caucusing, and make proclamations? It seems to be settled in the minds of the community, that a civil war, of the gigantic proportions to which this one has attained, is to be carried on by the old machinery of party, that we are to have great popular meetings, with the galleries reserved for the ladies, and music to entertain them; loyal leagues of men and women; dinners and dinner speeches, and all the claptrap devices of the times of a great election. Why, you might as well set the men and women, and the newspapers, and the caucuses, and clubs, to put out a volcano, or stop an earthquake. If the President don't see this and make a clean sweep, he cannot, I think, get on much farther. . . . For myself, I do not think my opinion is worth much until I get rid of the lumbago. When I do, perhaps I shall enlist,—perhaps not. . . .

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, May 12, 1863.

My dear Head,—You have met with a great loss, and I cannot refuse myself the gratification of telling you that I sympathize with you very sincerely. I have just been reading the remarks in the House of Commons by Mr. Walpole and Mr. Disraeli, on the loss sustained by the nation; but I thought of you all the time, and of our last meeting at Kent House, and talking with Sir George Lewis till after midnight, the day but one before I left London.

Of course I knew him but little, but there was one quality of his mind of vast consequence to him as a statesman, and to his country, which was very quickly apparent; I mean his instinctive fairness. He was singularly able and willing to change his opinion, when new facts came to unsettle his old one. He seemed to do it, too, without regret. This struck me the first time I saw him, which was at breakfast at Lord Stanhope's, in July, 1856, and it was still more strongly apparent the next morning at breakfast at his own house; the conversation on both occasions having been much on American affairs. . . . And so it continued, I think, every time I saw him that summer, and the next, down to the last dinner at his house, when we were together. I remember that I used to think he had the greatest respect for facts of any man I ever saw, and an extraordinary power of determining, from internal evidence, what were such. I suppose this meant, that the love of truth was the uppermost visible quality in his character.2

1 By the death of Sir George Cornewall Lewis.
2 In his reply to this letter Sir Edmund says: "Your letter is very
How Lady Theresa will bear her loss, coming so close upon that of her daughter, I do not know. Her place in the world seems to be made vacant by it as much as that of Sir George; for she should always be associated with those who hold in their hands large power. At least, it has always so seemed to me, in the little I have known of her; so admirably did she appear to be fitted, both by her intellectual constitution and accomplishments, and by her gentle wisdom and graceful tact in society, for a place among those who manage the affairs of the world. . . . She has, I apprehend, a very affectionate nature. At least, when I last knew her, the death of her mother—who had then been dead some years—still lay heavy on her heart. . . .

To Robert H. Gardiner, Esq., Gardiner.

Newport, R.I., August 29, 1863.

When I first wrote to you that I did not like to venture a journey in very hot weather, I had a misgiving that I was standing on pretty slippery ground. . . . Since my last letter, however,—now ten days ago,—Mrs. Ticknor has been constantly in bed, Dr. Barker attending her generally twice a day, and I have been in bed part of the time in a contiguous room, and under his care the whole of it. . . .

Yesterday, while I was still confined to my bed, Sir Henry Holland, who visited you at Gardiner a few years ago, came in upon me straight from London. I had a long talk with him, from which I infer that the best chance our friends in England see for us is, that we should continue our victories, until we feel strong and magnanimous enough to proclaim an amnesty, and offer the South to settle everything—a new constitution and all—by a convention. So little do they know. . . .

Latrobe of Baltimore, who came in the evening, has a wholly different remedy. . . . The plan does not seem to me to be wiser than Sir Henry's; but each is as good as any I have heard of. . . .

striking, and very true, with reference to poor Lewis's mind and character,—so much so that I shall venture to take a liberty, which I hope you will pardon. I shall cause an extract from it (of course without your name) to be used in an article which will appear in the next 'Edinburgh Review.'”

In answer to this, again, Mr. Ticknor writes: “I have not seen the July number of the ‘Edinburgh,’ and, indeed, do not know whether it has come. Therefore I am still uncertain what you may have found in my letter that could be turned to account. What I thought, and still think, about Sir George Lewis, as one of the most remarkable men I have met, I know very well. What I said about him is quite another matter, for I remember nothing of it. But whatever it was, you are welcome to it. I only wish it may have been better than I can think it was. Please tell me, however, who wrote the article, for though I naturally suppose you did, I should like to know for certain.” Sir Edmund admitted that he wrote it.
TO ROBERT H. GARDINER, GARDINER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 11, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. GARDINER,—I cannot tell you how much I was touched by your letter, which came yesterday afternoon. Two days earlier I had heard of your illness, indistinctly, indeed, as to the form and detail, but decisively as to its character; and the next day I talked the matter over with our old and faithful friend, Mr. Minot, and determined to write to-day to Frederic, as he had already done. But your letter leaves me no doubt; I am permitted by not only your Christian equanimity,—of which I never doubted,—but by your clear-sighted comprehension of your own case, to write to you without embarrassment. A position like yours, understood, and accepted as you accept it, is a teaching for all. I recognize it as such, and shall endeavour to profit by it. The time for me must be short, as it must be for everybody who is well past his threescore and ten.

I shall write to you from time to time, as I may have anything to say that I think can interest you. I know that nothing can prevent you from being interested in the fate of a country that you have loved so long, and to which you intrust a posterity dearer to you than life. That we shall not be utterly ruined, I trust and believe. If we have offended against Heaven as a nation in many ways, I hope that we are not cast off altogether; and that your children and mine may continue to find a resting-place here, which—with trials, indeed, but not severer than they will profit by—may yet give them and theirs the resources needful for happiness and improvement. But it will not be the same country that you and I have lived in. As Dr. Bowditch said to me, above thirty years ago, in a manner so impressive that I remember the spot where we stood, and rarely pass it without recalling the circumstance, “We are living in the best days of the republic. That the worst will follow soon does not seem to me very likely. But nations advance, and thrive, and die, like men; and can no more have a second youth than their inhabitants can.”

Since I have been writing, Mr. Minot has been in to tell me that he has had a letter from you to-day, and answered it. He seems in good health, quite as good as he enjoyed when he was with you last summer. But his spirits are probably less bright. The cold weather is not a refreshment to him as it is to me; and he is saddened, I can see, by your illness. He feels as I did, when Dr. Hayward, my old playmate, was taken away, that my turn may come next. Proximus ardet Ualegon. My neighbour’s house is gone, and the conflagration must reach mine very soon.

I have still enough to do to keep me contented, and to encourage me to work on. I hope, as long as I have strength, that I shall never be in want of occupation for others. Old people, I think, take little pleasure in working for themselves.

Believe me always faithfully and affectionately yours,

Geo. Ticknor.

3 Mr. Gardiner had become aware that he had a fatal disease, and had written openly and tranquilly upon the subject to his friends.
To Robert H. Gardiner, Esq., Gardiner.

Boston, January 14, 1864.

My dear Mr. Gardiner,—We receive constantly the most gratifying accounts of your condition, in whatever, at this stage of your progress onwards, is important and consoling. But when I turn to tell you so, and put pen to paper, even in answer to your pleasant letter of last week, I stop and hesitate what I shall say. It seems as if the words that have to travel so far, along with the every-day business of common life, must grow hollow and unmeaning before they reach you, while I would have them fresh and warm, as they would be if I were sitting by your side, and could adapt them to the varying condition of your mind, as your thoughts inevitably sway to and fro under the pressure of bodily infirmities. Still, I cannot help writing, if it be only to say that we are all of us more and more desirous to hear of you, and more and more interested, and gratified, with what comes to us. God, I feel very trustful, will be gentle in His dealings with you, as He has always been. The temperament it pleased Him to give you originally has insured to you, through a long and happy life, a remarkable degree of composure and equanimity. And so, I fully believe, it will continue to the end. Certainly I pray that it may be so.

If I could know what would interest and occupy your thoughts at the moment when my letter will reach you, I might fill out a sheet or more, as usual. But, in fact, when I wrote to you last and now again, I do not feel as if I could write on common subjects, or think about common things. I see you too distinctly for this, on your sofa in the library, surrounded by those you most love on earth, and still giving and receiving pleasure. I do not, indeed, hear the words you utter, but I know their meaning, full of gentleness and love; and I know that those who do hear them will treasure them up, and that, hereafter, some of them will reach me. Meantime, we shall continue to think and speak of you daily, and cherish for you the affection which has so long been a part of our happiness, and which no change or separation can impair.

With tender regards from Mrs. Ticknor and myself to Mrs. Gardiner, and to all whom love and duty alike gather round you, believe me, my dear Mr. Gardiner, now and always

Your sincere friend,

George Ticknor.

To B. B. Wiffen.

Boston, U. S. A., March 25, 1864.

Friend Benjamin B. Wiffen,—I received, three days ago, from Trübner & Co., a rich copy of the improved CX. Considerazioni de Juan de Valdes, together with your very kind and interesting letter of the 8th of last month. I thank you for both very cordially, and shall preserve them among the things that I hold to be precious.

Your notice of the death of a sister, who had been your companion
from childhood, and whose empty seat by your hearth makes you feel very desolate, touches me nearly. I am old,—almost seventy-three,—and the few friends of my youth and riper years, that have remained to me until now, are constantly dropping away. One has fallen this week. Another will go soon. And the rest must follow before long, whether it pleases God that I should precede them or not.

In 1819 I spent two or three days with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. There was a brilliant party there, just at the end of the shooting-season,—the old Lord Spenceer, Frere, the Jerseys, etc. One forenoon I remember that, with your brother, and a clergyman whose name I have forgotten, I walked a good deal about the grounds and park. Lord John was at home, and my recollections of him,—with whom I have kept up some intercourse from time to time ever since—and of your brother are most agreeable, as they are, indeed, of the whole visit. From Lord John I had a letter yesterday, and am glad to find that, notwithstanding the contests of party and his elevation—if it be such—to the peerage, his literary tastes are still strong.

You ask me if there are, in the United States, any public libraries to which you may send the reprints of the ancient Spanish Reformers, and where they would be preserved, and would serve the purposes of literature? I answer, confidently, that there are many such. Harvard College, near Boston, and the Astor Library, New York, are among the more prominent of the number. But the one I will venture to commend to your favour is the Boston Public Library, of which I send you, by this mail, the last annual report, to show you, in part, what it is. The first portion of this report was drawn up by Mr. Everett, formerly our Minister in England, and our principal Secretary of State at home,—an accomplished scholar as well as a wise statesman. The second part was drawn up by myself, and the third by the very efficient Superintendent of the institution. . . . I have given to it above three thousand volumes, many of them rare; and intend to give to it my Spanish and Portuguese collections, which will make as many more. If these facts, together with what you will find in the report I send, should induce you to favour us, I shall be grateful, and will insure the fulfilment of your designs and wishes, as far as it may be done anywhere. If, however, your kindness should take another direction, I shall not complain. . . .

Yours very faithfully,

George Ticknor.

To Charles Frederic Bradford, Esq., Boston.

Park Street, April 1, 1864.

My dear Mr. Bradford,—I received this forenoon your Index to Clemencin’s Notes on Don Quixote, a marvellous work, carefully

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\(^4\) See vol. i. p. 222.
prepared, beautifully written, tastefully bound. That you should have
done this in any degree to please me, is a gratification such as
a scholar seldom receives; that you should give me such a charming

copy of it demands and receives my very cordial and sincere thanks.
I have looked over several pages of it, and many separate heads, and
find it accurate, as I expected it would be. Hereafter, I shall use it
for the serious purposes of study, and do not doubt that I shall often
be benefited by it.

When I see how much patient, faithful labour you have bestowed
upon this Index, I am consoled by the thought that if it was kindly
intended for me, it has, like other good works, not been without advan-
tage to its author. You must have learnt a great deal about the
history and criticism of Spanish literature, which you would be sorry
to part with. Others, too, will use it, and profit by it.  

Your graceful and modest account of the imperfect advantages you
have enjoyed for literary culture surprised me very much, as com-
pared with the results you have reached. I knew from yourself, and
in other ways, that your early opportunities had been small, but I
had no idea that they had been so very inconsiderable. It makes me
ashamed to think that, with all the means vouchsafed to me, I have
yet done no more. I assure you, I feel this painfully at the moment I
write it.

Please to give my kind regards to Mrs. Bradford, and tell her that
I congratulate her on your release from this hard, long work. I can-
not doubt that she must, sometimes, have thought that you were
giving to it time to which she had a better claim. But it is done, and
again I thank you for it, adding, that if, as you kindly say, I have in
any way helped you in your studies, I shall feel bound to do it still
more hereafter, in order partly to balance my present obligation.

Yours very faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, April 20, 1864.

My dear Head,— . . . As soon as I received Sir George's book 6
about the Administrations, 1783-1830, I read the first article, which
is largely about American affairs; and as I went on, I kept saying to
myself, "He ought to have been a judge, he ought to have been Lord
Chancellor." Nothing in the way of investigation seems ever to escape
him, and when all his facts are brought together, then comes in his
judicial fairness, and makes everything clear, as measured by some
recognized principle. See what he says about Lord Shelburne's
career, and especially what he says about Fox's mistake in joining

5 Mr. Bradford has since enlarged this Index, and has made, with his
own hand, other exquisite copies of it, of which he has presented one to
Harvard College, and one wholly in Spanish is now on its way to Spain for
the Royal Academy, of which he has been made a member.

6 Sir G. C. Lewis.
Lord North. I do not know anything like it in political history. Romilly and Horner had a good deal of the same character; but, though they came to as fair and honest results as anybody, they were both practising lawyers, and preserved something of the air of advocates, in the form and turn of their discussions. Perhaps Lewis might have had the same air if he had been in the courts, and had had clients to conciliate as well as to serve. As it is, we get, I think, in him only a sort of clear, judicial statesmanship, of which—very likely because I know so little of political history—I can refer to no other example. How is it? . . .

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL SYLVANUS THAYER.

BOSTON, April 29, 1864.

My dear General,—I can't help it this once. Next time it shall be "My dear Thayer," as of old. But to-day you must consent to be "the General," and nothing else. At any rate, since last evening, when I saw the announcement in the paper, I have had you constantly before me with the two stars on your shoulder-strap; feeling all the time that a galaxy would not be an over-statement of your deserts, so far as the creation of West Point, and the education of the officers of our army, is concerned. But enough of this. I do not congratulate you. When only an act of decent justice is done, the person who does it is to be congratulated, if anybody is. I therefore congratulate a little—not much—the Secretary of War, and if anybody else has had a hand in it, I congratulate him, too; but I never saw the Secretary, and never expect to see him, so that my congratulations will be lost in thin air, like all those unavailing supplications in Homer.

You have not answered my note about a visit. Do not let that—the visit, I mean—be lost in the same thin air. I want to have a long talk or two with you, and never shall do it unless you come here. . . .

Yours always, General or no General, but old classmate,

Geo. Ticknor.

When Mr. Ticknor made, on his seventy-sixth birthday, the list of his early friends,—from whom only death was to part him,—he had already endured the pain of separation from nearly all those who were not destined to survive him. The death of Mr. Everett in January, 1865, was a shock from its extreme suddenness, and it broke up an intercourse which, for the previous fourteen or fifteen years, had been extremely close and confidential. Their meetings, when both were in Boston, were almost daily, and the number of notes which passed between

7 See vol. i. p. 262.
them was so great as to cause amused comments in the family, on this lady-like or lover-like frequency of billets-doux.

On the day of Mr. Everett’s death Mr. Ticknor wrote to Mr. G. T. Curtis:

**Boston, Sunday, January 15, 1865.**

My dear George,—Everett died of apoplexy this morning at about half-past four o’clock.

I went to see him yesterday, because he was unwell, although I was, myself, not quite right for going out in bad weather. He was suffering from a terrible cold, which he caught last Monday, when he made a legal argument before referees about the damage done to his estate in Medford by the Charlestown water-works; and afterwards, before dinner, made the speech you have seen about the Savannah case. The doctor—Hayward—had been anxious about him at first, but was soon relieved of any apprehension of immediate danger, though he treated him tenderly, and visited him twice daily, watching him with care, as he said, because he was above seventy. When I saw him yesterday, he could not speak above a whisper, and was evidently quite ill, but he was in his library and moved about the room freely, giving directions and making arrangements for a person who was copying something for him. I came away without any special anxiety about the case.

This morning early I was sent for; but I stayed in bed late, not being well, and Michael, when he brought the shaving-water, was unwilling to tell me. As breakfast was ready your aunt thought it better to wait till I had had the needed refreshment. So I did not get there till after nine. William was alone, and had seen nobody but his uncle. . . . I sent for Mr. Winthrop, who came at once, but we were able to settle nothing, and are to go again at half-past twelve. . . .

I do not yet come to any living perception of what has happened; everything was so natural in that library, that when Winthrop came in my first impression was that Everett was entering the room. A minute afterwards I think I felt worse than I have at any time. It is a terrible shock.

**To General Thayer, Braintree.**

**Boston, April 25, 1865.**

My dear Thayer,—Faithful Michael—my true follower of four-

—Mr. Everett was in the habit of preserving everything of this kind, and Mr. Ticknor received back more than five hundred notes and letters which he had written. Almost all were short; a large quantity he destroyed, and of the remainder only a few were of so general a character that they could be used in these volumes.

—In a note to General Thayer he says: “We shall miss him [Everett] very much. I had known him almost as long as I have known you. Pray try to live a little longer; I can’t spare you all.”
To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, September 20, 1865.

My dear Head,—... Tell me what you think about Lord Derby’s Iliad. Sometimes he is not up to the German critics, among whom, if I follow him at all, it is only by accident. But his Miltonic blank-verse, I think, shows that he has a true feeling about his work. It is a great while since I have seen old Potter’s Æschylus, but Lord Derby has sometimes reminded me of that fierce Greek dogmatist. I kept Pope, Chapman, and Cowper on the table, as well as the original; but the English triumvirate seemed to me as pale before Lord Derby, while I was reading him, as he did before the Greek.

On looking again at your Spanish proverb I am a little uncertain—notwithstanding your ever clear and fair chirography—whether you wrote mear el vado, or mear al vado. ... Mear el vado may signify, knocking away the very foundations on which you build. But quien sabe? The context, if there is one, might show.

Agassiz is having his own way in Brazil as much as he ever had here. The Emperor does everything for him that he wants, gives him a steamer to go up the Amazon free of every possible charge, puts two engineers aboard who have surveyed the river, etc.

I am sorry to see the death of Hamilton, the Irish mathematician. A great light is put out. I saw him knighted in 1835, and he gave Anna a few days afterwards a grand sonnet, which he wrote on the occasion, and which I now have. ... It is certainly fine as few sonnets are.  

1 Assassination of President Lincoln.
2 Such a gift to a child was, of course, meant for her father. This allusion to the sonnet (already mentioned, vol. i. p. 352, note) gives an opportunity to present the sonnet itself here, which is quite irresistible:—

A PRAYER.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o’ershadow
Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!

VOL. II.
To Professor Louis Agassiz.

Boston, U.S.A., January 14, 1866.

My dear Agassiz,—You have written me three interesting and important letters from Brazil, and I have answered neither of them, partly from good reasons, partly from poor; neither worth remembering now. But I think I have done exactly what you meant I should do; I have used them in every way I could for the benefit of the Museum, and of your present expedition. Out of them, mainly, I have made two reports, which I suppose will be published this winter, and which I hope you will find substantially right.

But this is all. We have all agreed that it was better not to go into the newspapers at present; but rather to leave the account of your doings and their results to come out from higher and more authentic sources, or what will ultimately be best, from yourself.

There is, however, one matter about which it seems especially important to write to you now. By your last letter to me, dated Manaos, 23rd November, as well as from other letters I have seen, it is apparent that you would like to stay longer in Brazil; probably another season. It does not surprise me. You are, besides many other things higher and better, a collector. You are a passionate collector. I have seen and known many such, but I never saw one who was satisfied with what he had gathered. There is, however, somewhere, a natural and necessary limit to everything human, and it is clearly the part of wisdom to discover betimes where that limit is fixed, lest we should make serious mistakes in what is most important for the ordering of our lives; I mean, if it is in a matter which really concerns our well-being and success.

At the present moment, and in relation to your present plans, there seem to be two points of this sort, in which you and your friends are alike deeply interested. The first relates to the care and preservation of the specimens you may collect, and which must, most of them, perish or lose their value if not cared for in good season and efficiently. Before you went to South America there were twice as many specimens in your possession as could be properly arranged in the present building. You bade me say so in one of the Reports of the Committee on the Museum, and it was said accordingly, and remains now of record. Since you left us vast numbers of other specimens have been received, by way of exchange and donation, from Europe and all parts of the world; and there seems, from your letters, to be no end to those

Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread:
And the deep wish leave burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,—
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
Mine own steps in that high thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees:
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others roll’d!
you are sending from Brazil. We do not believe that it will be possible to erect all the buildings and provide all the scientific service, attendance, and materials necessary to protect and maintain in good condition such masses of specimens, and make them intelligible and useful. The mill will be stopped from the floods that will be poured upon the machinery through which alone it can be made to move. . . .

On the other point I speak wholly from the authority of scientific experts in whom you have confidence. It relates to yourself only, and to your great and noble purposes and objects in life. I do not feel that anybody has a right to object to your devoting yourself exclusively to the highest investigations in natural science, postponing to them all labours relating to the mere collection and preservation of the materials for doing so. It is your clear right. You have done an immense deal of work of this humbler sort. The Museum exists by your generous sacrifices. You are 
emeritus, and it may be your duty, as well as your right, to change in this respect the present course of your life. But I do not suppose that such devotion to the very highest purposes of science would be any injury to the Museum, which, on the contrary, you would illustrate and render every year more important and useful by your labours.

But your collections, as I am assured, are already larger, much larger, than you can submit to such investigations as you intend to make, even if you should live as long as those most attached to you can hope or ask that you should. Indeed, those who best know assure me, that the time you are now giving to the accumulation of specimens—which may, after all, perish from want of the means needful to protect them—might, in their judgment, be better employed for your own fame, and for the advancement of such scientific investigations as you can make better than any man alive, and without which these same vast collections might as well remain in their blind kegs, in the dark cellar where they are now hidden away, and so your vast personal labours and disinterested sacrifices, in bringing them together, be mainly lost.

It is, I fear, not unlikely, that, surrounded and solicited as you are now by such extraordinary means of readily accumulating what you value more than all gold, and to collecting which you have devoted so much of your life and your great powers, you will feel that I am writing ungraciously. But I am sure that I ought to write to you thus freely and frankly, not only from our personal relations and from your most open and kind nature, but because I know that I only send you the earnest convictions of those who most value you, and whom you most value. . . .

All would ask you to come home as soon as you can make convenient and becoming arrangements to do so. And how you will be received! . . .

To Sir Edmund Head.

Boston, January 30, 1866.

My dear Head,—I should have written to you earlier, I suppose,
but I have been ill. . . . However, the doctors have patched me up, so that I am well enough for 74-5. At least, I am as well off as the eidolon of Branca d'Oria, and, perhaps, as hollow. *E mangia, e bee, e dorme, e veste panni.* We shall see.

Among other things that I missed while I was in this "interlunar cave," I failed to see your Icelandic translation, in Fraser, till yesterday. I sent for it three times; but, as so often happens, I did not get it till I went for it myself. But I have been paid for my trouble. I enjoyed it very much, and have become eager to see more, of which I find a notice in the "Times," that came to me a few days ago. Meanwhile, I want the title of Bechstein's "Deutsches Lesebuch," so that I can order it, and read "Es stehen die Sterne am Himmel." Bürger was a miserable scamp; but still I should be sorry to have the credit of Lenore taken away from him. I have always understood that he got the hint for it from hearing a peasant-girl, as she was washing in a clear moonlight night, sing about

"Die Todten reiten schnell,
 Feins Liebchen, graut dir nicht."

At least, this was the tradition at Göttingen,—not, perhaps, in the days of Matilda Pottingen, but just half a century ago, when I lived there; and I don't like to have it disturbed, except on very good grounds.

. . . . We have just finished reading "Lecky" loud,—by far the most interesting book I have read since poor Buckle's, and more satisfactory than his,—not presumptuous in its generalizations, and safer in its statements of fact. . . .

Yours ever,
Geo. Ticknor.

To Lady Cranworth.

Boston, U.S.A., December 24, 1866.

My dear Lady Cranworth,—. . . . Please to tell Lord Cranworth, that, bearing his suggestion in mind, I read "Le Conscriit," as in fact, I had run it over when it first came out. It is a very interesting, life-like book. But I fear it will produce no permanent effect on the French national character; or on the military tastes that seem to have become a part of it. French men and women, in every village of their country, have seen similar cases of heart-rending misery, and heard tales of them repeated from the time they introduced the heathenish Roman conscription, above sixty years ago, and, what is worse, they have been proud of such cases, and taught the victims to be proud of them. Nothing, it seems to me, tends more to make war savage than this cruel, forced service, which the soldier who survives it yet claims at last as his great glory, because he cannot afford to suffer so much and get no honour for it. It is a splendid sort of barbarism that is thus promoted, but it is barbarism, after all; for it tends more and more to make the military character predominate over the civil.
CHAPTER XXIV.

1867 to 1870.—Letters to Sir E. Head, Hon. E. Twisleton, Sir Walter Trevelyan, the King of Saxony, G. T. Curtis, General Thayer.

TO SIR EDMUND HEAD, LONDON.

Boston, February 21, 1867.

My dear Head,—I am surprised to find that I sent you no answer about the meaning of *El moron* in the ballad of "Blanca sois, Señora Mia." To be sure, I had no doubt but that it meant the horse, as soon as you gave me the suggestion of Mrs. Marshall, and I rather think that we ought both of us to feel a little mortified that we needed the lady’s hint. And, to be sure, further I can say in reply to your question, that I do not remember any other case in which the name of the colour is put for the horse, although I will bet a penny I ought to recollect cases in which *paro*, *bayo*, etc., are so used. But is not Sancho’s ass just as good as any horse in the world, and just as classical, and is he not called *el rucio* fifty times in "Don Quixote"?

And now I am in the way of confessing; I will acknowledge that I do not remember telling you how much I delight in the "Death of old King Gorm." See how old and forgetful I grow! So I have just read it over again, and have enjoyed it as much as I did when it first came out. Not so the translation from Theocritus, which I have seen lately. It is fine, but I do not like it so much. I wonder whether I take less than I used to, to the classical fashions. On the whole, I think not, though I sometimes suspect it; I should be sorry, in my old age, to become disloyal, and don’t mean to.

I looked, an hour or two ago, into Boswell’s Johnson, and bethought me that you are the Secretary of Johnson’s old club. Pray tell me what sort of records have been kept of its meetings, and what sort you keep? Has anything more satisfactory been published about it than is to be found in Vol. I. of "Croker"? How many of you are there now? How often do you meet? How many, on an average, come together, and what sort of times do you have?

I have looked over Wornum’s "Life of Holbein," as you counselled. But I find it very hard reading, so ill is it written. Still, it contains a great many new facts, and much careful investigation. I hope he will not make out a case against the Dresden Madonna, for it is surely a magnificent picture, and should not be slightly dispossessed of its prescriptive rights. Probably I am prejudiced about it; but, if I am, I can’t help it, and am not ashamed of it. . . . Kindest and most faithful regards to Lady Head and yourself, and love to the children from all of us. Tell me about them.

Yours ever,

Geo. Ticknor.
Thinking over the matter of the *moreno*, and your question whether I knew any other case in which the colour of the horse is put, in Spanish, for the horse himself, I turned to a poor ballad by Jacinto Polo de Medina, in the beginning of his third *Academia*. It is on the old subject of a game of *cañas*, and is (of course almost) intended as a compliment to the different persons who figure in it. The first who comes in is Don Jorge Bernal,—

"En un *bayo*, cabos negros,
Que en una andaluza *yegua*
Engendró el viento ec."

Another is Don Francisco de Berastegui, who

"*encomienda*

Al viento un *ruejo*,"

and later,—

"Ocupó Don Salvador
Carillo (gloria suprema)
Un *alaçan* que á los vientos
A saber correr enseña."

Indeed, I have little doubt that the mere word for colour was used in Spanish to indicate the horse, as often as we use sorrel, etc.; and I shall never forget how full half a century ago, in the Reit-bahn at Göttingen, I used to be delighted when the *Stall-meister* called out, "*Der Schimmel für den Herrn Ticknor,*" because a grey horse was the best in the large establishment. In short, must it not be the same in all languages? . . .

**To Sir Edmund Head, London.**

**Brookline, August 2, 1867.**

**My dear Head,—** You are a day in advance of me, but no more; for I laid out your last letter yesterday to answer it, and in the evening came yours of July 18,—very agreeable and instructive, like all its predecessors, but not satisfactory so far as Lady Head is concerned. By this time, however, I trust she is getting draughts of health at Aix-la-Chapelle, Aachen, Aquisgran, or whatever else they choose to make out of the Roman aquae. I have been there twice, and thought the place detestable both times; winter and summer alike. . . .

Thank you for your notices of "the Club," and for the little printed sheet, which I suppose was intended for official convenience. What you told me about a similar document, prepared earlier by Dean Milman, made me send to him for it, and not long since I received from his kindness a copy of it, with his MSS. additions down to Dr. Wm. Smith, 1867. I keep all these as very curious matters. On running over the list, I was surprised to find that I had known so many of the members, and on examining it, in consequence, with more care, I find that I have had more or less correspondence with twenty-nine
out of the one hundred and fifty-seven members, beginning with Sir Joseph Banks, who runs back to 1778; besides which I have met in society and talked with at least twenty-seven more; so that I have really known fifty-six of the old Johnson Club, all since 1815! The reason is that I am such an old fellow; I was seventy-six yesterday. . . .

We are all well and prosperous. I am better than I have been for two years, and take great comfort in the tolerated laziness of old age. The Dexters are just gone to the sea-coast for five or six weeks' sea-bathing; but I am safe in adding their kind regards to ours, for all of you.

Yours faithfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

Tell me about Sir Francis Doyle, and the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. I have known his family and himself many years, and he sent me lately the volume of Poems by which he claimed, and apparently won, the place. Is he obliged to reside?

TO HIS MAJESTY JOHN, KING OF SAXONY.

BOSTON, U.S.A., September 6, 1867.

SIRE,—The political condition of the world, on both sides of the Atlantic, does not seem to have become more tranquil or hopeful since I received your Majesty's last kind and interesting letter, in which you spoke of it so justly. We all look, in this country, with great anxiety on the state of affairs in Europe. We do not see how a war is to be avoided next summer, and hardly comprehend by what statesmanship it has already been postponed so long. The ill-will of nations has no other effective mode of expressing itself, and is sure enough to reach this one at last. How strong the ill-will has become between France and Prussia, since the battle of Sadowa, we cannot measure as you can. But it is an old grudge, which has been festering in the hearts of Prussians and Frenchmen ever since the time of Napoleon the First. I witnessed it in both countries, when I was in Europe above fifty years ago, and it has never subsided since.

In my country it is much the same. We are suffering from causes which go far back in our history, and which have been very active and formidable since the question of slavery began to be angrily discussed on political grounds, almost forty years ago. . . .

But, notwithstanding our own troubles, the minds of men, all through the country, have been much shaken by the cruel and shameful death of Maximilian, in Mexico,—a prince so cultivated, so high-minded, so noble in his whole nature, that his murder seems to bring a disgrace on the age in which we live. I see that his works are about to be published, and I shall be anxious to read them, that I may better understand his history and character. . . .

When I look at this unsettled and uncertain condition of things everywhere, I sometimes think we live in a decaying civilization. It seems to me, in such dark moments, as if we are all gradually ruining,
as, I suppose, all the known civilizations of the world—from the Assyrian down—have been ruined, by the concentration of immense masses of people in the unwholesome moral atmosphere of great cities; and by the unending increase of their armies, and the enormous preponderance of a military spirit, both of which separate men from the beneficent influences of the soil they were sent into the world to cultivate, and lead directly to those violent revolutions which destroy all sense of law and duty, and at last overturn society itself. My consolation, when these dark prospects rise before me, is that such changes demand all but geological periods.

But my real refuge is among my books. Amidst these I always find peace. One work, which, of late, has much interested me, I took the liberty of sending, a few days ago, to your Majesty, as something you may not be sorry to see. It is the translation of the "Divina Commedia," recently published here by our well-known poet, Longfellow. He has been many years employed on it,—above five-and-twenty within my own knowledge,—imposing upon himself, all the time, such rigorous conditions that I wonder he has been able to do it at all. For he has rendered the whole poem absolutely line for line, making each line express exactly what belongs to the corresponding line in the original;—not a particle more, not a particle less. In this he has been more severe with himself than any translator of Dante known to me,—more, even, than your Majesty has been.

Among my pleasures in reading your Majesty's translation of the "Divina Commedia," in the beautiful copy of the new edition you sent me last winter, and now again in reading a copy which Longfellow has sent me of his English version, is a revival of the recollection of those charming evenings in your palace, above thirty years ago, when, with Carus and Förster, I listened to Tieck as he read, at each session, a canto of the Commedia, just as it had come fresh and warm from your hand, while we each of us sat with the original Italian, and suggested any alterations that might occur to either of us. I shall never forget the conscientious kindness with which you listened to the little we could say, what careful discussions followed every doubt, how admirably Tieck read, and how delightful and instructive the whole was. A full generation of men—as generations have been reckoned from Homer's time down—has since passed away, and with it Tieck and Förster,—a fact not so remarkable, certainly, as that the three others still survive. But Carus must be very old. Does he still preserve the faculties which so long distinguished him? Is he well? 3

3 This seems an appropriate place to introduce a memorandum made about this period by Mr. Ticknor, recalling one of the pleasures of his middle life.

"The little meetings at Prince John's were, I believe, sometimes called the 'Academia Dantesca,' and extended through the years when the Prince was making his translation. I went to only two or three of them, in the winter of 1835—36, and never met anybody at them, except Tieck, Dr. Carus, and Karl Förster, though I believe other persons were occasionally there, espe-
Among the changes of life, be assured that Mrs. Ticknor and myself do not fail to hear with griefed sympathy of the heavy sorrows that befall your Majesty’s house and home. So happy a group of fine children as we first knew gathered around you, and afterwards a family circle grown up into beauty and strength. And now only three left! . . .

Pray express to the Queen our sincere sympathy. We should be ungrateful indeed if we did not feel it, after all the kindness we received in Dresden from your whole family. Remember us, too, to the Princess Amelia, who was so considerate to us, not only at home, but when we met her afterwards in Florence, and whose works are kept among our pleasant reading and that of our friends.

 Preserve us, I pray you, in your kind recollections, and believe me to be always, very faithfully and affectionately,

Your Majesty’s friend and servant,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Sir Edmund Head, London.

Boston, January 8, 1868.

My dear Head,—The new year must not get on any farther without my recognizing that I owe you a good deal of happiness, and wishing you a great deal more. I think I wrote to you last, just after we came to town in the late autumn; but whether I did or not, I want to hear from you again. If we had not, in the meantime, heard of Lady Head’s recovery, I should have claimed a letter sooner. But we want to hear about all of you—not forgetting yourself.

We want to hear, too, about what you are doing in Parliament, and in politics. I do not half like the position of your affairs, and still less their promise. Your Sheffield troubles with their branches, and your Fenians everywhere look dark. The two movements come from different motives, and tend in different directions, but there is a common ground of radicalism and disorder, on which they can too easily coalesce. If you ever do have an upturning of society from its foundations in England, I have always believed that your revolution will be bloodier than the French. Your upper classes have a great deal more principle, character, and courage; and your lower classes are much less easy to satisfy, and have more definite political notions,—more training for a revolution,—and less religion. Tell me that I am mistaken. I want to be.

Especially the Mit-Regent, afterwards King Frederic. I think there are notices of them in the Life of Förster, 1846, where I am kindly remembered as meeting him at the Prince’s, which I never did except on these occasions. Förster was an excellent Italian scholar, and translated, as early as 1807, from Dante. So was Carus, who made a plan of the ‘Divina Commedia,’ of which he gave me a copy still to be found in my large paper Landino. Tieck was not so exact in his Italian as they were, but was more genial and agreeable.” Förster says of Mr. Ticknor, “I see him often, and grow ever fonder of him,” and admires the direct simplicity and “honest-hand shake” of his greeting to the Prince as “a good contrast to our forms.”
I need not tell you how we get on here; for you know, without my help, what we have done and what we are doing; and nobody can predict what we shall do.

We have had some of your young countrymen here lately, who seem to look upon us as a political mine, that is to be wrought for the benefit of the rest of the world: Mr. Strutt,—son of Lord Rayleigh,—Lord Morley, Lord Amberley with his free-spoken wife, Lord Camperdown, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Hollond, and some others, with Miss Sullivan,—a niece of Lord Palmerston, an uncommonly lady-like, cultivated woman. They were all in my library one night together, and I have not seen so intellectual a set of young Englishmen in the United States since Lord Stanley, Denison, Labouchere, and Wharncliffe were here, five-and-twenty years ago. Strutt was senior wrangler at Cambridge a few years since; Morley was about as high at Oxford; and Cowper, Hollond, and Camperdown were evidently men who stood, or meant to stand, on the intellectual qualities.

Agassiz and his wife are just about to publish a book,—only one volume,—on Brazil. You must read it, for it is full of matter, very pleasantly presented. We have just finished it, in what they call an "advance copy," and the two Annas have enjoyed it as much as I have.

Lady Head, I am sure, will like it. But you know how fond we are of Agassiz, and perhaps we like the book overmuch, especially as we have been reading it in an "advance copy," as such things are called, and so have had nobody to moderate our opinion.

We are all well, grandchildren and all; and all who have ever seen you and yours send you affectionate regards.

Ever yours,

Geo. Ticknor.

To Hon. Edward Twisleton.

Boston, March 22, 1868.

My dear Twisleton,—Your sad letter came at the proper time,

Sir Edmund Head died very suddenly, of disease of the heart, on the 28th of January, and Mr. Ticknor felt the loss of his friendship deeply. The verses mentioned by Mr. Twisleton, are, he says, "by Bland, of the Greek Anthology, which, among others, Bland wrote in reference to himself, under the impression that he should not live long." Sir Edmund repeated them, nearly word for word, after an interval of twenty-five years, having only heard them recited once. They are as follows:

"While others set, thy sun shall fall;  
Night without eve shall close on thee:  
And He who made, with sudden call  
Shall bid, and thou shalt cease to be.

"So whispers Nature, whispers Sorrow:  
And I would greet the things they say,  
But for the thought of those whose morrow  
Hangs trembling on my little day."
and I have desired ever since to answer it, but I have felt that I
could not do it without a considerable effort, and so I have kept post-
poning it under the vain hope that time would make it easier. It
does not; such things are not easy at 76-7. I was really attached
to Sir Edmund Head; and as the attachment came late in life, and
was formed after our tastes and opinions were matured, the idea of its
termination never seemed to be one of its elements. Certainly, I
think, it never occurred to me that I should survive him, though, per-
haps, I had sometimes worse fears than that.

What you tell me of his own anticipations, founded on the verses of
Bland, which he so long recollected, falls in with my own impressions,
and with what he intimated to me more than once in two visits of some
length which we made to him in Canada. I think he feared a slow
decay of his faculties, with, perhaps, a long life. Yet he was so full of
physical strength, which he delighted to enjoy in the most vigorous
bodily exercises, and he took such pleasure in the resources of his mar-
vellous memory, as well as in a sort of general intellectual activity,
which he spread over so many subjects of elegant culture, as well as of
judicial and administrative policy, that I never much shared his own
apprehensions or those of his friends.

TO HON. EDWARD TWISLETON.

BOSTON, April 29, 1869.

MY DEAR TWISLETON,—Don’t give me up because I have grown
old. At 77-8 a man does, not what he most likes to do, but what he
is able to do; and I am not able to do the half of what I could in a day
only a few years ago, nor half as well as then. A long time before I
came to this conclusion good Dr. Jackson, whom you must remember,
told me, in one of the last visits he ever made me, that he was reduced
to one-third. It seemed to me very strange, but I now find that my
time is come, and coming. I feel constantly a great weariness, and
avoid all the work I can, except reading, of which I have not yet
given to tire. I hope it will last me out, especially my love of old
books; but I do not know. I care little about new ones.

During the year past you have been very good to me, and I take
much pleasure in acknowledging it.

Your letter about Mr. Herman Merivale came before he did, which I
think is always an agreeable circumstance in letters of introduction. I
was very glad to see him again, and liked him better the more I knew
of him. He was a good deal with us, and I did for him gladly what I
could during the few days he stayed here. When you see him, pray
give him our kind regards, and ask him to come again.

I thank you, too, for a copy of the thirteenth report of the Civil
Service Commissioners. It is very interesting and curious. But I
did something better with it than look it carefully over, and learn what
I could from it. I put it into the hands of an old friend of mine,
General Thayer, who made West Point all that it is, and who, though
above eighty-four years old, and therefore no longer able to make any-
thing else, is doing what he can to have a similar system of examination for office introduced here. . . . But though we need this system more than any other country, it will be difficult to establish it among us. Those who have the power are naturally unwilling to give it up, and will make a good fight to keep it. Still, there are so many more that want to have men both of ability and of honesty to do their work for them in public affairs, that I do not despair. The copy you sent me of your report on the subject—going far back, as it does, and giving results—has done good service.

No doubt, like any other system, it has its weak side, when it is brought to the test of a wide experience. The higher offices, I suppose, cannot be reached by it, and for those of less consequence the qualities you can ascertain, by any pre-arranged system of inquiries, will somewhat restrict the range of your subsequent choice for office, and, therefore, sometimes prevent you from taking the person best fitted for the office you want to fill. . . . I am told, too, that some persons refuse to submit to examinations for places in India and elsewhere, who have yet good qualifications for them, and would seek them under other circumstances, or might be sought for them. Yet I cannot but think you get a safer class of men, on the whole, even in the Foreign Office, where I suppose your attachés may claim a regular advancement, which may sometimes lead to awkward results. At least, I feel sure that we should in this country do better. . . .

I hope you will write to me again before long; and that when you do you will tell me about Lady Head and her daughters. Meantime, if you see them, pray give them our affectionate regards. We think of them and speak of them often. Only yesterday I read over Sir Edmund's beautiful verses on a Pan-Athenaic vase.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. Ticknor.

In 1869 Mr. George Ticknor Curtis had in press his "Life of Webster," and Mr. Ticknor gave careful perusal to both manuscript and proof-sheets of this work, in which he took a deep interest. A great number of short letters and many pages of memoranda, in his handwriting, testify to the fidelity and industry with which he performed this labour of love. The following will serve as a specimen of his tone.

To George T. Curtis, Esq.

Brookline, July 30, 1869.

My dear George,—Your letter of the 26th came yesterday, and the proof I enclose came late this forenoon. . . .

On reading the proofs I am more and more struck with the fact, that the events you relate, most of which have happened in my time, seem to me to have occurred much longer ago than they really did. The civil war of '61 has made a great gulf between what happened
before it in our century and what has happened since, or what is likely
to happen hereafter. It does not seem to me as if I were living in the
country in which I was born, or in which I received whatever I ever
got of political education or principles. Webster seems to have been
the last of the Romans; and yet he, too, made mistakes. But I hope
you will give a good prominence to his solemn protest in the Senate
against the annexation of Texas. It is one of the grandest things he
ever did. . . .

But I am interrupted. William Gardiner, Mrs. Cabot, etc., and
dinner immediately; in short, nothing before the post, but,

Ever yours, and all well,

GEO. T.

TO SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, BART.

BOSTON, U.S.A., August 31, 1869.

MY DEAR TREVELYAN,—My silence is not forgetfulness, neither is
it ingratitude; it is simply old age. I am past seventy-eight, and, like
nearly everybody of that age, I do, not what I like best to do, but
what I can. I cannot walk much, and I forget a great deal, and I
write as little as I can. Reading is my great resource, and I have
lately been much amused with Crabb Robinson, who is a model for old
men, as far as their strength holds out. But your letter to me, written
above a year ago, full of kindness and interesting facts, was as welcome
to me as ever, and so was the remarkable "Canterbury Report," with
its marvellously condensed appendix, which came a few days ago. On
both I must say a word, for I think, even from your letter, that you
like to hear talk on the suppression of intemperance better than on
almost anything else. Indeed, it has long been a main object with
you in life,—certainly a most worthy one.

And, first, you seem in Great Britain to have got hold of a better
and more effective mode of contending against this monstrous evil
than we have in Massachusetts and Maine; for you come, as nearly as
you can, to the voluntary principle, which seems needful in all virtue,
and, perhaps, in all real and satisfactory reform in manners and morals.
But when union of efforts is necessary, as it is in this case, the smaller
each union is, in moderate numbers,—if the aggregate of all the unions
is numerous enough,—the more likely is the main general purpose
to be carried. The most formidable political combination of our
times was, I suppose, the "Tugend-Bund" of 1808, etc., because it
consisted of an immense number of small societies, scattered all over
Germany, but little connected with each other except by their one
great object, and really knowing little about each other's operations
and mode of proceeding.

Now, if I understand the matter, you have in the Province of Can-
terbury,—embracing, to be sure, a large part of England,—above a
thousand parishes, hamlets, etc., where money will not buy the means
of intoxication. It is a great thing, and it has been brought about
without legislation.

On the other hand, we are attempting to compel the whole million
and more of our people in Massachusetts, by the most stringent legislation, to do the same thing,—i.e. to stop the sale of all intoxicating liquors. But no people, and especially no people living under such free institutions as ours, can thus be driven. It is a moderate statement to say, that in Massachusetts the “Liquor Law,” as it is called, is broken a hundred thousand times a-day. In Boston, I think any man can get what he wants, from a pipe of wine to a glass of beer, whenever he likes, and as often as he likes. Now this is a bad thing for the law, the courts, and the police generally; and it is the worse because a sort of moral foundation is claimed for disregarding such a law,—I mean, because it is claimed that it makes only one party an offender, when both parties are; since, if I buy a bottle of wine, I tempt the seller to do wrong for gain, and so become a party to the offence.

But I will not carry any more coal to Newcastle. You know, from your very able periodicals and discussions on the subject, what we are doing in Massachusetts as well as we do ourselves. What you have sent me from time to time proves it. I only wish you would tell me what you think of our _modus operandi_, as compared with yours. If anything is published here that I think you will like to see, and are not likely to get as soon as you will care to have it, I will send it to you at once. This is very possible, now-a-days, for the liquor question is getting mixed up with our general politics, which it never ought to be, any more than a question in religion. But such things can rarely be avoided in so free institutions as ours,—perhaps not in yours. . . .

What you tell me of Thibaut de Champagne is very curious, and much of it new. He was always one of my favourites, from 1817, when I studied the earliest French literature in Paris, under the advice of Roquefort and Raynouard, and made such collections of books as they told me to make. But I never heard before the tradition that he brought home with him from Palestine the “Provence Rose,” which we cultivate here in a country Thibaut never dreamt of; nor did I ever suppose that there were such remains of the ancient splendour of Provence as you describe. Please to tell me, therefore, when you write,—and I hope that, remembering my age, you will write before long, please to give me the titles of anything published within the last twenty years about the old Chansonnier, if it will give you no trouble to do it. You see I remember your old tricks in Italy, collecting all sorts of books of local history in out-of-the-way places.

I do not know Mr. Bright of Waltham, to whom you refer; but I know his book about his English—not his American—ancestors, and looked in it directly for the engraving of the house where you were married. It is very curious, as are many books of our genealogies, tracing the connexion between our two countries. I only wish there were more proofs of such connexion down to our own times, and that they were heartier. . . .

But I think I have written as much as my strength will fairly enable me to write at one time. I will not, therefore, go on even to say a word, as I meant to, about the Oxford and Harvard Race, except to add, that we are surprised at the immense interest it excited; and that
we can hardly hope, if your young men come here next year, as I hope
they will, that we can receive them with equal fervour. But as for
manly kindness and honour, I think we can promise all that anybody
will desire.

Yours faithfully,
Geo. Ticknor.

To J. G. Cogswell, Esq.

Brookline, September 7, 1869.

My dear Cogswell,—... We had a most agreeable visit from
Mrs. Barton and you, and would gladly have had more of it. Indeed,
we had more from her, for she came again yesterday, and spent an hour
or two more talking about "the books." She is a charming woman,
as she always was, and does not look nearly so old as I am obliged to
remember that she must be.

She read me a paper which she had, I think, shown you, drawn up
as skilfully as her father would have done it, and told me that you
were to have, for a fortnight, the two catalogues she brought here
when she came with you on Saturday. I wish the books in both were
well settled on the shelves of the Boston Library. But I had no
opinions to give her different from those I gave her when you were
present, to wit, that she should make up her opinion from the best
information she can get. ...

As property the collection is, no doubt, valuable, and she does not
purpose to part with it without a proper compensation. But she can
easily find out its value. You are to help her, and I am very glad of
it, for I cannot. ...

The principal matter, of course, is the Shakespeare collection. She
says that Rodd told her husband fifteen years ago that it was the fifth
most important Shakespeare Library in the world. It must, I suppose,
be higher on the list now. At any rate, there will be nothing like it
in this country for many a year, if there ever is; and whoever on this
side of the Atlantic wants to write carefully and well about Shakespeare
or the old English drama, must sit down by the Barton books and
study his subject there, or else go to England.

But I think Mrs. Barton is not only a very winning and attractive
person, but that she has in her character a great deal of her mother,
who was one of the most intelligent and acute women I ever knew,
and of her father, who made the Code for Louisiana, and who, as
General Jackson's Secretary of State, wrote the famous proclamation.
I think, therefore, that she needs little help in such a matter as that of
the books, which she knew all about in her husband's lifetime, and

5 Formerly Miss Cora Livingston, daughter of Mrs. Edward Livingston.
See vol. i. pp. 290, 291.

6 The "Barton Library," containing both the Shakespeare collection and
the miscellaneous library here mentioned, is now among the treasures of the
Boston Public Library. It was purchased from Mrs. Barton shortly before
her death, in 1873.
all whose opinions about them are familiar to her. She will not make mistakes, nor do I mean to make that of thinking that I know more than she and you do.

Yours ever, Geo. Ticknor.

To General S. Thayer.

Boston, January 26, 1870.

My very dear old Friend,—Thank you for your inquiry; to which I can only reply, that the New Year begins as well as the Old Year leaves off, except that it makes me no younger, but adds to my days, which get to be rather burthensome. However, that is no matter; I eat well, drink well, and sleep well; I can read all the time, and do it; but as to walking, it is nearly among the lost arts. But you must come and see.

I hear of you in town now and then, and hope for you constantly. Mr. Minot, who is older than you are, gets up the hill every now and then; and the other day absolutely met here Judge Phillips, from Cambridge, who is quite as old as he is. So I do not despair. Practically, you are younger than I am. So is Cogswell; but he moves as little, almost, as I do.

We all, from my wife down, send our love to you, and want to see you. We shall not any of us have such another winter to move about in,—hardly many days like to-day. Look out, therefore, for to-morrow.

Yours from 1804–5, Geo. Ticknor.

To the King of Saxony.

Boston, U.S.A., September 29, 1870.

Sire,—Your Majesty is called to great private suffering, as well as to great public anxieties. We have just received a notice of the death of your excellent sister, the Princess Amelia, and we well know what sorrow this brings upon you and your house. She was so good, so intellectual, so agreeable. Be assured that we sympathize, in my home, with this your great affliction. We can never forget the constant kindness of the Princess to us when we lived in Dresden, and when we met here in Florence. All of my family who recollect her, as well as younger members who never had the happiness to see her, and very many persons in my country, are familiar with her charming dramas, and estimate, as they should, the bright light that has been extinguished. We have indeed known little of the Princess Amelia's life for the last two or three years, but none the less do we know how her loss will be felt by those who were constantly near her, and shared her daily kindness and thoughtful love. For such a loss there is no sufficient preparation. It may have been long anticipated, but it
comes as a shock at last. We can only submit, and be grateful for the life that preceded it.

Most heartily, too, do we sympathize with your Majesty and your people in the great and terrible changes now going on in Europe. . . . We can all, now, cordially congratulate your Majesty on the great recent successes of your country in the war which has been so unjustifiably brought upon you, and can trust confidingly in their continuance. In my house we watch daily for the accounts of what is done by the Saxon troops, and rejoice cordially as we see how your sons and your subjects have distinguished themselves, their King, and their country.

Our last accounts, on which we can rely, are of the surrender of Strasburg. But we receive daily, by the Cable, stories of what was done twenty-four and thirty-six hours earlier, in this terrible war; some true, more, probably, false. Still, whatever we hear, be assured that we are interested for Saxony, that we always desire your welfare, your success, your honour, and that we can never cease to sympathize deeply in whatever may befall you, or to pray God for your protection and happiness. . . .

Be assured that I remain, faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

FROM HIS MAJESTY, THE KING OF SAXONY.

WESENSTEIN, the 17 October, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I have received, some days ago, your letter of the 29th of September, and was astonished to see that you were already acquainted with the death of my poor sister. My answer to your last letter seemed not yet to have reached you, and I am uncertain if it was written before or after this lamentable event. I thank you heartily for the part you take in my sorrow, and for all you say on account of the dear departed. It was for me, and for us all, a great loss; for me particularly, as she was the last of my brothers and sisters. She has left, in the whole country, a very good memory. Her last years were very retired. In the year 1855 she had submitted to an operation for cataract, which relieved her at least of the almost complete blindness which was her fate. She could again write and read, but at a certain distance her eye—the one was entirely lost—was very feeble. Since this time she had abandoned her authorship. The political situation of the last period, since 1866, preoccupied her much, and I believe that the war of this summer has much contributed to abridge her life. Yet her death was a very gentle one. She died in the moment when the priest was on the point of reaching her the sacrament, almost without a single pang. To her last hour she continued a true friend to her family, and a sincere and pious Christian.

I wrote you already, in my last letter, of the successes of our arms and the honourable part which my troops and my sons have taken in VOL. II.
it. Now they are before Paris, and form a part of the blockade of this immense city. May God give us soon an honourable peace, and put an end to the bloodshed, and all other calamities of war. The internal confusion in France is a difficulty for the success of negotiations.

Adieu, dear friend. I am, with the sincerest sentiments,

Your affectionate

JOHN.

CHAPTER XXV.

Conclusion.

ON the 1st of August, 1870, Mr. Ticknor entered his eightieth year. He was feeble, but free from any distinct bodily ailment. The heats of summer reduced his strength, and later in the year he was confined to his bed for a few days by a passing indisposition; but, on the whole, he was well, though he had ceased to be active, to rise early, or to walk much. All the faculties of his mind were clear. Even his memory, which he himself thought impaired, seemed to others still extraordinary, and his senses were all well preserved, save for a slight deafness. His days were calm and cheerful; he was cordial in his greetings to his friends as ever, and sitting in his library, surrounded by the treasures he had so faithfully used, he thoroughly enjoyed the leisure which permitted him to choose from among them those best suited to the taste and humour of the moment.

New Year's Day, 1871, fell on Sunday, but he had some

7 These letters closed this correspondence, and Mr. Ticknor's is the last, from his hand, that has come into the possession of his family. After Mr. Ticknor's death, King John wrote a letter of condolence, as warm, as simple, and sincere as any received at that time, and he afterwards went over the whole correspondence with great care, both his own and Mr. Ticknor's letters, with reference to the present memoir,—specified which of his own letters must be excluded from publication, and gave other directions which have been duly observed. A year after Mr. Ticknor's death, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton was received in a private audience by the King, in his cabinet, and before closing the interview his Majesty took him into a more private room,—where all the objects gave token of its being the scene of his secluded labours and retirement,—in order to show him an engraving of Mr. Ticknor hung there, desiring him to tell Mrs. Ticknor where he had placed it.

8 He caused the words "Libris semper amicis" to be inscribed on the base of a little statuette of him, made by Martin Milmore as a compliment and expression of gratitude.
visitors with whom he talked with his former animation. Mr. Jefferson Coolidge,—a member of the Friday Club, though much younger than most of its members,—who spoke of being in want of a subject for reading, asked him what book was interesting him, and, putting his hand on a volume of the "Life of Scott," Mr. Ticknor said he was reading that for the fourth time; and then went on to speak of the biographies which make our knowledge of the history of English literature, for the half-century or more that opened with Dr. Johnson, more complete than for any other period, possibly in any literature.

"Take Boswell," he said, "then Southey's Cowper, the lives of Mackintosh, Scott, Southey, and so on, and the memoirs are so rich."

With Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who visited him that evening, he had a most spirited and agreeable conversation, in the course of which he expatiated, with more force and terseness of expression than usual, on a theory which had for some time taken strong hold on his thoughts. He said that the ancient civilizations of the world had been undermined and destroyed by two causes,—the increase of standing armies, and the growth of great cities; and that modern civilization had now added to these sources of decay a third, in the hypothecation of every nation's property to other nations. He also spoke with earnestness of the dissatisfaction of the European people with all their present forms of government, and of the reasonableness of this discontent.

The next day friends came to bring him the greetings of the season, and he dined with his children and grandchildren, who came to keep the little festival with him. But on the third day of the year there was an obvious change in his condition, and the first signs of paralysis—though slight and almost doubtful—showed themselves. So gradual was the progress of disease, that for some days he still saw his friends, and still left his bedroom for a part of the day, his mind and his speech not being at all affected. His friend, Dr. Bigelow, though older than himself, took a share in the medical charge of his case, and made him daily visits, in which their former habits of humorous

This memoir had a particular charm for Mr. Ticknor in the last months of his life, and he often said, as he laid it down, that it seemed to him as fresh and interesting as in the first of his several readings of it. With the "Life of Scott" he continued occupied until the last, having just reached the concluding volume when his strength failed, and even then desiring to have it read to him, thus linking his last hours with those of the friend and the object of admiration of his early days.
discussion still continued; and once, after the patient was confined to bed, the two old classicists were heard quoting Greek together, à l'envi l'un de l'autre.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who came from New York to see his uncle, having at this time asked for and obtained from him a copy of one of his early productions,—the "Life of Lafayette,"—received a caution about it, very characteristic of the honest exactness in matters of fact for which Mr. Ticknor was always marked. He desired Mr. Curtis to turn to a passage in which he had made the statement that the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) was on the staircase at Versailles when it was invaded by the mob, and Louis XVI. and his Queen were carried to Paris. "I wish you," he said, "to take notice, and to remember that this statement is not true. When I wrote and printed it, it was an accepted fact in the history of the time, believed all over Europe then, and for a long while afterwards. But subsequent researches have shown that the Duke was not there. See to it that the passage is corrected."

On the tenth day of his illness he was moved into his beloved library for the last time, and early in the morning of the 26th of January he ceased to breathe.

And so gently ended a long life which had been filled to the brim with intellectual activity, and with labours useful to the mental life of his time, and to the young and the poor around him. He died without suffering or long decay; and, like his father, he was ready to go; like him, when he came to his deathbed, there was nothing disturbing his mind, "he had nothing to do but to die."

Looking back over this long life, we see an unusual consistency in the framework of mind and character from the first; an unusually steady development of certain elements and principles; the whole structure growing with a symmetry to which the freedom from external impediments contributed much, no doubt, but which was mainly due to a well-directed and very vigorous individual will. Where this is the case, it is difficult to analyze and describe the combination of qualities we see, and yet avoid too much eulogy.

Taking up the consideration of Mr. Ticknor's character at the period of his first return from Europe, we cannot help perceiving the danger there was of his being isolated from his fellow-citizens by the culture he had gained through twofold means; through his brilliant experience in European society, and his untiring use of that and of all his other opportunities. It is quite certain, however, that his attractive qualities, with his
sincere desire to be useful to the community, saved him from this peril. He had earnestness and zeal, entire purity, consciousness of high intentions, and a resolute will. His love of truth and right being so often shocked, his hatred of baseness or corruption, and distrust of fanatics and demagogues, so often roused,—these very virtues sometimes gave him an appearance of intolerance and loftiness; but the impression passed away, if the person receiving it had any further opportunity of testing Mr. Ticknor's character and bearing.

His special mental gifts, a quick apprehension and a retentive memory, were both remarkable. These were, as they generally are, accompanied by a thirst for acquisition, which his parents had naturally developed in the direction of literary culture, since they possessed it in some measure themselves, and were accustomed to stimulate it in others. We can see, too, indirectly, in his early letter, describing Lord Jeffrey's visit to Boston, what was the tone of conversation and manners—somewhat measured and formal, but full of thought and real courtesy—that prevailed in the then small town where he was born, and that tended to develop the qualities and resources most prized in his own early home.

But his later development was greatly due to moral qualities acting on and directing his intellect; for in him a healthy and manly nature was trained, even in the atmosphere of an indulgent home, to self-control, industry, and the highest respect for truth in every form. These three elements, joined to his two special mental gifts, made him a scholar, earnest, exact, disinterested, and faithful; and a gentleman whose good-breeding and most winning manners caused him, from the early period of his youth when he first passed the borders of his native New England, to be welcomed in refined society everywhere.

To his moral qualities it was due that he continued always in an attitude of inquiry, always craving more, and more exact knowledge, and that he held himself, until he was twenty-eight years old, in a process of education such as most youths are apt to consider unnecessary after twenty or twenty-one.

When he was young, the best plea it seemed possible to make before the bar of Europe for the intellect of America was, that the raw material was abundant, but the appliances for education so imperfect that originality had no chance of obtaining justice, for want of scholarship to place it well before the world. Mr. Ticknor felt this want; but before he sought to supply it abroad he had proved, that, when the eager thirst was accompanied by certain moral attributes, attainments were possible,
even here, sufficient to place their possessor in full communion with the more fortunate inhabitants of countries which offered every means of mental training.

No better discipline of mind could have been secured, in the most famous schools and universities, than was attained by him with the defective means and amidst the simple customs of New England at the beginning of this century. No better foundation for success of the highest kind could have been laid than that which, when he was a boy, made self-mastery, integrity, and love of work the essentials of his daily life as much as the air he breathed. No better foundation than this can be laid for such continual progress in thought, as is the product of knowledge stored and methodized, and of moral purpose always rising as the knowledge advances.

To his moral qualities, again, was due his paramount and obvious purpose of making his knowledge, his experience, and his thought of use to others, especially to the young, and of placing all his powers at the service of his fellow-men.

The great vivacity and earnestness of his nature could not, with all his self-mastery, be always restrained from too great vehemence and pertinacity in discussion, but irritation was rarely made obvious in words. His disinterested aims were cherished; his natural cheerfulness he cultivated as a part of the requirements of manliness and kindness, and of religion; therefore, though he was often disposed to be anxious, and to exercise great caution in the affairs of daily life, he was never depressed or discontented. When inevitable trouble or annoyance came, in large matters or small, he held his peace; and the habit of finding grievances, or of hiding the real blessings of life behind imaginary ills, was far from his disposition. There was nothing affected or artificial about him, for his whole nature was too strong and sincere, even if his life-long consideration for others had not checked such weakness; and there was no eccentricity in his ways.

It was characteristic of his wise self-knowledge and resolute will, that, having, like many other men, formed the opinion that it is judicious to retire from responsibilities and duties before the judgment is weakened by age, unlike most other men, he acted on this opinion. Four or five years before his death he resigned all responsibilities and trusts, even giving the charge of his property, at last, to his son-in-law, and employing his daughter in small matters of business, by which she gained instruction, but of which he must have been reluctant to abandon even the practical charge.
Thus, at all periods, we see the vigorous will and the vigorous intellect moulding each other.

These volumes consist so much of the writings of him who is their subject, that his opinions and qualities are, perhaps, as fairly shown as they were even in intimate intercourse, and, uniting these more personal and private compositions with his published works, his intellectual gifts are made apparent. That he appreciated wit and imagination, without possessing them in large measure, and that his taste in the Fine Arts was that of a healthy, quick intelligence, carefully trained by observation, rather than a spontaneous instinct, will be seen without disparagement. As a student of character, he was vigilant, thoughtful, and kindly, his recorded judgments of persons being very rarely pointed by a severe remark of any sort; or, if any severity is found in his letters and journals, it is sure to rest on some moral ground. He was not disposed to be satirical, though he was sometimes stern, and his principle was always to weigh his judgments carefully and to be just. If, however, he had noted a fact in the career or the character of a man which distinctly indicated a moral want in his nature, he never forgot it.

The welcome he received, before he attained his majority, among the clever men of his own community,—lawyers, preachers, and merchants who had seen the world; Mr. Jefferson's approbation of him as a representative of American youth, shown by his voluntary offer of letters of introduction for Europe; Madame de Stael's determination, after her children had seen him enough to describe him to her, that she would see him whether her physicians gave permission or not,—are but the early signs of the attraction and resources he bore about him. His early experience of society in Paris and London was calculated to engraft on the somewhat grave and formal courtesy of his home circle more promptitude and presence of mind in conversation, and to introduce the same element into the impression of that deference and politeness which are the unselfish essence of high breeding.

At the end of his life his name was widely known, and his character and intellect were respected wherever in Europe and America they were familiar, and, after its close, tokens of this were abundantly given in public and private channels. Societies honoured him; many notices of him appeared in the public prints; the poor missed his ready compassion. But among the testimonies called forth by his death there was one which expressed with singular felicity a thought that existed in many minds. A youth of seventeen, who, like his parents and grand-
parents, was familiar in Mr. Ticknor's house, showed his father a passage in Cicero's "De Senectute" as being singularly applicable to their venerable friend, especially in its concluding sentence: "Cujus sermone ita tum cupide fruebar, quasi jam divinarem, illo extincto, fore unde discerem neminem,"—I enjoyed his conversation as if I had had a presentiment that after his death there would be no one from whom I could learn anything.
APPENDIX A.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF MR. ELISHA TICK­NOR TO HIS SON GEORGE, DURING HIS ABSENCE IN EUROPE, 1815—1819.

Boston, Sunday Evening, April 16, 1815.

My dearest and best of Sons,—I hope, and pray God, that this journey may terminate for you better than any one has to those who have travelled for similar purposes. I can’t but believe,—Deo volente,—should you improve the opportunities put into your hands, it will prove greatly to your advantage, should you live—which may God grant!—to return to your native country again. Our trial on our last parting was more than we could bear for the moment; but, overcome as we were, nothing but an entire reliance on God could support either your mother or me. We committed you, immediately on your quitting our shore and turning your eye with a last look on our town and country, to God, depending on Him for support and comfort, and relying on Him to protect and encourage your heart while absent, and, when it seemeth to Him good, to return you to us again in safety and in health.

This evening the good man, Mr. Savage, is with us. He is good, or he would not have been here. Your note by the pilot is just handed to us by the goodness of Mr. Watson. Thank you heartily for this favour, for this little remembrance. We had better do as you say, my son,—“we are now only to think how soon we shall meet again.” This little scrap, which contains so much, is a precious morsel to us. We hope you will do your best to unite with us on this point.

Monday, 17.—How often have we thought of you, my dear son, since our parting hands were separated! The weather has been fine with us. The moon shone bright, and the heavens seemed to favour your departure, and to tell you, while you are doing your duty, you have nothing to fear.

Tuesday, 18.—. . . I have this day bought four yearling ewes and one yearling ram of the Montarco Merino breed flock, which I have long wished to be interested in. I now own Merinos of the three great travelling flocks of Spain, viz., of the Guadaloup, Paular, and Montarco. I keep them in distinct, separate flocks, that I may know in a few years which flock gives the finest and largest fleece, and keeps in flesh and health with the least trouble.

Friday, 21.—. . . One thing I forgot to recommend to you before you went away; that is, to use technicals in conversation much more freely than you have been in the habit of doing. They form, to all intents and purposes, when properly used, another language, and raise a man, in the estimation of good judges, as far above the common
level of literary men, as they are raised above the common level of the vulgar. I don't wish you to use them on all occasions, however trifling; but never talk with a chemist, a botanist, or with philosophers and scientific men, without being able to use them as freely as you are able to use your alphabet.

Monday, 24.—. . . . You have now commenced a great undertaking. I hope it has been begun with prudence and deliberation, and that it will terminate without any regret on your part. All you now have to do is, to be honest, to be faithful to yourself, and do justice to your credentials; and then, if you live, you will return with great pleasure and satisfaction to those who have interested themselves in your favour. Yours is no common case. They believe you will do them justice, Travel rather in the manner of a clergyman—in the habit and simplicity of a literary, modest gentleman, which will never fail of recommending you wherever you go—than in the style of a man of property, of one at leisure, or of one travelling for pleasure alone, which is not your case.

Thursday, 27.—I have just heard Captain Roulstone announce, as he passed our window, this morning, that Bonaparte was in Paris, at the head of 80,000 men. Pho!! It may be true, but I don't believe it. . . .

I begin to be quite reconciled to your absence, in the anticipation of what you will be when you return,—the use and happiness you will be to me, your friends, and your country. A short absence can be of no use to you. You must prepare yourself for a long and useful one; and I am sure this course will make the last part of your life pleasant to you, and honourable to me and yourself. I can look forward and see you, every week, and every month, employed in some part of Europe in acquiring something which will be useful and pleasant to you in after life. So long as you continue to be the kind, discreet, wise, and dutiful son, so long I shall anticipate all I can wish in one who has been so long devoted to the wishes of his parents and friends; and so long I shall continue, even to the end of my life, to aid and assist you, and make the path of life easy and pleasant to you. . . .

August 9.—. . . The great object of your journey I am sure you will keep in mind, and never turn to the right hand nor to the left, viz. to improve in solid science, the arts, and literature, and in the knowledge of men, as well as to learn to describe the former, and those of the latter, on paper with so much candour and justice as to give pleasure to every one who reads after you. . . . And also, from what you see and discover, to learn how to improve and economize in living, so as to live genteelly, respectably, and even profusely on a small and narrow income. . . . You have not left your home for the sole purpose of describing the lawns, the hills, the valleys, the tops of mountains, the columns of smoke, the villages,—except for amusement, and as shades to ornament your other improvements, which may be often and happily interspersed; but you have left your father to grow wiser and better,—to learn how to be more useful to yourself, your friends, and your country.
November 6.—... Savage comes to see us every Sunday evening, as faithful and as constantly as the sun rises and sets. Good and charming as he is, it is not my son, my only son, whom I love and esteem so much. It is not George, whom I have so often seen sitting by us, and amusing us with his own composition, or by some well-written piece of another, or given us some outlines of his plans and his studies, which he meant to pursue in some future time. These are scenes now past and gone, and when they will return again to cheer the hearts of your aged parents, God only knows. You are in His hands. ...

By this time, I suppose, you want to know all about our affairs at home, and what we have been doing since you left us. We remain here in the old house, myself in the great chair reading, or at my table writing or settling my accounts, while your mother sits by me knitting, sewing, or talking, as she pleases; but we are often talking about you, looking at your likeness, and telling a thousand things you would say and do, if you were only with us, and sitting by us as you used to do. But this is what we can’t have. Everything now is in imagination, although sometimes it seems almost to be a reality; and, when it is so, the happiness is inexpressible, and I almost start from my seat, and when I come to myself, I say, Omne est rectum. Gaudeo te esse praesentum mecum in imaginatione. ...

January 9, 1816.—In your absence, I dare say, you will never interest yourself in the politics of any nation. Every nation has her own peculiarities, and her party feelings and politics, and is as tenacious of her own opinions as we are, or have been, in this country. As every individual in a nation is as tenacious of his own opinion as the nation herself, so you will be willing he should enjoy it without any opposition. I know you are not violent in any of your opinions, and that is one of the best traits in your character, and it will always, should you live, give you comfort and consolation in old age.

October 22.—Your No. 46 tells us that, although you have given us accounts of duels and disturbances among the students, yet you have no interest in any of their concerns, but associate with few, and those are professors of the University, who can be of use to you in all your pursuits. This course I approve, and it must be of great advantage to you. I never supposed you would associate or become acquainted with any of the students. ... Your No. 49, of July 6, tells us also that you are a little sad. I am very sorry for it. You are too far from home to be sad. Brighten up, my son, we will do all for you we can. We can’t be on the spot, you know. You must act the father, the mother, and son. We could do no more were we with you. Do the best for yourself you can, and we shall be satisfied. Your studies go on well, you say. That is great. This ought to rouse you from your sadness, and I am sure it will. You are studying systematically, you say, the moral and political state of Germany under Professor Saalfeld. I hope all your studies will be pursued systematically, so that you can call them into use whenever necessity requires. This, I think, has so long been your practice that it has now become habitual. ...
November 4.—... I am very glad to learn that you have been so fortunate as to have found such old and pleasant friends and companionable gentlemen as Professor Blumenbach and Judge Zacharia. You may remember, my son, that when you can please, and satisfy, and command their attention and esteem, and give them a fair opportunity to communicate to you, they will be infinitely more useful to you than young men of great learning, who lack in wisdom and experience. Therefore, if you mean to receive any benefit from the aged, give them an opportunity to tell their own story in their own way, and you will be improved, and they will be pleased. But they should never be contradicted, nor be told "I have often thought so myself." And what gives me great comfort is, that I have always found this spirit, to the full, in your kind and benevolent heart, and always ready to give credit for it in others. . . .

November 9.—... You wrote me, in your No. 45, of June the 5th, that you recite German to Dr. Schultzze, and read aloud to him, in some book, as I desired, which requires some considerable exertion of the voice. This I like. I am pleased to learn it from you. I wish you, however, my son, in this part of your improvement, to understand me distinctly. It is not of so much importance for you to read aloud to a German, as it is that a German should read aloud to you. Select one of the finest oratorical readers in Göttingen, whose voice is round, and full, and melodious. Place yourself twenty feet from him, if possible. Request him to select and read aloud to you a pathetic oratorical piece in German. Such a piece, if possible, as will command all the powers of speech and eloquence. . . . Twenty pieces thus read to you by him, and in turn by you to him, in his tone of voice, would do you ten, twenty, yes, thirty times as much good as it would for you to read to him first, and in the common way, at common distance, and in common language. It is the tone of the voice, and the attitude of a polished German scholar, which you need, to be able to read and speak German well, like a German gentleman and scholar. Do the same in Paris, in Rome, in London, and what you will hear and see otherwise, at the bar, and from the pulpit, and in common conversation, without any particular exertion of your own, will be sufficient to answer all your purposes, and all my expectations, which are but few, although you may think they are many. . . .

You may imagine, by my writing to you so much and so frequently on the improvement of time, and on the economy of your expenses, that I am not only very much concerned, but that I am very solicitous about you. If you have any such idea as this, you are greatly mistaken. I have no fear, except for your health and happiness. If you suppose Professor Stuart and I expect too much from you and Everett, you and he should not write such flattering accounts to Dr. Kirkland and Savage, of the advantages which Göttingen possesses over Cambridge and other universities in this country. So long as you and he draw such strong comparisons, and tell us that the University of Göttingen possesses ten times the advantages, and that a student can progress ten times as fast under her auspices as one can under those of
our universities, what must be the fair expectations of those to whom you two young gentlemen write? That you ought to write the truth, and the whole truth, just as it strikes your mind, I don't doubt. Whether it ought to be communicated by private letters to your friends, or by your journal, I do not know. Your friends, I know, will expect everything in letters, therefore I would write but few letters, and those I would write in my best style, and write my sober, honest opinion, without any exaggeration.

February 8, 1817.—I read carefully your letter to me of the 9th of November last, No. 59, as well as both of yours to Dr. Kirkland, and made up my mind, as I had done long before, and as you have learnt by my letters before now, that a seat at the University is much more congenial to your taste, genius, and habits, in my opinion, than to be employed on the boisterous and vexatious ocean of law and politics. After reading your letter, and examining the subject with care, and fearing, by the contents of your letter, that I had misstated to you the conversation which took place between me and Dr. Kirkland, at two several times, I called on him and handed him your letter in the affirmative, which he read, and was, to appearances, much pleased, as I really thought he was. I soon found that my statement to you was correct.

. . . To see Athens, my son, is not worth exposing your life, nor the time nor the money you must spend to see it. Whatever time you spend, let it be for useful purposes,—let them be like seed sown in a rich soil, from which we may expect some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. While I think of it, I will here state, that, however corrupt may be the character of Lord Byron, and however much you ought to despise both, yet he is entitled, as a stranger, to your thanks and gratitude for his kindness and attention to you while in London, and for the facilities with which he furnished you for Greece. Yet I hope, should you hereafter meet him anywhere on the Continent, that you will seek no further acquaintance with him. It will be of no credit to you in this country.

March 22.—Since I returned from Hanover, my dearest and best of sons, I have not been very deficient or neglectful, as the multiplicity of my letters show the fact. To sit down quietly by myself, and write to my son, is one of the greatest pleasures I enjoy; except when I learn he is well, prosperous, and studious, judicious and happy, and relying on God, with an honest, thankful heart for all the benefits he enjoys, and for all the improvements he has made. When I hear you are well, and healthy, and contented, and pleased, you know not the joys of your father's, your mother's heart. These joys you never will know, you never can know, till you become a father yourself. Perhaps, under your present circumstances, you may imagine, you may persuade yourself, that no parents can feel more for their children than you feel for your parents, and your near friends and relations. I hope, my son, you will never have such sensations, such pangs for us as we have felt, and still feel, for you, exposed as you are to temptations, to sickness, and loss of life. We pray God to
preserve your life, and return you to the arms and affections of your parents and friends.

April 24.—... [As to the time of his return.] I have always meant, whenever I wrote you, to leave it altogether with you; but to extend it beyond four years from the time you left I did not feel willing. But I have consented, in several letters, to your remaining abroad long enough to qualify yourself for the two professorships, and to remain till you were satisfied that you had done your duty. We have consented to this deprivation altogether for your good, for your happiness, my son, and for that of the public, while, at the same time, no one so much desires to see, and embrace, and enjoy the society of their son as we do; but we feel we are called, at this time, to make sacrifices which we before had never thought of. Now, you see, my son, I am explicit enough to be perfectly understood, and that you do, as to the time, as you think best. Make yourself happy and comfortable. Shun everything that does not lead to improvement; keep yourself from temptation; be just and honest; love your father and mother, as you have always done; remember your friends, they certainly don't forget you.

January 17, 1819.—I wrote you on the 1st inst. by way of New York, my dearest, my best of sons, to give you the distressing intelligence of the death of your beloved mother; and no mother, I trust, was ever loved better by a son than she was by you, and no mother, I believe, ever loved a son better than she loved you. But she is gone, I trust, to a better world.... I am now very anxious and very uneasy to hear from you, and I grow more and more so as the time of your absence draws nigher and nigher the close. Notwithstanding my feelings, I can't consent to your placing yourself upon the high seas for home till the best season for crossing the Atlantic arrives. Then I pray you, my son, put yourself on board a sound ship, with a trusty and an intelligent captain, and come home in God's own time.... Your sainted, your now glorified mother often spoke of the season of your return in the spring; and, especially in the latter part of her sickness,—when her strength was so gone as to her it appeared impossible she could ever recover,—she begged I would write to you, and tell you not unreasonably to mourn for the loss of your mother, but to do your great work in your absence faithfully in the fear of God, that you may return honourably to your friends and to your profession, in which she trusted and hoped and believed you would be useful to yourself and friends, and serve God in your day and generation; and hoped you would remember it would be but a short time before you must go to her,—she could never return to you again. "Tell him, also, not to come out in the cold, distressing season, but to wait a little longer, and come in the pleasant season. Ah, I know my son. Why do I say this? I know I have long experienced his prudence and good judgment in all his affairs and all his arrangements." She charged Savage to beg you not to regret your last year's absence, but remember it is all right; we ought not to complain,—it is God who has done it, and all we have to do is to submit to His will and pleasure.
She made all her arrangements in relation to her funeral, and made several little presents to those she loved.

My son, I am satisfied, as yet, with everything you have done, and I believe your friends who are worth satisfying are as much so as I am. If you come home, my son, with the same moral, pious, and well-grounded principles, as, I trust, you had when you left me, you will be to me that comfort which I can never express to you without tears in my eyes, nor without such feelings as will be impossible for me to express. . . . Farewell, my son! God bless you, wherever you are, and return you in safety, to the arms and affections of your father and friends!

Elisha Ticknor.

APPENDIX B.

REVIEWS AND MINOR WRITINGS.

1812. On Moore's Anacreon.

" On Milton's Paradise Lost.

" On Sermons by the late Rev. S. C. Thatcher.

1816. On Michael Stüefl.

1824. On Griscom's Tour in Europe.

" On Scenes in Italy, by an American.

" On Free Schools of New England.


" Remarks on Changes, etc., in Harvard College.

1826. Memoir of N. A. Haven.

1827. On Works of Chateaubriand.


1832. Lecture on The Best Mode of Teaching the Living Languages.


APPENDIX C.

LITERARY HONOURS.

1816. Mineralogical Society of Jena.


1821. American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston.

" American Academy of Languages and Belles-Lettres, Boston.
APPENDIX D.

BEQUEST BY MR. TICKNOR, TO THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, OF HIS COLLECTION OF SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE BOOKS.

When Mr. Ticknor's will was proved, the following article in it was made known:—

Ninth. On the death of my wife I give to the city of Boston, where I was born, where I have lived a long and happy life, and where I hope to die, all my books and manuscripts in the Spanish and Portuguese languages; and I further give and bequeath to the same city of Boston, the sum of four thousand dollars, to be paid within one year after the probate of this my will, the same to be always kept by the said city safely invested at interest, for the purposes hereinafter specified. But I make these two bequests to the city of Boston only in trust for the following purposes, and no other, to wit:—

(1.) That in the course of each and every five years during the twenty-five years next succeeding the receipt by the said city of the said sum of four thousand dollars, the said city shall expend not less than one thousand dollars in the purchase of books in the Spanish and Portuguese languages and literatures, or in one of them, and furthermore expressing it as my wish, but not as my requirement, in order, as far as may be, to insure the purchase of books already determined to be worth possessing, that no books shall be so purchased during said twenty-five years, nor afterwards, from the income of the said fund of four thousand dollars, which shall not have been published in some one edition at least five years,—it being my will that every book purchased at any time from the income of my said fund of four
thousand dollars shall be a book of permanent value and authority, and neither newspapers, periodicals, nor other popular publications not likely to be of lasting consideration.

(2.) That no person whatever shall, at any time, or under any circumstances, except for binding or needful repairs in binding, be permitted to remove from the proper rooms of the Public Library any of the books hereby bequeathed or for the purchase of which provision is hereby made, but that within such rooms, and at all such times and hours, and under such restrictions as the Trustees or other lawful managers of the said Library may deem expedient or reasonable, each and all of said books so bequeathed, or so purchased, shall be freely accessible for reference or study to all such persons as may be permitted to resort to said Library or to use it.

(3.) That at the end of the twenty-five years aforesaid, and in each and every year thereafter for ever, the said city of Boston shall cause the income of the said fund of four thousand dollars, but no part of the principal, to be expended in the purchase of books of permanent value, either in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, or in such other languages as may be deemed expedient by the Trustees of the said Library, or other persons having lawful charge of the same, but always under the conditions and restrictions hereinafter expressed, namely, that the same shall be used only in the proper rooms of the said Library, and never lent abroad or out of them.

(4.) That none of the books bequeathed by me as aforesaid, or to be purchased from the income of the fund of four thousand dollars as aforesaid, shall at any time be sold, exchanged, or given away; but that they shall, if not inconvenient, be kept together, like the Bow-ditch and the Parker collections now in the said Library.

(5.) That if at any time the fund aforesaid shall, from any cause whatever, become diminished, then at least one half of the annual income thereof shall yearly be added to the principal until the full sum of four thousand dollars shall be made good again.

(6.) But in case the city of Boston shall refuse or neglect, for the space of one year after the probate of this my will, to accept the said bequests of books, manuscripts, and money, on the trusts and conditions hereinafter set forth, or shall at any time, after accepting the same, fail or neglect faithfully to fulfil each and all of said trusts and conditions, according to their true spirit and intent, then, and in either of said cases, I give and bequeath the said books, manuscripts, and money to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in the city of Cambridge, for the use of the General Library of said College, upon the same trusts and conditions, so far as the same can be applicable to the said General Library, giving as I do hereby give, to the said President and Fellows, full power to sue for and recover the said books, manuscripts, and money, or any of them, from the said city of Boston, or from any person or persons who may have the same, or any of them, in his or their possession.

About two months after Mr. Ticknor's death, Mr. W. S. Dexter, on behalf of the Executors, informed the City Council of the city of

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Boston, through the Mayor, that Mrs. Ticknor had offered to relinquish her right to retain the books thus bequeathed to the city; and the City Council accepted the bequest, in accordance with the terms and conditions of the will. Resolutions were passed in relation to this subject by the City Council, April 4, 1871, and by the Trustees of the Library, April 26; and the books were removed to the Library building at once.
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