

THE INFLUENCE OF ITALY AND ITALIAN ART  
ON CERTAIN AMERICAN WRITERS OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY BEFORE 1860

by

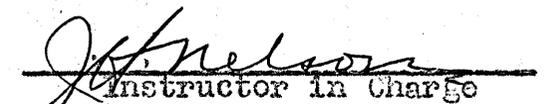
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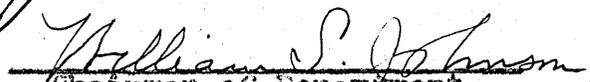
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## PREFACE

My interest in this subject really began in the summer of 1925 when I made my first visit to Italy. I entered the country from the Island of Cyprus, where I was stationed for five years as teacher-missionary, coming to Naples and travelling north with the usual tourist's stops to Switzerland. On my return from Paris that fall I visited also Venice and Trieste. In the summer of 1926 I again visited Naples and Rome on my return trip to the United States. Everything in Italy interested and fascinated me, although I found myself embarrassed by ignorance of the Italian language and of the historical significance of much that I saw.

After I entered the University of Kansas as a graduate student in the Department of English the late Professor Selden L. Whitcomb suggested that I make use of my interest in Italy through travel in studying some field of American literature. I was greatly pleased with the suggestion. There were many ways in which I might handle such a general subject, and it was evident from the first that I must limit the study to a certain type of influence. I soon decided to confine my attention to American authors who had travelled in Italy during the nineteenth century. I thought then that such a study would include only a few of our writers, but I had not gone far in my survey before I realized

that the number of American literary men who travelled in Italy during the last century was large — too large, in fact, to include all in this study. Therefore, upon a suggestion from Dr. Nelson, I reluctantly limited my field again and confined myself to a study of writers who visited Italy for the first time between 1814 and 1860, and who wrote at least a part of their major works between those dates.

The first date I chose because it marked the close of the War of 1812 with England on the high seas. After this date the United States took on new life as a nation. There was a great inrush of immigration. The country east of the Mississippi River became more settled and better organized. Europe was compelled to look upon America no longer as a spoilt child but as a separate nation growing in power, wealth, culture, and influence. Washington Irving, the only American writer of the nineteenth century to visit Italy before that date, is more properly termed a writer of the earlier period; at least, he marked the transitional period between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Then, too, the Italy that he saw was the Napoleonic Italy of oppression. From the seeds of reform sown selfishly by Napoleon before 1814, such organizations as that of Young Italy began to spring up and grow throughout the next fifty years until they culminated in a United Italy. This growth the writers of this study witnessed and shared in, more or less, according to individual temperaments.

The last date I chose because 1860 has been counted

a natural dividing point in American literature, marking the beginning of the Civil War, which brought about such a radical change in American life in every respect.

This limitation automatically excluded such able writers as William Dean Howells, Henry James, Mark Twain, Francis Marion Crawford, and George Edward Woodberry. These men have each written some of their best prose and poetry on subjects suggested, directly and indirectly, by their travels in Italy. The influence of Italy and Italian art upon them was greater, perhaps than upon any writer, except two, included in this study.

The writers whom I have discussed here are listed in the order in which they first visited Italy: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, William Wetmore Story, Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.<sup>1</sup> I recognize that these men and women are not all writers of the same rank in American literature. I recognize, further, that the effect upon them of their travel in Italy or of any study of Italian art they made, varied greatly. Nevertheless each has been included here either because I thought the in-

1. Although Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe made two visits to Italy, one in 1856, when she and her sister stayed with the Storys, and one in 1859 with her daughters, I did not consider her in this study. She travelled only as a tourist and left no account of her experiences except a few scattering references in some private letters quoted in part by her biographer, Charles E. Stowe.

fluence of Italy upon him great enough to require that he be considered, or that he was prominent enough in American literature to justify a study of the presence or absence of Italian influence upon him after his travel in Italy.

After giving, by way of introduction, a general account of the visits to Italy and estimating their influence upon American literature, I have treated each writer separately, considering, in general, the following points: his detailed itinerary through Italy; what he saw when in Italy; how his sojourn there appeared to affect his life, if it did; what literary subjects he took from the Italian travel; and, finally, in a few instances, how he esteemed Italian literature.

In giving the accounts of the visits to Italy I have told usually of places visited outside of Italy on each particular journey to and from the country. I have included these facts for two reasons: first, for the sake of completeness in telling the story, and, second, for the sake of giving a true setting to the Italian sojourn. On some journeys the authors started primarily for Italy, only passing through other countries because they lay between America and Italy; on other journeys, the authors toured Europe, or the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, and visited Italy only as one of the most interesting countries in the tour. By telling the whole story this distinction is made clear.

To Dr. J. H. Nelson, under whose direction this study has been completed, I wish here to express my sincere

thanks for his helpful suggestions and untiring patience. To the librarians of Watson Library and of the Free Public Library of Lawrence I express my thanks for co-operating in placing books at my disposal. To Miss Murray I am sincerely grateful for her patience and persistence in finding rare and uncommon books for my perusal.

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CHAPTER I  
INTRODUCTORY

Americans did not travel much in Italy during the eighteenth century, but with the opening of the nineteenth century a change began to take place. With the acquisition of the territory of the Louisiana Purchase, and the happy outcome, for America, of the War of 1812, the United States of America took her place among the leading nations of the world. The life here became more settled, more distinctly separate, more cultivated; the people gave more time to education, to literature, to an interest in the world about them, for they had more money and more time for such pursuits than they had had in the pioneer days of the eighteenth century. More people then began to travel to all parts of the world, Italy included.

Americans had always been interested more or less in England for she was the parent country from which most of the founders of this child republic had come. It was true that some immigrants had come from the Continent, but very few had come from beyond the Alps. Italy was the land of Caesar, of Dante, and of Michelangelo; the land of fancy, the land of dreams, the land of Rome; which lay far "off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean".<sup>1</sup>

Few Americans had the money or the leisure to travel to Italy before the days of Washington Irving, who entered the land by stage-coach in 1804. However, after the

1. Longfellow, Outre-Mer, p.20.

War of 1812, when American commerce and business became more firmly established, the number increased rapidly. In 1832 when Willis went across for the New York Mirror, he was one of three travelling in southern Europe for the same paper, and by 1856 when W. W. Story definitely chose art for his life work and Rome for his permanent home, the company of American visitors in Italy numbered over a thousand each year.

When Longfellow went over in 1826, Cooper in 1828, and Willis in 1831, they each travelled by stage or vetturino and found the romantic Italy of literature in all the larger Italian cities in spite of rain, beggars, fleas, and hard beds. When they wrote their letters and sketches of what they saw, the subject was still interesting in America because of its newness and novelty, as well as because of the manner in which the account was written. Emerson, the semi-invalid, in 1833, Bryant, the typical man of the world, in 1834, and Taylor, the persistent youth, in 1844, still saw the same Italy and found the life novel and different. But Taylor, who had to earn his money by his pen as he went, found it hard to sell his promised letters from a foreign country. He applied to the editors of many newspapers as a travelling correspondent before he was accepted, because "letters from Europe were becoming stale, and correspondence was overdone".<sup>2</sup> America was closer to Europe — Italy, in particular, than she was in 1826, since it was then "the rage

2. Conwell, The Life, Travels, and Literary Career of Bayard Taylor, p.38

of yesterday and today in Chardon Street," as Emerson wrote his brother William, "to visit" Naples and Italy".<sup>3</sup> When Margaret Fuller visited Italy in 1847, she was oppressed by the constant presence of the American tourist everywhere and was not satisfied with her visit in Italy until she had isolated herself from her companions, from ciceroni, and had taken apartments with an Italian family and had seen Rome alone. In 1848 Story found the Italy of the Revolution; but later in 1851 and 1856, Italy was more quiet and visitors were numerous. Norton in 1850 and 1855, Lowell in 1851 and 1856, and Hawthorne in 1858 found many American friends to introduce them to the wonders of the Eternal City.

In fact, after 1851 Story became that introducer and guide to most of the writers of this study; and his home and studio became the center for American residents and tourists in Rome. All of the writers except Cooper and Willis, who each visited Italy before Story went to Rome, and Longfellow, whose second visit was in 1868, are known to have met Story sometime during their Italian sojourn: Emerson in 1872, Bryant in 1852, Taylor in 1873, Margaret Fuller in 1847-8, Norton in 1855, Lowell in 1851, and Hawthorne in 1858. His home at the Barberini Palace, which afforded a very fine outlook over Rome, was the scene of many afternoon teas, fancy balls or private theatricals during the decade following 1856,

3. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.I, p.175.

but wherever Story lived, his friends, American, English, or Italian were always welcome. He was an excellent host on all occasions. Hawthorne described him upon one occasion as "the most variously accomplished and brilliant person, the fullest of social life and fire, whom I have ever met; and without seeming to make an effort, he kept us amused and entertained the whole day long; not wearisomely entertained either, as we should have been if he had not let his fountain play naturally".<sup>4</sup>

At one time in 1850 Story wrote Lowell from Berlin:

Sometimes I think — it is a dream, but a delightful one — that nothing could be so satisfactory and so easy as that we should make a little colony in Rome and there live in that old old Rome. Of all places in the world it is the true spot for us.<sup>5</sup>

Again in 1852 he wrote from Rome to Lowell: "Every day that I live here I love Italy better and life in America seems less and less satisfactory. All that I want here is a few old friends."<sup>6</sup> But the nearest approach to an American colony that Story saw in Rome was his own home used as the center to which his friends, old and new, came. Four of the American writers made only one visit to Italy; Longfellow and Emerson each made two visits; Bryant, Taylor, Norton, and Lowell each three or more; Story alone chose Italy permanently for his home and died there, yet he never gave up his American friends.

The most common approach to Italy at that time seem-

4. Hawthorne, French and Italian Notebooks, p.442.

5. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, pp.209-10.

6. Ibid., vol.II, p.253.

ed to be by stage-coach by way of the Corniche Road from Marseilles to Genoa. However, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and Lowell approached by the sea from the south, landing first at Naples, and Hawthorne entered Rome first by way of Civita Vecchia. Cooper and Taylor saw Italy first from the Alps above the Italian lake country, and Norton came from the east to Trieste and Venice.

It was before the day of railroads in Italy; so the traveller spent a longer time on his way from city to city than later travellers did. He had this advantage, however, that he saw much more of the native life of the country, though he often suffered from more hardships and discomforts. The five leading cities of Italy which contained her greatest works of art and were most frequented were then, as today, Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Milan. From these centers and on the way to and from them, excursions were made to the more secluded places of natural beauty, to the scenes of famous ruins, and noted tombs.

The Eternal City was the general favorite — for Story and Margaret Fuller decidedly so — and Florence and Venice were given second place. As a winter resort Rome and Florence were preferred by most of the writers who varied their winter's experiences with an excursion of a few weeks to Naples and environs. For the summer they scattered, going to various places: some to the villages in the Alban mountains bordering the Campagna of Rome; some to Lucca; some to

Siena; to Vallombrosa; to the lake country; or to Venice for a few weeks on the way north into the Tyrol or Germany.

The attractions in Italy included the atmosphere, the natural scenery, the works of architecture in churches, towers, and villas of the mediaeval times, the paintings of the great masters, the ruins of the days of early Rome and of the Roman Empire, the Italian people with their artistic manners and emotional natures, their history, language, and literature, and the tombs and monuments to their great men in art, science, and literature. Longfellow was attracted chiefly by the novelty of the country, by the language and poetry of the Italians; Willis, by the wonders of nature and art, and the society of the court; Emerson, by the absence or presence of strength in the characters of the people; Taylor, by the thrill of dreaming and learning where great men had stood before him. Margaret Fuller was interested in living and suffering with men of pure and strong emotions who were fighting for a greater freedom; Story and Norton were interested in the works of art, especially of sculpture, the one as an artist, the other as a scholar. One can safely say that to all the visitors perhaps the first and greatest attraction lay in seeing at first hand the country that had played such a great part in the developing of the Western world, both ancient and mediaeval, and had preserved so many monuments of its greatness; it was the setting of so much romantic literature; the battlefield of so many struggles in the realm of politics,

religion, science, art, and literature. Their visit, or visits, to Italy were a part of their education. This was especially true of such writers as Taylor and Story, and, to a lesser degree, of Longfellow, Willis, Margaret Fuller and Norton. On the remaining writers the influence of Italy was not so marked because most of the men were older when they went to Italy, and their characters and interests were more fully developed in the atmosphere of America than were the characters and interests of those already named. To Emerson, Italy was, to a great extent, a wonderful health resort; to Bryant, an ideal place in which to travel; to Lowell, a retreat from the cares of his professional work.

The literature that grew out of these Italian visits and interests consists of both prose and poetry. Each of the poets, except Emerson, wrote at least several short, original poems upon Italian or Roman themes, and Longfellow, Taylor, and Lowell each wrote one long poem. None of the poems are included today among the best poems of the authors, except those written by Story and the sonnets that introduce each part of Longfellow's Divine Comedy. Italy truly developed the best in Story, and the themes for his best poetry were inspired by her. The greatest contribution to American literature in poetry came through Longfellow's translations of Italian literature. Although he translated poems of almost every form and from almost every known Italian author, his colossal undertaking was the poetic rendition of the three

books of Dante's Divine Comedy. Other works of great merit, in the field of prose, are Norton's translations of Dante's New Life and Divine Comedy. Most of the literature written upon Italian themes during this period was in the form of letters, and rambling sketches and descriptions. Although the sketch is not perhaps the highest form of literature, these pictures are, for the most part, capital writing of their kind, the best among them being: Fireside Travels, Outre-Mer, Robi di Roma, Pencilings by the Way, and By-Ways of Europe. Hawthorne and Cooper each contributed a new book of fiction on their favorite themes, but with a new background in The Marble Fawn and The Bravo. The two books which are perhaps the most characteristic of the author's work in Italy are Norton's Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages and Story's Conversations in a Studio.

The prose literature of this period inspired by Italy and Italian art, shows, for the most part, freshness, originality, and scholarship, and is a real contribution to American letters, and a worthy precursor to the more mature works of a similar kind of Henry James, William Dean Howells, Marion Crawford, and George Edward Woodberry. The translations of Dante and other Italian poets are a credit to American scholarship. In Longfellow, Norton, and Lowell, Dante had three loyal disciples.

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## CHAPTER II.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

The first subject of this study, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was nineteen, when he left his home in Portland, Maine, for an extended visit in Europe which was to allow him twelve months in Italy. At the beginning of May, 1826, he sailed from New York in a packet-ship for France. This was before the days of ocean steamers. At that time it was a rare event for young men to take a trip to Europe, especially under such auspicious circumstances.

Longfellow had just graduated from Bowdoin College. His literary tastes and attainments during his student days there had gained for him some little attention and reputation. The Board of Trustees of Bowdoin College, having received some money to establish a Professorship of Modern Languages, proposed to young Longfellow's father, a member of the Board, that Henry make a visit to Europe for the purpose of fitting himself for the new professorship with the understanding that on his return he should receive the appointment.

Longfellow was gone three years on this trip. He studied ten months in France, passed eight delightful months in Spain, and entered Italy by way of Nice, December, 1827. He spent Christmas Day in Genoa, the "superb city".<sup>1</sup> From there he visited Pisa and was in Florence by January 1, 1828.

1. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol.I, p.136.

He entered Rome February 11, "under the bright rays of a noon day sun".<sup>2</sup> In Rome Longfellow lived with a charming Italian family of culture, the Persiani, whose high position in society gave him an excellent opportunity to practice his French, Spanish, and Italian. In April he made a three weeks' visit to Naples and environs. Upon his return to Rome he awaited important mail from home before going north for the summer. This delay proved a perilous one for him, for in the beginning of July he took a violent cold which ended in a fever that grew high and dangerous. The crisis, however, passed favorably, thanks to the devoted attentions of the Persiani. As soon as it was possible for him to be moved, Longfellow left Rome "completely shattered," for Ariccia, a village about twenty miles southeast of Rome in the Alban Mountains. Here he passed a month, during which time the country air, working with a good constitution and temperate habits, soon gave back his strength. Returning to Rome in October, he still lingered, caught in its proverbial fascination, until December, when he set out for Venice on his way in to Germany. He had only a week in Venice. From here he visited Verona on his way to Dresden, where he remained only a short time, hastening on to Göttingen for study. He reached New York August 11, 1829, and was in Brunswick, Maine, in time for the opening of Bowdoin College that fall.

During the summer of 1868, although it was his

2. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. I, p.142.

fourth trip to Europe, Longfellow made a second visit to Italy. In July, 1836, he was denied a visit to Italy by one of those annoying trifles that make travelling in Europe so vexatious — passport vises. In Innsburck, Austria, he had concluded a bargain with an Italian vetturiono to take him to Botzen on his way into Italy, but at the police office the officers refused for some reason to viser his passport for Italy.

This second and last visit in 1868 was made in company with his son, just married, and his three young daughters. Longfellow was now a famous man on both sides of the Atlantic. In Europe, according to Lowell, it was "more of a reputation to know Longfellow than to have written various immortal works".<sup>3</sup> He spent a fortnight in London and upon reaching the continent by way of Dover went up the Rhine to Switzerland. There the party enjoyed the summer, making an excursion over the St. Gothard pass to Lugano and Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como — a delicious bit of Italy long after embalmed by Longfellow in a poem. The autumn they spent in Paris, but at its close the party resumed their travels again southward through Arles, with its Dantean Aliscamps, and then along the Corniche Road into Italy. "This last journey," the son says, "was made in carriages, — the young people of the party finding endless pleasure in repeating Tennyson's 'The Daisy' which stanza by stanza, paints

3. Henry James, W. W. Story, vol.I, p.329.

in delicious vignettes every step of that lovely way."<sup>4</sup>

After a few weeks' stay in Florence, the party settled for the winter in Rome in the Hotel Costanzi, above the Piazza Barberini, whose windows command a fine view over the whole city to where St. Peter's dome darkens against the sunset. Here Longfellow became for the season the centre of a group of American visitors and resident artists. Here he also made acquaintances among the Italians, especially the Duke of Sermoneta, the Dantean scholar. Here he also met Abbe Liszt and had Mr. Healy, the artist, put on canvas the first sight the two men had of Liszt one evening, standing at the inner door of his apartment holding high in his hand a candle which illuminated his fine face. This painting was hung in the library of Craigie House.

The party gave much time to diligently "seeing Rome", but Longfellow was not a great sight-seer and soon became impatient of lingering in picture galleries, churches, and ruins. He saw quickly the essential points and soon tired of any minuter examination.

With spring travel was renewed southward to Naples and its environs. There was a night with the Benedictines at Monti Casino and a trip to Amalfi, of both of which he afterwards sang in verse; an excursion to Paestum; and a stay amid the siren charms of Sorrento. Then the party went northward to Venice and, later, to Germany. A short visit in

4. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. II, p.446.

Paris, London, Edinburgh, the Scottish Lakes, and the Furns region completed the European journey.

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Longfellow's purpose in going to Italy is well summarized in his own words: "to acquire the language and see its wonders".<sup>5</sup> To accomplish the first end he divided the greater part of his visit between Florence and Rome, and associated as much as possible with the educated Italian people. He read much Italian literature, especially poetry, during his days of convalescence, and enjoyed the society life of Rome that brought him in contact with the cultured group of every nationality residing there. To see the wonders of Italy, he travelled with his eyes open, recalling as best he could his knowledge of the past, and storing away in his memory many precious scenes which he later used in his poetry.

Longfellow reacted to the Italian language exactly as one would expect a man of his temperament to do. He "disliked very much the sound of the Tuscan pronunciation,"<sup>6</sup> although he had to acknowledge that Italian was "spoken more grammatically"<sup>6</sup> correct in Florence than elsewhere. In Rome he enjoyed his study more because of the contacts he was able to make. Of the Venetian dialect he wrote his friend, George W. Greene: "The Italian language in the mouth of a Venetian woman is perfect music. You cannot conceive how

5. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. I, p.137.

6. Ibid., p.143.

soft it is. Indeed, I have not yet heard a harsh sound, even among the common people."<sup>7</sup> He found the language "very easy to read and not very difficult to understand when spoken,"<sup>8</sup> but had some difficulty at first keeping free of Spanish words when trying to speak it. It was while studying in Rome that he wrote his mother: "...with this study of the languages I am completely enchanted. Indeed I am very passionately fond of it...",<sup>9</sup> and insisted that his sisters be put to studying some modern language at once. That he became quite proficient in speaking Italian before leaving Italy we learn from his letter to his father in which he says he admits "honestly, not boastingly ... that all at the hotel where I lodge took me for an Italian until I told them I was an American".<sup>10</sup>

One of the most interesting reactions of Longfellow in Italy is his disillusionment, in part at least, resulting from his failure to see the romance of the country, and his fear of destroying that illusion of romance and poetry in America. From Florence he wrote his mother:

I suppose the very names of Florence and the Arno are full of romance and poetry for you, who have not seen them; and that you imagine me sitting at night in the shadow of some olive grove, watching the rising moon and listening to the song of the Italian boatmen or the chimes of a convent bell. Alas! distance and poetry have so much magic about them. Can you believe that the Arno —

that glassy river,  
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales —  
is a stream of muddy water, almost entirely dry in

7. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. I, p.154.

8. Ibid., p.137.

9. Ibid., p.144.

10. Ibid., p.156.

summer? and that Italian boatmen, and convent bells, and white-robed nuns, and midnight song and soft serenade — are not altogether so delightful in reality as we sometimes fancy them to be? But I must not tell tales! I may spoil the market for some beautiful effusion that, at the very moment when I write, is making its appearance in the delicate folds of Oliver's "State Danner".<sup>11</sup>

Again from Florence he wrote: "I must confess it, I am travelling through Italy without any enthusiasm, and with just curiosity enough to keep me awake. I feel no excitement — nothing of that romantic feeling which everybody else has, or pretends to have."<sup>12</sup> After travelling from Florence to Rome in February, the rainy season of the year, by vetturino, he described his journey in Outre-Mer thus:

Day after day the mist and rain were my fellow travellers, and as I sat wrapped in the thick folds of my Spanish cloak, and looked out upon the misty landscape and the leaden sky, I was continually saying to myself, "Can this be Italy?" and smiling at the untravelled credulity of those who, amid storms of a northern winter give way to the illusion of fancy, and dream of Italy as a sunny land, where no wintry tempest beats, and where, even in January, the pale invalid may go about without his umbrella, or his India-rubber walk-in-the-waters.<sup>13</sup>

From Venice even, he wrote after his trip there from Rome in December, 1828, "Italy's eternal summer blooms only in song."<sup>14</sup>

However, Longfellow was not under the spell of this disillusion all the time. His entry into Italy over

11. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. I, p.140.
12. Ibid., p.141.
13. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol. I, pp.236-37.
14. Samuel Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. I, p.157.

the beautiful Corniche Road which extends from Nice to Genoa, which he tells us in Outre Mer "is written in my memory with a sunbeam";<sup>15</sup> his Christmas eve in Genoa "that quaint and evercharming city"<sup>16</sup> with his friend, George W. Greene, at which time they gazed for the first time upon the view of the sea under the moonlight from the terrace of their hotel; Pisa, "the melancholy city, with its Leaning Tower";<sup>17</sup> Florence "the Fair,"<sup>17</sup> with its "beautiful country, beautiful pleasant girls,"<sup>18</sup> "magnificent Duomo, gallery of ancient art, its gardens, its gay society";<sup>17</sup> Rome, with the Forum and the Coliseum, beyond all he had ever fancied them; the Campagna, "with its ruined aqueducts diverging in long broken arcades, and terminated by the sweep of the Albanian hills, sprinkled with their white villages";<sup>19</sup> Naples, and its environs, especially Baiae and the Elysian fields; Venice, with its Palace of the Doges and the Grand Canal by moonlight — all these made such a deep impression upon the young poet that five years later he told us in Outre-Mer, "I ... wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy."<sup>20</sup> These classic scenes, especially those of Old Rome, with their historical recollections, made him "almost delirious",<sup>21</sup> and he longed

15. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol.I, p.228.

16. Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol.II, p.449.

17. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol.I, pp.232-33.

18. Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol.I, p. 156.

19. Ibid., p.151.

20. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol.I, p.21.

21. Longfellow, Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol.I, p.150.

"to remain the whole year round"<sup>22</sup> with the "spirit of the past, amid the ruins of the Eternal City".<sup>23</sup>

But Longfellow's eyes were not closed to the more modern and prosaic features about him. He describes the Piazza Navona, the chief market-place of Rome; the fountain of Acqua Paola, the most abundant of Roman fountains; a Sirocco — a hot wind from the burning sands of Africa that comes by the sea to the shores of Italy laden with fogs and vapors; the Italian beggars, who "hold you by the button through the whole calendar of saints";<sup>24</sup> the water festival of midsummer in Rome; the religious superstitions of the Catholic Church; the misery of the common people in the Pope's dominion; and, last, but not least, an improvisatore who composed among other rhymes, extemporaneously, nine different pieces of poetry with the same endings.<sup>25</sup>

Already one piece of literature that in part grew out of Longfellow's travel in Italy has been mentioned — Outre-Mer. The first part of the account appeared in 1831 in the New England Magazine, following a series of sketches called "The Schoolmaster". In 1833 Longfellow prepared Outre-Mer in book form. This book he described to George W. Greene as a "kind of Sketch-Book of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy; composed of descriptions, sketches of

22. Longfellow, Life of H. W. Longfellow, vol.I, p.147.

23. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol.I, p.254.

24. Ibid., p.247.

25. Longfellow, Life of H. W. Longfellow, vol.I, p.141.

character, tales illustrating manners and customs, and tales illustrating nothing in particular."<sup>26</sup> About one-fifth of the book is given to the travels in Italy. Outre-Mer gives the "fresh, joyous aspect of foreign nature and life, as seen by the impressible spirit of a happy and poetic youth."<sup>27</sup> It gives the Latin color and picturesqueness which had attracted the young traveller rather than any deep interpretation of the culture and life of the countries.

The most pretentious volume that grew directly out of Longfellow's travels abroad is the comprehensive and useful Poets and Poetry of Europe published in 1845, which Margaret Fuller conceded to be "one interesting book" containing "a good course in charming studies."<sup>28</sup> This volume contains poems translated from Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, together with quite long essays on the history of each language and its poetry, and, in the case of the Italian at least, a note about the authors of the poems when they are known. Longfellow has here made a collection, rather than a selection, of as large an amount of poetry as possible from the literatures of the languages of Europe which he knew. In this way the young poet interpreted the cultures of Europe to America.

Approximately one-eighth of this volume, or one

26. Longfellow's Prose Works, vol.I, p.13.

27. Longfellow, Life of H. W. Longfellow, vol.I, p.308.

28. Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller, p.114.

hundred and fifty pages, is devoted to the Italian language and poetry. The biographies of the individual poets range all the way from forty-eight words for Giovanni Cotta to four thousand, five hundred words for Dante. There are poems from fifty-eight different authors arranged in the four periods of Italian literature — thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, fifteenth century, sixteenth century, and from 1600 to the present (1845). The writers are chiefly sonneteers, but among them are dramatists, writers of modern improvisatores, humorists, epic writers, lyric singers, ecclesiastical writers and philosophical writers. He translated eighty-eight sonnets, thirty canzones, an ode, an elegy, nine songs, besides thirty other short poems written in different forms, seventeen longer poems, and nine selections of about fifty lines each from the Divina Commedia. The majority of the poems are from his favorite Italian authors, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, and Tasso, but there are some obscure writers whom the writer never saw mentioned in literatures of the world. A few of the songs are popular songs in the dialects of Calabrian, Neapolitan, Florentine, Milanese and Genose.<sup>29</sup>

In the general collection of Longfellow's poetical works there are fourteen short poems whose subjects were no doubt suggested to him by his trip to Italy or his study of

29. Since I do not know Italian, I cannot judge of the accuracy of the translations.

Italian history and literature. Ten of these are sonnets: "Venice", "Giotto's Tower", "The Old Bridge at Florence", "Dante", and six sonnets which were published as poetical fly leaves to the three parts of the Divine Comedy. There are four longer poems: "Cadenabbia Lake of Como", "Monte Cassino", "Amalfi", — descriptive poems written after the second visit to Italy — and "Vittoria Colonna", a reminiscence of his visit to Ischia, the castle of Michelangelo's lady love. All of these poems except the sonnet to Dante and those published with the Divine Comedy, seem to be the after musings of a traveller who revisits in memory the places he has seen. Longfellow's sonnets and his rendition of the Italian sonnets are quite well written.

#### Dante

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;  
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!  
 Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks  
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
 As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,  
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;  
 And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!" 30

In his Tales of the Wayside Inn, Longfellow has for one of his characters "The Sicilian" who takes his stories from Sicilian and Italian stories. In part one the

Sicilian's tale is the story of Robert of Sicily; in part two, of the Bell of Atri; in part three, of the Monk of Casal-Maggiore. In part one Longfellow's Student tells the story of the Falcon of Ser Federigo.

Michel Angelo, a would-be dramatic poem of Longfellow, which he never completed, and which was found upon his desk following his death ten years after it was first conceived, is one of the poet's last attempts at drama. It has no dramatic development whatever, but is of consequence perhaps, according to H. E. Scudder, in giving "more directly ... his [Longfellow's] artistic creed than in any other of his works, and ... the discussions which take place in the poem, more especially Michel Angelo's utterances on plastic or graphic art, had a peculiar interest for him as bearing upon analogous doctrines of the art of poetry".<sup>31</sup>

But the great work of Longfellow's last days which grew out of his interest in Italy and Italian literature is his faithful, meritorious version of Dante's Divine Comedy completed in 1867. During the years of 1865-67 when this translation was in the hands of the printer, the first Dante club in America was informally organized to criticize this translation.<sup>32</sup> Longfellow's translation was quite an ambitious work undertaken by him in his leisure hours. Not only

31. Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works, p.xx.

32. A fuller account of this club will be found in chapter 10 of this study. p. 144.

does it render the thought of the great epic, but it puts that thought in the poetic form of the original poem — terza rima. It is the only translation into English poetry of the whole poem that has been made by an American writer. It has justly deserved the admiration given it by true Dante lovers and scholars. Bryant said of it:

Mr. Longfellow has translated Dante as a great poet should be translated. After this version, no other will be attempted until the present form of the English language shall have become obsolete, for, whether we regard fidelity to the sense, aptness in the form of expression, or the skillful transfusion of the poetic spirit of the original into the phrases of another language, we can look for nothing more perfect.<sup>33</sup>

Lowell, a member of that first Dante Club, a little more cautiously speaks of it ... "not as the best possible, by any means, but as the best probable .... Nobody who is intimate with the original will find any translation of the 'Divine Comedy' more refreshing than cobs. Has not Dante himself told us that no poetry can be translated? But, after all is said, I think Mr. Longfellow's the best thus far, as being the most accurate."<sup>34</sup> And a third critic adds that "despite a certain lack of metrical charm resulting from the facile character of the rhymeless lines printed in threes, the version of the masterpiece to which Longfellow gave so many years of love and study seems worthy of his pains and of the

33. Parke Godwin, A Biography of William Cullen Bryant, vol. II, p. 265.

34. C. E. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol. I, pp. 395-96.

praise it has received from other admirers of Dante."<sup>35</sup>

Although Longfellow is not remembered in American literature chiefly by his poems of Italy and translations of her literature, his travels there, his study of the language and the literature would seem to have had no small part in broadening the outlook of the poet on life and in helping him to introduce further to the American people the authors of Europe.

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35. Wm P. Trent in Cambridge History of American Literature, vol.II, p.40.

## CHAPTER III

## JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851)

More than the bare fact that he visited Italy in 1828-1830 is hard to find regarding the second author, James Fenimore Cooper, because all his valuable letters and journals that would throw light upon his visit were either burned by or buried with his eldest daughter, Susan Augusta Cooper. However, a few illuminating bits of information have come down to us through letters of friends to Cooper or letters of his wife to her family in America during those years the Coopers lived in Europe.

James Fenimore Cooper, thirty-seven years of age, author of The Spy, a household book on two continents, embarked in the ship Hudson, with all his family and his nephew, William, for Europe June 1, 1826, two months after Longfellow had set out upon his first visit to the Old World. Upon the recommendation of a friend, Dewitt Clinton, to Henry Clay, Secretary of State, Cooper had received the appointment of "Consul of the United States for the City of Lyons in France"<sup>1</sup> as an encouragement for "American talent"<sup>2</sup> in travel. After five weeks at sea, the party landed at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. They made a short visit to London, then went to Paris, where they resided until February, 1828.

1. J. F. Cooper, Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper, vol. I, p. 98.
2. Ibid., p. 97.

At this time the Coopers began a more extensive tour of Europe, First, they saw London, then The Hague, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Paris again. In July they went to Switzerland by post -- "much the pleasantest of all modes of travelling"<sup>3</sup> according to Susan, the eldest daughter -- for three months of the summer; in October, they went by way of the Simplon Pass to Milan. From Milan they travelled vetturino by Parma, Novena, and Bologna to Florence, where they lived in the Villa St. Hilano near the Porta Romana for eight months. Longfellow spent this winter of 1828-29 in Rome, Venice, and Germany, while the Coopers lived in Florence.

Of their stay in Florence, Mrs. Cooper wrote her father in March, 1829:

Florence is the cheapest place we have lived in since being in Europe -- we have passed six months very pleasantly here, and I think when we look back on what we have seen, from our comfortable home in America, Florence will be one of those Places to which we shall attach the pleasantest recollections -- we have gone very little into Society, but had we been so disposed, we might have been in a constant round of Disipation. Mr. Cooper has almost affronted the Lords, the Dukes, and Princes, by declining their invitations -- but after satisfying Curiosity, we thought it would be quite as wise to stay at home, and save our purse, for other purposes. But there are many pleasures here to be enjoyed, without incurring any additional expense, to one's ordinary style of living. Their Magnificent Gallery of Antiquities, Collections of Paintings, Libraries, are exposed on the most liberal plan, and present a constant source of improvement and delight.<sup>4</sup>

Cooper made several excursions from Florence into the neighboring states, and in March, 1829, made a visit to

3. J. F. Cooper, Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper, vol. I, p. 69.

4. Ibid., pp. 163-4.

Marseilles by way of Lucia Gava, Genoa, the Corniche Road, and Nice, to see a printer. By May he was in Florence again.

In July the Cooper family left Florence by way of Lucia, Pisa, and Leghorn for Naples by water. In the fall they entered the Eternal City and enjoyed "the pleasure of being in Rome"<sup>5</sup> until March, 1830, when they went into "upper Italy and Venice".<sup>6</sup> In May they left Venice for Vienna and Germany for the summer and by October were back in Paris. This short review sketches their visit to Italy.

In Paris the family remained longer than they had planned to at first, to complete the education of the daughters. Cooper himself made several short trips to England and the northern parts of Europe but never again visited Italy. In October, 1833, he returned to America and to Cooperstown, where he lived until his death in 1851.

.....

Cooper's visit to Italy was made during the decade when he was most widely recognized as a great American fiction writer. He had written the best of his sea stories and the great group of his Indian stories. Encouraged by the review of his The Red Rover in The North American Review in 1828, a review which "exerted upon him a powerful influence",<sup>7</sup> Cooper determined to write an American novel in which the scene was

5. J. F. Cooper, Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper, vol. I, p. 176.

6. Ibid., p. 165.

7. F. L. Pattee, "James Fenimore Cooper," American Mercury, IV (March, 1925), 295.

not "laid in the early wilderness of this country"<sup>8</sup> nor the "events of so recent a date as those connected with our Revolution."<sup>8</sup> The result of this determination was The Bravo, "a tale of early Venice, ... an elaborate romance into which he threw his best powers".<sup>8</sup> This piece of "pure tragedy",<sup>8</sup> from the point of view of technique, perhaps, the "strongest novel"<sup>8</sup> Cooper wrote, grew out of his visit to Italy in 1828-30.

The author tells the reader that he "has endeavored to give his countrymen ... a picture of the social system of one of the soi-disant republics of the other hemisphere. There has been no attempt to portray historical characters, only too fictitious in their graver dress, but simply to set forth the familiar operations of Venetian policy. For the justification of his likeness, after allowing for the defeats of execution, he refers to the well-known work of M. Daru."<sup>9</sup> Cooper was fairly successful in carrying out this ambition in the book. The Bravo is a very readable romantic tragedy set in the days of the Republic of Venice when the "Council of Three" ruled with an invisible hand and removed over night in the name of "justice ... the motto of Venice"<sup>10</sup> any persons suspected of becoming dangerous to the State.

When Nathaniel Willis visited Venice four years after the publication of The Bravo, he referred to the local

8. F. L. Pattee, "James Fenimore Cooper," American Mercury, IV (March, 1925), p.296.
9. The Bravo, p.iii.
10. Ibid., p.404.

color of the book in one of his letters to the New York Mirror thus:

I realized the truth and the force of Cooper's inimitable description of the race [Venetian] in the Bravo. The whole of his book gives you the very air and spirit of Venice, and one thanks him constantly for the lively interest which he has taken over everything in this bewitching city.<sup>11</sup>

The book was "greatly admired"<sup>12</sup> on both sides of the Atlantic when it first came out, but its success was shortlived on account of the emphasis Cooper placed on the controversial questions in the preface.

The only other writing that seems to have grown out of Cooper's Italian sojourn is Gleanings in Europe. Italy: by an American published in 1828. The writer could find no copy of this book nor any comment upon it, and hence cannot discuss it in this study.

The effect of Italy upon Cooper the man may well be summed up in the words of his eldest daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, in a letter for the grandchildren written in 1833: "Your grandfather fell in love with Italy at first sight. And it was a love which lasted through his life-time. For Switzerland he had a great admiration; for Italy he had a warm affection, which neither beggars nor bandits could chill. The very atmosphere of Italy was a delight to him."<sup>13</sup> Upon Cooper the writer, the effect of Italy was to give him

11. Nathaniel Parker Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.239.

12. J. F. Cooper, Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper, vol.I, p.261.

13. Ibid., pp.71-2.

a new background for a novel: a novel that proved to be one of his best in technique, and equal to any in portraying local color, but spoilt for many readers because of about "four paragraphs inserted by a temperamental impulse"<sup>14</sup> which detract from the merits of the story.

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14. F. L. Pattee, "James Fenimore Cooper," American Mercury, IV (March, 1925), 296.

## CHAPTER IV

## NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806-1867)

Nathaniel Parker Willis, a fellow townsman by birth of Longfellow, and one year his senior, is another type of American authors interesting for one thing because of his differences from the others. At the time when he sailed for Europe, Willis was one of the three editors of the New York Mirror, a weekly paper that had united with the Boston American Monthly Magazine, Willis's last journalistic attempt in Boston, September, 1831. He had been running a column called "Pencillings by the Way" in the Mirror since the union of the two papers. This column was in the form of a letter from a traveller describing what he saw in his travels about this country.

To insure the success of the new paper, it was decided to get together five hundred dollars and send Willis abroad. With this slender capital in his pocket and with instructions to write weekly letters at ten dollars the letter, Willis, then twenty-five years of age, set out in a merchant-brig, the Pacific, from Philadelphia for Havre, France, in October, 1831. "The dream of my life was about to be realized," he wrote during his ocean voyage. "I was bound to France; and those fair Italian cities, with their world of association and interest were within the limit of a voyage."<sup>1</sup>

1. N. P. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.12.

He spent six months in Paris, where he met many distinguished personages among the foreign residents. Before leaving the city he received the nominal position of Attache' to the American legation at Paris, which carried with it no duties nor salary but obtained for him an entrance into the society life of Italy wherever he went. Before entering Nice, Willis had the thrilling experience of being quarantined on account of the cholera epidemic that was raging in northern France.

From Nice, Willis proceeded overland to Genoa, which "breathes of splendour"<sup>2</sup> by the same road over which Longfellow had entered Italy five years before. Willis's powers of description had an ample subject in picturing to his American readers the beauties of that mountain-sea road to Genoa and the marvelous rising perspective afforded the tourist by the arrangement of the numerous palaces of Genoa, terrace above terrace.

He enjoyed the summer and autumn of 1832 in the north of Italy, making Florence his headquarters. There he lived in the second story of what had formerly been the Archbishop's palace and passed in the best Florentine society, "lodging like a prince and paying like a beggar".<sup>3</sup> He made short visits from Florence to Bologna, Venice, Padua, Verona,

2. W. P. Willis, Pencilings by the Way, p.209.

3. Ibid., p.223.

and Mantura. August found him at the Baths of Lucca, about sixty miles north of Florence, "The Saratoga of Italy"<sup>4</sup> he called it — flirting, and recuperating from the exhaustive effects of an Italian summer. After a second visit to Venice, he returned to Florence and, when the autumn was far enough advanced to make it safe, went on to Rome. He divided that winter and the next spring between Florence, Rome, and Naples.

Wherever he traveled he made friends. He used his secretary's button-attache to the American legation at Paris — in his whole progress through Europe to introduce him into the highest society. Few of the people he met suspected for an instant that the dashing young attache' was dependent for his bread and butter on weekly letters to a newspaper. The failure of remittances from America sometimes put him in an awkward predicament, but he always managed to find a way out.

During his stay in Italy he made friends with the officers of the frigate United States and her consort the Constellation. He was invited by the officers to join their party in a six months' cruise up the Mediterranean; so he repaired from Rome to Leghorn, where the ships set sail on the third of June, 1833. He visited Elba, Naples, Sicily, Trieste, Vienna, Greece, Constantinople, and Smyrna. This trip occupied the greater part of six months.

4. W. P. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.262.

He returned from Smyrna to Malta. From there he made his way via Rome, Florence, Switzerland, and France to England, arriving at Dover on the first of June, 1834. Although he had enjoyed his trip through Italy and the Orient, he was glad to return to an English speaking world. The next two years he spent in England and Paris. They were perhaps the "acme of his social and literary career, and he always looked back to them as the brightest spot in his memory".<sup>5</sup> At the close of these two years he reluctantly returned to the plainer conditions of American life, having been intoxicated somewhat by the courtly splendors of the circles to which he had been admitted in Europe.

.....

In Willis we have in some ways a very different character from the person of Henry W. Longfellow, although they were both sons of Portland, Maine. Yet they were alike in that neither man was a deep philosopher of life and both were more or less sentimental in their reactions to Italy, and painted Italian life in rosy colors. Longfellow, young, yet dignified, refined, scholarly, and conventional, visited Europe before his literary career had really begun in America; Willis, enthusiastic, dashing, shallow, extravagant, unconventional, was known as a poet, a magazine editor, and

5. H. A. Beers, Nathaniel Parker Willis, p.136.

a travelling correspondent before he visited Europe. When Outre-Mer was published in 1835, Willis had a reputation as a prose writer on both sides of the Atlantic by his "Pencilings" in the New York Mirror; and by 1839, when Longfellow published his first volume of original poetry, Voices of the Night, his senior by one year had printed five books of verse. But there is no question as to which has proved a better continuer. Longfellow, still "the favorite of the people",<sup>6</sup> is also remembered by critics as a sweet singer and an able scholar, but his brilliant contemporary, "after being for fifteen years the most popular magazinist in America,"<sup>6</sup> has sunk into oblivion.

When we look for the influence of Italy upon Willis's literary career, we find it "was most propitious"<sup>7</sup> and is well summarized by his biographer thus:

Foreign travel furnished just the stimulus that he wanted. As a writer he was at all times very dependent on his supplies. If they were fresh and abundant his writing was correspondingly so; if life stagnated with him his writing wore thin.... His genius, such as it was, was frankly external. His bright fancy played over the surface of things. His curiosity and his senses demanded gratification. He needed stir, change, adventure. He was always turning his own experiences to account, and the more crowded his life was with impressions from outside, the more vivid his page.<sup>8</sup>

These words apply to all Willis's travels abroad but to none more than to those travels through Italy, the land of skies

6. H. A. Beers, Nathaniel Parker Willis, p.2.

7. *Ibid.*, p.107.

8. *Ibid.*, pp.107-8.

without clouds, the land where dreams come true.<sup>9</sup>

Willis did not sit down in Italy, like Longfellow, and master her language and interpret to America her romantic past. He was never a scholar. The literature and legends of the country had little to give him, though he possessed just enough historic imagination for the proper equipment of the "picturesque tourist".<sup>10</sup> In general he was interested in the present: all the "stirring life about him, the strange manners and dresses, the changing landscapes, the gay throngs in the streets, the pretty women and notable men at the drive or the ball".<sup>10</sup> His attitude was not one of criticism, but rather of intense personal enjoyment. He had come to be pleased, and he was pleased. However, the disagreeable side did not escape his notice, and some of his descriptions enter "too minutely into the details of the horrible".<sup>11</sup> He took small interest in politics, public institutions, industrial conditions, lumping them jauntily under the head of "statistics".

His Pencillings by the Way, the only prose work which appears to have grown out of his travels abroad, was written "hastily, often on the wing, and sent off in many cases without revision"<sup>12</sup> as letters for the New York Mirror. He aimed to "record impressions, not statistics".<sup>12</sup> There

9. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.255.  
 10. Beers, N.F. Willis, p.118  
 11. Pencillings by the Way, p.xxi.  
 12. Beers, N.F. Willis, p.115.

were one hundred and thirty-nine of these letters in all, and they were designed to appear weekly as far as possible. By reason of irregular postal facilities, they averaged less than one a fortnight. They were read with eagerness in America, and the editor of the New York Mirror asserted that they were copied into five hundred newspapers.<sup>13</sup> Their popularity is explained in part by the fact that Europe was much farther away in those days than now. Then Willis's rapid sketches were capital writing of their kind. He was a quick and sympathetic, though not a subtle, observer, had an eye for effort, and a journalist's instinct for seizing the characteristic features of a scene and leaving out the lumber. He gives in his dashing, formless, though graphic style, many lively descriptions of the natural beauties of Italy, such as a description of Venice at sunset,<sup>14</sup> the view from the Church of San Miniato above Florence,<sup>15</sup> and the beauty of the country from Padua to Verona in the spring.<sup>16</sup> Here in the out of doors he excels and is always happy. His raptures over galleries, palaces, and cathedrals, are sometimes conventional, and his passing judgments on famous works of art are often either second hand or mistaken. He saw the art of Italy often through the eyes of Greenough, the American sculptor, in Florence, and Gibson, the English sculptor, in Rome. But in the

13. Beers, N. P. Willis, p.116.

14. Willis, Pencilings by the Way, p.240.

15. Ibid., pp.345-6.

16. Ibid., p.288.

words of Beers, his biographer:

... there are many pictures, scattered here and there through these excellent letters, which for sharpness of line and brightness of color have not been excelled either by Hawthorne, in his "Note-Books," or by Bayard Taylor, in his numerous views, afoot or otherwise, or by Henry James, in his more penetrating and far more carefully finished studies.<sup>17</sup>

Willis had the art of painting a picture in words so realistically and yet so romantically that he fascinated his readers while they read. No less a person than Daniel Webster is said to have carried Pencilling by the Way with him on a journey and to have found the letters "both instructive and amusing".<sup>18</sup> They also inspired young Bayard Taylor with his first longing to travel and thousands of Americans are said to have taken their impressions of Europe from them.<sup>18</sup>

Willis saw Italy often through the eyes of Byron, whom he greatly admired. He carried with him in his memory many pictures from Childe Harold and was especially interested in visiting and describing spots where Byron had been. He visited the monastery on the Armenian island in Venice where Lord Byron "went daily to study and translate with the fathers",<sup>19</sup> and met the father with whom he studied "and of whom the poet speaks so often and so highly in his letters".<sup>19</sup> [Longfellow met the same father in Padua when he was in Italy.<sup>20</sup>]

17. Beers, N. P. Willis, p.117.

18. Ibid., p.119.

19. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.274.

20. Ibid., p.275.

Willis recognized Mont Soracte instantly upon approaching Rome at sunset from the graphic simile of Childe Harold,

... a long swept wave about to break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing.<sup>21</sup>

He found the full length statue of Byron by Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, the most interesting, "though inferior to some of his other works,"<sup>22</sup> because of his great admiration for the subject.

The letters were collected and republished in book form in London under the same title they had borne in the Mirror. In England the book was violently attacked in several of the leading periodicals, ostensibly because many Englishmen believed that the author had allowed himself too great freedom of personal detail in some of the letters. No doubt he was unwise in publishing some of the conversations of his acquaintances so literally at that time, but now that those personages are all gone, the writer feels that readers can appreciate the vivacity and truthfulness with which Willis represented the manners of the age in those most criticized letters, and therefore that they do not now detract from the book.

Among the selections of Willis's poetry printed in Griswold's anthology, The Poets and Poetry of America, there are three poems whose subject matter suggest Italy. The first

21. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.299.

22. Ibid., p.316.

"Melanie", a dramatic "story told during a walk around the Cascatelles of Tivoli,"<sup>23</sup> contains descriptive lines that show Willis's love for Italy. The last two "The Confessional" and "Lines on Leaving Europe" include other countries besides Italy. Both poems are quite dramatic and illustrate how greatly Willis was indebted for his inspiration to the settings in which he found himself in the countries in which he travelled.

Of Italy Willis himself said upon entering it:

"Language cannot describe these scenes. It is but a repetition of epithets to attempt it. You must come and see them to feel how much one loses to live always at home, and read such things only."<sup>24</sup> And upon leaving Italy he wrote: "You can exist elsewhere, but oh! you live in Italy!"<sup>25</sup> These words quite dramatically expressed the impression of Italy upon this dashing young "prince of magazinists"<sup>26</sup> who "burst into prominence like a spring freshet, frothy, shallow, temporary."<sup>26</sup> His popularity did not last long, although he "inaugurated a temporary but essential phase in the development of the essay and indeed of American letters."<sup>27</sup> Through his fleeting impressions, often written with great charm, he put a little originality for a short time into the "smooth,

23. R. W. Griswold, The Poets and Poetry of America, p.318. footnote.

24. Willis, Pencillings by the Way, p.209.

25. Ibid., p.437.

26. G. F. Whicher, in Cambridge History of American Literature, vol.I, p.241.

27. Ibid., p.242.

dry, elegant style"<sup>27</sup> of American letters of his day. His subject matter for thirty-eight out of the seventy-five letters printed in book form in 1852 is Italy and Italian Art. In his Library of Universal Literature Ridpath has selected Willis's description of "The Miserere", a procession at the tomb in St. Peter's taken from his Pencilings by the Way, to be included among the "choicest extracts and masterpieces" of "the world's best eminent authors".<sup>28</sup>

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28. The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature, title page.

## CHAPTER V

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Depressed in body and spirit after the death of his wife and his break with the Second Church of Boston, Ralph Waldo Emerson was persuaded by friends to make an extended visit to Italy. Accordingly he sailed on Christmas Day, 1832, from Boston in the brig Jasper of two hundred and thirty-six tons burden, bound for the Mediterranean with a cargo of West Indian produce. He landed at Malta on the second of February, having shaken off many of his bodily ills during the leisurely rest of his voyage. Entering the Continent, after one month at Malta and another in Sicily, "the playgrounds of the Gods and Goddesses",<sup>1</sup> by way of the beautiful Bay of Naples, Emerson began his education in Europe at the age of twenty-nine through travel in Italy. After seeing Naples and its environs he journeyed north, visiting Rome, Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, and arrived in Venice by the middle of June.

Emerson and Willis were evidently at times not far from each other during this spring of 1833, but the writer found no record of their meeting. This failure to meet or to record the meeting is not especially surprising,

1. J. E. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol. I, p.180.

however, for, although both were strangers in a strange land, their manner of living and their particular pleasures were so widely different that neither man would have thought it worth while to mention in his letters the presence of the other.

From Venice Emerson went to Milan by way of Padua, Verona, and Brescia. As he passed rather rapidly from town to town he made this observation in his journal:

All the Italian towns are different and all picturesque.... Italy is the country of beauty, but I think specially in the northern part. Everything is ornamented. A peasant wears a scarlet cloak. If he has no other ornament, he ties on a red garter or knee-band. They wear flowers in the hat or the buttonhole. A very shabby boy will have the eye of a peacock's feather in his hat. In general the great-coats and jackets of the common people are embroidered, and the other day I saw a cripple leaning on a crutch very finely carved. Every fountain, every pump, every post is sculptured, and not the commonest tavern room but its ceiling is painted. Red is a favorite color, and on a rainy morning at Messina the streets blazed with red umbrellas.<sup>2</sup>

Leaving Milan Emerson went over the Simplon Pass to Geneva, then to Paris, and to England where he met Carlyle. After two months in England he turned his face homeward. He arrived in New York, October 9, 1833, after a rough voyage. He was glad that his travels were finished and was anxious to begin some active constructive work that would increase the total happiness of mankind.

2. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes, Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.III, p.140.

Emerson did not visit Italy again until the winter of 1872-73, when he, weakened in health and suffering from infirmities of age, was finally persuaded to take a trip to Europe and the Nile. This time his eldest daughter accompanied him. They were "affectionately welcomed"<sup>3</sup> in London by English and American friends. Among the latter were the Nortons, who gave help and wise counsel in planning the trip to France and Italy on the way to Egypt. The Lowells shared with Emerson and his daughter their hotel quarters in Paris and the friends had a happy week together both as the Emersons went to and returned from Egypt. From Paris their itinerary was Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Alexandria, Cairo, Philae, Assuan, with practically the same route on the return trip. Emerson was greatly helped by the trip to Egypt and the change of scenery, but, as always, he enjoyed most the persons, especially the old friends, whom he met.

In Florence he met Herman Grimm, who was residing there to complete his Life of Raffaella. This was a very pleasant meeting. Grimm liked the wholesomeness of Emerson and his "fine, sharp, manly face".<sup>4</sup> In Rome Emerson and his daughter met many friends and acquaintances. They had the especial good fortune to be the guests during their last week there of Baron Von Hoffman and his wife, who was the

3. Emerson and Forbes, Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.X, p.395.

4. Ibid., p.412.

daughter of Samuel Gray Ward of Boston, one of Emerson's early and valued friends.

.....

In the visit of Emerson to Italy one is impressed from the beginning with the fact that a philosopher is being led by the "Great God" through "this last schoolroom in which he has pleased to instruct me",<sup>5</sup> and that he "came out to Europe to learn what man can,— what is the uttermost which social man has yet done".<sup>6</sup> This point of view of the philosopher Emerson never lost sight of. From the time he set foot on "Malta's isle" until he left Scotland "on a ship that steers westward",<sup>7</sup> he was interested first of all in mankind in general and in individuals in particular. As he began his trip through Europe he mused thus in the harbor of Malta:

I believe it's sound philosophy, that wherever we go, whatever we do, self is the sole object we study and learn. Montaigne said himself was all he knew. Myself is more than I know, and yet I know nothing else. The chemist experiments on his new salt by trying its affinity to all the various substances he can command, arbitrarily selected, and thereby discloses the most wonderful properties in his subject; and I bring myself to sea, to Malta, to Italy, to find new affinities between me and my fellow-men; to observe narrowly the affections, weaknesses, surprises, hopes, doubts, which new sides of the panorama shall call forth in one. Mean sneakingly mean, would be this philosophy, a reptile unworthy of the name, if self were used in the low sense; but I speak of the universal man, to whose colossal dimensions each particular bubble can, by its birthright expand.<sup>8</sup>

5. Emerson and Forbes, Journals of R.W. Emerson, vol.III, p.185.

6. *Ibid.*, p.123.

7. *Ibid.*, p.185.

8. J. E. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.I, pp.178-9.

This quotation is not in the vein of Willis, the "picturesque tourist," nor of Longfellow the scholar. Emerson had little of either in him. He was glad enough to see the curiosities of a place, and then pass on to something else, for he was always oppressed by his ignorance of the language and the history of places: "My ignorance ... is my perpetual tormentor. I want my Virgil and Ovid; I want my history and my Plutarch; I want maps and gazetteers".<sup>9</sup>

Upon entering the Bay of Naples he refused to be overawed by mere names that "sound so big that we are ready to surrender at discretion and not stickle for our private opinion against what seems the human race.... What if it is Naples, it is only the same world of cake and ale, of men and truth and folly. I won't be imposed upon by a name".<sup>10</sup> He then continues as if fortifying himself against an enemy:

Need is, that you assert yourself, or you will find yourself overborne by the most paltry things. A young man is dazzled by the stately arrangement of the hotel, and jostled out of his course of thought and study of men by such trumpery considerations. The immense regard paid to clean shoes and a smooth hat impedes him, and the staring of a few dozens of idlers in the street hinders him from looking about him with his own eyes; and the attention which he came so far to give to foreign wonders is concentrated instead on these contemptible particulars. Therefore it behoves the traveller to insist first of all upon his simple human rights of seeing and judging here in Italy, as he would in his own farm or sitting-room at home.<sup>10</sup>

9. J. E. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.I, p.180.

10. Journals. vol.III, p.62.

Among the works of art that Emerson admired in Italy one notices early in his travels that the churches and towers are perhaps the most frequently named. The Church of St. John on the Isle of Malta with which he was "pleased abundantly";<sup>11</sup> the Cathedral of St. Martin in Naples, a "sumptuous church";<sup>12</sup> St. Peter's Temple in Rome which he loved and called "the sublime of the beautiful",<sup>13</sup> and over which he grieved to think that after a few days "I shall see it no more";<sup>14</sup> Santa Croce of Florence, a "grand building",<sup>15</sup> of which he wrote after walking up its piazza, "I feel as if it were not a Florentine, no, nor an European church, but a church built by and for the human race";<sup>16</sup> and the Cathedral of Milan, "a most impressive and glorious place, without and within.... the only church in Italy that can pretend to compare with St. Peter's"<sup>17</sup> — these were his most beloved buildings. The Campanile in St. Mark's square in Venice he admired as a "beautiful tower, but it cannot compare with Giotto's wonder at Florence, the poem in stone."<sup>18</sup>

This interest in churches is not hard to account for; besides the fact that the churches in Italy embody in many instances the greatest works of Italian art, there is

11. Journals, vol.III, p.29.

12. Ibid., p.65.

13. Ibid., p.90.

14. Ibid., p.89.

15. Ibid., p.118.

16. Ibid., p.119.

17. Ibid., p.142.

18. Ibid., pp.135-6.

the fact that Emerson was a preacher, an extraordinary preacher who was searching in his own way for the truth and the best way to find God. He was also a poet-philosopher, and the approach of man to God through the beautiful appealed to him. He seldom, if ever, approved of the ceremonies and forms which he saw in these churches, but the strength and beauty of the church itself as pictured by the architect who built it, he admired, and he longed for a suitable service (something between the Protestant and Catholic) which would enable all to be "actual worshippers",<sup>19</sup> some ceremony "that shall be in as good and manly taste as their churches and pictures and music".<sup>19</sup>

Of the paintings that Emerson saw, he was unstinted in his praise of Raphael's "Transfiguration". Titian's "Presentation of the Virgin" he called "the handsomest picture I have ever seen but certainly not the best",<sup>20</sup> for it lacked the "expression of Raphaelle".<sup>20</sup> In the gallery of the Capitoline Hill he "coveted nothing so much as Michel Angelo's portrait by himself".<sup>21</sup>

Perhaps sculpture attracted him more than the other kinds of art, though of it he wrote: "I reserve my admiration as much as I can".<sup>22</sup> Michelangelo's statue of Moses he called "grand".<sup>21</sup> He felt that the sculptor had

19. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol. I, p. 188.

20. Journals, vol. III, p. 132.

21. Ibid., vol. III, p. 99.

22. Ibid., p. 108.

"sought to embody the Law in a man".<sup>21</sup> After "coolly walking round and round the marble lady",<sup>22</sup> he was forced to say that mankind had good reason for its preference of the Venus in Florence and he "gladly gave one testimony more to the surpassing genius of the artist".<sup>22</sup> He also greatly admired the "beautiful head of the Justice who sits with Prudence on the monument of Pauline III, on the left of the Tribuna in St. Peter's",<sup>23</sup> which sculpture was designed by Michelangelo and executed by William de la Porta. After wondering "where in the universe is the archetype from which the artist drew this sweetness and grace", he exclaimed, "There is a heaven".<sup>25</sup> Of the Dying Gladiator he wrote: "... a most expressive statue, but it will always be indebted to the muse of Byron for fixing upon it forever his pathetic thought", and added, "Indeed Italy is Byron's debtor, and I think no one knows how fine a poet he is who has not seen the subjects of his verse, and so learned to appreciate the justness of his thought and at the same time their great superiority to other men's. I know well the defects of Childe Harold".<sup>21</sup>

Yet, although Emerson admired these statues, he never lost sight of the fact that man is greater than his works of marble. Like the prophet of old he cried over Rome: "Ah, great Rome! It is a majestic city, and satisfied the craving imagination. And yet I would give all Rome for one

23. Journals, vol.III, p.94.

man such as were fit to walk here, and could feel and impart the sentiment of the place".<sup>24</sup> Of the many fine statues of Cicero, Aristides, Seneca, Dianus, and Apollos he said:

Nothing is more striking than the contrast of the purity, the severity expressed in these fine old heads, with the frivolity and sensuality of the mob that exhibits and the mob that gazes at them. These are the countenances of the first-born, the face of man in the morning of the world, and they surprise you with the moral admonition as they speak of nothing around you but remind you of the fragrant thoughts and the purest resolutions of your youth.<sup>25</sup>

To find such men living then was Emerson's ambition. "Every place you enter," he wrote, "is a new lottery; chance may make you acquainted with an honest and kind man therein — then will that place disclose its best things; or you may know nobody, — then will go out of it ignorant and with disagreeable impressions."<sup>26</sup>

He also sought inspiration from those who had lived before him in Italy by visiting places in which some noted men had lived or were buried. In Ferrara he saw "Tasso's prison, a real dungeon", and "Byron's name cut with his pen-knife in the wall".<sup>27</sup> In the cathedral of the same city he visited "Ariosto's tomb, his inkstand, medals and chair. I sat in his chair."<sup>27</sup> In Syracuse he visited the "same catacombs which Cicero admired for the prodigious depth and ex-

24. Cabot, A Memoir of R. W. Emerson, vol.I, p.189.

25. Journals, vol.III, p.66.

26. Cabot, A Memoir of R. W. Emerson, vol.I, p.181.

27. Journals, vol.III, p.127.

cavations".<sup>28</sup> He saw the tomb of Tasso in the church of St. Onofrio in Rome and his bust in wax in the convent near by. The head he said was noble, "full of independence and genius,"<sup>29</sup> and added, "I shall always like him the better for having seen this face. I have never yet learned to feel any strong interest in a poet so imitative, but since God marked him, I will attend to him".<sup>29</sup> In the little town of Passignano he thrilled as he sat by the fire in the Locanda because it was the scene of Hannibal's battlegrounds. In the church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, he "passed with consideration the tomb of Nicholas Machiavelli, but stopped long before that of Galileus Galileo, for I love and honor that man, except in the recantation, with my whole heart. But when I came to Michel Angelo Buonaroti [whose life he said on another occasion "was a poem"<sup>30</sup>] my flesh crept as I read the inscription. I had strange emotions. I suppose because Italy is so full of his fame.... I see his face in every shop window, and now I stood over his dust. Then I came to the empty tomb of Dante, who lies buried in Ravenna. Then to that of Alfieri."<sup>31</sup> He walked over to Argua on his way to Padua "to see the tomb of Petrarch and the house where he spent his latter days".<sup>32</sup> Both were "striking and venerable objects.... Good, good place. It does honor to his head and heart."<sup>32</sup>

28. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph W. Emerson, vol.I, p.180.

29. Journals, vol.III, p.95.

30. Ibid., p.252.

31. Ibid., p.106.

32. Ibid., p.129.

So profoundly did Emerson feel the influence of great personalities who had lived in Italy before his day (though those personalities were no greater than the great ones of any age) that he wrote even of the mighty city of Rome, famous for its ruins:

In Rome it is not the diameter nor the circumstance of the columns, it is not the dimensions nor the materials of the temples, which constitute their chief charm. It is the name of Cicero; it is the remembrance of a wise and good man; it is the remembrance of Scipio and Cato and Regulus; the influence of human character, the heroes who struggled, the patriots who fell, the wise men who thought, — the men who contended worthily in their lifetime in the same trials which God in this city and this year is placing before each of us. Why are you dazzled with the name of Caesar? A part as important, a soul as great, a name as dear to God as his or any other's is your own.<sup>33</sup>

Yet the poet in Emerson was not blind to the natural beauties of Italy. He visited Taormina in Sicily, the place visited, and so well described by George Edward Woodberry later. Of the thirty miles between Giardini and Messina he wrote: "... and much I doubt if the world contains more picturesque country in the same extent".<sup>34</sup> The view from the exterior of the cupola of St. Peter's of the Campagna di Roma he said "is delicious, from the Apennines on one side to the sea on the other, and Tiber flowing through his marble wilderness below".<sup>35</sup> Of the cascade of

33. Journals, vol.III, pp.102-3.

34. Ibid., p.56.

35. Ibid., p.92.

Tivoli, "the hill of waters",<sup>36</sup> so well described later by Lowell and Story, Emerson wrote: "I cannot describe the beauty of the Cascade, nor the terror of the Grotto, nor the charm of the iris that arched the torrent".<sup>37</sup>

Unlike most of our visitors Emerson did not like Venice. He ended his description of the city with "I soon had enough of it".<sup>38</sup> He characterized it as "a great oddity, a city for beavers, but, to my thought, a most disagreeable residence. You feel always in prison and solitary".<sup>39</sup> He missed the little human contacts, the running in to visit your next door neighbor, the meetings at news rooms, the chatting in public resorts — they had no public resorts except St. Mark's Piazza. "It is as if you were always at sea",<sup>38</sup> he said. He pitied the people who lived there yet added in his characteristic philosophical style: "But what matter where and how, as long as all of us are estranged from truth and love, from Him who is truth and love."<sup>40</sup>

Since Emerson said himself that he collected nothing that could be "touched or tasted or smelled, neither cameo, painting nor medallion",<sup>41</sup> but valued "much the growing picture which the ages have painted",<sup>42</sup> and which he reverently surveyed and hoped to remember when he got back into his "chimney corner",<sup>43</sup> and since he counted as "most

36. Journals, vol.III, p.107.

37. Ibid., p.97.

38. Ibid., p.137.

39. Ibid., p.136.

40. Ibid., p.131.

41. Ibid., pp.131-32.

42. Ibid., p.132.

43. Ibid., p.94.

satisfactory and most valuable" to him those impressions which came to him "casually and in moments when he is not on the hunt for wonders",<sup>44</sup> one can not lay a finger readily on the influence of Italy and Italian art on him. His Journals contain many items of information for him to remember later of the deeds of great men, a few notes about the present condition of men in Italy, and his opinions of the renowned works of art that he saw and of others that he admired. His letters reveal that his mind was often elsewhere, and that his greatest interest in Italy was observing it as a certain type of home of mankind.

Travel he found irksome with all its annoyances of beggars, ciceroni, and thieving, and was always conscious of the fact that in going about asking questions, and trying to meet people of renown, as well as gazing at new sights, he was really bothering "the people at their work".<sup>45</sup> "The people," he said, "... accuse me by their looks for leaving my business to hinder theirs".<sup>45</sup> Both trips to Italy were made for the purpose of regaining his health, and he returned home each time much stronger. The change of scenery, the adventure of each new day, the freedom to enjoy the wonders of an old civilization -- all had a healing power on his overworked mind and body.

During his first visit to Italy he read Manzoni's

44. Journals, vol.III, p.123.

45. Ibid., p.186.

I Promessi Sposi and rejoiced "that a man existed in Italy who could write such a book. I hear from day to day such hideous anecdotes of the depravity of manners, that it is an unexpected delight to meet this elevated and eloquent moralist."<sup>46</sup> He was very much interested in visiting the Cathedral of Milan to see underneath the church the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, "whose history is the glory of Milan and has furnished Manzoni with the hero in I Promessi Sposi".<sup>47</sup> Of other Italian writers which he mentioned — Renzo, Lucia, Fra Cristofora, and Federigo Borromeo — he said, "all are excellent, and, which is the highest praise, all excite the reader to virtue".<sup>48</sup>

The only literature which the writer found that could be said to have grown directly out of Emerson's visits to Italy was two short poems in his Journals. One is entitled "At Naples" and was written during his stay in Naples, March 13, 1833; the other is entitled "Rome" and was written in Rome, March 27, 1833. A third poem, dated 1833 and entitled "Written in Naples", appeared in the Centenary Edition of the Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.<sup>48</sup> Upon reading the two poems written in Naples the writer was reminded of the words of Beers that "place is comparatively indifferent to men of deep or intense genius, to a philoso-

46. Journals, vol.III, p.122.

47. Ibid., p.143.

48. Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol.IX, pp.395-7.

pher like Emerson..."<sup>49</sup> for either poem might just as well have been written in Paris or London as in Naples. But the poem "Rome", written after "walking all ... day amongst the ruins of Rome",<sup>50</sup> has a little more of local color in its beginning, which is:

Alone in Rome. Why, Rome is lonely too; —<sup>50</sup>

Yet one is quickly lifted above the limits of place:

Besides, you need not be alone; the soul  
 Shall have society of its own rank.  
 Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,  
 The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,  
 Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,  
 And comfort you with their high company.<sup>50</sup>

In this same volume of poems is a translation by Emerson of a Sonnet of Michelangelo Buonarotti. The great architect was also the subject of a lecture in a series of lectures Emerson gave "before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in Boston, in a course on Biography",<sup>51</sup> about January, 1835. Emerson was an ardent admirer of the artist.

The influence upon Emerson, the writer, of Italy and Italian art was very little, as one measures it in tangible subjects suggested for writing; the measure of influence upon Emerson, the philosopher, was perhaps greater, but is more difficult to estimate and harder to state.

49. Peers, Nathaniel Parker Willis, p.107.

50. Journals, vol.III, p.75.

51. Ibid., p.252. footnote no.2.

## CHAPTER VI

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)

In his thirty-ninth year, having established a goodly reputation in his native country as a poet and journalist, William Cullen Bryant took passage with his family June, 1834, in the sailing ship Poland for Havre, France, to receive his first impression of the Old World — Italy included. His original intention had been to spend his time chiefly in Spain, "by the language and literature of which he was singularly fascinated".<sup>1</sup> But that country "was in the midst of one of its chronic convulsions";<sup>1</sup> so he turned his face toward Italy. After tarrying several weeks in the French metropolis, he went by way of Lyons, Marseilles, and the beautiful Corniche Road "along what is called the Maritime Alps",<sup>2</sup> over which Longfellow and Willis had previously travelled, to Genoa. By September twelfth the party were in Florence at the Hotel del'Europe, where they spent two months. They spent four months in Pisa, which Bryant found had very delightful winter climate, Madame de Stael notwithstanding. In Rome they spent a month and also one in Naples. In each place they mingled much in Italian society. On the return trip north the party called again at Florence and then

1. Parke Godwin, *Life of William Cullen Bryant*, vol. I, p. 308.
2. W. C. Bryant, Letters from the East, p. 54.

at Venice. Upon leaving Venice they proceeded north into Germany by way of the Tyrol going first to Munich and later to Heidelberg. Bryant's studious sojourn at this renowned seat of learning was interrupted by the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his editorial colleague, William Leggett, with whom he was associated in the editorship of the Evening Post of New York. On the twenty-fifth of January, Bryant set out for Havre, leaving his family with friends in Heidelberg because of the hazards of travelling in the winter. He arrived in New York February, 1836.

One of his chief regrets in leaving Heidelberg at that time was the separation from Longfellow, who had so lately joined the Bryant's circle there for study. Longfellow was making his second trip abroad for study, especially of German. This time he was preparing to take up his duties as Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University. He did not visit Italy during this trip.

Nine years later, 1845, a second opportunity came to Bryant to visit the Old World through an invitation given by a fellow member of the Sketch Club, Mr. Charles M. Leupp. On this trip most of his time was spent in England, France, and Germany, but an excursion through Italy, especially northern Italy, left an indelible impression upon Bryant. The party entered Italy from Trieste, going by steamer to Venice; from Venice to Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence,

Rome, and Naples. A steamer took them from Naples to Leghorn, and then to Genoa, whence they crossed the mountainous country to Milan, and from Milan went by Lago Maggiore to the foot of the Alps. In a letter to Mr. F. E. Field Bryant thus described their exit from Italy: "We walked up the Simplon one bright moonlight night, which gave us, perhaps, a more striking view of its remarkable features than we could have had by day, and, as the morning broke, found ourselves on its summit."<sup>3</sup>

A third trip was made to Europe in 1849, but Bryant did not go farther south than Switzerland.

On the thirteenth of November, 1852, Bryant set sail in company with his former companion, Mr. Leupp, on his third visit to Italy, having the Orient as his destination. This time he saw Italy mainly from the sea and was not quite sure that it was "not finer when viewed from the water"<sup>4</sup> than when viewed from the land. He went by boat from Marseilles, Nismes, to Genoa, and then to Naples stopping at Leghorn and Pisa to revive old memories. From Naples the party made a visit to Pompeii, Amalfi, Paestum and Nocera, and then sailed to Malta. After an extended trip from Cairo to Palestine, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Trieste, the party came to Venice. From Venice they went to Florence and to Rome, and from Rome to Marseilles by boat by way of Civita Vecchia. In

3. Parke Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol.II, p.10.

4. Bryant, Letters from the East, p.34.

Rome Bryant made many acquaintances and met old friends who took delight in showing him the city. Among the latter was William W. Story of this study.

Bryant made his fifth visit to Europe, and his fourth to Italy in company with his wife and youngest daughter during 1857-1859. Mrs. Bryant had been for some years more or less seriously a sufferer from rheumatism. Bryant had taken her many places reputed to be most salubrious in climate, but without avail. As a last resort, he was recommended to try a sea voyage, and a sojourn in the southern parts of Europe. Accordingly the party set sail for Havre, France, May 1857, on the William Tell. The first year was spent in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. The spring of 1858 the party planned to spend on the shores of the Mediterranean, but in December at Marseilles Mrs. Bryant was attacked with catarrhal fever prevalent there, and Bryant immediately took her by boat to Naples, thinking she would be much better there. She was for a time, but in Naples the people were having an uncommonly cold season such as no Neapolitan would own that he ever remembered, and Mrs. Bryant was seized with rheumatic fever, which became the nervous and typhoid fever and brought her very low. The Bryants were, therefore, much longer in Naples — over four months — than they had expected to be, and then travelled slowly north by vetturino. They stopped at Rome a short time and also at Florence, whence they proceeded through

Venice to Paris, and later to England.

On this trip, at Rome and later at Florence, Bryant met Hawthorne for the first time familiarly. It was in the home of the Storys they first met, and afterward Bryant called upon Hawthorne in the latter's rooms. In Florence, they were guests at the home of the Brownings, whom Bryant saw for the first time and for whom he "conceived a strong personal attachment".<sup>5</sup> Bryant was now in his sixties, and at this meeting of Bryant and Hawthorne, Hawthorne gives his much quoted description of Bryant.

Yesterday, while we were at dinner, Mr. Bryant called. I never saw him but once before, and that was at the door of our little red cottage in Lenox; he sitting in a wagon with one or two of the Sedgwicks, merely exchanging a greeting with me from under the brim of his straw hat, and driving on. He presented himself now with a long white beard, such as a palmer might have worn as the growth of his long pilgrimage, a brow almost entirely bald, and what hair he has quite hoary; a forehead impending, yet not massive; dark, bushy eyebrows and keen eyes, without much softness in them; a dark and sallow complexion; a slender figure, bent a little with age; but at once alert and infirm. It surprised me to see him so venerable; for, as poets are Apollo's kinsmen, we are inclined to attribute to them his enviable quality of never growing old. There was a weary look in Bryant's face, as if he were tired of seeing things and doing things,<sup>6</sup> though with activity enough still to see and do, if need were. My family gathered about him, and he conversed with great readiness and simplicity about his travels, and whatever other subject came up; telling us that he had been abroad five times, and was now

5. Parke Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol. II, p. 115.

6. He was tired because of his long vigils at Naples.

getting a little home-sick, and had no more eagerness for sights .... His manners and whole aspect are very particularly plain, though not affectedly so; but it seems as if in the decline of life, and the security of his position, he had put off whatever artificial polish he may have heretofore had, and resumed the simpler habits and deportment of his early New England breeding. Not but what you discern, nevertheless, that he is a man of refinement, who has seen the world, and is well aware of his own place in it.<sup>7</sup>

By September the party were in New York, and Bryant wrote the Rev. Dr. Dewey that Mrs. Bryant was gaining strength so steadily that he had great hopes of soon seeing her even better than she was in Europe.<sup>8</sup> Unhappily the change in her health was not permanent, for Mrs. Bryant died July 27, 1866, before the family had moved into the Bryant homestead at Cumington, which Bryant had purchased to test the effects of the Berkshire air upon his wife's still languishing health.

His fifth and last trip to Italy Bryant made after the death of his wife in company with and on account of the health of his youngest daughter, who had watched over her mother so constantly the last year. Bryant did not enjoy this trip, and although Rome was at its best when they were there in March, 1867, he longed to be back at Brooklyn, where his wife had died, and wished that others could be in Rome in his place really taking in all the beauties about him.<sup>9</sup>

He entered Italy from Spain, going to Florence,

- . 7. Newton Arvin, Heart of Hawthorne's Journals, pp.283-4.
- 8. Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol.II, p.117.
- 9. Ibid., p.259.

where Garibaldi visited him and invited him to accompany the great general to Venice to celebrate the withdrawal of the Austrians from Italy. Bryant declined the invitation and went instead to Rome with his daughter in March, and was soon driven north by the heat. In April they were in Dresden.

.....

Although, as just seen, Bryant made six trips across to Europe during five of which he visited Italy, one cannot say that Italy or Italian art made much, if any, greater impression upon him than it did upon Emerson. The character of each man was quite well formed before either of them visited the Old World. Both men were poets and, on the whole, reserved by nature and quite dignified in demeanor. As Emerson's chief motive in travel was change of scenery and relaxation to regain his health, so Bryant's "favorite and chief recreation was travel,"<sup>10</sup> partly because there was "no escape from the importunate exactions of a daily journal but flight, partly because of the happy combination of rest and mental fertilization"<sup>10</sup> which travel afforded.

"Few Americans," according to Mr. Bigelow, "have been as well equipped to enjoy travel as Bryant, and no one could enjoy it much more. His familiarity with the languages and literature of the countries he visited, his intelligent curiosity about everything which distinguished his own from other countries and peoples, and his love of nature that al-

10. John Bigelow, William Cullen Bryant, p.176.

ways grew by what it fed on, made him in the largest sense of the word a citizen of the world, a stranger nowhere, and welcome wherever a welcome was desirable."<sup>10</sup> Yet he was not a traveller in the sense that Willis and Taylor were, who visited different places with a view to reporting their peculiarities and institutions — only a tourist, who took the accustomed routes and saw no more than his eyes saw from the decks of steamers, or in rapid walks about places of note. Bryant's own description of his second trip to Italy with Mr. Charles M. Leupp in a letter to Mr. F. E. Field quite characteristically describes his manner of travel:

We have made ... a rapid but most fortunate journey through Europe. We have had good health, good weather, and the opportunity to see almost everything we desired; we have met with no misfortunes, no accidents, no disappointments, and scarcely anything which could be called annoyances.<sup>11</sup>

Then follows the itinerary of the trip with an "excursion" here and a "brief stay" there until they had covered the most important places from Paris to Naples and back to London again.

The characteristics of Bryant for travelling as given by Mr. Bigelow are justly supported by Bryant's letters and sketches made during his travels in Italy. He frequently makes a comparison between things Italian and things American; Italian government and American government: Italian

11. Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol.II, p.10.

oppression and beggary among the common people and American independence and happiness among the same class; Italian ruins and American natural beauty. In speaking of the latter he expresses his own opinion quite frankly:

For my part, I can hardly understand what an American landscape-painter, after satisfying a natural curiosity to see the works of the great masters of his art, should do in Italy. He can study nature to quite as much advantage at home — a fresh and new nature as beautiful as that of Italy, though with a somewhat different aspect of beauty.<sup>12</sup>

Once on his first visit to Italy he burst out quite enthusiastically after being delayed unreasonably for passports and disgusted with the bribery and fraud of the Italian custom-houses and the misery of the common people:

I think I shall return to America even a better patriot than when I left it.... No American can see how much jealousy and force on the one hand, and necessity and fear on the other, have to do with keeping up the existing governments...without thanking heaven that such is not the condition of his own country.<sup>13</sup>

Bryant always took an interest in the Italian movements for freedom and union. On his trip to Europe in 1849 when he did not visit Italy he followed with much interest and disapproval the movements of the French in the State of Rome. In his letter from Paris, September 13th, he said: "The expedition to Rome is unpopular throughout France, more especially so in the southern part of the

12. Bryant, Letters from the East, p.238.

13. Bryant, Letters of a Traveller, p.22.

republic,... It is unpopular even among the troops sent on the expedition, as is acknowledged by the government journals themselves."<sup>14</sup> Then after telling of the change of policy by the French government in order to "propitiate public opinion," he added, "whatever may be its consequences, there is one consequence which it can not have, that of recovering to the President and his ministry the popularity they have lost".<sup>14</sup>

If there is one type of description that predominates over all other types in Bryant's sketches of Italy, it is the descriptions of bits of natural beauty that attracted him — especially the sight of flowers. Of Italy in May he wrote from Rome:

This is the season when, in Italy, the earth pours forth flowers with the same profusion as she offers her fruits in September. The gardens are one blush of roses, and the stronger-growing kinds of the rose tree, both white and red, hang themselves on the walls with a surprising luxuriance of growth and bloom.<sup>15</sup>

He reveled in the spring at Naples "when the orange-trees are full of ripe fruit and fragrant with blossoms".<sup>16</sup> Of the ride to Amalfi by boat he wrote: "As we passed along beside the rocks which rise out of the transparent water of the Mediterranean, we were struck with the wonderful beauty of the region.

14. Bryant, Letters of a Traveller, p.435.

15. Bryant, Letters from the East, p.23.

16. Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol.II, p.106.

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.'"17

Yet he also gives this significant description that reveals the kind of natural beauty which he liked best:

Thus far I have been less struck with the beauty of Italian scenery than I had expected. The forms of the mountains are more picturesque, their summits more peaked, and their outline more varied than those of the mountains of our own country; and the buildings of a massive and imposing structure, or venerable from time, seated on the heights, add much to the general effect. But, if the hand of man has done something to embellish the scenery, it has done more to deform it. Not a tree is suffered to retain its natural shape; not a brook to flow in its natural channel; an exterminating war is carried on against the natural herbage of the soil; the country is without green woods and green fields.... The simplicity of natural scenery, so far as can be done, is destroyed....<sup>18</sup>

Yet on the whole, Bryant liked Italy. He went into raptures, as much as he was able, over the Italian atmosphere which, "at least about the time of sunset", was "more uniformly fine than ours".<sup>18</sup> He was reminded every night that he was "in the land of song, for until two o'clock in the morning," he said, "I hear 'all manner of tunes' chanted by people in the streets in all manner of voices."<sup>19</sup> He thought Venice the "most pleasing of the Italian cities",<sup>20</sup> and the Neapolitans the noisiest people he met, except the people of Messina on the Isle of Malta when they screamed "their wares at the highest pitch of their voices"<sup>21</sup> through the market place.

17. Bryant, Letters from the East, p.42.

18. Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol.I, p.309.

19. Letters of a Traveller, p.16.

20. Ibid., p.45.

21. Letters from the East, p.50.

Bryant seldom described or even mentioned, unless in some incidental manner, the paintings and sculptures of Italy. He seemed to take for granted that his readers knew they were there. In writing from Florence he made one "remark, by the way",<sup>22</sup> which reveals the attitude toward or regard for sculpture which every Italian has:

A work of art is a sacred thing in the eyes of Italians of all classes, never to be defaced, never to be touched, a thing to be looked at merely. A statue may stand for ages in a public square, within the reach of anyone who passes, and with no sentinel to guard it, and yet it shall not only be safe from mutilation, but the surface of the marble shall never be scratched, or even irreverently scored with a lead pencil. So general is this reverence for art, that the most perfect confidence is reposed in it.<sup>22</sup>

The two prose works that in part grew out of Bryant's travels in Italy are Letters of a Traveller: or Notes of Things Seen in Europe, published in 1850, and Letters from the East, published in 1869. Both titles plainly indicate the subject matter of the volumes. The first he tells us in the note "to the Reader" contains letters "written at various times, during the last sixteen years, and during journeys made in different countries. They contain ... no regular account of any tour or journey made by the writer, but are merely occasional sketches of what most attracted his attention. The greater part of them have al-

22. Letters of a Traveller, p.27

ready appeared in print."<sup>23</sup> The second contains letters written in the course of his visit made to the Old World in the closing months of the year 1852, and the first six months of the following year. About six letters or one-eighth of the first book, and about three letters or one-fourth of the second are given over to Italy and thins Italian.

There is one description in Letters of a Traveller of a day's happenings in Florence that is very colorful. Bryant is writing from Pisa, "the very seat of idleness and slumber",<sup>24</sup> and wishes to contrast the life of this town with the life in Florence, "the residence of the court",<sup>24</sup> and the town which four thousand English were said to visit each winter. He chooses for his typical day a fine day in October and tells what he did and what he saw and heard from the window of his lodgings on the "Lug' Arno, close to the bridge Alla Carraja".<sup>24</sup> He begins with what waked him in the morning — the "jangling of all the bells in Florence and ... the noise of carriages departing loaded with travelers, for Rome and other places in the south of Italy",<sup>24</sup> and follows with the stream of people that pass his window during every hour of the day. There are the "crowds of men and women from the country, the former in brown velvet jackets,

23. Letters of a Traveller, preface p.1.

24. Ibid., p.29.

and the latter in broad-brimmed straw hats";<sup>25</sup> the "large flocks of sheep and goats"<sup>25</sup> being taken from the Appenines to the pastures of the Maremma by the shepherds and their families, the men and boys "dressed in knee-breeches, the women in bodices";<sup>25</sup> later in the morning, the "well-fed donkeys in coverings of red cloth, driven over the bridge to be milked for invalids";<sup>25</sup> the procession of the maid-servants of the "coffee-houses carrying the morning cup of coffee or chocolate to their customers";<sup>26</sup> the baker's boys "with a dozen loaves on a board balanced on their heads";<sup>26</sup> the milkmen "with rush baskets filled with flasks of milk";<sup>26</sup> the people attending the early mass chanted in the small chapel opposite his window; the "coming out"<sup>26</sup> of "the English in their white hats and white pantaloons"<sup>26</sup> to visit the public galleries and museums; the "massive, clean, and brightly polished carriages"<sup>26</sup> that rattle through the streets as they carry the people on excursions to places about Florence, and so forth, on through the day until he falls asleep late at night "amidst the shouts of the people returning from the opera, singing as they go snatches of the music with which they had been entertained during the evening".<sup>26</sup> The whole moving picture is very realistically and picturesquely shown to the reader.

Eryant met many distinguished men and women in his

25. Letters of a Traveller, p.30.

26. Ibid., p.31.

travels but did not publish the letters that told his readers of those meetings, for he felt that the limits within which such publication might be done, "with propriety and without offense", were "so narrow, and so easily overstepped" that he "abstained altogether from that class of topics".<sup>27</sup>

Among Bryant's later poems there are at least six that were either written while he was in Italy or the subjects are on Italy. The former group were written during his fourth sojourn in Italy when his wife was so sick in Naples. He completed there his "River by Night", according to his biographer Godwin, the poem "which had been suggested by a twilight ramble along the banks of the Hudson".<sup>28</sup> The long illness of his wife inspired "The Sick-Bed", in which the gentle words she had spoken were put in very sweet rhymes; and, after her recovery, "The Life That Is," a pendant of "The Future Life" was to welcome her back "to all she would not leave".<sup>29</sup> It was also in one of his many strolls along the Bay of Naples that he communed with the water nymphs in "A Day-Dream as "sweet and sorrowful as the murmurs he heard from their coral lips".<sup>29</sup>

In all these pieces Godwin thinks "there is a seriousness even beyond his wont".<sup>29</sup> He suggests as an ex-

27. Letters of a Traveller, preface p.1.

28. Godwin, Life of W. C. Bryant, vol,II, pp.107-8.

29. Ibid., p.108.

planation in part for this seriousness in Bryant that in Naples during this visit, one "heavenly" Sabbath day Mr. Waterston baptized Bryant and administered the communion in Bryant's "own quiet room" in the "company of seven persons".<sup>29</sup> After the service Mr. Waterston gives a picture of Bryant "with snow white head and flowing beard ... standing at the window looking out over the bay, smooth as glass, ... the graceful outline of the Island of Capri relieved against the sky, with that glorious scene reposing before us — Mr. Bryant repeated the lines of John Leyden, the Oriental scholar and poet ...

"With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn,  
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;  
A smoothing calm on every breeze is borne,  
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,  
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn.  
Hail, light serene! Hail, sacred Sabbath morn!"<sup>29</sup>

In the last two poems referred to above Bryant deals with Italian subjects. In the poem "Italy" he espouses the Italian national cause and carries the refrain tossed from "Vale to vale and peak to peak" ...

"Italy  
Shall be free!"<sup>30</sup>

throughout the eight stanzas of the poem. He feels that from the Gracchus down through history until the present time (about 1865) this voice of freedom could be heard, and that the world would yet see Italy

30. Bryant's Poems, p.367

Cast the gyves she wears no more  
To the gulfs that steep her shore.<sup>31</sup>

In this poem he foretold the days of 1870 in Italian history. The last poem in this group was written in 1865. Bryant pays tribute to Dante in a poem that bears his name as

the hand that brought  
And scattered, far as sight can reach,  
The seeds of free and living thought  
On the broad field of modern speech.<sup>32</sup>

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31. Bryant's Poems, p.369.

32. Ibid., p.445.

## CHAPTER VII

## BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878)

An "upright youth" of nineteen "with rich dark-brown flowing hair, lustrous dark-brown eyes, and an expression which was half of eagerness, half of melancholy"<sup>1</sup> left his home in West Chester, Pennsylvania, June, 1844, "to see the world".<sup>1</sup> The above account describes Bayard Taylor, who had been "haunted ... from early childhood" with "an enthusiastic desire of visiting the Old World",<sup>2</sup> when he set out by foot for New York bound for the land of his dreams beyond the Atlantic. He had met with much ridicule and many disappointments from his friends and neighbors, but he had also met with encouragement from such men as Willis, and Patterson of the Saturday Evening Post. In New York he took a second class cabin passage in the ship Oxford for Liverpool. His companions were a cousin, Dr. Frank Taylor, and a friend and schoolmate, Mr. Barclay Pennock.

Taylor had received fifty dollars from Mr. Patterson, publisher of the Saturday Evening Post, in advance, for twelve letters for the paper about his trip, with a promise of continuing the engagement if the letters should be satisfactory. With money for some poems he had sold, he had one

1. Taylor and Scudder, Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.I, p.42.
2. Taylor, Views A-Foot, p.17.

hundred and forty dollars in all with which he had started upon this long-dreamed-of trip to Europe.

After one month his party arrived in Liverpool and from there travelled by foot over Ireland, Scotland, and England. After crossing the channel they continued their tramping across Belgium to Germany. Here they spent the winter with headquarters at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

In June, 1845, they entered Italy by way of St. Gothard's Pass and the Italian lakes. Footsore, but undaunted, Taylor travelled on to Milan with his companions, stopping at the common inns, buying simple meals at the baker's and grocer's, and eating them in the shade of the grape bowers, whose rich clusters added to the repast. "In this manner," he writes, "we enjoyed Italy at the expense of a franc daily."<sup>3</sup>

Embarrassed on account of lack of funds, Taylor sometimes had to halt several extra days in one city before he proceeded to another, but his spirit seldom failed him, and on he walked to Genoa, "the city of palaces",<sup>4</sup> "going through the battlefields of Hannibal and the Caesars, along highways once the paved roads of the Roman Empire, and under the shadows of ancient castles whose walls once bustled with the shields of knights and spears of yeoman".<sup>5</sup>

In Genoa he borrowed some money and took a boat to Leghorn. Here he cashed a draft made to a particular bank in Leghorn and sent money back to Genoa to his companions-

3. Views A-Foot, p.336.

4. Ibid., p.340. 5. R.H.Conwell, Life of B. Taylor, p.102.

in-travel who, upon receipt of the money, immediately followed him to Leghorn. Leaving Leghorn, the party walked to Pisa. From the top of the Leaning Tower at Pisa, Taylor looked north and saw the little village of Lucca, where Willis had spent the August of 1832, recuperating from the effects of an Italian summer in Florence and environs.

From Pisa Taylor's party hired a carriage to take them to Florence, travelling all night through the rain. In Florence they each lived for about twelve dollars a month in three large and tolerably well furnished rooms. Taylor was so charmed with Florence and the "beautiful Tuscan dialect",<sup>6</sup> which put Longfellow in 1828 "out of humor"<sup>7</sup> with the Italian language, that he told his friends in his letter from Florence that he had decided to spend three or four months there and "master the language, before proceeding further".<sup>6</sup> Later he wrote of his Italian lessons: "...getting along pretty well in Italian. I have finished Silvio Pellico, and am now reading the 'Decamerone' of Boccaccio."<sup>8</sup>

At the end of September Taylor walked forty miles to Siena, accompanying his cousin, Dr. Frank Taylor, thus far on his way to Rome. Dr. Taylor wanted to see Rome before leaving for Germany to study during the coming winter.

6. Views A-Foot, p.352.

7. Longfellow, Life of H. W. Longfellow, vol.I, p.143.

8. Taylor and Scudder, Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.I, p.58.

They stayed all night at Guerciola and slept "on mattresses stuffed with corn-husks, placed on square iron frames".<sup>9</sup> They enjoyed the "ruined wall and battlements of Castiglione"<sup>9</sup> on the road to Siena, the "delicious grapes" which they "bought, begged and stole on the way",<sup>10</sup> and the "celebrated Cathedral, which stands in the highest part of the town"<sup>9</sup> of Siena. After seeing his cousin well started on to Rome, Taylor returned to Florence alone.

Bryant, "whose masterpieces were Mr. Taylor's study, and whose personal friendship was so much valued"<sup>11</sup> later in Taylor's life, was in Florence during October, 1845, but Taylor did not meet him. In a letter to his cousin, Taylor spoke of Bryant's presence in Florence and indirectly showed his early veneration for the elder man of the world:

I must tell you that Bryant was here three or four days, but I did not get to see him. I did not wish to call on him directly, but went to the galleries, hoping to meet him.<sup>12</sup>

From Florence Bryant made an excursion to Pratolino to see "the vintage and the celebrated colossus, by John of Bologna".<sup>13</sup> "Father Apennine" Emerson called the statue when he visited it in 1833, "Grand if only for its size".<sup>14</sup> Taylor said it impressed him "like a relic of the

9. Views A-Foot, p.373.
10. Ibid., p.374.
11. R. H. Conwell, Life of Bayard Taylor, p.300.
12. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.I, p.57.
13. Views A-Foot, p.377.

Titans".<sup>13</sup> Both men reported that they climbed up into the body and through the neck into the head and looked out of his ear at the fine scenery of the mountains.

Taylor and his companion had to remain in Florence later than they had planned, waiting for funds from America. But on December 20, 1845, the day the Emperor of Russia visited Florence, they started by foot over the mountains through the rain. After two days and nights of exposure they bargained with a calesino to take them to Perugia. From there they went through snow to Foligno, riding in a closed carriage. They thus proceeded to Rome through snow and rain, making the trip in eight days.

Taylor was greatly moved when he approached Rome "in the dusk of the evening"<sup>15</sup> by way of the Porta del Popolo. They took rooms near the Pantheon, and Taylor closes his letter telling of their journey there hurriedly:

I stop writing to ramble through Rome. This city of all cities to me — this dream of my boyhood — giant, godlike, fallen Rome — is around me, and I revel in a glow of anticipation and exciting thought that seems to change my whole state of being.<sup>16</sup>

But Taylor was not permitted to revel in his joy for long. The greatest disappointment of the trip came to him, when, after only two weeks' stay on account of lack of

13. Views A-Foot, p.377.

14. Emerson, Journals, vol.III, p.125.

15. Views A-Foot, p.405.

16. Ibid., p.406.

funds, he was forced to turn his face north and west — homeward. He wrote from Rome January 9, 1846:

The thrilling hope I cherished during the whole pilgrimage — to climb Parnassus and drink from Castaly, under the blue heaven of Greece — to sigh for fallen Art, beneath the broken friezes of the Parthenon, and look with a pilgrim's eye on the isles of Homer and Sappho — must be given up, unwillingly and sorrowfully though it be .... Even Naples, the lovely Parthenope, where the Mantuan bard sleeps on the sunny shore, by the bluest of summer seas, ... — even this, almost within sight of the cross of St. Peter's, is barred from me.<sup>17</sup>

Walking to Civita Vecchia from Rome with knapsack January 10th, he and his companion, after much bargaining, took a deck passage on a boat sailing for Marseilles. From there they went to Paris, London, and were home June 1, 1846. Taylor had been gone two years and, according to his itemized account at the end of Views A-Foot,<sup>18</sup> the trip had cost him altogether five hundred dollars.

This trip was the first of many travels for Taylor, who soon was known as the "Great American Traveller". After the death of his first wife he visited Africa and Palestine in 1851-52 and saw a few more Italian wonders before he completed his trip around the world and, as the correspondent of the staff for the New York Tribune, saw the opening of Japan to western commerce.

In the summer of 1852 before starting for China

17. Views A-Foot, pp.430-31.

18. Ibid., pp.505-6.

and Japan he visited in Sicily, "where he witnessed the Catanian centennial festival in honor of St. Agatha, and where he beheld the awful spectacle of Etna in eruption".<sup>19</sup> From there he sailed to Naples, "which, as a wayfarer in Rome seven years before, he had so much longed to see."<sup>19</sup> Without changing steamers he proceeded to Leghorn and then went to Florence, experiencing what Conwell called "that delight of all delights, -- in Florence a second time".<sup>19</sup> Feeling that his time was limited, he hastened to Venice, and thence through the regions of the Austrian Tyrol to Munich and Gotha, where he met his future wife, Marie' Hansen.

After his marriage and during his service as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, Russia, Taylor visited the Italian lake country one summer, but his next real visit to Italy was in 1867-8. By now he was a popular speaker and a much-sought after man. He had been working very hard writing and speaking, and longed to get away from it all and enjoy "the rest and recreation of Europe".<sup>20</sup> But even while he rested his mind still thought out ways to turn his travels into money, for he had heavy debts to pay. He promised a series of letters to the Atlantic for Mr. Field.

After visiting England, where he was hospitably received, he went to Germany to his wife's former home,

19. Conwell, Life of Bayard Taylor, p.202.

20. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.II, p.469.

Gotha. From there they visited his elder sister, who lived in Lausanne, Switzerland. Then Taylor went to Paris for a week with his wife and daughter, and later, they crossed the Pyrenees.

When the summer was past the party set their faces toward Italy, proposing to spend the winter there. They entered Italy by way of Verona and Venice, where they spent the month of October. Taylor devoted himself to painting now with increased ardor. Long hours spent by the canal side in the chill October air, often in the heavy shade of palaces, added to the low tone of his system and brought on his first severe illness.

On the 27th of October the party left Venice, stopping successively at Padua and Bologna. They reached Florence on the last day of the month and took lodgings in Casa Guidi. The fever which had been rendering Taylor wretched now burst into flame, and for four weeks he hovered between life and death. He was housed where Mrs. Browning had lived and died, and, in one of his wandering hours, wrote and sent to Browning a poem, which told how her shadow brought him rest. During this stay in Florence Taylor had an evening with Emerson and his daughter on their way back from Egypt.<sup>21</sup>

The last day of the year found the Taylor party in Naples, where they spent three or four weeks. A month was

21. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol. II, p. 619.

spent in Sorrento and a week on the Island of Capri. By the middle of March they were in Rome. Here Taylor hid himself in his secret studio, painting. He felt the vigor of returning health, but he was aware, also, that he was more sensitive to atmospheric changes. Florence again received the travellers, on their homeward way, and from there Taylor and his wife made an excursion to Corsica. In June the party were in Gotha and on their way to America and Cedarcroft.

In 1872 Taylor and his family made another trip to Germany and in February, 1873, visited Italy by way of the Corniche Road from Marseilles to Genoa. They went on to Florence and after an eight days' trip to Rome, where Taylor met Story, returned to Florence, where they stayed until the last of April. Florence was like an old friend to Taylor. He was working on the History of Goethe while in Europe this time, besides writing for the Atlantic.

That summer and fall were spent in Germany where his daughter was sick and he had a cough. February, 1874, found the family travelling by easy stages back to Rome, and on to Naples, where they took the steamer for Alexandria, Egypt. On April 13th they were in Naples again and three days later in Rome. After a week in Rome and a few days in Florence they appear again in Gotha May 1st. In spite of all the disagreeable circumstances connected with the entire journey Taylor gained physically.

On this last trip to Italy Taylor met Lowell in Florence and enjoyed an evening with him, dined with Henry James, and saw Joaquin Miller in Rome but was not introduced to him.

.....

The influence of the first two years of travel and study upon Bayard Taylor was great. Those years were "his university education".<sup>22</sup> Scudder says further:

The impulse which had driven him abroad came from a clear sense of the needs of his nature, and he gave himself to the appropriation of foreign life with unabating ardor, and with a consciousness of an enlargement of his power.<sup>23</sup>

Taylor himself, in telling of his travels later, said:

It was not simply the desire for a roving life which impelled me; it was the wish to become acquainted with other languages and other races; to behold the wonders of classic and mediaeval Art; to look upon renowned landscapes and feel the magic of grand historical associations; in short, to educate myself more completely and variously than my situation and circumstances enabled me to do at home.<sup>24</sup>

According to Stedman: "He went abroad that he might see and learn and grow."<sup>25</sup>

The fact that Taylor in face of so many discouragements and lack of money did carry out his dream and get his education speaks well for the indomitable courage the young man had. Longfellow sent Taylor a cordial letter on Christ-

22. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.I, p.43.

23. Ibid., p.42.

24. Views A-Foot, p.18.

25. E. C. Stedman, Poets of America, p.401.

mas Day, 1846, upon receipt of a copy of Views A-Foot, in which he commends Taylor's courage in these words:

The last chapter fills me with great wonder. How could you accomplish so much, with such slight help and appliances? It shows a strength of will — the central fire of all great deeds and words — that must lead you far into whatever you undertake.<sup>26</sup>

No doubt Taylor had this letter in mind when, toward the end of his life, he said of Longfellow:

From the first, Longfellow has been to me the truest and most affectionate friend that ever man had. He always gives me courage to go on, and never fails to lift me forward into hopeful regions whenever I meet him. He is the dearest soul in the world, and my love for him is unbounded.<sup>26</sup>

From a literary viewpoint Taylor's travels in Italy and other parts of Europe are probably not so much worth while as are his travels in the Oriental countries. Taylor early discovered an "Orientalism in nature even before he was brought into familiar knowledge of the actual East"<sup>27</sup> upon which he based some of his best poetry. However, the prose selections which grew out of the European travels were significant. They are Views A-Foot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff, 1846, and By-Ways of Europe, 1869.

The first book was published in 1846 with a preface by N. P. Willis, and was dedicated to his traveling

26. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, Vol. I, p.77.

27. Ibid., p.53.

companion, Frank Taylor. It had "an immediate and considerable success....in the course of the year six editions were sold; in August, 1848, the author added to the eighth edition a chapter containing some practical information for pedestrians, in answer to many letters which he had received from young men who wished to follow his example."<sup>28</sup> In 1855 twelve more editions were sold. At this time Taylor added an introductory chapter on the history of the venture.

Taylor himself was somewhat disturbed by the continued success of the book which he dismissed from his mind as soon as he had published it. He "retained the experience upon which it was based and valued the travel and study for their influence upon his education",<sup>29</sup> but thought the record was "crude" as a piece of literature and was "disposed to resent the reputation it brought him as factitious and unworthy".<sup>29</sup> However, the book had a "poetic fervor"<sup>29</sup> and youthful enthusiasm and craving for the beautiful things in life that satisfied readers at that time. It is doubtful if it would have had the same success fifteen, or even ten, years later. Some judgments passed in the book show his immaturity, but there is a freshness and a spontaneity of expression in it that makes it very readable; it also was significant in the development of his writing powers later.

28. Taylor and Scudder, Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol. I, p.70.

29. Ibid., p.71.

One hundred and twenty pages or about one-fourth of the book is given over to scenes and travels in Italy. His descriptions are quite often his first impressions upon seeing a certain view. One of his first and grandest descriptions is that of his first view of Genoa at sunset as he approached the city from the battlement west and saw it "rising with its domes and towers and palaces from the edge of a glorious bay, shut in by mountains — the whole scene clad in those deep, delicious, sunny hues, which we admire so much in ... picture".<sup>30</sup> The impression from this remarkable scene he said he would carry with him through life — "the splendour of Genoa in an Italian sunset".<sup>31</sup> Again, like Emerson, he "experienced a thrilling emotion," such as no battle plain had excited since, "when a schoolboy, I rambled over the field of Brandywine," when he stood above the lake of Thrasymere, and gazed on the field below him, "the arena where two mighty empires met in combat".<sup>32</sup>

Because of his mode of travel Taylor got a look at the homely things of the life of the peasant people. His descriptions have an intimacy with the Italian people that the descriptions of Willis and Bryant lack. The walks from one city to another often brought him into out-of-the-way villages and parts of the country not often frequented by

30. Views A-Foot, p.339.

31. Ibid., p.340.

32. Ibid., p.398.

foreigners. On the way to Genoa the party went through Pavia, which place Taylor said he would never forget because of the "singular attention" he and his companion had excited. He doubted "if Columbus was an object of greater curiosity to the simple natives of the new world, than we three Americans were to the good people of Pavia", who followed them through the streets watching their movements as though they were "wild animals".<sup>33</sup>

Taylor enjoyed his tramps through Scotland and Germany, but in Italy he seemed to find the consummation of all that his nature and powers had been longing for and needing for years. His power of observation, "bright and acute by nature",<sup>34</sup> had been disciplined by research in other countries so that by the time he entered Italy he noticed "every shrub, every animal, every building, every man, woman, and child"; at a glance passed them under such close scrutiny that he was able, "months after, to describe them in all the details of form, color, nature, association, habits, and occupation".<sup>34</sup> He feasted upon the clear blue sky of "this Italian paradise";<sup>35</sup> the water of Lago Maggiore, to him "the most beautiful in the world";<sup>36</sup> the Leaning Tower, an "elegant structure", whose stairs were trodden "by Galileo in

33. Views A-Foot, p.332.

34. Conwell, Life of Bayard Taylor, p.100.

35. Views A-Foot, p.355.

36. Ibid., p.324.

going up to make his astronomical observations"<sup>37</sup> and the Baptistery whose musical echo is so celebrated;<sup>38</sup> the Duomo of Milan whose design "is said to be taken from Monte Rosa one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps";<sup>39</sup> the "aged city of Rome" with its "thrilling associations",<sup>40</sup> the home of Caesar, of Cicero, of Augustus; and Florence, the city of art, which he "actually loved" and returned to afterwards "with that irresistible yearning which a young man feels for the home of his lover".<sup>41</sup> Nature, man, and the works of art seemed to combine to feed his poetic nature and cause him to exclaim, "Sweet, sweet Italy! I can feel now how the soul may cling to thee, since thou canst thus gratify its insatiable thirst for the Beautiful. Even the plainest scene is clothed in hues that seem borrowed from heaven!"<sup>42</sup>

By-Ways of Europe was published in 1869 and is a record of Taylor's later travels. At the time of its publication the author thought it would be his last book of travels, for he wanted very much to give himself over entirely to poetry. The title of the book explains fully the content of the volume. The "papers" or chapters are each "devoted to a separate By-way of Europe" and were written at various times, "during two journeys abroad, within the last five or six years", he tells the reader in his "familiar letter" in

37. Views A-Foot, p.346.

38. Ibid., p.347.

39. Ibid., p.329.

40. Conwell, Life of B. Taylor, p.106.

41. Ibid., p.104.

42. Views A-Foot, p.370.

the beginning of the book.<sup>43</sup> Four papers out of sixteen deal with "By-ways" of Italy and environs, namely, "A Week on Capri",<sup>44</sup> "A Trip to Ischia",<sup>45</sup> "The Land of Paoli",<sup>46</sup> "The Island of Maddalena; with a Distant View of Caprera".<sup>47</sup> This part is about one-fourth of the entire book.

These papers give a very realistic description of the people he met in these "By-ways", the natural scenery, and the bits of history and legend he picked up on his tramps. He omits very little from his report of the week on Capri, "the resort of artists",<sup>48</sup> where he went to recuperate after a sickness in 1868, from the noisy shouts of the maidens who clamoured for the right to carry his baggage ashore, to a Greek inscription found in the grotto of Mitromania on the extreme eastern point of the island which clearly indicated that human sacrifices had been one form of the cruelty of Tiberius, still spoken of in Capri as "the Devil".<sup>49</sup> In his trip to Ischia he very realistically tells us, among other things, his experience in trusting his hotel manager without bargaining before hand for the price which was "fifty percent higher" the second night he stayed than it was the first night.<sup>50</sup> In the report of the land of Paoli he gives a "home-view" of the great world ruler, Na-

43. By-Ways of Europe, "Familiar Letter to the Reader" p.17.

44. 30 pages

45. 26 pages.

46. 28 pages.

47. 30 pages.

48. By-Ways of Europe, p.367.

49. Ibid., p.346.

50. Ibid., p.389.

oleon Bonaparte. The last paper is truly a "distant view of Caprera" for it contains the account of his failure to be invited by Garibaldi to have a closer view of "the white house of Caprera",<sup>51</sup> where the great man had retired, and of the inability of friends to explain the general's unusual action in refusing to see him.

The style of Taylor's prose is well summed up by Stedman as "that of true prose; no sing-song and sentimentalism; a clear and wholesome medium of expression. Its two extremes, of compact polish and unstudied freshness, are to be found, the one in that collection of sketches which was almost his last, the 'By-Ways of Europe', and the other in the romantic 'Views A-Foot' — the story of his first tour, whose publication made him widely known, and invested him with a friendly interest".<sup>52</sup> Italy and Italian art formed the subject matter of about one-fourth of both these books, but the inspiration or incentive of all of Views A-Foot, for it was because of the success of his Italian letters that he first thought of publishing the book.<sup>53</sup>

The most pretentious of Taylor's poetical works based upon Italy is The Picture of St. John, an art-poem, dedicated to the gentle brotherhood of artists. Taylor had some talent for drawing and in 1867-8 during his sojourn in Italy made many sketches and paintings of scenes and pictures

51. By-Ways of Europe, p.426.

52. E. C. Stedman, Poets of America, pp.401-2.

53. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.I, p.58.

of interest. He was exceedingly fond of the art and made many friends among the artists who lived in Italy. The theme of this poem "may be termed the development of an artist's powers through experience of the joy and suffering of life".<sup>54</sup> Taylor said himself that "the conception of the poem was wholly and intensely subjective.... Whatever faults or merits the poem may have, it is my own, unsuggested by any circumstance, and uninfluenced by any creation of others. It closes the second stage of my development as a poet, and is already colored, towards the end, by a growth of what I feel to be a new (and probably the last) stage of my poetic faculty."<sup>55</sup> The tale of this poem is Italian, as regards both feeling and incident; and the scene is laid in Italy and the Alps. There are four books: "The Artist," "The Woman," "The Child," and "The Picture," a total of 397 stanzas, "which seem a variation upon the ottava rima".<sup>54</sup> The poem was constantly present to his imagination for more than two and a half years, and it has many graceful passages and vivid descriptions of Italy. It was immediately "translated into Italian by an admirer in Florence"<sup>56</sup> and was praised by the leading American poets of the day — Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Whittier. Taylor was quite content, for to be known as "a poet by poets" was his great ambition before men. How-

54. Stedman, Poets of America, p.425.

55. Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor, vol.II, pp.267-8.

56. Conwell, Life of Bayard Taylor, p.290.

ever, the poem is not recognized today as Taylor's best work.

Some of his shorter poems that have subjects bearing upon Italy and Italian art are "The Fountain of Trevi"; "Sicilian Wine"; "In Italy" in which he gives these expressive lines:

all I wished is won!  
I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver  
Along the banks of Arno's river.<sup>57</sup>

"Casa Guidi Windows," written during his sickness in Florence in 1867 in the former home of Mrs. Browning, in which he speaks of his recovery thus:

The Spirit of the House brought help at last.<sup>58</sup>

"The Voices of Rome";<sup>59</sup> "Sorrento"; and "The Obsequies in Rome".<sup>60</sup> The last poem is in memory of Victor Emanuel III who united Italy, and appears to be the only work in which Taylor showed interest in the Italian struggle for unity. These short poems are not examples of Taylor's best poetry, and are, on the whole, somewhat strained, but the picture of his youthful love brought out by contrast to his love of being in Florence in the poem "In Italy" is quite natural and telling:

A single thought of thee effaced  
The fair Italian dream I chesed;  
For the true clime of song and sun  
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!  
Florence, 1845.<sup>61</sup>

57. Bayard Taylor's Poetical Works, p.130.

58. Ibid., p.191.

59. Written in Rome March 26, 1868.

60. Written January 17, 1878.

61. Poetical Works, pp.130-1.

## CHAPTER VIII

## MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI (1810-1850)

The subject for study in this chapter is a woman, "in some respects," said Horace Greeley in his reminiscences of her, "the greatest woman whom America has yet known".<sup>1</sup>

Margaret Fuller, a woman of thirty-six, restless and dissatisfied with her life because of much misunderstanding and criticism in this country, left Boston "for her long-desired trip to Europe"<sup>2</sup> the first of August, 1846, with her valued friends Marcus and Rebecca Spring and son of New York, "modifying but not terminating her connection with the "Tribune", -- in Mr. Greeley's phrase".<sup>3</sup> The Cambria, the ship on which they sailed, made the quickest trip that had ever been made up to that time -- ten days and sixteen hours from Boston to Liverpool.

Margaret spent six weeks in England; then went on to Paris, leaving there for the south of France, February 25, 1847. From Marseilles she went with her friends by steamer to Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples. From Naples the party made many excursions to places of interest in the environs and by May were in Rome. June 20th found them in Florence, hurrying from place to place. A month they spent there, then went to Venice, spending a day or two each at Bologna, Ravenna, and

1. Love Letters of Margaret Fuller, p.216.

2. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p.218.

3. Ibid., p.219.

Padua.

In Venice Margaret resolved to separate from her friends and stay in Italy longer. She was encouraged in this action by the news of the death of her Uncle Abraham in America. She felt reasonably sure she would inherit a large part of his wealth.<sup>4</sup> Separating from her friends left her alone in a strange land, but she preferred it to the hurried trip she was making through Italy with them. After two weeks in Venice she proceeded alone to Milan, seeing well Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Lago di Garda, and Brescia on the way. This trip was a severe test to her, for she was very ill with fever one day and night along the way. She took some time in Milan to recuperate.

Margaret Fuller is the first author considered of this study who was interested in Italy for Italy's sake, rather than for the sake of what Italy could give her in her own life to take back to America. For this reason, space will now be given to consider something of the condition of the country of Italy at the time of her visit.

In 1846, Italy was still a number of small kingdoms or principalities ruled by kings and dukes, who were in the main despots under the sovereignty of Austria. Young patriots exiled from Italy and led by Mazzini were organizing the Young Italy Movement for the emancipation of Italy from

4. Bell, Margaret Fuller, p.246.

foreign and domestic tyranny, and also from national faults of character. Because of the great ignorance of the masses, the inexperience and selfishness of most of the Italian leaders, and the dominance of the Catholic Church over the Italian States and people, constructive reforms made little headway. But unrest and dissatisfaction kept increasing; taxes grew higher, and the living conditions of the poor were unbearable.

When Pius IX became Pope in June, 1846, he made himself popular with the people by at once instituting preparation for the reform of the administration in the Papal states. The regulations affecting the censorship were mitigated, and a breath of political liberalism vitalized the whole government. The people clamoured for a share in the government, and the Pope gave it to them in name when he proclaimed a representative council, but in reality took it from them again when he defined the powers of the council. Nevertheless, to the common people the Pope was their political saviour, and their hopes for freedom and prosperity ran high.

The demonstrations all over Italy which followed this promise of reform from the Pope aroused the Austrians, who at once found an excuse to send soldiers to Ferrara. This act fed fuel to the nationalist movement for the union of all Italy against Austria. At first the Pope blessed the war against Austria, but soon after meeting his cardinals he

revoked his blessing and proclaimed the papal neutrality.

Then the storm broke and the Pope soon found himself a prisoner and, in disguise as a priest, fled from Rome.

The Revolution of 1848 this was called in history. It spread rapidly to all parts of Italy. The nationalist forces were victorious, and early in 1849 a constituent assembly was formed, and Rome was declared a republic. Mazzini hurried to Rome and was chosen head of the triumvirate. For four months Rome lived under her republican government, and the Nationalists' hopes for success looked bright.

But intrigue was working among the officials; France and Austria intervened in behalf of the Pope, and Pius IX was restored to his throne, June, 1849. The Italian national cause had been badly crushed for the time being by a so-called republican country in the name of Christianity. But Young Italy was thinking and planning and becoming better educated in the ways of politics day by day. The days of 1870 were still ahead.

These years of the Revolution and the Republic in Rome were the years that Margaret Fuller was living and growing in Rome, travelling among the native people, judging their cause, suffering with them, and adding her strength to their fight for freedom.

After travelling through the north of Italy she had turned her face toward Rome for the winter of 1847-48, when she wrote R. F. Fields: "I have now seen what Italy contains

most important of the great past; I begin to hope for her also a great future, — the signs have improved so much since I came. I am fortunate to be here at this time."<sup>5</sup> In Rome she lived with an Italian family in quarters to herself. She was very happy, going about alone most of the time. It was this winter that she married Marquis Ossoli, whom she had met that spring by accident at the vespers on the evening of "Holy Thursday" at St. Peter's. The Marquis was at heart a nationalist; Margaret's sympathy for the cause and her friendship with Mazzini, whom she had met at a dinner given in her honor by Carlyle in London,<sup>6</sup> seemed to give him the added courage to join the National Guards when that organization was granted by the government. Margaret herself took charge of one of the hospitals under the direction of Princess Belgioioso during that terrible spring and summer of 1849.

William W. Story and family were in Rome during those trying days also and were true friends of Margaret when she was so much alone. Their home was about the only home of foreigners that she frequented, and they were often callers at her rooms.

Margaret had chosen to orientate herself among the native people when she had returned to Rome in 1847 in order to study and know the true Italy. In a letter to the Tribune

5. Emerson, Channing, and Clarke, Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, vol. II, p. 219.

6. Margaret Bell, Margaret Fuller, p. 220.

she told her readers that the traveller "passing along the beaten track, vetturinoed from inn to inn, ciceroned from gallery to gallery, thrown, through indolence, want of tact, or ignorance of the language, too much into the society of his compatriots," did not know Italy; "it is quite out of the question to know Italy; to say anything of her that is full and sweet, so as to convey any idea of her spirit, without long residence, and residence in the districts untouched by the scorch and dust of foreign invasion (the invasion of the dilettanti I mean), and without an intimacy of feeling, an abandonment to the spirit of the place."<sup>7</sup> This latter method of living she had attempted to follow and had succeeded so well that her marriage with Marquis Ossoli, December, 1847, after the death of the old Marquis was unknown to any of the American or English colony until Margaret told Mrs. Story during the terrible days of the Revolution.

The marriage was kept secret because the Marquis knew that Margaret was a Protestant, and both of them were in sympathy with Mazzini; his family, on the other hand, were Catholics and followers of the Pope. By this secrecy Margaret and the Marquis hoped to receive his share of the patrimony which was to be divided among the brothers after the death of the father. The two brothers attached to the papal household were to be the executors.

7. Margaret Fuller's Works: At Home and Abroad, p.220.

The summer of 1848 Margaret spent in Aquila and Rieta among strangers, for her husband was on duty with the National Guards in Rome. In the latter place her son, Angelo Ossoli, was born, September 5, 1848. She loved him very much, but because she did not want to arouse suspicions and because she felt compelled to return to Rome and help earn money for her loved ones, she left Angelo in Rieta with a wet nurse and went to Rome in November. It was a terrible winter of anxiety for the mother, for she could not safely go to the village often to see her child, and there was no one in whom she could confide her secret. Finally during the siege of Rome when death might come to any of them at any moment, she showed Mrs. Story and Lewis Cass, Charge' d'affaires of the American Embassy, her papers and told them about her marriage and her child.

Then came the defeat of the Italians in June, 1849, when all seemed lost to the cause of the Italian Republic. Margaret's sacrifices also seemed all to have been made in vain, for "Ossoli's fortunes were more precarious than ever".<sup>8</sup> Disheartened and physically exhausted, the Ossolis, Margaret and her husband, went into the country to Rieti for a rest, and then with the child Angelo, appeared later in Florence. All was lost for them for the present at Rome, and Ossoli's life was hardly safe. How completely Margaret's secret had

8. Bell, Margaret Fuller, p.295.

been kept is shown in a letter of Mrs. Browning written December, 1849, to Miss Mitford after Margaret and her family came to Florence: "She took us by surprise at Florence, retiring from the Roman world with a husband and child above a year old. Nobody had even suspected a word of this under-plot, and her American friends stood in mute astonishment...."<sup>9</sup>

In Florence the Ossoli's spent the winter of 1849-50 enjoying the love and companionship of real home life for the first time. Margaret was happier than she had ever been in her life, even if some tongues did rattle in New England and elsewhere because of the peculiarity of her marriage. She partially prepared her new book, the History of the Italian Revolution, for publication and made plans for visiting her home people. That spring arrangements were made for the family to sail to America, May 17, 1850. Margaret was urged to do this because she believed that she would have a better chance to publish her writings in America if she were there to see them through the press.

With many misgivings as to the success of the voyage, owing to bad omens about the trip, the family sailed on the ship as planned, the Elizabeth, after a delay of two days. Then followed that unfortunate voyage, the sickness and death of the captain, and the disastrous wreck off the coast of Jersey the morning of July 19, 1850, when all that

9. Henry James, Life of William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.130.

was physical of the Ossoli family was lost to the world forever.

.....

Italy seemed to educate further and to liberate more fully the latent powers of Margaret Fuller than any other experience she had had up to the time of her visit there. Of it she wrote to Emerson after a few months residence there: "Italy receives me as a long-lost child, and I feel myself at home here, and if I ever tell anything about it, you will hear something real and domestic."<sup>10</sup> Although she was "a mystic, a dreamer and a book-worm", she was by nature a woman of action and said herself that she longed to be a "Pericles rather than an Anaxagoras".<sup>11</sup> With study and writing she merely "occupied her time ... while waiting for her career".<sup>11</sup> This executive side of her nature, always prominent in her aspirations for herself, became "visible to all after she reached Italy".<sup>11</sup> Her work with Mazzini and in the hospital directing the care of the wounded and dying, the great sacrifices she made for her child and her husband, all developed and refined the quick, rash, eccentric woman of New England days.

From early childhood she had been a "great lover of Roman traits and life".<sup>12</sup> For her Rome itself stood for

10. Memoirs, vol.II, p.220.

11. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p.5.

12. Ibid., p.46.

a "clear word. The power of will, the dignity of a fixed purpose, is what it utters. Every Roman was an emperor."<sup>13</sup>

She had mastered the classics early in life and was more thoroughly acquainted with the characters of Latin and Greek literatures than of English literature. When she walked the streets of any city of Italy she could say: "Who can ever be alone for a moment in Italy? Every stone has a voice; every grain of dust seems instinct with spirit from the Past, every step recalls some line, some legend of long neglected lore".<sup>14</sup> As Emerson and Taylor, only to a much greater degree, she felt what "human companionship" there was in Rome! "how every thing speaks".<sup>15</sup>

But when she lived in Italy Margaret found not only the land of past heroes, but a land of people who were at that time engaged in a great struggle to realize a greater and truer ideal of freedom for the individual. The cause of the Italian people became her cause, and she suffered and longed and hoped with them. Although she deplored the great ignorance of the masses, she was hopeful when she watched how patiently and rapidly they learned. Before the Revolution of 1848 she wrote:

For myself, I believe they will attain it. [freedom from foreign aggression] I see more reasons for hope as I know more people. Their rash and baffled struggles have taught them prudence; they are wanted in the civilized world as a peculiar influence; their leaders are thinking men, their cause is righteous.<sup>16</sup>

13. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p. 7.

14. At Home and Abroad, p.229.

15. Ibid., p.432.

16. Ibid., p.244.

Again a prophetic note of a greater vision is sounded in her letter written during the Revolution, May, 1849, from Rome:

The struggle is now fairly, thoroughly commenced between the principle of democracy and the old powers, no longer legitimate. That struggle may last fifty years, and the earth be watered with blood and tears of more than one generation, but the result is sure. All Europe, including Great Britain, where the most bitter resistance of all will be made, is to be under republican government in the next century.

"God moves in a mysterious way."<sup>17</sup>

Although Margaret had her favorites among the great painters of Italy — Domenichino and Titian ranking first — and among the great sculptors — Michel Angelo in his "Moses" and the "Christ" being her first choice — she was always much more interested in the life and character of the living men and women about her. For the Italian people, on the whole, she had great admiration though she hated the deceitfulness of the low, ordinary man. Soon after entering the country she wrote:

At Genoa and Leghorn I saw for the first time Italians in their homes. Very attractive I found them, charming women, refined men, eloquent and courteous..... A little group of faces, each so full of character, dignity, and, what is so rare in an American face, the capacity for pure, exalting passion, will ever live in my memory, — the fulfillment of a hope!<sup>18</sup>

In this delineation of the Italian character perhaps is found the secret, in part, of Margaret's happiness in her

17. At Home and Abroad, p.380.

18. Ibid., p.218.

own home life later.

Margaret expressed to Emerson the great passion of her inward life and the things that interested her most in Italy: "Art is not important to me now, I like only what little I find that is transcendently good, and even with that feel very familiar and calm. I take interest in the state of the people, their manners, the state of the race in them. I see the future dawning..."<sup>19</sup> In this light she viewed the rapid unrolling events in 1848, which she spoke of as "such a time as I have always dreamed of".<sup>20</sup>

She made many friends among the Italians. During her summer on the Lake of Como in 1847, she met Madame Arconati, Marchioness Vinconti, a Milanese; "a specimen of the really high-bred lady, such as I have not known",<sup>21</sup> said Margaret, whose friendship was a "great pleasure" and who proved of great assistance to Margaret later. There she also made the acquaintance of the "fair and brilliant Polish lady, born Princess Radzivill",<sup>22</sup> whom she found interesting. In Milan Margaret was greatly pleased to meet and know Manzoni, "the gentle lord of this wide domain",<sup>23</sup> [Milan and environs] whom she found "engaging, frank, expansive"<sup>24</sup> in manners, with a "spiritual efficacy in his looks", while every word

19. Memoirs, vol. II, p.209.

20. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p.231.

21. Memoirs, vol. II, p.220.

22. Ibid., p.217.

23. At Home and Abroad, p.234.

24. Memoirs, vol. II, p.213.

betokened the habitual elevation of his thoughts".<sup>24</sup>

Margaret's most valued Italian friend outside her own family was, no doubt, Mazzini, whom she called a "great man. In mind, a great, poetic statesman; in heart, a lover: in action, decisive and full of resource as Caesar."<sup>25</sup> Dearly she loved him and stood by him during those trying days of 1849. She felt that she understood his character as no other one did, and wrote Emerson that his life so "consecrates my present life, that like the Magdalen, I may, at the important hour, shed all the consecrated ointment on his head. There is one, Mazzini, who understands thee well, — who knew thee no less when an object of popular fear than now of idolatry, and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee too!"<sup>25</sup>

Although the effect of Italy and Italian art upon Margaret's life was very great in increasing her joy in seeing places she had dreamed of since childhood, in her hopes realized in being a part of a great human struggle, in the happiness and joy brought her in great friends and in her home and mother love — though gained <sup>not</sup> without much suffering and sorrow — yet the effect upon her literary production, which gave promise of such great things upon her departure for America, is very small indeed. The book that was to be the crowning event of her literary life, The History of the

25. At Home and Abroad, p.439.

Italian Revolution, was lost with other valuables when the Elizabeth was lost at sea. Although there has been some dispute as to the existence of this manuscript, Margaret's letters and later research give sufficient evidence to believe that the book was written and that it was what Margaret had in mind when she murmured as the friends tried to persuade her to jump from the ship and save herself, "There still remains something [in the ship] which, if I live, will be of more value to me than anything."<sup>26</sup>

The writing of this book had been Margaret's great literary ambition conceived during her sojourn in Italy. She wrote of it to her brother Richard:

I trust I shall not find it impossible to accomplish at least one of my designs. This is, to see the end of the political struggle in Italy and write its history.... This work if I accomplish it will be a worthy chapter in the history of the world; and if written with the spirit which breathes through me and with sufficient energy and calmness to execute well the details, would be ... "A possession for ever, for man." ... Still these [life's pecuniary problems] will never more be so hard to me, if I shall have done something good, which may survive my troubled existence.<sup>27</sup>

The only other product from her Italian sojourn was her letters to the New York Tribune which were later published in book form as a part of At Home and Abroad; or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe, edited by her brother, Arthur B. Fuller. The "things and thoughts" from

26. Bell, Margaret Fuller, p.319.

27. At Home and Abroad, pp.432-3.

Italy make up almost one-half of the book. From these letters and from Margaret's personal letters, about seventy-five of which were written from Italy, published in Volume Two of her Memoirs, we learn of her great love for Italy and things Italian. There is a penetration, a sincerity in them that one very seldom finds in the comments of one of one nationality upon people of another nationality. Undoubtedly the letters that deal with the struggle of Italy in the birth pains of national independence are her best. She suffers and rejoices with her adopted countrymen.

Besides describing the events of the political struggle of the people Margaret dwelt upon the natural beauties she saw — the flowers, the lakes, the Campagna — and gave her musings upon the every day happenings in the street. She always picked out the most Italian scenes that she could find. She did not like Florence — it was too much like Boston in spirit<sup>28</sup> — as well as she liked "cities more purely Italian".<sup>29</sup> Florence was too French. Bologna she liked better: "... indeed an Italian city, full of expression of physiognomy, so to speak."<sup>30</sup>

She liked Bologna also for another reason: "... there has the spark of intellect in woman been cherished with reverent care. Not in former ages only, but in this, Bologna

28. Memoirs, vol.II, p.216.

29. At Home and Abroad, p.231.

30. Ibid., p.232.

raised a woman who was worthy to the dignities of its University ..."<sup>30</sup> There she saw the monument to Matilda Tambroni, "late Greek Professor there", the bust of a woman Professor of Anatomy; and in art, she spoke of "Properzia di Rossi, Elizabetta Sirani, Lavinia Fontana". In Milan in the Ambrosian Library she saw the bust of a female mathematician. All of these respects to woman made her feel that "if the state of woman in Italy is so depressed, yet a good-will toward a better is not wholly wanting".<sup>30</sup> Still more significant she thought was "the reverence to the Madonna and innumerable female saints, who, if, like St. Teresa, they had intellect as well as piety, became counsellors no less than comforters to the spirit of men".<sup>30</sup> To women of the twentieth century this quotation is significant in showing how far we have travelled in the world in recognizing the equality of men and women intellectually since 1848.

When one remembers the work that Margaret did during the war in Italy, directing a hospital alone with little supervision and help in a strange land, and remember that she was "leading such a life as no American woman had led"<sup>31</sup> in that century before, one is again reminded of the advancement made in the work open to women today, and of the pioneer character of Margaret herself. She was a twentieth century woman living at least sixty years in advance of her times. Her war work compares very well with the work of some American women in the Civil War and many in the World War, but she did

31. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p.5.

her work twelve years before the former and nearly seventy years before the latter.

This remarkable American woman loved Italy, especially Rome, with her whole heart. She was there at a fortunate time for her own development, though she regretted she had not come earlier. She could say with Byron, "O Rome, my country, city of the soul!" and add, "Those have not lived who have not seen Rome".<sup>32</sup> Although her life ended in a terrible tragedy, in Italy her life was triumphant. In those last days "she had the fulfillment of her dreams; she had what Elizabeth Barrett, ... named as the three great desiderata of existence, 'life and love and Italy!'"<sup>33</sup> In Italy she shared in great deeds, she was the counselor of great men, she wrote her great book, and found a husband who was a lover, and had a child.

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32. Bell, Margaret Fuller, p.278.

33. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, p.314.

## CHAPTER IX

## WILLIAM WETMORE STORY (1819-1895)

In the fall of 1847 William Wetmore Story and family set sail for Genoa, Italy, to study what had been done in sculpturing before beginning the task urged upon him by friends at home, namely, that of making a public monument for his deceased father, the Honorable Mr. Justice Story, of the National Supreme Court. Up to this time painting and modeling had been only a pleasant avocation to the young lawyer, causing him to rise early in the morning to work at these arts before going to his office. He was twenty-eight years of age, happily married, author of a substantial volume Contracts that had gone through five editions when he left America for Rome and entirely changed thereby -- though he did not know it at the time -- his future life. In reality he gave up American life and buried himself in Italy. Such an isolation would be impossible today as Story did it in 1848.

On their way to Rome the Storys stopped at Pisa and Florence. In the latter place they met Robert Browning and his wife, domiciled by the Arno since the previous autumn, and laid the foundation of the most interesting friendship of their lives.

They arrived in Rome early in 1848 and found Mar-

garet Fuller, their friend of Boston days, who had secured and prepared apartments, and who, by this time, as a comparatively expert Roman, had, in addition to everything else, the value of a guide and an introducer. Through her they were introduced in a most intimate manner to the great wealth of Roman riches in art of all kinds. They became frequent visitors to Margaret's rooms, and their home was about the only home of foreigners Margaret frequented that winter. At her rooms they met Marquis Ossoli, whom Margaret had secretly married in December, 1847, but they knew nothing of the marriage until the next year.

The summer of 1848 the Storys spent in Naples and Sorrento and the fall and winter, until February when they returned to Rome, in Florence. Those were the days of political change and trouble in Rome, but Story was not interested so much in the political life of the people as was Margaret Fuller. It was the artistic in nature, in ruins, and in the manners and customs of the people that he saw.

Upon the Storys' second visit to Rome Margaret Fuller again joined them in a search for rooms, and they were established that evening in quarters in the Porta Pinciana. During the next five months they witnessed the approach to and siege of Rome by the French. Margaret, who was working at the hospital, joined them often and, when danger became imminent, told Mrs. Story of her marriage and her child.

Through Margaret, Story visited Mazzini, who gave an order for a guard to be placed in the Story's house in case of danger. In the midst of all this trouble and danger in Rome Story made his way through the lines of the enemy on an excursion of two days in May to Tivoli. This daring act revealed his zeal for seeing the beauties of Italy in the face of danger.

The last of May the family got through the French lines and left Rome for Florence by way of Perugia. By the middle of June they were in Milan, and then they crossed the Alps into Germany and Austria. But autumn found the family breathing again Italian air in Venice, which city James said Story seemed to take in "in a gulp".<sup>1</sup> The winter of 1849-50 they spent in Berlin.

The next summer the family sojourned in England and Scotland, making many English friends; they were in Edinburgh when they heard of the tragic death of their friend Margaret Fuller Ossoli and her family, of whose death Mrs. Story wrote, "How deeply I felt it, how sad I was made, I cannot here say; but pale was the sky, dull the face of nature when I thought of the friend I had lost".<sup>2</sup> It was during this summer also that the Storys met in England Charles Eliot Norton, who was getting his first introduction to European life and art.

1. Henry James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.188.

2. Ibid., p.228.

On October fifth the Storys sailed from Liverpool for America and were soon back in Boston. Story exhibited to those concerned his matured design for his statue of his father, which was viewed with favor. He took up his work in law again and added another volume to Contracts and a biography in two volumes of his father. But in giving his own account of this trip home Story said:

I was haunted, however, by dreams of art and Italy, and every night fancied I was again in Rome and at work in my studio. At last I found my heart had gone over from the Law to Art and I determined to go back to Rome.<sup>3</sup>

In September 1851, two months after Lowell and his family had sailed for Italy, Story, "ripening for a real rupture"<sup>4</sup> with America was approaching Genoa by sea; thence he went on to Civita Vecchia, and to Rome by vettura. Here he spent the winter, enjoying the art and the society of Rome as only an artist could. His pleasure was increased by the company of his friend James Russell Lowell, with whom he made many excursions to places of interest in the Campagna about Rome.

The summer of 1852 was spent happily by the Storys in Castel Gandolfo in the Alban Mountains near Rome. Story immortalized this castle in a poem later that bears its name.<sup>5</sup> In September longing for his friend's companionship,

3. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.32.

4. Ibid., p.241.

5. Story, Graffiti D'Italia, p.308.

Story wrote Lowell:

Such a summer as we have had I never passed and never believed in before. Sea and mountain breezes all the time, thunder showers varying with light and shade the Campagna, donkey-rides and rambles numberless — a long, lazy, luxurious far niente of a summer, such as you would have thoroughly enjoyed. And how often have I wished to have you here; what excursions might we not have made together into the Abruzzi where I long to go; what games of billiards at home! All that I wanted was to have some old friend with me.<sup>6</sup>

In September the family returned to Rome and took a beautiful apartment in Piazza di Spagna. Story longed to be at work in his studio, which was then completed. During this winter he modelled and executed the statue of his father and another.

The summer of 1853 the Storys again went into villeggiatura; this time, to the "Baths of Lucca", "high up on the hills, amid the thick chestnut trees",<sup>7</sup> where Willis spent a delightful month in 1832. The Brownings were there in 1853, so Story had Browning for a companion on his excursions.

After a month in Florence in the fall the Storys returned to Rome for the winter, and there, as James expressed it, "Sorrow for our friends, ... was more sharply mingled with cheer"<sup>8</sup> than it ever was again. Their oldest boy, six years of age, was taken by death, and their little girl was

6. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. I, p. 249.

7. Ibid., p. 266.

8. Ibid., p. 283.

very ill at the same time. During this winter Hans Anderson was a welcome visitor at the Story home, entertaining the little convalescent girl Edith with his stories. He was called the "Improvvisatore" at the Palazzo Barberini later with his "Ugly Duckling" stories and others.

Discouraged about "the question of his own future as an artist",<sup>9</sup> Story quitted Rome, with his wife and children, early that summer, for Florence. The family went on north into Germany later, and spent the winter of 1854-5 in Paris. Part of the summer was spent in London, where Lowell visited Story on his way to Germany to prepare himself for the professorship to which he had lately been appointed at Harvard. But before the close of the summer the Storys were in Boston.

Story thought he had failed as an artist and upon returning to his home land took up law and wrote another edition to his Contracts and a poem for the occasion of the inauguration of Crawford's Beethoven statue. This second winter in Boston taught him how little his Roman doubts mattered; if he could not be a great artist, at least he could not stay away from Italy and be happy. He wanted a more sympathetic audience before which to work than he found on this side of the water. He felt that he could grow better in Italy. To Lowell in Germany he wrote to congratulate him for

9. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. I, p. 293.

being away from Boston: "Resign your professorship and stay with those who love you".<sup>10</sup>

In the early summer of 1856 — on July second, to be exact, — in the old America of the Cunard line, the Storys left Boston, on their way back to Rome, "for good".<sup>11</sup> Story had decided definitely to give up everything for art. His mother thought him mad and urged him to pursue his legal career, in which everything was open to him, rather than take such a leap in the dark. But he had chosen, and back to Italy he went. The remainder of the summer he spent in England, where his youngest son was born. He missed Lowell, as the latter returned to America from Germany, Lowell being in Paris when Story was on his way to Rome. December found the family making their third approach to Rome which is so well described in the first chapter of Roba di Roma. They lived in Via Sant' Isidoro that winter.

After a summer in Siena Story took up his home in that admirable Palazzo Barberini, in the fall of 1857; "his final Roman stand", James called it, and this home, to the end, was "the main scene for him of an overflowing personal and social life, a life in which security and intimacy never grew prosaic, in which satisfaction never quenched eagerness, in which curiosity, hospitality and variety never ceased to renew themselves".<sup>12</sup>

10. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. I, p. 311.

11. Ibid., p. 321.

12. Ibid., p. 337.

From 1856 to 1861 Story worked in Rome at his art with assiduity. His summers he spent generally in Siena with the Brownings and any other English or American friends that visited that part of the world. He produced, among various things, a figure of Hero holding up her torch to Leander, and those which were among his best, his Cleopatra, his Libyan Sibyl, Judith, and Bacchus on a panther. No one would buy his statues, and he became very discouraged. He had decided again to break with Rome, when, in 1862, he sent his Sibyl and Cleopatra to the exhibition in London and was offered, unsolicited, £ 3000 for them. The tide had turned! Recognition had come! Story was soon in London, looking after his business, and was received very graciously and encouraged to go forward in his chosen art.

During the dark days of the Civil War Story spent his time between Rome and London chiefly, becoming more and more at home among the English in his tastes, but never pleased with their attitude toward the North during those trying days. The Storys had felt very keenly the loss by death of Mrs. Browning and, soon after, the absence of Robert Browning from Italy. But in England where he had gone, Browning helped Story publish his writings during these years. Story himself was more often in England now, for he sent his two sons to Eton and Oxford and introduced his daughter into

English society.

Upon the close of the war, during the summer of 1865, Story and his wife returned to America for a few weeks, but he wrote his daughter in London that there was "a change in the value, proportion, dignity, decency, interest, whatever it might be called, of objects and aspects once agreeable, once innocently enough familiar"<sup>13</sup> to them. However, they enjoyed meeting old friends.

The American visit, nevertheless, was only a brief parenthesis, and the "rich colored Roman life, interrupted only for the summer and autumn, continued, with its happy activities and relations, to account, almost monotonously, for Story's maturer years".<sup>14</sup> As the world was interesting to him, so likewise the world was kind; he rejoiced in his own relationships, which cost him no second pang. Story was as happy as a man could be who was doing, on the whole, what he liked, what he loved, enjoying his many friends who now numbered legion in every country from people of high and low rank alike.

Story and his wife again visited America for some time in 1882. He spent his time mainly in New York, Boston, and Washington. His daughter had married in 1876 a distinguished Florentine and retired soldier, the Commendatore Simone Peruzzi, and separated in consequence from her parents,

13. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. II, p174.

14. Ibid., p.188.

she became from this time the correspondent to whom their letters were mainly addressed.

From letters we learn that Story had made a number of monuments of famous Americans, which were placed during this period: bronze statue of Colonel William Prescott, survivor of Bunker Hill battle on anniversary of that day in 1883; bronze image of Joseph Henry of Smithsonian Institute fame in 1883; monument of Chief Justice Marshall, in 1884. During this visit also Story lectured in the United States on Michelangelo.

By 1887 Story was in Italy again. Only a few events are worthy of mention here in completing the record of his work in Italy. He was given the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1887. He and Lowell that same year represented Harvard at the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of Bologna University. At the summer home of the daughter in Lago di Vallombrosa in Tuscany, Story and his wife celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, October 31, 1893. The spring of 1894 Mrs. Story died. Her death was a great blow to Story. She was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, and the sculpture made his last monument for her grave, "the angel of Grief, in utter abandonment, throwing herself with drooping wings and hidden face over a funeral altar".<sup>15</sup> Story

15. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, p.324.

lived with his daughter after that and was buried beside his wife in 1895.

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Story spent almost forty-eight years or practically three-fourths of his life in Italy, the land of his adoption, though he never gave up his American citizenship. During those forty-eight years he made four visits to America, but each visit revealed that more and more he was becoming estranged to America, "whose very virtues irritated him,"<sup>16</sup> and more at home in England and on the Continent. Inheriting an independent fortune he was able to go and come as he chose, and though it took two return trips to the homeland to assure Story that he could not live in Boston, whose audience for the artist was not "intelligent and sympathetic",<sup>17</sup> he repeatedly chose Rome for his home. It is possible that it was because life treated Story so lavishly with monetary means, family happiness, and diversity of talents that he was so long deciding upon his future home and occupation. However, one may decide that question, it seemed to be true that the Italian atmosphere, soft in colors, the Roman picturesqueness, quaint and varied, the Italian people, unsophisticated and passionate in their likes and dislikes, were blended best in Rome to make the most ideal surroundings in which Story could

16. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.304.

17. Ibid., p.297.

live and develop himself in the manner he most enjoyed. Of Rome Story wrote Lowell after returning to it in the autumn of 1851: "No place is like Rome; I have seen them all and I know it. Florence is nothing but a continental Boston in its spirit."<sup>18</sup> This sounds almost like an echo from Margaret Fuller.<sup>19</sup>

Rome and Italy wrought a great change in the life of Story. His vocation in Boston days was given up entirely, and his pastime occupation became the great passion of his life, if a man with so many talents can be said to have a great passion. At least one may say that his artistic nature became the guiding force in his life. As a sculptor he was recognized along with Powers of England and Crawford of America as one of the leading artists of that day. His Cleopatra has been immortalized by Hawthorne in the Marble Fawn. That and his statue the Sibyl were recognized by the English public as good works of art. James said:

Story ... was frankly and forcibly romantic, and with a highly cultivated quality in his romance; so he penetrated the imagination of his public as nobody else just then could have done. He told his tale with admirable emphasis and straightness, with a strong sense both of character and of drama, so that he created a kind of interest for the statue which had been, without competition, up to that time, reserved for the picture. He gave the marble something of the colour of the canvas; he in any case offered the observer a spectacle and, as nearly as possible, a scene.<sup>20</sup>

18. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.245.

19. See page 106 of this study.

20. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, p.77.

To the great disappointment of many friends who expected great things from Story, he produced nothing greater in sculpture than these two statues, though he thought his Saul his best work.

As a writer one can say that the greater part and the best of his prose and poetry was based upon or grew out of his life and work in Italy. Italian life and scenery, Roman character and art, became the natural subjects of his reading and interest, and therefore of his writing.

When he returned to Rome in 1856 Story set to work to prove to himself and to his friends that he was an artist. He became a student of Roman History and of Roman antiquities. As James put it, he sought "to know, and to prove he knew — knew for himself, for others, on the spot — either the history of Rome or whatever else might be. He did for years, what he desired — expressed himself with the rewarded pertinacity of the seeker, the finder, of the rare. He sought and found the secret of beauty, of harmony and, so far as these went, of truth, for himself — as every artist worth his salt finds it; with that good faith which has the odd double property of leading to 'success' and of consoling for the want of it."<sup>21</sup> In sculpture he produced his Judith "at the moment she makes her prayer before killing Holofernes",<sup>22</sup> the Libyan Sibyl, considered by many his best work, and Cleopatra, perhaps his most famed work. In literature he

21. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.332.

22. Ibid., vol.II, p.70.

produced Roba di Roma or Walks and Talks about Rome.

The exhibition in London, mentioned before in this chapter, brought his work of sculpture before the English public and assured him of a place among artists in the future. This gave him the encouragement he needed, and, although he never produced anything greater in sculpture, his literary work had barely begun, and its theme from now on was Rome and art. Roba di Roma was published in 1862 and quickly found an audience in England. In America it was accepted much more slowly. In 1863 it had gone into a second edition in England, yet no word had been heard from it in America. "Like everything else of mine it drops still-born there,"<sup>23</sup> Story wrote Norton of his book. He never quite forgave America for her cool reception of all his works of art.

Robi di Roma, which phrase being interpreted means "everything — from rubbish and riff-raff to the most exquisite product of art and nature"<sup>24</sup> about Rome, as Story himself interprets it, is filled with roba which reveal at once Story's wide range of knowledge of and great love for Roman and Italian things. In the preface to the third edition Story says, "Nothing ... is at second-hand, unless so stated. The places, people, and scenes described, I have personally seen. The books that are ... quoted I have personally examined and read, always in so far as related to my subject, and

23. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. II, p. 124.

24. Roba di Roma, vol. I, p. III.

generally throughout."<sup>25</sup> There are two volumes and they treat of "those impressions of the aspects and manners of Rome, its current life, public and private, which had had time, since his first visit in 1848, to store themselves in his spirit".<sup>26</sup> The subjects range from the very personal, "Entrance",<sup>27</sup> to the more impersonal, "Villeggiature: Harvest and Vintage";<sup>28</sup> from the less pleasant, "Beggars in Rome",<sup>29</sup> "The Ghetto in Rome",<sup>30</sup> to the more pleasant, "May in Rome",<sup>31</sup> "The Campagna";<sup>32</sup> from the ancient, "The Colosseum",<sup>33</sup> to the present, "Street Music in Rome".<sup>34</sup> The first form of these impressions was "papers contributed, at uneven intervals, to the 'Atlantic Monthly',"<sup>35</sup> which had so accumulated as to make matter for a substantial book of two volumes. The descriptions show that Story had a "passion for small cumulative facts",<sup>36</sup> and that he was an artist and a romancer in his inner nature. They also reveal a sympathetic nature that excuses almost every whimsical custom of the country as a fond parent pleads for the caprice of a spoilt child.

Story's descriptions of Italy differ in this respect from those of Willis and Taylor, or of any other writer in this study. They more nearly resemble the letters of Margaret Fuller. With the exception of Margaret, other writers

25. Roba di Roma, vol.I, p.V

26. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, p.130.

27. Roba di Roma, vol.I, p.1.

28. Ibid., vol.II, p.1.

29. Ibid., vol.I, p.35.

30. Ibid., vol.II, p.104.

31. Ibid., vol.I, p.165.

32. Ibid., vol.II, p.31.

33. Ibid., vol.I, p.241.

34. Ibid., p.9.

35. James, W.W. Story, vol.II, p.130.

36. Ibid., p.132.

admired as outsiders: Story both admired and excused as a lover. To illustrate, almost every visitor of Rome in this study remarked in his journals, letters, or descriptions about the superstitions followed and accepted by the Catholic Church in Rome. These superstitions were not ridiculed exactly by any, but were told as bits of surprising news of the practices of the nineteenth century. Story, too, gives a chapter to them in his paper "Christmas Holidays",<sup>37</sup> and, although at no time does one lose sight of Story's point of view as a Protestant in a Catholic country, yet in the telling of these customs Story shows his reader the simple believing mind of the Italian people and reminds the haughty Anglo-Saxon, who boasts of his reason, of his kinship to all erring human nature, by inserting into his description a few traces of heathen superstitions and feast days kept and dearly cherished by the northern peoples even to this day. The Befana of Italy he declares "is a bizarre creature, made up of fragments and spoils from various scriptural figures", while "the Santa Claus is a [n]... impersonation, in which the figures of the ancient Teutonic legend are scarcely hidden under the Christian garb of the Church".<sup>38</sup> He even justifies the Roman rules of health for Rome, namely, no fires in winter and keeping all windows closed at night so the "miasma from the Campagna"<sup>39</sup> will not give anyone malaria.

37. Roba di Roma, vol.I, p.66.

38. Ibid., p.85.

39. Ibid., p.174.

Some of Story's descriptions are almost poetry in the kind of language used and the type of picture given. A good illustration is the opening of the chapter "May in Rome":

May has come again, — 'the delicate-footed May', her feet hidden in flowers as she wanders over the Campagna, and the cool breeze of the Campagna blowing back her loosened hair. She calls to us from the open fields to leave the wells of damp churches and shadowy streets, and to come abroad and meet her where the mountains look down from roseate heights of vanishing snow upon plains of waving grain. The hedges have put on their best draperies of leaves and flowers, and, girdled in at their waist by double osier bands, stagger luxuriantly along the road like a drunken Bacchanal procession, crowned with festive ivy, and holding aloft their snowy clusters of elder-blossoms like thyrsi.<sup>40</sup>

As stated before the book was eminently successful when published, and "but that the aspects it mainly celebrates have suffered ... alteration during the last quarter of a century ... it would remain an all-competent and charming companion for the city in Europe in which we most find ourselves desiring a sympathetic fellow-rambler. It did indeed for many years play this part ..."<sup>41</sup> James says he used it for this purpose in his own case. He liked it so well because "it summed up, with an extraordinary wealth of statement, with perpetual illustration and image, the incomparable entertainment of Rome, where almost everything alike, manners, customs, practices, processes, states of feeling, no less than objects, treasures, relics, ruins, partook of the special museum-quality. Story rambles through his multi-

40. Robi di Roma, vol.I, p.165.

41. James, W. W. Story, vol.II, pp.130-1.

tudinous subject as from room to room, up and down its many staircases and through its endless corridors, quite as if showing a friend some crowded collection with which habit has made him familiar. His multifarious reading, his love of curious knowledge, of enumeration and detail, of discussing 'points', historic, aesthetic, linguistic, literary, here overflows, shows the sense of 'evidence' as a thing in his blood".<sup>42</sup> For a sample of Story's "choicest" prose Ridpath in his Library of Universal Literature gives the selection from Roba di Roma, "Rome in Holy Week".<sup>43</sup>

That Story came to be recognized as an authority on Rome in the western world is shown in part by the fact that in 1891 when the Scribner's Magazine was running articles on the great streets of the world, Story was chosen to write upon "The Corso of Rome".<sup>44</sup> In 1892 Scribner's published his article together with six articles about other famous streets in the beautifully illustrated volume entitled Great Streets of the World. Although "Broadway", "Piccadilly", "Unter Den Linden", and "The Grand Canal" are among the streets included in the group, Story claims for his subject first place among historic streets:

Of all the historic streets the great cities of the world possess, none can surpass, if indeed any can vie with the so-called Corso of Rome. Shorn as it is now of its ancient and mediaeval glories, it is haunted by trains of memories which consecrate it to every student.<sup>44</sup>

42. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, pp.131-2.

43. The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature, vol.xxii, pp.24-25.

44. Story, "The Corso of Rome" Scribner's Magazine, vol.X, p.389.

Fiammetta, "a short idyllic novel composed in the course of an early visit paid to his daughter in Vallombrosa"<sup>45</sup> and published in 1886 was the only work of prose fiction that Story produced with the exception of "A Modern Magician", which appeared in Blackwood in May, 1867, as a sort of fanciful dream or portrayal of the doings of the rejected Olympian gods and goddesses in modern so-called Christian Rome, interspersed with much of the artist's philosophy of life. According to James the first edition of Fiammetta contained "an inscription to his wife and his hostess, recording that he had read it aloud to them 'on three beautiful mornings as we sat under the shadows of the whispering pines. You thought well of it -- too well, I fear -- and encouraged me to print it. To you, therefore, I dedicate it, with my truest love and in memory of those happy summer days in the "Etrurian shades".'"<sup>45</sup> The setting of the story is the first days of June near Vallombrosa at a Casetta near a cascata or waterfalls in the mountain stream. The book abounds in descriptions of the beauties of nature in that fairy land, which all the writers of this study visited and commented upon favorably. James thus describes the story:

The tale, simple and sincere, lightly and easily told, is that of a maid of the mountains, the hills and woods there present, who, for a few weeks of inward ecstasy to herself, sits, by a pool in the forest,

45. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, p.330

as model to a young painter engaged on the picture of a naiad, and dies of her apparently unrequited love when the artist has, as the phrase is, no further use for her.... Romantic, in imagination, to the end, Story saw his theme all sentimentally and was content to leave it for the lightest of woodland elegies.<sup>46</sup>

While the setting and atmosphere of the story is quite Italian, the character of Marco, the painter, like Kenyon in the Marble Fawn is more Anglo-Saxon than Italian. They are guided in their conduct more by reason than by impulse.

"By nothing that Story published is he perhaps so completely characterized as by the two volumes of 'Conversations in a Studio' which appeared in 1890, after having run their course in 'Blackwood'."<sup>47</sup> The title of the volumes clearly indicates the setting and nature of them. Belton and Mallett talk together in the latter's studio upon nearly every subject an artist might be interested in as having a direct or indirect bearing upon art in general, for Story believed that "no artist who wishes to arrive at excellence in his profession should attach himself solely to one art".<sup>48</sup> The particular weakness of the Conversations perhaps is that the two speakers of the "prolonged colloquies"<sup>49</sup> appear to have no thesis or argument. "A 'real' talk," ... says James, to be interesting, "is in its degree, at the least, a drama, with some question or conclusion in the balance and in suspense..."<sup>49</sup> Story is more interested in the subjects under

46. James, W. W. Story, vol.II, p.330-1.

47. Ibid., p.255.

48. Blackwood, vol.CI (May, 1867), p.555.

49. James, W. W. Story, vol.II, p.255.

discussion than in the characters of Belton or Mallett. It is hard to determine at times which character represents Story's point of view. If Story at any time intended that one should represent his own mind, he surely gave it up quickly. "The speakers abound mainly in each other's sense, and with the consequence, really, that this sense becomes all the author's."<sup>50</sup> This is well illustrated when on one occasion they project a "night of revel"<sup>51</sup> in which they "call up out of the past" certain of the great figures of history to meet around a table splendidly spread. Story inevitably speaks through Mallett when he says, "My first man, then, shall be Antony, with his bull-neck, his rich curly hair, his robust figure, his deep-set, sparkling eyes, and his brave, open look".<sup>51</sup> Then Belton follows no less characteristically of Story with the name of Shakespeare, "the handsomest man at the table, whoever comes; flowing and free in spirit and power,..."<sup>51</sup> and Story, unwilling that "the divine William" should take second place, has Mallett add, "I should have said Shakespeare first, but I was thinking of the ancients."<sup>52</sup> Story was a very loyal friend of Shakespeare.

These conversationalists differ little or silence their differences even on questions of Story's strong likes and dislikes. To illustrate, Story's "vision of Goethe, ...

50. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, pp.256-7.

51. Conversations in a Studio, vol.I, p.184.

52. Ibid., p.185.

is scarce less importunate, but quite to the opposite end",<sup>53</sup> than his vision of Shakespeare. There was something in the analytical mind of the Germans apparently that was really repulsive to the artistic nature of Story. When the question of German criticism was being discussed and Mallett led on and dared to say, "Faust is a colorless walking gentleman, without character or individuality, and there is no real 'motif' ... for Marguerite's conduct" Belton added quickly, "Pray leave Goethe alone — we shall never agree about him. ... Let us go back to Shakespeare, where we can agree."<sup>54</sup>

The conversations grow upon one as he reads them after he accepts the point of view of the author. It is true there are times when they seem a little forced and stilted but generally they are entertaining and surprise one with the wide scope of the acquaintance of the author with ancient and modern literature, sculpture, and painting of all western countries. In the words of James:

He darts from the Roman Code to the Decay of Enthusiasm, and from a long and extraordinarily enumerative disquisition on recorded longevities to the pronunciation of Latin, taking Byron, Michael Angelo, Lope da Vega, Dryden, Goethe and a hundred other matters by the way, and looking in on Shakespeare with or without an occasion.<sup>55</sup>

Excursions in Art and Letters was published in 1891 and consisted "of five papers on technical subjects that

53. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. II, p. 257.

54. Conversations in a Studio, vol. I, pp. 97-8.

55. James, W. W. Story, vol. II, p. 260.

had already appeared.<sup>56</sup> They are animated studies, and when Story went into things he went in well, astride, for the most part, of some active hobby of his own, and rode hard to a conclusion. He concludes, for instance, almost with passion, against the presumed connection of Phidias and the Elgin marbles."<sup>57</sup>

In poetry, Rome, past and present, with the characters of ancient, mediaeval, and modern history, forms the inspiration of the best that Story wrote. For the most part, the poems by which he is remembered are his dramatic poems rather than his lyric. In The Oxford Book of American Verse, "a comparatively small anthology", which takes a "skimming view of the whole field of American verse",<sup>58</sup> gives two poems of W. W. Story "Cleopatra" and "Praxiteles and Phryne". Stedman in his anthology Poets of America mentions Story as one of the poets of "artistic bent"<sup>59</sup> and says that "Cleopatra" and "Praxiteles and Phryne" "are striking pieces, and show him at his best."<sup>60</sup> The Yale Book of American Verse, whose aim is to give "specimens of all sorts of poetry"<sup>61</sup> to be found in American verse, gives for Story the two poems already mentioned and "Black Eyes", "In the Rain", "L'Abbate", and "Snowdrop". All of these poems appear in "Graffita d'I-

56. James is quoted here because the writer found no copy of the book to read.

57. James, W. W. Story, vol. II, p. 261.

58. Oxford Book of American Verse, preface p. 1.

59. Stedman, Poets of America, p. 54.

60. Ibid., p. 56.

61. Yale Book of American Verse, preface, p. 1.

talia", "which volume contains Story's most substantial poetic work."<sup>62</sup>

Of the sixty odd pieces which the book contains James says the "fine Ginevra da Siena is the most sustained and most important";<sup>63</sup> the "Giannone", "a charming thing" that has more felicity (as also more moral reaction) of his earlier experience";<sup>64</sup> his "Cleopatra," the poem in which Story arrives "at literary intensity — making his verses insist ... just as he had, quite admirably, been able to make the execution of his figure".<sup>65</sup> "Padre Bandelli Proses", "Leonardo da Vinci Poeteses", "Contemporary Criticism on Raffaele", "Primitive Christian in Rome", as well as "Ginevra da Siena", show the influence of Browning. James contends that both men were of receptive minds and exposed to the same Italian world — given of course their difference of mind; both men were great friends and Story would have called Browning "his master",<sup>66</sup> yet Story's "tone achieved is as little Browningsque as possible. Story is limpid, so far as he goes — is crystalline; he is simple, in fine, where Browning bristles with complexity".<sup>67</sup>

Story abounded in literary ideas and dreams but did not always carry them out successfully. There was "almost nothing that he did not like to think of himself as

62. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. II, p. 221.

63. Ibid., p. 222.

64. Ibid., p. 219.

65. Ibid., pp. 217-18.

66. Ibid., p. 232.

67. Ibid., p. 233.

doing, not dream of being able to do if this or that condition had been present".<sup>68</sup> But James believed that his "fondest dream in a poetic way" was "to write some play susceptible of presentation".<sup>69</sup> His efforts in that direction resulted in "Nero" published in 1875 and "Stephania" privately printed a few years later. Both were plays with Roman setting but were impossible as dramas. There were also "two or three small comedies offered during bright Roman winters to Barberini".<sup>70</sup>

Perhaps "the world was too much with " Story in Rome for him to write better poetry. Some may be inclined to agree with James: "'at home' he might have been more of a poet". But James adds: "Speculations as to what might have been are ... almost as futile as they are fascinating".<sup>71</sup> Nevertheless it must truthfully be said of Story that

Visibly, during all his Roman years, he lived a double or perhaps rather a triple inner life. I count his personal and social existence as his outer. Then came, in the first place, his communion with the forms that the art of the studio was to translate. After that came the constant appeal of the actual and present Roman world, always nudging him with suggestions for satires, for portraits, for pictures grave and gay. Most deeply within, to all appearance, sat the vision of the other time, the alternative, the incomparable, real Rome; in the light of which I am mistaken if the past was not still more peopled and furnished for him than the present. There was the crowd in which, in excursions of the spirit, he lost himself.<sup>72</sup>

68. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.II, p.222.

69. Ibid., p.247.

70. Ibid., p.247.

71. Ibid., p.223.

72. Ibid., p.240-1.

In this last field he wrote his best poetry and wrought his best pieces of sculpture. His great diversity of gifts seemed to keep him from working in this field all the time. In the word of Hawthorne, the great difficulty with Story was "too facile power; he would do better things if it were more difficult for him to do merely good ones. Then, too, his sensibility is too quick; being easily touched by his own thoughts, he cannot estimate what it requires to touch a colder and duller person, and so stops short of the adequate expression."<sup>73</sup>.

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73. Heart of Hawthorne's Journals, p.317.

## CHAPTER X

## CHARLES ELIOT NORTON (1827-1908)

Charles Eliot Norton began his travels abroad as a business man, supposedly, but he gives a better description of himself on his first trip in a letter to his family from the ship, in which he said: "I should be described as having no commercial object, but simply as a man of letters traveling for information and pleasure."<sup>1</sup> Norton's opportunity to travel came to him through the company of East India Merchants, Bullard and Lee, for whom he had worked since graduating from Harvard. The voyage on the ship Milton from Boston to Madras occupied one hundred and two days. After a wonderful six months of travel through India he arrived in Alexandria, Egypt, February 26, 1850. He toured the cities of the Mediterranean and entered Italy by way of Trieste. He spent a fortnight in Venice before going on to Verona, Milan, Lyons, Paris, and London. As mentioned before, he enjoyed the company of the Storys that summer in England.<sup>2</sup>

Early in September Norton went from England to the Continent for nearly four months more of travel and sight seeing before returning to America. From Paris, he travelled to Munich, Vienna, and entered Italy again through Venice. In November he was in Florence, where he met the Brownings

1. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 36.

2. See page 111 in this study.

for the first time. He enjoyed several evenings in their home, Palazzo Guidi, but his visits were unexpectedly cut off by his sudden decision to go home for his sister's marriage, January 27, 1851. Norton brought home a wealth of maturing experience and a vision of life quite beyond the common attainment of a youth who only two months before had entered upon his twenty-fourth year.

Upon his return to America he engaged on a modest scale in East India commerce, shipping small ventures of cotton, indigo, and other exports to India and importing the products of the East. Office duties were not so exacting as to keep him from literary pursuits for which his travels and his taste also had prepared him; these pursuits appear to have won him more and more to themselves, so that by 1855 his business career had come gradually to an end.

Charles was a great admirer of his father, Andrew Norton, and upon the death of the latter in 1853, the son edited his father's Translation of the Gospels, Poems, and Discourses. After two years of hard work, applying himself with untiring energy to the many duties that devolved upon him then, his strength, always somewhat limited, began to weaken. The doctors advised a holiday of travel; so Norton, with his mother and two sisters, sailed from Boston to Liverpool, October, 1855. Norton wrote Lowell in Germany to visit them in Rome that winter, adding: "... it gives at once a new

home feeling to the anticipation of being in Rome to think of seeing you there".<sup>3</sup>

After a few months in England, the Nortons crossed to the continent, and from Paris, after hiring a travelling carriage, which Norton declared "with the four good horses and the driver" made "the pleasantest sort of conveyance",<sup>4</sup> they drove through France to Marseilles; then proceeded on by the famous Corniche Road and the Riviera to Genoa, and from Genoa, on to Leghorn. The winter of 1855-6 they spent in Rome.

It is the record of this winter that Norton preserved in his book Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. That winter or early spring was marked also by the short visit of Lowell to Rome and the famous trip of Norton, Field, Lowell, and Charles C. Black, an English friend, from Naples to Palermo and back, which will be discussed further in the next chapter.<sup>5</sup>

That spring the Norton party travelled northward to Switzerland, where they spent the summer. There Norton stumbled upon Ruskin, whom he had met in London the preceding autumn. This meeting was the beginning of a great friendship between the two men, which lasted for the remainder of their lives. Ruskin wrote of this meeting in Switzerland in Præterita: "The meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his fam-

3. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 132.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 136.

5. See page 156 of this study.

ily was a very happy one."<sup>6</sup>

After these happy days with Ruskin the Nortons left Switzerland for London, planning to return to America. But in London Norton consulted a doctor, who advised him to spend another winter in Italy; so rather disappointed at being "away from home for so long a time just now,"<sup>7</sup> feeling that a revolution was pending in America, he saw his loved ones off in October, and after spending some time with Story and family, then residing temporarily at Oatlands Park, Walton-on-Thames, turned toward Rome.

In December, Norton, still far from strong, was in Rome. It was a winter filled with study and social interests of a sort much to his taste. Like Emerson, upon his first visit to Europe Norton had been deeply impressed with his own ignorance and had written his family:

There is another feeling which such travelling forces upon one, upon me in particular, with unpleasant distinctness — the consciousness of my ignorance. I know so little about what I see compared to what is to be known, there are such treasures of history, and of romance, such studies of art and of life which I have never even approached, and which I long to unfold. I know enough to awaken my enthusiasm and my admiration, but I feel as if it were a waste of opportunities to see so much and not to know more.<sup>8</sup>

This winter he seemed to study to be more worthy of his opportunity. The literary results of his untiring study will be discussed later in this chapter. Of the friends he had

6. Ruskin, Praterita, vol.III, p.78.

7. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol.I, p.147.

8. Ibid., p.72.

during the winter, the Storys were perhaps the most important, for he often visited in their home, and there met many other friends. Among the visitors at the Storys' home were Mrs. Gaskell and her daughters. With them Norton made many excursions about Rome that winter, and in April they all turned northward to Florence, and Venice.

In Venice, Norton parted from his friends, remaining to study pictures while they traveled homeward to England. After three weeks in Venice, Norton visited Verona, the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Holland. When Norton left Italy that summer he wrote his mother: "Germany is dull in comparison with Italy. It is the brewery against the vineyard."<sup>9</sup> By July he was in London with Clough, Ruskin, Browning, Rossetti, and Mrs. Gaskell, and by the middle of August he was once more with his mother and sisters at Lenox in his native New England.

The years that followed upon Norton's return to America were devoted to the writing of articles and reviews, chiefly for the Atlantic Monthly, and to the preparations of two books of his own. The first, The New Life of Dante Alighieri, was the consummation of the work on which he was engaged in Rome the two years before; the second, Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, contained sketches which had appeared in The Crayon, "the first art magazine published in

9. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 167.

America,"<sup>10</sup> with some added chapters that had not previously been printed.

On May 21, 1862, Norton was happily married to Susan Ridley Sedgwick and lived in a portion of the house at Shady Hill set apart for the couple by the family. That winter he gave lectures in the Lowell Institute on "The Characteristics of the Twelfth Century". This undertaking linked itself closely with what was to become the chief work of his life.

In July, 1868, Norton with his wife and children, accompanied by his mother and two sisters, sailed for Europe for his third visit. This time he went as one who returned to familiar places and persons. The party were the guests of Dickens at Gad's Hill, and Norton met G. H. Lewes in England on this trip. October he spent in Paris and northern France, but most of the winter was spent in England with such men as Carlyle, Mill, Darwin, and Dickens.

Before the end of May, 1869, Norton had left England for the Continent. In June he had established his family in Switzerland. From Switzerland the Nortons proceeded to Italy in October: first they lived in Florence, then in Siena, establishing themselves in villas, which they took for some months at a time, later in Venice and Rome. Altogether they passed two delightful years in Italy. Norton's health was

10. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 133 footnote.

not good during the winter of 1869-70, and he had to give up some plans of work but continued to study and to lay the foundation for his later life of lecturing during this period of in-taking. The summer of 1870 the Nortons spent in the Villa Spannocchi, Siena, where Norton did the research work for an important chapter in his Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages. It was here that the word of the death of Dickens reached him, but he was soon comforted by the coming of Ruskin to Italy.

The two friends travelled about together; two days they spent in Florence, a day or two each in Pisa, Lucca, Pistoria, and Prato. Norton was always a guide, yet, at the same time, a pupil of Ruskin. Norton wrote of his friend: "Ruskin's powers of observation and perception are simply genius".<sup>11</sup> The results of their trip may be well summarized in Norton's letter to his wife from Pisa: "We have spent most of the morning in the Cathedral and the Campo Santo, — with great interest. No judgment to revise, but many half, and uncertain opinions confirmed".<sup>12</sup> When these days of travel had ended Norton returned to Siena for the remainder of the summer, and to Florence and Rome for the fall and winter.

In the early summer of 1871 the Nortons spent some weeks in Venice; in July they turned their faces northward to Germany and by autumn were established in Dresden for

11. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 394.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 392.

the winter. In February, 1872, a few days after the birth of his son Richard, Norton suffered the crushing blow of his wife's death. The mother and sisters, with whom close bonds of affection were strengthened by the intimacy of a sorrow shared, stood at hand to do whatever could be done to make the loss more endurable. The lease at Shady Hill, in Cambridge, had still more than a year to run, so the stay in Europe must needs continue as best it could. Norton bore up under his great sorrow well, saying, "... it is the next thing to being happy to have been happy".<sup>13</sup>

April 11, 1872, the saddened party left Dresden and spent the spring and early summer in Paris. On the way thither, Norton stopped in Halle, to see Karl Witte, one of the most eminent German Dante scholars, whom Norton described as a "vigorous, animated old man of 72, white hair, dark eyes, with silver spectacles on a naso maschio, a pleasant expression and a manner curiously compounded of the scholar, the professor, and the man who had seen and loved Italy."<sup>14</sup> He showed Norton "his Dantesque books".<sup>14</sup> It was his text of Dante that was used as the great authority for the early members of the Dante Club in translating and interpreting Divina Comedia.

In the autumn the Nortons -- young and old -- were once more established in a house in London, where friends were

13. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 415.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 416.

waiting to make the winter pass as little sadly as such a time might. Norton was not a man for self-pity, and he busied himself cheering his friends, Carlyle and Ruskin, both sick and down-hearted, who came more and more to depend upon him. Lowell was in France that winter studying French; and Emerson lectured on Carlyle in London, where Norton heard him. Norton had a slight attack of pneumonia in February and March, and since he could not get about much, he spent most of his time reading — mainly of Venice and the Italian Renaissance.

In April Emerson and his daughter, on their return from Egypt, stopped with the Nortons, and, on May 15th, all left Liverpool together for America. Lowell came over from Paris to say goodbye. Norton had become so attached to his friends that it was hard to say goodbye, especially to Carlyle. The trip across the Atlantic was quite entertaining to Norton, who found Emerson "the greatest talker in the ship's company"<sup>15</sup> and to whom he addressed a short poem of congratulations on the occasion of the latter's seventieth birthday the day before the voyage ended in New York harbor. Norton's journal of this trip is a character sketch of Emerson, the man and his philosophy as shown by related bits of conversation. This was Norton's last trip to Italy.

Reference has several times been made to the formation of the Dante Society by Longfellow, Norton, and Lowell

15. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 503.

in 1865. The work of the club was of enough importance to justify a fuller account of its origin and work here. Norton in his first report of the Dante Society explained its origin thus:

In 1863, when Mr. Longfellow was experiencing a deeper need than at any other period of his life of occupation that should be of a nature congenial with his mood, and which should at least give him tranquil and regular employment, he was led, partly by his own impulse, partly by friendly urgency, to resume the work long laid aside, and to engage in the restorative labor of translating the whole of the Divine Comedy. The work was steadily pursued, and with increasing interest. In the course of the year the greater part of the Inferno was finished. The sixth centenary of Dante's birth was approaching. Florence was about to celebrate the anniversary with unusual observances. She invited the lovers of her poet, wherever they might be, to unite with her in doing honor to his memory. Mr. Longfellow determined to send his translation to her, as a tribute from America. But master as he was of his own language and that of Dante, and thorough as was his knowledge of the substance and significance of the poem, he was too modest to rely wholly upon his own judgment and genius in the performance of his work, and he called upon two of his friends to sit with him in the final revision of it.

In 1865, the manuscript was put in the printer's hands, and every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow's study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof-sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty. And by the entire confidence that existed between us.... They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us. Now and then some other friend or acquaintance would join us for the hours of study. Almost always one or two guests would come in at ten o'clock, when the work

ended, and sit down with us to supper, with which the evening closed.<sup>16</sup>

This informal Dante Club met from September, 1865, to May, 1867, and was the precursor of the Cambridge Dante Society, the foundation of which Norton suggested to some members of his Dante class at Harvard in 1880. These students offered to support the plan, and when Longfellow consented to take the presidency of the club, it was actually inaugurated in 1881. Its second president was Lowell; its third, Norton. Through this society Dante scholarship in Harvard and, incidentally in all America, has been greatly promoted. It has issued annual reports, accompanied by valuable papers, usually bibliographical, upon various points in Dante scholarship; it has contributed to the assembling in the Harvard library of a large Dante collection; it has supported and encouraged the publication of many valuable works of Dante.

.....

Norton in Italy was first of all a scholar, interpreting the past and present of the country, principally through its architecture and sculpturing. Impressed with the vast amount of knowledge to be learned in such an interesting center for ages of culture, he first became a student, and later a master in the lore of the Romans and the Italians. His first efforts to share with others his research into this vast store house of knowledge were found in his articles published in The Crayon, "Notes of Travel

16. Samuel Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. II, pp. 428-30. Footnote.

and Study in Italy", in 1856, and later published in book form in a volume bearing that title. The consummation of all his efforts was his life work in Harvard and community, teaching "The History of the Fine Arts" to the youth of that time and place.

Norton was not interested in "art for art's sake," although he appreciated beauty wherever he saw it — in the flowers about him, in a pretty face, in a symmetrical building, or in an Italian sunset; but his study of art enabled him to understand better the character of the people that had lived there before him — their ideals, their ambitions, as well as their weaknesses and their decline.

Even in his first book, Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, evidences of this interest appear. The book deals with "pictures, architecture, religion, customs,"<sup>17</sup> and comments upon government, society, the customs of the Catholic Church, festas, and interesting characteristic happenings about him every day. He is free to express strongly his opinion "of certain principles in religion and in government"<sup>18</sup> which he felt were abused by the Roman Church and papal government, but he assures his reader he meant no personal harm to anyone.<sup>18</sup> As one follows him from the Riviera between the blue sea and the rugged mountains, through the Piedmont and Tus-

17. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol.I, p.179.

18. Norton, Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, preface, p.I.

cany, the "chief hope" of modern Italian freedom, into Rome with all its religious ceremonies and festas, particularly the Festa of Sant'Antonio, "the blessing of animals",<sup>19</sup> and the Festa of Sant'Andrea della Fratti, "the conversion of Ratisbonne the Jew",<sup>20</sup> and its famous works of art everywhere, to Orvieto, "a city of the Middle Ages"<sup>21</sup> with its great Duomo, and Venice with her vestibule of mosaics in St. Mark's — from which mosaics Norton tells the history of the rise and fall of art in the past in Venice — one is impressed with the wide range of his study, and the scholarly manner in which he has conducted his research, and the masterful way he has of making the very stones speak out and tell the stories they have heard in the past. One has the feeling that a master mind, a true critic is speaking; one who admires and criticizes as a scholar yet does not condone as a lover. That distinction is quite clearly noticed between the early descriptions and stories of Norton and those of Story. These early studies reveal no small acquisition of historical knowledge and stand in vital relation to Norton's subsequent Italian studies which were in the two fields of scholarship for which he is notable — the fine arts and Dante.

He presents the extensive studies he has already begun in Dante's works in this first study: "gathering from the Commedia, the Convito, and the De Vulgari Eloquentia the passages that are concerned with Dante's relation to Rome;

19. Norton, Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, p.36.

20. Ibid., p.42.

21. Ibid., p.99.

studying the interchange of eclogues between Dante and Giovanni del Virgilis; and citing passages from the Inferno as probably the literary originals of some of the sculptures on one of the piers of the cathedral at Orvieto. Of the building of this cathedral he gives a detailed account which anticipates in many ways the method and content of his later Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages."<sup>22</sup>

Norton's next work on Dante was his "exquisite translation of the 'Vita Nuova'"<sup>23</sup> first published in 1859, and later prepared as "a companion volume to Longfellow's work",<sup>24</sup> Divina Commedia, after the criticisms of the first informal Dante Club were given. Norton felt that through the Vita Nuova was the proper approach made to Dante's Divina Commedia. His own translation of the great Italian masterpiece was made in 1891 — a faithful, prose translation, though "wanting in such rhythmic beauty as is well within the reach of prose",<sup>25</sup> dedicated to "his friend and master from youth",<sup>26</sup> James Russell Lowell. Norton justifies his new translation of the Commedia by saying that it was for "readers who must read it in their own tongue or not at all,"<sup>27</sup> and that it had been "the aim of the translator ... to render the substance fully, exactly, and with as close a correspondence to the tone and style of the original as is possible be-

22. Samuel Lee Wolff in Cambridge History of American Literature, vol. IV, pp. 488-9.

23. Stedman, Poets of America, p. 55.

24. Norton and Howe, Letters of C. E. Norton, vol. I, p. 294.

25. Wolff in Cambridge History of American Literature, vol. IV, p. 490.

26. Norton, The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, vol. I, preface.

27. Ibid., introduction, p. xii.

tween prose and poetry".<sup>27</sup> He was a great lover of Dante and "spent years making his translation.... He spent other years making corrections which the less discriminating would have regarded as inconsequential."<sup>28</sup> In his teaching years at Harvard it is told by one admirer that he "read Dante with such affectionate reverence that undisciplined youths who customarily spent lecture periods carving initials on classroom furniture slipped away at the end of the hour and bought all of Dante's works".<sup>29</sup>

Perhaps the most unusual work that grew out of Norton's study in Italy was his Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages: Venice, Siena, Florence. In this book Norton uses the art of church building to interpret the social, political, religious, and economic life of the Middle Ages. He sets forth his aim and method in the first chapter:

The motives which inspired the great buildings of this period, 11th to 13th centuries the principles which underlay their forms, the general character of the forms themselves, were, in their essential nature, the same throughout western Europe from Italy to England.... This intrinsic similarity of spirit gives unity to the history of the art, and makes it practicable to treat even a fragment of it, such as that of church-building, not merely as a study of separate edifices, but as a clear and brilliant illustration of the general conditions of society, and especially of its moral and intellectual dispositions.<sup>30</sup>

27. Rollo Walter Brown, Lonely Americans, p.192.

29. Ibid., pp.187-8.

30. Norton, Church-Building in the Middle Ages, p.10.

He was always greatly concerned with the "spirit of the artist, together with the spirit of national or civic movements which have provoked great art; consequently his approach is historical and ethical; ... he never ceases to be interested in the world forces which [he] ... believed to be at work in the rise and fall of states".<sup>31</sup>

In the first chapter of his book Norton tells his reader that church-building in Italy during the eleventh and twelfth centuries "was mainly the expression of the piety of the citizens of towns in which wealth was accumulating, and of the spirit of a community animated with a sense of independence and of strength, and becoming confident of perpetuity. The new cathedral in an Italian city was the witness of civic as well as of religious devotion, of pride and of patriotism consecrated by piety. It was also the sign of the favor of Heaven in the bestowal of the prosperity of which it gave evidence".<sup>32</sup> From this point he proceeds to give the reader the history of Venice, who "lacked ... a poet" but was, however, "her own poem",<sup>33</sup> by telling the story of the building of St. Mark's through nearly three hundred years, which story "is an epitome of the story of Venice," for "so long as Venice lived, St. Mark's was the symbol and expression of her life".<sup>34</sup> Then follows the story of "Siena, and Our Lady of the Assump-

31. Wolff in Cambridge History of American Literature, vol. IV, pp.490-1.

32. Norton, Church-Building in the Middle Ages, pp.21-2.

33. Ibid., p.40.

34. Ibid., p.83.

tion,"<sup>35</sup> the cathedral placed high above the valley and "seeming alike to crown and to keep watch over the city".<sup>36</sup> This project was a "civic, much more than an ecclesiastical work; ... the envy of neighboring cities as [well as] the delight of their own ... and the votes of a majority in the popular assembly determined not only how it should be carried on, but elected the architect and the overseers who were to be engaged on the building. Bishop and clergy exercised no authority over it. The lay democracy were the rulers in all that concerned it."<sup>37</sup> The last is "Florence, and St. Mary of the Flower".<sup>38</sup> He begins the story of Florence, that city of the arts, in the thirteenth century when she was "in a greater and happier condition" than at any other time, "being full of men, of riches, and of renown,"<sup>38</sup> and traces the work of the two architects — Arnolfo and Giotto — through that greatest creation — "the unsurpassed bell tower of the Duomo, known and admired by all men as the Campanile of Giotto, the most splendid memorial of the arts of Florence,"<sup>39</sup> and on to the completion of the lantern on the cupola dome of the Duoma, April, 1467, twenty years after the death of Brunelleschi, their last employed architect.

Norton became a crusader against "the ugly the vulgar and the inferior wherever he found them"<sup>40</sup> in America.

35. Norton, Church-Building in the Middle Ages, p.87.

36. Ibid., p.90.

37. Ibid., p.91.

38. Ibid., p.181.

39. Ibid., p.222.

40. Henry James, Notes on Novelists, p.419.

He loved Italy and the unspoilt Italian very much, writing Miss Gaskell from Florence in 1871: "... if one knows how to live with them, they are the sweetest people on earth. If I ever come back, may I be born Italian."<sup>41</sup> Norton returned to Italy as often as he had opportunity. However, he preferred the clear American air to the restricted atmosphere of Europe; he never doubted but that the best activity and liveliest interest for him lay in America, and he gave his life to intellectual and aesthetic "missionary" labour in his native country, but his education for the work came from Italy and his research there. Although Norton was a great scholar, "his scholarship was carried so lightly that it was not realized except by those whose intellectual interests led into the same fields as his own."<sup>42</sup>

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41. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, vol. I, p. 404.

42. *Ibid.*, p. 180.

## CHAPTER XI

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

In the spring of 1851 after the deaths of his mother and little daughter Rose and the birth of his only son, James Russell Lowell, poet, humorist, abolitionist, and critic, resolved to let his home Elmwood and spend a vacation for a year, at least, with his family in the Old Country. Such a trip had been talked of more than once before and now by spending "at the rate of about ten acres a year, selling our birthrights as we go along for messes of European pottage",<sup>1</sup> [he sold some land to make the trip] he planned to take this long-looked-for holiday. He was in hopes the trip would help them all, but especially Mrs. Lowell, whose health of late had given Lowell great cause of solicitude. Therefore on July 12, 1851, "Mrs. and Mrs. Lowell, their two children, a nurse, and a goat,"<sup>2</sup> sailed from Boston in the barque Sultana, which went to the Mediterranean and dropped the little party at Malta. From Malta they took a steamer to Naples and from there went by rail to Florence. In Florence they lived in the Via Maggio, while Lowell cut his "eye (talian) teeth",<sup>3</sup> until the last of October, when they went to Rome by way of Pisa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia.

1. C. E. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol.I, pp.190-1.
2. H. C. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.I, p.309.
3. Ibid., p.308.

A shadow was cast over Lowell's further stay in Italy by the news which came to him just before leaving Florence that his father had been stricken with paralysis. This news benumbed his faculties and made him restless. His letters to his father during those months reveal that Lowell felt he had "no right to be"<sup>4</sup> there in Rome. Yet the change of scenery and the society of Rome were working their effect upon him, and by Christmas he was attending all the Roman ceremonies and festivities and making excursions with W. W. Story to places of interest in the Campagna about Rome. With Story he was also taking part in the private theatricals that were so popular among the American and English society of Rome that winter. Lowell wrote a prologue for a portion of Midsummer Night's Dream. In the performance of the play he took the part of Bottom and Story the part of Snug.

A greater sorrow was yet in store for the Lowells in the death of their only boy Walter. The child was suddenly stricken down and left behind in a Roman grave by the mourning parents when on the 29th of April, 1852, they went away from Rome to Naples with the one child of their four who lived to them. The last week before leaving Rome, Lowell and Story made an excursion to Subiaco. This trip was later written up by Lowell in his Fireside Travels and referred to

4. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol. I, pp. 317-8.

by Story in his chapter "Villeggiatura" in Roba di Roma, volume two. The landlady at Palestrina who "promised everything for dinner",<sup>5</sup> yet "could not bring her mind to kill the chickens she loved"<sup>6</sup> for their supper deeply impressed both men.

From Naples the Lowells made their way to Venice and spent the summer leisurely travelling through the Italian lake country, Switzerland, Germany, and France, reaching England early in the autumn. They sailed from Liverpool for America October 30, 1852, and one year later Mrs. Lowell died.

Longfellow had been Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College since 1836. In 1854 he made up his mind to retire, to give more time to poetry. Lowell was chosen to succeed Longfellow on account of his strong lectures. He was to have a year abroad to prepare himself; therefore, in June, 1855, he sailed for Havre, France from New York. He went to London to see Story and then to Germany to study.

In April of 1856, Lowell, homesick for Italy, and for friends in Rome -- his sister Mary, the Storys, the Nortons, and others -- left his studies in Germany to join these friends and see more of the country. On his way to

5. Lowell, Fireside Travels, pp.233-4.

6. Story, ROBA DI ROMA, vol.III, p.4.

Rome he visited Venice, Verona, Mantua, Parma, Bologna, Ravenna, Florence, Siena, and Orvieto, where he was greeted by Norton, Page, [the painter] and John W. Field, who had come out to meet him and escort him to Rome. While at Rome Lowell went again to Subiaca "and found the landlady at Palestrina as droll as ever".<sup>7</sup> From there with Norton, Field, and Charles C. Black, an English friend, he made that expedition from Naples to Palermo, and thence they went on muleback to Mount Etna, to Messina, and back to Naples. On this trip the four travellers kept a journal to which each contributed in turn. Norton's biographers describe the journal thus: "Norton appears in it as Don Carlos, Black as Nero, Field as Campo, and Lowell as the 'Hospodar'. It is a record of cheerful spirits and youth, and some of its livelier portions, such as Black's ingeniously rhymed account of the ascent of Etna, show traces of Lowell's companionship. The primitive conditions of those days made themselves felt in the good-humoured narrative of the five weeks' journey; but the interest and beauty of all the adventures seen are as clearly there".<sup>8</sup> At the end of May the friends separated, greatly helped in body and mind. Lowell was especially helped by the change and found his way leisurely back to Germany, which he seemed really glad to see again. From

7. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol.I, p.259.

8. Norton and Howe, Letters of Charles Elliot Norton, vol.I, p.145.

Dresden he went to Paris, and, in August, to Cambridge in New England in time for the opening of Harvard.

Lowell's next visit to Europe was in 1872, when he first resigned his professorship at Harvard. He let Elmwood to Mr. Aldrich, and in July, in company with the second Mrs. Lowell, sailed for Europe to be absent for two years. He was busy up to the last over a long article on Dante which he contributed to the July North American Review. He now left his college routine behind and, with his new-found liberty, enjoyed to the fullest extent his friends, old and new. The first year was spent in England and Paris. In Paris they had a visit with Emerson when he passed through;<sup>9</sup> from Paris Lowell crossed to London in April, 1873, to tell the Nortons goodbye before they returned to America.

The summer of 1873 the Lowells crossed the Low Countries, "going wherever there was a good Cathedral or Town Hall".<sup>10</sup> They spent two months in Geneva and then crossed over the Simplon Pass to the Italian lakes and Venice. Here they remained until after Thanksgiving; then, they went to Verona and Florence.

As the year 1874 opened, the question of Lowell's return to college work was mooted. He had felt a little piqued at being suffered to leave, after sixteen years of continuous service, without any concession from the college.

9. See page 43 of this study.

10. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.108.

He had thought at least he might have been granted leave of absence on half pay, and when no proposal of this sort was made, he had sent in a definite resignation. Now he was asked to return. He was puzzled about what he should do. Once he refused because he would step in before a friend, but that difficulty was removed, and he accepted.

He was in Florence when he heard of the death of Agassiz, but soon after writing his poem in "the nature of an elegy on Agassiz"<sup>11</sup> Lowell with his wife went to Rome and lived with Story, Lowell's friend since boyhood, at the Palazzo Barberini. On the way to Rome he saw a new sight — Italy under snow, but the almond trees were in blossom and the violets and daisies in bloom. Rome saddened him this time, though he could scarcely say why, for they had a continuous round of two receptions a week. Before leaving Rome he took a trip with Story and others to Tavolato, and they enjoyed the day as when they all were boys.

They visited two months in Naples, of which city Lowell wrote Miss Norton that it had "changed for the worse (shade of Stuart Mill! I mean for the better) more than any other Italian city".<sup>12</sup> The museum was visited, which to Lowell was "the most interesting in the world".<sup>13</sup>

In May they were in Paris again, and at their home

11. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.115.

12. Ibid., p.120.

13. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.180.

Elmwood for the fourth of July, 1874. That fall he again took up his duties as professor at Harvard and spent his spare hours studying Old French, Old English, and preparing to teach Dante.

From 1877 to 1880, he was Minister of the United States to Spain. In April, 1878, he took a two month's leave of absence and with Mrs. Lowell made an agreeable journey through France and Italy, continuing on east to Athens and Constantinople. This trip brought him back better contented with his life in Madrid.

In 1880 Lowell was transferred to London, where he served until 1885. Following a strenuous service in London, he took leave of absence October 8, 1881, and made a short trip to Italy alone. He wrote T. W. Higginson: "I am just starting for the continent on a leave of absence which I sorely need. Wish me joy, I am going to Italy!"<sup>14</sup> He went to Dresden and then to Venice, where he found his friends, Field and Browning. The former went with him to Florence and then to Rome and the home of the Storys. After a few days' visit Lowell set out alone on his return to London.

On February 19, 1885, Mrs. Lowell died after a short, sharp illness, and, in June, upon Cleveland's election to the presidency, Lowell returned to America and to private

14. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.270.

life.

In 1888 Lowell made one more short visit to Italy. The occasion was the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Bologna. Lowell and Story were delegates from Harvard University, as mentioned before.<sup>15</sup> Lowell received from Bologna the degree of Doctor of Letters. He was then in his seventieth year and suffered much from the gout. He was gone from London only a week, for his old enemy, the gout, attacked him in Bologna, and he was afraid he would become helpless.

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As just shown, Lowell made six visits to Italy in about thirty-seven years, but they were all comparatively short except two, ranging from a day or two in 1888 to about ten months in 1851-52. He liked Italy and studied its "Art to some purpose",<sup>16</sup> he tells us, but it appears questionable whether the country had any great influence upon the man other than it had upon any intelligent traveller of that day, and his opinion of Italian art and artists living there, although often pronounced "with shrewdness and analogical truthfulness", was often "affected by personal considerations".<sup>17</sup> An illustration of this partiality is found in the following quotation in which he writes of Story:

I saw the photographs of William's statues, and think them very fine. They are really noble. The Quincy is admirable -- the best thing of the kind

15. See page 118 of this study.

16. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol.I, p.195.

17. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.86.

our modern times has produced. In short, to my thinking, William is the only man of them all who knows how to do the thing. It was a real pleasure to be so thoroughly satisfied with the work of an old friend.<sup>17</sup>

Lowell had "never had any great opinion of the ancient Romans".<sup>18</sup> He accused them of stealing the land upon which they built the Eternal City, their wives, their religion, and their art, adding that "they never invented more than one god of any consequence, as far as I know, and he was a two-faced one, an emblem of the treacherous disposition of the people".<sup>18</sup> But after he had spent ten months in Italy, about half of it in Rome, he had this to say of the city: "After all, this is a wonderful place".<sup>19</sup> Yet he hastens to add his American interpretation of it all:

Surely the American (and I feel myself more intensely American every day) is last of all at home among ruins — but he is at home in Rome. I cannot help believing that in some respects we represent more truly the old Roman Power, and sentiment than any other people. Our art, our literature, are, as theirs, in some sort exotics; but our genius for politics, for law, and, above all, for colonization, our instinct for aggrandizement and for trade, are all Roman. I believe we are laying the basis of a more enduring power and prosperity, and that we shall not pass away till we have stamped ourselves upon the whole western hemisphere so deeply, so nobly, that if, in the far-away future, some Gibbon shall muse among our ruins, the history of our Decline and Fall shall be more mournful and more epic than that of the huge Empire amid the dust of whose once world-shaking heart these feelings so often come upon me.<sup>19</sup>

Although Lowell was always glad to return to Italy

18. James, William Wetmore Story, vol.I, p.105.

19. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.I, pp.342-3.

and did so upon every occasion he had, Italy seemed to be to him only a retreat from the world of work and professionalism. When Lowell became so homesick for Italy in 1855-6 while studying in Germany that he wrote Story, "I got absolutely sick under it, and I've only begun to mend by agreeing with myself to let the real part of me go, if the professional part of me works hard enough in the meanwhile," he added in the same letter:

When I look back and think how much in me might have been earlier and kindlier developed if I had been reared here, [Europe] I feel bitter. But, on the other hand, I prize my country-breeding, the recollections of my first eight years, my Hosey Biglow experiences, as something real, and I mean to make a poem out of them some day that shall be really American.<sup>20</sup>

And after he had had his trip to Italy and that wonderful excursion to Palermo with its pleasant memories, Lowell wrote Norton from Dresden:

It was delightful to me to reverse the usual sensation and to pass from Southern into friendly and familiar Northern vegetation. How I exulted when I saw trees whose cousins grow in Massachusetts! And yet was there ever anything more lovely than the laburnums, whose pensive blossoms drooped from every crag around Lago Lugano, and whose shadows, etherealized and deepened, wavered in the smooth waters below like images in a poet's mind, familiar and yet novel? I thought there never was anything so fine, but when I saw the firs and pines and mountain-ashes, I felt what a Northerner and homely soul I was, and that the South is, after all, only an exile to me.<sup>21</sup>

20. James, William Wetmore Story, vol. I, pp. 314-5.

21. Norton, Letters of James Russell Lowell, vol. I, p. 260.

Perhaps the most noted of Lowell's writings that grew out of his travels in Italy is the second half of the volume Fireside Travels, dedicated to W. W. Story, entitled "Leaves from My Journal in Italy and Elsewhere". The first chapter tells of the wonders of the sea as he saw them when he crossed to Italy, and contains that beautiful description which reveals alike the poet's admiration for the sublime in nature and for Dante:

A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect. Naked sun meets naked sea, the true classic of nature.<sup>22</sup>

The second chapter contains the account of the excursion mentioned before, taken with Story to Subiaco and other excursions made to different parts of the Campagna. The third and last chapter gives a "few bits of Roman mosaic".<sup>23</sup> He begins his picture with St. Peter's which he finds "is the only poet among the churches"<sup>24</sup> and is most impressed by the "noon silence and solitude ... when the sunlight, made visible by the mist of the everburning lamps in which it was entangled, hovered under the dome like the holy dove goldenly descending".<sup>25</sup> He criticizes Michelangelo, whom he calls the "Victor Hugo of painting and sculpture,"<sup>26</sup> who in his "angry reaction against sentimental beauty" mistook "bulk and

22. Fireside Travels, p.164.

23. Ibid., p.281.

24. Ibid., p.291.

25. Ibid., p.299.

26. Ibid., pp.306-7.

drawn for the antithesis of feebleness";<sup>26</sup> he is the "apostle of the exaggerated".<sup>26</sup> But Lowell is always more interested in what he saw in the streets of Rome than in the churches. His description of the institution of beggary among the Italians whom he does not believe to be a "lazy people"<sup>27</sup> by nature is quite novel and shows his Yankee wit and humor. All of these sketches give the reader the impression that the imaginative, poetic, humorous Lowell of New England is relating his experiences during a vacation in Italy.

The best piece of poetry that Lowell wrote in Italy was, no doubt, the elegy "Agassiz", which he wrote on the eve of leaving Florence for Rome in February, 1874, upon hearing of the death of his friend and colleague of Harvard University, Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, renowned scientist and teacher of his day. The poem is in a lighter vein than many elegies but will continue to be read "as long as people continue to take delight in the verses in which poets celebrate their friendships".<sup>28</sup>

"Endymion, a mystical comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love',"<sup>29</sup> published in 1887 as the first under the poems of sentiment in Heartsease and Rue, is quite justly called "a mirror in which to read his [Lowell's] own soul".<sup>30</sup> This picture of Titian's was a favorite of Lowell's when he

27. Fireside Travels, p.309.

28. Seudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.174.

29. Lowell's Poetical Works, vol.IV, p.148.

30. Seudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.371.

saw it in Rome, and he wrote a friend that he would rather "be the owner of his 'Sacred and Profane Love' in the Borghese collection than of any single picture in Rome".<sup>31</sup> The remark was made more than thirty years before the poem was written. Lowell was well advanced in life in 1887, and no doubt "musing upon the ideals which had beckoned him from earliest days", he "still saw in the heavens that vision of beauty, of truth, and of freedom which had never been dethroned in his soul. Faithfulness to high emprise, -- that at least he could declare of himself amidst all the doubt that beclouded his intellectual vision, and it was fitting that the poet should, in this veiled figure of Endymion, see the reflection of his own face and form."<sup>30</sup>

There are several shorter poems on Italian themes. Among the best of them is "Masaccio", in memory of the Italian master of the early fifteenth century who made famous the Brancacci chapel in Florence, and who, in Lowell's words, was among the great hearts

Who perished, opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.<sup>32</sup>

Together with this poem may be placed three shorter ones which are equally good, namely, two sonnets, "Paolo to Francesca", and a poem to the hero of his youth, Dante, entitled "On a Portrait of Dante by Giotto."

Lowell's admiration for Dante had grown throughout his life. In one of his unpublished lectures he says

31. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.II, p.327-8.

32. Lowell's Poetical Works, vol.III, p.180.

that it was his "profound admiration for the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante that lured me into what little learning I possess".<sup>33</sup> His admiration for the great Italian poet led Lowell to speak of him "as 'the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form' ... 'the first great poet who ever made a poem wholly out of himself'."<sup>33</sup> As a teacher in Harvard, Lowell made his strongest impression on the students in the teaching of Dante. Since Dante had been his inspiration in studying literature, and he had been in Dante's country, he, very informally for his day, made his classroom teaching of the beloved author very unusual and interesting. At one time he "brought down from Elmwood a number of engravings and photographs which he had collected in his travels abroad, especially illustrations of Florence and Rome; one year he presented each of his class who had persevered with a copy of the recently discovered portrait of Dante by Giotto; and again he gave to each of his small class in Dante a copy of Mr. Norton's privately printed volume on the 'New Life'."<sup>34</sup> He often varied his recitation hours by "personal reminiscences and abundant reflection," recalling "scenes in Florence", sketching "in words the effects of the Arno, Giotto's Tower, the church in which Dante was baptized, where he himself had seen chil-

33. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.I, p.390.

34. Ibid., p.393.

dren held at the same font", and many of his students were "full of admiration for this brilliant interpreter of life as seen through the verse of Dante".<sup>35</sup> In his poem, "On a Portrait of Dante by Giotto," the struggle of the poet in his personal life typifies to Lowell the struggle of every true poet against the world.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly  
 The beckonings of a poet-heart  
 Shall wander, and without the world's decree,  
 A banished man in field and mart;  
 Harder than Florence' walls the bar  
 Which with deaf sternness holds him far  
 From home and friends, till death's release,  
 And makes his only prayer for peace,  
 Like thin, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!<sup>36</sup>

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35. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, vol.I, p.394.

36. Lowell's Poetical works, vol.I, p.238.

## CHAPTER XII

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864)

Nathaniel Hawthorne made his first and only visit to Italy in his fifty-fourth year, having previously served for four years in the Liverpool Consulate. This office had come to him as a reward for his campaign biography of his friend, Franklin Pierce, written in the summer of 1852 when Pierce was running for president on the Democratic ticket. Hawthorne found his consulate duties irksome and disliked the "black and miserable hole",<sup>1</sup> the city of Liverpool. So it was with great joy that he resigned his office July 1, 1857, and, after a long tour of Scotland with his family, found himself nearing the Eternal City by way of Civita Vecchia on the 20th of January, 1858. On the 24th the family located for the season in the Palazzo Larazani, Via Porta Pincinana.

W. W. Story seems to have been a former acquaintance of Hawthorne's. His father had lived in Salem during Hawthorne's youth, and the son had married an intimate friend of Mrs. James Russell Lowell. This marriage brought Story into close relations with Lowell, Longfellow and their most intimate friends, among them Hawthorne.

Story was modelling the statue of Cleopatra when Hawthorne looked him up in Rome. This was the statue which

1. F. P. Stearns, The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.272.

Hawthorne helped to make famous later by his somewhat idealized description in The Marble Faun. Story became Hawthorne's chief companion and social mainstay in Rome. He no doubt exercised more or less influence over Hawthorne's judgment in matters of art also. Another American friendship that Hawthorne made in the spring of 1858 in Rome was his friendship with Bryant whom he met first in Story's home. This was, practically speaking, the first time the two American authors had met.

On May 24th Hawthorne quitted the Roman atmosphere, which he had concluded contained "a certain degree of poison",<sup>2</sup> and, in company with his wife and three happy children, commenced his journey to Florence with a vetturino by easy stages by way of the mountain cities of Assisi and Perugia, older than Rome itself. They arrived in Florence on the afternoon of June third, and spent the first night at the Albergo della Fontano, and the next day obtained apartments in the Casa del Bello, opposite Hiram Powers's studio. Powers became to Hawthorne in Florence what Story had been in Rome. The first of August Hawthorne and his family left Casa del Bello for the Villa Mantauto, just above Florence, where they remained in peaceful retirement until the first of October. The Storys were in Siena that summer and often came to the villa to visit with the Hawthornes.

2. Stearns, The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.313.

On October 16th, the Hawthornes again entered Rome through the Porta del Popolo, designed by Michelangelo in his massive style, after an even more interesting return trip from Florence by vetturino than they had enjoyed in the spring. Thompson, the portrait painter, had already secured a furnished house, no. 68, Piazza Poli, for them, to which they went immediately. It was November the first of this year that Hawthorne's eldest daughter Una was seized with Roman fever and lay so long almost at death's door. It was a sad winter for Hawthorne, and his daughter's sickness was hard on him. Although Miss Una was sufficiently improved to take a look at the carnival about the Ides of March, it was two months later before she was in a condition to travel, "and neither she nor her father ever wholly recovered from the effects of this sad experience".<sup>3</sup>

By the end of May the Hawthornes left Rome, traveling northward by sea to Genoa and Marseilles. From here they went to Avignon and Geneva, Switzerland. Early in June they made their way to England and about the middle of July settled in Redcar, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire, a town that otherwise Americans would not have heard of. Here the family remained in seclusion until October. That winter was spent in and about London, and the following June the Hawthornes returned to America.

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3. Stearns, The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p. 347.

In his one trip to Italy Nathaniel Hawthorne contributed to American Literature one of the best pieces, if not the best piece, of literature that has been mentioned in this study. He had passed the half-century mark in his life span and had not produced any literary work for five years when he published in London, in 1860, his last completed romance, The Marble Faun or The Romance of Monte Peni. The sources of this romance are so obvious and have been so well pointed out by others that the writer only pauses to mention them here for the sake of completeness.

Perhaps the French and Italian Note-Books should be referred to first. Of France Hawthorne saw but little, so the main portion of these journals is devoted to Italy, where he remained for sixteen months. These Italian "note-books", with their minute descriptions of Hawthorne's visits to the churches, galleries, festas of Rome, his walks by moonlight, his happy summer in the villa of Montanto on the hill called Bellosguardo, about a mile from Florence, "with their geography of Italy are incorporated almost bodily in The Marble Faun."<sup>4</sup>

Although Hawthorne first conceived of his romance early in his visit to Italy and began the actual writing of it during the winter of 1859 in Rome, because of the illness of his daughter and the distraction from "things to see and

4. Margaret Evans, Hawthorne: A Study of the American Notebooks as a Source of His Romances and Tales, p.1.

things to suffer",<sup>5</sup> he took another year in England to finish and revise it. In a letter from Florence he said: "I find this Italian air not favorable to the close toil of composition, although it is very good air to dream in. I must breathe the fogs of old England, or the east-winds of Massachusetts, in order to put me into working trim".<sup>6</sup> The book contained so many "descriptions of various Italian objects, antique, pictorial, and statuesque",<sup>7</sup> that upon re-writing it the author said himself he was "somewhat surprised to see the extent"<sup>7</sup> of them, but because "these things fill the mind everywhere in Italy, and especially in Rome, and cannot easily be kept from flowing out upon the page when one writes freely, and with self-enjoyment",<sup>8</sup> he had not the "heart to cancel them".<sup>9</sup> But the revision of the book must have been a joy to make, for with the Italian Notebooks before him he could easily by contrast with "the dreary sands of Redcar"<sup>9</sup> make the Italian scenes and reminiscences "shine out" quite vividly in his book.

When The Marble Fawn was first published "it attracted American readers, at least, almost as much by its descriptions of Roman ruins and Italian landscape, by the delicate and imaginative touch with which it reproduced or

5. The Marble Fawn, p.7.

6. Ibid., p.9.

7. Ibid., p.15.

8. Ibid., pp.15-16.

9. Ibid., p.16.

gave new meaning to famous works of antique and Renaissance art, as by the weird fascination of its plot and psychological problems".<sup>10</sup> Perhaps this extra charm is what Henry A. Beers referred to when he said:

"The Marble Fawn" is not Hawthorne's greatest romance, but there is richness about it, a body, that comes simply from its material, and is not to be found in "The Scarlet Letter" or "The House of the Seven Gables".<sup>11</sup>

After one reads his Italian Notebooks one can understand how Hawthorne was able to give this additional charm to his romance. The daily experiences of his sojourn in Italy, and "the mute life of painting and sculpture as it stood to be reviewed by his eye, are set down precisely as they presented themselves to him at the time".<sup>10</sup> And although Hawthorne never liked the climate of Rome and was occasionally dissatisfied there, his stay in Florence and at the Villa of Montanto were very pleasurable, and, on the whole, he was "very susceptible to the peculiar spell of Italy and gave himself up to the poetic influences of its scenery and associations".<sup>12</sup> Hawthorne spent hours at a time, "musing and observing, amid its treasures".<sup>12</sup> He spent one whole day slowly and thoughtfully "passing through the gallery of the Capitol where the Fawn of Praxiteles stands".<sup>12</sup> He had the habit of carrying with him a pocket-diary in Rome, in which

10. French and Italian Note-Books, p.5.

11. Beers, Nathaniel Parker Willis, p.108.

12. French and Italian Note-Books, p.6.

he "recorded the ordinary transactions of each day".<sup>13</sup>

Come of the most striking descriptions or scenic touches transferred from The Italian Notebooks to the romance are: the descriptions of the church of the Capuchius, close by the Piazza Barberini and of the dead monk which the editor of the Note-Books tells us "we really saw, just as recounted, even to the sudden stream of blood which flowed from the nostrils, as we looked at him",<sup>14</sup> and which appear in chapters twenty and twenty-one in The Marble Fawn; the account of the "moonlight ramble through Rome"<sup>15</sup> that Hawthorne and his wife took which followed the general itinerary of Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon, and Donatello on their "moonlight Ramble";<sup>16</sup> a ramble of Hawthorne along the Appian Way and then into the Via Latina in which he met the "buffalo calf of the 'Marble Fawn'"<sup>17</sup> which Kenyon met in his "walk on the Campagna";<sup>18</sup> the visit of the author to the studio of Powers when the latter showed him for the first time from "between two layers of cotton wool ... a little baby's hand most delicately represented in the whitest marble ... 'Luly's hand' ..."<sup>19</sup> made only for the sculptor and his wife which suggests so forcefully the "small, beautifully shaped hand,

13. French and Italian Note-Books, p.7.

14. Ibid., p.78.

15. Ibid., p.173.

16. The Marble Fawn, chap.XVI, p.170.

17. French and Italian Note-Books, p.104.

18. The Marble Fawn, Chap.XLVI. p.474.

19. French and Italian Note-Books, p.308.

most delicately sculptured in marble",<sup>20</sup> which Kenyon showed Miriam in his studio one day and she exclaimed, "It is as good in its way as Loulie's hand with its baby-dimples which Powers showed me at Florence, evidently valuing it as much as if he had wrought it out of a piece of his great heart".<sup>21</sup> Other descriptions which appear in the two books almost verbatim are the description of Hawthorne's life in the Villa Montanto, which is conceded by all to be the Monte Beni of The Marble Fawn; the drive with Mr. and Mrs. Story to see the new statue of Venus, which had just been discovered in an excavation "outside the Porta Portese on the other side of the Tiber",<sup>22</sup> and is the one Kenyon found in the excavated villa, where he met Miriam and Donatello who brought him news from Hilda; and the one so often cited, the description of "Hilda's tower"<sup>23</sup> "a tall, battlemented tower"<sup>24</sup> in the Via Portoghese.

Italy seems the natural site for a romance like The Marble Fawn, pervaded with the spirit of a dreamy pathos" such as constituted "the mental atmosphere of modern Rome".<sup>25</sup> Such an atmosphere afforded the author "a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are ... in America".<sup>26</sup> The

20. The Marble Fawn, p.146.

21. Ibid., p.146.

22. French and Italian Note-Books, p.500.

23. The Marble Fawn, Chap.AXXVI, p.372.

24. French and Italian Note-Books, p.206.

25. Stearns, Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.362.

26. The Marble Fawn, p.15.

atmosphere of the book is not unlike the haze of an Indian summer day, which we only half enjoy from a foreboding of the approach of winter. All outlines are softened and partially blurred in it, as time and decay have softened the outlines of the old Roman ruins".<sup>25</sup> "Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow,"<sup>26</sup> as Hawthorne says in his preface.

The four main characters of the romance are not particularly Italian in their manners and characteristics. Even Donatello, who is described as Italian, is more of a "type of natural but untried virtue"<sup>27</sup> than a representative of the Italian character. Nor did Hawthorne mean that Donatello should represent the Italian character, for he tells his reader that he merely proposed "to write a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral a thing Hawthorne could never get away from, and did not propose attempting a portraiture of Italian manners and character".<sup>26</sup> He said he had lived "too long abroad not to be aware that a foreigner seldom acquires that knowledge of a country at once flexible and profound, which may justify him in endeavoring to idealize its traits".<sup>26</sup> In fact, the theme of The Marble Faun is the telling of the "inner history" of Hawthorne himself -- "and therein all the evolutionary years of New England, whereof he was the characteristic flower"<sup>28</sup> in a picturesque

27. Stearns, The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.367.

28. Conway, Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.162.

Italian setting, "an ornamental frame"<sup>29</sup> of Roman scenes.

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29. Conway, Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, p.164.

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