



LONGFELLOW BY CEPHAS G. THOMPSON

"I can't tell you how disappointed I am in Thompson's portrait of you. . . . You look, on that canvas, as if you had been stealing sheep, which I am confident you never did. The portrait looks, asking his pardon, much more like Dickens than you."

Letter to Longfellow from his brother, April 21, 1842.



DICKENS BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER

"Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we touched the land, and brought us here in his carriage. Then, after sending a present of most beautiful flowers, he left us to ourselves, and we thanked him for it."

Letter of Dickens to Forster, January 28, 1842.

LONGFELLOW AND DICKENS

THE STORY OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC FRIENDSHIP

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA

Read June 2, 1942

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

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

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

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In imitation of the famous Pickwick Club, with its noble-minded Mr. Pickwick, its amorously susceptible Mr. Tupman, its would-be sportsman, Mr. Winkle, and its sentimentally poetical Mr. Snodgrass, Longfellow and four of his closest friends, Felton, Sumner, Hillard, and Cleveland, formed a little club of five, which they called "The Five of Clubs."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I

FIRST VISIT OF DICKENS TO AMERICA

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

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

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

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

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

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

In this play, which was written in honor of the arrival of Dickens in Boston, the back-drop, painted for the occasion by Mr. Stockwell, represented State Street in Boston and the exterior of the Tremont House, where Dickens was staying. Against this Bostonian setting, appeared not merely Boz, but also, somewhat incongruously, characters from *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. The sub-title of the play was "A Masque Phenologic" and, in accord with the fad of that time for the study of phrenology, which would see in certain "bumps" on the head indications of certain "faculties," some of these Faculties appeared on the scene. Queen Victoria had then been on the throne only five years, but had already several children and accordingly there appeared on the stage "Philoprogenitiveness, (as Queen Victoria)." From the New England point of view there was perhaps a certain irony

Boxes 50. Third Tier 37 1-2. Pit 25. Gallery 12 1-2

A MASQUE PHRENOLOGIC ENTITLED

BOZ!

In honor of the arrival of Charles Dickens, Esq.

With the admirable Comedies of

Nicholas Nickleby, and Charles O'Malley,

Which continue to be received with great applause and laughter, by crowded Houses!

On which occasion

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

will visit the Theatre.

This Evening, (MONDAY,) January 24th, 1842,

BOZ!

A MASQUE PHRENOLOGIC.

Written for the occasion.

Boz.	Mr. J. M. Field
Skyblue, (a neglected genius)	W. F. Johnson
Ideality, (represented as spirits)	Mrs. Cramer
Mirth,	Mrs. Smith
Philoprogenitiveness, (as Queen Victoria)	Mrs. Field
Self Esteem, (as a "distinguished contributor")	Mr. Fenno
Firmness, (as General Jackson!)	Mr. Cunningham
Wonder, (as a Celebrated Transcendentalist!)	Mr. S. Johnson
Time, (as a Yankee Clock Pedler)	Mr. Plumer
Tune, (as Il Signor Paganini)	Mr. Comer
Other faculties by	Ladies of the Company

CHARACTERS FROM NOVELS OF BOZ.

Pickwick	Mr. Powell	Mrs. Squeers	Mrs. Gilbert
Weller, Sen'r	Plumer	Smike	Field
Samivel	Comer	Nicholas Nickleby	Mr. Fenno
Fat Boy	Ring	Ralph Nickleby	Ayling
Oliver Twist	Miss Fisher	Newman Noggs	Cunningham
Jew Fagan	Mr. Thomas	Little Nell	F. Jones
Artful Dodger	S. Johnson	The Old Man	Curtis
Bumble	Andrews	Quilp	Benson
Squeers,	Adams	Barnaby Rudge	Dunn

In the course of the Masque will be presented a view of STATE STREET, and THE EXTERIOR OF TREMONT HOUSE painted expressly for the occasion, by Mr. Stockwell.

TABLEAUX of the several Characters and Incidents taken from the admired Novels of the Pickwick Papers—*Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and *Barnaby Rudge*.

DICKENS SEES "BOZ!" AT THE TREMONT THEATRE IN BOSTON

"The other evening he was at the theatre; and was received with nine cheers, and forced him to come forward in the box and make a bow."

Letter from Longfellow to his father, January 30, 1842.

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

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

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

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

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz;
Already they begin.
They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz;
They'll stuff thee to the chin.
They'll smother thee with victuals, Boz,
With fish and flesh and chickens,
Our authorlings will bore thee, Boz,
And hail thee 'Cousin Dickens.'

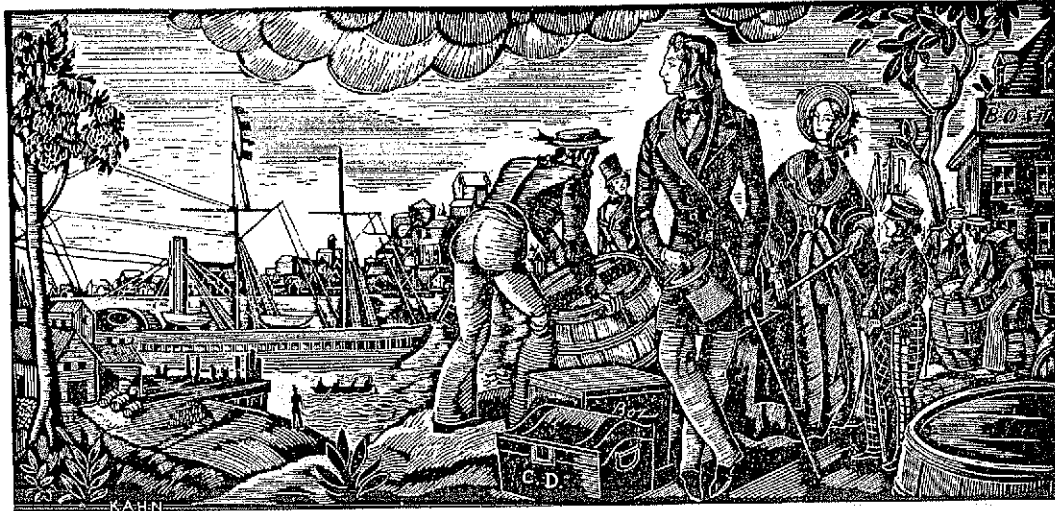
The "authorlings" referred to, of course, included Longfellow, who at this time had only just published his second book of poems.

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

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

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

The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor



and CHARLES DICKENS Aights

"Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow."

Longfellow's letter to his father, January 30, 1842.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In his gracious reply, Dickens said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Longfellow had described the future plans of Dickens as follows:

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

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

It was understood, along the line of the rail road that Dickens was coming. Wherever the cars stopped, heads were incontinently thrust in bawling out, "Is Mr. Dickens here?" I am credibly informed that no less than six persons came within a hair's breadth of losing their heads, by keeping them thrust in too long — not taking them out until the cars had been in motion several seconds.

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

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

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

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

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

"This town is nought to Boast-on."

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

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

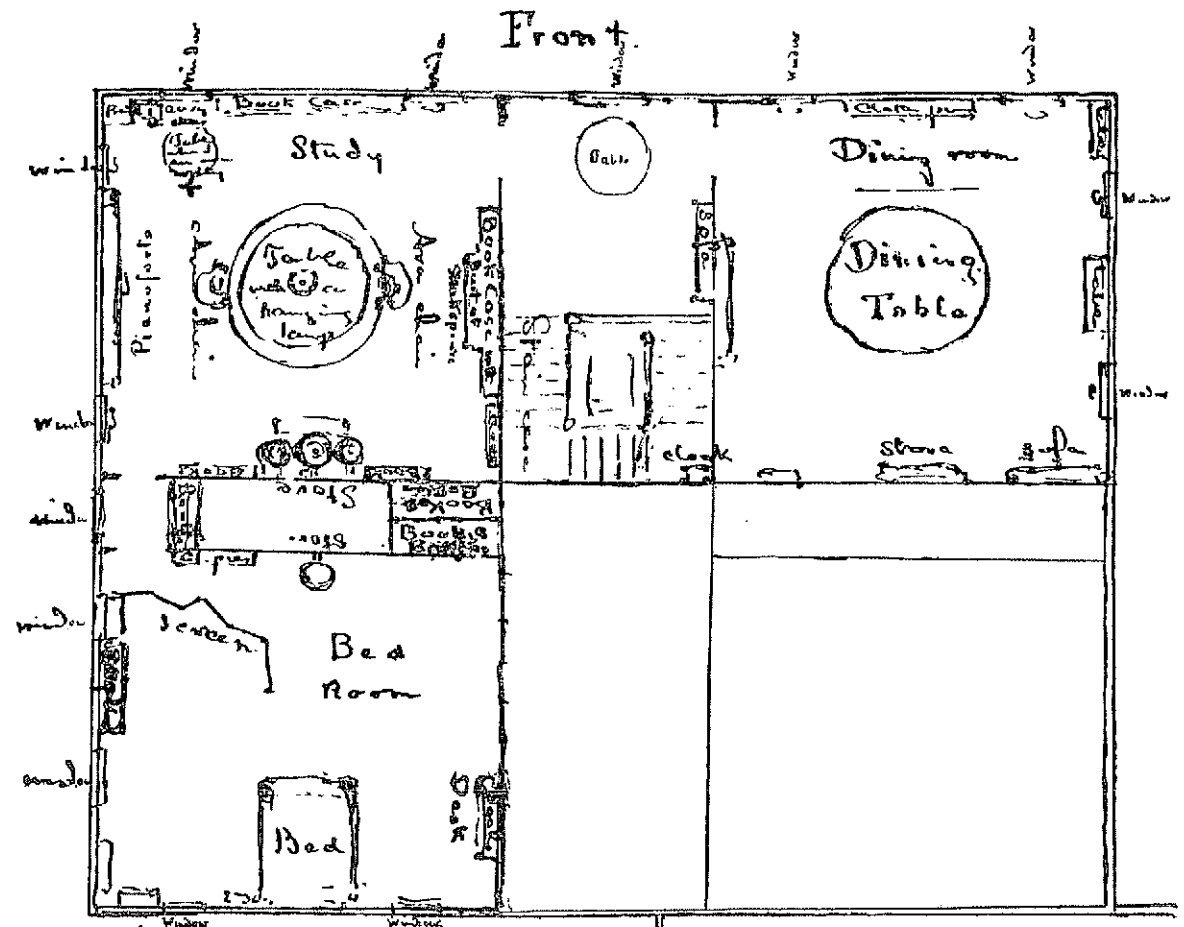
Boz has kept the city in such a fever. . . . Flying images of Boz and rumors of his presence & sayings — the triumphant Boast of those who have seen him and the despairing sorrow of those to whom that pleasure has been denied and must remain so — all this has turned the heads of our fashionables. . . . One thing that will give you satisfaction is Felton's having seen him daily & almost hourly — they have walked, laughed, talked, eaten Oysters and drunk Champagne together until they have almost grown together — in fact nothing but the interference of Madame D prevented their being attached to each other like the Siamese Twins, *a volume of Pickwick serving as connecting membrane*. Imagine them strolling up Broadway — the grave Eliot Professor and the *swelling*, theatrical Boz — the little man with the red waistcoat — talking Pickwickian and Barnaby — and those meeting them little doubting that their minutest peculiarities of aspect were inscribed as rapidly as they were reflected in the Daguerreotype retina of Dickens's eye.

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

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

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

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



LONGFELLOW'S ROOMS IN THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

This plan was drawn by Longfellow in his letter of May 28, 1840, to George Washington Greene. He indicated by a cross the place where he was writing at a small table in the corner of his Study near one of his fourteen windows from which he could look. He wrote: "The situation is delightful, having fields, and trees, and flowers, all about it." The arrangement of the rooms and furniture was presumably the same when Dickens visited Longfellow here on February 4, 1842. Dickens would have entered the house at the front and gone up the stairway past the clock to a large landing. From there the door to the right led to Longfellow's Dining Room with a large table in the center and smaller tables and a sofa around the walls. After breakfast, the guests no doubt crossed the hall to Longfellow's Study, in the center of which was a large table with arm-chairs at each end and a hanging lamp overhead. Between the two eastern windows stood a "sweet-toned pianoforte." Opposite that stood a large bookcase in three parts surmounted by a bust of Shakespeare and around the room were other bookcases. Beyond an anteroom was Longfellow's Bed Room, where were more books.

Carlton House.

Twenty Third February 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

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

Always

Faithfully
Your friend
Charles Dickens

Professor Longfellow.

DICKENS'S INVITATION TO LONGFELLOW TO VISIT HIM IN LONDON

February 23, 1842.

"Have no home but mine"

Carlton House.

Twenty Third February 1842.

My dear Longfellow.

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

Always

Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

Professor Longfellow.

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

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

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

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

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

When Longfellow went to New York in order to sail abroad from there, he found that that city was still agog over Dickens's sensational visit, during which the New Yorkers had tumbled over themselves in their frantic endeavors to do anything to keep the "Inimitable Boz" amused and entertained. A play on that subject, called *Boz*, was still running in New York; and Longfellow's last impressions before sailing abroad were of this play. To his brother Alexander he wrote on April 26, 1842:

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

II

LONGFELLOW'S VISIT TO DICKENS IN LONDON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twenty Eighth September Eighteen Forty Two.

My Dear Longfellow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Dear Longfellow

Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

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

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

Monday. Oct. 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

By this time Longfellow had become so converted to England and English ways that he gave up his previous fondness for European fashions and tight French trousers, and adopted the clothes and modes of fashionable London. He used to get up early in the morning to visit the tailors and shoemakers and hatters of Piccadilly and Bond Street, at what must have seemed to them an unconscionably unfashionable hour. This left him free for rounds of visits and entertainments later in the day, and for dinners and playgoing with Dickens in the evenings.

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

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

Amwell St. Oct.^r 15/42

My dear Dickens

"I come" — Shakespeare
and

Yours truly
Geo Cruikshank

Ps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. W. Longfellow
From his friend
Charles Dickens
Nineteenth October 1842.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My dear sir, —

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

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

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens

Edward Moxon, Esq.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Felton, on November 28, wrote:

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

Sumner wrote on November 29:

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

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

Longfellow wrote to Cleveland on November 27:

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

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

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

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

Alas! The ducks, which Longfellow and Felton tried to send to Forster and Dickens in return for the gift of wine, apparently never reached England at all. As late as February 28, 1843, Longfellow in writing to Forster wants to know what *has* become of the ducks and adds: "If the Cunard steamers fail, whom shall we trust?"

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

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

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

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Ninth December 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ever My Dear Longfellow Faithfully your friend
Charles Dickens

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FORGE:

A Weekly Journal,
Conducted by Charles Dickens.

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

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

It is curious that the title *Household Words*, finally used for the new magazine, should have been taken from the same phrase in Shakespeare's *Henry V* — "Familiar in his mouth as household words" — which Dickens had already quoted in his Boston speech, when referring to the names of Longfellow and the other American writers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

III

RETURN OF DICKENS TO AMERICA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

Longfellow and the other American friends of Dickens kept writing Dickens and urging him to return to America for a second visit. In the 1850's Dickens had made a great success in England with public readings from his novels, and the Americans were eager to have him come over and give similar readings in the United States. In a letter of June 20, 1859, to Felton, Dickens spoke sympathetically of "the idea of my reading in America" and added:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camb. Nov. 21, 1867.

My dear Darley.

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

Yours truly,
H. W. L.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amesbury 14th 12 Mo
1867

My dear friend

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

John G. Whittier

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Boston, Thursday Twenty Seventh February
1868

My Dear Longfellow

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

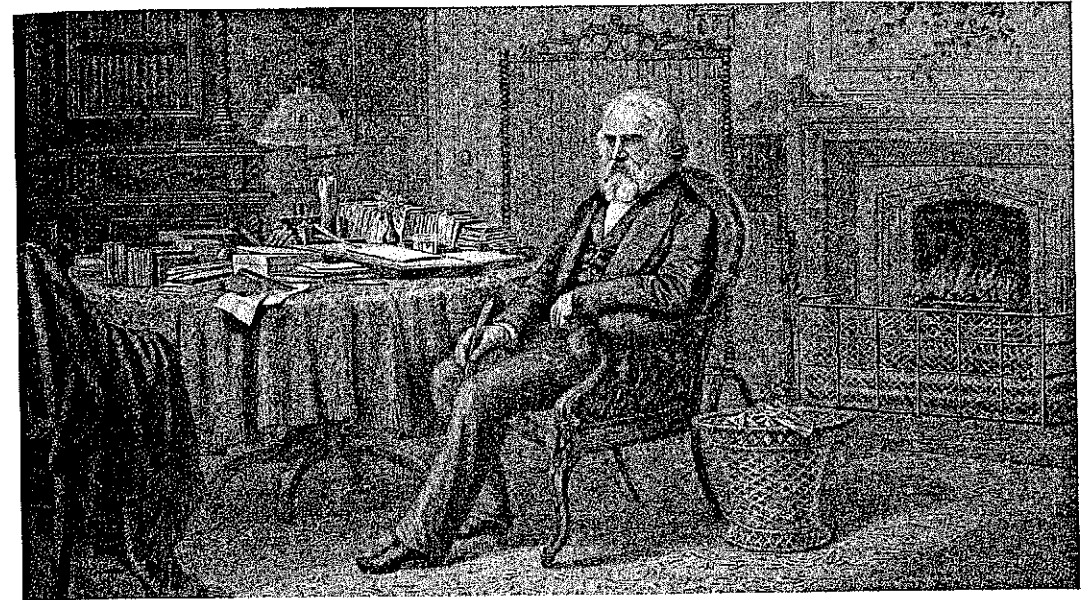
Dolby will report that I have been terrifying him by sneezing melodiously for the last halfhour. The moment there is a fall from the sky, this national catarrh gives me an extra grip. I dare not come to Fields's tonight, having to read tomorrow; but you shall in my flowing cups (or sneezes) be especially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

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

Ever your affectionate
Charles Dickens

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

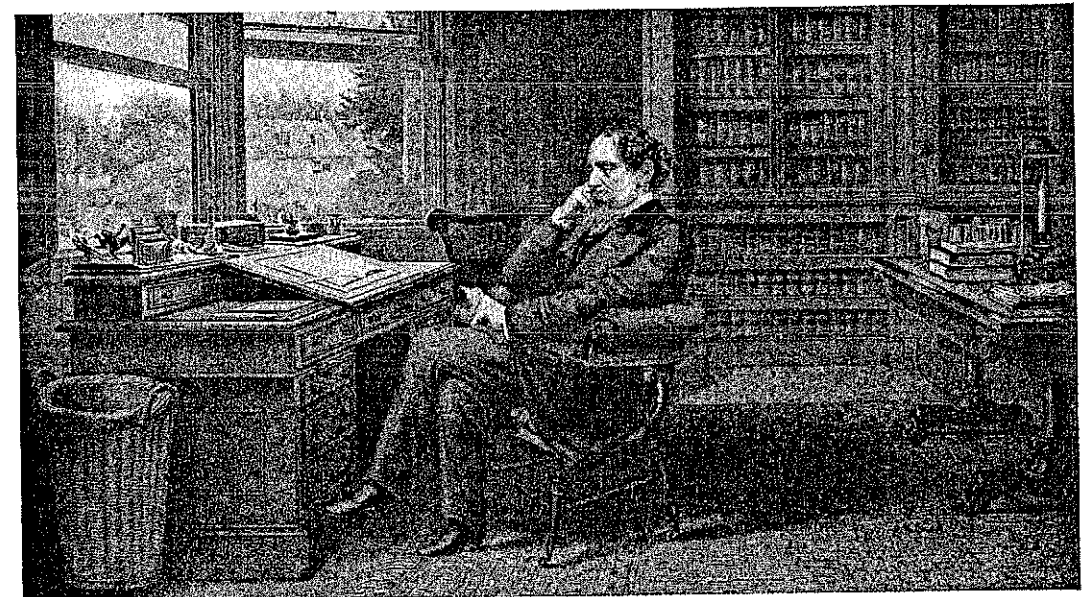
Two days later, on Leap Year's Day, February 29, was held the Great International Walking Match. On one side were the British: Dickens's manager, the gigantic "Man of Ross" (Dolby) backed by the



LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY AT THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

"He is now white-haired and white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house. . . . I dined with him the other day."

Letter of Dickens to his son, November 30, 1867.



DICKENS IN HIS STUDY AT GAD'S HILL

"I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill this next summer, and to give you the heartiest reception there that the undersigned blacksmith can strike out of his domestic anvil. . . . You will be as completely at home here as though you were at Cambridge."

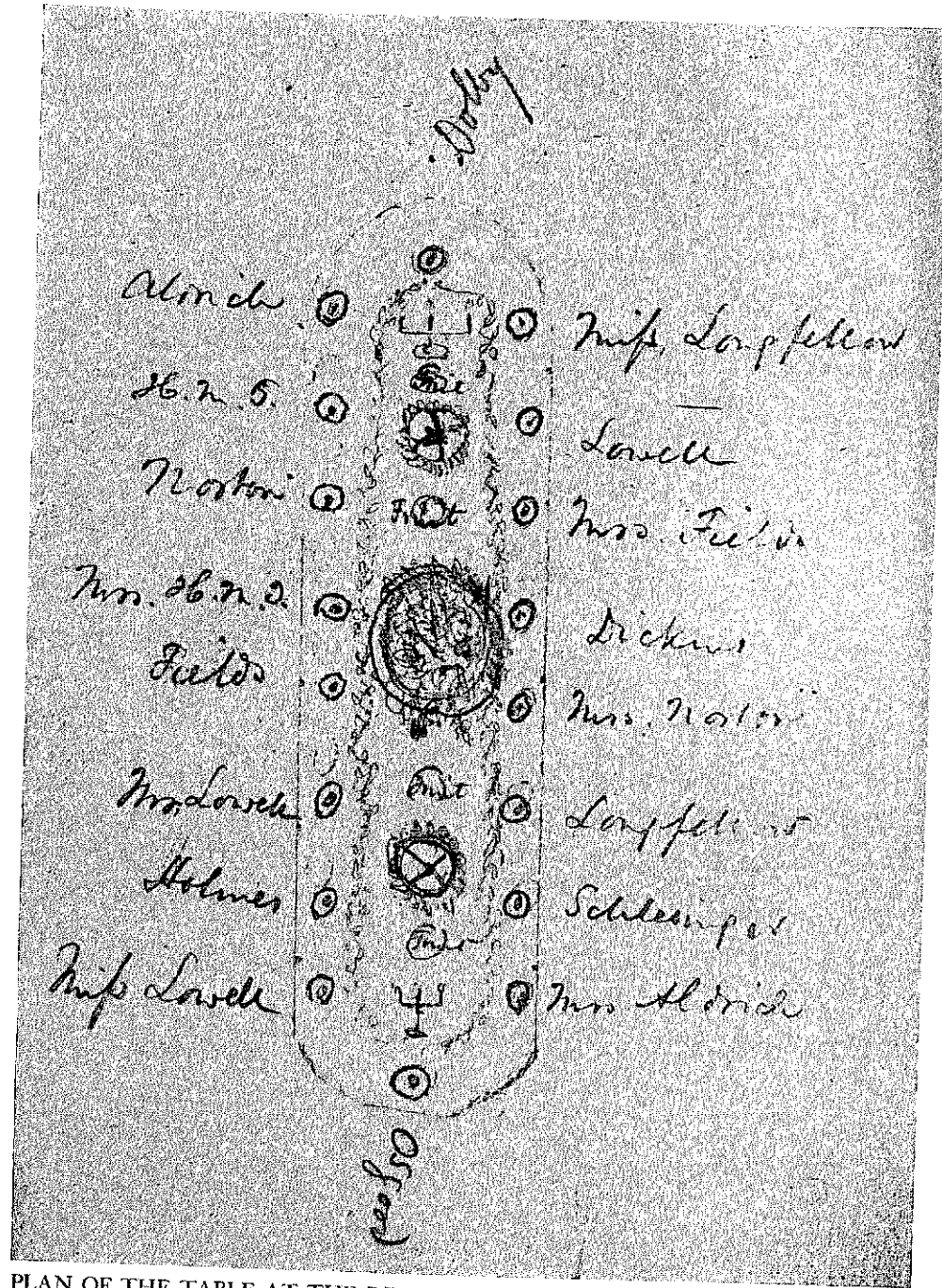
Dickens to Longfellow, February 27 and June 8, 1868.

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

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

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

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



PLAN OF THE TABLE AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY DICKENS FEBRUARY 29, 1868

This sketch was made by one of the guests, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, who has indicated his own place at table by the initials "H. M. T." and that of his wife by "Mrs. H. M. T."

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

Syracuse, Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

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

Ever affectionately yours
Charles Dickens

Henry W. Longfellow Esquire

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV

VISIT OF THE LONGFELLOWS TO GAD'S HILL

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

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham By Rochester, Kent.

Sunday Twenty Eighth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow

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

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

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

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

Ever yours affectionately
Charles Dickens

My eldest daughter will come
with me on Tuesday morning

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

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

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

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

My Dear Longfellow.

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

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

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

Enclosed, a note for Appleton.

Affectionately yours ever
CD.

The day assigned for the beginning of the Longfellows' visit to Gad's Hill was the "Fourth of July" and rarely has there been such a Fourth of July in England for any visiting American: the morning spent with Queen Victoria and the evening with Dickens. In her account of the morning of that day, Longfellow's oldest daughter, Alice, wrote in her Journal: "Papa went out to Windsor Castle to see the Queen, & had a very pleasant day."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Sixth July 1868

My Dear Frank

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

Love from all

Ever your affectionate
Charles Dickens

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

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

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

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

dined with Browning. Later on, Browning used to delight in telling a charming story of how he and Longfellow were riding across London inside a hansom cab, with the cabby perched up behind, "when a heavy shower came up and the American poet pushed his umbrella through the trap in the roof so that the cabby might protect himself from the weather."

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the first, the merry humor of Dickens had done much to enliven Longfellow. Possibly, in return, Longfellow's own benign nature may have done something to make Dickens's satire more kindly. America had felt the contagion of Dickens's fascination, and England had learned to love Longfellow's charm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTE

This account of the friendship of Longfellow and Dickens has not, up to this point, been given a footnote to stand on. It would be a mistake, however, to close without offering a word of explanation about the manuscript material, on which this account is based, and a word of gratitude for the help received and for the permission to print quotations from letters. The letters from Dickens to Longfellow, given here in full for the first time, are printed from the original manuscripts, which have been preserved in the Longfellow House in Cambridge. References to Dickens in Longfellow's journals and letters, and in letters from others to Longfellow, have also been printed from the original manuscripts preserved in the Longfellow House.

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

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

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