

A portrait of Charles Dickens, showing him from the chest up, seated at a desk and writing with a quill. He has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark, high-collared coat. The background is dark and indistinct. A semi-transparent brown rectangular box is overlaid on the lower half of the image, containing the title and author's name in white serif font.

CHARLES DICKENS IN AMERICA

WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

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FOREWORD

The writer, on reading American Notes and Dickens's letters from America in the volumes of his collected letters and his letters to Forster, printed in the latter's *Life of Charles Dickens*, has always been struck with two things: his very severe criticism of the American newspapers in 1842, and his bitterness on the subject of International Copyright. In order to satisfy himself as to the justness of Dickens's opinions at the time the book and letters were written, he has collected extracts from the newspapers of nearly every city which the Author visited during his first trip to the United States. These were so interesting, as giving the Presswriters' accounts of the visit, and their opinions of the Author personally, that the collection was further extended to include anything that could be found in print, by American writers, relating to the visit — some written during the time of the visit and some later.

Mr. Philip Hone, who was one of the committee which entertained Dickens in New York, kept a diary from 1828 to 1850, which was published in 1889 by Bodd, Mead & Co., New York; and "Four Months with Charles Dickens during his First Visit to America: By his Secretary," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* shortly after Dickens's death — both contain much interesting matter relating to Dickens's first visit. One or two private diaries have been discovered containing references to Dickens which have never been published. All this material, much of which has been buried in the files of old newspapers for nearly seventy years, and in other places for a shorter time, has proved so interesting to the writer that he has ventured to arrange it in the order in which Dickens made his first American tour; and he hopes those who have read Dickens's own account of the trip will be equally interested in reading another account written by American writers. He has allowed these

American writers to tell the story, with a few words here and there of his own to make the account a connected one. He has also collected a large number of contemporary engravings of the places mentioned in American Notes, and of hotels in which he lodged, which he believes are of equal interest with the text, many of which are reproduced.

The readers can draw their own conclusions as to the justice of Dickens's opinions and criticisms of the Press and people of the United States in 1842.

The account of the dinner given to Dickens by the Press of the United States, in New York in 1868, has also been included, as it contains so many beautiful tributes to the author by such famous editors and writers of the time as Horace Greeley, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, William Henry Hurlbert and others, most of whom have passed away. These speeches have never been printed except in the newspapers immediately after the dinner, and the writer believes they should be preserved in more permanent and accessible form, which is the reason for their being included in this book.

WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS.

Pittsburgh (Pa.), U.S.A., August, 1911.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have read 'The Life of Charles Dickens', by his friend Forster, as to what was the prime object of the author's second visit to the United States in 1868. It was, to paraphrase Shakespeare, "to put money in his purse"; in fact, he frankly wrote Forster, who disapproved of the project, "Have no fear that anything will induce me to make the experiment if I do not see the most forcible reason for believing that what I could get by it, added to what I have got, would leave me with a sufficient future."

No fault can be found with him for this reason, as Dickens had a large family, his living expenses were heavy, and he desired to be able to leave his children provided for after his death.

Just what were the reasons which prompted his first visit in 1842 are not so well known. There were to be no readings, and the journey was a tedious, uncomfortable and expensive one to make in those days. Some have thought that the object of the trip was to procure the subject matter for his American Notes, published after his return. This, however, was not the principal reason, but was simply the means which he took to provide the necessary funds for his expenses, and, in fact, he had made arrangements with Chapman & Hall for the publication of the book before he left England. Others have thought that the object of the trip was to inaugurate a campaign for international copyright, but Forster has said that Dickens went to America with no intention of starting the question in any way, and Dickens

himself has denied that this was the object. What was then the real object? This question is best answered by a quotation from a paper in the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, by Dr. J. F. Snyder, entitled, "Charles Dickens in Illinois." Dr. Snyder writes —

"To see Cairo was really the main object of his journey to America. In 1837 one Darius B. Holbrook, a shrewd Boston Yankee, organized the Cairo City and Canal Company, a scheme as audaciously illusive as the John Laws Bubble in 1718; and going to Europe he plastered the walls everywhere with flaming lithographs of a grand city at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers — in fact, as mythical as the fabled Quivira of Coronado's search. In London was the banking house of John Wright & Co., the same that in 1839 confided the Illinois Fund Commissioners, Gov. Reynolds, Senator Young, General Rawlings and Colonel Oakley, into depositing with them \$1,000,000 of Illinois Bonds, resulting in a loss to the State of half their value. Through John Wright & Company, Holbrook actually sold bonds of his Cairo Company to the amount of \$2,000,000. Among his numerous victims was Mr. Dickens, who, it is asserted, invested in them a large part of his slender means."

It will be noticed that this occurred while Dickens was writing *The Pickwick Papers*, and Dickens may at that time have had in mind the trip to America and his *American Notes*, for, in chapter xlv, Tony Weller says to Sam, "Have a passage taken ready for 'Merrika . . . and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikans as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

It may be that Dickens had forgotten the advice of Mr. Weller, and it may be only a coincidence that he took the advice and went to 'Merrika, and that he wrote, not one, but two books referring to that country, but he certainly did in these two books, in the opinion of many Americans, "blow 'em up enough."

Many of those whose feelings were personally hurt, and who thought he had not treated America and Americans fairly, were those who were members of self-appointed reception and entertainment committees, and whose vanity had prompted them to hope that when the author returned home and wrote his book especial mention would be made of them, and that the reception or banquet which they had helped to arrange in his honour would be the one affair which he might single out as the most important one of his trip. In this they were disappointed, for Dickens did not mention these affairs at all, as the American Notes consists almost entirely of descriptions and criticisms of such public institutions as blind asylums, prisons and slavery, with brief references to some of the cities visited.

Everyone who has read American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit knows what Dickens's opinions were of America, American newspapers and the American people in 1842, the year in which he first visited the United States. It seemed to the writer, in view of the revival of interest in the author and his writings, due to the fact that 1912 is the centenary of his birth, that it might be interesting to learn what were the views of the press and people of the United States in 1842 as to the author himself. With this idea in mind the writer has obtained extracts relating to Dickens from newspapers in various cities which he visited in that year. Some of these are editorials and others are evidently written by reporters or news-writers who could make their mark with some of the so-called yellow newspapers of the present day. As to the latter, as will be seen later, we can hardly blame Dickens for what he says in his American Notes regarding the American Press of that period. The only fault we can find with him is that he did not differentiate sufficiently between the good and the bad, and that with few exceptions he puts all the American newspapers in the class now called "yellow."

Perhaps one of the reasons Dickens had for disliking the American newspaper was that some of their descriptions of his personality and his attire offended his vanity. It is no great disparagement of him to say, what everyone now concedes, that Dickens was vain of his appearance and that he was fond of gay waistcoats, massive gold watch-chains, large scarf-pins and his wavy locks. It is an axiom that the more vain a man is, the less he wants to be told of his vanity.

While Dickens was not favourably impressed with the Press of the United States, he wrote in the highest terms of most of the hotels at which he stopped, as the following extracts from American Notes will show. Of the Richmond Hotel (The Exchange) he wrote, "A very large and elegant establishment, and we were as well entertained as travellers need desire to be; " of the hotel at Baltimore, "The most complete of all the hotels of which I have had any experience in the United States, and they were not a few, is Barnum's in that city, where the English traveller will find curtains to his bed for the first and last time in America; " of the Harrisburg Hotel (Buehler's), "We were soon established in a very snug hotel, which, though smaller and far less splendid than many we put up at, is raised above them all by having for its landlord the most obliging, considerate and gentlemanly person I have ever had to deal with; " of the Pittsburgh Hotel (Exchange), "A most excellent hotel, and we were most admirably served; " of the hotel at Louisville, " We slept at the Gait House, a splendid hotel, and we were as handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris, rather than hundreds of miles beyond the Alleghanies; " of the Planter's House at St. Louis, "An excellent house, and the proprietors have most beautiful notions of providing the creature comforts."

A comparison of Dickens's letters to Forster, as given in the latter's *Life of Charles Dickens*, with his *American Notes* will show that Dickens's opinion of America and the

American people seems to have undergone considerable modification between the time of writing his first letters and the book. The first letters generally are very much more moderate in tone than his later letters and the book, but whether the author really modified his opinions by reason of the opposition to an international copyright law by some of the American public, principally the publishers who had been reproducing his works, and his financial loss in *Cairo* (*Eden*) bonds, or whether he believed that criticisms rather than praise of the institutions of the United States would be more acceptable for English consumption or not, is a question. The writer can hardly believe that this great author would prostitute his pen in such a manner, and prefers to believe that the loss of the money he had invested in "*Eden*" had soured his pen.

As will be seen by the newspaper accounts of the dinners and receptions given in Dickens's honour, no foreigner, be he statesman, warrior or prince, was ever, up to that time, given such a hearty welcome, or such paeans of praise as this thirty-year-old author; in fact, some of the praise was so fulsome that it is a wonder it did not pall upon its recipient, used as he was to the adulations of his own countrymen. In a letter to his friend Mr. Thomas Mitten, dated January 31, he summed up in the following words exactly what his own ideas were of the welcome and treatment he had received up to that time —

"I can give you no conception of my welcome. There never was a King or Emperor upon the earth so cheered and followed by crowds, and entertained at splendid balls and dinners and waited upon by public bodies of all kinds. I have had one from the far West, a journey of two thousand miles! If I go out in a carriage, the crowd surrounds it and escorts me home; if I go to the theatre, the whole house (crowded to the roof) rises as one man, and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have five public

dinners on hand at this moment, and invitations from every town and village and city in the United States."

It is a wonder it did not completely turn his head, and it is not surprising that some of the newspapers and some of the people thought that perhaps they might be overdoing it.

In a chapter written for *American Notes*, entitled "Introductory and Necessary to be Read," and which, by the advice of Forster, was not printed in the book, Dickens wrote —

"Neither does it contain, nor have I intended that it should contain, any lengthened and minute account of my personal reception in the United States; not because I am, or ever was, insensible to that spontaneous effusion of affection and generosity of heart, in a most affectionate and generous-hearted people; but because I conceive that it would ill become me to flourish matter necessarily involving so much of my own praises in the eyes of my unhappy readers."

While Dickens did not give in *American Notes* his own opinions regarding his personal reception in the United States, he did express himself very freely in his letters to Forster, and it is interesting to compare his own account with those that are given in this book. These accounts are all by American writers of the time, most of them being by newspaper writers, and some of them taken from private diaries, which, when written, were not intended for publication, so that, taken together, they give a pretty good idea of the impressions made by Dickens on the Press and people of the United States. These accounts cover his personal doings and experiences in the United States for nearly every day, from the time he landed in Boston on Saturday, January 22, till he embarked at New York on Tuesday, June 7, after a journey lasting nearly five months, and covering, including the United States and Canada, about 5000 miles.

CHAPTER II. BOSTON

The first information given to the American public that Charles Dickens intended visiting the United States was through a letter dated September 28, 1841, which he wrote to Mr. L. Gaylord Clark, editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, which information Mr. Clark gave to the newspapers. Dickens said in this letter —

"On the 4th of next January, if it please God, I am coming with my wife on a three or four months' visit to America. The British and North American packet will bring me, I hope, to Boston, and enable me, in the third week of the New Year, to set my foot upon the soil I have trodden in my daydreams many times, and whose sons (and daughters) I yearn to know and be among."

Dickens evidently wrote Mr. Clark a second letter, for in The Evening Post (New York), January 4, 1842, we find the following —

"Mr. Dickens. — This distinguished author, accompanied by his lady, leaves England this day for the United States. We learn from a letter received by the last steamer, from Mr. Dickens, by our old friend Mr. Clark, of the Knickerbocker, that it is his intention of passing six months in the United States. After spending a few days in Boston, he will visit New York, where he will tarry some days. 'My design is,' he writes, 'to spend but little time in those two cities, but to proceed to the south as far as Charleston. Our stay will be six months, during which time I must see as much as can be seen in such a space of the country and the people.'

"Mr. Dickens speaks of his visit with the utmost enthusiasm. 'You make me very proud and happy,' he writes, 'by anticipation in thinking of the number of friends I shall find, but I cannot describe to you the glow into which I rise, when I think of the wonders that await us and all the interest I am sure I shall have in your mighty land.' "

Dickens sailed from Liverpool on the *Britannia* on January 4, and arrived in Boston eighteen days later, his arrival being chronicled in one of the Boston papers as follows —

"Arrival of the ' *Britannia*.' — The steamer *Britannia* arrived in Boston on Saturday (Jan. 22nd) afternoon last, after a rather boisterous passage of eighteen days and a detention of ten hours by the fog. She brings intelligence eighteen days late, having Liverpool papers to the 4th instant and London to the evening of the 3rd.

"Among the passengers is Charles Dickens, Esq., the famous ' *Boz* ' of English literature; he is accompanied by his lady. Earl Mulgrave is also a passenger."

Dickens himself has told us through one of his letters to Forster how he was met on the steamer as she was moored to the wharf, not by newsboys but by editors, and that "there was one among them, though, who was really of use, a Doctor S., editor of the . . . He ran off here (two miles at least) and ordered rooms and dinner." The hotel where the rooms were ordered was the Tremont House, and is no longer standing. This hotel, which at the time of Dickens's arrival, and for many years after, was considered by Americans as one of the best hotels in the country, did not strike him as favourably as some of the other hotels which he visited later in other cities, although he wrote in *American Notes*, "The hotel is an excellent one." He expressed himself, however, regarding it more freely in a letter to Forster, in which he wrote —

"This hotel is a trifle smaller than Finsbury Square; and it is made so hot (I use the expression advisedly) by means of a furnace with pipes running through the passages, that we

can hardly bear it. There are no curtains to the beds, or to the bedroom windows. I am sure there never are, hardly, all through America. The bedrooms are indeed very bare of furniture. Ours is hardly as large as your great room, and has a wardrobe in it of painted wood, not larger (I appeal to K.) than an English match-box. I slept in this room two nights, quite satisfied with the belief that it was a shower bath."

He also wrote in this letter —

"I have a secretary whom I take on with me. He is a young man by the name of Q; was strongly recommended to me; is most modest, obliging, silent and willing, and does his work well. He boards and lodges at my expense when we travel, and his salary is ten dollars per month, about two pounds five of our English money."

The young man whom Dickens calls "Q" was a young artist of Salem, by the name of George W. Putnam, who at the time of Dickens's arrival was then in Boston as a pupil of Mr. Francis Alexander, a well-known and highly-esteemed artist of that city. In 1870, shortly after Dickens's death, Mr. Putnam wrote a couple of papers which were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled, "Four Months with Charles Dickens, during his First Visit to America, by his Secretary."

It will be noticed that the "Secretary" does not sign the papers by his name, which is probably accounted for by the fact that in *American Notes* Dickens only mentions him as "my Boston friend." The following extract from these *Atlantic Monthly* papers is interesting, telling, as it does, how "Q" came to be made Mr. Dickens's secretary, and how the Alexander portrait of Dickens came to be painted and how the Dexter bust was modelled.

"Early in the winter of 1841 it had been announced that Charles Dickens would shortly visit this country, and Mr. Alexander wrote to him at London, inviting him to sit for his picture on his arrival. The next steamer brought a prompt

answer from Mr. Dickens, accepting the invitation. I was quite glad of this arrangement, for, having read all he had written, and sharing largely in the general enthusiasm for the author and his works, I looked forward with pleasure to the honour of an introduction, through my friend Alexander.

"Mr. Dickens had appointed ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning succeeding his arrival, for his first sitting to Alexander. The artist's rooms were at No. 41 Tremont Row, not far from the Tremont House. The newspapers had announced the fact, and, long before the appointed hour, a crowd of people were around the hotel and arranged along the sidewalk to see him pass. The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, eagerly awaiting his appearance, and as he passed, they were to the last degree silent and respectful. It was no vulgar curiosity to see a great and famous man, but an earnest, intelligent and commendable desire to look upon the author whose writings — already enlisted in the great cause of humanity — had won their dear respect, and endeared him to their hearts. He pleasantly acknowledged the compliment their presence paid him, bowing slightly as he passed, his bright, dark eyes glancing through and through the crowd, searching every face, and reading character with wonderful quickness, while the arch smiles played over his handsome face.

"On arriving at the anteroom Mr. Dickens found a large number of the personal friends of the artist awaiting the honour of an introduction, and he passed from group to group in a most kind and pleasant way. It was here that I received my own introduction, and I remember that after Mr. Dickens had passed around the room, he came again to me and exchanged some pleasant words about my name, slightly referring to the American hero of the Revolution who had borne it.

"The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back again to the Tremont; and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture.

"The engravings in his books which had then been issued either in England or America were very little like him. Alexander chose an attitude highly original, but very characteristic. Dickens is represented at his table writing. His left hand rests upon the paper. The pen in his right hand seems to have been stopped for a moment, while he looks up at you as if you had just addressed him. His long brown hair, slightly curling, sweeps his shoulder, the bright eyes glance, and that inexpressible look of kindly mirth plays around his mouth and shows itself in the arched brow. Alexander caught much of that singular lighting up of the face, which Dickens had, beyond any one I ever saw, and the picture is very like the original, and will convey to those who wish to know how 'Boz' looked at thirty years of age, an excellent idea of the man.

"I saw the picture daily as it progressed, and, being in the artist's room on the Thursday following the first sitting, Mr. Alexander told me that he had 'just made a disposal of my services.' I did not know what he meant. He then told me that Mr. Dickens and his wife had been at his house that forenoon, and Mr. Dickens said —

" ' Mr. Alexander, I have been in the country but a few days, and my table is already heaped high with unanswered letters! I have a great number of engagements already. I did not expect a correspondence like this, and I must have a secretary. Can you find me one? ' And Mr. Alexander at once mentioned me. I felt very diffident in regard to it, for I did not feel qualified for such a position, with such a man, however great the pleasure I knew I should derive from it. But my friend would take no excuses, insisted that I was the man for the place, and while we were talking a note came from Mr. Dickens, requesting that he would bring me to the Tremont House. So I went with Mr. Alexander, and

was received with great cordiality and kindness by Mr. Dickens and his wife, and made an appointment to commence my duties on the following morning.

"On Friday morning I was there at nine o'clock, the time appointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had their meals in their own rooms and the table was spread for breakfast. Soon they came in and, after a cheerful greeting, I took my place at a side table and wrote as he ate breakfast, and meanwhile conversed with Mrs. Dickens, opened his letters and dictated the answers to me.

"In one corner of the room, Dexter the sculptor was earnestly at work modelling a bust of Mr. Dickens. Several others of the most eminent artists of our country had urgently requested Mr. Dickens to sit to them for his picture and bust, but, having consented to do so to Alexander and Dexter, he was obliged to refuse all others for want of time.

"While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature, and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come to Dickens with a solemn, businesslike air, stoop down and look at him sideways, pass around and take a look at the other side of his face and then go back to his model and work away for a few minutes; then come again and take another look and go back to his model; soon he would come again with his calipers and measure Dickens's nose, and go and try it on the nose of the model; then come again with the calipers and try the width of the temples, or the distance from the nose to the chin, and back again to his work, eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task, and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it, and repeatedly alluded to it during his stay, as a very successful work of art."

One friend and admirer whom Dickens made during this first visit to the United States, and who later became his American publisher and friend, and whose friendship lasted till the day of Dickens's death, was Mr. James T. Fields, of the firm of Ticknor & Fields, proprietors of the "Old Corner Bookstore," now no longer standing. Mr. Fields, in *Yesterdays with Authors*, wrote —

"How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half of the globe. He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land at a Transatlantic hotel. ' Here we are! ' he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the hotel, and several gentlemen came forward to meet him. Ah! How happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honour — surely it was a sight long to be remembered and never wholly to be forgotten! "

Fields wrote further .concerning Dickens's first night in Boston —

" About midnight on that eventful landing, ' Boz ' — everybody called him ' Boz ' in those days — having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and joining the young Earl of M(ulgrave), his fellow voyager, sallied out for his first look at Boston Streets. It was a stinging night and the moon was at its full. Every object stood out sharp and glittering, and ' Boz,' muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street, for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Of course the two gentlemen soon lost

their way on emerging into Washington from Tremont Street. Dickens kept up one continual shout of uproarious laughter as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops and observing the architecture of the new country into which he had dropped as if from the clouds. When the two arrived opposite the ' Old South Church ' Dickens screamed. To this day I cannot tell why. Was it because of its fancied resemblance to St. Paul's or the Abbey? I declare firmly, the mystery of that shout is still a mystery to me."

In the Boston Transcript of Monday, January 24, there appeared the following —

"We are requested to state that Charles Dickens will be at the Tremont Theatre this evening. The desire to see this popular young author will, no doubt, attract a large audience. We had an hour's conversation with him last evening, and found him one of the most frank, sociable, noble-hearted gentlemen we ever met with, perfectly free from any haughtiness or apparent self-importance. In fact, he is just such a person as we had supposed him to be, judging from his writings, which have acquired a popularity unprecedented in this country. His lady, too, is most beautiful and accomplished, and appears worthy to be the partner of her distinguished husband."

The New York Tribune, commenting on this notice, perhaps from a feeling of jealousy, due to the fact that Dickens had landed at Boston, rather than at the "Commercial Emporium," said in their issue of January 26

"Charles Dickens, our country's well-beloved visitor, will remain at Boston about a fortnight and then proceed southward. He will, of course, give us a call of two or three weeks here in the commercial emporium, if he is not beslavered and lionized into loathing us. We hope to get a look at him, but begin to despair of it, if he is to be

disgusted with such licorice doses as the Boston Transcript is giving him."

A Boston correspondent of the New York Commercial wrote —

"I conversed with Dickens about half-an-hour. He was exceedingly affable — totally free from any haughtiness or self-importance — but full of life and sociability."

The Tribune, commenting on this opinion of the Boston correspondent, said —

"Such compliments to the author of *Pickwick* and *Master Humphrey's Clock*! We would give a trifle for a casual remark thereon from the Junior Mr. Weller. For our country's sake, we trust these darkeyisms will not drive Boz home again on the *Britannia*. Spare him till he is fairly rid of his seasickness, and let him have a chance to see us Yankees as we are — some ninnies among us, of course, for it takes all sorts of people to make a world — but the great mass of us are heartily glad to see him, are disinclined to bore him, and not all surprised to find him a gentleman! "

It will be seen from many of the newspaper extracts, and extracts from private diaries given later on, that there was a suspicion lurking in the minds of not a few that perhaps they were overdoing it, in the manner in which Boz was being lionized, and this suspicion became a certainty in the opinions of many, after they had read *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

On Monday, January 24, the second day after his arrival in Boston, Dickens made a trip to Springfield to visit the State Legislature, a fact which he does not mention in *American Notes*. The Springfield newspapers, so far as can now be ascertained, made no mention of it. The New York Express, January 29, however, has the following brief mention of the visit —

" Visit from Boz. — Charles Dickens, Esq., paid a visit to the Massachusetts Legislature on Monday the 24th, in company with T. C. Grattan, Esq., the Earl of Mulgrave and

two others. Mr. Dickens was introduced to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Mr. Bigelow, who accompanied him through the different parts of the Capitol. His appearance in the Senate Chamber created quite a sensation among the members. He was introduced there to Mr. Quincy, the President of the Senate, and expressed himself as much pleased with the visit."

While the Springfield papers made no mention of the visit, there is still living in Springfield an old man, who was a boy at the time, who says he remembers the occasion and that Dickens made a speech to the senators.

Shortly after Dickens's arrival, he received a letter from a Dr. R. H. Collyer, a lecturer on animal magnetism, or mesmerism, asking him to attend his lecture in Boston and investigate the subject and witness his experiments. Dickens wrote the doctor a letter which is interesting as showing that he had investigated the subject and was a believer in it.

" Tremont House, January 27, 1842.

" Dear Sir,

"If we can possibly arrange it, I shall be much interested in seeing your cases, when you come to Boston. With regard to my opinion on the subject of mesmerism, I have no hesitation in saying that I have closely watched Dr. Elliottson's experiments from the first — that I have the utmost reliance in his honour, character and ability, and would trust my life in his hands at any time — and that after what I have seen with my own eyes, and observed with my own senses, I should be untrue to myself if I shrunk for a moment from saying that I am a believer, and that I became so against all my preconceived opinions and impressions.

"Faithfully yours,

"Charles Dickens.

"To Dr. Collyer."

That Dickens was not only a believer in mesmerism, but also an amateur practitioner, is proved by one of his letters to Forster, in which he relates how in Pittsburgh he practised on Mrs. Dickens, and how "in six minutes, I magnetized her into hysterics, and then into the magnetic sleep ... I can wake her with perfect ease, but I confess (not being prepared for anything so sudden and complete) I was on the first occasion rather alarmed."

A thorough search of the Boston newspapers fails to disclose any account of how Dickens spent his time between his visit to the Legislature and the dinner which took place at Papinti's Restaurant on February 1, but we know from American Notes that he visited most of the public institutions in and around the city.

The dinner was such a great success, and the tributes paid to Dickens are so eloquent and so lengthy, that a chapter will be devoted to that event.

We find, in the Boston Evening Transcript, February 5, the following —

"Mr. Dickens visited Lowell on Thursday the 3rd, and examined the several manufacturing establishments in that city. Yesterday he paid a visit to our venerable alma mater — Harvard University. He will leave town this afternoon for Worcester in company with Governor Davis, where he will remain until Monday, when he will proceed to Springfield, thence to Hartford, where he has accepted an invitation to a dinner to be given there on Tuesday."

While the above item in the Evening Transcript is the only one that has been discovered in the Boston newspapers, two of the Lowell newspapers contained brief notices of the visit. The Courier of February 5 contained the following —

"Boz in Lowell.— This celebrated writer visited Lowell on Thursday. He came on the one o'clock train of cars, in

company with Mr. Grattan, the British Consul, and several other gentlemen, and left on the five o'clock train. Consequently his stay has been very short, and thousands of his friends in the city had not an opportunity to see him.

"He was received at the depot by Mr. Samuel Lawrence, whose guest he continued while in the city. We understand that he visited several of the mills with Mr. Lawrence, and expressed himself as highly gratified with his visit. We hope that ere he returns to England he will visit the city again, and thus give his numerous friends here an opportunity of taking him by the hand."

The very highly complimentary manner in which Dickens described the conditions which he found in the mills of Lowell, and the manner in which the operatives in them lived and dressed, and of their literary contributions to the Lowell Offering, shows that he not only expressed his gratification with the visit while in Lowell, but also expressed it in his own written account. The editor of the Lowell Advertiser seems to have been offended because Dickens did not favour him with a personal visit, and thus expressed his feelings —

"Boz was in this city last week. The reason we did not mention it was because he passed our office without calling. He didn't call on the Courier or the people either. How in the name of reason can he expect puffs and popular applause? "

Dickens visited the mill hospital and wrote of it in very high terms of commendation. The hospital is still in existence, and is supported by contributions from the mill owners.

CHAPTER III. THE BOSTON DINNER

At the time of Dickens's first visit to the United States, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, Oliver Twist and Fagin, Barnaby Rudge and Dolly Varden, Little Nell and grandfather, and Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, were as well known in the United States as in England, and their creator was as great a favourite of his American readers as he was of their English cousins.

It was no wonder, then, when in the latter part of 1841 the news came to Boston that "Boz" was soon to visit America, and that Boston was to be the first city in the United States to be favoured by his presence, that some of the young men of that city decided that the event should be celebrated in a manner to make it memorable. With that end in view a committee was appointed to invite the young and distinguished author to a dinner to be given in his honour, and the following letter was sent to him before his departure from England —

"To Charles Dickens, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"The Young Men of Boston, in common with the whole American people, hail with delight the news of your intended visit to the New World. They send you a cordial greeting across the sea, and before you leave England, they hasten in imagination, but with heartfelt earnestness, to take you by the hand, and to welcome you to America. You will come into a strange land, but not among strangers; for you have long been a welcome guest at our firesides, and there is not a home in our country which has not been

made happier by your presence. We do not address you as a son of our fatherland, for 'genius has no country'; we claim your literary reputation as the property of the human race; but it is more especially for your qualities as a man that we admire and love you; for while we are astonished at a power of observation in you which detects novelty in the most familiar things — a fertility of invention which is inexhaustible, and a truth to nature which stamps fictitious characters with the individuality of real life — our hearts are also irresistibly drawn towards you by that richness of humour which never fails to charm, and more than all, by that sympathy with universal man (the concomitant only of the highest genius), which prompted you to utter the noble sentiment, that 'you were anxious to show that virtue may be found in the by-ways of the world; that it is not incompatible with poverty, or even rags; and that you wished to distil out, if you could, from evil things the soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them.'

"Actuated by these sentiments towards you, a number of the Young Men of Boston, at a meeting held on the evening of the 27th of November, appointed the undersigned a Committee to invite you to a public dinner, or more private entertainment, to take place in honour of your arrival, at such a time and in such a manner as may be most agreeable to yourself; and we all earnestly hope that an invitation which we give with our whole hearts, you will find it compatible with the object of your visit to accept.

"With sentiments of the truest regard and respect,

"We are Y'r Ob't Serv'ts,

"Geo. Minns.

"Chas. H. Mills.

"James R. Lowell.

"Henry Gardner.

"Samuel Parkman, Jr."

Upon Mr. Dickens's arrival on January 22, 1842, the committee visited him, and the evening of February 1 was fixed upon by the guest as the time that would be agreeable to him for the event. Shortly after his arrival Dickens wrote his friend and future biographer, Forster, saying —

"There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling each) of the tickets."

The following are the committees which had the dinner in charge —

President, Josiah Quincy, Jr.; Vice-Presidents: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George S. Hillard, Edward G. Loring, and J. Thomas Stevenson.

The Committee of Arrangements consisted of: E. H. Eldridge, W. W. Tucker, S. A. Appleton, H. Lee, Jr., and S. E. Guild.

The members of the Invitation Committee were: George T. Bigelow, Nathan Hale, Jr., Jonathan Fay Barrett, Frederick W. Crocker, and William Wetmore Story.

A glance at the personnel of these committees may not be uninteresting at the present. Josiah Quincy, Jr., the president, was the grandson of the Josiah Quincy who was a famous Boston lawyer and patriot, very prominent at the opening of the Revolutionary War. He was the son of Josiah Quincy, Sr., who, at the time of the dinner, was the venerable President of Harvard College, and was himself then President of the Massachusetts State Senate, and later Mayor of Boston.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," was thirty-three years of age and had not yet become famous as the author of "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay," and at the time of the dinner was a practising physician in Boston.

George Stillman Hillard was thirty-three years of age and was a prominent lawyer of Boston, and was later the author

of a Life of General McClellan and a Life of George Ticknor.

Edward G. Loring was a prominent attorney, and later Judge of Probate. In 1854 he was United States Commissioner, and as such he attained great notoriety from the fact that, as Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law, he remanded Anthony Burns, an escaped slave, back to his master, Charles F. Suttle, a Virginian slaveholder.

Richard H. Dana, Jr., appeared as attorney for the escaped slave, but unsuccessfully. The decision caused a riot and an attack on the courthouse, but without result, as Burns was conveyed back to Virginia in a U.S. revenue cutter.

James Russell Lowell, who was one of the committee which extended the invitation to Dickens, was only twenty-two years of age, and it was only four years since his graduation from Harvard College; but he was even at that age making a reputation as a poet. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar, but had just decided to abandon the profession of law and lead a literary life. No one at that time would ever have prophesied that this young man would later shine as the United States Minister at the Courts of Madrid and St. James.

George Tyler Bigelow, who was in his thirty-second year, was a young lawyer of Boston, and in 1847, at thirty-seven years of age, was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1850 was Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in 1860 Chief Justice.

Nathan Hale, Jr., was an elder brother of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the celebrated Boston preacher and author. He was educated as a lawyer, but for the greater part of his life was an editor, being at this time the editor of the Boston Miscellany, to which James Russell Lowell was then a contributor.

Jonathan Fay Barrett was a young lawyer of Concord, but of strong literary tastes and very active as a Whig politician.

William Wetmore Story, the famous American sculptor, long resident in Rome, was only twenty-two years of age and was then a practising lawyer in Boston, where he remained till 1848, at which time he went to Italy. He was, previous to this time, the writer of several books on legal subjects as well as some volumes of prose and poetry. He was a classmate at Harvard of Lowell and Nathan Hale.

Amongst the prominent guests were Josiah Quincy, Sr.; Washington Allston, the poet and artist; George Bancroft, the historian; Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years before the Mast*; and many others eminent in the fields of literature, art and the law. It was probably as representative a body of eminent men as could well have been gathered together to welcome the young author, who was then only thirty years of age.

The following account of the dinner is reprinted from the *Boston Advertiser* —

Mr. Dickens was received by a committee of the young men who invited him, and immediately on his arrival at the appointed hour of five, a full band in the gallery of the hall commenced playing "Washington's March." The invited guests, with the president and vice-president of the day, and a part of the subscribers, were in one of the drawing-rooms, and the other was well filled with the rest of the subscribers. The doors of the room last mentioned were first opened, and the subscribers took their places at their pleasure at the tables arranged in the hall, in such a way that no one had his back to the invited guests. As soon as all had found places, and order had followed the confusion necessarily attending the quick moving of a hundred and fifty persons, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the doors of the other drawing-room being opened, the guests, and the president and vice-presidents, entered, and were shown to the seats reserved for them.

Before the covers were removed, the Rev. Dr. Parkman asked a blessing on the occasion, in a manner at once

solemn and appropriate.

The dinner then proceeded through various courses, till, at the appearance of the dessert, the president rose, and addressed the company in the following manner —

Gentlemen, — The occasion that calls us together is almost unprecedented in the annals of literature. A young man has crossed the ocean with no hereditary title, no military laurels, no princely fortune, and yet his approach is hailed with pleasure by every age and condition, and on his arrival he is welcomed as a long-known and highly-valued friend. How shall we account for this reception? Must we not at the first glance conclude with Falstaff, "If the rascal have not given me medicines, to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else — I have drunk medicines."

But when reflection leads us to the causes of this universal sentiment, we cannot but be struck by the power which mind exercises over mind, even while we are individually separated by time, space and other conditions of our present being. Why should we not welcome him as a friend? Have we not walked with him in every scene of varied life? Have we not together investigated, with Mr. Pickwick, the theory of Tittlebats? Have we not ridden together to the "Markis o' Granby," with old Weller on the box, and his son Samuel on the dickey? Have we not been rook-shooting with Mr. Winkle, and courting with Mr. Tupman? Have we not played cribbage with "The Marchioness" and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller? Tell us not of animal magnetism! We, and thousands of our countrymen, have for years been eating and talking, riding and walking, dancing and sliding, drinking and sleeping, with our distinguished guest, and he never knew" of the existence of one of us. Is it wonderful that we are delighted to see him, and to return in a measure his unbounded hospitalities? Boz a stranger! Well may we again exclaim, with Sir John Falstaff, "D'ye think we didn't know ye? — We knew ye as well as him that made ye."