The scholar-friends: Francis James Child and James Russell Lowell (continued)

The Harvard community has made this article openly available. Please share how this access benefits you. Your story matters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Citable link</td>
<td><a href="https://nrs.harvard.edu/URN-3:HUL.INSTREPOS:37363616">https://nrs.harvard.edu/URN-3:HUL.INSTREPOS:37363616</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terms of Use</td>
<td>This article was downloaded from Harvard University’s DASH repository, and is made available under the terms and conditions applicable to Other Posted Material, as set forth at <a href="http://nrs.harvard.edu/urn-3:HUL.InstRepos:dash.current.terms-of-use#LAA">http://nrs.harvard.edu/urn-3:HUL.InstRepos:dash.current.terms-of-use#LAA</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In 1872 Lowell, 'grown learned (after a fashion) and dull,' as he put it,1 from sixteen years of teaching, sought refreshment of spirit in extended travel abroad. Failing to secure a leave of absence, and provided with independent means through the sale of most of the Elmwood estate, he simply resigned his professorship (to take it up again, however, in 1874). The following note may reflect this radical step, though he did not sail for England (with Mrs. Lowell) until July.

Elmwood, 23rd Jan., 1872.

Carissimo mio Ciardi,

I enclose my subscription to Chaucer's Society for the year, with best love to him & you, rejoicing to find that you have survived Mrs. J. W. Howe. What goose they are with their Harvard College! I am just off for Boston with Mabel to have our photographs taken under supervision of Rowse.

affectionately always

J. R. L.

Writing from Berne in July 1873, Lowell, after referring specifically to his resignation, alludes to some difficulty, now obscure, regarding Child's own status. The 'fire' must be the great Boston Fire of November 1872. The passage relating to Lowell's visit to Oxford in June 1873, when he received the honorary degree of B. C. L., is not his only account of this experience. With a special felicity it is described in a letter to Henry Adams bearing the outward semblance of prose but in reality a lively specimen of Lowell's ingenious rhyming:18

From this time on for several years, and particularly during Lowell's sojourns abroad, balladry plays a conspicuous role in the correspondence. Child by now, and partly under the stimulus of Grunvig's interest and encouragement, was fairly embarked upon the detailed

1 In a letter to Jane Norton, 17 February 1872 (Letters of James Russell Lowell, II, 282).

The prosecution of his great work. Actually, at the moment Lowell wrote, Child was abroad himself, having been suddenly dispatched to England by Mrs Child for his health's sake. He was gone eight weeks, and made another trip abroad in the summer of 1874.

The 'grandson' referred to at the end of the letter is Mabel Lowell Burnett's first child, James Lowell Burnett (later James Burnett Lowell), born 4 February 1873.

Hôtel du Faucon,
Berne, 29th July, 1873.

My dear Friend,

Your letter came to me here last evening & was a great pleasure, I need not say. We have been in Switzerland for something over a week enjoying it after the manner of grandparents, & climbing the mountains with our opera-glass. I am heartily weary of peripatration [sic], but Fanny enjoys everything so freshly & sweetly that it keeps me up. We have had no adventures — not so much as the loss of a kerchief — till a hurricane leaped down on us the other day as we were going up the lakes of the four Cantons. Mt Pilatus did himself credit — for a stiffer blow I never saw while it lasted. Fanny was sent below, but I staid on deck & was wet through in less than a minute though under an awning. It struck us as suddenly as a shot, I dried off afterwards in a thorough draught & caught no cold — which was pretty well at fifty four!

I am very glad to hear you are at work on the ballads & wish I were by to colleague — advice I shouldn't venture. But I shall be at home again before you are fertig. I don't think anything will persuade me to don my ball & chain again. I didn't resign in a huff but deliberately, though their stopping my salary gave me a good occasion. I think it would have been handsomer to have continued half of it after sixteen years service the latter part of [it] against my will. However, I wasn't in the least cross about it, nor am now, & I must have given it up after the fire at any rate. I had a very pleasant time at Oxford. I was the guest of Mountague Bernard at All Souls, & dined at Corpus with the Dons on Gaudy Day. There's a college for you. Why, the rogues have a cordon bleu in their kitchen & instead of our funeral bakesheets we had a dinner that would not have shamed Vicour. I wish you could have seen me in my scarlet gown, balancing my too-small cap with anxious care & humming to myself "some in rags & some in rags & some in a velvet gown!" I am sure you would have laughed despite the august nature of the event. What especially pleased me was to go up with two men like Munro & Tyndale instead of the generals & things. I hope you take too desponding a view of the College (as I am sure you take a too favorable of my value to it) — though I think the Overseers behaved like a board of Brokers about you. All that, I trust, is well over & not likely to come up again. I hope to address you as
Professor so long as we both shall live. Tell Miss Sodewick that I half wrote a letter to her last winter on hearing she was not so well as usual—but learning that she was better I thought me that I had no business to be writing to such charming young ladies & suppressed it. We are going down into Italy from here & shall probably winter in Rome. Then Northward again & if there be time we shall run over Norway. But I shall be at home next summer, God willing. I am like a barnacle who has missed a ship's bottom for a rock. Give both our loves to Mrs Child & to the Nortons when you see them. They have seen the grandson!

Goodbye,
always affectionately your
J. R. L.

There follow two notes from Lowell, now back in academic harness. In the first we see him again undertaking a bit of investigation on Child's behalf.

In 1876 a separate Professorship of English was finally established at Harvard, and Child became its first incumbent. Thus freed, after twenty-five years, from the reading of themes, he was henceforth able to concentrate more intensively upon his ballad work.

Elmwood, 19th Oct, 1875.

Carissimo mio Ciarli,

it is in the viii Tome of P. P. & not the fifth.

"Folio 115. De quodam Judaco qui imaginem in vadimonium recepit."
Volii tout. It occurs in Gautier de Coiny col. 543. "Du Juif qui prist en gage l'image Nostre Dame." It is a long & marvellous tale but without the comic touch of which you spoke. The merchant does not pledge an image (as the title would lead one to think) but takes an image in a church to witness.

tout à toi
J. R. L.

Elmwood, 19th July, 1876.

It was very good of you to think of me, carissimo mio Ciarli, but I can't afford any more books just now than what I have already ordered. I should have come to answer in person but for the gran caldo.

I found it pleasant to read an article of Newcomb's in the last N.A.R. on the likelihood of the sun's giving-out in caloric. He squanders it so, that I think it probable. That & the flies! I have no doubt Homer had knocked his own nose sideways often enough before he called the little fiends untameable.¹

affectionately yours always
J. R. L.

¹ Iliad, XVII, 570.
Early in 1877 Child and Lowell were fellow lecturers at the newly founded Johns Hopkins University, drawn thither by the discerning and persuasive President Gilman. The friendship, already firmly established, perceptibly deepened during these weeks of intimate contact, at the same time that the special abilities and achievements of each received mutual recognition in unstinting measure. Thus Lowell wrote to Charles Eliot Norton:

This gave Child a chance to speak of ..., which he did as excellently well as he lectures on Chaucer and reads him, and that is saying a great deal. You lose, by the way, a very great pleasure in not hearing him read the Nones of Prestes tale. I certainly never heard anything better. He wound into the meaning of it (as Dr. Johnson says of Burke) like a serpent, or perhaps I should come nearer to it if I said that he injected the veins of the poem with his own sympathetic humor till it seemed to live again. I could see his hearers take the fun before it came, their faces lighting with the reflection of his. I never saw anything better done. I wish I could inspire myself with his example, but I continue dejected and lumpish. ...

Child goes on winning all ears and hearts. I am rejoiced to have this chance of seeing so much of him, for though I loved him before, I did not know how lovable he was till this intimacy.20

And again to Jane Norton, in describing the Johns Hopkins Commemoration, with addresses by Professors Silvester and Gildersleeve, among others:

Silvester paid a charming compliment to Child, and so did Gildersleeve. The former said that he (C.) had invented a new pleasure for them in his reading of Chaucer, and G. that you almost saw the dimple of Chaucer's own smile as his reading felt out the humor of the verse. The house responded cordially. If I had much vanity I should be awfully cross, but I am happy to say that I have enjoyed dear Child's four weeks' triumph (of which he alone is unconscious) to the last laurel leaf. He is such a delightful creature. I never saw so much of him before, and should be glad I came here if it were for [nothing but] my nearer knowledge and enjoyment of him.21

Similarly Child:

J. L.'s good looks and insinuating ways carry off the palm entirely from my genius and learning, but then I am as much fascinated as anybody, and don't mind.22

---

20 Baltimore, 18 February 1877 (Letters of James Russell Lowell, III, 10).
22 Quoted in H. B. Scudder, James Russell Lowell, a Biography (Cambridge, Mass., 1901), II, 214.
Not long after the conclusion of the Johns Hopkins series, Lowell, intimating that he should like to see a play of Calderón, accepted an appointment by President Hayes as United States Minister to Spain. He set sail from Boston 14 July 1877, much annoyed at the accompanying fanfare. Child’s account of the circumstances, written to Norton, is quoted herewith. (John Holmes, retiring and much loved younger brother of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, appears more than once in the Child-Lowell correspondence.)

I saw Lowell yesterday and said goodbye. He more than half repents accepting his appointment. His wife was down with rheumatism. There is something in the air for I am struck with gout — very mildly. I am to go to Newcastle for the day tomorrow if I can go without hobbling. — Poor Jacobus was made quite wretched by Alexander, the Cunard man’s getting up an escort for him to the outer light. The revenue cutter Galloway & the steam-tender Hamblin (ought an ambassador to have anything to do with such political crafts?) will convey the friends of the Hon. James Russell Lowell from Long Wharf to the stream(?), where they will take the Parthia. If Lizzie & the children were here, I should accept Alexander’s invitation (which included the members of your family — but I dare say your invitation has been forwarded to you & you know all about the matter) I should take Helen & Sue & let them see an ocean steamer. Provided that I had not arthritis. — Of course the custom-house will be well represented. Simoons will make L. a speech. "Josiah Quincy is going, a man that I never would let speak at Commencement dinners"! Mary & Julia Felton, & Ned Holmes & his wife are the only fellow passengers I know of. If life were longer, and I were richer, I should wish to go over with J. R. John Holmes has as good as promised to pay him a visit in Spain. John goes down tomorrow & I shall pay him a visit to learn how things went off.

The two notes next printed below are Lowell’s farewells to Child. *Romantica*, mentioned in the second note, and reappearing later in the correspondence, had been founded in 1872 by Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris as a *revue trimestriel consacré à l’étude des langues et des littératures romanes.* It may be noted that Lowell’s set of the early volumes came eventually to the Lowell Memorial Library at Harvard.

Dear old Ciardi,

I enclose the German bookseller’s bill which you were so good as to say you would see to. Not “see to” in the sense which I believe is that of kitefliers on the Exchange, for I have money in the Bank & have asked Mr


Letter of 13 July 1877, in the Norton papers, Harvard Library.
The Scholar-Friends

Snow to honour your cheque whenever it comes. If you don't come to see us before we go! — why, I at least shall come to see you. O how bothered & tired I am! but I have paid all my debts but about thirty dollars, have bought a letter of credit for £500. & paid in the money (where it came from I still marvel), got an Eco de Madrid for ease in talking to the King, & am ready for my nono dimittis!

always your affectionate

J. R. L.

Elmwood, Friday night. [13 July 1877]

God bless you, dear Ciarli, for your loving words every one of which I echo from my inner heart.

The Romania comes by post, & when I get to Paris, I will see about it.

No number is due now for three months.

You must write to me now & then — won't you?

á dios mil veces!

J. R. L.

Care of Department of State, Washington.

The shadow overhanging the next letter is the death of Jane Norton, which actually had occurred in May 1877, before Lowell's departure for Spain. This loss brought a sorrow to both Lowell and Child which tinged the rest of their lives. Her younger sister Grace, as well as the brother Charles, remained as close links between the two friends.

Child is also plainly cast down at the thought of a repetition of the Johns Hopkins course without the companionship of Lowell, whose Palm Sunday letter next following comes as a tardy and faraway but none the less plangent echo.

Thomas Donaldson, Harvard '34, lawyer and leading citizen of Baltimore, died 4 October 1877, leaving nine children. Tom Sayers, Champion of England, had been dead for twelve years, but his fame persisted. The marriage alluded to is that of Sara Sedgwick, a younger sister of Mrs Charles Eliot Norton, to William Darwin, son of the naturalist. Justin Winsor succeeded John Langdon Sibley as Librarian of Harvard College in the autumn of 1877, after nine years as Librarian of the Boston Public Library. Ephraim W. Gurney was Professor of History at Harvard for many years.
My dear Jamie,

I never meant not to write to you, but only to wait till a more tempus came. Perhaps I had better wait till March still, for the nearer the day comes for me to go to Baltimore, without you, the more repulsive is the thought. Not only shall I be missing you, but the troubles that have come to the Gilmans will make it impossible for me to be at ease with them. There is one more change there. Mr[?] Tom Donaldson is dead, and has left an all but desperate burden for his wife & children—two insane sons, whose support devours 2/3 of their income.

I have at lectures day & night, but mostly night. Last summer's operations on my house left me more tired than I ever was in my life, and when the term began, I felt as little like coming up to time as if I had had a round with Tom Sayers. But what a tonic the cold air is! In a couple of weeks I was comfortable enough in my college harness, although the extra treat appointed for February cowed me a good deal. Then came Sara's marriage. I could not muster a heartly feeling to write her a letter with, though there are few people of whom I have been more fond. I did not know myself—and to write such a letter as I finally did 'twere best not know myself. But Christmas will show a fellow's heart as long as there is one drop unfrozen, and today I have written as I ought to have done before, though I was near being spoiled for it by thinking of Jane and writing a few unhappy lines to Grace. She is firmer, less sudden struck, confounded. When I think of what has gone from us, and so suddenly, I took no warning from Jane's face, trusting always to her promise that she would get well, I wonder that I can occupy myself with what is left, even in the halfhearted way in which I do. My foot used to feel so firm on the earth; now I should not be surprised to see the heavens roll up as a scroll and the hollow crust we walk on vanish in thin air the next minute. — However, thinking of you & looking round at my books and away from Shady Hill to the willows along the east, which have almost a spring yellow in their spray—for we have no frost this extraordinary December—makes the world seem a little more real. I believe it may last till you come home. — And so you are really writing letters and holding conferences about 60 cts more or less on occasion! It makes me mad to think of it. If I loved the country better I should submit to your being engaged in the business of keeping up its respectability, with less impatience: but my dear Jamie, the scapegraces at Washington are disgracing us faster than even you can clean us up. Non ra1gionam di lor. — Do you see any Catalans? Is there a good Catalan-Spanish dictionary, and how do they pronounce Briz? I wish I knew enough not to miscall their writers at least. We are receiving a lot of Catalan things (Miras & others) just
The Scholar-Friends

now, but no ballads. Milas ballads are so good that your excellency ought to urge him, Briz, or any such, to sweep the province.

Kristensen, the Jute, has collected in a very few years more than a couple of hundred ballads, mostly in a small district of Jutland, many of which were not known before. It is an everlasting cause of grief that this had not been timely done in England. I have had an Aberdeen man, rather his wife, noting down what can now be collected in Old Dair, and such trash as I get! Better work the fields? of Spain & Denmark. A propos, Kimble's manuscripts, that I had such trouble with, have just been sold, in Edinburgh. The one I offered £1.2 for was sold for £3.0. It was not worth £1.2 to anybody but me. It is my hope that some public library bought it; then I will have it copied for two or three pound and shame the man that charged me 50 guineas. It seemed as if the demon had entered into copyists. I wrote to Champion in Paris to have a transcript made of 6 vols of chansons pop., those collected under the Forton commission, and the man informed me that he had had one done at about 1500 francs, and that the whole would cost from 5 to 6 thousand. I wrote him a most polite but decided letter, and yesterday he says that all 6 are done, & much cheaper. If not, we shall want the new bequest of 20000 dollars to pay for them. — I am inclined to think that Winsor will be an acquisition for us. The future of the Boston Library is so uncertain that they say two or three people have revoked bequests since Winsor left it and have turned them our way. — I saw John Holmes on Election Day. He was well enough, but did not seem to me to feel sufficient enterprise to come out to you. That will be a disappointment. The Gurneys I suppose you did not expect to retain. Perhaps it would be better for you to see nothing but Spain while you are there — and perhaps you will come home the sooner if you don't. When I heard (through your last letter to Grace N.) what you had to do, with your Yankee secretary to shoulder as well as your proper business, I exclaimed. The gout, we may hope, will henceforth let you nothing for to daunce: but you will have a cold winter and a blazing hot summer, an ignorant ungrateful and pickpocket government to stand up for, no time for reading, or for versing, formal dinners, eternal white chokers, no lounging along the Charles River or strolling up towards Waltham. Jesu Maria! But all my thoughts are black. Christmas though it be. Life is so very short and the world has been so dear. Sometimes when I detect the green coming back to the grass, I feel as if something might be left. Gracious goodness is this after all an incubus of lectures? Shall I see straight again in March? I don't know, but for the present I cannot see otherwise. — I shall write [if?] possible from Baltimore and tell you of your (Julia) Valentines. Shall I have to dine with those paddies again,

* Cf. 'The Nun's Priest's Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, VII, 1840.
think you? And what shall I say to the lady who gave you (and me) the Life of Edgar Poe. Pooh, pooh? Love and ever so much sympathy to the ambassadress.

Always your excellency's fondest slave,
Ciarli

In Lowell's Palm Sunday letter the 'little Greek book in Mr Sibley's showcase' may be identified with a manuscript of Hippocrates' Aphorisms executed in type facsimile by the Reverend John Thomason in England in 1733. The penmanship is of remarkable quality, and the volume, in a handsome contemporary inlaid binding, shows evidence of having been on exhibition for a long period. Librarian Sibley's showcase or 'Closet' was the parent and grandparent of the Widener Treasure Room and the Houghton Library respectively.

Legacion de los Estados Unidos de America en España

14th April, 1878
Palm Sunday.

Particular

Dear Ciarli,

I have noticed that Class & Phi Beta poems almost always begin with an "as"—at any rate they used to in my time before a certain Boylston Professor took 'em in hand. E.g.

As the last splendors of expiring day
Round Stoughton's chimneys cast a lingering ray,
So—

And sometimes there was a whole flight of as-es leading up to the landing of a final so where one could take breath & reflect on what he had gone through. Now you will be sure that I didn't mean to begin my letter thus, but it was put into my head by the earthquake you have been making in Baltimore, the wave from which rolled all the way across the ocean & splashed audibly on these distant shores, & as all my associations are with dear Old Cambridge, why, naturally I found myself murmuring—

As when the Earthquake stamps his angry foot
A thousand leagues the frightened billows scoot,
So when my Ciarli &c.

I was delighted to hear of it, though it was just what I expected, for didn't my little bark attendant sail more than a year ago? It gave me a touch of homesickness too, for I look back on that month as one of the pleasantest of my life & here I am not as who should say altogether & precisely happy.
Yet I hope to get something out of it that will tell bye & bye. The ceremonial, of which there is plenty, of course is naught, & I make acquaintance so slowly that I hardly know anybody (except officially) even yet, but I have at last got hold of an intelligent bookseller & am beginning to get a few books about me. I call him intelligent & so he is — but he knows nothing about books except their price & that is the case with all of them here. His merit is that he will try to get a book for you if you ask him & that is not the case with all of 'em by a long chalk. It is a queer place. There are no sales of books here as everywhere else, but when anybody dies who had a library, a bookseller is sent for who appraises it on the spot — then, if you are able to get access to the books, you find the widow ignorant of the value of any particular volume you want & therefore suspicious & reluctant to sell it all. Moreover, as the expert is paid by a per-centage on the valuation — don’t you see? This Gayangos told me the other day. He has some exquisite old books, by the way — a Góngora among others that would have tempted me to ruin had it been for sale. It is a manuscript on vellum made as a present to the Conde-duque de Olivares when he was in the flush of his príncipea. Each poem is dated on the margin, & in the index the copyist marks certain ones as falsely attributed to Góngora & says the poet told him so himself. It is exquisitely done like that little Greek book in Mr Sibley’s showcase — Anacreon isn’t it?

I have just succeeded in getting a copy of the series printed for the Bibliothèque Espagnole which is very hard to come at & cost me $105 in paper. It contains one or two things worth having — but I bought mainly with a view to the College Library one of these days. I have also bought the photolithographic of Cuesta’s edición princeps of D. Q. for the sake of Harzenbusch’s notes, which, by the way, show a singular dulness of perception & correct Cervantes in a way that makes me swear. But they are worth having as showing the emendations that have been made or proposed, the when & by whom. I have, too, the Burgos 1593 Crónica of the Cid a very fair copy & Damas-Finard’s edition of the poem. My bookseller whose name is Junquera (Calle Salud, 14) is to get me a list of Catalan books, that is, of reprints or first publication of Mss. There is a dictionary now publishing in parts — but I wait for its completion & of course Junquera can’t tell me whether it is well done or not. I bought a little & mano one which I bought for you & shall send by post with this, though with some doubt of its ever arriving. It may be better than nothing, but when I looked for your word Bríg in it I found it not. I am told to pronounce it as in Spanish the th as in frith. But your Ms. is so delightfully inscrutable that I am not sure but I have made a word out of it wholly unlike the one you meant."

I fear what you say of my being thrown away here may turn out true. There is a great deal to do & of a kind for which I cannot get up a very sincere interest, claims & customs duties & even, God save the mark, Brandreth’s pills! I try to do my duty but feel sorely the responsibility to
people three thousand miles away who know not Joseph & probably think him unpractical. I remember how you felt & I felt when the Overseers were discussing you & my checks burn all of a sudden. You would laugh if you knew how my fear of not doing just as I should kept me awake for the first three or four months & contributed I think to my gout of which I have had three fits since I came the last so bad that Fanny sent for a doctor. But I am all right now & am getting over my damned mauvaise honte in speaking Spanish & French. I have lost all my Italian oddly enough. When I first got here I kept mixing it with Spanish & now that has crowded it all out, so that I have to think five minutes to recall the forms of a verb.

We are going off day after tomorrow on our furlough & our plan is to take a steamer & get as far as Athens, perhaps Stamboul, if there is no war. We have seen Seville, Córdoba, Granada & Toledo each excellent in itself & Toledo queer even after Italy & Sicily. But the shrinkage is frightful — Toledo especially is full of ruin & what is worse of indifference to ruin. Yet there is something oriental in my own nature which sympathizes with this “let her slide” temper of the bidóigos. They go through all the forms of business as they do of religion without any reference to the thing itself just as they offer you their house (dating their notes to you de su casa) & everything in it. But they are very friendly & willing to be helpful where they can. I love the jandals for a’ that. They are matterofing & unchangeable. The latest accounts of them are just like the earliest, & they have a firm faith in Dr Mañana — he will cure everything or if he can’t it doesn’t signify. In short there is a flavor of Old Cambridge about ’em as O. C. used to be when I was young & the world worth having. Since what happened last year at Shady Hill & what is likely to happen now — paciencia y batajó, to be sure, but I don’t like new partners & the game isn’t worth playing. I am glad & sorry to be away. Goodbye, dear old fellow,

Your affectionate

J. R. L.

Pongami ruegole à ll pp de su Señora. By the way they all pronounce it señorita like the Italians which puzzles one.

In the next letter Child alludes to the death of Queen María de las Mercedes, first wife of Alfonso XII, which occurred 26 June 1878, just two days after her eighteenth birthday and five months after her wedding. The same virulent form of typhus which caused her death was to strike down Mrs Lowell a year later. The Queen’s fate moved Lowell to a sonnet which was included in Heartsease and Rue (1888).

The visit of William James to Baltimore early in 1878, also alluded to, may well have been the occasion of the caricatures of Child by James
PLATE VI
CHILD CARICATURED BY WILLIAM JAMES
shown in Plate VI. These caricatures have been reproduced from the originals among the James Papers in the Harvard College Library.

Georg Martin Lane, Child's classmate, and Professor of Latin at Harvard 1851-94, was the author not only of Latin Pronunciation (1871), which brought about the abandonment in America of the traditional 'English' pronunciation, but also of 'The Lay of the Lone Fishball,' whence arose li Pesceballo. His second wife was Mrs Fanny Bradford Clark.

Cambridge, Aug. 12. [1878]

Dear Jamie,

I never could have believed that I could let you represent me and my government (ego et rex meus) for thirteen months, through heat & cold, marriage & funeral, and I write to you but once. It is because I have been in a state of spirits too feeble to do anything but the day's work. No matter. The stream of life now droppeth on the chymbe. If I hope it is only because it is bunged up: and that a few weeks away from here will clear away the obstruction for a time. And O if Esop's old woman might only say over the empty tun, what good wine was once herein! But she will not. It was the 14th April that you wrote, and I heard that you were actually on your way to Greece from C. E. N. I hope you brought much back and one day will whisper whence you stole those balmy spoils. Did the οἰνοίδες σας διδέων make restitution of the flasks of wine which Stillmen sent you, and pirates drank? Were you caught by the University of Athens, and made to stand a eulogy or a dithyrambic ode? I wonder. All these questions you will answer some day — 5 θεῶς μα δῶρι — either here in my room, smoking your καρπονομό — or in your own study, drinking your pipe. But wo for your summer! Is not an ambassador's togary hotter than a professor's gown? and what do you do when you melt? I do not know whether the death of the good little queen (Heaven rest her soul!) aggravated or lightened your ceremony. I suppose on the whole you have more quiet during mournings than during festivals. Anyway the first month of your second year is gone, and you are to be away but eleven months more. I have sworn it, and oaths must have their course, you know. I could almost strike hands with the collector of the port, portmaster Tobey and the mayor of Boston to give him the Hon. J. R. L. an ovation when he comes back. Returning is by no means tedious as go' er, and I could cheer you into port though I had no heart to cheer you out.

Now I have nothing to tell you of myself more than that I miss you considerably. And didn't I miss you in Baltimore! Julia Valentine could not stand your absence. She went off to England a week after my arrival, to

*A. The Reeve's Prologue,* Canterbury Tales, I, 3894-3895:

Til that almost at empty is the tonne.
The stream of lyf now droppeth on the chymbe.
marry one of her Thomas nephews to an English girl. Ere this her sugar shovel bonnet may have been inquiring for you at your excellency's palace. I worked all the time in Baltimore from 9 to 6, at the university, where I had a room, and needed one, for my books. The people got more ballads than they wanted in the course of 20 lectures, I am sure. Sometimes I spent a whole hour in following out the history & forms of one ballad. That was to make my hour heavy and academical. Then I put two pretty ballads into an hour, with lots of Italian, Spanish, Danish or Swedish translations, to make my hour light and not discourage the numerous ladies. One rainy day I did not draw a crowd. That was because you were not to come after me. Besides my regular 20, which might as well have been 12, I explained Hamlet to them in ten hours, at 12 o'clock. This cost me no trouble and the Shakesperian hour was, I am sure, more relished than the other. I told Gilman — who always warns the audience that the lectures are "academic", but who wants his public entertained — that I did not think the two went well together — that I had rather do one or the other, a public or a university lecture. He very cordially assented, and put me down in his advertisement for 79 for both! and a play of Shakespear besides. All that I cannot do. I am main weary and do not pick up. What to do next year I know not. I keep clear of Shakespere for more reasons than one, but one of the reasons is because I consider your course as promised for the year 80. Were it not for the pay — small as it is — I should certainly stop after the third course. I must earn 8 or 10 hundred extra for the present; but the consequences are bad — nothing else done and no real vacation. Meanwhile I have been offered 750 for three lectures in N. York, but could not accept the opportunity because of the previous engagement to do 20 for 80 net. — I went this year to the house of a Mrs. Egerton where I lived with several nice young fellows belonging to Johns Hopkins, one of whom Laman (he gave a lecture on the discoveries at Olympia while we were at B.) is a most promising Indian scholar, and such a good boy! He has made me a short visit since February. — Gilman has a most charming wife, who was so kind and sweet to me that I am bound to love her always. Everybody inquired after you of course. Mr. Garrett did not think it worth while to give a reception for me alone. I begged off from any attention from him except seeing his Arab horses, and one Sunday he took me to Montebello — four miles — where he has a thousand acres mostly devoted to stock and especially horses. I saw such beauties! Reverdy J. [Johnson] came to see me often, but the last hour of the night was not spent with him as in 77. Henry Johnston and Harriet Lunt wished to give me "a swell dinner or a swell reception" — and ask all the nice people; but I entreated that I might exchange for a Sunday dinner with nobody and they goodnaturedly allowed me to have my choice — I did not see Miss Poulaine. Miss Makepeace I must not forget. She passed the winter in Boston and I saw her often. She spent a week with us too. —
I had Wm. James with me for a fortnight in Baltimore. He gave ten
lectures on the Brain as the organ of the mind and made a decided
impression. I heard the last, in which he offered some reasons for not
accepting the theory that we are automatons unreservedly. At that lecture
your friend Mrs. Thomas & her daughter, and Miss Bessie King, whom you
did not see I think — a sweet little demit-Quakeress that is fond of Greek &
pictures — wears a grey dress and a peachy check — not the girl to be
explained as an automaton. Mrs. Thomas was delighted with the lecture.
She enjoyed being explained as a machine, she said, — when you know just
how it is. — Wm. J. was sleepless & restless, and as it turned out, not be-
cause the lectures troubled him, but because his fate was in the scales and
Miss Alice Gibbons would not say the word he wanted. But she did in
June and in July they were married, and now they are happy together at
the Adirondack mountains. She serves as eyes to him, and as she has a
sweet low voice truth comes mended from her lips.25 Wm has already
begun a manual of Psychology — in the honeymoon — but then they are
both writing it. — Jane has married too, with the same suddenness — Mrs.
Clark.

Your Catalan dictionary came with your letter, bon Jaume, thank
you much. It answers all my purposes. I wish I could go down to
Barcelona (up for you) and get somebody to teach me how to read. Millas
Catalan ballads are about the best of all for color and music. But I do not
look at ballads now, or hardly; there is always something else to be done.
I keep an eye on all the books I think you would like, and as we can spend
night 1600 a year now, one gets pretty much what he asks for. I am even
proposing to the Council to buy 3500 dollars worth of Medlicott's books —
including some really fine things in the way of old authors More, Erasmus,
Spenser, Froissart etc. We surely ought to have first editions of all the
poets, of all the great literary pieces since printing began. Our former
poverty has made even the Council timid about buying rare books. If we
don't we shall have to spend our money on a huge quantity of recent
things which will be forgotten in twenty years. — We are building a big
gymnasium between the Scientific School & J. Holmes's house, and a
big hall for lectures and lessons back of the site of Lane's house. You can
have the luxury of a private room attached to your lecture room. They
are beginning to let us Jamie — just as we are leaving them. But I take the
word back — the word leave. You are good for more than a score yet.

"What was likely to happen" when you wrote did not happen. Mrs.
Norton seems to be very well, saving her power of speech. Grace lives by
miracle. She certainly will sink under her cares & sorrows, I often fear —
and just now she seems to be less bright than ever. For Jane, that is gone,
and taken so much of the world with her, if she has really died, it matters
not exactly how much dust & misery is left: but I am happy to believe

*Pope, Elopis to Abelard, I. 66:

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
that you know she is & was deathless. Don't let poets falter, or where shall we be! Though I don't value the philosophers over much, their talk frightens me like ghost stories. When I go back to the poets I see how I have been fooled.

Love to Mrs. Lowell. I hope she gets some enjoyment besides the happiness of being with you. I love you always with my heart dear Jamie.

Ciardi.

I see John Holmes sometimes. He will not come to you; so come to him.

Late in June 1879 Mrs. Lowell fell ill of the same virulent form of typhus of which Queen Mercedes had died only the year before. Her life was more than once despaired of, there were frequent relapses, and she never really recovered her health, remaining in a semi-invalid state until her death in England in 1885. The crisis of her illness and her continuing ill health darken the letters immediately following with a gloom only thickened by the death of Mrs. Andrews Norton in September 1879 and resultant anxiety over her daughter Grace, who had borne the chief stress both of Jane's earlier death and her mother's long decline.

Lowell's secretary, Dwight Reed, had proved of invaluable assistance during the acute stage of Mrs. Lowell's illness. Without him, Lowell said, 'I should have gone quite desperate.'

Seaforo Beach:
July 28, 79

My dear Jamie,

I have not written to you for so long because I would not repeat my last doleful letter. I was purposing to make amends by something more cheerful, when the news came that made all your friends hold their breath. Grace Norton gave some relief at last, derived from a letter of yours to Mabel, and today she writes of a letter from Field which seems to warrant a belief that danger is over, while it reveals an extremity that even the one dreadful line of the telegraph did not express. How glad we are it is no need today [?] to say. Even the losing of your promised visit seems nothing now. But soon we shall recur to that disappointment. I had begun to wish it more than all for Grace's sake: for she had been so depressed that I could think of nothing besides that might rouse her, and I could see that the hope of seeing you did have an animating power: and though she had always argued against my unqualified (and "unsanctified") vows for your throwing up your ministry and apostleship in Spain and coming to these Indies,

*Quoted in Scudder, James Russell Lowell, II, 251.*
The Scholar-Friends

where surely there is no wa1e 23 of such ministers as you, she was secretly more than content that you should come home for a visit. There seems to be small hope for anything good to her as far as we can now see. It is not merely that her mother's state is very sad and saddening, and that the care Grace has to bear is enough to exhaust twice anybody's strength, or anybody's but such a woman's; that is not the worst: the decay of Mrs N's faculties suggests awful fears to G. of what may be the fate of all that has looked least mortal. You will guess what I mean. Love is the thing she needs: your letters, I am sure, have been one of her chief stays, perhaps the best of all. She may read hope in or through your eyes when she can't see it herself, poor dear angel in the dark that she is — for nothing can begin to intimate the goodness there has been in Grace. I think she has surpassed anything I have ever witnessed in courage and self command. —

If the consequences of this sickness do not prove bad, and the recovery is as complete and speedy as I have known in other cases, perhaps you may yet come. The old saying of Dr Jackson that no typhoid fever is too severe to forbid hope, and none so slight as not to justify apprehension seems to have been strongly confirmed in the first half, and the second we will willingly take for granted. This sickness is but too strong a confirmation also of the danger of having friends out of sight for four years. When you spoke of two only, that time seemed to include much that was threatening. I have heard somebody say that Mrs. Lowell liked the life in Spain, and that alone enabled me to see how you should stay on. I am very glad she has liked her life there, and wish there may be much more pleasure in store for her. The second two years must naturally be far pleasanter than the others, since you know all the ropes. (How do they walk Spanish really? Don't forget the step: I have never seen it figured save in Peter Parley.) The fandango and the bolero are I suppose not de rigueur for ambassadors, but are you not expected to do a minuet of the court on high days, such as I have seen at theatres? I have heard a whisper that the king said — Mr. Lowell — who has taught us something about our own language. The remark gives me confidence in the stability of the Spanish monarchy — so judicious a prince! It is but one of a hundred that we should be happy to hear. If you would tell us the name of the proper court journal we would subscribe and save your modesty: for else some day you will have to tell one or two of us some of these things, to excuse your staying. — I am reading Don Quixote now to the girls and they are enjoying it as I wanted my offspring to do. It never was half so delightful before: and what must it be to him that knows Spain & the Spaniards well, though of course all the world can get at the kernel.

23 Apparently an allusion to a story given by Robert Pearse Gillies in Memoirs of a Literary Veteran (London, 1851), I, 18; cf. Child's letter of 22 February 1880, where the story is specifically mentioned.
My dear Jamie, when you give my love to your wife, tell her that I send it trembling, feeling what the difference might have been, and join my wife's to mine. There are many things that I should like to say to you and ask you about, but not now. Heaven keep you and yours safe the rest of the time.

Your loving Clarie.

4 vols. I think, of the French Texts have come for you: only 4. It looked as if there should have been more. Your Romania comes like a letter from you.

My dear Jamie,

I never thought that I was one of the people who are quite sure that now all their friends troubles are over, and yet I can't deny that I leapt much too suddenly to that conclusion in your case. Had I not had a typhoid fever? Your case was to be sure very much worse than mine, and apparently it is much worse than any I ever heard of before. Now I wish most of all that I could have been with you all the time. Your lonesomeness, with nobody but your secretary, is harrowing to think of, even now, when according to distant reports of your letters, and a nearer one through Field to Grace N., you seem to have been rejuvenated through your joy at the progress of the recovery. G. N. has sent or given me all her news about you, and her mother's sickness, though more and more distressing, never either put you out of her mind or qualified the intense distress she had about you. I know that she has written to you of her mother's death: she told me so. She feels a peace, of more than one description, now: but whether she will not soon feel the care that is "loss of care by old care done" remains to be seen. Many daughters have done gloriously, but she has excelled them all. It is 21 months since the beginning of this end; and think how close it followed upon that May which took away our dearest flower! More than 3 years Grace has been subjected to a dreadful strain, and nobody has been more astonished at her strength than she. She was at her post day & night, and no relieving guard, for nobody could take her place. She seems contented now, and fortunately she has the 6 children to occupy her thoughts. Though pale, she is not wasted, and there is good reason to believe that this bow that did not break with the strain will [not] break with the recoil - The funeral was yesterday: not a happy one, but not such a funeral as the last or the last but one. Jane's funeral

\[\text{Richard II, IV, i, 195-197:}
\text{My care is loss of care, by old care done;}
\text{Your care is gain of care, by new care won.}\]
The Scholar-Friends

is not to be thought of. She was put in a charnel & not in the ground. We could never get near her. Now that horrible vault has been removed, and she lies somewhere under the grass, but there is no mark of the place. This was Charles' unhappy way. But it is better now than before. I could get nearer to her now and she is by herself. There ought to be no such grass as that which grows over Jane, and we ought to be able to see where she lies. It is against nature, a perverse philosophy that is simply willful, to hide such a creature as Jane in the ground, without any sign, and I must feel wronged by it.

I liked particularly to hear that you had said that you felt like a boy. You were always so young, though something better than a green boy! Let it be a boy of 22, which I remember was [?] a fine age, and lasted a long time. I have had my fears that you would come back older, and since you help to keep me young, — younger, I should age fast. I like to hear of the next presidential campaign, though I fear and expect that the Republicans will take steps back rather than forward, and that we shall have to hear of North & South instead of civil service. I like to hear of the campaign that's coming, because the song I shall sing will be — Saw ye Jamie coming? quo' he — Saw ye Jamie comin' (with the grandees by his side, and a' the drums & drummin')

I mean now to go to work. I have no lectures before me and nothing else that ought to thwart me. I do want about 6000 dollars to finish my collection — which you will like when you see it — but it is a very comfortable [?] one now, and very conveniently arranged for me, by Winsor's directions. Can't you make somebody collect the ballads in other parts of Spain as they have been collected in Catalonia (and Portugal)? A word from an ambassador to a man like Gayangos (is he in Madrid?) and passed by G. to some enterprising young fellows in one province and another, might have a good effect. The popular ballads that are collected now are of the universal sort, you know, and considerably more to my purpose than the romancerballads. As lyrics, I don't think there is anything better anywhere than some of the Catalan. There must be a great lot that could be recovered in Spain — no country more likely to be rich in them. And they are well preserved, with beautiful burdens, and all the popular charm — so different from Italy, where mostly the ballads have lost their wild grace. — Well, dear Jamie, I wish I could be sure that you two were happy together today, and I have no objection to throwing in your secretary, since I hear he has been a good fellow. None the less do I wish I had been your secretary for the nonce. Love to Mrs. Lowell and perfect health soon. We think of you constantly and I never see Grace, and I see her often, without a talk about you.

Your loving F. C. ever.
Dear Jamie,

I hear all that you write to Grace N., and we never meet without talking all the late news over. Though there must be intervals of a week or two, and more I suppose, between your letters from America, there are no long intervals in our thoughts about you. We feel how much it means, when you say what would I give to see Cambridge Common! Though it is impossible for me, who was born in Boston & lived there 17 years, to feel native to Cambridge as you do, yet all my earliest heartstrings are twined round this place. And then the lonesomeness of Madrid! We all say, were it but Paris, London, or even Dresden! But I must fill this bit of paper with something that will change your thoughts for five minutes, if I can. First then, you would be glad to see Grace. She has come out of that long strain upon her health and her heart, unimpaired as to one and stronger in the other. I should lack voice should I try to speak Grace’s true praises. She has been herself, her mother’s daughter, Jane’s sister (feminine for Sidney’s sister) and herself besides. There has been no end to her patience, sweetness, tenderness, devotion, no beginning to repining, fainting, self considering, and now she is quite cheerful. Her great care now seems to be you. There are depths in Grace that never will be fathomed. I thought I knew her (she maintains fiercely that nobody knows anybody else, that the fondest heart & next our own is not sensibly nearer to understanding us than the stranger) but though all I have learned of her before stands for authentic & undisproved, 1 discover wide regions that I knew nothing of. — Charles was here yesterday on a matter of probate, and he told me that he and Grace would have about 3000 a year each, besides the house and furniture (which go to the one that lives longer) and their shares of the land. C. is fairly well but tires himself at times and has to stop. It is a pain in the back of his head that he feels, and this comes from lecturing two successive hours ex tempore. — Cambridge seems particularly still. The professors don’t make much stir in the learned world. Goodwin has a Greek grammar coming out in England & is helping with a Greek lexicon, & Lane has almost finished a Latin grammar; but how little we do, now that we have lost you. Perhaps I ought to count, and be proud to count, the labors of the young chemists on ortho-brombenzyl compounds (think of this replacing ortho-doxy!) and the relative replaceability (sic) of the bromine in the three brombenzyl-bromides.” Also three brombenzyl-bromides in the place[?] of the three old faculties! Does not that to a narrow minded man look like tapering to a very fine point! — I am among the guilty ones that do nothing though I animadvert on the president for making halls and donations his themes instead of achievements in letters and science at commencement. — A day or two I thought we were in great luck. A Mr Walter Hastings was said to have left H. C. properties that in
The Scholar-Friends

323

the end would amount to 800,000 dollars. The sum has gone down to half a million, and nearly half of that is to be spent on a ball — (from 200,000 to 250,000) that we don't want — and in the college yard, where we have no room for more. — Sever Hall is built & looks comely, but I fancy the rooms will be dark. — We have just had an election, preceded [sic] by the usual caucases. We could not do better than nominate Wentworth Higgenson. I for one had much to swallow. He will be sure to agitate for woman's suffrage. He, Phillips, Julia Howe, Lucy Stone & Mrs. Stanton have been replying to Frank Parkman in the N. A. Review on that matter, and a glance at their papers seemed to me to show that at least five of them were necessary to make even a faint fight.\(^1\) I saw John Holmes at a caucus. He expects you as sure as a Cornish man does Arthur. May we all live to meet!

Dinner rings. I mean to drop you a line often. Love to Mrs. Lowell. Were this world in my power I would come & stay the winter with you.

Always your faithful & loving

Clarli.

Hon. James R. Lowell, Madrid.

The Fields referred to at the beginning of the next letter are Mr and Mrs John W. Field, American friends of Lowell, who lived much in Europe. Field himself has already been mentioned as a correspondent of Grace Norton.

We learn from Lowell's letter of December 30 that the specimen ballad sent by Child 'care of Uncle Sam' was 'Gil Brenton,' published in Part I of The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, December 1882.

Cambridge, 21 Dec 1879.

Dearest Jamie,

Now that the Fields are with you one gets the outside view which no Spaniard and no transient American could give. We are assured that your spirits are not broken, for which gratias agimus. Of comfort for your poor wife indeed we hear not much — all the mending is to be so slow and the recovery so far off. You have new Cuban troubles on your hands now, and I fear your diplomacy will require a good deal of attention. When did you look into a book? I mean a book that is a book — such as a metrical romance, cantus de la terra, & that ilk? Shall I comfort you by telling you what you escape here? You escape seeing preparations for renominating Grant, among which preparations, we may say, is all sorts of dodging to avoid prosperity by stopping legal tender. But you read your

'\(^1\) See the North American Review, November 1879, for 'The Other Side of the Woman Question,' in dissent from Francis Parkman's article, 'The Woman Question,' in the October issue.
Nation. I mention this only because it makes me fierce as ten furies. After all, is it better to be under Dizzy and have Afghan wars on one's mind?

I sent you the other day an Advertiser with an account of Dr Holmes' 70th birthday. Let not the consequence be to make you stay away till after that date is passed for you. To be set up at a breakfast table with all the past and present Atlantic fry in front of you and around you, each ready to pronounce a decided compliment — would it not make a man's hair turn white in a single night? John said the best things, I thought. There were many new names not belonging to this eastern clime, and so the occasion was not so characteristic of St Botolphston as some old symposiums: it was not a symposium at all, but a composium. Nevertheless in far off Madrid, cold perhaps, shady probably, foreign altogether, even an Advertiser must have a faintly agreeable taste — The advertisements are there: some of them are very new too, but you could find India Wharf & Long Wharf, and horse-sales — don't you love those? the horse not afraid of anything — not afraid of spike-drivers? Raciness in the Advertiser remains no where else but in the horse columns. Have you noticed how the fellows that write fire-works advertisements are going out, perhaps gone out? Had Boston known what was for its peace, it would always keep up that 4th of July show for the genius that the institution fostered. It was fully equal to Sir Thos. Malory. Now a race has come that know not Jacob -- Boston is not Boston. New England is not half N. E. with you one of it. — I sent you too, care of Uncle Sam, a ballad set up, the first that came to hand almost, but a sort of average as to length. I have been talking with Houghton & Osgood about printing, and they have written to Macmillan. If it were not for the trouble I would rather deal only with some English publisher, for I want, if I can, to make a ballad-book that will last, and something depends on its having the right godfather. I work now every day on this matter, and sometimes am in good spirits about it sometimes very low.

A recent discovery of an Odinic song in Shetland has excited me very much. I have written the person (?) said to be the right man, to ask what hope there is of ballads. It seems to me that they must linger there. They spread like Norway rats, and there is plenty of Norway in the Orkneys & Shetland. Very likely my man will say there is nothing — just as a world renowned cryptogamic botanist in Sweden had never seen lichens which Tuckerman picked up as he was approaching the man's house. — I almost said I would come out: but I reflected upon the state of my pocket, and asked — had I not better spend the £50 it would cost me for the sea passages in buying the help of some poor Shetland schoolmasters or parsons? Only if I were on the spot — that is on the 20 or 30 inhabited islands — I could be continually prodding up the people. There must be ballads there — how else have the people held out against poverty, cold & darkness? Kristensen, a Danish schoolmaster, in three years, about 1870, gathered in a very small district in Jutland 150 ballads, over half of which had never
been known to be in tradition, & 14 were utterly unknown. Do I talk like a feller trying to get stock taken in copper-mines? The Calumer & Hecla is 275 — why should the "Security" be 7? Hasn't the Lord done as well by one man as by another? Surely there is a vein for the silver & a place for gold where they find it. Iron is taken out of the earth & brass is molten out of the stone. We will see what Laurensen says — Laurensen of Lerwick, Leog House, Lerwick — beyond John o' Groats, beyond the Orkneys. Were you careless and I richer, I would try to make you meet me there. The summer is pleasant — there are 3 months of afternoon — the people primitive. How I wish we could do it!

Grace Norton goes out a little — went to Boston to dine on Friday. She does all she can to make the world seem like a world, but it never will again. There is no news here unless I tell you that Lane's pretty little daughter, Louisa, is engaged to one of the Albany van Rensselaers. — While I think of it, why don't you let Romania come to you from Paris this year? It is always well worth seeing. I can make the college take it by mail instead of annually. I have all your numbers safe. Two were lost in the mail, but I have supplied the gaps. — The Printing Clubs would be glad to have you pay your subscriptions since 1877. They have suffered from the bad times. I thought it not worth the while to have the books accumulating while you were gone, but the Sec'y now asks me to get such returns as I can. If you care enough about the matter, you could send to the enclosed addresses the sums mentioned, with directions to have books sent to my care. It would be a help to the societies. — What will you do for Christmas? I have been reading your Sir L. [aautfall] with a class of girls in my girls school. Though you never were the scornful young knight, you seemed to me, seen through the winter, almost as lonely as the knight returned from the quest. Happier Christmas — love to your wife — kindest remembrances to Mr & Mrs. Field.

Thy loving Ciarli

Mem.

Chaucer Soc' 1878, 9, 80

45 shilling each year, including postage

Early Eng. Text. both series, 45

New Shakspere 24

You would be in for

6 x 45

3 x 24

£ 17/2, a big sum! 342

New Shakspere £ 3/12 to Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq.

London Hospital, E.

W. A. Dalziel, the rest. [address label for Dalziel attached]
Dear Carl,

how deeply grateful I feel for the love & sympathy of your letters I need not say. I had not the heart to answer them out of the darkness in which I was sitting when they came; but they brought you so near that they were a very tender consolation. Now the time seems to have come when I can say with some feeling of security that Fanny is better, though I am grown so terribly superstitious that I hardly dare to write it. Twice, after beginning to hope, there have been frightful relapses, & I understand perfectly the feeling which made the Greeks try to appease certain mysterious powers by calling them Well-meaning, as our ancestors called them Good Folk. For more than a fortnight now that infinitely dear woman has been herself — you will know how much that means — the old light of love has come back into her eyes & she has been gaining steadily (if very slowly) in strength & hope. It will be a long while yet before she will be able to leave her bed or even to change her position in it, but at least there is manifest improvement. I cannot write what we have gone through, some day when we get back to paradise I will tell you. Twice it has seemed as if she could not hold out through the night & twice she has been brought to me like Alcestis from the grave. Nothing but such a constitution as she had inherited from a pure New England ancestry could have carried her through. There were long weeks when she was wholly alienated from all she loved, but now she takes a touching interest in all that was dear to her before, & we talk over the grandchildren again. To me she is inexpressibly tender, & it is as if we had been just becrothed anew. The old nobleness of her nature reveals itself at every turn. I cannot thank God enough.

I will try when I can pull myself together again to see if I can get you any edited folksongs. But I greatly doubt. The Spaniards are singularly indifferent to such things if not contemptuous of them. There is almost no scholarship here in our sense of the word & most of the criticism is in the good old isimo style. So entire & stupid a self-satisfaction I never saw in any people. Why, they positively brag of Trafalgar. The *peninsulas divias ab orbe Britannos* were nothing to them in point of exclusion from the rest of mankind. But I love the jades for a' that — perhaps on account of a' that. I shout with laughter over their newspapers sometimes. For example the *Imparcial* (a very clever paper by the way) had an article not long [ago] on "Longevity in Europe" based on one by Max Waldstein in a Viennese Review. Here is a bit of it. "Salimos los Españoles los menos aventajados en eso de vivir mucho tiempo; pero como es necesario dudar siempre de la veracidad de los extranjeros en todo cuanto atañe a nuestro país &c &c Isn't:
that delicious? Commonly they bluntly attribute this malice of facts to
envy. They fancy themselves always in the age of Charles V, & the perfect
gravity with which they always assume the airs of a Great Power is not
without a kind of pathetic dignity. We all wink at the little shifts of a
decayed gentleman, especially when he is Don Quixote as this one certainly
is. They are full of humour, by the way, & their stories are wonderfully
good. Some day I will tell you their version of Am I Giles or am I
not? which is much better than ours. The naive profanity with which
they treat sacred subjects — even the Crucifixion — in their newspapers I
attribute to there being a large majority among their literatos[?] of
descendants from conversos. One observation I have made but cannot
explain — their insensibility to noise. They seem even to be fond of it. It
implies, I suppose, either a low civilization or peculiarly healthy nerves.

I have just been in to see Fanny (for I go to bed now that we have an
English nurse) & she looks nicely. I cannot bear to tell you all she has
had to suffer — among other things her right arm painfully helpless & the
hand swollen with what seems to be rheumatic gout — & she bears it all
with heroic cheerfulness. O altitudo! The beautiful clear depths there
are in such a woman's nature!

I have a tolerable Catalan Dictionary now — too large for the post —
but I shall bring it home. How I long to have that dear familiar earth
under my feet! And somehow I think it longs for me too. Good bye,
beloved. Give my love to Grace & tell her I shall write soon. I have less
loose time than you would think. Thanks for Gil Brenton which I knew
must be your's or the Devil's. I was delighted to think you were going on
with the work which nobody can do so well.

Give my love to Mrs Child & the children who I suppose are grown
out of all cry by this time.

Your affectionate

J. R. L.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe
G. W. Cottrell, Jr

(To be continued)
List of Contributors

JEAN SEZNEC, Marshall Foch Professor of French Literature in the University of Oxford and Fellow of All Souls College

ROSCOE POUND, University Professor, Emeritus, Harvard University

M. A. DEWOLF HOWE, Boston, Massachusetts

G. W. COTTRELL, JR, Editor in the Harvard University Library

WILLIAM A. JACKSON, Professor of Bibliography and Assistant Librarian of the College Library in charge of the Houghton Library, Harvard University

A. E. GALLATIN, New York City

L. M. OLIVER, Assistant to the Librarian in the Houghton Library, Harvard University

JOHN CLIVE, Teaching Fellow in History, Harvard University

LOUIS H. SILVER, Chicago, Illinois

HYDER E. ROLLINS, Gurney Professor of English Literature, Harvard University

THOMAS LITTLE, Custodian of the Theodore Roosevelt Collection and Member of the Catalogue Department, Harvard College Library

ELTING E. MORISON, Associate Professor of History, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Editor, The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt

ROBERT W. LOVETT, Head of the Manuscript Division, Baker Library, Harvard University