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THE TRAVEL-WRITING OF HENRY JAMES

by

Alma Louise Lowe

A THESIS
SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Houston, Texas
May, 1955

Approved: Alan D. Mitchell
My interest in Henry James dates back to the spring of 1937, when I enrolled in Dr. Rebecca Smith's American literature class, "Howells, James, and Twain," at Texas Christian University. Dr. Smith (now Mrs. Owen Scott Lee), one of the perceptive critics of the thirties who forecast the Henry James revival of the forties, saw earlier than most literary critics the full import of James; and it was she who helped me to "see" what Henry James "was all the while saying." No writer has had so much to say to me since.

Then in the fall of 1943 I had the privilege of studying under another appreciative critic of Henry James, Dr. Theodore Hornberger, and it was under his guidance that I began a study of Henry James and the Fine Arts. I continue to be grateful to Dr. Hornberger for calling my attention to James's interest in the plastic arts, a subject which I am still pursuing.

When I entered the Graduate School of The Rice Institute for the purpose of completing requirements for the Ph. D., a part of which was to be continued research in Henry James, I was fortunate in having the advice of another devotee of James. It was Dr. Willard Thorp, visiting M. D. Anderson Lecturer for 1952-53, who suggested to me the interesting and rewarding subject of the Travel-Writing of Henry James. Having recently returned from five years of travelling in Europe, North Africa and the West Indies, the subject of travel was of particular interest to me.

For guidance in my research on The Travel-Writing of Henry James, I am deeply grateful to Dr. Alan D. McKillop, chairman of the Department of English at The Rice Institute, an eminent critic of eighteenth century literature, and one of the outstanding scholars of the novel both in this
country and abroad. His encouragement and his interest in Henry James have been of inestimable value in the completion of this essay.

I am particularly grateful to Dr. James Phillips, Reference Librarian at The Rice Institute, for his unflagging efforts, his kindness and patience, and his promptness in securing by Interlibrary Loan both books and microfilm that were needed during the course of this study. I also wish to thank Mrs. Charles W. Hamilton and Miss Pender Turnbull for their helpfulness and understanding. And without the kindness and assistance of the members of the Circulation Department, my task would not have been so pleasant. I am also indebted to Miss Ann Gossman for her thoughtfulness and help.

No long-term project such as this would be possible without the encouragement and help of one's family and personal friends and to each of them I owe a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to repay. If this paper fulfills the requirements for an advanced degree, then half the credit belongs to my mother who for so many years contributed to my study of James; the other half belongs to my husband who not only has read the entire paper in its first and final stages, but who has also made many valuable suggestions.
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CHAPTER I

Very likely too, some day, all my buried prose will kick off its various tombstones at once.

--Henry James
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION: THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TRAVEL LITERATURE

1. Travel in American Life and Letters

There is something in the nature of man that responds to the call of the open road and to the lure of far-away places. He wants to see for himself what the other side of the mountain looks like, what type of people live there, what they think and what they do, and what in their past history has made them as they are. For answers to these questions and believing that an understanding of history can be gained, as William Dean Howells believed, "only on the spot where it was lived," man has travelled to the four corners of the globe. Sometimes, however, man has turned to the past simply as an escape from the present. Washington Irving explained that he had done just that.

I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeur of the past. 2

But man has usually travelled for more serious reasons than escape, and he has not been content just to travel in order "to see"; he has felt compelled to set down his impressions in letters, biographies, diaries, travel sketches, or in novels or poems. The urge to write about what he has seen and discovered for himself is as strong in man as his propensity to explore; it is almost something he cannot help but do. Those who do not write give lectures (sometimes illustrated) about their travels, and often the inveterate traveller—like Emerson—does both. Or if he does

1
not lecture, he may compile a guidebook—a Murray or a Büdeker, as this type of guide is usually called. Although not literature in themselves, these guidebooks inspired a succession of literary travel-guides such as Francis W. Halsey's *Seeing Europe with Famous Authors* (1914) and Helen Barber Morrison's *The Golden Age of Travel: Literary Impressions of the Grand Tour* (1951), which testify that the American traveller, at least, is often as interested in seeing Europe through the eyes of a literary "authority" as he is in seeing it with his own eyes. He often wonders "what illustrious people have been here before, and what their experiences and reactions were," and he wants to compare his reactions with those of more sensitive, erudite travellers. Those who made the Grand Tour during the last half of the nineteenth century considered such books as Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters* prerequisites for the tour. Those who read French took along Stendhal's volumes, particularly his *Memoires D'un Touriste*; and the American fortified himself with Howells's *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys* at least. A discriminating tourist like Henry James would buy an "authority" on the spot and compare notes as he gazed at a painting, a castle, or a ruin.

Travel literature in general comprises a considerable library, as Edward Godfrey Cox's admirable two volume work, "A Reference Guide to the Literature of Travel" suggests; and although some of these travel accounts may not be literature in the strictest sense, they nevertheless are a "happy hunting ground" for literary scholars and reflect "many original observations on the perennially absorbing subject of man's adjustments to diverse environments." Travel writings in the English language are to be found in the entire gamut of both English and American literature. Beginning with "Widsith" (the far-traveller), English literature is
replete with tales of travel, with literary impressions of the Grand Tour, with novels and poems of the empire builders, and with all sorts of journals and essays of travel. And American literature can be said to have been born of travel. One of the earliest travel books (excluding Columbus's "Epistola" in 1493 which did not appear in English) was that of Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, whose Relación "appeared in print in 1542, has been translated into many languages, and reprinted in every century since." This "overland narrative" was followed by scores of others, and from the Colonial period to the present American literature has been replete with tales of travel--voyages from Europe, explorations of the new continent, visits to the mother countries, and after 1865 the annual summer trek to Europe.

Americans themselves were born into a world in which the precedent of travel had been firmly established, and the continuing trek of Americans to England--which began really with Pocahontas--reached a high peak during the 1953 Coronation, and it shows no sign of subsiding. Washington Irving's comments concerning the number of Americans in England during the celebration of the victory at Waterloo in 1815 sounds very modern. By substituting a few words the description might be that of the summer of 1955.

This place swarms with Americans. You never saw a more motley race of beings. Some seem as if just from the woods, and yet stalk about the streets and public places with all the easy nonchalance that they would about their own villages. Nothing can surpass the dauntless independence of all form, ceremony, fashion, or reputation of a downright unsophisticated American...Let an Englishman talk of Waterloo, they will undoubtedly bring up New Orleans and Plattsburg. A Thoroughbred thoroughly appointed soldier is nothing to a Kentucky rifleman. 11

But England was only the first stop for most American travellers. They went on to make the Grand Tour; and most of them found France and Italy dearer to their hearts than England. Thomas G. Appleton spoke for many
Americans when he said, "All good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."
And Howells spoke for many of his compatriots—particularly for his friend
Henry James—when he said: "...the citizen of every free country loves
Italy next to his own land, and feels her prosperous fortune to be the
advantage of civilization." Americans swarmed everywhere, Germany,
Switzerland, Spain, and indeed over the whole of Europe and over the rest
of the world as well. A few serious-minded Americans voiced mild protests.

Hawthorne remarked:

No people on earth have such vagabond habits as ourselves. The
Continental races never travel at all, if they can help it; nor
does an Englishman ever think of stirring abroad, unless he has
the money to spare, or proposes to bring himself some definite
advantage from the journey; but it seemed to me that nothing
was more common than for a young American deliberately to
spend all his resources in an aesthetic peregrination about
Europe, returning with pockets nearly empty to begin the world
in earnest. 14

And Emerson, in spite of his own travelling habits, observed with alarm
the tendency of Americans to worship at the shrine of Europe and warned:

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the
globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence,
so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad
with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He
who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not
carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth
among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind
have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to
ruins....Travelling is a fool's paradise. 15

Americans, however, paid little heed to Emerson, for by 1890 there
were over fifty thousand American tourists in Europe and by 1914 there
were over 150,000 Americans abroad (that number has now tripled). These
nomadic souls were a boon to Thomas Cook—the English tour agent who had
set up business in 1840—who was forced to open an office in London in
1865 and another in America in 1866. By 1890 he had 1,714 people on his
staff and eighty-four offices and eighty-five agencies scattered over
half the world. Bernhard von Tauchnitz (founder of a printing and publishing house in Leipzig in 1837) also prospered because of the American tourist trade. He undertook to supply the traveller with small books which he might read while waiting for trains or lying in his steamer deck chair. In 1841 Tauchnitz issued his first collection of English authors; and by 1890 he had sold to the tourist trade more than 2,600 of these volumes, which then included the writings of two leading American authors, William Dean Howells and Henry James.

The leading magazines of the day were likewise catering to the tourist trade. *Scribner's* magazine for March and April 1897 published two helpful articles by Lewis Morris Iddings entitled "The Art of Travel. By Land," and "The Art of Travel. Ocean Crossings." *And Scribner's* joined the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and *Lippincott's*, as well as numerous smaller magazines, in publishing travel sketches, short stories and novels relating to travel. Among the best-known authors of travel sketches who contributed to the periodicals were: Bayard Taylor, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas B. Aldrich, John W. DeForest, Richard Grant White, Edward King, John Hay, G. P. Putnam, Charles Dudley Warner, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Charles W. Stoddard, Helen Hunt, and, of course, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and Henry James. There were scores of other minor writers who increased their income by writing all sorts of advice for travellers or descriptions of far-away places.

American and British publishers were not permitting either Tauchnitz nor the magazines (in some cases the book publisher and the magazine publisher were one and the same firm) to supply the tourist with all his needs. Most of the travel sketches which were first published in magazines came out later in book form, but in many instances information
as to the history of a country or its literary and artistic background could be found only in book form. Some of the books which Americans read with alacrity were: James Fenimore Cooper's *Gleanings in Europe*, Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* and *A Tramp Abroad*, all of Howells's travel books, Charles Eliot Norton's *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*, Nathaniel Parker Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, Augustus J. Hare's *Florence* and *Days Near Rome* (which Henry James enjoyed), Felix O. C. Darley's *Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil*, Bayard Taylor's *By-Ways of Europe*, and of course Henry James's travel books. There were numerous others such as Irving's *Sketch Book*, Emerson's *English Traits*, and Hawthorne's *English Note-Books*, as well as his *French and Italian Note-Books*. Added to these were scores of novels and short stories based upon travel of which the writings of Howells and James stand as supreme examples. Since 1900 American historians, essayists, and novelists, as well as a host of soldiers and government officials, have augmented America's library of travel writings; some of these are only journalistic jottings but others have genuine literary merit.
2. The Purpose of this Study

In spite of the extent of travel in America and abroad and the copious travel literature that exists, there has been no single study of the significance of travel in American life and letters. Perhaps the scope of such a study is prohibitive, but ostensibly there is need for an interpretative study—albeit piecemeal—of the effect of travel upon the social and literary history of America. Philip Rahv in his *Discovery of Europe* points out that travel literature is of particular value in "the expressions of the American character it brings to light," and George M. Kahrl, in discussing the significance of travel literature in *Tobias Smollett: Traveler-Novelist*, calls attention to the "peculiar affinity between novelists and travelers" and the "rapport between the two" which has existed since ancient times.

A few partial studies have been made. As early as 1924 Allan Nevins in his *American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers* indicated the foreign traveller's contribution toward an interpretation of American social life. In 1926 Robert E. Spiller, in *The American in England*, emphasized that the "one exceedingly fertile source of information for the human aspects" of the story of America's national growth is "in the form of the letters, diaries, and other travel records of those Americans who went to England in the early national period." Of equal importance was the contribution of travellers to and from France, as Howard Mumford Jones has so admirably shown in *America and French Culture, 1750-1848*. For a study of the German influence in American life during the nineteenth century, Orie William Long likewise relied upon travel literature while writing *Literary Pioneers: Early American Explorers of European Culture*...
By reading the correspondence and travel journals of "aspiring young scholars" in America who travelled and studied in German universities (among whom were William James, Walter Channing, George Bancroft, Edward Everett, Joseph Green Cogswell, George Ticknor, Thomas Sargent Perry, John Motley, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow), Mr. Long discerned that German culture had "lent a powerful impetus to the progress of learning and to the enrichment of our cultural development."

Several provocative studies have dealt with "the ever-present pullback toward modes of culture that lie in our past," a pullback to which travel often contributes. America's "desire to retrace the racial steps" is thoroughly analyzed in Ferner Nuhn's *The Wind Blew From The East* (1940) with particular attention to Adams, James, and Eliot, who "came under the spell of the 'wonderful otherness' of Europe"—a spell from which they did not recover. Alfred Kazin, in *On Native Grounds* (1942), discusses the influence of travel upon several American writers, including Henry James, and disagrees with Van Wyck Brooks that James would have been a better writer—at least for America—had he stayed at home. This two-way pull in American life is the subject once again in Henry Seidel Canby's *Turn West, Turn East: Mark Twain and Henry James* (1951), a study of opposing attitudes toward Europe which were occasioned by travel.

Yet much remains to be done with the subject of travel in American literature. Marion Lumpkins Stiles has made a thorough analysis of the extent of travel in America during the last half of the nineteenth century and of the effect of travel upon the life and works of William Dean Howells. A more recent study, James L. Woodress, Jr.'s *Howells & Italy* (1952), is fuller and more interpretative (the author had access to original manuscripts and letters), but it leaves Howells's travels in
other countries untouched. There has been no single study of the travel writings of Henry James; indeed there has been only scant mention of these significant literary works. Marie-Reine Garnier has made effective use of them in discussing James's attitude toward France in *Henry James et La France* (1927), and, of course, critics often refer to James's best-known travel books, *Portraits of Places*, *A Little Tour in France*, and *English Hours*. *Transatlantic Sketches* and *Foreign Parts* (a revised issue of the former) are considered less often, and the most beautiful—in content and style—volume of all, *Italian Hours*, has been sadly neglected.

There have been two recent partial studies of James as a traveller. In his doctoral dissertation, *Three American Travellers in England: James Russell Lowell, Henry Adams, Henry James* (1945), Robert Charles Le Clair traces the influence of travel upon James's life and works up to the year 1883, but he does not discuss the travel sketches in detail. His emphasis is upon the English sketches, and he does not consider the sketches of America. Nor does he analyze the revisions of the European sketches. George Alvin Finch in his essay "James as a Traveller," which serves as an introduction to a 1948 edition of *Portraits of Places*, calls attention to the significance of the travel sketches in relation to James's fiction. He points out that James's travel writings are "a personal record through which the reader may traverse a middle ground lying between his letters and his fiction." Mr. Finch, however, does not discuss James's habits as a tourist, nor does he analyze the content and composition of the numerous travel essays which James wrote between 1872 and 1909. Since Mr. Finch's study concerns only *Portraits of Places*, he has not considered James's revisions of these sketches, nor has he discussed the traveller
in America.

Supplementing what Mr. Le Clair and Mr. Finch have contributed, this study proposes to consider in some detail James's repeated visits to England and the continent, as well as his last visit to America, his habits as a tourist, the significance of his letters as embryo travel essays, the content and style of the seven travel books, and finally, the revisions of the European sketches in 1909. This study will later be extended to include the relation between James's travel writings and his fiction and non-fiction works.
CHAPTER II

I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snail that crept out of her shell was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stool to sit on; so the traveller that straggles from his own country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is fain to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.

--John Lyly, Euphues
CHAPTER II

HENRY JAMES, TRAVELLER

1. "The Sense of Europe"

American literature indeed was born of travel, and one of America's most gifted sons was born to travel and to bequeath to his native land a body of literature which grew out of his travels. At the tender age of two Henry James, Jr. was whisked off to Europe by parents intent upon immersing their children in the cultural heritage of Europe. And even as a small boy riding in a carriage through Paris streets young Henry seemed instinctively to know that providence had decreed that he was to travel and to collect "impressions."

I had been there for a short time in the second year of my life, and I was to communicate to my parents later on that as a baby in long clothes, seated opposite to them in a carriage and on the lap of another person, I had been impressed with the view, framed by the clear window of the vehicle as we passed, of a great stately square surrounded with high-roofed houses and having in its centre a tall and glorious column. I had naturally caused them to marvel, but I had also, under cross-questioning, forced them to compare notes, as it were, and reconstitute the miracle. 1

It was this first definite impression of Europe (Henry could also remember waggling his small feet under a flowing robe) that made it possible for Henry, three years later at the age of five, to enjoy and understand "the rich words"—about Europe—on his Uncle's lips. He was "ready for them and could catch on" with the help of his "backward reach" to that souvenir collected at the age of two.

Seven years later when Henry was twelve, he found himself again on foreign soil; and once again his memory was that of being driven through

10
the streets of a European metropolis--this time London--seated on a box
beside the coachman. That ride on a June afternoon in 1855 "through so
much of a vast portentous London" James was to remember as a privilege
somehow connected with "the whole mass of later observation."

...I thrilled with the spectacle my seat beside the coachman
so amply commanded--without knowing at this moment why, amid
other claims, I had been marked for such an eminence. I so
far justify my privilege at least as still to feel that prime
impression, of extreme intensity, underlie, deep down, the
whole mass of later observation. There are London aspects
which, so far as they still touch me, after all the years,
touch me as just sensible reminders of this hour of early
apprehension, so penetrated for me as to have kept its in-
effaceable stamp. 2

Henry somehow knew that this journey was to mean more than his "small
previous history" and that the important thing for him was to "become
personally and incredibly acquainted with Piccadilly and Richmond Park and
Ham Common." He sensed that all the impressions which he had been gather-
ing in America had been in preparation for this hour. His very early
consciousness of "the sense of Europe" had been awakened by the books he
saw and read, by "the tall entrancing folios of Nash's lithographed
Mansions of England," by his practice of burying his nose in a half-open
book just for the "English smell," and by his visit to Thompson's and to
Taylor's bookstores (in New York) "to snuff up" fresh uncut volumes in
order to "taste the very substance of London." Of the importance of his
visits to bookstores (the proprietor, as well as the books, was English),
James wrote years later:

All the books in that age were English, at least all our down-
town ones...and I take the perception of that quality in them
to have associated itself with more fond dreams and glimmering
pictures than any other one principle of growth. It was all a
result of the deeply infected state: I had been prematurely
poisoned... 5

Friends, relatives and teachers had also prepared Henry for this
visit to Europe in 1855. His first personal perception of France had been given him by Mlle. Delavigne, one of his early teachers; and his sole maternal aunt, by her discussion at breakfast one morning of a visit to England, awakened in him a nostalgia for England. In remembering this conversation, James recalled:

...it was for that matter quite as if my infant divination proceeded by the light of nature: I divined that it would matter to me in the future that "English life" should be of this or that fashion. 6

The whole tradition of a yearning for Europe was reinforced by the fact that some relative or friend was always "there," which meant at first to Henry "generally Europe, but particularly and pointedly Paris." But even such a "small odd reminiscence" as a photograph nourished the tradition. When Henry was eight years old, a picture postcard of London added to his sense of Europe.

A little schoolmate displayed to me with pride, while the connection lasted, a beautiful coloured, a positively iridescent and gilded card representing the first of all the "great exhibitions" of our age, the London Crystal Palace of 1851—his father having lately gone out to it and sent him the dazzling memento. 7

Henry counted "as precious anyone, everyone" who contributed to his "straining vision" of Europe and who opened its vistas to him. He was particularly indebted to Louis De Coppet, for it was his "toy hammer that drove in the very point of the golden nail." In memory of him James wrote:

If I drop on his memory this apology for a bayleaf it is from the fact of his having given the earliest, or at least the most personal, tap to that pointed prefigurement of the manners of "Europe," which inserted wedge-like, if not to say peg-like, into my young allegiance, was to split the tender organ into such unequal halves. 8

Henry's "small straining vision" had ever reached out for the vistas that were now before him, and nearly twenty years later—in 1882—he remarked with evident pride and satisfaction upon "the definiteness, the unerringness
of those longings" of his early youth.

What comes back to me freely, delightfully, is the vision of those untired years. Never did a poor fellow have more; never was an ingenuous youth more passionately and yet more patiently eager for what life might bring. Now that life has brought something, brought a measurable part of what I dreamed of then, it is touching enough to look back. 9

Of his longing to travel and to see the world, he wrote:

I knew at least what I wanted then—to see something of the world. I have seen a good deal of it, and I look at the past in the light of this knowledge. What strikes me is the definiteness, the unerringness of those longings. I wanted to do very much what I have done, and success, if I may say so, now stretches back a tender hand to its younger brother, desire. 10

The James family remained in Europe for three years (1855-1858), two of which were spent in Paris. And it was in Paris that both William and Henry became absorbed in art. As they wandered through the Louvre and the Luxembourg, they felt compelled to learn the meaning of art. Henry seemed to hear a voice that said:

"Art, art, art, don't you see? Learn, little gaping pilgrims, what that is!" Oh, we learned, that is we tried to, as hard as ever we could, and were fairly well at it, I always felt... 11

This first immersion in art was once again "the beginning of so much that was to be" and it formed a "part of an order really fortunate." On his first visit to the Louvre (July, 1855) under the guidance of his tutor Jean Nadali, Henry felt the future unfolding before him. Europe was to mean art; it was to mean coming again and again to the museums of Europe. It was also to mean the recording of his impressions of the art galleries and their masterpieces, as well as of his observations of "society, manners, types, characters, possibilities and prodigies and mysteries of fifty sorts..." Later James was to say of this first visit to the Louvre:

...how can I say what foretaste (as determined by that instant as if the hour had struck from a clock) of all the fun, confusedly
speaking, that one was going to have, and the kind of life, always of the queer so-called inward sort, tremendously "sporting" in its way--though that description didn't then wait upon it, that one was going to lead. It came of itself, this almost awful apprehension in all the presences, under our courier's protection and in my brother's company--it came just there and so; there was alarm in it somehow as well as bliss. 14

Not only his interest in art but also his interest in castles and ruins began during this three-year sojourn in Europe. Travelling from Lyons to Geneva, the family had stopped at a nameless village (now Nantua) to spend the night, an incident that James was to consider all his life "as crucial, as supremely determinant." As they drove through the streets of the village, James from his couch in the carriage (he was recovering from a fever) took "a larger draught of the wine of perception" than ever before. Of this perception he wrote:

The village street, which was not as village streets hitherto known to me, opened out, beyond an interval, into a high place on which perched an object also a fresh revelation and that I recognized with deep joy...as at once a castle and a ruin...I was already somehow aware of a deeper note in the crumbled castle than any note of the solid one. 15

And along the road to Geneva, James had his first view of a peasant, a type he was to describe many times in his travel sketches. He remembered her vividly:

...below the slope on which this memento stood, was a woman in a black bodice, a white shirt and a red petticoat, engaged in some sort of field labour, the effect of whose intervention just then is almost beyond my notation. I knew her for a peasant in sabots--the first peasant I had ever beheld...She had in the whole aspect an enormous value, emphasising with her petticoat's tonic strength the truth that sank in as I lay--the truth of one's embracing there, in all the presented character of the scene, an amount of character I had felt no scene present...16

As he looked back, he commented that Europe in general during that period of his youth "made a bridge over to more things" than he knew. He felt that everything was his "property" and that "by an avid instinct"
he seized it "at the absurddest little rate" during those golden days.

The family returned to America in 1858, but when they visited Europe again in the winter of 1859--this time they settled in Geneva--Henry was all out for culture, out to learn all that he could about European culture, out to gain impressions.

I was in, or again I was "out", in my small way, for culture; which seemed quite to come, come from everywhere at once, with the most absurd conciliatory rush, pitifully small as would have been any list of the sources I tapped. The beauty was in truth that everything was a source, giving me, by the charmingest breach of logic, more than it at all appeared to hold... 17

It was the ancient villa in which the James family resided during this stay in Geneva that left a lasting impression on Henry. He found a depth of character in the old house that he had not known in America, and for the rest of his life he was to prefer this European depth. Of the effect the villa had upon him, James wrote:

...our house affected me as so massive and so spacious that even our own half of it seemed vast. I had never before lived so long in anything so old and, as I somehow felt, so deep; depth, depth upon depth, was what came out for me at certain times...That was the sense of it--the character, in the whole place, pressed upon me with a force I hadn't met and that was beyond my analysis--which is but another way of saying how directly notified I felt that such material conditions as I had known could have had no depth at all. 18

After this sojourn in Switzerland where Henry attended the Institution Rochette and William the Academy, the family left at the end of 1859 for the purpose of settling at Newport so that William might study painting under William Hunt. Henry likewise spent a great deal of time in Hunt's studio painting and sketching, a hobby which both boys had enjoyed during the past years in Europe. In 1862 he entered Harvard Law School, but he soon discovered that he had no talent for law; he much preferred to write romances in the manner of Hawthorne and to spend winter afternoons in the glow of Mr. Lowell's "learned lamplight." Between 1865 and 1869 he had turned his
attention solely to writing articles and reviews for the Atlantic Monthly, the North American Review, the Nation, and the Galaxy. Henry at last knew that what he wanted "to want to be" was "all intimately just literary." But it was not enough to be just literary in America; he kept remembering Europe. His longing for Europe was intensified during 1867-68, for his brother was "there." (William had gone abroad to study medicine.) As he read William's letters, Henry felt again "all the old longing for Europe" and a "nostalgia for the 'greater richness' of Europe." The fact of William's being in Europe seemed to hold out hope for the younger brother.

...the huge small fact that the writer [William] was by the blest description "in Europe", and that this verily still had its way of meaning for me more than aught else beside. For what sprang in especial from his situation was the proof, with its positive air, that a like, when all was said, might become again one's own; that such luck wasn't going to be for evermore perversely out of the question with us...
2. "A Passionate Pilgrim" on the Grand Tour

In the spring of 1869 the nostalgic, romantic Henry sailed for England, and never had a more passionate pilgrim set foot on English soil. It had been nearly ten years since he had been to Europe, ten years in which his youthful longings had become intensified. The arrival at Liverpool and the journey to London was to be described again and again in his letters, sketches, memoirs, and stories. Years later he found "every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival still as vivid as if the solemnity of an opening era had breathed upon it." The experience of arriving in London again "was expectation exquisitely gratified, superabundantly confirmed." And in 1888 as James wrote of this 1869 arrival in London, he compared the experience with his 1855 initiation as a boy of twelve. He discovered that the earlier vision "had turned grey, like faded ink," so he counted the 1869 experience "as virtually a first impression." He remembered that he had felt then "a mystic prescience of how fond of the murky Babylon" he was "one day to become." The intervening years between 1869 and 1888 had so deepened James's love for the great capital that when he wrote the famous essay "London" (published in Century Magazine, December, 1888), he took again the same walk which he had taken in 1869. That first walk had been "the commencement of his passion."

As a child and now as an adult, James, the sentimental tourist (a term he used in virtually every travel sketch he wrote), looked at London with a "cloud of associations" from "Punch, from Thackeray, from volumes of the Illustrated London News turned over in childhood." The little bedroom-candle (at Morley's Hotel) with its huge shadow made him think of "The Ingoldsby Legends." As he passed under the Temple Bar he thought
of "two lines of 'Henry Esmond'," and as he looked at the statue of Queen Anne on Ludgate Hill, he found it "a thrilling thought that the statue had been familiar to the hero of the incomparable novel." Always wherever James went, whether it was in France, Switzerland or Italy, he was made constantly more aware of "the singular permanence of the impressions of childhood, to which any present experience joins itself on." He saw everywhere characters and scenes from the novels which he had read. But James was to do more than see Europe through novels; he saw it also from the standpoint of history. He wrote home to the family that he was "in quest of the ancient." At Assisi in December, 1869, he gloried in his "delicious bath of medievalism." He delighted in the ruins of the place; everything reeked with antiquity. His letter to William was almost an apostrophe to the city.

What words can shadow forth your happy positions aloft on sinking mountain spurs,—girt with your time-fretted crumbling bastions, incrusted with the rich deposit of history? I've seen such passages of colour and composition,—such bits, such effects, as can only be reproduced by a moan of joy. It's dramatic landscape...The whole thing is intensely medieval, and the vocabulary of Michelet alone could furnish a proper characterization of it.

While in Rome the passionate pilgrim went "reeling and moaning thro' the streets, in a fever of excitement." And at last when he returned to his hotel, he wrote William: "I've seen Rome, and I shall go to bed a wiser man than I last rose..." Near Florence James visited "an ancient monastery, perched up on top of a hill and turreted with little cells like a feudal castle." On coming out of it, he swore that he would not leave a country "where adventures of that complexion are the common incidents of your daily constitutional." Intuitively James seemed to know that Florence, like London, was to mean more to him in the future. He wrote to William that Florence had entered into his life
and was "destined to operate there as a motive, a prompter, an inspirer of some sort."

In making the Grand Tour during 1869-1870, James was by no means doing so simply for pleasure nor merely to absorb as much culture as possible. He was not traveling in order to study Italian art and Italian history (nor that of any other country) for themselves. He hoped that his experiences and observations would serve as "an irradiating focus of light on some other matters." He wanted to extract the soul of Europe and throw it "off in words." Meanwhile he was collecting impressions and looking for the picturesque. He could see the picturesqueness of Catholicism, particularly of its architecture and to some extent of its celebrations, but (as the following letter of October 30, 1869 to William indicates) he saw little else.

In St. Peter's I stayed some time. It's even beyond its reputation. It was filled with foreign ecclesiastics--great armies encamped in prayer on the marble plains of its pavement--an inexhaustible physiognomical study. To crown my day, on my way home, I met his Holiness in person--driving in prodigious purple state--sitting dim within the shadows of his coach with two uplifted benedictory fingers--like some dusky Hindoo idol in the depths of its shrine.

And soon he was to tire of seeing both priests and churches. Two months later he wrote again to William (from Rome, December 27, 1869):

I'm sick unto death of priests and churches. Their "picturesqueness" ends by making me want to go strongly into political economy or the New England school system. I conceived at Naples a tenfold deeper loathing than ever of the hideous heritage of the past, and felt for a moment as if I should like to devote my life to laying railroads, and erecting blocks of stores on the most classic and romantic sites.

Indeed James was surfeited with churches! And at first he was unable to appreciate the charm of Venice and of Italy in general. Upon first arriving in Venice, he wrote to William:

...Venice is magnificently fair, and quite, to my perception, the Venice of romance and fancy. Taine, I remember, somewhere
speaks of "Venice and Oxford—the two most picturesque cities in Europe." I personally prefer Oxford, it told me deeper and richer things than any I have learned here. It's as if I had been born in Boston. I can't for my life frankly surrender myself to the Genius of Italy, or the Spirit of the South, or whatever one may call the confounded thing...I feel I shall never look at Italy—at Venice, for instance—but from without; whereas it seemed to me at Oxford and in England generally that I was breathing the air of home. 36

But as he was leaving Italy, Henry, in a letter to his mother, said:

Now that I am leaving Italy, I feel with redoubled force its enchanting eloquence, and fumble over the rich contents of these last four months as fondly as a coin-collector a bag of medals. 37

By the time he had returned to England—February, 1870—he was feeling the same home-sickness for Italy that he had always felt for England. Now that he had turned his back on Italy, he realized the true "interest" of "pluperfect Italy," and he found it difficult to be "ravished and charmed" by England for a while.

And in this rather "peevious" mood about England, Henry wrote to William from Great Malvern (March 8, 1870) some of his impressions of the English people. Of the women he said:

I am tired of their plainness and stiffness and tastelessness—their dowdy beads and their lindsey woolsey trains...I revolt from their dreary deathly want of...intellectual grace—Minny Temple has it—moral spontaneity. They live wholly in the realm of the cut and dried. 38

His analysis of the conversation of both men and women is a classic bit of satire worthy to be compared with anything else on the subject.

"Have you ever been to Florence?" "Oh yes." "Isn't it a most peculiarly interesting city?" "Oh yes, I think it's so very nice." "Have you read "Romola?" "Oh yes." "I suppose you admire it." "Oh yes, I think it so very clever."

And in the next sentence James added:

The English have such a mortal mistrust of anything like criticism or "keen analysis" (which they seem to regard as a kind of maulin foreign flummery) that I rarely remember to have heard on English lips any other intellectual verdict (no matter under what provocation) than this broad synthesis—"so immensely clever." What exasperates
you is not that they can't say more, but that they wouldn't if they could. 39

This mood, however, was not to last; his old delight in things English soon returned. It was the beauty of the English countryside, even in winter, which did the trick. The winter beauty of Great Malvern's countryside seemed "less naked and out of season than that about Naples." His description of the landscape view from his window makes it plain that his delight in England of the year before was returning.

The fields are all vivid with their rain-deepened green, the hedges all dark and dense and damp with immediate possibilities of verdure, the trees so multitudinously twigged that as they rise against the watery sky a field's length away, you can fancy them touched with early leafage. And ah! that watery sky, greatest of England's glories! so high and vast and various, so many-lighted and many-shadowed, so full of poetry and motion and of a strange affinity with the swimming detail of scenery beneath! Indeed what I have most enjoyed in England since my return, what has most struck me, is the light,—or rather, if you please, the darkness: that of Du Maurier's drawings... 40

In May, 1870, James returned to America. The editors of the Nation must have learned of the pictorial quality of James's travel letters, for they soon commissioned him to write his impressions of Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, and Quebec. As a traveller in his own country, James revealed himself to be as acute an observer of American life as he had been of European life. So well did he demonstrate his competence in the genre of the travel sketch that the Nation soon commissioned him to do a series of sketches of Europe. Accordingly, in the summer of 1872, the traveller was off to Europe again—this time for three years. It was this second tour that convinced James that he could do more with his
literary powers in Europe than anywhere else.
3. The leisurely, observant tourist

As James embarked upon his second European tour (1872-1874), he felt himself to be not so much a sentimental tourist as an "observant tourist" or a "reflective tourist." He was still in search of the picturesque and he was still gathering impressions, but he was doing so now in a more leisurely manner and in a quieter, more reflective mood. He made an unhurried tour of the Cathedral towns of England, he collected observations in Switzerland, he strolled through Paris streets and sauntered through museums, he spent six months in Italy and then returned to France and England by way of Germany, Holland, and Belgium. During these peregrinations James developed certain habits which lend a human interest to his travel sketches and which reveal a side of James's personality not readily apparent elsewhere.

James, for example, was fond of arriving at his destination by moonlight. His travel sketches are replete with such statements as:

I arrived late in the evening, by the light of a magnificent moon; and while a couple of benigmantly mumbling old crones were making up my bed at the inn, I strolled forth in quest of a first impression. Five minutes brought me to where I might gather it unhindered, as it bloomed in the white moonshine...It was void of any human presence which could recall me to the current year, and, the moonshine assisting, I had half an hour's fantastic vision of medieval Italy. 41

He often visited a cathedral by moonlight for he enjoyed the play of lights and shadows upon the stained-glass windows and the view of the superb architecture against the silver sky. Part of the joy of visiting a cathedral by moonlight was, of course, that it was then "void of any human presence." James preferred to observe in quietness and solitude. He went to see St. Mark's when the church was comparatively empty, for it was then that one might "sit there with an easy consciousness of its
beauty." He chose the propitious hour of noon for his visit to "the
loveliest thing in Venice," the Ducal Palace, since the tourists would
be at lunch. He advised the prospective visitor to do the same.

Cunningly select your hour--half the enjoyment of Venice
is a question of dodging--and enter at about one o'clock,
when the tourists have flocked off to lunch and the echoes
of the charming chambers have gone to sleep among the sun-
beams. 43

When in the Bay of Naples, James remained on the empty deck of the little
steamer while "a happy brotherhood of American and German tourists...
scrambled down into little waiting, rocking tubs" for a visit to the Blue
Grotto. James mused as he watched them go:

There was an appreciable moment when they were all lost to
view in that receptacle, the daily "psychological" moment
during which it must so often befall the recalcitrant ob-
server on the deserted deck to find himself aware of how
delightful it might be if none of them should come out
again. 44

He seemed so pleased with the idea that he might be left alone to contemplate
the beauty of the Bay of Naples, a "study of composition, a lesson in the
grand style," that he became entranced with the thought that the tourists
might not return.

The charm, the fascination of the idea is not a little--
though also not wholly--in the fact that, as the wave rises
over the aperture, there is the most encouraging appearance
that they perfectly may not. There it is. There is no more
of them. It is a case to which nature has, by the neatest
stroke and with the best taste in the world, just quietly
attended. 45

Quietness and solitude meant so much to James that he was often reluctant
to tell anyone of some out-of-the-way place which he had discovered. He
remarked of a Passionist convent in Rome:

The place always seems to me the perfection of an out-of-the-
way corner--a place you would think twice before telling
people about, lest you should find them there the next time
you were to go. 46
Although James preferred to visit places when the tourists were absent, he bore the tourist no ill will. He simply wished to contemplate a scene without the intrusion of distracting elements. In commenting upon the fact that many people complain that tourists "vulgarize" Switzerland, James remarked: "...as far as I am concerned, I freely give it up to them, and take a peculiar satisfaction in seeing them here." The numerous tourists in Switzerland in September (which was usually the off season) gave James "a lively impression of the quantity of luxury now diffused through the world," and he seemed rather pleased that the masses were able to enjoy the "show country" of the world and that they had "a little more elevating amusement" than formerly. His "Leaves from a Note-Book" (Berne, September 25, 1873) show James to be much more interested in the welfare of the rank and file than is sometimes thought.

Here is little Switzerland disgorging its tens of thousands of honest folks, chiefly English, and rarely, to judge by their faces and talk, children of light, in any eminent degree; for whom snow-peaks, and glaciers, and passes, and lakes, and chalets, and sunsets, and a café complet, "including honey," as the coupon says, have become prime necessities for six weeks every year. It's not so long ago that lords and nabobs monopolized these pleasures; but nowadays a month's tour in Switzerland is no more a jeu de prince than a Sunday excursion. To watch this huge Anglo-Saxon wave ebbing through Berne makes one fancy that the common lot of mankind is after all not so very hard, and that the masses have reached a rather high standard of comfort...Is it really the "masses" I see every day at the table d'hôte? They have rather too few h's to the dozen, as one may say, but their good-nature is great. 50

Perhaps one of the reasons for James's love of solitude was that a scene was so much more sketchable without the tourists. Certainly he considered the little Passionist convent, which he hesitated to tell anyone about, the most sketchable thing in Rome, particularly when there were figures in the foreground.
When there are three or four brown-breasted contadini sleeping in the sun before the convent doors, and a departing monk leading his shadow down over them, I think you will not find anything in Rome more sketchable. 51

Sketching had been James's habit from childhood and whenever he failed to have his sketchbook with him he would jot down a picturesque scene in his "mental sketch-book." As he was riding horseback across the Roman Campagna, he made such a sketch of a crumbling Roman wall.

At this moment, in mid-April, all the ledges and cornices are wreathed with flaming poppies, nodding there as if they knew so well what faded grays and yellows were an offset to their scarlet. But the best point in a dilapidated wall of vineyard or villa is of course the gateway, lifting its great arch of cheap rococo scroll-work, its balls and shields and mossy dishcovers...and flanked with its dusky cypresses. I never pass one without taking out my mental sketch-book and jotting it down as a vignette in the insubstantial record of my ride. 52

James used the term "sketch" often. The Claudian Aqueduct was "a picture massively framed" which had "not yet been sketched away." In trying to explain his "sentimental attachment to Perugia" he remarked that "a dozen pencil-strokes would be a better memento than this vague word-sketching." 54

So impressed was he with the beauty of the scenes along the Dutch Rhine that he exclaimed that "not fifty years of sketching" could do justice to them.

Being a sketcher in search of the picturesque, James preferred to travel leisurely and to walk everywhere. He rode trains and buses only when necessary. On more than one occasion he cautioned the reader that one could see Europe only by walking.

I should, perhaps, do the reader a service by telling him just how a week at Perugia may be spent. His first care must be not to be in a hurry--to walk everywhere, very slowly and very much at random, and gaze good-naturedly at anything his eye may happen to encounter. Almost everything that meets the eye has an ancient oddity which ekes out the general picturesqueness. 56

Part of the charm of Autumn in Switzerland was that he walked "kicking the
fallen leaves and looking at an old peasant-woman in the hazy distance," as she trudged under her fagot. James seemed never to tire, for he spent almost his entire day rambling or strolling. At Ravenna, he said:

I rambled for an hour in the Pineta, between the tall, smooth silvery stems of the pines, beside a creek which led me to the outer edge of the wood and a view of white sails, gleaming and gliding behind the sand-hills. It was infinitely picturesque. He not only walked around the cities, but he also walked from town to town. One of the longest walks James made was across the Splügen during his first European journey in 1869-1870. (On his second trip he journeyed across the Splügen Pass in the banquette of a coach and wondered at "ever having found it sport to do so laboriously"—by walking that is—what he was then "doing so luxuriously.") His memories of this walk were still fresh in his mind when he began his Notebook in a Brunswick Hotel room in Boston, November 25th, 1881, nearly twelve years later.

...of the Lake Como and over the Splügen; spent only a lovely evening (with the next morning) at Cadenabbia. I mounted the Splügen under a splendid sky, and I shall never forget the sensation of rising, as night came (I walked incessantly, after we began to ascend) into that cool pure Alpine air, out of the stifling calidarium of Italy. I shall always remember a certain glass of fresh milk which I drank that evening, in the gloaming, far up (a woman at a wayside hostel had it fetched from the cow), as the most heavenly draft that ever passed my lips.

Three years later he made a walking tour of Roman neighborhoods; and it was during one of these walks in the neighborhood of Genoa that James had not only the chance to observe a picturesque old city but also an opportunity to converse with a romantic young Italian.

The other day I visited a very picturesque old city upon a mountain-top, where, in the course of my wanderings, I arrived at an old disused gate in the ancient town-wall... I stood in the shadow of the tall old gateway admiring the scene, looking to right and left at the wonderful walls of the little town, perched on the edge of a shaggy precipice; at the circling mountains over against them; at the road
dripping downward among the chestnuts and olives. There was no one within sight but a young man who slowly trudged upward with his coat slung over his shoulder and his hat upon his ear in the manner of a cavalier in an opera. Like an operatic performer too he sang as he came; the spectacle, generally, was operatic, and as his vocal flourishes reached my ear I said to myself that in Italy accident was always romantic and that such a figure had been exactly what was wanted to set off the landscape. It suggested in a high degree that knowledge of life for which I just now commended the Italians. 61

The young man in question turned out to be one of the young radicals who was to give James another glimpse of the sort of character he was later to incorporate in such stories as The Princess Casamassima. (He had met the type before on London and Paris streets in 1855 and again in 1869.)

I was turning back under the old gateway when the young man overtook me and, suspending his song, asked me if I could favour him with a match to light the hoarded remnant of a cigar. This request led, as I took my way again to the inn, to my falling into talk with him. He as a native of the ancient city, and answered freely all my inquiries as to its manners and customs and its note of public opinion. But the point of my anecdote is that he presently acknowledged himself a brooding young radical and a communist, filled with hatred of the present Italian government, raging with discontent and crude political passion, professing a ridiculous hope that Italy would soon have, as France had had, her "'89", and declaring that he for his part would willingly lend a hand to chop off the heads of the king and the royal family. 62

Being an objective observer of life, James was not perturbed by the political views of the young man. Rather he seemed pleased that the unhappy young radical had reminded him that "Our observation in any foreign land is extremely superficial." Then he added: "...but for the accident of my having gossipped with him I should have made him do service...as an example of serious optimism!"

While James was in France during 1875-1876 writing a series of articles for the New York Tribune, he spent many hours walking the streets of Paris, sometimes in the company of his good friend James Russell
Lowell. By 1877 he had worked out a specific routine for his method of working, which left ample time for his long walks before lunch and before dinner. He worked "capitally," he said, with this routine.

I used in the morning to take a walk among the olives, over the hills behind the queer little black, steep town. Those old paved roads that rise behind and above San Remo, and climb and wander through the dusky light of the olives, have an extraordinary sweetness... Fanny L. used to go with me—enjoying it so much that it was a pleasure to take her. I went back to the inn to breakfast (that is, lunch), and scribbled for 3 or 4 hours in the afternoon. Then, in the fading light, I took another stroll, before dinner. 64

James was to continue his habit of walking throughout his life, whether in Europe, in London, at Rye, or in America, and it was on these walks that he gathered material not only for his travel sketches but also for his fiction.

There were times, of course, when distance forced the observant tourist to resort to busses; and although schedules and accommodations were far from adequate James was never frustrated. He was in no hurry, and he seemed always in a genial mood; he found pleasure even in sitting on a pile of logs while waiting for a coach to be readied.

I sat on a pile of logs by the roadside, opposite to a tavern with an unattractive bar, amid a circle of contemplative village loafers. The road was deep in dust, there was no gendarmerie within sight, and every one seemed about equally commissioned to "heave" the trunks and put in the horses. It was a good human, genial last impression of ancient Italy. 65

If the coaches were too heavily loaded and if the tourists were sometimes recalcitrant, James took it with the "traveller's humour," which surely was not "the unwisest the heart knows." In the sketch "The St. Gothard" he revealed his attitude as a traveller and at the same time gave the reader a whimsical glimpse of the English tourist.

At Flüelen, before the landing, the big yellow coaches
were actively making themselves bigger, and piling up boxes and bags on their roofs in a way to make nervous people think of the short turns on the downward zigzags of the St. Gothard. I climbed into my own banquette, and stood eating peaches (half a dozen women were hawking them about under the horses' legs) with an air of security which might have been offensive to the people scrambling and protesting below between coupé and intérieur. They were all English, and they all had false alarms about some one else being in their places—the places which they produced their tickets and proclaimed in three or four different languages that British gold had given them a sacred right to.

James relates an incident which occurred during one of his journeys from Milan to Como that has all the charm of his fiction and yet at the same time reveals his interest in his travelling companions and his keen sense of humor as well. He might well have turned the following incident into a short story.

My rigid Abigail was a neophyte in foreign travel, though doubtless cunning enough at her trade, which I inferred to be that of making up those prodigious chignons which English ladies wear. Her mistress had gone on a mule over the mountains to Cadennabbia, and she was coming up with her wardrobe, in two big boxes and a bath-tub. I had played my part, under Providence, at Bellinzona, and had interposed between the poor girl's frightened English and the dreadful Ticinese French of the functionaries in the post yard. At the custom-house, on the Italian frontier, I was of peculiar service; there was a kind of fateful fascination in it. The wardrobe was voluminous; I exchanged a paternal glance with my charge as the douanier plunged his brown fists into it. Who was the lady at Cadennabbia? What was she to me or I to her? She wouldn't know, when she rustled down to dinner next day, that it was I who had guided the frail skiff of her decorative fortunes to port. So, unseen, but not unfelt, do we cross each other's orbits. The skiff, however, may have foundered that evening, in sight of land. I disengaged the young woman from among her fellow-travellers, and placed her boxes on a hand-cart, in the picturesque streets of Como, within a stone's throw of that lovely cathedral, with its facade of cameo medallions. I could only make the facchino swear to take her to the steamboat. He too was a jovial dog, and I hope he was polite—but not too polite. 67

One of the pleasures of travel, James reminded his readers again and again, was that of observing one's fellow travellers. He made the most of such opportunities by observing his companions each time the coach stopped
for "coffee breaks." Of one such stop he wrote:

We bundled in...and the American gentleman in the banquette made the acquaintance of the Irish lady in the coupé, who talked of the weather as foine, and wore a Persian scarf twisted about her head. At the other end of the table sat an Englishman out of the intérieur, who bore a most extra-

ordinary resemblance to the portraits of Edward VI's and Mary's reigns. He was a walking Holbein. It was fascinating,

and he must have wondered why I stared at him. It was not

him I was staring at, but some handsome Seymour, or Dudley,

or Digby, with a ruff and a round cap and plume. 68

James derived so much pleasure from observing people—and profit as well—that he took advantage of every opportunity offered him. He was as interested in observing the masses as he was upper class society, and often he took crowded buses or third-class carriages in order to observe Italian, French, or English crowds. He did so at Frascati on the occasion of the feast of Annunziata. Along "with a prodigious stream of humble pedestrians" James went to Grotta Ferrata; he wedged himself into a "tightly packed third-class car" where he observed those about him as well as those trudging alongside the carriage. And even under these unpropitious circumstances, James had only praise for the Italians he observed; and he could still marvel at the beauty of the landscape.

The road winds along the hillside, among the silver-sprinkled olives, and through a charming wood where the ivy seemed tacked upon the oaks by woman's fingers and the birds were singing to the late anemones. It was covered with a very jolly crowd of vulgar pleasure-takers, and the only creatures who were not in a state of manifest hilarity were the pitiful little overladen, over-beaten donkeys (who surely deserve a chapter to themselves in any description of these neighborhoods) and the horrible beggars who were thrusting their sores and stumps at you from under every tree. Every one was shouting, singing, scrambling, making light of dust and distance, and filling the air with that childlike jollity which the blessed Italian temperament never goes roundabout to conceal. There is no crowd, surely, at once so jovial and so gentle as an Italian crowd, and I doubt if in any other country the tightly packed third-class car in which I went out from Rome would introduce me to so much smiling and so little swearing. 69

Several years later (1877) while living in England, James journeyed to
Epsom Downs in a similar manner. It was not so much the Derby races which James wished to see; he wanted to observe what the sport meant to the English people and he wanted to study "the population at large." Again he took a crowded, third-class coach, which was loaded not only with "hampers and champagne-baskets" but also with merry people whose social quality James "made less of a point of testing." And here, as in Italy, the roads were as crowded as the inside of the coaches; and in addition the coaches were so thick on the road that progress was a bit hazardous. In spite of that, James found "the spectacle from the top of the coach, proportionately absorbing."

You begin to perceive that the brilliancy of the road has in truth departed, and that a sustained high tone of appearance is not the note of the conditions. But when once you have grasped this fact your entertainment is continuous. You perceive that you are "in" for the vulgar on an unsurpassable scale, something blatantly, unimaginably, heroically shocking to timid "taste"; all that is necessary is to accept this situation and look out for illustrations...You get for the first time a notion of the London population at large. It has piled itself into carts, into omnibuses, into every possible and impossible species of "trap." 71

He seemed rather pleased to watch the populace enjoying themselves, and he had only charitable remarks about them.

The striking thing, the interesting thing, both on the outward drive and on the return, was that the holiday was so frankly, heartily, good-humouredly taken. The people that of all peoples is habitually the most governed by decencies, proprieties, rigidities of conduct, was for one happy day unbottoning its respectable straight-jacket and affirming its large and simple sense of the joy of life.

The four or five hours consumed on the road were simply an exchange of repartee, the profusely good-humoured savour of which, on the whole, was certainly striking. The chaff was not brilliant nor subtle nor especially graceful; and here and there it was quite too tipsy to be even articulate. But as an expression of that unbottoning of the popular straight-jacket of which I spoke a while since, it had its wholesome and even innocent side...At its best, too, it was extremely low and rowdyish. But a stranger even of the most refined tastes might be glad to have a glimpse of this popular revel,
for it would make him feel that he was learning something about the English people. 72

James was as good-humored about trains as he was about coaches even though they often were "unprovided with encouragements to slumber."
The trains in Touraine seemed to provoke him most. If they conveyed "you one way at the right hour, it is on the condition of bringing you back at the wrong one." They were usually "perverse, capricious, exasperating." They allowed "too little time to examine the castle or the ruin," or they left one "planted in front of it for periods that outlast curiosity." But on one occasion James was just as pleased that the train to Angoulême had whirled him away with only a glance at the cathedral for he was able instead to indulge in his favorite pastime: observing his fellow travellers. On this particular occasion he found evident pleasure in watching a young monk and an old priest.

One of these was a very genial and dirty old priest, and the other was a reserved and concentrated young monk--the latter (by which I mean a monk of any kind) being a rare sight to-day in France. This young man indeed was mitigatedly monastic. He had a big brown frock and cowl, but he had also a shirt and a pair of shoes; he had, instead of a hempen scourge round his waist, a stout leather thong, and he carried with him a very profane little valise. He also read, from beginning, the Figaro which the old priest, who had done the same, presented to him...This worthy had a bored, good-natured, unbuttoned, expansive look...Indeed, he was a very childish and delightful old priest, and his companion evidently thought him quite frivolous. But I liked him the better of the two. He was not a country curé, but an ecclesiastic of some rank, who had seen a good deal both of the church and of the world; and if I had not been afraid of his colleague...I should have entered into conversation with him. 75

On another occasion when the French train "waited a long time at Lyons," James "sat in the train...and, by the light of one of the big lamps on the platform, read all sorts of disagreeable things in certain radical newspapers" which he had bought at the station bookstall. James seemed
never to become upset by what he saw or read; it all contributed to an observer's "impressions." His duty was to report those impressions.

I gathered from these sheets that Lyons was in extreme commotion...This moment of general alarm at Lyons had been chosen by certain ingenious persons...for practising further upon the apprehensions of the public. A bombshell filled with dynamite had been thrown into a café, and various votaries of the comparatively innocuous petit verre had been wounded (I am not sure whether any one had been killed) by the irruption. Of course there had been arrests and incarcerations, and the Intransigeant and the Rappel were filled with the echoes of the explosion. The tone of these organs is rarely edifying, and it had never been less so than on this occasion. I wondered as I looked through them whether I was losing all my radicalism; and then I wondered whether, after all, I had any to lose. Even in so long a wait as that tiresome delay at Lyons I failed to settle the question, any more than I made up my mind as to the probable future of the militant democracy, or the ultimate form of a civilisation which should have blown up everything else. 76

Whether it was a long wait occasioned by poor train service, or an uncomfortable hotel, or bad food, James made the most of conditions as he found them. His friend Howells, on the other hand, constantly complained about crowded trains, cold dining rooms, and other discomforts of travel. While enjoying the twilight landscape as he sat in a little restaurant in Venice, James was conscious of the bad food in front of him but he remarked: "in the warm evenings your dinner didn't matter as you sat letting it cool on the wooden terrace that stretched out into the sea." He had the same feeling about hotels; most of them were bad like those he had encountered at Arles, or those he had known years before in Saratoga (Chapter III, p. 59). A few were satisfactory, but the inns at Arles were representative of most of those which the tourist usually encountered.

There are two shabby old inns at Arles which compete closely for your custom. I mean by this that if you elect to go to the Hôtel du Forum, the Hôtel du Nord, which is placed exactly beside it (at a right angle), watches your arrival with ill-concealed disapproval; and if you take the
chances of its neighbour, the Hôtel du Forum seems to glare at you invidiously from its windows and doors. I forget which of these establishments I selected; whichever it was, I wished very much that it had been the other. 79

When James went back to some of the old inns or hotels years later, he found himself preferring the "ancient malodorous inn which somehow didn't matter, to that new type of polyglot caravanserai which everywhere insists on mattering...so much more than anything else." His attitude toward the usual comforts of life is best expressed in a sketch written in Rome in 1872.

I must make up my mind to be but half comfortable. But it seems a shame here to care of one's comfort or to be perplexed by the economical side of life. The intellectual side is so intense that you feel as if you ought to live on the mere atmosphere—the historic whisperings, the nameless romantic intimations. 81

James was as little perturbed by heat, cold, thick air, or atmospheric conditions either inside buildings or outside as any individual could possibly be. And he thought his imperviousness was an American trait.

(He no doubt had forgotten or did not know Howells's attitude toward these comforts.) While walking through the Arcades in Switzerland, he remarked:

Most Americans, strolling forth into these bustling cloisters, are, I imagine, too much amused, too much diverted from their sense of an inalienable right to be comfortable, to be conscious of heat or cold, of thick air, or even of the universal smell of strong charcuterie. 82

The American traveller was certainly not like the English traveller, whose unappreciative attitude toward the arcades James could not understand.

I am struck with the way the English always speak of them—[the arcades] with a shudder, as gloomy, as dirty, as evil-smelling, as suffocating, as freezing (as it may be)—as anything and everything but admirably picturesque. 83

Nothing could be more representative of James's willingness to endure any sort of discomfort without complaining than his visit to Anacapri at the time of the feast of St. Antony. Here he was particularly conscious of
the smell, but he squeezed himself into the piazzetta just the same. He
seemed to have more sympathy for the saint than he did for himself. The
populace, he remarked, "was squeezed all the morning, for St. Antony,
into the piazzetta before the church, and as much more into that edifice
as the robust odour mainly prevailing there allowed room for." And then
he added:

It was the odour that was in prime occupation, and one
could only wonder how so many men, women and children
could cram themselves into so much smell. It was surely
the smell, thick and resisting, that was least successfully
to be elbowed. Meanwhile the good saint, before he could
move into the air, had, among the tapers and the tinsel, the
opera-music and the pulpit poundings, bravely to snuff it
up. 84

Regardless of weather conditions, even floods, James usually kept to
his planned itinerary and to his regular habits. He made precarious train
journeys through flooded areas, he walked all day in the rain to see many
villages, he visited Switzerland in the fall rather than the summer, he
professed that he loved the English fog and even the English winters, he
enjoyed travelling by night and strolling about streets in the dark during
rain or cold, and he walked four miles in the scorching mid-day summer
heat in France to see the races. Certainly weather was never a deterrent
for James; instead, it served as an inspiration. His letters, his travel
sketches, and his novels and tales are replete with evidence of his reaction
to sunsets, to the changes of the seasons (he loved fall in particular),
to twilight and to moonlight, and to the beauty of the early dawn. As a
traveller he was very conscious of the weather and commented upon it often,
but always nature served to inspire him in one way or the other. And at
times the weather apparently contributed to James's favorable opinion of
a city. After a visit to Le Mans cathedral, he sat with a bitter-et-curacao
at the door of one of the cafés in the city; and as he waited for his dinner,
he indulged in a warm, human appraisal of the village and its people, an appraisal which seemed to owe something to the warm fall afternoon.

The afternoon was warm and still; the air was admirably soft. The good Manceaux, in little groups and pairs, were seated near me; my ear was soothed by the fine shades of French enunciation, by the detached syllables of that perfect tongue. There was nothing in particular in the prospect to charm; it was an average French view. Yet I felt a charm, a kind of sympathy, a sense of the completeness of French life and of the lightness and brightness of the social air, together with a desire to arrive at friendly judgments, to express a positive interest. I know not why this transcendent mood should have descended upon me then and there; but that idle half-hour in front of the café, in the mild October afternoon suffused with human sounds, is perhaps the most abiding thing I brought away from Le Mans. 85

When sitting in this manner musing about a place and its people, James usually had a novel in his hand. On his trip across the Splügen Pass he had a Tauchnitz novel with him; at Cortona while observing the peasants celebrating Saint Margaret's Day, he read Balzac.

The peasantry of the place and of the neighboring country had congregated in force, and were crowding into the church or winding up the slope...It was vastly picturesque...The day was superb, and the sky blazing overhead like a vault of deepest sapphire...The processions chanted in the pious hush...Here were views and breezes and sun and shade and grassy corners, to one's heart's content. I chose a spot which fairly combined all these advantages, and spent a part of my day at Cortona, lying there at my length and observing the situation over the top of a novel of Balzac. 87

In 1877 while waiting a rather long time for a friend, James sat in the church of Santa Maria Novella reading Ruskin's Mornings in Florence ("amusing little books" which James had read before). He was aware that the reader might object to this use of the church, so he explained:

I am almost ashamed to say what I did with Mr. Ruskin's little books. I put them into my pocket and betook myself to Santa Maria Novella. There I sat down, and after I had looked about for a while at the beautiful church, I drew them forth one by one, and read the greater part of them. Occupying one's self with light literature in a great religious edifice is perhaps as bad a piece of profanation as any of those rude dealings which Mr. Ruskin justly deplores;
but a traveller has to make the most of odd moments, and I was waiting for a friend in whose company I was to go and look at Giotto's beautiful frescoes in the cloister of the church.  88

Indeed James never wasted an opportunity to learn more about the art or the traditions of the country he was observing; and he enjoyed comparing his own opinions with those of writers of note. He had met Ruskin in London several years before and he thought him "simple" and "in manner, in talk, in mind" the embodiment of "weakness pure and simple." And after re-reading Ruskin's descriptions of Florence's masterpieces, James was in no better humor with Ruskin. By what right, James mused, had this "votary of form pretended to run riot through a quiet traveller's relish for the noblest of pleasures--his wholesome enjoyment of the loveliest of cities." He continued:

I had really been enjoying the good old city of Florence; but I now learned from Mr. Ruskin that this was a scandalous waste of charity...I had taken great pleasure in certain frescoes by Ghirlandaio, in the choir of that very church; but it appeared from one of the little books that these frescoes were as naught. I had much admired Santa Croce, and I had thought the Duomo a very noble affair; but I had now the most positive assurance I knew nothing about it.  90

James thought the little books "invidious and insane" and remarked that Ruskin's books would "never bear the test of being read in...rich old Italy." He objected also to the "familiar asperity of the author's style and the pedagogic fashion in which he pushes and pulls his unhappy pupils about." But James and his friend agreed that the little books were an excellent purchase, in spite of these shortcomings, "on account of the great charm and felicity of much of their incidental criticism; to say nothing...of their being extremely amusing."

In addition to one or more volumes of some literary critic or historian,  92
James always carried some sort of guidebook. Inevitably he had a Murray
in his hand. This habit had a three-fold purpose: he wanted to be sure that he did not miss a picturesque scene or ruin which an earlier tourist had discovered; he enjoyed comparing his own impressions with those in the guidebook; and he made use of the historical information of the Murray (or one of the specialized guidebooks which he bought at the door of a castle or a cathedral) when writing his own travel sketches. As he stood looking at Le Mans Cathedral, remarked: "I read in my Murray that it has the stamp of the date of the perfection of pointed Gothic, and I found nothing to object to the remark." James usually made notes in the margin of his Murray, and then on later trips to a museum, a cathedral, a castle, a ruin, he would check to see whether his impression had changed. Visiting the museum at Amsterdam for a second time, he consulted his old guidebook and then wrote in his sketch, "In Holland":

I find in my guide-book, on the margin of the page which dilates upon the great Van der Helst at Amsterdam (the Banquet of the Civic Guard), the inscription in pencil---superb, superb, superb! But this simply connotes enjoyment and not criticism. Let me however have the satisfaction of repeating in ink for the printer, that the picture is superb. 94

Another example of the way in which he incorporated guidebook material into his sketches is to be found in his description of the cathedral of Bourges (and of course numerous other examples might be cited):

The cathedral of Bourges is indeed magnificently huge, and if it is a good deal wanting in lightness and grace, it is perhaps only the more imposing. I read in the excellent handbook of M. Joanne that it was projected "dès 1172," but commenced only in the first years of the thirteenth century. "The nave," the writer adds, "was finished tant bien que mal, faute de ressources; the façade is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in its lower part, and of the fourteenth in its upper." 95

James recommends that every tourist should read not only the guidebooks but also the travel sketches of such writers as Ruskin, Norton,
Stendhal, Howells, and others. He seemed to find pleasure in the fact that noteworthy literary men had seen the same city or piece of art earlier. Of Stendhal's visit to Montpellier, he remarked:

It was a pleasure to me to reflect that five-and-forty years ago he had alighted in that city, at the very inn in which I spent a night and which looks down on the Place Graslin and the theatre...On the subject of Touraine Stendhal is extremely refreshing; he finds the scenery meagre and much overrated, and proclaims his opinion with perfect frankness. 96

In discussing M. Fabre's portrait of the Countess of Albany, James noted:

Stendhal, in his "Mémoires d'un Touriste," says that this work of art represents her as a cook who has pretty hands. I am delighted to having an opportunity of quoting Stendhal, whose two volumes of the "Mémoires d'un Touriste" every traveller in France should carry in his portmanteau. 97

But James also cautioned the tourist--as he had done in the case of Ruskin--to peruse any handbook, travel sketch, or art criticism in the light of his own standards and judgments. None of these valuable aids was to be taken as a definitive statement. There were defects in both subject and style in Stendhal's volumes.

But he has the defect that he is never pictorial, that he never by any chance makes an image, and that his style is perversely colourless for a man so fond of contemplation. His taste is often singularly false; it is the taste of the early years of the present century...He does...scant justice to the banks of the Loire; his want of appreciation of the picturesque--want of the sketche's sense--causes him to miss half the charm of a landscape..."The Mémoires d'un Touriste" are written in the character of a commercial traveller, and the author has nothing to say about Chenonceaux or Chambord...his system being to talk only of the larger towns, where he may be supposed to find a market for his goods. 98

And even in 1873 James was aware that Murray was not the perfect guidebook for the tourist. In commenting upon the frescoes of Domenichino, which did not appeal to James as much as the peasants on the piazza, James re-called Murray's "attractive statement on this point" and then remarked that many of his statements were "much truer twenty years ago than to-day."
4. The "brooding analyst"

In May, 1874, James wrote his mother that he planned to return to America in August. He was lonely for the society of his family and friends; and after an absence of nearly three years, he was longing for "a régéal of intelligent and suggestive society, especially male" that he knew awaited him in Cambridge. But he was finding it "unutterably hard" to leave Europe and he wrote his mother that he knew he would return.

I feel as if my three years in Europe...were a very moderate allowance for one who gets so much out of it as I do; and I don't think I could really hold up my head if I didn't hope to eat a bigger slice of the pudding...at some future time. 100 That time was not far off, for early in 1875 he was back in Paris with an assignment to do a series of "Parisian Letters"--extending over a period of a year--for the New York Tribune. James was by now a seasoned traveller, knowing what he wanted to do and see, and which hotels and restaurants to avoid. He was no longer the passionate pilgrim nor quite the leisurely observer of his former tours, a fact which he sometimes regretted. On more than one occasion he remarked in his travel sketches that one could arrive for the first time in a city only once.

James, however, was still in search of the picturesque, still collecting impressions, and still interested in observing people of all types and classes. But after 1875 he used the term "picturesque" less often--though still too often for the modern reader--than before; and his observations indicate that he had done a good deal of reading and thinking about contemporary social and political questions. If he could be considered a tourist at all, he certainly was a more reflective tourist than he had been before. His analyses of people, of political
life, of literature, of art, and of the stage were more interpretative
than formerly. His description of the English tourist in France during
the summer of 1876 is a great deal richer than his first remarks about
the English in 1872.

He is always and everywhere the same—carrying with him, in
his costume and physiognomy that indefinable expression of
not considering anything out of England worth making, physica-
ly or morally, a toilet for. The unanimity with which English-
men abroad undress is indeed something surprising, and, say what
we will, it seems to me in a certain way to be a sort of proof
of that element of the still untamed and barbarous which obser-
vers profess to find in the national character. 101

His observations upon differences in national character, whether it be of
French, German, Italian, or American, which we find in the New York Tribune
letters and in the travel sketches written between 1875 and 1890, indicate
that James had learned much since he made the first Grand Tour.

During the winter of 1876 he went to London to live at 3 Bolton Street,
and here he began some of his sketches of English life and character that
were later incorporated in English Hours. But the traveller did not stay
long in one place. By the fall of 1877 he was back in Italy for five
months where he continued to write travel sketches, as well as to write
essays and fiction. From this time on, at least until 1907, James began
the habit of going to the continent for yearly vacations; he also found
time in 1878 to visit Scotland for a few weeks and in 1891 to spend July
and August in Ireland. By 1890 he had become the "brooding tourist,
the "brooding analyst," or "the musing, mature visitor," as he often
reminded his readers in his later travel sketches. In 1899 on one of
his annual vacations to Italy James was in Venice again, and while
there he felt compelled to write down his mature reflections concerning
"dear old Venice." In an introductory paragraph to this sketch, he
explained his promptings.
There are times and places that come back yet again, but that, when the brooding tourist puts out his hand to them, meet it a little slowly, or even seem to recede a step, as if in slight fear of some liberty he may take. Surely they should know by this time that he is capable of taking none... It now becomes just a part of the charming solicitation that it presents a problem—that of giving the particular thing as much as possible without at the same time giving it, as we say, away. 102

And in the same essay he said of the picture of Venice that he was trying to frame:

It is only as reflected in the consciousness of the visitor from afar—brooding tourist even call him, or sharp-eyed bird on the branch—that I attempt to give you the little drama; beginning with the felicity that most appealed to him... what he saw and felt and fancied... Through it all, I may say distinctly, he clung to his great Venetian clue—the explanation of everything by the historic idea. 103

Then in 1909 when he wrote his second sketch of Siena—the first sketch was written in 1873—James was particularly conscious of the "scantness" of the first-fruits of his sensibility as compared with his later, more thoughtful considerations.

I was to see Siena repeatedly... I was to know her better, and I would say that I was to do her an ampler justice didn't that remark seem to reflect a little on my earlier poor judgment. This judgment strikes me to-day as having fallen short—true as it may be that I find ever a value, or at least an interest, even in the moods and humours and lapses of any brooding, musing or fantasticating observer to whom the finer sense of things is on the whole not closed. 104

His first impression of Lucca had been so admirable, "so right and rich" that he hesitated "as a brooding analyst" in 1909 to "go within fifty miles of it" for fear of disturbing an impression of "perfect felicity" that "had better be left than endangered." He did visit Lucca once more to find that the renewal had all the beauty of the first impression; yet he still wished to remember the Lucca of his youth.

One wanted not simply to hang about a little, but really to live back, as surely one might have done by staying on, into the so romantically strong, if mechanically weak, Italy of the associations of one's youth. 105
Although James retained most of the traveller's habits that he had formed as a young man, the motivation or stimulus—like those of his later impressions—was often not the same. He continued to walk everywhere, but often he walked because of an excessive mental stimulation (by 1897 he began walking up and down the room while dictating his stories). In September, 1877, he attended the Comédie Française in order to see Coquelin in Jean Dacier; the impact of the play upon the conscientious observer sent James out of the theatre for a long walk.

I remember how, on leaving the theatre—it was a lovely evening—I walked about a long time under the influence not so much of the piece as of Coquelin's acting of it, which had made the thing so human, so brilliant, so valuable. I was agitated with what it said to me that I might do—what I ought to attempt; I walked about the Place de la Concorde, along the Seine, up the Champs Elysées. 106

Later when James met Coquelin in London, the experience set him walking again.

Coquelin's personality, his talk, the way the artist overflowed in him—all this was tremendously suggestive. I could say little to him there—not a tittle of what I wished; I could only listen and translate to him what they said—an awkward task! But I listened to some purpose, and I have never lost what I gained. It excited me powerfully; I shall not forget my walk, afterwards, down from South Kensington to Westminster. I met Jack Gardner, and he walked with me to leave a card at the Speaker's House. All day, and days afterward, I remained under the impression. 107

He continued his habit of visiting cathedrals and churches but he often went there to meditate, as well as to look again upon paintings and tapestries. His yearly vacations abroad were often for the purpose of contemplation, and to observe again character types that he was incorporating into his novels. Sometimes he went abroad just to get away from the social demands of London—he dined out 107 times in 1879—or to meet a friend or relative who was visiting Europe. And whenever he found himself on the continent, he continued to stroll through museums, to attend
the theatre--some of the travel sketches he sent back home were devoted entirely to the theatre--and to saturate himself in the beauty of Europe's landscapes. He never lost his interest in people, and to the end of his days he found enjoyment in observing their customs and traditions. But by 1890 James the traveller had become foremost James the novelist. Late in 1903, however, James began to contemplate a longer tour than his usual European journey. He wanted very much to see his family again and to visit his native country. Finally, in August, 1904, he sailed for America. The record of nearly a year's tour of the country from New England to California served as his last travel book, which was published in 1907 as *The American Scene*. And even at the age of 62 James still showed himself to be an alert tourist, a keen observer of people, of landscapes, and a shrewd analyst of all he saw. He was to have used the American sketches for a great American novel, but that novel he left unfinished. From 1869 to 1907 James maintained a healthy, philosophical attitude toward travel; he did not envy people who had "outlived or outworn the simple entertainment of feeling settled to go somewhere, with bag and umbrella." His statement expressed in 1869 regarding the proper state of mind for the tourist was still his attitude when he made his last journey to Italy in 1907.

If we are settled on the top of a coach, and the "somewhere" contains an element of the new and strange, the case is at its best. In this matter wise people are content to become children again. We don't turn about on our knees to look out of the omnibus-window, but we indulge in very much the same round-eyed contemplation of accessible objects. Responsibility is left at home, or, at the worst, packed away in the valise, in quite another part of the diligence, with the clean shirts and the writing-case.
CHAPTER III

Books of travel will be good in proportion to what a man has previously in his mind; his knowing what to observe; his power of contrasting one mode of life with another.

--Samuel Johnson
CHAPTER III

EARLY TRAVEL-WRITINGS, 1869-1874

1. Travel Letters

Although James did not begin to write travel sketches until the summer of 1870, a study of his travel-writings would be incomplete without taking into account the letters he wrote to his family and friends during his first tour abroad in 1869. These letters are within themselves inchoate travel sketches, even though they were not meant for the general public; and they no doubt led to James's assignment to do the first of his many travel essays. And, too, these travel letters bear an interesting relation not only to his travel sketches, but also to his fiction and autobiographical writings as well.

In all likelihood it was the family's pride in Henry's letters which brought them to the attention of the Nation, and it was no doubt the family's insistence upon the merit of the letters which persuaded Henry to accept the Nation's offer to write sketches of North American watering-places. William's letter to Henry, dated December 5, 1869, indicates that such assumptions might well be true.

...Your letters from Italy are beyond praise. It is a great pity they should be born to blush unseen by the general public and that just the matter that they contain, in a little less rambling style, should not appear in the columns of the Nation. They are read partially to appreciative visitors, and seem to cause "unfeigned delight." Father took some to Emerson at Concord the other day. He pleaded hard to keep them for study, but Father refused. Meeting [Emerson] in the Athenaeum the next day, the latter said his father was doing nothing but talk of your letters. That sample ought to be enough for you. 2
Nearly six weeks later William in a letter to Henry in Paris again voiced his disappointment that Henry was not writing for the Nation.

It's a burning shame that all the while you were in Italy you should not have been able to write any "notes" for the Nation. Is it now too late? 3

So sure was William of the value of Henry's observations of Europe that on more than one occasion he admonished Henry to write down his impressions immediately or at least to make adequate notes. He was disappointed that Henry had not written down his experiences in Florence.

...I can't help hoping that with your larger opportunities there will be a distinct intellectual precipitate from your experience which may be communicable to others. I'm sorry that your letter to me at Florence anent these matters should have been stifled ere its birth. It does not do to trust to the matter remaining in the mind. Nothing can take the place of notes struck off with the animal heat of the fever upon them, and I hope you are making some for your own use all this time. 4

Since we have no record of any notes or sketches which James may have made during this first tour, his letters assume a greater significance. In a letter to William from Rome, dated December 27, 1869, Henry expressed his pleasure that the family was enjoying his letters; he agreed with William that it was difficult to recall the excitement of a first impression and he lamented that he had not taken notes.

I am extremely glad you like my letters, and terrifically agitated by the thought that Emerson likes them. I never manage to write but a very small fraction of what has originally occurred to me. What you call the "animal heat" of contemplation is sure to evaporate within half an hour. I went this morning to bid farewell to Michel Angelo's "Moses" at San Pietro in Vincoli, and was so tremendously impressed with its sublimity that on the spot my intellect gushed forth a torrent of wisdom and eloquence; but where is that torrent now? 5

The reader is grateful that some of that "torrent" was recorded in James's letters, if not in his notebook or travel sketches, and that nearly three pages of a letter to William in December, 1869, was devoted to Henry's
youthful enthusiasm for the "Moses."

This morning I think I definitely settled the matter with regard to Michel Angelo. I believe, by the way, I never explicitly assured you of the greatness of the "Moses."...It is a work of magnificent beauty,—beauty very nearly equal to that of the statue of Lorenzo de' Medici. I now feel as if I could judge of Michel Angelo's merits in tolerably complete connaissance de cause. I have seen the great Greek things, I have seen Raphael, and I have seen all his own works. He has something—he retains something, after all experience—which belongs only to himself. This transcendent "something" invested the "Moses" this morning with a more melting, exalting power than I have ever perceived in a work of art...I stood agitated this morning by all the forces of my soul... je tenais seulement to...gratify myself by writing down in black and white and, if need be, taking my stand on it against the world, the assertion that Michel Angelo is the greatest of artists. 6

And from Assisi, the village of St. Francis, Henry gushed forth in another torrent of words, revealing how completely he had fallen under the spell of Italy. His letter to William in content and style was virtually a travel sketch; it even began in the manner of his later European sketches of 1872. The entire letter should be quoted here, but in the interest of space an excerpt must suffice.

I left Rome this morning by the 6:40 a.m. train under a villainous cloudy sky, and came along in a mortally slow train (all the better to see from) through the great romantic country which leads up to Florence. Anything more romantic, more deeply and darkly dyed with the picturesque and all the happy chiaroscuro of song and story, it would be impossible to conceive. Perpetual alternations of the landscape of Claude and that of Salvator Rosa—an unending repetition of old steel engravings raised to the hundredth power. Oh! Nari! Oh! Spoleto!...I arrived at this famous little spot, famous as the birthplace of St. Francis and the seat of that vast wondrous double church of which you, perhaps, remember the description in Taine...The church is a vast and curious edifice of a great deal of beauty and even more picturesqueness; a dark cavernous solemn sanctuary below, and above it another,—high, aspiring and filled with light and with various sadly decayed frescoes of Giotto...The whole thing is intensely medieval, and the vocabulary of Michelet alone could furnish a proper characterization of it. And if such is the church, what are the strange, tortuous, hill-scaling
little streets of the city?...The whole place is like a
little minature museum of the genre, a condensation of
the elements of medievalism...

The complete letter could well have been printed in any of the travel
books, for its tone and spirit is that of the early sketches. The
composition of the letter is that of the travel-writings as well: the
journey to a place, a visit to the cathedral or church of a city, a
stroll through the streets, a description of the landscape, and an
account of art treasures. And indeed this letter was echoed later in
the sketch of Assisi in "A Chain of Cities."

Of particular significance is James's ecstatic enthusiasm for Rome
during this first Grand Tour. To William he poured out all the
enthusiasm of his poetic soul:

From midday to dusk I have been roaming the streets. Que
vous en dirai-je? At last--for the first time--I live!
It beats everything: it leaves the Rome of your fancy--
your education-nowhere. It makes Venice--Florence--Oxford--
London--seem like little cities of pasteboard...In the course
of four or five hours I traversed almost the whole of Rome
and got a glimpse of everything--the Forum, the Coliseum
(stupendissimo!), the Pantheon, the Capitol, St. Peter's,
the Column of Trajan, the Castle of St. Angelo--all the
Piazzas and ruins and monuments. The effect is something
indescribable. For the first time I know what the pictur-
esque is. In St. Peter's I stayed some time. It's beyond
its reputation...Even if I should leave Rome tonight I should
feel that I have caught the keynote of its operation on the
senses.

Contrast this with his statements written between December 1872 and May,
1873, which appear in Transatlantic Sketches under the title, "From a
Roman Notebook." On December 28 he wrote:

In Rome again for the last three days--that second visit...
as I drove from the station in the evening, I wondered what
I should think of Rome at this first glimpse if I didn't
know it. All manner of evil, I am afraid...Here, in the
black, narrow, crooked, empty streets, I saw nothing for
a city to build an eternity upon...An hour later I walked
up to the Via Gregoriana by the Piazza di Spagna. It was
all silent and deserted, and the great flight of steps
looked surprisingly small. Everything seemed meagre, dusky, provincial. Could Rome, after all, be such an entertaining place? 10

As James strolled the streets, old memories began to return and he felt more sympathetic toward Rome. The "queer old rococo garden gateway at the top of the Gregoriana stirred an old memory" and he awoke to "a consciousness of the delicious mildness of the air" and to the conclusion that "Rome was pleasant enough." James's sketches were indeed "emotion recollected in tranquility"; they reveal that he loved Rome still but not with the ecstasy of youth. As he was leaving Rome in May of 1873, he recorded in a sketch:

I was in the loving mood of one's last days in Rome, and when I had nothing else to admire I admired the magnificent thickness of the embrasures of the doors and windows of the St. John Lateran Church. 12

And then he added:

One would like, after five months in Rome, to be able to make some general statement of one's experience, one's gains. It is not easy. One has the sense of a kind of passion for the place, and of a large number of gathered impressions. Many of these have been intense, momentous, but one has trodden on the other, and one can hardly say what has become of them...As for the passion, we needn't trouble ourselves about that. Sooner or later it will be sure to bring us back! 13

James's six travel sketches of Rome and its surrounding neighborhoods indicate that his own feelings in regard to the Eternal City were indeed mixed. His stories and novels with Roman backgrounds likewise reflect the two sides of the Roman coin. It was only during his first tour of Italy in 1869-1870—not counting his childhood experiences—that he looked upon Italy as the fountain of all beauty and culture.

The letters reveal not only changes in James's attitude toward places, they likewise inform us of James's changing taste in art. He had written William in 1869 that "Tintoretto is assuredly the greatest of the painters." He explained his preference:
...He seems to me to have seen into painting to a distance unsuspected by any of his fellows. I don't mean into its sentimental virtues or didactic properties, but into its simple pictorial capacity...His especial greatness, I should be tempted to say, lies in the fact that more than any painter yet, he habitually conceived his subject as an actual scene which could not possibly have happened otherwise; not as a mere subject and fiction but as a great fragment wrenched out of life and history, with all its natural details clinging to it and testifying to its reality. 15

Later, however, in the travel sketch of Venice written in 1882, James was to modify his judgment of Tintoretto. He was not the "biggest" and "greatest" of the painters but the most "interesting."

I well remember the exaltations to which he lifted me when first I learned to know him; but the glow of that comparatively youthful amazement is dead, and with it, I fear, that confident vivacity of phrase of which, in trying to utter my impressions, I felt less the magniloquence than the impotence. In his power there are many weak spots, mysterious lapses and fitful intermissions; but when the list of his faults is complete he still remains to me the most interesting of painters. His reputation rests chiefly on a more superficial sort of merit—his energy, his unsurpassed productivity, his being, as Théophile Gautier says, le roi des fousgeux. These qualities are immense, but the great source of his impressiveness is that his indefatigable hand never drew a line that was not, as one may say, a moral line. 16

James's letters home were replete with his impressions of the museums in which he was browsing, their value and the extent of their collections, as well as of detailed analyses of individual paintings. His letter to William regarding the National Portrait Gallery incorporated the type of information he wrote home concerning the museums of the various countries he visited.

...I have done little in London save go to the National Gallery. I have been there daily for two or three hours, and feel as if I knew it pretty well. It is a capital collection,—small, compact and choice. I admire Raphael; I enjoy Rubens; but I passionately love Titian. His "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the National Gallery is certainly one of the great facts of the universe. Tell me not of nature, in the presence of such art. Such painting extends the meaning of the word. 17
It is particularly interesting to compare these early art criticisms with those throughout the travel sketches—from 1872-1907—and to note how James modified, enlarged, or sometimes completely reversed his early opinions.

The letters James wrote from England during the last few months of the 1869-1870 tour reflect the calmer judgment of the travel sketches, and indeed some of them in descriptive quality and tone resemble very closely the 1872 sketches of English cathedral towns. His letter to his father from Malvern in 1870 concerning a visit to Worcester Cathedral could be compared favorably with any sketch in Transatlantic Sketches, English Hours, A Little Tour in France, or Italian Hours.

As I neared the good old town I saw the great Cathedral tower, high and square, rise far into the cloud-dappled blue. And as I came nearer still I stopped on the bridge and viewed the great ecclesiastical pile cast downward in the yellow Severn. And going further yet I entered the town and lounged about the close and gazed my fill at the most soul-sustaining sight—the waning afternoon, far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the Cathedral spire—tasted too, as deeply, of the peculiar stillness and repose of the close—saw a ruddy English lad come out and lock the door of the old foundation school which marries its heavy gothic walls to the basement of the church, and carry the vast big key into one of the still canonical houses—and stood wondering as to the effect on a man's mind of having in one's boyhood haunted the Cathedral shade as a King's scholar and yet kept ruddy with much cricket in misty meadows by the Severn. 18

It is letters like this one which leave the reader wishing that James had followed William's admonition and turned his letters of 1869-1870—revised no doubt—into travel sketches for the Nation.

The editors of the *Nation* were ostensibly as cognizant of their loss as William, for no sooner had James set foot on American soil—-at the end of May, 1870—-than they had commissioned him to do a series of sketches of Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, and Quebec. These essays are verily "delicious" (a word James used often in his sketches) bits of prose, and the reader is as grateful for them as he is for the personal letters. From them we learn much about James's personality, about his tastes and habits, about his attitude toward America's lack of tradition—long before he said it in the Hawthorne essay—and about his ability to analyze both character and situation. And indeed these sketches give us a hint of the novels and tales that were to follow.

These first travel sketches set the pattern for those James was to write later of Europe. The subjects he discussed continued to claim his interest throughout his travel-writings and to some extent throughout all his writings. He was the "sentimental tourist" in search of the "picturesque"; he was out to observe, to collect "impressions" and he was to do so by walking and by chatting with his fellow travellers whom he met along the way. He began in these early sketches to "frame" landscapes in the manner of Turner, of Claude, or of Salvator Rosa; to refer to literary authorities such as Ruskin, George Eliot, Balzac and George Sand; to contemplate the dramatic qualities of a situation, as well as to evince an interest in the theatre proper. James's sensitiveness to weather, his love of the moonlight or of twilight, his susceptibility to beauty in any form, and his propensity to philosophize or moralize are all made manifest in these first sketches. And here, too, for the benefit of the tourist, are the descriptions of inns and hotels, of
casinos and restaurants, of churches and cathedrals, of historical
ruins and architectural wonders. Here, too, we get glimpses of James's
superb sense of humor, as well as of his rather subtle—and sometimes
sly—satire. His mastery of the metaphor, which was to lend so much
to his final travel sketches in 1900-1909, is nowhere better illustrated
than in his first travel sketch. Of American men on vacation in Saratoga,
he remarked: "They are hard nuts, which have grown and ripened as they
could. When they talk among themselves, I seem to hear the cracking
of the shells."

Perhaps what strikes the reader as the one of the most delightful
features of these early American sketches, as contrasted with his first
European sketches, is that James said of America exactly what he thought
and felt. He was to do so in his last American sketches in 1904-1905
but in an indirect manner. He was seldom as forthright after 1870 as
he was when describing American men and women and American manners and
customs as he observed them at Saratoga and Newport. It is interesting
to speculate about the American public's—that is, the subscribers to
the Nation—reception of such statements as:

After Saratoga, Newport seems really substantial and
civilized. Aesthetically speaking, you may remain at
Newport with a fairly good conscience; at Saratoga you
linger under passionate protest. At Newport life is
public, if you will; at Saratoga it is absolutely common.
The difference, in a word, is the difference between a
group of undiscriminating hotels and a series of or-
ganized homes. Saratoga perhaps deserves our greater
homage, as being characteristically democratic and
American; let us, then, make Saratoga the heaven of our
aspiration, but let us yet a while content ourselves
with Newport as the lowly earth of our residence. 21

James was a bit disturbed about the democratization or equalization of
life at Saratoga, for it extended even to the children who were "always
roaming over the piazzas and corridors of the hotels," and it meant that
both men and women attended the dances dressed in extremely informal clothing.

The part played by children in society here is only an additional instance of the wholesale equalization of the various social atoms which is the distinctive feature of collective Saratoga. A man in a "duster" at a ball is as good as a man in regulation garments; a young woman dancing with another young woman is as good as a young woman dancing with a young man; a child of ten is as good as a woman of thirty; a double negative in conversation is rather better than a single. 22

James's observation of these undisciplined children was later to find expression in some of his stories (e.g. *Daisy Miller*). He lamented that one of the beautiful ladies of Saratoga was confined to severe circumstances, "that a figure so exquisite should have so vulgar a setting."

His description of her reminds one of some of James's later heroines; she seems a potential Isabel Archer.

One lady in particular there is, with whom it appears to be an inexorable fate that she shall be nothing more than dressed... But she especially, as I say, has struck me as a person dressed beyond her life and opportunities. I resent on her behalf—on behalf at least of her finery—the extreme severity of her circumstances. What is she, after all, but a "regular boarder"? She ought to sit on the terrace of a stately castle, with a great baronial park shutting out the undressed world, and bandy quiet small-talk with an ambassador or a duke. My imagination is shocked when I behold her seated in gorgeous relief against the dusty clapboard of the hotel, with her beautiful hands folded in her silken lap, her head drooping slightly beneath the weight of her chignon, her lips parted in a vague contemplative gaze at Mr. Helmbold's well-known advertisement on the opposite fence, her husband beside her reading the New York *Herald*. 23

Here, too, is a prototype of Newman—and to some extent Strether—in James's descriptions of the American male, who while his "sweethearts and sisters are waltzing together" was busy "rolling up greenbacks in counting-houses and stores."

...even in the appearance of the usual American male there seems to me to be a certain plastic intention. It is true
that the lean, sallow, angular Yankee of tradition is
dignified mainly by a look of decision, a hint of unimpassion-
ed volition, the air of "smartness." This in some degree re-
deems him, but it fails to make him handsome. But in the
average American of the present time, the typical leanness
and sallowness are less than in his fathers, and the individual
acuteness is at once equally marked and more frequently united
with merit of form. 24

James enjoyed watching his compatriots as they lounged on the piazzas of
the hotels of either Saratoga or Newport. As we read his early observa-
tions, we realize how well his stored impressions served him later on.

Casting your eye over a group of your fellow-citizens in the
portico of the Union Hotel, you will be inclined to admit
that, taking the good with the bad, they are worthy sons of
the great Republic...They suggest to my fancy the sweeping
vastness—the multifarious possibilities and activities—of
our young civilization. They come from the uttermost ends
of the Union—from San Francisco, from New Orleans, from
Alaska. As they sit with their white hats tilted forward,
and their chairs tilted back, and their feet tilted up, and
their cigars and toothpicks forming various angles with these
lines, I seem to see in their faces a tacit reference to the
affairs of a continent. They are obviously persons of ex-
perience—of a somewhat narrow and monotonous experience
certainly; an experience of which the diamonds and laces
which their wives are exhibiting hard by are, perhaps the
most substantial and beautiful result; but, at any rate,
they have lived, in every fibre of the will. 25

Having just returned from a leisurely journey through Europe where
he had strolled through the countryside and feasted upon the beauty of
picturesque landscapes, James was keenly conscious of the lack of such
pastoral beauty around Saratoga and Newport. He regretted that the roads
were "so abominably bad that walking and driving" were "alike unprofitable"
and that the landscape was without figures. But most of all, there were
"no white villages gleaming in the distance, no spires of churches, no
salient details." It was "all green, lonely, and vacant."

Not only the landscape but likewise the lives of these men and women
whom James was observing seemed to be vacant, to lack richness and depth.
He noticed couples "who know no one, who have money and finery and posses-
sions, only no friends."

There were an insufficient number of men at these watering-places; women had to surrender themselves to the "humiliating embrace" of dancing with other women, for America had "no leisure class"—the class from which the Saratogas of Europe recruit a large male number of their frequenters." America had no "multitude of young men who had the whole day on their hands." James felt, too, that American vacation resorts lacked the "fascinations of vice." Saratoga was working too hard at being idle to be "interesting to the eye of contemplation" even though it did permit the "peculiarly gratifying privilege" of "drinks."

Newport, he felt, was "infinitely more fertile in combinations than Saratoga," but then he added:

But here, obviously, the habit of pleasure is formed, and (within the limits of a severe morality) many of the secrets of pleasure are known. Do what we will, on certain lines Europe is in advance of us yet. Newport lags altogether behind Trouville and Brighton in her exhibition of the unmentionable. All this is markedly absent from the picture, which is therefore signally destitute of the enhancing tints produced by the mysteries and fascinations of vice.

So destitute of the depth of an older civilization was Newport that James concluded: "I should hardly come to Newport for the materials of a tragedy"; the social elements were "too light and thin." Even in 1870 James saw the value of a European setting in a novel for he continued:

But I can fancy finding here the motive of a drama which should depend more on smiles than tears. I can almost imagine, indeed, a transient observer of the Newport spectacle dreaming momentarily of a great American novel, in which the heroine might be infinitely realistic and yet neither a schoolmistress nor an outcast. I say intentionally the "transient" observer, because it is probable that here the suspicion only is friendly to dramatic point; the knowledge is hostile. The observer would discover, on a nearer view, I rather fear, that his possible heroines have too perfect a time.

James commences each of the four essays in a similar manner with a reference to the sentimental tourist, the observant traveller, or the
visitor in search of an impression. "Saratoga" begins with, "The sentimental tourist makes images in advance..."; "Newport" opens with an account of the steady stream of visitors whose relation to the place is "for the most part slightly sentimental" but "worth observing"; "Quebec" begins, "A Traveller who combines a taste for old towns with a love of letters ought not, I suppose, to pass through 'the most picturesque city in America' without making an attempt to commemorate his impressions"; "Niagara" opens with "My journey...seemed...in this episode of travel...a pause or hush on the threshold of a great impression."

Then in each of the four essays he proceeds to give the reader a general picture of the place, of its hotels, casinos, landscape, people, their customs and manners with references throughout to literature and art with rather shrewd comparisons of one nationality with another. The description of the two hotels at Saratoga was to have its counterpart in a sketch of Arles nearly twelve years later. Of the American twin hotels he wrote:

Its two main features [Saratoga's] are the two monster hotels which stand facing each other along a goodly portion of its course. One, I believe, is considered much better than the other—less of a monster and more of a refuge—but in appearance there is little choice between them. Both are immense brick structures, directly on the crowded, noisy street, with vast covered piazzas running along the façade, supported by great iron posts. The piazza of the Union Hotel, I have been repeatedly informed, is the largest "in the world." 32

Compare this with the two hotels at Arles (see Chapter II, p. 35) and we note that James’s attitude toward hotels changed very little, if any. His habit noted in these early sketches of describing the architecture of buildings, whether they be hotels, casinos, law courts, churches or cathedrals, remained constant throughout his life. And his rather gentle method of "ribbing" a place or a custom or a people is noticeable throughout his
travel-writings. He seemed very amused at America's habit of claiming
to have the biggest and best, for he refers to that trait several times
in these early American sketches. He might compare the casino at Sara-
toga with those of Europe, but he could not refrain from a bit of good-
humoured satire.

There are a number of objects in Saratoga, by the way, which
in their respective kinds are the finest in the world. One
of these is Mr. John Morrisey's casino. I bowed my head
submissively to this statement, but privately I thought of
the blue Mediterranean, and the little white promontory of
Monaco, and the silver-gray verdure of olives, and the view
across the outer sea toward the bosky cliffs of Italy. The
Congress waters, too, it is well known, are excellent in the
superlative degree; this I am perfectly willing to maintain. 33

James always described landscapes as pictures. The little village
of Niagara with its "multitude of hotels and taverns and stores, glaring
with white paint, bedizened with placards and advertisements" was like
"one of those sordid foregrounds which Turner likes to use." And Niagara
"In the matter of line," James remarked, "beats Michael Angelo." Gustave
Doré "might have drawn" the rapids of the Whirlpool on the American side
of the Falls. Constantly remembering what one of his favorite authors had
to say on a particular subject, James in contemplating the value of soli-
tude while at Saratoga recalled that Ruskin would not have agreed with him.

And while at Newport he thought of George Eliot's phrase, "fine old
Leisure." When James filled in the details of his "picture," he was as
skillful with his pen as any painter with his brush. His inimitable
descriptive powers which were later to lend so much charm to his novels
are evident in "Niagara." Of the famous green of the waters, he wrote:

It is to the vulgar greens of earth what the blue of a
summer sky is to artificial dyes, and is, in fact, as sacred,
as remote, as impalpable as that. You can fancy it the
parent-green, the head-spring of colour to all the verdant
water-caves and all the clear, sub-fluvial haunts and bowers
of naiads and mermen in all the streams of the earth. 34
One does not soon forget some of James's similes. The "clear-cut brow of the Fall, the very act and figure of the leap," he said, was as the sound of "millions of bass-voices"; yet it was "as gentle as the pouring of wine from a flagon—of the melody from the lip of a singer." In regard to the profile of the Falls from the American side, he contended that "If the line of beauty had vanished from the earth elsewhere, it would survive on the brow of Niagara."

"Quebec" is closer in tone and in subject matter to James's European sketches of the next five years than his sketches of Saratoga and Newport. As in so many of his later travels, James journeyed to Quebec by night, arriving there in the early raw dawn. His first glimpse was of the old world rising in the midst of the new, of the "ancient town belted with its hoary wall and crowned with its granite citadel." It was the "trans-atlantic wares" of the city which made James forget "its flaws and lapses, and swallow it whole." The sky was like an English water-color. In Quebec, as in all European cities and villages, James paid attention first to the total architectural view of the city, then to the architecture of the churches, the convent of St. Ursula, the Jesuit college, the French Cathedral, and the Protestant Citadel. Next—in Part II of the sketch—James directed his attention to the history of the town, to its provincial streets, and to the houses with "the staleness of complexion which Balzac loved to describe." He was sure that Quebec was a city of gossip, for the bookstores indicated that it was not a city of culture. He thought the evenings must often be "as dull as the evenings described by Balzac in his Vie de Province." He commented that Catholicism—one of his favorite subjects throughout his travel sketches—here wore a brighter face than in most European countries. The colorful little city seemed
"a tolerable prose transcript" of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. He was particularly impressed with the vitality of the French Canadian peasants.

In the lower class of the French population there is a much livelier vitality. They are a genuine peasantry; you very soon observe it, as you drive along the pleasant country roads. Just what it is that makes a peasantry, it is, perhaps, not easy to determine; but whatever it is, these good people have it—in their simple, unsharpened faces, in their narrow patois, in their ignorance and naïveté, and their evident good terms with the tin-spired parish church, standing there as bright and clean with ungrudged paint and varnish as a Nürnberg toy. 36

In this first European sketch—Europe in America, of course—we note not only James's admiration for the rich picturesqueness of an old city but we see besides his interest in "local colour," his habit of framing every picture, and his love for the British tradition. He enjoyed the touches of local color along the road to Montmorency.

The road to Montmorency, on which tourists most congregate, is also, I think, the prettiest. The rows of poplars, the heavy stone cottages, seamed and cracked with time, in many cases, and daubed in coarse, bright hues, the little bourgeois villas, rising middle-aged at the end of short vistas, the sunburnt women in the fields, the old men in woolen stockings and red nightcaps, the long-kirtled cure nodding to doffed hats, the more or less bovine stare which greets you from cottage-doors, are all so many touches of local colour reflected from over the sea. 37

The picture James framed of the little village of Chateau-Richer near Quebec is an unforgettable one.

I noted, here and there, as I went, an extremely sketchable effect. Between the road and the river stand a succession of ancient peasant-dwellings, with their back-windows looking toward the stream. Glancing, as I passed, into the apertures that face the road, I saw, as through a picture-frame, their dark, rich-toned interiors, played into by the late river light and making an admirable series of mellow tableaux de genre. The little curtained alcoves, the big household beds, and presses, and dressers, the black-mouthed chimney-pieces, the crucifixes, the old women at their spinning wheels, the little heads at the supper-table, around the big French loaf, outlined with a rim of light, were all as warmly, as richly composed, as French, as Dutch, as worthy of the brush, as anything in the countries to which artists resort for subjects. 38
As James was being escorted by Her Majesty's trooper on a tour of British fortifications at the Citadel, he meditated upon the glory of the British Empire, a sentiment which was echoed later in his English sketches.

I may add that, to the mind of the reflective visitor, these idle ramparts and silent courts present other visions than that of the mighty course of the river and its anchorage for navies. They evoke a shadowy image of that great English power, the arches of whose empire were once built strong on foreign soil; and as you stand where they are highest and look abroad upon a land of alien speech, you seem to hear the echoed names of other strongholds and provinces—Gibraltar, Malta, India. 39

James's awareness that changes were taking place, or at least being talked about, in the Empire is evident in this early sketch. He was to have a great deal more to say on the subject between 1880 and 1890, but here he observed:

Whether these arches are crumbling now, I do not pretend to say; but the last regular troops (in number lately much diminished) are just about to be withdrawn from Quebec, and in the private circles to which I have been admitted I hear sad forebodings of what society will lose by the departure of the "military." 40

In each of four North American sketches the reader follows the traveller chronologically along his journey until the end of the visit. After mentioning the next stop on the itinerary, the author then concludes the sketch with a paragraph which either summarizes his general impression of the city or points a moral. Both "Saratoga" and "Newport" end on an ironic note. Of the vacationers at Newport James concluded:

How sensible they ought to be, the denizens of these pleasant places, of their peculiar felicity and
distinction! How it should purify their temper and refine their tastes! How delicate, how wise, how discriminating they should become! What excellent manners—what enlightened opinions—their situation should produce! How it should purge them of vulgarity! Happy villeggiante of Newport! 41

"Quebec" concluded with a paragraph which perhaps epitomized the sentiments of many American tourists of the time.

I suppose no patriotic American can look at all these things, however, idly, without reflecting on the ultimate possibility of their becoming absorbed into his own huge state. Whenever, sooner or later, the change is wrought, the sentimental tourist will keenly feel that a long stride has been taken, roughshod, from the past to the present. The largest appetite in modern civilization will have swallowed the largest morsel. What the change may bring of comfort or of grief to the Canadians themselves, will be for them to say; but in the breast of this sentimental tourist of ours, it will produce little but regret. 42

The sentiments expressed in the last sentences of this rather long paragraph, however, are less typically American; their thought and expression are recognizably Jamesian.

Here we find a hundred mementoes of an older civilisation than our own, of different manners, of social forces once mighty, and still glowing with a sort of autumnal warmth. The old-world needs which created the dark-walled cities of France and Italy seem to reverberate faintly in the steep and narrow and Catholic streets of Quebec. The little houses speak to the fancy by rather inexpensive arts; the ramparts are endowed with a sort of silvery innocence; but the historic sense, conscious of a general solidarity in the picturesque, ekes out the romance and deepens the colouring. 43

As the foregoing quotations attest, the style of these early sketches was the casual, easy, graceful style of the nineteenth century, and there is a certain intimacy about them in spite of the author's detachment.
Compared with other travel writings of the period, James's sketches reveal a smoother style; his sentences flow easily, in spite of strings of adverbial or adjectival phrases, and a plethora of commas. Few writers of the period had his gift of creating pictorial figures of speech, and few approximated his descriptive powers.
3. Early European Sketches: 1872-1874

After his tour of North American vacation resorts in the summer of 1872, James settled down in the family home of Cambridge and devoted himself to writing sketches, reviews, and short stories. He found himself enjoying America "with a poignancy" that surprised him, but "the absolute sense of need--to see Italy again" increased. And he wrote early in 1872 that "It's a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe." So we are not surprised that in less than two years he accepted another commission from the Nation, this time to do a series of "transatlantic sketches." In May, 1872, in company with his aunt (Miss Katherine Walsh) and his sister, Alice, James embarked upon his second tour of Europe. His letters and his sketches indicate that he was still somewhat of a sentimental tourist and a "gaping" pilgrim, but they also reflect a maturing of tastes and opinions and a tendency toward reflection; he was now nearly thirty.

On this second Grand Tour James evidently selected an itinerary which would appeal to the American reading public. He began with a tour of several English cathedral towns; then he crossed over to Paris, spent three months in Switzerland, North Italy and Bavaria. By the autumn of 1872 he was back in Paris to say goodbye to his aunt and sister; then he settled down to write sketches of the Paris theatre. But Italy still beckoned and at the beginning of 1873 he departed for Rome; here William joined him for awhile. Early in 1874 they moved to Florence and after William's departure, Henry remained in his rooms on Piazza Sta. Marie Novella for some months. Returning from Italy James journeyed
through Germany, Holland, and Belgium; his impressions of these two countries may still be compared favorably with anything written on the subject.

In order not to miss any of Europe's admirable "points," James--realizing his past omission, no doubt--took notes during this second sentimental tour. Usually he scanned his notes while still on the spot, wrote the sketch, and then dispatched it to the *Nation* before proceeding to the next city on his itinerary. Occasionally, however, he wrote the sketch after he had left a place; and sometimes—as in the case of Ravenna—distance lent added enchantment. Writing of Ravenna, while in Switzerland, James felt grateful for the glow of lovely Italy; and for local color's sake he used the date of the notes (June 8, 1874) for the sketch rather than the date on which he was actually writing his recollections.

I write these lines on a cold Swiss mountain-top, shut in by an intense white mist from any glimpse of the under-world of lovely Italy; but as I jotted down the other day, in the ancient capital of Honorius and Theodoric, the few notes of which they are composed, I let the original date stand for local color's sake. Its mere look, as I transcribe it, emits a grateful glow in the midst of the Alpine rawness, and gives a depressed imagination something tangible to grasp while awaiting the return of fine weather. For Ravenna was glowing, less than a week since, as I edged along the narrow strip of shadow binding one side of the empty, white streets.  

Sometimes James made only scant notes (for which he was later to apologize in *Italian Hours*), which gave only the total impression of a place, or the temper and tone of the city or person being observed. When he came to write the sketch, he usually relied upon his Murray or some type of source book for the specific details he needed. Although he had spent a week in Perugia, he made only two notes. One note referred to:

...the exquisite elegance of mountain forms and lines in Italy;--it is exactly as if there were a sex in mountains,
and their contours and curves and complexions were here
all of the feminine gender... 48

The second note was to the effect that Perugia was "a kind of aesthetic
metropolis," and in consequence one preferred the city "to any other in
the world." Its view was a model of picturesqueness, it held the
frescos of Perugino, it offered the traveller pleasant evenings in the
theatre, and the dusky streets supplied ample local color. Altogether
Perugia provided "abundant inspiration."

At times James's notes were not only scant but "crabbed." His 1874
notes regarding the Pitti Palace, because of his mood and state of mental
contraction, were "crabbed notes." He felt he should apologize for them.

A short time ago I spent a week in an ancient city on
a hill-top, in the humor, for which I was not to blame, which
produces crabbed notes. I knew it at the time; but I could
not help it. I went through all the views of liberal ap-
preciation; I uncapped in all the churches, and on the crumbling
ramparts stared all the views fairly out of countenance; but
my imagination, which I suppose at bottom had very good reasons
of its own and knew perfectly what it was about, refused to
project into the dark old town and upon the yellow hills that
sympathetic glow which forms half the substance of our genial
impressions. 49

On occasions James jotted down not only the broader outlines as he did at
Perugia, nor the "crabbed" notes of the Pitti Palace, but also the minute
details of a place or a scene. He did so particularly when the broader
view had little to say to him. His genial imagination could do little
with Germany as a whole (he shared with William Dean Howells a distaste
for Germany and the German people). But as he looked at the landscapes
of Germany, he reflected that sometimes "The smallest things become
significant and eloquent and demand a place in your note-book." In
"Homburg" he recorded that he found the German people very much as he had
earlier "found them" to be under the mysterious woodcut" in his "Peter
Parley task-book" or in his childhood playbook. Strolling along, he mused:
I never see a flock of geese in the roadside, and a little tow-pated maiden driving them with a forked switch, without thinking of Grimm's household tales. I look around for the old crone who is to come and inform her she is a king's daughter. 51

England

James's note-taking habit on this second Grand Tour resulted in a greater attention to details and an increased number of impressions being recorded in the European sketches than is evident in the North American essays. The composition and the content of the European sketches, however, are remarkably similar to the American sketches as a comparison of "Chester" with the earlier sketches—Quebec in particular—attests. "Chester," the first of the European sketches, for example begins with the usual account of the voyage to the city and with the sentimental tourist's interest in the picturesque.

If the Atlantic voyage is counted, as it certainly may be... the American traveller arriving at this venerable town finds himself transposed...from the edge of the New World to the very heart of the Old...Yet the first impressions of an observant American in England—of our old friend the sentimental tourist—stir up within him such a cloud of sensibility that while the charm is still unbroken, he may perhaps as well dispose, mentally, of the greater as of the less. 52

The author then discussed in chronological order the historic and artistic sights of the city. He began with the famous walls, of which there was "no better example" of the picturesque; and like most tourists he indulged in an hour's stroll along this continuous ring. Then he ranged through the crooked streets of Chester, which he found "a perfect feast of crookedness." And, as James had done when he was twelve and again at twenty-six, he kept seeing Chester—particularly the Rows—with visions
from his childhood picture-books or with memories from English literature.

We all know how in the retrospect of later moods the incidents of early youth "compose", visibly, each as an individual picture, with a magic for which the greatest painters have no corresponding art. There is a vivid reflection of this magic in some of the early pages of Dickens's "Copperfield" and of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," the writers having had the happiness of growing up among old, old things. Two or three of the phases of this rambling wall belong especially to the class of things fondly remembered. 53

Chester itself he thought the most picturesque city in the world, and the shop fronts along the Rows "the most aesthetic things in England." The manners of the dealers confirmed his "agreeable impressions" of England's tradesmen.

You are thanked with effusion for expending twopence,—a fact of deep significance to the truly analytic mind, and which always seems to me a vague reverberation from certain of Miss Edgeworth's novels, perused in childhood. 54

James lamented that England had no Balzac to render the "picturesque and entertaining" Rows "into realistic romance, with a psychological commentary." 55

In his first European sketch James continued his habit—noticed in his letters and in the North American sketches—of commenting upon the national manners of a country and contrasting them with his own country.

Nothing has struck me more in my strolls along the Rows than the fact that the most zealous observation can keep but uneven pace with the fine difference in national manners... As you pass with the bustling current from shop to shop, you feel local custom and tradition—the foreign tone of things—pressing on you from every side. The tone of things is, somehow, heavier than with us; manners and modes are more absolute and positive; they seem to swarm and to thicken the atmosphere about you. Morally and physically it is a denser air than ours. 56

After describing the Cathedral at Chester, its architecture, its color, its history, James and his feminine companions attended a Sunday service in this "massive respectability of Anglicanism," which he felt a rich substitute for Catholicism.

So at least it seemed to me, a Sunday or two since, as I sat
in the choir at Chester, awaiting a discourse from Canon Kingsley. The Anglican service had never seemed to my profane sense so much an affair of magnificent intonations and cadences,—of pompous effects of resonance and melody. The vast oaken architecture of the stalls among which we nestled...the beautiful English voices of certain officiating canons,—the rosy "king's scholars" sitting ranged beneath the pulpit, in white-winged surplices, which made their heads, above the pew-edges, look like rows of sleepy cherubs,—every element in the scene gave it a great spectacular beauty. 57

In regard to the Canon's sermon, James was as frank as he had been of his impressions of American men at Saratoga and Newport. However, the tone here seems less harsh and it is ostensibly more philosophical.

Perhaps the Dissenters (to limit the question to them) manage to stay out of the church by thinking exclusively of the sermon. Canon Kingsley's discourse was one more example of the familiar truth...that there is a mysterious affinity between large accessories and slender essentials. The sermon, beneath that triply consecrated vault, should have been as fine a quality as the church. It was not; and I confess that a tender memory of ancient obligations to the author of "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia" forbids me saying more of it. 58

The beauty of Chester Cathedral as contrasted with the "dusky brick chapels" of the Dissenters indicated to the sentimental observer that there was a greater gulf between conservatism and liberalism in England than "in other countries."

Conservation has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry; Dissent has the dusky brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the h, and the poor mens conscia recti. Differences which in other countries are slight and varying, almost metaphysical, as one may say, are marked in England by a gulf. 59

The conclusion to "Chester" reminds the reader very much of James's words about the nationally-minded American tourist at the conclusion of "Quebec." After his remarks about Canon Kingsley, James continued:
An American, I think, is not incapable of taking a secret satisfaction in an incongruity of this kind. He finds with relief that mortals reared amid all this rich aesthetic privilege are after all but mortals...so that when after being escorted down the beautiful choir...the officiating canon mounts into a splendid canopied and pinnacled pulpit of Gothic stonework and proves—not a Jeremy Taylor in ordinary, our poor sentimental tourist begins to hold up his head again, and to reflect with complacency that opportunity wasted is not our national reproach. 60

Here, too, is the familiar statement found in his letters that the American often has a keener sense of appreciation of Europe's history, art, and picturesqueness than does the average European. Statements like the following are echoed throughout the later travel sketches.

I am not sure, indeed, that in the excess of his elation he is not tempted to accuse his English neighbors of being indifferent, unperceptive, uninspired, and to affirm that they do not half discern their good fortune, and that it takes a poor disreputable Yankee to appreciate the "points" of this admirable country. 61

James wrote eighteen of these "transatlantic sketches" for the Nation, and during the three year stay abroad he also wrote five sketches for the Atlantic Monthly and two for the Galaxy (all twenty-five of the sketches were published in 1875 as Transatlantic Sketches). Four of the sketches were of English cathedral cities; two of Germany, two of the low countries, two and parts of a third of Switzerland, one of the Parisian stage, and thirteen and a part of two others of Italy. The content of the sketches suggests that the subscribers to these three leading magazines of the day represented the intelligencia of late nineteenth century America. The major portion of the essays is concerned with literary matters, analyses of paintings, frescoes, or sculptures, with detailed descriptions of the interior and exterior of the great cathedrals of Europe, and with the historical background of the places James visited. He makes it clear that his sketches are primarily for
the prospective tourist—with allowance for the arm-chair tourist—so
no doubt his readers belonged to that group of Americans who had the
"means" to travel. Throughout the essays James is careful to point
out the picturesque spots which a tourist should not miss; he includes
sufficient information as to the literary, historical, social, and
artistic background of each city or village to enable the tourist to
appreciate what he sees; and he advises the tourist what to expect in
the way of hotels, trains, weather conditions (the best months in which
to visit certain cities) and the time of day one should visit a castle,
a ruin, or a cathedral. Added to this wealth of information are James's
philosophical musings regarding what he observed: his impressions of
the significance of feasts and carnivals, of the importance of the church,
of the difference between princes and peasants, and of the portentous
quality of the social and economic conditions in various countries.
James was ever careful not to mislead the tourist, and he often warned
the reader not to accept carte blanche the opinions of the author. He
was conscious, likewise, that the impressions of a travel-writer were
usually superficial, and he confided in the reader that he was glad that
his remarks were not directed to the natives themselves, for they "would
be sure to exclaim upon the impudence of the fancy-picture."

For his English sketches, as "Chester" testifies, James chose to
write of cathedral cities from Chester to Salisbury and to describe not
only the architecture and history of the cathedrals but also to give
his general impression of each city, as well as a glimpse of its
literary background. Four of the twelve pages devoted to "Lichfield
and Warwick" concern the cathedral; the rest of the "scant space" is
given over to descriptions of the city of Lichfield—whose genius loci,
Dr. Johnson, "was constructed, humanly, with very nearly as large an architecture as the great abbey"—of Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and Warwick Castle. James was a great admirer of Johnson, and he quoted the great Doctor on numerous occasions throughout the travel-writings. We are not surprised, therefore, that when he sat down in Oxford to write a sketch for the Nation, he wrote of Lichfield (which he had just visited) and not of Oxford. He did not write a sketch of Oxford until five years later when he was living in England. Johnson's "massive personality" occupied Lichfield, "with just a margin for Garrick." The town itself had "the dreary provincial quality" of a "dull provincial town," which James thought a sufficient explanation for Johnson's "subsequent, almost ferocious, fondness for London." The sentimental tourist departed with one vivid picture, "that of the London coach facing towards Temple Bar, with the young author of 'Rasselas' scowling near-sightedly from the cheapest seat."

As we have noticed in Chapter II, James had a predilection for visiting places at twilight because that hour of the day made for enchantment on at least three counts: there would be, with luck, no tourists; the light of the setting sun, and later of the rising moon, would lend an added beauty to the majesty of cathedrals and greater pictorial quality to ancient ruins; and, too, the twilight might lend the same enchantment and the same atmosphere to a scene which had been its quality in some novel or play. The ghost that haunted so many old houses and ruins might also be visible at twilight. When visiting Haddon Hall, where Dorothy Vernon had eloped with Lord John Manners, James tried to recapture the spirit of the place.

...as I stood in the luminous dusk weaving the romance of the spot, I divined a Dorothy Vernon, and felt very much
like a Lord John. It was, of course, on just such an evening that the delicious event came off, and, by listening with the proper credulity, I might surely hear on the flags of the castle-court the ghostly foot-fall of a daughter of the race. 65

He was more emphatic about the reputed ghost (a word which appears in virtually every travel sketch— even in the American Scene of 1907):

The twilight deepened, the ragged battlements and the low, broad oriel glanced duskily from the foliage, the rooks wheeled and clamored in the glowing sky; and if there had been a ghost on the premises, I certainly ought to have seen it. In fact, I did see it, as we see ghosts nowadays. 66

Haddon Hall made a deep impression upon James; it reminded him perversely of "some of the larger houses at Pompeii"; and he thought the steps, the terrace, and the balustrade of one of the courts the ideal background for Shakespeare's comedies.

The only residence that James ever coveted as a home— at least up to 1872— was Warwick Castle. One of its glories was that here the past joined hands so stoutly with the present that it was difficult to determine where one began and the other left off. But the real beauty was the Vandykes and the Rembrandts, which were so handsomely exhibited that James concluded:

The pictures at Warwick reminded me afresh of an old conclusion on this matter; that the best fortune for good pictures is not to be crowded into public collections,— not even into the relative privacy of Salons Carrés and Tribunes,— but to hang in largely spaced half-dozens on the walls of fine houses. 68

Such spacing preserved the "historical atmosphere," which meant much to James and which he thought was particularly necessary for a Vandyke painting. The historical atmosphere of Warwick Castle was a compensation for the imperfect light in which the pictures were hung. He felt that Vandyke "with his immense good-breeding" had "taken account in his paint-
ing of the local conditions," and had predestined his pictures to hang in Warwick Castle.

As James travelled across the countryside of Warwickshire "a great thought" kept him company: "Warwickshire was Shakespeare's country." And the beauty of the "sloping pastures of velvet turf, overbrowsed by sheep of the most fantastic shagginess, and garnished with hedges out of the trailing luxury of whose verdure great ivy-tangled oaks and elms arise with a kind of architectural regularity" gave comfort to the thought that "genius is something supremely ripe and healthy and human." To James there was something in the Warwickshire pastures "as final...as deeply attuned to human needs...as there is in the underlying morality of the poet."

Chester had been "the most picturesque city in the world," Lichfield Cathedral "the finest, on the whole, of all cathedrals," and Warwick Castle one of the "most gratifying" places to the sentimental tourist; and as James travelled on into Devonshire, he thought the rich countryside "the perfection of the rural picturesque." He visited the cathedral --Exeter--as he had done at Chester and at Lichfield (his "church-habit," as he came to call it) and he compared "the pleasure of cathedral-hunting" with that of seeking out the great paintings of the world.

Going from one fine picture to another is certainly good; but the fine pictures of the world are terribly numerous, and they have a troublesome way of crowding and jostling each other in the memory. The number of cathedrals is small, and the mass and presence of each specimen is great, so that, as they rise in the mind in individual majesty, they dwarf all common impressions. They form, indeed, but a gallery of vaster pictures; for, when time has dulled the recollection of details, you retain a single broad image of the vast gray edifice, with its towers, its tone of color, and its still, green precinct. 71

As he journeyed from Exeter to Wells Cathedral, he passed through numerous
charming villages to which he longed to devote an entire sketch; but space did not permit. His vignette of Lynton, however, is indeed an example of one of "the charmed moments of English travel" of which none could have a "more vividly poetical tinge." While at Lynton James took a late afternoon walk

along the running face of the cliffs to a singular rocky eminence whose curious abutments and pinnacles of stone have caused it to be named the "Castle." It has a fantastic resemblance to some hoary feudal ruin, with crumbling towers and gaping chambers, tenanted by wild sea-birds. 72

He spent two evenings until midnight on this legendary pile, listening to the "short, sharp cry of the sea-mews." He felt the place the "very aspect" of a story.

This jagged and pinnacled coast-wall, with the rock-strewn valley behind it, into the shadow of one of whose bowlders, in the foreground, the glance wandered in search of the lurking signature of Gustave Doré, belonged certainly, if not to history, to legend. 73

Looking at "the sullen calmness of the unbroken tide at the dreadful base of the cliffs," James "kept forever repeating, as if they contained a spell, half a dozen words from Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King,'--'On wild Tintagil, by the Cornish sea.'" Although the words were false to the scene geographically, James defended his chanting by saying:

...I leave it to any one who has lingered there with the lingering twilight to say whether you can respond to the almost mystical picturesqueness of the place better than by spouting some sonorous line from an English poet. 75

The sketch "North Devon" concludes with another reference to English literature. When the coach stopped at Porlock to rest the horses, James loitered in "the little cool old-timber-steepled, yew-shaded church" of the village and listened to "a blue-eyed old sexton" who showed him "the battered tomb of a crusading knight and his lady" and where as a boy
"he had scratched his name on the recumbent lady's breast." Here where
"the thatch seemed steeper and heavier, the yellow roses on the cottage
walls more cunningly mated," James felt that at last this was old
England indeed and that at any moment he would see "Sir Roger de
Coverley marching up the aisle"; he longed "for the pen of Mr. Addison"
76
to give a proper account of the scene.

The last of the four English sketches is "Wells and Salisbury," and as the title indicates the two cathedrals are described rather care-
fully within the twelve pages of the essay. There are descriptions,
too, of the church of St. Cuthbert, of the Abbey of Glastonbury, of
Wilton House and of Stonehenge. On a hot Sunday afternoon James
attended service in the Wells Cathedral and he came away with two
pictures. One was of the congregation:

But though scanty, the congregation was select; it was un-
exceptionally black-coated, bonneted, and gloved. It
savored intensely, in short, of that inexorable gentility
which the English put on with their Sunday bonnets and
beavers, and which fills me—as a purely sentimental tourist
—with a sort of fond reactionary remembrance of those
animated bundles of rags which one sees kneeling in the
churches of Italy. 77

As a "purely sentimental tourist," James considered the second picture
to be his "account."

Before me and beside me sat a row of the comeliest young
men, clad in black gowns, and wearing on their shoulders
long hoods trimmed with white fur. Who and what they were
I know not, for I preferred not to learn, lest by chance
they should not be so medieval as they looked. 78

His "fancy found its account even better in the singular quaintness of
the little precinct known as the Vicars' Close," which he visited after
the cathedral service. The place suggested—as places so often did for
James—a stage scene.

The place is deliciously picturesque; and, approaching it
as I did in the first dimness of twilight, it looked to me, in its exaggerated perspective, like one of those "streets" represented on the stage, down whose impossible vista the heroes and confidants of romantic comedies come swaggering arm-in-arm, and hold amorous converse with the heroines at second-story windows. 79

Salisbury, however, had little to say to James on this second visit (he had been there in 1869). He had admired the great cathedral "heartily" on his first visit, but now he regretted that he had not let his admiration rest. He thought Salisbury banal and in "the same range of art as the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus de Medici." He objected to its "sweet perfection." He remarked: "There are people who become easily satiated with blond beauties, and Salisbury Cathedral belongs, if I may say so, to the order of blondes!"

Switzerland

Although the composition of each of the transatlantic sketches is similar, the content, of necessity, varies from country to country. If in England the emphasis had been upon landscapes, castles, cathedrals, historic ruins and literary associations, in Switzerland James was more concerned with the people he met and with their evident lack of artistic taste. Geneva had no "architecture, nor museum, nor theatre, nor music, not even a worthy promenade." Yet it did possess a moral tone, which if one could not enjoy, one must "at least grudgingly respect." Because James had spent part of his school-days in Geneva, he had "an old-time kindness" for the place, which he thought that "if it were not the most respectable of capitals, it would not still be the prettiest." He found it interesting to contemplate what affinity the city had for two such opposing figures as Calvin and Rousseau. One Geneva "might have
brightened and the other have cleansed," he mused.

Standing on the shores of Lake Geneva, James thought of Byron who had "versified the lake," the color of which on a bright day was "as beautiful, as unreal, as romantic as the most classical passages of 'Childe Harold.'" And James reminded the prospective tourist that other literary figures, Voltaire, Gibbon, and Madame de Staël had bequeathed opportunities for several excursions. The tourist might take his morning coffee where the chronicler wrote finis to his immortal work; or the sentimental traveller might reside at the Hotel Gibbon or the Hotel Byron; and there was always the Castle of Chillon to visit. With Bädeker in hand, James and a companion (both his sister and his aunt were with him in Switzerland) set forth one morning to "do" the castle. Upon arriving they "found a huge concourse of visitors awaiting the reflux of an earlier wave." Forthwith James urged his companion to wait until another time when there would be no one else there. "There is never no one else," she replied to his dismay, "We must treat it as a crush or leave it alone."

The sketch "The St. Gothard" (sub-title "Leaves from a Note-Book") is devoted primarily to a description of Berne and of Lucerne. James noted that the arcades of Berne were much thicker than those of Chester and that the shops were "dusky and unventilated." Down the middle of the long gray street were "posted antique fountains--sculptured and emblazoned columns rising out of a great stone trough, supporting some grotesque symbolic figure." He thought that the figures were "frankly ugly, like the people and the architecture," but the figures at least had a sort of humor which seemed to have "passed out of the local manners." He described the Bernese-type woman as "the heaviest, grossest, stolidest"
that he had ever seen. Everyone he saw he thought ugly; everyone was "awkward, dogged, boorish, and bearish." The shape of the men was "precisely the shape of the bears in the pit when they stand up on their hind paws to beg for turnips—the short, thick neck, the big, sturdy trunk, the flat, meagre hips—the total absence of hips, in fact—the shrunken legs and long flat feet."

The bear pit at the end of the main street was the principal attraction for both the Bernese and the tourist, and as James looked at the people of Berne, he felt that there must be some relation between the people and the bears. He commented:

I see the bear element humanly and socially at every turn, and begin to regard it as a kind of bearish cynicism that the townfold should hug the likeness as they do, and thrust the ugly monsters at you, in the flesh or in effigy—carved on gate-posts and emblazoned on shields—wherever you glance.  

The cathedral of Berne was of rather artificial fifteenth-century Gothic design, but as James looked at it from his window, he saw it as an "odd silhouette against the faintly flushing sky, like some fantastic cluster of spires in a drawing of Doré's."

James had remarked before that Switzerland was the world's showplace, and as he pushed on to Lucerne he recommended this "operatic" city as "one of the biggest booths at the fair." Lucerne was a dramatic city "suggestive of foot-lights and scene-shifters," and James felt that he was "one of five-thousand—fifty thousand—'accommodated' spectators" who had secured their season-ticket to the show.

The scene-shifters have been at work all day long, composing and decomposing the beautiful background of the prospect—massing the clouds and scattering the light, effacing and reviving, making play with their wonderful machinery of mist and haze. The mountains rise one behind the other, in an enchanting gradation of distances and melting blues and grays; you think each successive tone the loveliest and haziest possible, till you see another looming dimly behind it.
The old bridge nearby was "adorned with a series of very quaint and vivid little paintings of the Dance of Death, quite in the Holbein manner." James had intended to cross the picturesque little bridge, but he, like most Americans, had been demoralized by luxury and conditioned to newness. He took the new bridge which was "ornamented with candelabra in a meretricious imitation of platinum." He felt apologetic, however, for he remarked:

I crossed the threshold of the timbered portal, took a few steps, and retreated. It smelt badly! So I marched back, counting the lamps in their mendacious platinum. But it smelt very badly indeed; and no good American is without a fund of accumulated sensibility to the odor of stale timber. 88

Enroute from Lucerne to Milan in order to write travel sketches of Italy, James observed the digging of the new St. Gothard tunnel. As he looked at the "swarming, digging, hammering, smoke-compelling colony" and the miles of iron pipes, he was not so sure that he approved of what man was doing to Nature; his comment then has even more significance today.

She [Nature] is great...but she is being superseded at her strongest points, successively, and nothing remains but for her to take humble service with her master. If she can hear herself think amid that din of blasting and hammering, she must be reckoning up the years which may elapse before the cleverest of Ober-Ingenieurs decides that mountains are altogether superfluous, and has the Jungfrau melted down and the residuum carried away in balloons and dumped upon another planet. 89

The remainder of the "St. Gothard" sketch is devoted to the scenic beauty of the journey by coach to Milan. James was eager to get to Italy again (he was remembering the ecstasy he had known in Italy in 1869), but he was willing to "spare a pulsation of desire" for the picturesque scenery of the Alpine passes. By the time the coach reached Faido, "Italy began in broken syllables to whisper that she was at hand," and "For the rest of the way to Bellinzona her voice was muffled in the gray of evening."
The supreme beauty of the St. Gothard road was the drive from Bellinzona to Como, where James feasted upon the beauty of the Italian lakes, a beauty which the "floweriest rhetoric" could not describe. Only Claude, he said, could have done them justice. The "long liveliness" of the drive into Lugano forecast all the beauty of Italy.

...it lay spread before me for a whole perfect day...in the shimmering, melting azure of the Italian Alps; in the luxurious tangle of nature and the familiar picturesqueness of man; in the lawn-like slopes, where the great grouped chestnuts make so cool a shadow in so warm a light; in the rusty vineyards, the littered cornfields, and the tawdry wayside shrines. But most of all, it is in the deep yellow light which enchants you and tells you where you are. See it come filtering down through a vine-covered trellis on the red handkerchief with which a ragged contadina has bound her hair; and all the magic of Italy, to the eye, seems to make an aureole about the poor girl's head. Look at a brown-breasted reaper eating his chunk of blackbread under a spreading chestnut; nowhere is shadow so charming, nowhere is color so charged, nowhere is accident so picturesque. 90

Italy

Once again James was in lovely Italy, but he was not there to go gaping through the streets as he had done in 1869. He had a duty to perform; he had come to write travel sketches. For the prospective tourist and for the arm-chair traveller, he was to describe the magnificent cathedrals, the art treasures, the people--their language, their social and political life--and the historical and literary background of each city he visited. And he would have to give his reader some idea of the beautiful Italian landscapes and the local color along the roadways. In his first sketch of Italy, "From Chambéry to Milan," James gives the reader a glimpse of what the return to Italy after an absence of three years meant to him. In Turin, "a city of arcades, of pink and
yellow stucco, of innumerable cafes, blue-legged officers, and ladies draped in the Spanish veil," he found every object "an easy waking for sleeping memories."

He mused:

Half an hour after my arrival, as I stood at my window, looking out on the great square, it seemed to me that the scene within and without was a rough epitome of every pleasure and every impression I had formerly gathered from Italy; the balcony and the Venetian-blind, the cool floor of speckled concrete, the lavish delusions of frescoed wall and ceiling, the broad divan framed for the noonday siesta, ...the brick campaniles beyond, the milder, yellower light, the brighter colors and softer sounds. 91

Turin, like Geneva, had "no architecture, no churches, no monuments, nor especially picturesque street-scenery." It did, however, have a museum; the Turin Gallery, large and well-arranged had "a couple of magnificent Vandykes and a couple of Paul Veroneses (the 'Queen of Sheba' and a "Feast at the House of Levi").

James found Milan a more interesting city than Turin, because of its cathedral and its "beautiful, tragic Leonardo." The Cathedral was "before all things picturesque," but James warned the discriminating tourist to accept philosophically not only the painted roof (to give the effect of carved stone-work) but also the relics of St. Charles Borromeus, whose "shrivelled mortality" might be seen for the sum of five francs. In rather irreverent tone, James described the procedure of exhibiting the holy man:

The little sacristan, having secured his audience, whipped on a white tunic over his frock, lighted a couple of candles, and proceeded to remove from above the altar, by means of a crank, a sort of sliding shutter; just as you may see a shop-boy do of a morning at his master's window. In this case, too, a large sheet of plate-glass was uncovered, and, to form an idea of the étalage, you must imagine that a jeweller, for reasons of his own, had struck an unnatural partnership with an undertaker. The black, mummified corpse of the saint is stretched out in a glass coffin, clad in his mouldering canonicals, mitred, crosiered, and gloved, and glittering with votive jewels. 93

In his characteristic fashion James was not content simply to describe
what he saw; he usually made some remark that would indicate his concept of the moral value of any given situation or exhibition. After looking at the "twinkling splendor of diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires" which had been offered to the saint by "great historic names," he concluded:

"Whatever may be the better opinion as to whether the Church is in a decline, I cannot help thinking that she will make a tolerable figure in the world so long as she retains this great capital of bric-a-brac, scintillating throughout Christendom at effectively scattered points. You see, I am forced to agree after all, in spite of the sliding shutter and the profane expository arts of the sacristan, that the majesty of the Church saved the situation, or made it, at least, sublimely ridiculous."

And as he looked at the massive structure of the cathedral, he "was tempted to believe that beauty in great architecture is almost a secondary merit, and that the main point is mass." The very size of the cathedral rendered it one of "the greatest conceivable" works of art, and more than anything else it represented "difficulties annulled, resources combined, labor, courage, and patience." Thinking of the human effort and discipline that went into the making of this great structure, James exclaimed: "And there are people who tell us that art has nothing to do with morality!"

Then when James gazed upon the "most majestic and most luckless" fresco of Leonardo now "battered, defaced, ruined" yet "one of the greatest in the world," he thought the picture testified to "one of the most pertinent lessons in the history of art": that "there is no limit to the amount of substance an artist may put into his work." He thought that every painter should at some time in his life "stand before the Cenacolo and decipher its moral."

When James lacked space to describe some of the points of interest which he thought every tourist should see, he would mention the place in such a manner that would certainly attract the tourist's interest.
For example, he brought his discussion about Milan to a close with the following statement:

But I have left no space to speak of the Brera [Raphael's], nor of the paradise of bookworms with an eye for the picturesque—if such creatures exist—the Ambrosian Library, with its spacious atrium and its crudely solemn mosaics, in which it is surely your own fault if you do not forget Dr. Strauss and M. Renan and worship as simply as a Christian of the ninth century. 97

And instead of describing the Lake of Como in detail, he appealed to the prospective tourist's romantic sentiment in order to lure him into that "paradise." James made only a brief visit to the famous lake, yet it lasted long enough to make him feel as if he "were a hero of romance, with leisure for a love-affair, and not a hurrying tourist, with a Bradshaw in his pocket." Then he added the inevitable historical and literary background of the place.

The Lake of Como has figured largely in novels with a tendency to immortality—being commonly the spot to which inflammatory young gentlemen invite the wives of other gentlemen to fly with them and ignore the restrictions of public opinion. 99

After a description of the lovely inn at the lake and the colorful boats with their tasselled awnings, James remarked that he had a feeling he had seen it all before in an Italian opera. It all seemed a stage scene where the manager had been more than usually heedless of expenses. He described the scene:

Here, in the foreground, was the palace of the nefarious barytone, with its banqueting-hall opening as freely on the stage as a railway buffet on the platform; beyond, the delightful back scene, with its operatic gamut of coloring; in the middle, the scarlet-sashed barcaiuli, grouped like a chorus, hat in hand, awaiting the conductor's signal. It was better even than being in a novel,—this being in a libretto. 100

When James revived this sketch for the 1909 edition (in Italian Hours), he changed the last phrase to: "this being, this fairly wallowing, in a libretto."
From Milan James and his two companions went on to Venice. En route he stopped only at Verona, and when he wrote his sketch he apologized for not being able to include descriptions of that "golden chain of historic cities," Brescia, Mantua, and Padua, which he had visited in 1869. He came to Venice at twilight as he had done in 1869, and he "found that the attendant sensations bore repetition remarkably well"; he was pleased to hear again the familiar sound, "Barca, signore!" James was tempted to tell his readers every detail of his arrival for he felt that in spite of "stamping poor Venice beyond repair as the supreme bugbear of literature" the subject could not be "too diffusely treated." He found everything "pictorial, harmonious" and the light "a mighty magician." Indeed, Venice was "a perfect bath of light." And the "brown-skinned, white-shirted gondolier, twisting himself in the light," seemed as one lay staring beneath an awning, "a perpetual symbol of Venetian 'effect'."

As James strolled into the galleries and churches of Venice again, he was apprehensive lest his first joy and adorations would have been transposed. He was pleased to discover that he could take up his old admirations where he had left them. He still "found Carpaccio delightful, Veronese magnificent, Titian supremely beautiful, and Tintoret altogether unqualifiedable." But he was forced to admit "that one can stand in the Ducal Palace for the first time but once, with the deliciously ponderous sense of that particular half-hour being an era in one's mental history." The sketch lacked the rapture of the 1869 letter, but in 1872 he still thought Tintoret the greatest of the painters.

You get from Tintoret's work the impression that he felt, pictorially, the great, beautiful, terrible spectacle of human life very much as Shakespeare felt it poetically—
with a heart that never ceased to beat a passionate accom-
paniment to every stroke of his brush. 103
And he deplored the fact that Tintoret's pictures were rapidly decaying
and that our children's children would miss "the tragic beauty" of the
great "Bearing of the Cross" at San Rocco.

Of Verona James informed the would-be tourist that "nowhere else is
such a wealth of artistic achievement crowded into so narrow a space;
nowhere else are the daily comings and goings of men blessed by the
presence of manlier art." Verona, too, was rich in beautiful churches,
with such lovely names as San Fermo, Santa Anastasia, San Zenone. Looking
at the majestic chastity of the great nave of the latter and thinking
of its "high antiquity" James proclaimed "every church is from the
devotional point of view a solecism, that has not something of a similar
absolute felicity of proportion; for strictly formal beauty seems best
to express our conception of spiritual beauty." In Verona James saw
the most delicious mixture of "old life and new" as he observed spectators
sitting in the restored Roman arena watching a play, La Tremenda Guistizia
di Dio. It was all so typically Italian, "the dominant presence of a
mighty architecture, the loungers and idlers beneath the kindly sky, upon
the sun-warmed stones."

After visiting these North Italian cities, James travelled to Paris
to see his sister and aunt off to America, but within a few months he
was back in Italy, for he was eager to see Rome again. He arrived there
in December, 1872, and from Rome during 1873-4 he sent four sketches to
the Atlantic Monthly, two to the Galaxy, and four more to the Nation.
The contrast between James's early ecstatic letter concerning his
impressions of the Eternal City and the sketches of Rome accentuate the
truism that "one can live one's life but once, the parts as well as the
whole." Of Rome in 1872 he wrote in his Note-Book: "Everything is remorselessly clipped and curtailed--the Vatican in mourning. But I saw it in its superbest scarlet in '69..." Rome since James's last visit had been "secularized" and he was not pleased; he missed the "monsignori treading the streets in their purple stockings" and he regretted that now he would not have the traveller's luck of meeting "the Pope sitting deep in the shadow of his great chariot with uplifted fingers, like some inaccessible idol in his shrine." Many things had changed. In 1869-70 the newspapers would have been the Osservatore Romano and the Voce della Verita, but now they were the Capitale, the Liberta and the Fanfulla. The gaiety of the maskers and revellers of the old Carnival was gone. Instead of the revellers of Catholic Christendom, there were the Italian dandies; and the masks of the ladies now were only ugly wire; the Carnival was now merry-making without religious significance; so James walked passed the merrymakers and went again to see the picturesque Forum and the Coliseum.

And then he made a tour of the churches, which he thought "the churchiest churches in Europe--the fullest of gathered detail and clustering association." But James found not only the Carnival "unmade" but likewise the churches "shrunken." Of the role the church had played, he said:

It takes no great shrewdness to perceive that the social rôle of the Church in Italy is terribly shrunken nowadays; but also as little, perhaps, to feel that, as they stand, these deserted temples were produced by a society leavened through and through by ecclesiastical manners, and that they formed for ages the constant background of the human drama. 110

And as he gazed upon "the singularly perfect nave of the most delightful of churches," (St. Peter's) James remarked: "one's constant excursions
into churches are not the least interesting episodes of one's walks in Rome." James devoted four pages of "A Roman Holiday" to a discussion of St. Peter's, which he contended that "if it were not the most beautiful place in the world, it would be the most entertaining." Its promenade was unequalled; it was "the hugest thing conceivable; its supreme beauty was in "its magnificently sustained simplicity." And somehow it meant contentment and heaven even to the non-Catholic tourist.

A good Catholic, I suppose, is a Catholic anywhere, in the grandest as well as in the humblest churches; but to a traveller not especially pledged to be devout, St. Peter's speaks more of contentment than of aspiration. The mind seems to expand there immensely, but on its own level, as we may say. It marvels at the reach of the human imagination and the vastness of our earthly means. This is heaven enough, we say; what it lacks in beauty it makes up in certainty.

St. Peter's was indeed a place of rest and meditation for James and often he spent half-hours there and discovered that if the time was not spent "actually on one's knees" at least the mind was filled "with an ardor deeply akin to a passionate effusion of faith." And he advised the tourist:

When you are weary of the swarming democracy of your fellow tourists, of the unremitting conditions of human nature on the Corso and Pincio...of ruin and dirt and decay, of priests and beggars and the myriad tokens of a halting civilization, the image of the great temple depresses the balance of your doubts and seems to refute the invasive vulgarity of things and assure you that nothing great is impossible. It is a comfort, in other words, to feel that there is at the worst nothing but a cab-fare between your discontent and one of the greatest of human achievements.

While in Rome James took horseback rides out onto the Campagna, where he discovered many picturesque scenes framed to his taste. He thought the Claudian Aqueduct "a picture, massively framed," and indeed he asserted that "A month's riding on the Campagna...will show you a dozen prime Claudes." He felt sure that Claude "must have wandered much on the Campagna, and interfused its divine undulations with his exquisite conception
of the picturesque." Everywhere James went he saw life either as a framed picture or as a drama. Travelling from Rome to Florence he saw a perfectly framed picture of a "trudging friar" at the little village of Narni where the train had made a stop. He had strolled from the station to look at the old bridge of Augustus, broken in mid-Tiber. He observed in the distance an "unbargained spectacle," a white-cowled monk trudging up the road "which wound into the gate of the town." The monk and the old bridge with the little town in the distance made a perfect picture.

The little town stood on a hill, a good space away, boxed in behind its perfect gray wall, and the monk crept slowly along and disappeared within the aperture. Everything was distinct in the clear air, and the view was like a bit of background in a Perugino...the winter atmosphere gave such a charm to the broken bridge, the little walled town, and the trudging friar... 116

If it were not the picture (or the picturesqueness of a place) or the stage setting of Italy that appealed to James, it was the local color. Even the "dirt" of Rome seemed at least a "distant neighbor to chiaroscuro."

As he walked through the streets of the crowded city and glanced into the black archways at the "colored rags that flap over the twisted balustrades of balconies," he enjoyed the "tone" of the scene and had a hankering to do a watercolor sketch. Indeed James found the life in the streets of Rome and of Florence full of color, particularly for one "fresh from a country in which town scenery is rather wanting in variety" (he had complained of this lack of color in America while he was in Saratoga and Newport). The streets of Florence were the most picturesque of all, with "local color enough and to spare." Of his point of view, James said:

"Peasing to look down them, sometimes, and to penetrate the deepening shadows through which they recede, they seem to me little corridors leading out from the past, as mystical as the ladder in Jacob's dream; and when I see a single figure coming up toward me I am half afraid to wait till it arrives; it seems too much like a ghost--a messenger from an underworld." 119
And even the ancient row of houses along the Arno in Florence, though actually dreary, shabby, dirty, disjointed, seemed because of their yellow light, and "some mellow, mouldering surface, some hint of color, some accident of atmosphere" to bloom and glow in a "perfect felicity of picturesqueness."

But in Florence the greatest attraction for the tourist was the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi as well as the art treasures in the churches. It was the haven for American art collectors, and James remarked (evidently for his art-collecting readers) that:

...here and there, one comes upon treasures which it almost seems as if one might pilfer for the New York Museum without their being missed. 121

The two sketches devoted to Florence, "The Autumn in Florence" and "Florentine Notes" contain detailed descriptions of the outstanding paintings and frescoes which James observed. And along with the descriptions of the painting are also James's personal opinions and his points of disagreement or agreement with Ruskin, Pater, or William Morris.

When James got to Pisa it was not the architecture, the paintings, nor even the picturesqueness of the city that interested him most. It was the "charm of Pisa," "a charm of high order" for it was "a moral charm." And James confided that if he were ever incurably disappointed in life, or had lost his money, his health and his friends, he would go to live at Pisa. There was something in the atmosphere that was soothing to the mind. James found the same kind of Tuscan quietude and historic beauty in Siena that he had enjoyed in Pisa. Even when the weather was warm and all the world was out of doors and the Tuscan tongue "wagging in every imaginable key" James found delight in the beauty of the classic purity of the language. The street singing was like an opera, and as
the men came carolling by, "trolling and quavering with voices of delightful sweetness," and the "lonely troubadour in his shirt-sleeves" singing "artful love-notes from his clear, fresh tenor" James felt as if he were "watching some Rubini or Mario go 'on'," and he found himself waiting for the applause when the singing stopped. He thought all Italian conversation like a story or a drama "improvised, mimicked, shaped and rounded, carried bravely to its dénouement." As he described it:

The speaker seems actually to establish his stage and face his foot-lights, to create by a gesture a little scenic circumscription about him; he rushes to and fro and shouts and stamps and postures and ranges through every phase of his inspiration. 123

James had an attentive ear for musical sounds and he enjoyed not only the musical quality of the Tuscan tongue in particular and the opera, but he took delight in listening to the "singing vespers" of the birds as he walked through the Italian countryside. He remarked that his rhapsody on the birds' concert would be poor entertainment for his readers but he felt none-the-less that he should give it.

...I ought to touch upon the birds that were singing vespers as I passed...I have no more learning about bird-music than would help me to guess that a dull, disyllabic refrain in the heart of the wood came from the cuckoo; and when at moments I heard a twitter of fuller tone, with a more suggestive modulation, I could only hope it was the nightingale...For the rich, the multitudinous melody around me seemed but the offering to my ear of the prodigal spirit of picturesqueness. The wood was ringing with sound, because it was twilight, spring, and Italy. 124

Part of Italy's charm, and indeed that of all Europe, was its historic charm. James enjoyed Europe all the more because it had "suited some one else." He was glad that he was not discovering places; he was pleased that what he saw had "played some other part" than it was then
playing to his eyes. He gloried in the "historic, literary, suggestive" 
125 aspect of Europe. When James reached Ravenna, he exclaimed: "this, 
126 at last, was antiquity, history, repose." As he began to attune his 
ear to the "intensely historical character of the place," he felt as if 
he were "breathing an atmosphere of records and relics." But Ravenna 
was more than Roman history, mosaics, and "primitive bishops"; it was 
once the home of Byron and Dante. James found the grave of Dante "anything 
but Dantessque" but he was not disturbed, for Dante of all poets least needed 
a monument; "he was pre-eminently an architect in diction, and built him-
127 self his memorial in verses more solid than Cyclopean blocks." Nor 
was Byron's house Byronic; it was a "homely, shabby, two-storied dwelling, 
directly on the street, with as little as possible of isolation and 
mystery." The place was an inn in Byron's day, and James felt it a 
rather "curious reflection that 'Cain' and the 'Vision of Judgment' 
128 should have been written at a hotel."

For the tourists who were "sentimental and literary" James re-
commended a visit to Ravenna, for his own esteem for Byron had increased 
while there and he came away with a renewed faith in the sincerity of 
Byron's inspiration. He added: "The hour one spends with Byron's 
memory, then, is a charitable one." And for Byron's sake, and Dante's 
sake, and Boccaccio's sake James rode along the sands of the Adriatic, 
because this area had been woven into the works of all three men. Later, 
in 1877, when James again visited Italy, he made "a sentimental pilgrimage" 
to the Gulf of Spezia in order to see the cave where Byron had "defied the 
waves of the Ligurian sea." James comments on this occasion were not so 
complimentary as they were at Ravenna, for he wrote of Byron's feat:

The fact is interesting, though not supremely so; for Byron 
was always defying something, and if a slab had been put up
wherever this performance came off, these commemorative
tables would be, in many parts of Europe, as thick as
milestones. 129

James also visited the Villa Mellini at Porta Angelica for it was "full
of the elder Italy of one's imagination--the Italy of Boccaccio." 130
As he looked at the Villa he could see twenty places where Boccaccio's
story-tellers "might have sat round on the grass."

James regretted that "progress" was playing tricks with the historic
interest of Old Italy. He lamented that Perugia was going the way of
all progress and was "straightening out her streets, repairing her ruins,
laying her venerable ghosts." And the ancient castle was "being
completely remis à neuf--a Massachusetts school-house could not suggest
a briefer yesterday." And as James looked at the fresh putty and shops
in the basement, he remarked:

...one must speak of it in earnest as that unconscious
humorist, the classic American traveller, is found in-
vitably to speak of the Coliseum: it will be a very
handsome building when it is finished. 131

The beauty of Pistoia for James was that it was "still strictly medieval"
and consequently "delicious." He had resented the change in the Roman
Carnival because it destroyed tradition and he was annoyed that neither
the Pope nor the King seemed to have a place in the Carnival, even though
he really did not believe in either the power of popes or kings. He was
sorry to see that the "king...had as little to do with the Carnival as
the Pope" but that instead the "innkeepers and Americans have marked it
for their own." 132

Germany and Holland

Belgium and France

As James journeyed through Germany--at least through Homburg and
Darmstadt—and through Holland and Belgium, he reminded the prospective tourist again of the virtues to be gained by observing one's fellowman.

In Homburg he found his role of observer particularly rewarding:

I should be very sorry to underestimate the entertain-
ment to be found in observing the comings and goings of a multifarious European crowd, or the number of suggestions and conclusions which, with a desultory logic of its own, the process contributes to one's philosophy of life. Every one who prefers to sit in a chair and look rather than walk up and down and be looked at, may be assumed to possess this intellectual treasure. 133

One of the chief values of observing was that one learned a great deal about national idiosyncrasies of the English, French, German, or Italian, as well as of Americans. And James believed, as he had said earlier at Chester, that the American—at least the "cultivated American"—was apt to have a keener sense of these national differences than Europeans.

He often seems to me to be a creature wandering aloof, but half-naturalized himself. His neighbors are outlined, defined, imprisoned, if you will, by their respective national moulds, pleasing or otherwise; but his own type has not hardened yet into the old-world bronze. 134

James's remarks in regard to various nationalities he was to repeat again and again in his later sketches and in his novels. Of the American, the women in particular, he made the same statement that he had made in the Newport sketch in 1870.

Superficially, no people carry more signs and tokens of what they are than Americans. I recognize them, as they advance, by the whole length of the promenade. The signs, however, are all of the negative kind, and seem to assure you, first of all, that the individual belongs to a country in which the social atmosphere, like the material, is extremely thin. American women...fill out the ideal mould with wonderful Paris dresses; but their dresses do little toward completing them, characterizing them, shelving and labelling them socially. 135

By contrast the English lady has "what one may call a social factor;" the French are "a light, pleasure-loving people;" the Germans are "heavy and fair-haired, deep drinkers and strong thinkers." But James had no
wish that his readers should accept his opinions and suggested that they "collect travellers' evidence on local manners and national character."

In this manner one would be sure to have "some vague impressions to be confirmed, some ingenious theory to be illustrated, some favorite prejudice in any case to be revised and improved."

In Homburg James enjoyed the picturesque and the landscape, the gardens and the Kursaal; and he particularly enjoyed listening to the concerts--"such music as no other people has composed, as no other people can play it". As he sat in the open air listening to the concert and drinking beer, James once again felt as if he were at the theatre.

It reminds me of a back-scene at the theatre, and I feel as if I were drinking some fictitious draught prepared by the propertyman; or rather, being a little white temple rising on slim columns among still green shades, it reminds me of some spot in the antique world where the goddess Hygeia was worshipped by thirsty pilgrims; and I am disappointed to find that the respectable young woman who dips my glass is not a ministering nymph in tunic and sandals.

In Darmstadt James spent much of his time examining "the footprints of Bismarck" and in visiting the Schloss, the library and the picture gallery. He disliked the musty, dense library, and he had no taste for German art, particularly German landscape art. He thought their "blooming views of Switzerland and Italy seemed...the most dishonest things in the world"; he was inclined to agree with the French "that the Germans are a race of faux bonshommes; that their transcendental aesthetics are a mere kicking up of dust to cover their picking and stealing." But nevertheless James came away from Darmstadt with a memory of "one of the best" pictures in the world: the Holbein picture of the Meyer family; he felt that if he had to choose one Holbein, that one would content him.

James visited Holland first and then Belgium, but he advised tourists to reverse that order and visit Belgium first. The great thing about
Holland was its landscape; the beauty of the crags along the Rhine had all the freshness of discovery for James and he thought he should say a good word for them, for they composed "as bravely between the river and the sky as if fifty years of sketching and sonneteering had done nothing to tame them." The Rhine had style in the grand manner and on that grayish day as the steamer passed the Drachenfels, James thought the scene "looked as if it had been stolen from a background of Claude," for it had the "ideal, romantic contour." Other scenes resembled a Van der Heyden. And the "mild gray light" spoke of the very genius of chiaroscuro, Rembrandt. Upon visiting Amsterdam the tourist's first thought, James remarked, was the inevitable parallel between Amsterdam and Venice; yet the former was a complete reversal of the latter.

The outward expression on one side is perfect poetry, and on the other is perfect prose; and the marvel is the way in which thrifty Amsterdam imparts the prosaic turn to things which in Venice seem the perfect essence of poetry. Take... the silence and quiet of the canals; ...In the one it is the stillness of order, and in the other of vacancy--the sleep of idleness and the sleep of rest. 143

In Belgium James visited the Cathedral (where he attended a Sunday morning mass) where Rubenses were being unveiled, but the crowd was so great that James did not stay for the unveiling. He did, however, see many Rubenses in the Antwerp Museum. Having just read M. Emile Montegut's impressions of Belgium and Holland and his opinion of Rubens, James disagreed with M. Montegut's belief that Rubens "was the greatest genius who ever thought, brush in hand." James contended that Rubens "absolutely did not think."

However, James admired Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" and considered this picture the "nearest to being impressive." Rubens, he believed, had the painter's temperament without the painter's mind.

Although James was in France several times during 1872-1874, the
only sketch he wrote of the city he admired so much was dated December, 1872, and entitled "The Parisian Stage." Nothing could have been more in keeping with James's temperament and taste, for he was perhaps more passionately fond of the theatre than of any other form of art. He disagreed with the poet Gray whose "idea of heaven was to lie all day on a sofa and read novels." James thought a much better heaven "would be to sit all night in a fauteuil (if they were only a little better stuffed) listening to Delaunay, watching Got, or falling in love with Mademoiselle Desclée." And then he added: "An acted play is a novel intensified; it realizes what the novel suggests." From a child James had been conscious of life as "scenes", and he had attended the theatre from the early age of twelve. As a traveller he attended the theatre in whatever country he found himself, and always wherever he looked he saw the drama of life. So many things his eyes fell upon seemed to be stage settings. He tried to write plays and he turned some of his novels into plays.

James preferred the French theatre to all others and on more than one occasion he wrote an essay upon this favorite topic. He thought the theatre of great importance to the tourist for it added to his impressions of a country in a three-fold manner. It afforded him an opportunity to observe the ideas, manners, and philosophy of a country; it offered him an opportunity to observe the audience of a theatre, which was usually composed of heterogeneous elements who seemed to regard the theatre "not as one of the 'extras', but as one of the necessities of life"; it gave the tourist the privilege of seeing one of his favorite dramatists brought to life by a great actor. Sometimes it is difficult to determine which James considered the greater, the actor or the playwright; he wrote many lines about the great actors of his day, and to one of his favorites
--Coquelin--he devoted an entire essay in 1887. James's enthusiasm in this first sketch of the French theatre was unbounded. He thought nothing so great a pleasure as a first-rate evening at the Théâtre Français; any "cultivated foreigner" would leave the theatre with the cry that France "is the civilized nation par excellence." And he would add: "Such art, such finish, such grace, such taste...the French are prodigiously great!" To James the French theatre was a model of art which other nations would do well to copy and to discuss with respect, for the French dramatists had "no more secrets to learn."

After a "busy, dusty, weary day" during the summer of 1872, James rested his "travel-tired brain" by attending the Théâtre Français to listen to Molière's "Mariage Forcé" and Alfred de Musset's "Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien." As he watched the play he was again convinced that the theatre threw "into relief the best gifts of the French mind." He thought Molière was being acted as he deserved to be, and that the "Il ne Faut Jurer" which followed was like "fine sherry after strong ale." He had nothing but praise for the leading actor, fifty year old Delaunay:

...his taste is so unerring, his touch so light and true, his careless grace so free and so elegant, that in his hands the jeune premier becomes a creation as fresh and natural as the unfolding rose. He has a voice of extraordinary sweetness and flexibility, and a delicacy which makes the commonest phrases musical...

After giving the reader a sketch of the leading dramatists of the day, of Alexandre Dumas, M. Pailleron, of M. Sardou, and M. Laye, James concluded the discussion of the Parisian stage by saying: "To an ingenuous American the Théâtre Français may yet offer an aesthetic education."
Conclusion

Whether it was the theatre James was discussing, the paintings at Florence, the architecture (cathedrals, castles, ruins) in Rome, the people and landscapes of Switzerland, the national characteristics of Germany, the prosaic character of the Dutch, or the literary associations of England, the "transatlantic sketches" are remarkably similar in composition. There is the usual information about the journey to a city or country, then a chronological discussion of where James went and what he saw, and a concluding paragraph which gives his general impression of a people or a country. These European sketches, however, differ in some respects from the earlier American essays. Thanks to the "note-book habit" there is a great deal more detailed information in the 1872-1874 sketches than in those of 1870-1871, especially landscape detail and rather full analyses of individual paintings, as well as detailed criticisms of artists and writers. And in these 1872-1874 sketches James shows an increased tendency to philosophize, whether in regard to the morality of art or to the significance of differences in national characteristics.

There is likewise a warmth and a greater intimacy in the European sketches which is not apparent in the North American sketches. James's own love of Europe accounts somewhat for the warmth of the essays, and his skilful use of dialogue accounts in part for their increased intimacy. He shows himself to be a superb raconteur by the way in which he used three types of dialogue in order to describe a country or to evaluate what he saw. Frequently he recounted an actual conversation with some friend or acquaintance or a domestic; at other times he made
use of an imaginary conversation for the purpose of giving the other side of the coin; and then in the interest of reality (or actuality) he used the descriptive device of the speaking picture. At Chester James was thoroughly enjoying the picturesque ness of the ancient city, but he was well aware that there were those who did not agree with him; therefore, early in the sketch he repeated a conversation with a friend who had no relish for the picturesque.

I have been strolling and restrolling along the ancient wall...with a certain friend who has been treating me to a bitter lament on the decay of his relish for the picturesque. "I have turned the corner of youth," is his ceaseless plaint; "I suspected it, but now I know it,—now that my heart beats but once where it beat a dozen times before, and that where I found sermons in stones and pictures in meadows, delicious revelations and intimations ineffable, I find nothing but the stern, dark prose of British civilisation." 153

And to give "The Other Half-Rome"—at least from the tourist's viewpoint—James reported that soon after he arrived in Rome (in 1873) "an old sojourner" said to him:

"Don't talk to me of liking Rome...you don't really like it till you like the dirt"..."This horrible place," he cried, "is an insufferable weight on my soul, and it seems to me monstrous to come here and feast on human misery...The squalor, the shabbiness, the provincialism, the barbarism, of Rome are too much for me. I must go somewhere and drink deep of modern civilization...I shall leave by the first train in the morning, and if you value your immortal soul you will come with me!" 154

And later a fellow-tourist, a Frenchman and a stranger no doubt, advised James further about Rome:

"You may like Rome more or less now," I was told during the height of the season; "but you must wait till the month of May to love it; Then the foreigners, or the excess of them, are gone; the galleries and ruins are empty, and the place," said my informant, who was a Frenchman, "renait à elle-même." 155

It is not always easy to determine whether such conversations as the above were actual conversations—-but James does say they were—-or whether
they were imaginary conversations. Probably they were both. The
"delicious" bits of conversation which James reports that he had with
waiters and domestics seem to be actual conversations; and no doubt the
following is a verbatim report:

He has very little good to say about the Sienese nobility. They are "proprio d'origine egoista"--whatever that may be--
and there are many who can't write their names. This may be
calummy; but I doubt whether the biggest coronet of them all
could have spoken more delicately of a lady of peculiar per-
sonal appearance, who had been dining near me. "She's too
fat," I said grossly, when she had left the room. The waiter
shook his head, with a little sniff: "È troppo materiale." 156

But James's most effective use of dialogue was that of the inanimate speaker.
Rather than describe the beauty of a city, of a scene, or of a picture,
James permitted these to speak for themselves. For example, Rome

murmured to him:

"Ah, this is nothing! Come back in May, and see the sky above
us almost black with its excess of blue, and the new grass
already deep, but still vivid, and the white roses tumbling
in odorous spray over the walls, and the warm radiant air
dropping gold into all our coloring." 157

James was more or less trying his wings with this type of dialogue in the
"transatlantic sketches," and he continued to use it in the travel sketches
which he wrote between 1877 and 1907.

The style of the European sketches of 1872-1874 is still that of the
easy, graceful style of the American sketches, but with indications of a
maturing technique--at least a maturing Jamesian technique. The sentences
in the European sketches are longer and more involved; there is an
abundance of punctuation--too much, in fact. Certain words such as
"picturesque," "sentimental," "pretty," "delicious," and "beautiful" are
found in profusion throughout; in some of the essays the word "picturesque"
appears as many as four times on one page, and the word "sentimental" is
repeated several times in each essay. James was later to correct his habit
of repeating too often the charmed words "picturesque" and "sentimental."

After nearly three years in Europe, James had fulfilled his commitment to the Nation—that of supplying sketches for travel-minded readers—and at the same time he had contributed travel sketches to The Galaxy and The Atlantic Monthly. During the three year period he had also written a number of book reviews, essays, and short stories for American and British magazines. Having satisfied himself that he could make his own way as a writer, James returned to America in the autumn of 1874, where he spent a year at Cambridge. And early in 1875 the J. R. Osgood and Company published Transatlantic Sketches in book form. It is significant that Osgood likewise published A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales in book form during this same year, for there are many similarities in content, in tone, in style, and in raison d'etre between the sketches and A Passionate Pilgrim.
CHAPTER IV

I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.

--The Duchess of Malfi
CHAPTER IV

TRAVEL SKETCHES OF THE EXPATRIATE, 1875-1909

1. "Parisian Letters" and "A Little Tour in France"

James remained only a year in America; he had grown much too fond of
Europe to stay at home. And, too, he wanted to live in the most civilized
nation on earth, and the theatre had taught him that that nation was France.
He loved Italy and England, but France challenged him mentally. At thirty-
two he no doubt still felt about France as he had at the age of twelve:

...I recover what I felt as so much relation and response to
the larger, the largest appeal only, that of the perfect
Parisianism I seemed to myself always to have possessed
mentally— even if I had just turned twelve! — and that now
filled out its frame or case for me from every lighted
window, up and down, as if each of these had been, for
strength of sense, a word in some immortal quotation, the
very breath of civilised lips. 1

From a small boy James had always felt that the impression of Paris would
"be of the richest and at the same time the most insinuating"; so when the
New York Tribune suggested that he do a series of letters for their Saturday issue, to extend over a period of a year, one feels confident that
James accepted the assignment with alacrity and went to live in Paris
with genuine pleasure. He had decided at this time that he could do his
best work as a writer by living in Europe; his talent demanded, he thought,
the richness and depth of an older civilization.

When James arrived in Paris in the autumn of 1875, he was now a full-
fledged writer. He had already published reviews, articles, short stories,
and one long novel. And he was no longer the sentimental tourist; he
considered himself rather as a "conscientious observer." It was during
this year in France, 1875-1876, that James became the analytical observer.
His letters to the New York *Tribune* attest that this year in France served
to develop his sense of analysis, and on the whole the year can be said to
be one of the most crucial of his life. His travel sketches as well as
his other writings reveal a marked change in style and in his analytical
observations. He was thoroughly enjoying himself as his letters home and
to the *Tribune* signify. He settled down at 29 Rue du Luxembourg and
spent his time visiting the art exhibitions, attending the theatre, taking
long walks (partly for exercise and partly to learn about French life),
attending meetings of the Assembly, and perhaps most important of all meet-
ing and talking with French writers. He frequented the artistic salons of
Mme. Viardot (on Thursdays) and Mme. de Blocqueville, which he found both
boring and pleasant—particularly the singing (except for Mme. Viardot’s).
But he thoroughly enjoyed the people he met at these salons, especially
Gustave Doré and Ivan Turgenev. Of one of Mme. Viardot’s Sundays en
*famille*, James wrote to his father on April 11, 1876:

> Her Sundays seem rather dingy and calculated to remind one of
> Concord ‘historical games’, etc. But it was both strange and
> sweet to see poor Turgenev acting charades of the most ex-
> travagant description, dressed out in old shawls and masks,
> going on all fours, etc. The charades are their usual Sunday
> evening occupation and the good faith with which Turgenev, at
> his age and with his flories, can go into them is a striking
> example of that spontaneity which Europeans have and we have
> not. Fancy Longfellow, Lowell, or Charles Norton doing the
> like, and every Sunday evening! 4

These *Tribune* Letters bear the same relation to James’s travel sketches
of France as his personal letters of 1869-1870 do to his first European
travel sketches. Most of the *Tribune* letters—nineteen in all—could be
turned into a sketch; and three of them were later printed as travel
sketches in *Portraits of Places*. One entitled "The Parisian Stage" is very
similar to the essay of the same title which served as one of the "trans-
atlantic sketches." Only one letter, "George Sand," is not a sketch; it later formed the basis for his essay on Mme. Sand in French Poets and Novelists (1878). Indeed, James might have printed for the American tourist all but one of these letters in a volume and entitled it "Paris Revisited" (later, in 1877, he wrote a sketch entitled "Italy Revisited" which was composed of six different Italian cities), since he began the first letter of November 22, 1875, with the statement:

I have often thought that entertaining remarks might be made under the title of "Paris Revisited"—remarks that would echo in many an American heart... The American who comes to Paris... takes to the French capital... as a duck to water... But no American, certainly... has come to Paris but once, and it is when he returns, hungrily, inevitably, fatally, that his sense of Parisian things becomes supremely acute.

Conscious as always in his travel sketches of the other side of the picture, James pointed out that even those who disliked Paris would have to admit that the enchanting capital had certain virtues.

...there are certain matters that she—Paris—understands to perfection... the problem of existence is solved more comfortably here than elsewhere. The French have always flattered themselves that they have gone further in the art of living, in what they call l'entente de la vie, than any people, and with certain restrictions the claim is just.

Then James treated his readers to a thumb-nail sketch of the American's life in Paris.

The American in Europe, whether he be resident or traveler, makes up the substance of his life from listening to superior music, watching accomplished acting, eating good dinners, rolling over smooth roads, being served by sympathetic domestics...

The ladies, for the most part, visited shops, spent some time at the Louvre, and perhaps at the Compagnie Lyonnaise. The men trod other ways, "doubtless, a trifle devious."

In his first letter, as in most of them, James discussed the meeting
of the Assembly at Versailles (there is a great deal of political information in these letters), the latest play at the Théâtre Français (Dumas's "L'Etrangère" was in rehearsal), a few lines about Sardou's latest production at the Gymnase, a word of appreciation for Ernesto Rossi's interpretation and satire of Edmund Kean, and a rather complete description of the Paris Opera House. The latter James thought "picturesque" and effective and a "kind of symbol...of the Empire's legacy to France"; it was characteristic of the people who produced it; it savoured of the time, and it told the "story of the society that produced it." Although the opera did not suit James's taste architecturally, he did enjoy M. Baudry's frescoes and Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." This first letter ends somewhat in the manner of "The Parisian Stage" of the Transatlantic Sketches. James commented that he believed that Paris audiences would understand this rendition of "Hamlet" better than most American audiences, for "the Paris Theatre-going public seizes an artist's intentions with extraordinary alertness."

This first letter to the Tribune established the pattern James was to follow in all his letters from November, 1875 to August, 1876. In the remainder of the letters his introductory statement was always something about life in Paris in general, or concerning the event which was demanding the attention of the French public at the moment. In terms of space, James devoted as much attention to politics as he did to art, to the theatre, and to literary figures. And as he had done in the Transatlantic Sketches, he discussed carnivals, masked balls, gardens, landscapes, the military; and government in general. Again he described his long walks, one of the most interesting of which was his long ramble on Christmas Day, 1875. He strolled "the streets the entire day for the day was beautiful and the air as soft as a southern spring." In the mood of an "impartial observer" and
with a "reflective mind," he continued:

I walked over to Notre Dame along the quays, and was more than ever struck with the brilliant picturesqueness of Paris as, from any point opposite to the Louvre, you look up and down the Seine. The huge towers of Notre Dame, rising with their blue-gray tone from the midst of the great mass round which the river divides, the great Arc de Triomphe answering them with equal majesty in the opposite distance, and splendid continuous line of the Louvre, and over it all the charming coloring of Paris on certain days... 11

James paused in Notre Dame long enough to listen to the vespers and then he continued across the river to visit another church. He climbed the "mt. of St. Genevieve" and reached the "curious Church of St. Etienne du Mont" just in time to hear the sermon. Then he paid a visit to the shrine of St. Genevieve, which he thought "picturesque," before returning home.

Along the way, he met many soldiers and concluded that "every tenth man in the streets is a soldier, and though this fact has doubtless a melancholy meaning in the moral scale, it has high value in the picturesque." He had commented about the soldiers in Italy, but he was to have a great deal more to say of them in his later French sketches. James particularly liked the colorful uniform of the French soldier, and in his Tribune letter of May 13, 1876, he commented at length on the virtues of the military. He liked the "honorable style... gallantry and bravery" of the army, and he found himself wishing that America had a standing army.

...the contemplative American often finds himself wishing, or half-wishing, that his native land had,...some knowledge of the military incubus...his reasons are purely sentimental;...he is willing to admit even that they are immoral...I envied the country the possession of the brightly-habited class which was the subject of it. 12

But the presence of the soldier and the gendarmes, as well as the efficient customs officers, made James reflect that the country was "administered too well."
James's novels have given him the reputation of not being concerned sufficiently with the political and economic conditions of mankind. The Tribune letters, however, indicate that he not only gave a good deal of thought to political matters but that he also enjoyed visiting the French Assembly, talking with members of the various parties, and trying to understand the meaning of the conflict between the Radicals and the Republicans. Both A Little Tour in France and English Hours attest that the habit James formed during this year in France of analyzing the political life of a country persisted throughout his life. During the middle of December, 1875, he journeyed to Versailles to watch the election of seventy-five permanent senators, which he thought might give him some insight into the French character. He had just been reading Taine on the subject of the wastefulness of the manners and customs of Louis XIV; and strolling around the gardens and through the spacious halls of Versailles, he felt inclined to agree with Taine. James concluded that the great palace was less melancholy with the senators present and that the French Assembly was better off and safer in such noble surroundings than it would have been in Paris. Because of the "emotional character of the population," James thought "the national capital an unsafe abode" for the Assembly. The election turned out to be a "dramatic victory for the left." Although James's sympathies were not with the victors, he nevertheless saw the good points of the revolutionary Assembly.

As I looked down upon the 500 not particularly handsome or individually impressive gentlemen who were chatting and edging their way about in the pit of the little roccoco theatre, it was impossible not to philosophize a little... The Republic has been kept along... it has been weaned from its babyhood and set on its feet... The wisest doctors and nurses declare that if it is given a chance it will toddle; and now, fortunately, every year its legs are growing stronger. 14

As he watched the 700 deputies file by to cast their vote, James made a "study of the multitudinous types of French physiognomy" and then made shorthand notes of his impressions of the French type. Later he found these
notes "rather hard to transcribe."

After watching the elections, reading both the Radical newspaper Figaro and the conservative Le Temps, as well as listening to political wranglings, James concluded that "The intensity of political discussions is sharper in France than it is anywhere else—which is the case, indeed, with every sort of difference of opinion." And in political life especially there were "more camps and coteries and 'sets' than among Anglo-Saxons, and the gulf which divides each group...is more hopelessly and fatally impassable." James's acute analysis of the French temperament and his statements about French political life in 1875-76 bear marked similarity to modern judgments. His last sentence in his February 5, 1876, Tribune letter has been echoed in present-day newspapers: "It is simply the old story that, either in politics or in literature, Frenchmen are ignorant of the precious art of compromise." In observing the political scene James was not content to gather surface impressions; every time he heard "a political sympathy strongly expressed" he tried "at least to understand it—to get inside the speaker's mind, circumstances, and antecedents." This type of careful analysis is reflected in his fiction.

It will be remembered that in the Transatlantic Sketches James revealed mixed feelings about the Catholic Church and about Rome as well. The beauty of the Church and its meditative value strongly appealed to him, but the institution itself often provoked him. We note that he likewise had mixed feelings toward the Catholic Church in France. He was not necessarily a supporter of the Catholic Church; yet on the other hand, he was not in sympathy with the Republicans' dislike of a Catholic University. He advised:

If I were a Frenchman I am inclined to think that I should feel more at ease in a republic in which the Catholic party was allowed to carry on, in competition with the Sorbonne and the College de France, as successful and
satisfying a university as it could, than a republic in which it was silenced... It is hard, indeed, to imagine a Catholic university, with the full light of their current audacity of opinion beating down upon it, proving very dangerous. 19

But whatever the controversy, whether in regard to politics, to the Church, or to literary matters, James was as American about the matters as he had been in his earlier writings. Having listened to a rather violent discussion of the merits of certain novelists, James turned away smugly:

And you turn away, meditative, and perhaps with a little private elation at being yourself an unconsolidated American and able to enjoy both Mr. A and Mr. X who enjoy each other so little. 20

In the foreground of the Transatlantic Sketches had been art, architecture, and landscapes as framed pictures. Similarly, in the Tribune letters there is a great deal of discussion of James's visits to various exhibitions and detailed analyses of paintings, with pertinent comments regarding the merits of the artists. At one exhibition James enjoyed Delacroix's "profundity of imagination" and "extraordinary harmony of color." And at another showing James remarked that he took a "sentimental pleasure" in Delacroix, Millet, Meissonier, and Rousseau; and of Descamps he asserted that "no painter plays with effects of light so delicately, and on the whole, so unerringly..." 21 He attended a ninety-third anniversary exhibition of the Salon where 2,095 pictures were displayed, not including sculptures, drawings, or cartoons! In spite of his admiration for Gustave Doré, James did not appreciate the painter's "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem"; it had "no color...no hint of detail...no 22 feeling." Remembering that James's later style, both in his travel sketches and in his fiction, is usually spoken of as "impressionistic," it is interesting to read his remarks concerning an exhibit of impressionist painters at Durand-Ruels in May of 1876. He found the exhibit "decidedly
interesting" but he had some reservations.

The beautiful, to them, is what the supernatural is to the
Positivists—a metaphysical notion...to give a vivid im-
pression of how a thing happens to look at a particular
moment...This attitude has something in common with that
of the English Preraphaelites, twenty years ago, but this
little band is on all grounds less interesting than the
group out of which Millaiss and Holman Hunt rose into fame
...the impressionist doctrines strike me as incompatible
...with the existence of first-rate talent. 23

James thought the English impressionists "pedants" and the French impression-
ists "cynics." Occasionally while discussing an exhibit James managed to
get in a few humorous or satiric remarks about the American art collectors
who, of course, remind the reader of Mr. Verver of The Golden Bowl. James
probably was being more satiric than humorous in the following statement:

...one takes, moreover, an acute satisfaction in seeing
America stretch out her long arm and rake in, across the
green cloth of the whole Atlantic, the highest prizes of
the game of civilization. 24

Throughout the Tribune letters James informed the prospective visitor
to France about what he might see or do, and he kept the literary-minded
abreast of the plays he was seeing and of the new books, as well as any
first-hand information he could supply concerning his favorite authors:
Renan, Zola, George Sand, Taine, Tissot, and others. And scattered through-
out the letters are "delicious" comparisons of the French and the English,
the sort of thing James had done rather casually in Transatlantic Sketches,
but which he was to continue in all of his later travel sketches. James
saw the British tourist as "a godsend" for the French caricaturist, and
his own fingers "itched for the pencil of 'Cham' or of Daudnier." He
was sure that M. Taine never met:

of an evening a flannel-shirted, pea-jacketed, soft-hatted
son of Albion, followed by his robust feminine shadow, all
blonde chignon and linsey-woolsey, without murmuring to him-
sel that the 'Vikings' and 'Berserkers', the offspring of
the northwind and sea-fog, are not extinct. 26
The three Tribune letters which were published as travel sketches in Portraits of Places were originally entitled "Chartres Portrayed," "Summer 27 in France," and "A French Watering Place," and in composition and content they are very similar to the early American sketches and the Transatlantic Sketches. However, they--like the Tribune letters in general--reflect a more mature judgment, a more analytical observer and less the sentimental, picturesque seeker. The content of "Chartres," like the earlier sketches, contains the usual information about inns, food, shops, trains, weather, nationalistic traits, moonlight walks, and naturally a full discussion of the Cathedral. He revolved around the cathedral, "like a moth around a candle" and he observed it "in the moonlight as well as the sunshine" and from "twenty different standpoints." It was almost impossible for him to describe the beauty of Chartres; he reminded the reader that "impressions produced by architecture lend themselves as little to interpretation by another medium as those produced by music." More than two-thirds of the sketch is concerned with descriptions of both the exterior and the interior of the Cathedral and with adequate attention to its history. Here we find one of the few references to discomfort, whether of the heat or of the cold. Inside, this "perfection of gothic in its prime" was "intolerably cold."

It seemed to answer one's query of what becomes of the winter when the spring chases it away. The winter hereabouts has sought an asylum in Chartres cathedral, where it has found plenty of room and may reside in a state of excellent preservation until it can safely venture abroad again. 29

And then in his characteristic fashion of injecting a bit of homely humor into the scene, James added:

The nave was full of the little padded chairs of the local bourgeoisie, whose faith, I hope for their comfort, is of the good old red-hot complexion. 30

James was struck, as he said all Americans were in French and English towns,
by the number of little shops; he felt sure that "the shopkeepers must all feed upon each other, for, whoever buys, the whole population sells." And as at Saratoga there were the inevitable rival inns for the tourists; here it was "the 'Grand Monarque' and the 'Duc de Chartres'—which glare at each other across the Grande Place." Following his usual habit, James strolled through the little town, looked at the crumbling walls, the gate, and then concluded the sketch with the framed picture as he had done of Quebec and many of the Transatlantic Sketches.

Although James used the term "picturesque" less often after 1875, it does occur in all of these Tribune letter sketches. He wrote the sketch "Rouen" ("Summer in France" in the Tribune) while he was in Le Havre sitting "before a window which frames the picture of the seaward path of the transatlantic steamers." He thought Le Havre, like most seaports, was likewise picturesque. Inevitably, at Rouen he visited the cathedral commenting that "The discreet traveller will never miss an opportunity to come into a great church at eventide." James gazed upon the tomb of the two Cardinals d'Amboise—which resembled portraits of Holbein transferred into marble—and that of the Duke of Breze, "which seemed to James the most beautiful thing in the world"; and of his impression of the latter he wrote:

The other evening, in the solemn stillness and the fading light of the great cathedral, it seemed irresistibly human and touching. The spectator felt a sort of impulse to smooth out the shroud and straighten the helpless hands. 33

In these French sketches are the usual comparisons of one country with another. The countryside of Rouen resembled that of Kent; in fact, because of the "English-looking details of its scenery" it was "almost better than Kent, for Kent has no Seine," and it gratified "the tourist with a propensity for sketching." The "crumbling Renaissance doorway" of the little church
of Saint-Aignan in Chartres had reminded James of "certain monuments that the tourist encounters in small Italian towns."

James enjoyed Etretat (called "A French Watering-Place" in the Tribune but simply "Etretat" in Portraits of Places) for its fine cliff-scenery and its moderate prices; the tourist might breakfast and dine at the principal hotel "for the sum of five and a half francs a day." James was glad that there was "no menace of the invasion of luxury" at Etretat. He found this simple watering-place an ideal haven in which to relax, and his description of it must have sent Americans, who enjoyed "roughing it," there for summer holidays.

You wear old clothes, you walk about in canvas shoes, you deck your head with a fisherman’s cap...you lie on the pebbly strand most of the day, watching the cliffs, the waves, and the bathers; in the evening you converse with your acquaintance on the terrace of the Casino, and you keep monkish hours. 36

About a third of the sketch concerns the Frenchman’s love of beaches, his swimming prowess—both young and old, male and female—and his use of the beach for family parties. As James watched the bathers, he thought the whole scene a literary painting:

The swimmers dip and rise, circling round the boats and playing with the children. Every now and then they grasp the sides of the boats and cling to them in a dozen harmonious attitudes, making one fancy that Eugène Delacroix’s great picture of Dante and Virgil on the Styx, with the damned trying to scramble into Charon’s bark, has been repainted as a scene on one of the streams of Paradise. 37

But the swimmers were not the damned but the blessed, and the demonstrative French babies were the "cherubs."

James had gone to Chartres in the spring and to Rouen and Etretat in the summer of 1876 and towards the end of that same summer, in August, he made a journey "From Normandy to the Pyrenees," the account of which was published first in the Galaxy, January 1877, and then, later, in
Portraits of Places (1883). He had remarked at Chartres that there was nothing he liked "so much as moving about to see the world," and certainly this lengthy five-part sketch proves the statement. On a beautiful August Sunday James walked ten miles from Étretat to Fécamp to see the races; along the way he stopped to "gossip" with a shepherd on a grassy hillside, to admire certain little Villages (particularly Yport, a little Lilliputian-scale watering-place which "looked like a huge Nuremberg toy"), to watch the races for a while and then to wander through the streets of the little Norman town of Fécamp, where the "young men and maidens were dancing like the figures in vignette-illustrations of classic poets."

After a visit to the famous Ernestine's restaurant at Saint-Jouin, James journeyed to "the old territory of the Gâtinais," which he found "deliciously rural, immitigably French; the typical, average 'pleasant' France of history, literature, and art--of art, of landscape-art, perhaps especially." Everywhere he looked he found "familiar pictures on a dealer's wall--a Lamberit, a Troyan, a Daubigny, a Diaz."

While visiting in this area, James was the house guest of a feminine friend who lived in a chateau that was "both genial and reserved, plain yet picturesque," which had a lovely garden, an "old stone dovecot," and "what in the arts is called 'style'." One of the most human and most memorable sketches which James wrote was that of his visit to the peasants in this area. In company with his hostess, he went one Sunday morning to call upon the peasants; and he thought the visit "as charming an affair as a chapter in one of George Sand's rural tales." James enjoyed meeting and talking with these rural folk, and his sympathetic account of them testifies that he had a great deal of interest in
his fellow man in every walk of life and that he was by no means the aloof, class-conscious author that his novels sometimes lead one to believe. In a way, James's description of the Gâtinais peasants comprises another literary idyl in the manner of Theocritus.

...when he is stopping at home from work and has put on his best jacket and trousers, and is loafing at the door of his neighbor's cabin, he is a very charming person...they have the instinct of civility and a talent for conversation; they know how to play the host and the entertainer. By "he," just now, I meant she quite as much; it is rare that, in speaking superlatively of the French, in any connection, one does not think of the women even more than the men...On the occasion I speak of the first room in the very humble cabins I successively visited—in some cases, evidently, it was the only room—had been set into irreproachable order for the day...Into the midst of this "la Rabillon" or "la mère Léger" brings forward her chairs and begs us to be seated, and seating herself, with crossed hands, smiles expressively and answers abundantly every inquiry about her cow, her husband, her bees, her eggs, her baby. The men linger half outside and half in, with their shoulders against dressers and door-posts; every one smiles with that simple, clear-eyed smile of the gratified peasant; they talk much more like George Sand's Berrichons than might be supposed...I am entertained everywhere with the bonhomie, the quaintness, the good faces and good manners...I finish my tour with an esteem for my new acquaintance... 40

One of James's most sympathetic pictures of the clergy is that of one of the local curé in this same village near Gy. His picture of this unidentified curé is somewhat Wordsworthian and belongs to the philosophy of "God made the country and man made the town."

There is more than one curé in the valley whose charms I celebrate; but the worthy priest of whom I speak is the pearl of the local priesthood...I went with my hostess, another morning, to call upon M. le Curé, who himself opened his garden door to us...and, lifting his rusty calotte, stood there a moment in the sunshine, smiling a greeting more beignant than his words.

...he took us into his very diminutive garden, and showed us an ornament...a rude stone image of the Virgin, which he had become possessed of I know not how, and for which he was building a sort of niche in the wall. The work was going on slowly, for he must take the labour as he could get it...41

A few days later the curé came to the château for breakfast and James en-
joyed talking with him as they walked together in the garden. The contrast of the priest's life in his own cottage—his meagre food and simple accommodations—and his position when he visited those who lived in the neighboring chateaux seemed to James paradoxical.

He lives like a labourer, yet he is treated like a gentleman. The latter character must seem to him sometimes to have rather a point of irony. But to the ideal curé, of course, all characters are equal; he thinks neither too ill of his bad breakfasts nor too well of his good ones. I won't say that the excellent man I speak of is the ideal curé, but I suspect he is an approach to it; he has a grain of the epicurean to an ounce of stoicism. 42

The next portraits in this sketch were of Biarritz and San Sebastian. James went to Biarritz with a vivid mental impression which he had to "tone down." The city was "not picturesque" and "not romantic"; it was simply a watering-place for the tourist trade. It had "the aspect of one of the 'cottages' of Newport during the winter season," and its Casino had "the air of an establishment frequented by gentlemen who look at ladies' windows with telescopes." James found Biarritz "common and cockneyfield"; and as his mind "travelled back to modest little Etretat" he thought the latter "a very much more downy couch." He did, however, find the Basque population of Biarritz pictorial and "a very handsome race."

But the best thing about Biarritz was that it afforded an opportunity of driving into Spain, to the land of Cervantes.

I found a charm in sitting in a landau and rolling away to San Sebastian behind a coachman in a high glazed hat with long streamers, a jacket of scarlet and silver and a pair of yellow breeches and jackboots...the admirable scenery, the charming day, the operatic coachman, the smooth-rolling carriage—I am afraid I became more visionary than it is decent to tell of. 44

James was pleased with the local color of Spain, the bright dress of the people and the "vista of gaudy house-fronts, balconies, awnings" which faced the sea. But Spanish Catholicism had less appeal for him than its counterpart in any other country. In a Jesuit church he observed "a life-
sized effigy of the Virgin perched upon a table beside the great altar."

She was as real as Don Quijote or Saint Theresa, and "she evidently would
answer to her name if you should speak to her," so James thought.

Musterling up the stateliest title I could think of, I addressed
her as Doña Maria of the Holy Office; whereupon she looked
round the great dusky, perfumed church, to see whether we
were alone, and then she dropped her fringed eyelids and held
out her hand to be kissed. She was the sentiment of Spanish
Catholicism; gloomy, yet bedizened, emotional as a woman
and mechanical as a doll. After a moment I grew afraid of
her, and went slinking away. 45

Although James raised the question of "whether there is room in litera-
ture for another chapter" on the subject of bull-fights, he nevertheless
felt a compulsion to record "a certain sort of pleasure" in the event. He
came away convinced that the bull was "a finer fellow than any of his
tormentors, and his tormentors finer fellows than the spectators." And
then he added: "In truth, we were all, for the time, rather sorry fellows
together. A bull-fight will, to a certain extent, bear looking at, but it
will not bear thinking of." 46

In October of 1876 James made "a very little tour" of "three or four
old towns and monuments" but this little tour, which is devoted primarily
to Rheims and Laon, is very large in subject matter. All of the usual
topics are here: information about the trains, inns--the Golden Apple
at Rheims and the Hure at Laon--the shops; references to the guidebooks of
Murray and M. Viollet-le-Duc; conversations with domestics and caretakers;
a history of the country; discussions of economic questions and the problem
of "radicalism"; the usual references to childhood memories, literary
associations; comments about the Catholic Church and detailed descriptions
of its cathedrals; and, of course, attention to the sketchable quality of
beautiful landscapes, and in this instance to the lovely country of the
Marne, the land of champagne and "popping corks." Like other tourists James
went down to Rheims specifically to see the cathedral; and as he travelled along the valley of the Marne, he thought the countryside "suggested the autumnal tints of American scenery." The whole scene was suggestive: the laborers, in their white blouses and caps seemed to be "joyous and disinterested votaries of Bacchus" as they "moved crookedly among the tiny vinepoles." James thought champagne, "one of the most agreeable" gifts of France to the world. It was "the keen, living liquid in which the finest flower of sociability is usually dipped"; but later when James was climbing about in the upper regions of the great Rheims cathedral, he found himself "musing upon the beauty of soberness."

From many angles and at different times of the day James observed and analyzed the great cathedral. He had carried it in his mind from childhood; the "vision had been implanted there by some forgotten glimpse of an old-fashioned water-colour sketch," and he had always thought of Rheims as "the typical gothic cathedral." Now, as he studied it, he thought it "one of the noblest works of man's hands." The interior of the place excited his sensibilities and the white light contributed to the picturesqueness and to the richness of the church. For hours James wandered through the gothic structure and departed only when the beadle directed him to do so. Being turned out of the church in order that the "red capes" might prepare for vespers somehow turned James's mind to political matters. Elections were to take place in ten days and he found himself sympathising with the "supreme effort of a brilliant and generous people to learn the lesson of national self-control and self-government," and disliking the stand which the Catholic church was taking in the elections.

It was impossible by the same token, not to have noted and detested the alacrity with which the Catholic party had rallied to the reactionary cause, and the union with which the clergy had converted itself into the go-betweens of
Bonapartism. The clergy was giving daily evidence of its devotion to arbitrary rule and to every iniquity that shelters itself behind the mask of "authority." 48

And then in a sterner tone James continued:

...it had spoiled my enjoyment of their church, in which I doubtless had no business. It had set me thinking of the activity and vivacity of the great organisation to which they belonged, and of all the odious things it would have done before the 15th of October. To what base uses do we come at last! 49

Meditating thus James had a great deal more sympathy for the radicals than he had felt before.

...as I sat listening to the drowsy old canons of Rheims, I was visited, I scarcely know why, by a kind of revelation of the anti-catholic passion, as it must burn to-day in the breasts of certain radicals. I felt that such persons must be intent upon the war to the death; how that must seem the most sacred of all duties. Can anything, in the line of action, for a votary of the radical creed, be more sacred? I asked myself; and can any instruments be too trenchant? I raised my eyes again to the dusky splendour of the upper aisles and measured their enchanting perspective, and it was with a sense of doing them full justice that I gave my fictive liberal my good wishes. 50

Yet in spite of James's lack of appreciation of the Church, he none-the-less seemed never to tire of gazing upon its superb architectural beauty, its sculptures, and its paintings. Rheims from his window at the inn reminded him of the drama of the church.

My window at the Lion d'Or was like a proscenium-box at the play; to admire the cathedral at my leisure I had only to perch myself in the casement with a good opera-glass. I sat there for a long time watching the great architectural drama. A drama I may call it, for no church-front that I have seen is more animated, more richly figured. 51

But the front of the stage in France was not occupied by the church but by the army, and in this sketch James informs his readers as he does on so many occasions of his opinions of the military. Nothing is more typical of James's propensity to moralize in the travel sketches after 1875 than his comments regarding the French army. On one hand it made for a great deal of
local color.

...the net result of any little tour that one may make just now is a vivid sense of red trousers and cropped heads. Wherever you go you come upon a military quarter, you stumble upon a group of young citizens in uniform. It is always a pretty spectacle; they enliven the scene; they touch it here and there with an effusion of colour. 52

Being an analytical observer, James saw the other side of the picture. Such color was no doubt "very expensive"; a standing army took up a great deal of room; it was "very uncomfortable to be always defending"; and the fact that every young Frenchman had to give up five years of his life to military service was "like drinking the wine of life from a vessel with a great leak in the bottom." Yet James saw that "the most interesting point" about the army was "not its economical but its moral bearing." He thought that the army taught young men "something that is worth knowing and yet is not learned in several other trades—the hardware, say, or the drygoods business." The value of the army was that "it toughens, hardens, solidifies them; gives them an ideal of honour, of some other possibility in life than making a fortune."

The style of these French sketches which had originally appeared either in the Tribune as "Parisian Letters" or in the Galaxy or Atlantic Monthly showed marked changes from that of the Transatlantic Sketches. They contain longer descriptive passages, more extended figures of speech, longer and more involved sentences, and a great deal more space devoted to his personal opinions and evaluations of what he observed. The sketches remind one of Lamb's intimate style; the tone is softer and more subdued.

Returning to Paris from Rheims and Leon, James stayed only a few weeks in the capital. The literary circle in Paris was a "closed circle" as far as James was concerned for he did not care for "their wares." He felt that his literary talents demanded the depth and richness of his native
tongue; therefore, in November, 1876, he crossed the channel and established a permanent residence in London at 3 Bolton Street. But he could never absent himself long at a time from the Continent; so by the following autumn of 1877 he was back in France (writing The American); and he went on to Rome for a visit before returning to London in the spring of 1878. He established thereby his habit of an annual vacation to the Continent, a habit that produced many more travel sketches as well as many ideas, characters, scenes, and the "air of reality" of his fiction.

During his first annual vacation to France in 1877, James wrote an essay which he might have called "An Analysis of the French People," but which he entitled "Occasional Paris." He included this essay among the travel sketches of his Portraits of Places, but the essay is by no means the conventional travel sketch and it does not concern a travel, a tour, an excursion, nor a journey. It is, ostensibly, the results of his travels and his year in Paris. And the essay is especially significant, for many of the remarks he made here he was to repeat later in his sketches of the 1880's; some of these "considered opinions" likewise were echoed in his fiction. James began this essay with the remark that he was not certain of the "profit" of comparing one race with another but that "as we move about the world we constantly indulge in this exercise." And then he indulged in a reverie about the virtues or demerits of a cosmopolite; one of the virtues was that a cosmopolite, on the whole, thinks well of mankind, and the cosmopolite spirit initiates one "into the merits of all peoples" and makes "downright preference really very hard." James found that after his return to Paris, --"the most brilliant city in the world"--from a year in England, that it was "both instructive and entertaining" to compare the two nationalities. He had said in one of the New York Tribune Letters that
the French were "an ugly race"; and now after living in England awhile, he remarked:

You are struck with the race being physically and personally a poorer one than that great family of largely-modelled, fresh-coloured people you have left upon the other side of the channel...In arriving from other countries one is struck with a certain want of dignity in the French face. 55

But James thought the "French working-people" looked more intelligent than their counterparts in other countries.

These people, in Paris, strike me afresh as the cleverest, the most perceptive, and, intellectually speaking, the most human of their kind. The Paris ouvrier, with his democratic blouse, his expressive, demonstrative, agreeable eye, his meagre limbs, his irregular, pointed features, his sallow complexion, his face at once fatigued and animated, his light, nervous organisation, is a figure that I always encounter with pleasure...he is full of vivacity of perception, of something that one can appeal to. 56

The upper classes, on the other hand, looked "very much less 'respectable'" than their counterpart in England. And James's opinion of the virtues of French women as opposed to the men was precisely that of his opinions of the superiority of the American women over the American men. "It is," he said, "an old story that to the stranger in France the women seem greatly superior to the men." He was disappointed, too, that the men of France did not "look like gentlemen" as Englishmen do. Moreover, the two types were so opposite that James concluded that "to the end of time the two will not understand each other." Nevertheless there were many things about the French nation that James preferred. He liked the friendliness of the French and their tendency to make the little extra kind remark. Above all, the French theatre was superb. There was none other to touch it, and the last four pages of "Occasional Paris" James devoted to the plays he was seeing, to the praises of such actors as Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Croizette, and Delaunay. However, seeing the Demi-Monde again caused James to comment that "An English-speaking audience is more 'moral' than a French," and he
was sure that an English audience at the conclusion of the play would 58
have remarked: "I say, that's not fair game." James might well have
included another essay, "The Théâtre Française" in the collection
Portraits of Places, for he had included a similar essay--"The Parisian
Stage"--in Transatlantic Sketches. Instead that essay, which had first
appeared in The Galaxy for April, 1877, was incorporated the next year
into a volume, French Poets and Novelists (1878).

It was five years before James was to write other travel sketches of
France; spending a few days (of his annual vacation abroad) at Tours in
the autumn of 1882, he felt that the little city demonstrated that "though
France might be Paris, Paris was by no means France." The beauty of the
demonstration drew him further until he had toured a large part of the
country--from Tours to Le Mans, then down the Atlantic coast and across
the Riviera and back up the western part of the country to Dijon. This
delightful six weeks tour, eminently successful, "begot, as aids to amused
remembrance, a few informal notes." Those notes formed the sizeable volume,
A Little Tour in France. And once again the tour was in reality not very
little, either in its mileage or its recounting. James had made the tour
in the spirit of curiosity and admiration, for he was "deeply devoted al-
ways to the revelation of France," and in the interest of the "pictorial."
And indeed in the words of their author, these sketches are in spite of
being surface perceptions, "impressions, easy, and consciously limited"
and "if the written word may ever play the part of brush or pencil, they
are sketches on 'drawing paper'." They were originally published in The
Atlantic Monthly during 1883 and 1884 and were brought out in a one volume
edition in Boston in 1884; later William Heinemann of London published an
edition in 1900 which was beautifully illustrated by Joseph Pennell.
Although, for the most part, the same subjects are discussed in A Little Tour in France that are to be found in James's former travel writings, the composition and style reflect decided differences. These sketches are most artistic and literary, and its "inner springs" have more depth and richness; they embrace "connections social, economic, historic" with greater attention to historic details and more lengthy discussions of social and economic conditions. There is a great deal more attention paid to the opinions of writers in general and to French writers in particular; and philosophical statements are often underlined with the aid of Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, or Scott. And at least on one occasion there is an attempt to imitate Johnson's style. The book begins with an introductory essay concerning the significance of this "little tour"; the first sketch of Tours draws upon Balzac (he is quoted seven times in this eight-page sketch) for a description of the beauty of Touraine, "the garden of France."

Balzac says in one of his tales that the real Tourangeau will not make an effort, or displace himself even, to go in search of a pleasure; and it is not difficult to understand the sources of this amiable cynicism. He must have a vague conviction that he can only lose by almost any change. Fortune has been kind to him: he lives in a temperate, reasonable, sociable climate, on the banks of a river which, it is true, sometimes floods the country around it, but of which the ravages appear to be so easily repaired that its aggressions may perhaps be regarded...merely as an occasion for healthy suspense. 61

Part of the beauty of this section of France, James pointed out, was its literary associations; it was "the land of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Balzac, of good books and good company, as well as good dinners and good hours." George Sand's "charming passage" described it adequately: "son climat souple et chaud, ses pluies abondantes et courtes." Then follows a history of the town, a description of its inns—at one of which James encountered
a waiter who was "the most accomplished social being" he had met--a dis-
sion regarding the colorful soldiers, and, most important of all, a descrip-
tion of the house where Balzac lived. James was so inspired by his visit
to Balzac's home that he devoted three pages of his sketch of Tours to this
French genius whom he admired so much. Balzac was great because "in the
maturity of his vision" he "took in more of human life than any one, since
Shakespeare"; and he "always struck the happy mean between the sensible and
the metaphysical..." Chapter II of A Little Tour in France describes the
Tours Cathedral--the work of Michel Colomb--which is "really a lesson in
good taste." Chapter II concerns several of the Tours churches, as well as
some of its domestic architecture, especially that of the "Maison de Tristan
l'Hermite--a gentleman whom the readers of 'Quentin Durward' will not have
forgotten..." The three-chapter sketch ends with a landscape scene in the
manner of the transatlantic sketches. But as noted here, each chapter of
A Little Tour in France does not form a separate sketch such as those of
the Transatlantic Sketches; instead the description of a particular city or
county may extend through several chapters as in the case not only of Tours
but likewise of Toulouse, Carcassonne, and Arles.

In the French sketches James was intent upon giving the prospective
tourist--or armchair traveller--a more complete account of the places he
visited than he had done in the Transatlantic Sketches. Therefore he often
devoted an entire chapter to only one aspect of a city; and he gave the
reader encyclopaedic accounts of the history of a cathedral, a castle, a
ruin, or of the history of the city in general. Indeed, James tells us ex-
pressly that he consulted the "Biographie Universelle," the French Encyclopaedia,
the travel writings of Stendhal, of M. Viollet-le-Duc, of Abbe' Chevalier,
of M. Du Pays--and perhaps of Flaubert--when he wrote his French sketches.
Along the way he took notes, made use of Murray's Guide (of Nantes
cathedral he wrote: "Begun in 1434 and finished about the end of the fifteenth century, as I discover in Murray..."), then resorted to encyclopaedias for fuller details, and finally tucked into his sketch, information he had gleaned from other travel writings, as well as from his rich literary background. Even a casual reader will be likely to agree with Pennell that A Little Tour in France "is the best guide book to that country."

Because the descriptions of each castle, chateau, cathedral, or Roman ruin are so extensive, the travel-minded individual must read them for himself, preferably with illustrations in his hand. But some of James's philosophical musings—he was 39 now—-in this delightful volume bear repeating here. Previously, his impressions of the military had been of its disciplinary value and of its local color; now he saw evidences of its darker side. Strolling in the garden of the cathedral of Bourges, he observed that something was going to happen:

I learned that a private of the Chasseurs was to be "broken" for stealing, and every one was eager to behold the ceremony. Sundry other detachments arrived on the ground, besides many of the military who had come as a matter of taste. One of them described to me the process of degradation from the ranks, and I felt for a moment a hideous curiosity to see it...But only a little; the hateful nature of the spectacle hurried me away...  

And as James hurried away he reflected that "human beings are cruel brutes," and that "the moral of it all seemed to be that military penalties are as terrible as military honours are gratifying." As he inspected the iron bars upon which the Huguenots' heads had dangled at Amboise, James thought the spectacle "less phantasmal" than contemporary warfare, "a modern form of inhumanity." In 1877 James had written of the significance of wine to the French nation, and now he ventured to "trace an analogy between good claret and the best qualities of the French mind"; he wanted to "pretend
that there is a taste of sound Bordeaux in all the happiest manifestations of that fine organ, and that, correspondingly, there is a touch of French reason, French completeness, in a glass of Pontet-Canet."

Of particular significance is a statement James made at Toulouse to the effect that there must be some sort of analogy between one's boots and one's government; later, in 1904 while in America, he expounded this theory at greater length. Not having seen "a well-dressed male" during several weeks of his tour in the French provinces, James suggested:

"Can it be possible that republics are unfavourable to a certain attention to one's boots and one's beard? It...even warranted the supposition that most good provincials have their chins shaven and their boots blacked but once a week."

He observed, however, that "the proportion of neat coats and trousers" were about the same in France as in America, but that it was "notably lower than in England and in Italy."

Whether it was politics, democracy, or social conditions that James was considering, he inevitably compared the Frenchman with other nationalities. But these comparisons were much more incisive than in his first sketches, and at times they turn out to be valuable character sketches. While James was being escorted through the citadel at Carcassonne, he seemed to be taking as much interest in the gardien as in the historic quarters. The guide was a typical Frenchman of "diminutive stature...expressive protuberant eyes, high peremptory voice, extreme volubility" who reminded him of "a fierce little Jacobin." He was an efficient man, he "knew absolutely what he was about, "understood the place thoroughly, and constantly reminded his audience of what he himself had done in the way of excavations and reparations." He suggested to James at every turn "the democratic conditions of French life: a man of the people...extremely intelligent, full of special knowledge, and yet remaining essentially of the people and showing his
intelligence with a kind of ferocity, of defiance." He was the sort of man who helped one "to understand the red radicalism of France, the revolutions, the barricades, the sinister passion for theories." But he was not the sort of man that James could admire.

In just the nuance that I have tried to indicate here it is a terrible pattern of man. Permeated in a high degree by civilisation, it is yet untouched by the desire which one finds in the Englishman, in proportion as he rises in the world, to approximate to the figure of the gentleman. 69 James observed another example of French democracy while having tea in a French café in Bourges. A waiter "felt justified in sitting down at the same table with a gentleman who had come in and asked him for writing materials." A group of noisy young men at the next table were playing whist, sometimes with "a great deal of... pleasantness" and sometimes "with a dash of irritation." Looking around the café, James nevertheless concluded that the group could be compared to advantage with British and American café habitués.

To hold the balance straight, however, I may remark that if the men were all fearful "cads," they were, with their cigarettes and their inconsistency, less heavy, less brutal, than our dear English-speaking cad; just as the bright little café where a robust materfamilias, doling out sugar and darning a stocking, sat in her place under the mirror behind the comptoir, was a much more civilised spot than a British public-house or a "commercial room," with pipes and whiskey, or even than an American saloon. 70

James likewise compared the French landscape to that of other countries; the French countryside, at least around Chambord, was "a peasant's landscape; not, as in England, a landlord's." And "the way in which Toulouse looks out on the Garonne" reminded James of "the way in which Pisa looks out on the Arno." The small villages of France had not the beauty of those in England. But the ruins at Arles were as grand as those in Rome. In order to receive the most favorable impression of these ruins, James wandered
among them "by the light of a magnificent moon," and years later the impression had "lost little of its silvery glow." With a companion he sat looking at the ruins of the Arles theatre and remarked:

The arena at Arles, with its great magnitude, is less complete than that of Nîmes...The podium is much higher than at Nîmes...as I sat there in the moon-charmed stillness, leaning my elbows on the battered parapet of the ring, it was not impossible to listen to the murmurs and shudders, the thick voice of the circus, that died away fifteen hundred years ago...The Roman theatre at Arles seemed to me one of the most charming and touching ruins I had ever beheld... 72

And he thought the Museum at Arles the "most Roman thing" he knew out of Rome.

The reader of A Little Tour in France will perhaps remember longer than anything else the quiet humor of the book—which on occasions reminds one of Johnson—and the "framed pictures" which serve as a conclusion for each of the sketches. Writing of the little church of Saint Martha at Tarascon, James reminded his readers how the city got its name.

The tradition relates that Saint Martha tamed with her own hands and attached to her girdle a dreadful dragon who was known as the Tarasque and is reported to have given his name to the city on whose site...he had his cavern. The dragon perhaps is the symbol of a ravening paganism dispelled by the eloquence of a sweet evangelist. The bones of the interesting saint, at all events, were found, in the eleventh century, in a cave beneath the spot on which her altar now stands. I know not what had become of the bones of the dragon. 73

A similar humorous touch also concluded James's discussion of his difficulty in finding accommodations at Narbonne. He tried to secure a room at "the wretched little Hôtel de France" but to no avail; however, one of the servants at the hotel did secure a room in a nearby maison bourgeoise for James.

I took possession of it gratefully, in spite of its having an entrance like a stable and being pervaded by an odour compared with which that of a stable would have been delicious. As I have mentioned, my landlord was a locksmith, and he had
strange machines which rumbled and whirred in the rooms
below my own. Nevertheless I slept, and I dreamed of
Carcassonne. It was better to do that than to dream of
the Hôtel de France. 74

James had just left Carcassonne and it was small wonder that he dreamed
of the ancient city; he was still seeing the picture he framed as he left
the place at sunset.

After leaving it and passing out of the two circles of walls,
I treated myself, in the most infatuated manner, to another
walk round the Cité...In the warm southern dusk it looked
more than ever like a city in a fairy tale. To make the
thing perfect a white young moon, in its first quarter, came
out and hung just over the dark silhouette. 75

As James left Chaumont, he looked back from the middle of the bridge over
the Loire and framed another word-picture.

...the whole picture composes, as the painters say. The
towers, the pinnacles, the fair front of the château,
perched above its fringe of garden and the rusty roofs of
the village and facing the afternoon sky, which is reflected
also in the great stream that sweeps below, all this makes
a contribution to your happiest memories of Touraine. 76

His little vignette of an artist at Blois is likewise unforgettable. This
artist, a potter, was as delightful as his work was ingenious; and James
liked the vases, cups, jars, lamps, platters, and plaques better because
this friendly man of quality had produced them.

...one brings away from the establishment of the very
intelligent M. Ulysse the sense of a less eager activity
and a greater search for perfection. He has but a few
workmen and he gives them plenty of time...the quiet white
house in its garden on the road by the wide, clear river,
without the smoke, the bustle, the ugliness, of so much
of our modern industry. It struck me as an effort Mr.
Ruskin might have inspired and Mr. William Morris--though
that be much to say--have forgiven. 77

The six-weeks tour of France comes to an end with a charming picture of the
traveller who made it, the author who recounted it, waiting for the express
to Paris while meditating upon "the genius of France...the profit to be
gained, the lesson to be learnt" and some "happy combination of mood end
and moment" that would enable him to do conscious "pious service" to his reflections.

...at Dijon was the little old Parc...a dear old place...I went there late in the afternoon, without meeting a creature...On the hither side was a bench, on which I seated myself, lingering a good while; for this was just the sort of place I like. It was the farthest point of my little tour. I thought that over, as I sat there, on the eve of taking the express to Paris; and as the light faded in the Parc the vision of some of the things I had enjoyed became more distinct. 78
2. "English Hours," 1876-1905

When James established his permanent residence in London in 1876--at 3 Bolton Street—he did so in order that he might write the kind of fiction that his artistic taste dictated. London spoke to his mind, heart, and soul as no other country did; and always from his childhood days and from those impressionably "middle years", he had felt everything in the great gray Babylon "charged with useability." Every crumb of experience seemed redolent with its futurity. What London meant to James in the winter of 1876 and for the following five years, he recorded again and again in letters, notebooks, essays, and even in his fiction. Sitting in his room at the Brunswick Hotel in Boston—he had returned to America in 1881 because of his mother's death—he wrote in his Notebook under date of November 25, 1881, of his attitude toward London, an attitude that had remained constant since 1876:

...London is on the whole the most possible form of life. I take it as an artist and as a bachelor; as one who has the passion of observation and whose business is the study of human life. It is the biggest aggregation of human life—the most complete compendium of the world. The human race is better represented there than anywhere else, and if you learn to know your London you learn a great many things. I felt all this in that autumn of 1876, when I first took up my abode in Bolton Street.

In spite of the fact that "the season was the darkest and wettest," James was none-the-less in "a state of deep delight." He used to take long walks in the rain; he "took possession of the place"; he read English books before an English fire. "The fogs, the smoke, the dirt, the darkness, the wet, the distances, the ugliness, the brutal size of the place, the horrible numerosity of society" were not deterrents; James still felt London "the right place" for him, for he had "complete liberty, and the prospect
of profitable work." The "shabby furnished apartment" had become sacred to him; he had "lived much there, felt much, thought much, learned much."

James produced in this first London apartment a number of travel sketches, as well as numerous short stories, novels, and reviews. His long walks around London, his "excursions" into neighboring villages, his journeys to historical and literary shrines, as well as his frequent vacations to English watering-places were recorded in these travel sketches. During his residence at the Bolton Street address, James contributed a total of twenty-one travel essays to the Galaxy, Lippincott's, and the Nation. Between 1885 and 1901 he sent one each to the Century, the Nation, Harper's Weekly, and Scribner's, making a total of twenty-three English sketches and two of his visit to Scotland (James also visited Ireland but apparently he did not record his impressions of the Irish). Of these twenty-five sketches only eight appeared in Portraits of Places (1883), James's second travel book. And when James, at the insistence of one of his publishers—William Heinemann, "gathered" together a "series" of these sketches for publication in a volume to be called English Hours (1905), he included only the four English sketches which had appeared in Transatlantic (1875), the eight from Portraits of Places, plus four additional sketches which had not yet appeared in book form. The remaining nine sketches were never collected into book form.

The purpose of the new edition was "for the great advantage they will be felt to derive from the company and support of Mr. Pennell's illustrations," James remarked in his "Note" to the reader. And indeed this volume owes part of its charm to Joseph Pennell, the traveller-illustrator par excellence. The most famous of the essays in English Hours was "London," which had originally appeared in the Century.
(December, 1888) handsomely illustrated by Mr. Pennell. This sketch not only epitomizes James's feeling for London but it also figures in his letters and autobiographical works. It was not only placed first in this third travel book—not counting the Tauchnitz reprint of Transatlantic Sketches—but it also had first place in one of James's volumes of literary criticism, Essays in London and Elsewhere (1893). Later in 1897 James wrote a series of London Letters for Harper's Weekly, but they were in no sense travel sketches; they were simply brief remarks concerning life in London, social, political and literary, during January through November of 1897. According to Edmund Gosse, James had intended to write additional travel sketches of England which were to serve as a second volume of "English Hours"; they were to form "'a romantical-psychological-pictorial-social' book about London... Westminster was to have been the core of the matter, which was to circle out concentrically to the City and the suburbs." "Notebook VIII"—August, 1907-October, 1909—contains the notes which were to serve as the basis of the new sketches but they were never expanded. Perhaps James felt the same about London as he did about Siena when he wrote an additional sketch of the latter city:

The difficulty...is that if the early vision has failed of competence or of full felicity, if initiation has thus been slow, so, with renewals and extensions, so, with the larger experience, one hindrance is exchanged for another. There is quite such a possibility as having lived into a relation too much to be able to make a statement of it. 86

The English sketches of 1877 differ somewhat from the earlier sketches of 1872 and some of them do not follow the conventional pattern for a travel sketch. The first of these, "An English Easter" (written in April of 1877), a four-part essay, begins with a discussion of the English: the
characteristics of their conformity to a pattern, their church-going and holiday habits, their physiography—of upper and lower classes—their treatment of "radical" (of which Mr. George Odger was an example). None of this, of course, was really a "tour" or an "excursion" but rather impressions James received as he "walked down to Westminster Abbey on Good Friday afternoon—walked from Piccadilly across the Green Park and through that of St. James." Part IV of the sketch, however, is the result of an excursion James made to Canterbury for the Easter weekend; en route he stopped to admire Rochester Cathedral and to take a look at Chatham, where "Davy Copperfield slept under a cannon on his journey from London to Dover to join his aunt Miss Trotwood." James's penetrating analysis of the English character in this sketch reveals not only his own genial temperament, his subtle sense of humor but likewise the charm of his intimate, graceful style. Of the conventional manners of the English, he remarked:

In no other country, I imagine, are so many people to be found doing the same thing in the same way at the same time—using the same slang, wearing the same hats and neckties, collecting the same china-plates, playing the same game of lawn-tennis or of polo, admiring the same professional beauty. But he thought the most striking example of "the power of custom" in England was the church-going habit.

In the sight of the English people getting up from its tea and toast of a Sunday morning and brushing its hat, and drawing on its gloves, and taking its wife on its arm, and making its off-spring march before, and so, for decency's, respectability's, propriety's sake, wending its way to a place of worship appointed by the State, in which it repeats the formulas of a creed to which it attaches no positive sense and listens to a sermon over the length of which it explicitly haggles and grumbles—In this exhibition there is something very impressive to a stranger, something which he hardly knows whether to estimate as a great force or as a great futility.

One has a feeling that James would have been disappointed if he had lived
to see this Sunday habit decline as it did after World War I.

Britons were as conventional about their holidays as they were about Sunday; and on weekends, or on any "bank-holiday," they departed from London as if the plague had descended upon the city. Of Londoners at Easter-time James stated: "It departs as Holy Week draws to a close, and remains absent for the following ten days. Where it goes is its own affair; a good deal of it goes to Paris." This general exodus afforded James an opportunity to observe more closely "the British populace." He enjoyed this opportunity to observe "the masses" in spite of the bad weather, which made London look more "ugly, dusky, dreary, more destitute than any European city." London in the rain was "pictorial; nowhere else was "there such a play of light and shade, such a struggle of sun and smoke." And nowhere else was there "so much human life gathered together," and nowhere did it press upon one "with so many suggestions." It made human life seem cheap and one's fellowman "too numerous." Yet as James walked through the parks, he found "profit" in the "great English assemblage" and could say:

The English are, on the whole, to my eyes so appreciably the handsomest people in Europe...I never see a large number of them without feeling this impression confirmed; though I hasten to add that I have sometimes felt it to be much shaken in the presence of a limited group. I suspect that a great English crowd would yield a larger percentage of regular faces and tall figures than any other.  

James had written sympathetically and understandingly of Italian (Chapter II, p. 29) and French (Chapter IV, p. 122) radicals, and now he seemed even more sympathetic toward the English radical. Emerging "accidentally into Piccadilly" at the moment when an enormous number of shabby "English types" were following the hearse of one of the leading English radicals, Mr. George Odger, James remarked that he would "have
been sorry to miss" the spectacle. He squeezed into the crowd, got into a hansom cab and looked upon the scene "as from a box at the play," and found "the whole affair vaguely yet portentously suggestive." James was particularly impressed with the fact that the crowd was permitted to "sun themselves as freely as if they had been the manifestoes of the Irish Giant or the Oriental Dwarf at a fair." He had observed another demonstration--a parade at Trafalgar Square--of these radicals a short time before, and he was "struck on both of the occasions...with the admirable English practice of letting people alone--with the frank good sense and the frank good humour and even the frank good taste of it." During it all "the excellent quiet policemen--eternal, imperturbable, positively lovable reminders of the national temperament--stood by simply to see that the channel was kept clear and comfortable." The whole demonstration was quite a contrast to the "shorter patience" of the Paris authorities.

Just as James had visited ruins, castles, and cathedrals in France and Italy in the twilight, he likewise chose the late afternoon to view Rochester and Canterbury Cathedrals. The sketch closes with a memorable picture of James standing in the crypt where the ashes of Thomas à Becket are buried, with the weather lending a dramatic touch.

While I stood there a violent thunderstorm broke over the cathedral; great rumbling gusts and rain-drifts came sweeping through the open sides of the crypt and, mingling with the darkness which seemed to deepen and flash in corners and with the potent mouldy smell, made me feel as if I had descended into the very bowels of history. 94

During this spring of 1877 James also observed the English as he encountered them in the museums and at the theatre. In April he wrote a delightful essay entitled "The Picture Season in London", which he might have included in one of the travel books. It is almost a plea for travellers to visit "the murky Babylon of the Thames" in the spring, for then
it is "cheerful and splendid," and even more impressive than Paris. Not only was London picturesque at this season but it was the time when the great capital was "most solidly brilliant, the most richly suggestive of all great social shows." All the glory of England seemed to appear at this season; "an observant stranger" recognized that the English were great "consumers" of art, that they were the "most musical and pictorial of races," that they were given to "intellectual luxury" and that they were more "accomplished" culturally than Americans. And, even more, during the spring all the superb art exhibits were on view. For several pages James treated his reader to a detailed discussion of the paintings then being exhibited at the Royal Academy, with adequate mention of other galleries he visited and of his impressions of the Englishman's taste in painting.

James spent every available opportunity that spring attending the theatres of London. His essay, "Theatres of London" in The Galaxy of May, 1877 is quite similar to "The Parisian Stage" of the Transatlantic Sketches, and one wonders why he did not include the sketch of London theatres in English Hours. Perhaps the answer is that this later essay is too repetitious of the earlier sketch to warrant its inclusion in one of the travel books. We find some of the same statements regarding the London theatre that James had voiced earlier concerning the French stage. For example, he commented that a traveller should attend the theatre not only in order to pass the evening in a strange city but also that he might study the manners of the English.

...they [theatres] offer him a great deal of interesting evidence upon the manner and customs of the people among whom he has come to dwell...they testify to the civilization around him, and throw a great deal of light upon the ways of thinking, feeling, and behaving of the community. 96
Since most of the plays produced in London during this period were either French originals or French adaptations—"one says 'English drama' one uses the term for convenience sake; one means simply the plays that are acted at the London theatres..."—James contended that this fact contributed to his knowledge of the English.

The plays testify indirectly if not directly to the national manner, and the whole system on which play-going is conducted completes the impression which the pieces make upon the observer. One can imagine, indeed, nothing more characteristic than such a fact as that a theatre-going people is hopelessly destitute of a drama. 97

The remaining sketches of 1877 resemble "An English Easter." The essay, "London in Midsummer," for example, describes London at another time of year when all those who could afford it were away on holiday. And virtually the same subjects are discussed which are found in the Easter holiday essay. There is the same generalizing upon English characteristics, looks, habit, and the gradations of society. While watching a group of English friends enjoying themselves, James discerned that English conviviality embodied more "frankness and robustness" than the American variety.

The stranger—the American at least—who finds himself in the company of a number of Englishmen assembled for a convivial purpose becomes conscious of an indefinable and delectable something which, for want of a better name, he is moved to call their superior richness of temperament...After dinner there are songs, and the gentleman trolls out one of his ancestral ditties with the most charming voice and the most finished art. 99

James missed in English life the custom of sitting in the open air to eat an "ice" or listen to a band, which he had enjoyed in Germany, Italy, France and Spain; but after "a little private meditation," he reflected that a society built upon the hierarchical plan would have no need for open air cafés. It was only in a country where a great deal of democratic feeling prevailed that people would be "willing to sit at little round
tables, on a pavement or a gravel-walk, at the door of a café. The better sort were too "genteel" to enjoy such a custom, and "the inferior sort too base." The genteel of England could "sit on a terrace overlooking gardens" and have their café noir handed to them in "old Worcester cups by servants." The count and countess of Europe, on the other hand, often lived "on a single floor and up several pair of stairs" and therefore had need of the open air café.

In the mood of reverie James becomes the sentimental tourist again in this midsummer essay. His description of a journey on a "little grimy sixpenny" steamer up the Thames to Greenwich, the place so redolent with childhood memories, is a delightful sketch of the river, the crowded steamer, the dirty buildings and houses along the way. The "universal tone" of the scene was "dirty blackness," but it "composed" for James.

The little puffing steamer is dingy and gritty--it belches a sable cloud that keeps you company as you go. In this carboniferous shower your companions, who belong chiefly, indeed, to the classes bereft of lustre, assume an harmonious grayness; and the whole picture, glazed over with the glutinous London mist, becomes a masterly composition. But it is very impressive in spite of its want of lightness and brightness, and though it is ugly it is anything but trivial. 101

To James the scene was "something very serious"; it reminded him of the greatness of the Empire.

...the polluted river, the sprawling barges, the dead-faced warehouses, the frowsy people, the atmospheric impurities become richly suggestive...all this smudgy detail may remind you of nothing less than the wealth and power of the British Empire at large; so that a kind of metaphysical magnificence hovers over the scene, and supplies what may be literally wanting. 102

Several times within this same essay James expressed his admiration for the British Empire, a sentiment which he repeated often in later sketches. Meeting a soldier from the Royal Artillery barracks at Woolwich--the "nursery of British valour"--James felt "the vague consciousness of certain
emotions" which he recognized as "simply an admiration for the greatness of England."

Whether it was during an excursion to the Derby races, a stroll into the London suburbs, a visit to a friend's manor house, a tour of English watering-places, or a journey to Oxford or Cambridge, or to the Shakespeare country, James kept seeing evidences of the glory of the Empire. And everywhere he turned there were the "thick-crowding literary and historical associations," the picturesque countryside, and the lovely landscapes in the manner of Turner or Claude. Warwickshire, "the genius of pastoral Britain," was the "core and centre of the English world" which he admired so much; and it had taught him "a great many English secrets."

The whole of Warwickshire was literature come to life. James was "on the point of going into one of the ale-houses to ask Mrs. Quickly for a cup of sack." He waited to see George Eliot's Gwendolen "step out of the muslin group" of tennis players he encountered. The garden of the Stratford Church as it sloped down to the Avon river "was a stage set for one of Shakespeare's comedies--for Twelfth Night or Much Ado." And it "was in one of the old nestling farmhouses, beyond a hundred hedgerows, that Hetty Sorrel smiled into her milk-pans as if she were looking for a reflection of her pretty face." Ludlow Castle was the setting for Miss Burney's and Miss Austen's heroines, who "might perfectly well have had their first love-affair there."

The sketch in which James waxed most eloquent in regard to England's greatness, yet at the same time saw her weaknesses, was "London" (1883). His love for London meant Dickens and Thackeray, and all manner of literary associations. Christmas week especially emphasized the world of Dickens.

Then it is that I am most haunted with the London of Dickens, feel most as if it were still recoverable, still exhaling its
queerness in patches perceptible to the appreciative. 107

London at Christmas brought back childhood memories and its "subtle poetry" of reminiscences.

There is still something that recalls to me the enchantment of children—the anticipation of Christmas, the delight of a holiday walk—in the way the shop-fronts shine into the fog. It makes each of them seem a little world of light and warmth, and I can still waste time in looking at them with dirty Bloomsbury on one side and dirtier Soho on the other. There are winter effects, not intrinsically sweet, it would appear, which somehow, in absence, touch the chords of memory and even the fount of tears; as for instance the front of the British Museum on a black afternoon, or the portico, when the weather is vile, of one of the big square clubs in Pall Mall. 108

And London was the one place in the world for the man of letters, that is, if he were writing of "the life of people of our consecrated English speech."

For the man of letters who endeavours to cultivate, however, modestly, the medium of Shakespeare and Milton, of Hawthorne and Emerson, who cherishes the notion of what it has achieved and what it may yet achieve, London must ever have a great illustrative and suggestive value, and indeed a kind of sanctity. 109

One of the glories of London was that it spreads its "dusky mantle over innumerable races and creeds," and that it "is indeed an epitome of the round world." There was not only nothing that one could not "get" there, but there was also nothing that one might "not study at first hand" in the great city. Moreover, the British capital was "the particular spot in the world" which communicated "the greatest sense of life"; and it was "the home of the human race." Even Hawthorne, "that best of Americans, says so somewhere, and places it in this sense side by side with Rome."

In speaking of London in such tones of "boastfulness," James did not wish to be thought "committed to a tolerance of much that is deplorable" in this Titan of greatness. On the contrary, he devoted almost as much
space to the seamy side of London—and England in general—as he did to its glories. London was full of "the darkest sides of life"; she was "a mighty ogress who devours human flesh" and the only mitigating circumstance was "that the ogress herself is human." She forced the London-lover to have "a large sympathy, a comprehensive love of humanity." But one had to stand up to the ogress and not stumble.

It is mainly when you fall on your face before her that she gobbles you up. She heeds little what she takes, so long as she has her stint, and the smallest push to the right or the left will divert her wavering bulk from one form of prey to another. [111]

James's eyes were always upon the "immense misery" of this "strangely mingled monster," and he often wondered whether the poor would "improve away the rich," or the rich would "expropriate the poor" or whether they would continue to dwell together on their "imperfect terms of intercourse." He saw Charing Cross railway-station as "a national crime" and Milbank prison "a worse act of violence than any it was erected to punish." While spending Christmas of 1879 in one of the lovely country houses in the North (somewhere in Yorkshire), he likewise meditated upon the condition of the poor, who then were either on some "gigantic poor-relief system" or being supported by private charity. He thought the fact that some of the labouring classes were striking reflected a "cheerful side" of the situation. And he was glad that one of the London newspapers was calling attention to the deplorable conditions of the workers in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

The Daily News has sent a correspondent to the great industrial regions, and almost every morning for the last three weeks a very cleverly executed picture of the misery of certain parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire has been served up with the matutinal tea and toast. The work is a good one, and, I take it, eminently worth doing, as it appears to have had a visible effect upon the purse-strings of the well-to-do. [114]
So interested was James in the condition of the underprivileged in these manufacturing centers that he devoted two-thirds of his sketch, "An English New Year" to the plight of the workers, both men and children. His description of the "grim-looking charitable institution," which he visited in company with his hostess—for the purpose of presenting a Christmas tree and toys to a group of child-laborers—is as graphic as any page out of Dickens. James "had never been in an English workhouse before," and, "with the aid of memory," the scene he beheld transported him "to the early pages of 'Oliver Twist.'" As James looked at the hundred and fifty-odd children of charity, who had traces of suet-pudding on their pinafores and small red faces, he saw the tragedy which the gulf between the rich and the poor exemplified. His description is a masterpiece of irony.

They filed up and received their little offerings, and then they compressed themselves into a tight infantine bunch and, lifting up their small hoarse voices, directed a melancholy hymn toward their benefactress. The scene was a picture I shall not forget, with its curious mixture of poetry and sordid prose—the dying wintry light in the big bare, stale room; the beautiful Lady Bountiful, standing in the twinkling glory of the Christmas-tree; the little multitude of staring and wondering, yet perfectly expressionless, faces. 115

This scene may have been another of those "great plump flourishing uglinesses" which offered "themselves irresistibly as pin-cushions to 116 criticism and irony."

James often felt a temptation to stick a few pins into the wealthy class in Briton; he particularly enjoyed doing so during his visit to Scotland. In commenting upon the British passion for sport, he remarked:

It is the subject on which the greatest number of Englishmen, at a given moment, can feel together...It serves as a bond of union, as a patch of common ground, in a country extraordinarily cut up by social distinctions; it introduces the leaven of democracy into the most aristocratically constituted society
in the world. On the receipt of the latest intelligence from Newmarket a "cad" may feel very much like a lord; I won't, indeed, go so far as to say that a lord may feel like a cad. 117

He did not approve of the way in which English millionaires took over Scotland during the "shooting" season. He did not appreciate "Mayfair among the heather," and he at least voiced his opinion to his American readers.

It seems to me that if I were a fervid Caledonian I should find something irritating, and even mortifying, in the sight of my beautiful little country parcelled out, on so immense a scale, into playgrounds for English millionaires. Was it for this that my ancestors bled with Wallace or flocked about Bruce? 118

But whether among the heather or in England, James as a conscientious observer—and at times a prophetic one—saw conditions which presaged change. In the middle seventies he saw, in spite of his passion for England, evidences that pointed to what was being discussed even then as "the decline of Britain." Strolling the streets of London in midsummer (1877), he wondered as he gazed at the colorful sentry at the artillery barracks whether "the imperial element in English history" that he had chiefly cared for was now "completely closed." His American friends who were living on the Continent assured him that "continental nations have ceased to care a straw for what England thinks, that her "traditional prestige" was extinct and that the affairs of Europe would be settled independently of England. The thought of England "really waning" was as a personal grief to James, and to Grace Norton (December, 1877) he wrote that if the event took place, it would at least be dramatic.

But I must say that even the "decline" of England seems to me a tremendous and even, almost, an inspiring spectacle, and if the British Empire is once more to shrink up into that plethoraic little island, the process will be the greatest drama in history! 120
And even in their hour of "possible decline" and even though he lost "all patience with the English about fifteen times a day," James wrote to Charles Eliot Norton that:

Taking them altogether they are more complete than other folk, more largely nourished, deeper, denser, stronger. I think it takes more to make an Englishman, on the whole, than to make anyone else—and I say this with a consciousness of all that often seems to me to have been left out of their composition. 121

If England as an Empire were to decline, James saw no decline in the greatness of "the total of the English-speaking territories of the globe," for "the United Kingdom, or the British empire in general" was simply "the mere margin" to "the fitted girdle." And in the same year as he wrote these words in the London sketch (1888), he also wrote to William:

I can't look at the English-American world, or feel about them, any more, save as a big Anglo-Saxon total, destined to such an amount of melting together that an insistence on their differences becomes more and more idle and pedantic; and that melting together will come the faster the more one takes it for granted and treats the life of the two countries as continuous or more or less convertible, or at any rate as simply different chapters of the same general subject. Literature, fiction in particular, affords a magnificent arm for such taking for granted, and one may so do an excellent work with it. 123

James would have been pleased to see the "melting together" of the English-Speaking peoples during the last two great wars. His wish or his prophecy was somewhat fulfilled.

He was prophetic likewise concerning "the threat from the East" which he mentioned on numerous occasions throughout his travel essays. And in a letter to Grace Norton he was specific that England—and perhaps he meant to include America—was "assisting at the political decadence of our mighty mother-land" by not standing up to Russia.

Plevna is taken by the Russians and England is supposed to be dreadfully snubbed...and it remains to be seen how England will take the Russian success. But one has a feeling now—to me it is a very painful one—that England will take anything;
that over-cautious and somewhat sordid counsels will always prevail. 124

Ostensibly one can say that James no doubt would not have approved of England's attitude to the Russian successes of the last ten years. And he perhaps would have thought our modern counsels "sordid" as well. His statement that he "almost" wished England "would fight in a bad cause, if only to show that she still can" sounds very modern.

From the foregoing discussion it is apparent that the English sketches differ in many respects from the French sketches of the same period. The former lack the detailed encyclopaedic information, the attention to history, the dependence upon Murray or other guidebooks, the lengthy descriptions of paintings, of architecture, or of sculpture, and the pictorial quality of *A Little Tour of France* in particular. There are, of course, several excellent pictures in *English Hours*—and James often says of an English scene, "It was a perfect picture"; but his English scenes do not have the plastic quality of his French pictures. Throughout the English sketches James calls attention to Murray or to one of the county guidebooks, but he does not write with his Murray in his hand as he had done when writing the French sketches. Nor does he supply the reader with the lengthy historical accounts which abound in *A Little Tour in France*. And he used sparingly in *English Hours* the imaginary conversation which he had used to such good advantage in *Transatlantic Sketches*, as well as *A Little Tour in France*. The sketches in *English Hours* can best be summarized by James's statement in his "Note" appended to the volume: "They represent a good many wonderments and judgments and emotions, whether felicities or mistakes." And as he said of London, they belie "the next hour any generalisation you may have been so simple as to make."
If England spoke to James's mind and heart, Italy spoke to his senses. He had said that London was "so clumsy and so brutal" that it was "almost ridiculous to talk of her as a lover talks of his mistress," but James did talk of Italy as if she were his mistress. He thought her "really so much the most beautiful country in the world, taking all things together, that others must stand off and be hushed while she speaks."

One might say that London was James's alma mater, that Paris was his wife—she was so "civilized"—, but that romantic Italy was his mistress. Indeed, Italy seemed to be the romance of James's life. He seemed never to tire of painting word-pictures of her, of her "brightness and yellowness," her "romantic beauty," her "bright blue sky," her "sweetness and suggestiveness," her "golden brown evenings," and her "silvery moonlights." He had loved her first in his youth; and when he was sixty-five, he was more in love with her than ever. He wrote then: "No one who has ever loved Rome as Rome could be loved in youth...wants to stop loving her"; Florence was more "beautiful" than ever, and Venice so lovely that it is "a great pleasure to write the word." In recounting the life of his friend, William Wetmore Story, James found delight—as he might have in old love letters—in reading his notes on Italy:

I find much of the romance even in the scrappiest jottings in ink and pencil, the abbreviated memoranda, the snatches of small heartbreaking arithmetic, the suggested signs and sketches, of little old note-books, pocket carnets bought on the road but still lighting a little the old path, the old curiosities and felicities.

And when he was seventy, he could still remember a poem about the Appian Way which William had recited to him during their youth.

The charm of Italy was not only her beauty and her coloring; it was
also the "tone and the air and the happy hazard of things" like the wantonness of a mistress. Any "claimed importance" was a "comparatively trifling question." James often "went to see" nothing; he simply "lay at...ease in the bosom of the past," and "practised intimacy," an intimacy which was "the familiar tax on the luxury of loving Italy." And, of course, Italy had style. Vacationing in Italy in October of 1877 (his first vacation there since he had gone to reside permanently in London), James felt as he arrived in Turin that "the old charm was in the style." The old Italian palazzo in the little city had "a nobleness" all its own, and the architecture was in the tradition of the grand style. And he later felt, in 1900, that the Bay of Naples "was a lesson in the grand style."

James was always more sentimental about Italy than about any other country, and he referred to himself as the "sentimental tourist" more often in Italy than anywhere else. In his sketch of 1877, "Italy Revisited," he felt a touch of sadness as he remarked; "We can do a thing for the first time but once; it is but once for all that we can have a pleasure in its freshness." He discerned, however, that this law operated to one's advantage, for it helped one "to know things better by not enjoying them too much." And in this spirit he began to analyze the new, modern Italy. He regretted everywhere he went that the old, leisurely Italy was gradually passing away, and at times he was greatly annoyed. At Turin, however, he was in a rather optimistic state of mind:

I see a new Italy in the future which in many respects will equal, if not surpass, the most enterprising sections of our native land...More than once, as we move about nowadays in the Italian cities, there seems to pass before our eyes a vision of the coming years. It represents to our satisfaction an Italy united and prosperous... 133

And he actually "burst out laughing" in Florence when he discovered that one of the tapers in a wayside shrine was supplied with kerosene. For
James the fact that "the votive taper was nourished with the national fluid of Pennsylvania...served as a symbol of the Italy of the future." During this 1877 tour James was more convinced than ever of the dramatic qualities of the scenes a traveller observes. Strolling through Genoa he mused that "To travel is, as it were, to go to the play, to attend a spectacle." And he felt a little heartless feasting upon the novelty of the "crepuscular, stale-smelling alleys of Genoa"; but the old charm of Italy operating he soon concluded that "the sum of the Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of the Italian knowledge of life."

He explained:

That people should thank you, with a smile of striking sweetness, for the gift of twopence is a proof, certainly of an extreme and constant destitution; but (keeping in mind the sweetness) it is also a proof of an enviable ability not to be depressed by circumstances.

James journeyed on to Spezia and Lerici to accomplish "a sentimental pilgrimage" for the sake of Byron and Shelley, and then he proceeded to Florence, the "treasure-city" of Italy where, in the company of a friend, he visited for a third time the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. He gave himself up to the contemplation of Andrea del Sarto, for whom he had "a real affection" and to Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, and Lorenzo di Credi, who were "the sweetest and best of all painters," and to the "purity of inspiration and grace of invention" of the Tuscan sculptors.

From Florence James went on to Rome, where he spent seven weeks (from the last week in October until the middle of December). So powerful was Italy's spell that James had to come away in order to work. He wrote to Grace Norton that "Italy was still more her irresistible ineffable old self than ever" and that in spite of its modern "changes," Rome "steals over you and possesses you" and "it keeps you from working." To work, he said:
one must live in an ugly country; and that is why, instead
of lingering in that golden climate, I am going back to
poor, smutty, dusky, Philistine London. 138

This fourth visit to Rome James described in "Very Modern Rome," his most
delightful sketch of the Roman capital. Although intended for the Atlantic
Monthly (evidently for sometime in 1878), the manuscript was never printed
nor incorporated into Portraits of Places (1883) or Italian Hours (1909).
Through the research efforts of Mr. Richard C. Harrier, the sketch was
Modern Rome" is particularly interesting in that its content and composi-
tion are very like the earlier sketches of Rome, yet the style is much
closer to that of Italian Hours. It is indeed a bridge between the earlier
and later style of his travel sketches. All the usual subjects are here:
the late evening arrival, the "hour or two" stroll along the dark streets,
the references to the "well-thumbed Murray," visits to ancient ruins, to
the Villa Medici, to an art studio, a horseback ride across the Campagna,
and then the usual references to favorite literary figures, George Eliot,
Hawthorne, Keats, and Gibbon. But "Very Modern Rome" has the intimacy
and the color of the late Italian sketches. The sentimental tourist here
has become more analytical and more philosophical than before. In spite of
all the changes, the modernness of Rome, James felt a "quickening...relish of
the actual physiognomy of Rome"; and he agreed with his companion and with
George Eliot that "The charm of Rome" was "it's mixture!" and that Rome
was "still supremely interesting to those cultivated minds that are able
to perceive 'the suppressed transitions that unite all contrasts.'" One
touch of local color in this sketch has the pictorial quality of Italian
Hours. In the "half-garden, half-court" of his friend's studio, James
noted "a quaint old well, with a great tangle of bucket ropes," the rough
white walls, the "blue sky overhead and a big bar of sunshine tumbling
down" and plants and "mossy flags under foot." And then he noticed "a
very handsome woman" and her son who smiled as "Hawthorne's Donatello
might have done while he was in roundabouts." James framed a perfect
picture of these two artists's models.

Leaning against the wall was a brilliant peasant-woman,
nursing her baby; at her side was a lad of ten or eleven
years of age, in short-clothes, a sheepskin jacket and a
peaked hat, drawing up a bucket. I call the woman bril-
liant, because she had on a great white head-cloth, a
coral necklace, a crimson bodice, and a blue petticoat;
and, more, particularly, because her eyes, her hair, her
complexion, were distinguished for what painters call tone. 141

Although James was in Italy again in 1879 and 1880, his next signifi-
cant sketch of the glorious peninsula was the result of his visit to Venice
in 1881. He had had much to say about Venice in the transatlantic sketches--
and he was to say a great deal more later--but he was never more eloquent
than in "Venice" (published in 1882). All of James's love of color, his
delight in the soft, sweet Venetian tongue, his admiration for the handsome
people, his love of the Grand Canal is sketched here with rare beauty
and graceful style. Venice was the city of romance, "the cable was always
cut," and if one would enjoy its beauty, its art, its color, one had only
to walk to the steps of the canal.

The gondola waits at the wave-washed steps, and if you are
wise you will take your place beside a discriminating
companion. Such a companion in Venice should of course
be of the sex that discriminates most finely. An intelli-
gent woman who knows her Venice seems doubly intelligent,
and it makes no woman's perceptions less keen to be aware
that she can't help looking graceful as she is borne over
the waves. The handsome Pasquale, with uplifted oar, awaits
your command, knowing, in a general way, from observation
of your habits, that your intention is to go to see a picture
or two. 142

James recommended that his readers should come to Venice in June for then
"Venice is rosier than ever in the morning and more golden than ever as the
day descends." Ten years later James wrote another essay on Venice, "The Grand Canal" (1892), but he felt no need to apologize, for he declared that "A rhapsody on Venice is always in order." He expressed disappointment, however, in the continued commercialization of Venice; he regretted its "money and little red books" (Murray's of course). His mood quickly changed as he gazed at his gondolier; he was a symbol of all the color and delight of Venice.

I delight in their sunburnt complexions and their childish dialect; I know them only by their merits, and I am grossly prejudiced in their favour. They are interesting and touching, and alike in their virtues and their defects human nature is simplified as with a big effective brush. Affecting above all is their dependence on the stranger, the whimsical stranger who swims out of their ken, yet whom Providence sometimes restores. The best of them at any rate are in their line great artists.

And as he watched the Venetians celebrate the Feast of the Redeemer, he observed gladly this bit of local color.

The feast of the Redeemer...is a wonderful Venetian Vauxhall. All Venice on this occasion takes to the boats for the night and loads them with lamps and provisions. Wedged together in a mass it sups and sings; every boat is a floating arbour, a private café-concert. Of all Christian commemorations it is the most ingenuously and harmlessly pagan. Toward morning the passengers repair to the Lido, where, as the sun rises, they plunge, still sociably, into the sea.

Then Venice, of course, was Browning and Mrs. Bronson—a friend of literary friends for more than twenty years—so James visited among other places the Rezzonico Palace where Browning had died, and Mocenigo Palace where Byron's writing table was still to be seen. Then he devoted an entire sketch to Mrs. Bronson's home, Casa Alvisi, which still stands at the head of the canal opposite to the church Santa Maria della Salute. Venice had another colorful side, which James did not miss. With quiet humor and gentle satire, he reminded his readers of the royal refuges who had "retired"
Ever since the table d'hôte in "Candide" Venice has been the refuge of monarchs in want of thrones—she wouldn't know herself without her rois en exil. The exile is agreeable and soothing, the gondola lets them down gently. Its movement is an anodyne, its silence a philtre, and little by little it rocks all ambitions to sleep. The proscript has plenty of leisure to write his proclamations and even his memoirs, and I believe he has organs in which they are published; but the only noise he makes in the world is the harmless splash of his oars. He comes and goes along the Canalezzo, and he might be much worse employed. He is but one of the interesting objects it presents, however, and I am by no means sure that he is the most striking.

James had warned in 1882 that one must grow to love Venice, that if one stayed for too short a time, he would discover that Venice "though it is easy to admire it, it is not so easy to live in it." Like the mistress she was, "After you have been there a week, and the bloom of novelty has rubbed off, you wonder whether you can accommodate yourself to the peculiar conditions." And then from a rich experience, he explained:

It is by living there from day to day that you feel the fullness of its charm; that you invite its exquisite influence to sink into your spirit. The place is as changeable as a nervous woman, and you know it only when you know all the aspects of its beauty...Tenderly fond you become; there is something indefinable in those depths of personal acquaintance that gradually establish themselves.

And then as if Venice were indeed a woman, James continued:

The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient, and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and finally, a soft sense of possession grows up, and your visit becomes a perpetual love-affair.

Seventeen years later (1899) James still spoke of Venice as a woman. She had changed so much; "dear old Venice" had "lost her complexion, her figure, her reputation, her self-respect," but, he added, she had not lost "a shred of her distinction." He immortalized her again in the sketch "Two Old Houses and Three Young Women."
In 1907 James was in Italy for his last visit, and upon returning to England he engaged Miss Theodora Bosanquet as his secretary and began dictating the revisions of his fiction and his sketches. He had already published four travel books—including a Tauchnitz edition of his first travel book—and now he set about collecting and revising his Italian sketches for a fifth volume. As he gathered up his Roman sketches, he realized that he would not be content simply to string together for publication the Italian sketches as they then stood. He was too conscious of many things that he had left unsaid; so in addition to revising and extending the existing sketches, he added four others. In the first of the new sketches, "A Few Other Roman Neighborhoods" (he had written "Roman Neighborhoods" in 1873), he explained that he found his "old notes, in all these Roman connections, inevitably bristle with the spirit of postscript" and that he wished to "give way to this prompting to the extent of my scant space."

He began, of course, with Rome itself, for he found that "the impression of Rome was repeatedly to renew itself...was to overlay itself again and again with almost heavy thicknesses of experience" until he was "almost ashamed to drop the subject." In speaking again of Rome James was aware that he was speaking of "his case alone," but he hoped that in doing so to contribute to "the profit of others." He believed there was value in comparing "the musing mature visitor's 'feeling about Rome' with that of the extremely agitated, even if though extremely inexpert, consciousness reflected in...previous pages." Commenting upon the changes in Rome as he saw them in 1907—one of which was his not "having the occasion and the impression...all to himself"—, James pointed out that it was only the "antique wanderer" and "seekers of that remote and romantic
tradition who have seen it, from one period of ten, or even of five years, years to another" who would find their "first unpremeditated rapture" irrecoverable. Rome would not be "lost" to the new generation.

But in spite of "missed pleasures," James wrote of Rome in the manner of Theocritus.

I jumble my memories as a tribute to the whole idyll--
I give the golden light in which they come back to me for what it is worth; worth I mean, as allowing that the possibilities of charm of the Witch of the Seven Hills, as we used to call her in magazines, haven't all been vulgarised away. It was precisely there, on such an occasion and in such a place, that this might seem signally to have happened; whereas in fact the mild suburban riot, in which the so gay but so light potations before the array of little houses of entertainment were what struck one as really making most for mildness, was brushed over with a fabled grace, was harmonious, felicitous, distinguished, quite after the fashion of some thoroughly trained chorus or phalanx of opera or ballet...Rome, to which we all swept on together in the wondrous glowing medium, saved everything, spreading afar her wide wing and applying after all but her supposed grand gift of the secret of salvation. 159

Giving another "twitch of the garment of Roman association," he described a charming "half-hour at a little foundry...with its quite shabby and be- littered and ramshackle recall of the old Roman 'art-life' of one's early dreams." James's description of the foundry is reminiscent of his sketch of the artist's studio in "Very Modern Rome."

Everything was somehow in the picture, the rickety sheds, the loose paraphernalia, the sunny, grassy yard where a goat was browsing; then the queer interior gloom of the pits, frilled with little overlooking scaffoldings and bridges, for the sinking fireward of the image that was to take on hardness; and all the pleasantness and quickness, the beguiling refinement, of the three or four light fine "hands" of whom the staff consisted and into whose type and tone one liked to read, with whatever harmless extravagance, so many signs that a lively sense of stiff processes, even in humble life, could still leave untouched the traditional rare feeling for the artistic. How delightful such an occupation in such a general setting--those of my friend, I at such moments irrepressibly moralised; and how one might after such a fashion endlessly go on and come and ask nothing better;...161
James had written a sketch "Siena" in 1873; but as he revised it in 1907 before including it in *Italian Hours*, he felt compelled to elaborate some of the early scenes and to add others. He apologized for not having done justice to the cathedral at Siena and for failing to mention the artist Pinturicchio—"the coolest and freshest flower...and signally 162 youngest and most matutinal of painters"—whose paintings adorned the sacristy. James had visited the cathedral often during the intervening years between 1873 and 1907, and on his last visit he "sat awhile every morning for a week, like a philosophic convalescent, watching the florid facade of the cathedral glitter against the deep blue sky." He had a very personal relation to it.

I seem to remember having it and its unfrequented enclosing precinct so often all to myself that I must indeed mostly have resorted to it for a prompt benediction on the day. Like no other strong solicitation, among artistic appeals to which one may compare it up and down the whole wonderful country, is the felt neighbouring presence of the overwrought Cathedral in its little proud possessive town: you may so often feel by the week at a time that it stands there really for your own personal enjoyment, your romantic convenience, your small wanton aesthetic use. 163

Likewise James had not done justice to the incomparable Sienese landscapes, which had knitted for him "a chain of unforgettable hours." These landscapes "favoured in the late afternoons the divinest...blues and purples" and golden brown and red "that dropped into vineyards and orchards and corn-fields." The little fortress city was always a challenge to the word-sketcher and he explained on numerous occasions its hold upon his fancy.

I thus associate the compact world of the admirable hilltop, the world of a predominant golden-brown, with a general invocation of sensibility and fancy, and think of myself as going forth into the lingering light of summer evenings all attuned to intensity of the idea of compositional beauty, or in other words, freely speaking, to the question of colour, to intensity of picture. 165

On a later visit when James was driving from San Gimignano back to Siena,
he framed an even more picturesque scene:

...the wonderful drive, at eventide, back to Siena: the progress through the darkening land that was like a dense fragrant garden, all fireflies and warm emanations and dimly-seen motionless festoons, extravagant vines and elegant branches intertwisted for miles, with couples and companies of young countryfolds almost as fondly united and raising their voices to the night as if superfluously to sing out at you that they were happy, and above all were Tuscan...That onset was of a fine medieval violence, but the subsiding echoes of it alone must have afterwards borne me company; mingled, at the worst, with certain reverberations of the animated rather than concentrated presence of sundry young sketchers and copyists of my own nationality, which element in the picture conveyed beyond anything else how thoroughly it was all to sit again henceforth in the eye of day. My final vision perhaps was of a sacred reliquary not so much rudely as familiarly and "humorously" torn open. The note had, with all its references, its own interest; but I never went again. 166

Re-reading the 1873 sketch, "Tuscan Cities," James realized that he had also "scanted" the picturesque cities of Tuscany; therefore, he wrote another sketch, "Other Tuscan Cities." He particularly regretted his early "stammering notes" of Pisa.

I had scanted charming Pisa as I had scanted great Siena in my original small report of it, my scarce more than stammering notes of years before; but even if there had been meagerness of mere gaping vision—which there in fact hadn't been—as well as insufficiency of public tribute, the indignity would soon have ceased to weight on my conscience. For to this affection I was to return again still oftener than to the strong call of Siena; my eventual frequentations of Pisa, all merely impressionistic and amateurish as they might be—and I pretended, up and down the length of the land, to none other—leave me at the hither end of time with little more than a confused consciousness of exquisite quality on the part of the small sweet scrap of a place of ancient glory; a consciousness so pleasingly content to be general and vague that I shrink from pulling it to pieces. 167

No other Italian sketch reveals more vividly the difference between James's early and late style than the sketch of Pisa; it abounds in metaphors, in sensuous diction, and in impressionistic descriptions, which are so characteristic of James's later style. Of lovely Pisa, "pale and languid" because
of her wars with the Republic of Florence, James wrote:

She has verily a just languor and is touchingly anaemic; the past history, or at any rate the present perfect acceptedness, of which condition hangs about her with the last grace of weakness, making her state in this particular the very secret of her irresistible appeal. I was to find the appeal, again and again, one of the sweetest, tenderest, even if not one of the fullest and richest impressions possible; and if I went back whenever I could it was very much as one doesn't indecently neglect a gentle invalid friend. The couch of the invalid friend, beautifully, appealingly resigned, has been wheeled, say, for the case, into the warm still garden, and your visit but consists of your sitting beside it with kind, discreet, testifying silences. Such is the figurative form under which the once rugged enemy of Florence stretched at her length by the rarely troubled Arno, to-day presents herself; and I find my analogy complete even by my sense of the mere mild séance, the inevitably tacit communion or rather blank interchange, between motionless cripple and hardly more incurable admirer. 168

While sitting in an open-air café eating "ices," James enjoyed listening to a group of students from the University of Pisa as they engaged in earnest debate. He thought them "a clear-cut image of the young Italian mind and life"; and even more, they were "charmingly civilised." The music of their speech and their intelligent conversation caused James to remark:

There was the beautiful congruity of the happily-caught impression; the fact of my young men's general Tuscanism of tongue, which related them so on the spot to the whole historic consensus of things. It wasn't dialect—as it of course easily might have been elsewhere, at Milan, at Turin, at Bologna, at Naples; it was the clear Italian in which all the rest of the surrounding story was told, all the rest of the result of time recorded; and it made them delightful, prattling, unconscious men of the particular little constituted and bequeathed world which everything else that was charged with old meanings and old beauty referred to—all the more that their talk was never by chance of romping games or deeds of violence, but kept flowering, charmingly and incredibly, into eager ideas and literary opinions and philosophic discussions and, upon my honour, vital questions. 169

The brooding, analytical tourist of the early 1900's felt that his mature impressions of Italy reached back to his youthful yearning and joined the two by flinging a "firm straight bridge" across the years. And
this bridge led to the mature traveller’s understanding of the relative values of life, to a greater perspective on the long reach of history, and to a richer store of framed pictures. It was of the values of life that James was thinking as he sat on a Sorrento terrace listening to a Neapolitan quartette. He reflected upon the merits of the simple, musical people around him and his thoughts made "the brooding tourist brood afresh." The question "was the present outlook, in the world, for races with whom it has been a tradition...positively to please." What these races had "still most to contribute" was an eclipse "of vulgarity and brutality"; yet they were politically weak, and James saw no "happy prospect for the races politically feeble." And as "the afternoon waned, among the mellow marbles and pleasant song," James concluded that Italy was "exquisite"; it was "all purple wine, all art and song, and nobody a grain the worse." And compared with his own country, "a race politically not weak," which had just opened "three hundred 'saloons' at Manilla," Italy was "civilization and amenity."

Italy was history, too, the long reach of history. The explanation of the "clue" of Venice was the historical clue. The meaning of Rome was the way in which the past attached itself to the present and the present found meaning in the past. The Benedictine convent at Subiaco summarized the historical clue so well:

there the spirit of the centuries sat like some invisible icy presence that only permits you to stare and wonder. I stared, I wondered, I went up and down and in and out and lost myself in the fantastic fable of the innumerable hard facts themselves...There above all—or at least in what such aspects did further for the prodigy of the Convent, whatever that prodigy might do for them—was, to a life-long victim of Italy, almost verily as never before, the operation of the old love-philtre; there was the inexhaustible sources of interest and charm. 171.

The convent was "the very ideal of the tradition of that extraordinary in
the romantic handed down to us, as the most attaching and inviting spell of Italy, by all the old academic literature of travel and art of the Salvator Rosas and Claude." But Pompeii was history itself, the historic motif par excellence.

The way in which the Italian scene on such occasions as this seems to purify itself to the transcendent and perfect idea alone—idea of beauty, of dignity, of comprehensive grace, with all accidents merged, all defects disowned, all experience outlived, and to gather itself up into the mere mute eloquence of what has just incalculably been, remains forever the secret and the lesson of the subtlest daughter of History.

After 1892 the pictures that seemed to interest James most were not those in the museums and cathedrals. In 1892, looking at a Tintoretto in the church of Longhena, he had commented: "The plastic arts may have less to say to us than in the hungry years of youth." And certainly the late sketches in Italian Hours indicate that during his last two visits to Italy (1899 and 1907), James was more concerned with nature's framed landscapes—of which he made word-sketches—and in the total impression of a city, a country, a people than he was in the plastic arts per se. He had once said of English impressionistic painters that their works indicated that they had been "thinking rather than looking"; and indeed when James described Italy's landscapes in his late sketches, his style, as well as the content, indicates that he too was thinking as much as looking. His description of a roadside scene between Naples and Rome "composes" a magnificent landscape—perhaps in the manner of Claude or Turner—and yet at the same time the "picture" states so well James's thinking in regard to Italy.

Seen thus in great comprehensive iridescent stretches, it is the incomparable wrought fusion, fusion of human history and mortal passion with the elements of earth and air, of colour, composition and form, that constitute her appeal and give it the supreme heroic grace. The chariot of fire
favours fusion rather than promotes analysis, and leaves much of that first June picture for me, doubtless, a great accepted blur of violet and silver. The various hours and successive aspects...still figure for me even as some series of sublime landscape-frescoes—if the great Claude, say, had ever used that medium—in the immense gallery of a palace; the homeward run...across the deep, strong, indescribable Pontine Marshes, white-cattled, strangely pastoral, sleeping in the afternoon glow, yet stirred by the near sea-breath. Thick somehow to the imagination as some full-bodied sweetness of syrup is thick to the palate the atmosphere of that region—thick with the sense of history and the very taste of time; as if the haunt and home (which indeed it is) of some great fair bovine aristocracy attended and guarded by halberdiers in the form of mounted and long-lanced herdsmen, admirably congruous with the whole picture at every point, and never more so than in their manner of gaily taking up, as with bell-voices of golden bronze, the offered wayside greeting. 175

As this quotation testifies, landscape was always in the foreground in James's travel sketches; they were as much a part of his picture of Italy as any other aspect of Italian life.

Although *Italian Hours* contains the usual aspects of life, which were traditional with the travel sketch in general and which figure so largely in James's early sketches, it is not the conventional travel book in the manner of *A Little Tour in France*; nor is it, like *English Hours*, a book of "judgments" and analyses. It is rather a series of impressionistic word-sketches of genuine literary and pictorial merit. As a painter might varnish a picture, James has brushed these Italian sketches with gentle philosophical strokes and overlaid them all with a golden, romantic haze. In saying farewells to Italy, James struck the romantic note again and again. Of Venice he remarked that she was "the refuge of endless strange secrets, broken fortunes and wounded hearts." His leave-taking of Rome is as touching as a farewell to an intimate friend, if not to a lover. His parting memory was

of an evening meal spread, in the warm still darkness that made no candle flicker, on the wide high space of an old
loggia that overhung, in one quarter, the great obelisked Square preceding one of the Gates, and in the other the Tiber and the far Trastevere and more things than I can say. 178

And as he looked out upon the city, he envisioned:

the whole backward past, the mild confused romance of the Rome one had loved and of which one was exactly taking leave under protection of the friendly lanterned and garlanded feast and the commanding, all-embracing roof-garden. It was indeed a reconciling, it was an altogether penetrating, last hour. 179

James's statement about his "picture" in the last sketch, "The Saint's Afternoon and Others," might well represent the raison d'être of Italian Hours and at the same time express the sentiment of the reader as he closes the volume.

Too precious, surely, for us not to suffer it to help us as it may is the faculty of putting together again in an order the sharp minutes and hours that the wave of time has been as ready to pass over as the salt sea to wipe out the letters and words your stick has traced in the sand. 180
CHAPTER V

Changed not in kind, but in degree.
   --Robert Browning
CHAPTER V

REVISIIONS OF THE EUROPEAN SKETCHES, 1900-1909

Like the true artist, James was constantly revising and polishing his literary creations. He seemed always to think of a better way—or perhaps a more precise way—of saying a thing. A cursory glance at the manuscripts of his early sketches indicates that even before sending a travel essay to a magazine, he did much scratching and inserting on the final draft that went to the publisher. Later when the magazine articles were collected in book form further revisions were made. The first travel book, Transatlantic Sketches (1875), reflects only minor changes from the magazine versions. Later, in 1883, when the Tauchnitz edition of this volume came out under the title Foreign Parts, James stated in his "Note" that not only had the name been changed but that the sketches had been revised. He failed, however, to indicate that four of the Transatlantic Sketches had been deleted from the German edition. The revisions in Foreign Parts are, for the most part, rather slight. There were revisions likewise in Portraits of Places (1883), which appeared in both an American and an English edition, but once again the amendments were fairly inconsequential. James states specifically in his "Note" to English Hours that the contents of that volume had not been revised.

Perhaps James himself did not revise these English sketches, but one feels inclined to believe that he did. A comparison of the sketch "London" as it
appeared in the Century magazine in 1888 and in Essays in London and Elsewhere in 1893 with the version in English Hours in 1905 reveals a few minor changes in phraseology. For example, in Essays in London and Elsewhere the statement, "the mere immensity of the place is a large part of its merit" was changed in English Hours to "part of its savour." And in the former volume James had written that "the sympathizing resident inhabits the whole," but this became in the latter "the accommodated haunter enjoys the whole." Sometimes only one word on an entire page was changed; the statement "our incomparable English speech" in the 1893 book became "our consecrated English speech" in English Hours, a substitution which sounds very Jamesian. Of course, a comparison of the English and American editions of any of James's works manifests changes or substitutions in the interest of national tastes, a discussion of which would form another chapter on revisions.

The most interesting and perhaps the most significant revisions which James made in his travel sketches are those of Italian Hours (1909). Between 1907 and 1909 James began to collect his Italian sketches with a view to publishing them in a single volume, as he had done with the English sketches. In the Preface to the London edition, which was published by William Heinemann in 1909 and also illustrated by Joseph Pennell, James informed the reader in the Preface that he had "introduced a few passages that speak for a later and in some cases a frequently repeated vision of the places and scenes in question." These "few passages" were in reality seven new sketches, one of which served as Part II to an earlier sketch of Siena, as well as numerous new passages scattered throughout the earlier sketches of Italy. James likewise stated that he had "not hesitated to amend" his text "wherever it seemed urgently to ask for this," and a
glance at the sixteen sketches that had appeared earlier in Transatlantic Sketches and Portraits of Places convinces one that all of them "urgently" asked for revision.

These amendments, or expansions and deletions, demonstrate some very interesting facts about James's personality and style. For convenience's sake it is best to group these revisions under two headings, content and style. Sometimes the additions and deletions in the sketches amounted almost to a rewriting of a sketch. "The Autumn in Florence" is a case in point. The first few lines of the long three-page opening paragraph in Transatlantic Sketches read:

Florence, too, has its "season" as well as Rome, and I have been taking some satisfaction, for the past six weeks, in the thought that it has not yet begun. Coming here in the first days of October, I found the summer lingering on in almost untempered force, and ever since, until within a day or two, it has been dying a very gradual death. Properly enough, as the city of flowers, Florence is delightful in the spring--during those blossoming weeks of March and April, when a six months' steady shivering has not shaken New York and Boston free of the grip of winter. But something in the mood of autumn seems to suit peculiarly the mood in which an appreciative tourist strolls through these many-memoried streets and galleries and churches. 5

These sentences were changed in Italian Hours to read:

Florence too has its "season," not less than Rome, and I have been rejoicing for the past six weeks in the fact that this comparatively crowded parenthesis hasn't yet been opened. Coming here in the first days of October I found the summer still in almost unmenaced possession, and ever since, till within a day or two, the weight of its hand has been sensible. Properly enough, as the city of flowers, Florence mingles the elements most artfully in the spring--during the divine crescendo of March and April, the weeks when six months of steady shiver have still not shaken New York or Boston free of the long Polar reach. But the very quality of the decline of the year as we at present here feel it suits peculiarly the mood in which an undiscourageable gatherer of the sense of things, or taster at least of "charm", moves through these many-memoried streets and galleries and churches. 6

The sketch "A Chain of Cities" was likewise almost rewritten. The revised sketch contained longer descriptions of each of the cities originally
mentioned with added information regarding other cities along the chain. And inevitably the additions reflected James's love of Italy and his late style. One line about the beauty of Arezzo in the 1873 sketch became in 1909:

Adorable Italy in which, for the constant renewal of interest, of attention, of affection, these refinements of variety, these so harmoniously-grouped and individually-seasoned fruits of the great garden of history, keep presenting themselves! It seemed to fall in with the cheerful Tuscan mildness for instance--sticking as I do to that ineffectual expression of the Tuscan charm, of the yellow-brown Tuscan dignity at large--that the ruined castle on the hill...had been converted into a great blooming, and I hope all profitable, podere or market-garden. 7

And the one sentence: "Almost everything that meets the eye has an ancient oddity which ekes out the general picturesqueness." was revised in Italian Hours to read:

Almost everything in fact lends itself to the historic, the romantic, the aesthetic fallacy--almost everything has an antique querness and richness that ekes out the reduced state; that of a grim and battered old adventuress, the heroine of many shames and scandals, surviving to an extraordinary age and a considerable penury, but with ancient gifts of princes and other forms of the wages of sin to show, and the most beautiful garden of all the world to sit and doze and count her beads in and remember. 8

The deletions are equally interesting. "The Old St. Gothard" sketch contained an almost eight page description of the town of Berne and its bear-like citizens, but this entire passage was deleted in Italian Hours. Perhaps in growing older--James was in his sixties--James had become more sympathetic toward the human race. Or perhaps he considered such uncomplimentary remarks about other nationalities bad taste. He also deleted three pages in "A Roman Holiday" which contained extremely derogatory remarks about the "dirt" and poverty of Rome.

The greater part of James's revisions were made in order that he might indicate a change of opinion or that he might render more precisely
his point of view. It will be remembered that when he encountered the crowds of tourists in Switzerland, he had felt optimistic that the "masses" then had "reached a rather high standard of comfort" than formerly. (Chapter III, p. 81) But in the revised version of this sketch, "The Old Saint-Gothard" (as he spelled it in Italian Hours), he added that the crowds suggested "no doubt fallaciously, that the common lot of mankind isn't after all so very hard..." In 1909 he was not so sure that the masses were better off. James's opinions in regard to the Catholic Church seemed to have changed a bit as well. In the sketch "From Chambery to Milan" his statement "Whatever may be the better opinion as to whether the Church is in a decline..." was changed to "Whatever...as to the future of the Church..." And the statement "The Catholic Church, I believe, has some doctrine that its ends justify at need any means whatsoever..." became "The Catholic Church never renounces a chance of the sublime for fear of a chance of the ridiculous..." The conclusion of the discussion which prompted this remark--the subject of the relics of St. Charles Borromeus--read in the 1872 version "...the majesty of the Church saved the situation, or made it, at least, sublimely ridiculous." The 1909 version read: "...that a certain pastoral majesty saved the situation, or at least made irony gape." The reference to the Church was omitted. Of St. Peter's James had written in 1873:

...but to a traveller not especially pledged to be devout, St. Peter's speaks more of contentment than of aspiration. The mind seems to expand there immensely, but on its own level, as we may say. It marvels at the reach of the human imagination and the vastness of our earthly means. This is heaven enough, we say: what it lacks in beauty it makes up in certainty. And yet if one's half-hours at St. Peter's are not actually spent on one's knees, the mind reverts to its tremendous presence with an ardor deeply akin to a passionate effusion of faith. 14

Compare this with the rather subtle changes in tone and in phraseology of
the final version.

...St. Peter's speaks less of aspiration than of full and convenient assurance. The soul infinitely expands until, if you will, but all on its quite human level. It marvels at the reach of our dream and the immensity of our resources. To be so impressed and put in our place, we say, is to be sufficiently "saved"; we can't be more than that in heaven itself; and what specifically celestial beauty such a show or such a substitute may lack it makes up for in certainty and tangibility. And yet if one's hours on the scene are not actually spent in praying, the spirit seeks it again as for the finer comfort, for the blessing, exactly, of its example, its protection and its exclusion. 15

And, of course, throughout Italian Hours the reader encounters the numerous passages which reflect James's change in taste regarding art, as well as his interest in the pictorial word and in the "composition" of scenes or pictures. In Portraits of Places James spoke of Luca Signorelli's work as "pictures," but in Italian Hours he referred to "compositions of this general order." In writing of Venice in 1909 James commented on its "compositional beauty" and "intensity of picture." It was a city that "composed" so well. The revised scenes were always more pictorial than the earlier descriptions, and the new sketches, such as "The Grand Canal," abound in the vocabulary of the painter. Of a garden in Venice, James wrote in Italian Hours:

...the gardens of Venice would deserve a page to themselves. They are infinitely more numerous than the arriving stranger can suppose; they nestle with a charm all their own in the complications of most back-views. Some of them are exquisite, many are large, and even the scrawdiest have an artful understanding, in the interest of colour, with the waterways that edge their foundations. On the small canals, in the hunt for amusement, they are the prettiest surprises of all...wherever they occur they give a brush to the picture and in particular, it is easy to guess, give a sweetness to the house...Venice without them would be too much a matter of the tides and the stones...as reminders...of the woodland nature of man. 16

In the interest of preciseness of thought James revised almost every page of the earlier sketches. In the sketch, "Italy Revisited," (written
in 1877 but published in *Portraits of Places* in 1883) James had written the sentence "...we seem to have before us an admirable case of virtue made easy; meaning here by virtue, contentment and concentration, the love of privacy and study." The revised version read after the word concentration, "a real appreciation of the rare, the exquisite though composite, medium of life." Instead of saying of the cathedral at Orvieto "I looked at it a great deal," James, in *Italian Hours*, changed the clause to "I gave it my best attention..." Genoa, in 1877, was simply "...the queerest place in the world, and even a second visit helps you little to straighten it out." But Genoa in the revised version became "the tightest topographic tangle in the world..." In speaking of the pictures in the Ducal Palace in the 1882 version of "Venice," James remarked that "These things speak so frankly and benignantly to the sense that we feel there is reason as well in such an address"; but in 1909 he changed the "that" clause to: "...that even when they arrive at the highest style—as in the Tintoret's 'Presentation of the little Virgin at the Temple'—they are still more familiar." His love for Tintoretto had not wavered even though the great painter was by then only the "most interesting" of the painters. Discussing Rousseau's narrative, James compared "the sordid little house at Chambery" as "a hardly deeper shade of reality than the immages you contemplate in his pages." He changed this in 1909 to read "...than so many passages of his projected truth." Another example which indicates James's preciseness in trying to state his point of view, as well as his love of Italy and what she had to contribute to the world, is manifested in the concluding sentence to "Florentine Notes" (1874). Speaking of America, he pointed out:

We can build gardens in America, adorned with every device of horticulture; but we unfortunately cannot scatter abroad
this strange historic aroma, more exquisite than the rarest roses. 22

But he was more specific in 1909; he wanted once again to emphasize Europe's depth.

We can "lay out" parks on virgin soil, and cause them to bristle with the most expensive importations, but we unfortunately can't scatter abroad again this seed of the eventual human soul of a place—that comes but in its time and takes too long to grow. There is nothing like it when it has come. 23

The style of Italian Hours is of course that of James's later manner as exemplified in his fiction, as well as in his autobiographical works. Although the sentences in this last European travel book are extremely long and rambling, one finds reading them easier and more pleasant than the shorter sentences of Transatlantic Sketches. When writing his travel sketches, James always wrote with his reader in mind, but after 1900 he was even more courteous to his unseen audience. He used the best techniques in rhetoric and syntax to make these late sketches delightfully readable and charmingly intimate. To begin with, he paragraphed more often in Italian Hours. For example, in "Venice," the first of the sketches in the Italian book—it had also been first in Portraits of Places; Venice like London was a "first" in James's life—James broke the long one, two, and three page paragraphs into shorter ones. He divided the essay into twenty paragraphs instead of the original eight; the 1882 sketch was divided into eight parts, without any paragraphing in the different sections. Then to make for smoother reading, James deleted many commas in the revised versions of the sketches. There are usually no commas before and after "however"—and other like parenthetical expressions—nor before clauses which are connected by "and," "but," and "for."

James achieves intimacy in several ways. He gives the reader the
impression that he is reading his own experiences and not those of the author by adding the informal contraction. Every compound verb such as is not, has not, could not, cannot, etc. becomes isn't, hasn't, couldn't, can't, and so on. James also changed most of the "I's" to "we's." In Transatlantic Sketches he had written, "One thing...I can say: I would give a great deal to possess..."; but this was revised to read: "One thing...we can say, that we should rejoice to boast..." Even when retaining the "I," James usually turned the phrase to the general interest of the reader. In referring to his walks in Albano, James wrote in the original sketch, "I have perhaps justified to the reader the declaration...that one's walks at Albano are entertaining." The emphasis upon the author's viewpoint is changed in the revised sketch by the following substitutions: "I have perhaps justified to the reader the mild preposition...that Albano is worth a walk."

Some of the revisions James made in Italian Hours indicated his knowledge and understanding of the changing tastes of the early twentieth century. The picturesque tradition, which still appealed to a rather large audience in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, had passed; and indeed a few writers like Howells--whose travel writings appeared concurrently with James's--deplored the tradition long before the turn of the century. To appeal to the new generation, James very carefully deleted the words "picturesque," "beautiful," "pretty," and "delicious" as often as feasible. The chart below indicates the manner in which James substituted other phrases for those of the picturesque tradition.

<table>
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<th>Word or phrase</th>
<th>in Transatlantic Sketches</th>
<th>in Italian Hours</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. &quot;delicious&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;...that it is something delicious.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;...that enchantment lurks in it.&quot;</td>
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In polishing his style James made other changes which are equally interesting. His earlier "this latter point" became "that matter at least"; "glides over the waves" became "is borne over the waves"; "and that is very true" became "Which is perfectly true." A straightforward descriptive passage was often turned into the highly figurative language of his late novels--The Wings of the Dove or The Golden Bowl, for example--where similes, metaphors, and personifications abound. If he had used a simile in his first version, then the revised version became more specific. In 1872 he had remarked that "there might be mysterious delights in entering Italy whizzing through an eight-mile tunnel, like some highly improved projectile of the period." In 1909 he changed the "like" phrase to "even as a bullet through the bore of a gun." In Rome in 1873 James had said of the dying spirit of the Carnival: "but in the striding march of progress which Italy has recently witnessed, the fashion of public revelry has fallen woefully [sic] out of step." His revised version was more graphic:
"but, thanks to the seven-league boots the kingdom of Italy has lately donned for the march of progress in quite other directions, the fashion of public revelry has fallen woefully out of step."

Discussing the life of a friar at the Carthusian Monastery just outside Florence, James remarked in 1874: "Out of poverty and solitude, inanition and cold, your honest friar may rise at his will into a supreme perception of luxury."

But the revised statement had more color: "Out of poverty...your honest friar may rise at his will into a Mahomet's Paradise of luxurious analogies."

Such revisions in the interest of picture and color are characteristic of Italian Hours; often when deleting the old favorite word "picturesque," James strived to paint an even more colorful word-picture of Italy. Returning to Rome for a second visit in 1873—his first visit had been in 1870—he expressed his disappointment in the changes he saw.

A traveller who had seen old Rome, coming back any time during the past winter, must have immediately perceived that something momentous had happened—something hostile to picturesqueness. As James revised this sentence, he made it clear that Rome meant a great deal more to him than the usual connotation of the word "picturesqueness."

A traveller acquainted with the fully papal Rome, coming back any time during the past winter, must have immediately noticed that something momentous had happened—something hostile to the elements of picture and colour and "style."

Likewise James no longer found the expression "sentimental tourist" adequate as a description of the traveller's attitude toward Italy. The phrase does occur in Italian Hours but only occasionally. Interestingly enough, James often reverts to the expression "a passionate pilgrim" which he had used in his letters of 1869-1870. On his last trip to Italy (1907), as a man of nearly sixty-five, James felt all the old love and passion of his youth return, and on numerous occasions he changed the phrase "quiet observer"—or its equivalent, which had appeared in Transatlantic Sketches
--to "the passionate pilgrim" or perhaps to "that estimable character
the passionate pilgrim." In trying to embue his reader with a love
for Italy, James also used the word "passionate" in other connections.
In 1872 he had spoken of Tintoretto's life as "a very intense one"; but
this phrase was changed in _Italian Hours_ to read, "...one of the most
intellectually passionate ever led." And during this last visit to
Italy, James also became once again the "gaping" pilgrim of 1869-1870.
Instead of "The traveller's humor falls upon us..." of the earlier
version--in regard to crossing the Alps--James substituted "We surrender
35 to the gaping traveller's mood..." And again, instead of "I imbibed
the traveller's humor," James remarked in 1907 "I sucked in the gladness
of gaping."

Italy still worked "spells and almost miracles" for James in 1907,
and he used all the stylistic devices which his fertile brain could
conjure up to convey that impression to the reader, as well as some of the
vocabulary of his first enthusiastic Grand Tour. "Her whole behaviour,
James said of Italy's weather, "cast such a spell" upon him that he vowed
to "take the journey again and pause to my heart's content at Narni, at
Spoletto, at Assisi, at Perugia, at Cortona, at Arezzo." But it was
Venice, like London, that worked the greatest spell for James, and when
he revised "Venice" (1882) for inclusion in his Italian treasure-book,
he reminded his readers that other writers had likewise taken Venice to
heart.

_Open the Stones of Venice_, open Théophile Gautier's _Italia_,
and you will see. These writers take it very seriously, and
it is only because there is another way of taking it that I
venture to speak of it... 38

And the other way in which James had taken Italy was that of the passionate
lover of her beauty, particularly the beauty of her landscapes and her
churches; he felt of these churches as he did of St. Mark's that it was
"almost a spiritual function...to feed one's eyes on the molten colour
that drops from the hollow vaults and thickens the air with its richness."
CHAPTER VI

When a writer or a painter says in answer to a request to make a sketch of a certain place or person, "Oh, I can't; I have been there too long; I have seen him too often!" he is talking purer reason than he may get credit for.

--Henry James
CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION

In concluding a study of the travel-writings of Henry James, one, of necessity, must make the "backward reach" to his writings of the summer of 1870 and then take into consideration the "jottings" along the way to the final travel book, *Italian Hours*, in 1909. The "picture" into which these numerous sketches "compose" is indeed a singularly beautiful one, and it manifests the careful selection of the artist, as well as his attention to color and to "composition." Yellow, gold and sapphire predominate as background colors, and bright reds, blues--particularly of military uniforms and peasant's "rags"--and "silvery grey" (and sometimes the musty grey of old ruins) are always in the foreground. James's "miniatures" are as charming as any painter's.

The villages with their peaked roofs, covered with red scalloped shingles, and the brown beams making figures on the plastered cottage walls, the grapevine on the wall, the swallows in the eaves, the Hausfrau, sickle in hand, with her yellow hair in a top-knot and her short blue skirt showing her black stockings--what is it all but a background of one of Richter's charming woodcuts? 1

The author of these word-pictures, the "sentimental tourist" or "the passionate pilgrim," as James called himself, was working in the sentimental, picturesque tradition which had been in vogue at least since the appearance of Laurence Sterne's *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768). Of course, James and Sterne were not using the term "sentimental" with precisely the same connotation, but the two travellers did have in common the propensity to describe scenes in terms of color. James no doubt appreciated the color and medievalism of Sterne's words:
I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure. The old broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards; the young in armour bright, which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east; all tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.

James's contemporary and life-long friend, William Dean Howells, was likewise writing in this same tradition, and he, like James, used the term "word paintings" when speaking of his landscape descriptions.

Most European towns have red tiled roofs, which one gets rather tired of putting into one's word paintings, but the roofs of Genoa are gray tiled, and gray are her serried house walls, and gray her many churches and bell-towers. The sober tone gratifies your eye immensely.

James's description of the grey of Genoa is very similar to this statement. And it would be rather difficult to determine whether Howells or James was the author of the following quotation.

...the charming little city of Funchal: long horizontal lines of red roofs, ivory and pink and salmon walls, evenly fenestrated, ...in one place there was a wide splotch of vivid color from the red of the densely flowering creeper on the side of some favored house. There was an acceptable expanse of warm brown near the quay.

And then Howells remarked that in Funchal one might find "the materials of a water-color which almost any one could paint."

James the artist, the writer of romances in the manner of Hawthorne, became James the traveller as he went in quest of scenes to describe or "paint" or in search of ideas and characters for his fiction. He remarked as he approached Haddon Hall:

To walk in quest of any object that one has more or less tenderly dreamed of, to find your way, to steal upon it softly, to see at last if it is church or castle, the tower-tops peeping above elms or beeches,—to push forward with a rush, and emerge, and pause, and draw that first long breath which is the compromise between so many sensations,—this is a pleasure left to the tourist even after the broad glare of photography has dissipated so many of the sweet mysteries of travel.
These "mysteries of travel" eventually formed seven travel books (counting the Tauchnitz reprint of *Transatlantic Sketches*) and scores of travel essays which were never collected into book form. From a small boy James had felt intuitively that his role in life was that of an observer and a recorder of what his observations represented. In 1913, as he looked back upon his life, he explained:

...so absolutely appointed and obliged did I feel to make out, so far as I could, what, in so significant a world, they on their part represented...what I wanted, in my presumption, was that the object, the place, the person, the unreduced impression, often doubtless so difficult or so impossible to reduce, should give out to me something of a situation... 9

And in his last travel book James remarked that Italy had given out to such an extent that "one held it in one's hand." Italy had given him his largest number of travel sketches, and it had likewise emphasized the drama of life for him. Visiting Italy in 1877 for perhaps the fourth time, he had remarked that "To travel is, as it were, to go to the play"; and James was always at the play—literally and figuratively—"catching character" as he put it. And the character sketches and landscapes that he caught in his travel writings were, as Mr. Finch points out, "neither ungrateful nor an uncongenial business" for James's "mind was always on the main issue...what particular things could rightly be transmuted into his kind of fiction."

James's travels contributed ostensibly a realism to his fiction that might otherwise have been lacking, particularly the realism of his scenes in the country houses and churches of various nations. And writing travel sketches served also as an apprenticeship period for James. Mr. Mervyn Jones-Evans considers James's year in France—when he was writing "Parisian Letters" and sketches of Rouen, Chartres, and Etretat—as one of the most crucial of his life.
...it is quite obvious that it was in Paris in 1875 and 1876 that James learnt the craftsmanship of writing and the fundamentals of his art; it was there indeed that he discovered "the figure in the carpet." It is also obvious that had he not gone to Paris he would have missed an invaluable experience which greatly contributed to his own genius. 14

And Mr. Dupee suggests in his article "Henry James in the Great Grey Babylon" that the murky capital lent something to James's "fluid, easy prose" which anticipated the "pleasure-sad prose of Hemingway and Fitzgerald." Miss Bosanquet, James's secretary to whom he dictated the revisions of his travel sketches as well as the revisions of his fiction, has much to say about the value of James's "stored" impressions and about his use of those impressions in his writings. She reminds the reader of how many of James's ideas for his stories came not only from his travels--it will be remembered that James states in his Preface to The American that he conceived the idea for the novel while riding in a carriage through the Paris streets--but also from the conversation of friends with whom he travelled or walked the streets of various cities. In an article "Henry James and Rome" Mr. Stone discusses the short stories and novels which 16 owe their inspiration to Rome; and indeed critics have been diligent in their efforts to trace the well-springs of James's fiction. The effort sometimes has amounted to psychoanalysis--with the aid of Freud, of course. But critics might well look a little more carefully into James's travel-writings for here are many impressions of people and of scenes that later were brought to life in his fiction. And one feels when reading the loveliest of all the travel sketches, "Venice," that Italy was the romance of James's life; or if we take Hugh Walpole's statement at its face value, perhaps a romance flowered in Italy--or France, or England.

I remember his telling me how he had once in his youth
in a foreign town watched a whole night in a pouring rain for the appearance of a figure at a window. 'That was the end...,' he said, and broke off. 17

In James's travel sketches there are many ideas or situations discussed which later turned up in a short story. For example, in his sketch "Siena" (1873) James refers to a "travelled friend's portfolio" which had instilled in someone a longing to see Europe; this idea likewise forms the plot of "The Four Meetings." Examples such as this are scattered throughout the travel sketches, and as we have noticed in Chapters III and IV of this study, there are many scenes and characters in the sketches which are echoed in later stories. James's characters enjoy the moonlight as much as he; they look for the ghosts as well; they spend their time in art museums and churches; and most of his Americans have a predilection for Europe. In 1914, in The Middle Years, James himself explained what his travels had meant to him personally and to his fiction. London had meant especially:

...the great sought-out compositions, the Hampton Courts and the Windsors, the Richmonds, the Dulwiches, even the very Hamstead Heaths and Putney Commons, to say nothing of the Towers, the Temples, the Cathedrals and the strange penetrabilities of the City, ranged themselves like the rows of great figures in a sum, an amount immeasurably huge, that one would draw on if not quite as long as one lived, yet as soon as ever one should seriously get to work. 18

And then James remarked again, as he had done in A Small Boy and Others, that all of these things were constantly pulling at his sleeve to be used.

...they were charged somehow with a useability the most immediate, the most urgent, and which, I seemed to see, would keep me restless till I should have done something of my very own with them. 19

James often called himself a "story seeker" in his travel sketches, particularly in Italian Hours and The American Scene, and on occasions lamented that he sometimes found too much for a story. At Arezzo he
remarked:

The seeker for the story of things has moreover, if he be worth his salt, a hundred insidious arts; and in that case indeed--by which I mean when his sensibility has come duly to adjust itself--the story assaults him but from too many sides. He even feels at moments that he must sneak along on tiptoe in order not to have too much of it. Besides which the case all depends on the kind of use, the range of application, his tangled consciousness, or his intelligible genius, say, may come to recognize for it. 20

James recounts in the sketch "Two Old Houses and Three Young Women" (in *Italian Hours*) a charming incident of his meeting three beautiful sisters who were living in the very house for which he was searching, and whose ancestors' portraits--which James had often seen--were hanging in the National Portrait Gallery. Their parish church was also the very church for which James was seeking; the subject was worth a novel.

If I wanted a first chapter it was here made to my hand; the painter of life and manners, as he glanced about, could only sigh—as he so frequently has to—over the vision of so much more truth than he can use. What on earth is the need to "invent", in the midst of tragedy and comedy that never cease? Why, with the subject itself, all round, so inimitable, condemn the picture to the silliness of trying not to be aware of it? The charming lonely girls, carrying so simply their great name and fallen fortunes, the despoiled decadent house, the unfailing Italian grace, the space so out of scale with actual needs, the absence of books, the presence of ennui, the sense of the length of the hours and the shortness of everything else—all this was a matter not only for a second chapter and a third, but for a whole volume, a dénouement and a sequel. 21

But it is in the *American Scene* that James calls himself a story seeker most often, and indeed he stated specifically that he made the visit in 1904-1905 to America in order that he might write an American novel. During his journey from New York to Florida and then out to California he was constantly searching for his "subject"; and in observing his countrymen, he referred to himself constantly as a "restless analyst," a "fond observer," a "fond critic," a "visionary tourist," and the "restored
absentee." But the notes James made on this visit were never converted into the great American novel; he became too busy with his revisions, or perhaps too ill, and finally too upset by the Great War to write his projected novel. Nor is The American Scene a travel book; it is rather a sociological treatise. Mr. Bewley contends that "precisely as sociological exploration" this record book is "probably the best thing we shall ever have in that line." Some of the subjects discussed in The American Scene are those James had discussed in his travel sketches from 1870 to 1909; however, the similarity to the travel books ends there. The essays are more properly James's impressions of America's "waste," her "lack of manners," her "money-grabbing." The volume is so rich that it is a study within itself, a study of the social, economic, and political background of the America at the turn of the century. Perhaps James could not write in 1904-1905 the kind of sketches he had written of America in 1870-1871 because he felt about America as he did about Boston:

"It sometimes uncomfortably happens for a writer, consulting his remembrance, that he remembers too much and finds himself knowing his subject too well; which is but the case of the bottle too full for the wine to start."

But if he knew New York and Boston too well, he did not know Florida and California—as well as points in between—well enough. Edith Wharton may have been right when she stated:

"He hated the place, as his letters abundantly testify; its aimless ugliness, its noisy irrelevance, wore on his nerves; but he was amused by the social scene, and eager to leave nothing of it unobserved...he dined out frequently, and went to the play—for he was still intensely interested in the theatre."

But beneath all the adverse criticism of America, there is a note of "fond" remembrance about his native country; one feels that James was saying of America as a whole what he said of New York: "Poor dear bad bold beauty."
In one of his superb imaginary dialogues—which he used at greater length in *The American Scene* than in any other travel record—he heard America say to him:

"Oh, come, don't look among us for what you won't, for what you shan't find, the best quality attainable; but only for that quite other matter, the best value we allow you. You must take us or go without, and if you feel your nose thus held to the grindstone by the hard fiscal hand, it's no more than you deserve for harbouring treasonable thoughts." 25

At the end of 1905 the traveller returned to his adopted home; in 1907 he was back in Italy for his final visit, but he was in Germany again in 1910 visiting William. He continued to use his travel material in whatever he was writing, particularly in his autobiographical works. The following example should suffice to illustrate the manner in which the scenes he observed while travelling were indelibly stamped upon his memory. He had written to his sister Alice in March, 1869 (from 7 Half-Moon Street) that cold, damp London depressed him:

I really feel as if I had lived—I don't say a lifetime—but a year in this murky metropolis. I actually believe that this feeling is owing to the singular permanence of the impressions of childhood, to which any present experience joins itself on, without a broken link in the chain of sensation...an extraordinary intellectual depression...an indefinable flatness of mind. The place sits on you, broods on you, stamps on you with the feet of its myriad bipeds and quadrupeds. 26

When he wrote the essay "London" in 1888 he remembered again this same cold evening.

There is a certain evening that I count as virtually a first impression—the end of a wet, black Sunday, twenty years ago, about the first of March. There had been an earlier vision, but it had turned to gray, like faded ink, and the occasion I speak of was a fresh beginning. No doubt I had mystic prescience of how fond of the murky Babylon I was one day to become; certain it is that as I look back I find every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival still as vivid as if the solemnity of an opening era had breathed upon it. 27
Then in 1914 he recounted in The Middle Years (published in 1917) for the third time this memorable experience of his arrival in London, his first visit to the capital as an adult, and his first Grand Tour of Europe.

...I found myself, from the first day of March, 1869, in the face of an opportunity that affected me then and there as the happiest, the most interesting, the most alluring and beguiling, that could ever have opened before a somewhat disabled young man who was about to complete his twenty-sixth year.

......

I like to fairly hang about a particular small hour of that momentous March day—which I have glanced at too, I believe, on some other and less separated page than this—for the sake of the extraordinary gage of experience that it seemed on the spot to offer...And the small hour was just that of my having landed at Liverpool in the gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning and pursued, with immediate intensities of appreciation, as I may call the muffled accompaniment....

......

Recognition, I dare say, was what remained, through the adventure of the months to come, the liveliest principle at work...on things unforgotten and of a sense intensely cultivated and cherished from my younger time...

......

The trouble is that with these sacred spots, to later appreciation, the garden of youth is apt inordinately to bristle, and that one's account of them has to shake them together fairly hard, making a coherent thing of them, to profit by the contribution of each. 28

Parallel passages from the letters, the travel sketches, the Notebooks, the autobiographical writings, and novels and tales could be extended into a full-length study. This present study, "The Travel-Writings of Henry James," will be continued to form a second volume, "The Relation Between James's Travel-Writings and His Fiction."
NOTES

CHAPTER I

1. William Dean Howells, Tuscan Cities (Boston, 1900), p. 17.


3. Emerson first delivered as lectures in 1848 the essays in English Traits (Boston, 1888).

4. John Murray published the first of this type of handbook in 1836 (Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine), but Karl Baedeker followed suit in 1839 with Die Rheinlande. Of course travel guides had been in vogue since the sixteenth century, and Richard Lassels' The Voyage of Italy was the first guidebook of the modern type.


10. Ibid., pp. 25-39.


13. Quoted in James L. Woodress, Jr., Howells & Italy (Durham, 1952), Introduction.

14. Julian Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife; A Biography (Boston, 1885), II, 18.


19 For a complete list of these contributors see Marion Lumpkins Stiles, "Travel in the Life and Writings of William Dean Howells," Ph. D. Dissertation at the University of Texas (Austin, 1946), pp. 23-24.

20 Philip Rahv, Discovery of Europe (Boston, 1947), p. xi.

21 Kahrl, op. cit., p. v.

22 See also Jane Louise Mesick, The English Traveller in America, 1785-1835 (New York, 1922).


24 One of the most significant contributions of the French was that of Alexis De Tocqueville whose De la Democratie en Amerique (1835-1840) has become a standard work in a study of American literature.


26 Ferner Nuhn, The Wind Blew From the East (New York, 1940). For further discussion concerning these literary expatriates see Foreign Influences in American Life, edited by David F. Bowers (New York, 1952), and The Pilgrimage of Henry James by Van Wyck Brooks (London, 1928).

CHAPTER II


2 Ibid., pp. 276-277.

3 Ibid., p. 226.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid., p. 81.

6 Ibid., p. 83.

7 Ibid., p. 21.

8 Ibid., p. 35.


10 Ibid., pp. 35-36.

11 *A Small Boy and Others*, p. 338.

12 Ibid., pp. 351-352.

13 Ibid., p. 352.

14 Ibid., p. 350.

15 Ibid., pp. 283-284.

16 Ibid., p. 284.


18 *A Small Boy and Others*, p. 289.

19 James's mind was on travel during this period for he wrote a review of Howells's *Italian Journeys* (North American Review, January, 1868) and of Taine's *Italy, Rome and Naples* (*The Nation*, May 7, 1868).

20 *Notes of a Son and Brother*, p. 406.

21 Ibid., p. 411.


23 Ibid., p. 1.

24 Ibid., p. 7.

25 Ibid., pp. 6-7.


28 Ibid., I, p. 25.

29 Ibid.


31 Ralph Barton Perry, "Henry James in Italy," The Harvard Graduates' Magazine (June, 1933), p. 198. (Letter to William dated February 13, 1870)

32 Ibid.

33 The Thought and Character of William James, p. 310. (William's letter to Henry dated December 5, 1869)

34 Letters, I, p. 25.

35 The Thought and Character of William James, p. 313. (Letter to William dated December 27, 1869)

36 Ibid., pp. 303-304.

37 Ibid., p. 315. (Letter to his mother dated December 21, 1869)


39 Ibid., p. 27.

40 The Thought and Character of William James, pp. 318-319.

41 Henry James, Transatlantic Sketches (Boston, 1875), p. 254.


43 Ibid., p. 23.

44 Ibid., p. 346.

45 Ibid.

46 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 122.

47 Ibid., p. 231.

48 Ibid., p. 230.

49 Ibid., p. 231.
50 Ibid., pp. 230-231.
51 Ibid., p. 122.
52 Ibid., p. 141.
53 Ibid., pp. 146-147.
54 Ibid., p. 223.
55 Ibid., p. 381.
56 Ibid., pp. 222-223.
57 Ibid., p. 240.
58 Ibid., p. 338.
59 Ibid., p. 347.
60 Notebooks, p. 33.
61 Italian Hours, pp. 116-117.
62 Ibid., p. 117.
63 Ibid.
64 Notebooks, p. 30.
65 Transatlantic Sketches, pp. 346-347.
66 Ibid., p. 245.
67 Ibid., pp. 252-253.
68 Ibid., p. 248.
69 Ibid., pp. 173-174.
70 English Hours, p. 172.
71 Ibid.
72 Ibid., pp. 173; 179.
73 Italian Hours, p. 107.
74 Henry James, A Little Tour in France (London, 1900), p. 73.
75 Ibid., pp. 131-132.
76 Ibid., pp. 251-252.
78 Italian Hours, p. 28.
80 Italian Hours, p. 332.
81 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 190.
82 Ibid., p. 232.
83 Ibid., pp. 231-232.
84 Italian Hours, pp. 350-351.
85 A Little Tour in France, pp. 99-100.
86 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 345.
87 Ibid., pp. 227-228.
88 Henry James, Portraits of Places (Boston, 1884), pp. 64-65.
89 Letters, I, p. 20.
90 Portraits of Places (1884), p. 65.
91 Ibid., pp. 66-67.
92 In addition to Murray, James also relied upon the guides of M. Joanne, M. Du Pays, and others.
93 A Little Tour in France, p. 97.
94 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 389.
95 A Little Tour in France, p. 81.
96 Ibid., p. 173.
97 Ibid.
99 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 175.
102 Italian Hours, p. 64.
103 Ibid., p. 67.
104 Ibid., p. 259.
105 Ibid., p. 326.
106 Notebooks, p. 39.
107 Ibid.
108 Transatlantic Sketches, pp. 245-246.
CHAPTER III

1 James no doubt would have been pleased to have his letters included for he had a very high opinion of letter-writing. "Good letters are the most entertaining reading...in the world," he once remarked (The New York Daily Tribune, Saturday, July 1, 1876, p. 3).

2 The Thought and Character of William James, p. 309.

3 Ibid., p. 316.

4 Ibid., p. 310.

5 Ibid., pp. 311-312.

6 Ibid., p. 312.

7 Ibid., pp. 313-314.

8 Transatlantic Sketches, pp. 212-229.

9 Letters, I, pp. 24-25.

10 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 189.

11 Ibid., p. 190.


13 Ibid., p. 211.

14 The Thought and Character of William James, p. 304.

15 Ibid., pp. 304-305.

16 Italian Hours, pp. 57-58.

17 The Thought and Character of William James, p. 297.

18 Letters, I, pp. 28-29.

19 James was working in the picturesque tradition which was still in vogue during his day; even William used the word in his letters.


21 Ibid., p. 484.

22 Ibid., p. 477.

23 Ibid., p. 474-475.

24 Ibid., p. 472.
26 Ibid., p. 478.
27 Ibid., p. 475.
28 Ibid.
29 Ibid., p. 476.
30 Ibid., p. 485.
31 Ibid., p. 486.
32 Ibid., p. 470.
33 Ibid.
34 Ibid., p. 496.
37 Ibid., p. 360.
38 Ibid., p. 362.
39 Ibid., p. 356.
40 Ibid.
41 The American Scene, p. 490.
43 Ibid., p. 363.
44 See the Bibliography for a partial list of other writers of travel sketches during this same period.
45 The guidebooks of the period, as well as the sketches of other travel writers of the period, indicate that James followed the beaten path fairly closely on this first Grand Tour.
46 This sketch, however, is dated 1873 in Italian Hours.
47 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 327.
48 Ibid., p. 222.
49 Ibid., p. 291.
50 Ibid., p. 361.
67 He remarked in November, 1873, that if he "had fifty thousand dollars," he would "certainly buy, for fancy's sake, an Italian villa." (Transatlantic Sketches, p. 208).
77. Ibid., p. 47.
78 Ibid., p. 48.
79 Ibid.
80 Ibid., p. 53.
81 Ibid., p. 60.
82 Ibid., p. 66.
83 Ibid., p. 235.
84 Ibid., p. 235.
85 Ibid., p. 236.
86 Ibid., p. 241.
87 Ibid., p. 242.
88 Ibid., p. 243.
89 Ibid., p. 247.
90 Ibid., p. 251.
91 Ibid., p. 75.
92 Ibid., p. 76.
93 Ibid., pp. 79-80.
94 Ibid., p. 80.
95 Ibid., p. 78.
96 Ibid., p. 82.
97 Ibid.
98 Ibid., p. 83.
99 Ibid.
100 Ibid., p. 84.
101 Ibid., p. 87.
102 Ibid., p. 90.
103 Ibid., p. 93.
104 Ibid., p. 97.
105 Ibid.
106 Ibid., p. 96.
107 Ibid., p. 190.
108 Ibid., p. 112.
109 Ibid., p. 126.
110 Ibid.
111 Ibid.
112 Ibid., p. 130.
113 Ibid., p. 132.
114 Ibid.
115 Ibid., p. 152.
116 Ibid., pp. 212-213.
117 Ibid., p. 129.
118 Ibid., p. 126.
119 Ibid., p. 271.
120 Ibid., p. 273.
121 Ibid., p. 276.
122 Ibid., p. 259.
123 Ibid.
124 Ibid., p. 163-164.
125 Ibid., p. 153.
126 Ibid., p. 330.
127 Ibid., pp. 336-337.
128 Ibid., p. 337.
129 Portraits of Places, (1884) p. 55.
130 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 196.
131 Ibid., p. 221.
132 Ibid., p. 112.
133 Ibid., p. 359.
134 Ibid.
135 Ibid., pp. 359-360.
136 Ibid., pp. 360-361.

137 James thought M. Feydeau's travel sketches of Germany—Homburg in particular—"superficial." He formed the habit of reading rather widely in travel literature and suggested that other travellers do likewise.

138 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 360.
139 Ibid., p. 362.
140 Ibid., p. 365.
141 Ibid., p. 376.
142 Ibid., p. 381.
143 Ibid., p. 385.
144 Ibid., p. 395.
145 Ibid., pp. 98-99.
146 A Small Boy and Others, p. 261.
147 James wrote at least six essays regarding the French and English theatres, and, of course, he referred often throughout his writings not only to dramatists and actors but also to the drama of life.

149 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 99.
150 Ibid., p. 104.
151 Ibid., p. 102.
152 James used this same technique in the short story "A Passionate Pilgrim," which appeared in The Atlantic Monthly in March and April of 1871.

153 Transatlantic Sketches, pp. 7-8.
154 Ibid., p. 127.
155 Ibid., p. 181.
156 Ibid., p. 262.
157 Ibid., p. 181.

158 James had considered this year as an apprenticeship period: to establish himself as a man of letters and to determine whether or not Europe was the place in which he could do his best work.
CHAPTER IV

1 A Small Boy and Others, p. 280.

2 James's father also contributed to The New York Daily Tribune, and he was a friend of the editor.

3 Mervyn Jones-Evans says on this point: "But what he particularly derived from his sojourn in Paris was a sense of analysis. This essentially French faculty, which played such an important role throughout his work, enabled him to lead the novel into a channel hitherto completely unknown and to produce those fascinating prefaces to the collected edition of his works which are something unique in Anglo-Saxon literature." ("Henry James's Year in France," Horizon, Vol. XIV, 79, July, 1946, p. 60).

4 Letters, I, pp. 45-46.

5 All of these letters were printed in the Saturday edition, and all appeared on page 3. The date of composition was indicated, which was often two weeks prior to the publication date.

6 It is interesting to remember that although James grew weary of the "wares" of the French writers, two-thirds of his literary criticism is concerned with the leading French writers of his day.

7 The New York Daily Tribune, December 11, 1875.

8 Ibid.

9 Ibid.

10 In Transatlantic Sketches James states that he went to the Apollo in Rome to hear Rossini in "Othello." He jotted down his opinion of the performance: "...brilliant audience...Rossi is both very bad and very good; bad where anything like taste and discretion is required, but quite tremendous in violent passion. The last act was really moving..." (p. 206).


12 Ibid., January 8, 1876.

13 Ibid.

14 Ibid., February 5, 1876.

15 Ibid.

16 Ibid.

17 Ibid., March 4, 1876.

18 Ibid.
19 Ibid., February 5, 1876.
20 Ibid., February 19, 1876.
21 Ibid., April 22, 1876.
22 Ibid., May 27, 1876.
23 Ibid., May 13, 1876.
24 Ibid., January 22, 1876.
25 Ibid., May 13, 1876.
26 Ibid.
27 These sketches are titled "Chartres," "Rouen," and "Etretat" in Portraits of Places.
29 Ibid., p. 170.
30 Ibid.
31 Ibid., p. 173.
32 Ibid., p. 180.
33 Ibid., p. 184.
34 Ibid., p. 185.
35 Ibid., p. 171.
36 Ibid., p. 190.
37 Ibid., p. 195.
39 Ibid., p. 166.
40 Ibid., pp. 169-170.
41 Ibid., pp. 170-171.
42 Ibid., p. 172.
43 Ibid., p. 175.
44 Ibid., p. 177.
60 *A Little Tour in France*, p. 56.
64 Pennell, *op. cit.*, p. 265.
65 *A Little Tour in France*, p. 85.
73 Ibid., p. 201.
74 Ibid., p. 165.
75 Ibid., p. 162.
76 Ibid., p. 53.
77 Ibid., p. 35.
78 Ibid., pp. 269–270.
80 Notebooks, p. 28.
81 Ibid., p. 27.
82 See Le Roy Phillips, A Bibliography of Henry James (Boston, 1906) for a list of the works James produced during this period. I was unable to secure by Inter-Library Loan the 1930 edition of Mr. Phillips' work. Mr. Leon Edel is preparing a new bibliography of James's works for publication in June, 1955.
83 Of course there had been a reprint of Transatlantic Sketches by Tuchnitz.
84 Mr. Pennell illustrated several travel books during the last half of the nineteenth century. In addition to three of James's travel books, he illustrated Howells's Italian Journeys and Hon. J. Hay's Castillian Days.
85 Notebooks, p. 325.
86 Italian Hours, pp. 259–260.
87 English Hours, p. 142.
88 Ibid., p. 117.
89 Ibid., p. 118.
90 Ibid., pp. 120–121.
91 Ibid., p. 128.
92 Ibid., p. 131.
93 Ibid., pp. 135–137.
94 Ibid., pp. 150–151.
95 The Galaxy, XXV (August, 1877), p. 150.
96 Ibid., XXIII (May, 1877), pp. 661–670.
When the essay appeared in *The Nation* for September 26, 1878, it was entitled "London in the Dead Season."

*English Hours*, pp. 159-160.
124 Ibid., p. 58.
125 The Galaxy, XXIV (December, 1877), p. 778.
126 Italian Hours, p. 362.
127 Ibid., p. 217.
128 Henry James, William Wetmore Story and His Friends (Boston, 1903), Vol. I, p. 95.
129 A Small Boy and Others, p. 391.
130 Italian Hours, p. 364.
132 Ibid., p. 82.
133 Ibid., p. 84.
134 Ibid., p. 86.
135 Ibid., pp. 88-89.
136 Ibid., p. 89.
137 Ibid., pp. 109-110.
138 Letters, I, p. 57.
140 Ibid.
141 Ibid.
142 Italian Hours, p. 20.
143 Ibid., p. 28.
144 Ibid., p. 34.
145 Ibid., p. 40.
146 Ibid., p. 41.
147 Ibid., p. 77.
148 Ibid., p. 42.
150 Ibid.
151 Ibid., p. 48-49.
152 Ibid., p. 44.
153 Italian Hours, p. 64.
154 Transatlantic Sketches (1875), Portraits of Places (1883), A Little Tour in France (1900) and English Hours (1905).
155 Italian Hours, p. 216.
156 Ibid.
157 Ibid., p. 216.
158 Ibid., pp. 216-217.
159 Ibid., pp. 224-225.
160 Ibid., p. 227.
161 Ibid.
162 Ibid., p. 262.
163 Ibid., p. 263.
164 Ibid., p. 265.
165 Ibid., p. 261.
166 Ibid., pp. 333-334.
167 Ibid., p. 319.
168 Ibid., pp. 319-320.
169 Ibid., p. 321.
170 Ibid., pp. 356-357.
171 Ibid., pp. 221-222.
172 Ibid., p. 221.
173 Ibid., p. 359.
174 The New York Daily Tribune, April 22, 1876.
175 Italian Hours, p. 362.
176 With Howells landscape was always in the background.
177 Italian Hours, p. 69.
178 Ibid., p. 227.
179 Ibid.
180 Ibid., p. 345.
CHAPTER V

1 As an example see Plates I and II of the "Very Modern Rome" manuscript (between pages 128-129) in the Harvard Library Bulletin VIII, 2 (Spring, 1954).

2 "Note" to English Hours, p. vi.

3 English Hours, p. 8.

4 In Italian Hours "Siena" became "Siena Early and Late," pp. 246-268.

5 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 269.

6 Italian Hours, p. 269.

7 Ibid., p. 244.

8 Ibid., p. 237.

9 See p. 235 of Transatlantic Sketches for a description of the people as bear-like citizens.

10 pp. 127-130 of Transatlantic Sketches omitted in the Italian Hours version.

11 Italian Hours, p. 94.

12 Ibid., p. 90.

13 Ibid.

14 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 132.

15 Italian Hours, pp. 151-152.

16 Ibid., pp. 43-44.

17 Portraits of Places (1884), p. 60; Italian Hours, p. 124.

18 Ibid., p. 74; Ibid., p. 134.

19 Ibid., p. 48; Ibid., p. 114.

20 Ibid., p. 24; Ibid., p. 19.

21 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 74; Ibid., p. 85.

22 Ibid., p. 314.

23 Italian Hours, p. 308.

24 Ibid., p. 232; Transatlantic Sketches, p. 217.

25 Ibid., p. 179; Ibid., p. 167.
26 **Transatlantic Sketches**, pp. 88, 130, 311, 165, 187, 334 respectively; **Italian Hours**, pp. 55, 149, 304, 178, 195, 340 respectively.

27 **Portraits of Places (1884)**, p. 21; **Italian Hours**, p. 17.  
**Ibid.**, p. 25; **Ibid.**, p. 20.  
**Ibid.**, p. 68; **Ibid.**, p. 129.

28 **Transatlantic Sketches**, p. 71; **Italian Hours**, p. 83.


31 **Ibid.**, p. 111.

32 **Italian Hours**, pp. 136-137.

33 **Ibid.**, p. 190.

34 **Ibid.**, p. 60.

35 **Ibid.**, p. 100.

36 **Ibid.**

37 **Ibid.**, pp. 228-229.

38 **Ibid.**, p. 10.

39 **Ibid.**
CHAPTER VI

1 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 365.


3 William Dean Howells, Roman Holidays and Others (New York, 1908), p. 27.

4 Portraits of Places (1884), pp. 48-49.

5 Howells, op. cit., p. 2.

6 Ibid.

7 Marius Bewley has demonstrated the similarities between Hawthorne and James, as well as their "Americanness." (The Complex Fate, London, 1952), pp. 5-35.

8 Transatlantic Sketches, p. 25.

9 A Small Boy and Others, p. 411.

10 Italian Hours, p. 351.

11 Ibid., p. 116.

12 A Small Boy and Others, p. 405.

13 Finch, op. cit., p. 25.

14 Mervyn-Jones, op. cit., p. 60.


18 The Middle Years, pp. 54-55.

19 Ibid., p. 55.

20 Italian Hours, p. 244.

21 Ibid., p. 73.

22 Bewley, op. cit., p. 31.

23 The American Scene, p. 226.


26 _Letters_, I, p. 15.

27 _English Hours_, pp. 1-2.

28 _The Middle Years_, pp. 3; 4-5; 7; 9-10.
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Note: Although not all of the items cited in this bibliography have been used in the footnotes of this paper, each book or article has been examined in preparation for this study.