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The Cambridge History of American Literature

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PREFACE

THE Cambridge History of American Literature was originally planned to appear in two volumes, but the abundance of the material submitted, particularly for the bibliographies, led the publishers to extend the work to three. The division into volumes is therefore fortuitous and should not be taken to offer a classification of the subject.

In the second volume, and still more in the third, which is expected to appear shortly, we have found increasing difficulty with the problem of how far to include living writers, some of whom could not be omitted without making the record obviously inadequate. We have felt justified in dealing with certain contemporaries who before 1900 had written notable books and exerted an important influence in our literary history, even where, as for example in the case of Professor Brander Matthews, they have been as contributors associated with the present work, to its profit and to our pleasure.

The Editors.

1 May, 1918
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CHAPTER X

Thoreau

THE life of a village community is not seldom enriched by the inclusion of a rebel, an original who refuses obstinately to conform to type, and succeeds in following out his idea, in contrast to the humdrum routine of his fellows. When the community happens to be Concord, the picturesque and historic village where the Revolution began, the Weimar of American literature, and when the rebel happens to be an American faun, the conjunction must result in no ordinary enrichment. There on 12 July, 1817, just after the second war with Britain, David Henry Thoreau was born to a small farmer and artisan who kept a shop and painted signs. The French-looking surname came by way of the Channel Islands, for the author’s grandfather was born in Jersey, and, in spite of his British origin, had served as a sailor in a Continental privateer. Thoreau passed his life in the village of his birth, and now his name is indissolubly associated with it.

For a generation which plumes itself upon its “breadth,” no slight effort is needed to picture the life of a typical New England village before the Transcendental movement had broken up the hard old Puritanic crust. It was a rigid and limited life made up of work, thrift, duty, and meetings. Caricatured and ridiculed though it be, that old stern life moulded men and women of the toughest moral and intellectual fibre. Puritanism was an intellectual creed, and led directly to the cultivation of the intellect. The minister and the schoolmaster were twin ruling powers. None questioned the value of education; it was almost a fetish. So as a child in a Puritan community, Henry Thoreau followed the regu-
Thoreau

lar routine of the common school until he was ripe for the university.

Thoreau became a man of letters, but he was also a wild man, a faun; he became Emerson's man, and—although it is rather difficult to fit into the picture—he was a Harvard man. He went up at sixteen and took his degree at twenty. His portrait at this time shows a smooth, grave face dominated by a Roman nose and overhung by a bush of fine brown hair. What benefit he derived from his college years is a matter both of record and of inference. "What I was learning in college was chiefly, I think, to express myself," he writes five years after leaving Harvard. Perhaps the most significant memorial of his college career is the Latin letter he wrote to his sister Helen, in 1840. It gave him pleasure to use the language of Virgil and Cicero, for one of the many paradoxes in Thoreau's life was the union of true American contempt for tradition with an unaffected love of the classics. After a diatribe against the narrow religiosity of New England, he draws breath to praise "the Ionian father of the rest," with the enthusiasm of Keats.

There are few books which deserve to be remembered in our wisest hours, but the Iliad is brightest in the serenest days, and embodies still all the sunlight that fell in Asia Minor. No modern joy or ecstasy of ours can lower its height, or dim its lustre, but there it lies in the east of literature, as it were the earliest and latest production of the mind.

From the wildwood simplicity of Walden, he startles the reader with deliverances which might have come from the Bodleian.

Those who have not learned to read the ancient classics in the language in which they were written must have a very imperfect knowledge of the history of the human race. . . . Homer has never been printed in English, nor Æschylus, nor Virgil even,—works as refined, as solidly done, as beautiful almost as the morning itself; for later writers, say what we will of their genius, have rarely if ever equalled the elaborate beauty and finish and the lifelong and heroic literary labours of the ancients.

Thoreau translated the Prometheus Vinctus and tried his hand at Findar. His pages are sown with classical allusions and
Thoreau’s Reading

quotations. The sunset at Cape Cod brings a line of Homer into his memory “with a rush,” as the shining torch of the sun falls into the ocean. He has words of just appreciation for Anacreon. His odes charm us by their serenity and freedom from exaggeration and passion, and by a certain flower-like beauty, which does not propose itself, but must be approached and studied like a natural object.

Such genuine admiration for Greek genius is rare at any time, and certainly not many American hands could have been busy translating Æschylus, Pindar, and Anacreon in the hurried forties and fifties of the nineteenth century. This large and solid academic basis for Thoreau’s culture is not generally observed. His devotion to the Greeks rings truer than his various utterances on Indian literature and philosophy. Besides, he was well seen in the English classics from Chaucer downwards. A few pages of A Week yield quotations from Emerson, Ovid, Quarelz, Channing, Relations des Jemuits, Gower, Lydgate, Virgil, Tennyson, Percy’s Reliques, Byron, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Simonides. As Lowell remarks, “His literature was extensive and recondite.” The truth is, Thoreau was a man of letters, whose great ambition was to study and to write books.

During and after his college career, Thoreau taught school, like the hero of Elsie Venner. He is quite frank about this episode. “As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure.” Brief as was his apprenticeship to the schoolmaster trade, one might possibly conjecture that it left some mark upon him. The many citations of recondite literature do not escape the suspicion of parade and pedantry. There is a certain gusto with which he inserts the botanical name of a plant after the picturesque vernacular, and distinguishes between Rana palustris and Rana pipiens. In general, the tone he adopts towards the world is that of the pedagogue dealing habitually with inferior minds.

After his college days comes an episode which his biographers seem inclined to slur over, perhaps from a false sense of the dignity of biography, and that is the two years, from 25 April,
Thoreau

1841, to May, 1843, which Thoreau spent under Emerson's roof. By the time Thoreau left Harvard, Emerson had become a power in the spiritual life of America. His brief career as a Unitarian minister was already far behind him; he had made his pilgrimage to Europe; he had penetrated the wilds of Scotland to Craigenputtock because one Thomas Carlyle, another unrecognized genius, lived there. He had given in Boston those lectures on Great Men and The Philosophy of History which foreshadow the great address commonly called the declaration of independence for American literature. He had brought out his Scottish friend's odd book, Sartor Resartus, a publication which accelerated the Transcendental movement. Emerson discovered the youth Thoreau as a true poet, and communicated the discovery in a letter to Carlyle. Thoreau became a member of Emerson's household, apparently as general "help," a relationship which all Americans will understand but which will be the despair of Europeans.

The most practical and handy person in all matters of every day life, a good mechanic and gardener, methodical in his habits, observant and kindly in the domestic world, is the character Emerson gives him. There must have been a cash nexus, but the essence of the relationship was the tie uniting master and pupil, sage and disciple. This long and close association with the great literary force of that time had no slight effect in moulding Thoreau's character and determining his bent.

His biographer, who knew him personally, says that he imitated Emerson's tones and manners so that it was annoying to listen to him.

The imitation of Emerson in Thoreau's writing is equally apparent. Lowell saw and condemned it in his criticism of A Week. In prose there is the sentence which reads like an oracle. It may be the profoundest wisdom, or it may be the merest matter of moonshine. When Thoreau writes "Ancient history has an air of antiquity," or, "Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand," the critic can only fall

* See Book II, Chap. xx.
Opposition to Puritanism

back on the Gilbertian comment upon the young man who "expresses himself in terms too deep for me." The imitation of Emerson’s poetry is even more marked and results in what Lowell calls Thoreau’s "worsification." He had no candid friend to tell him what Dryden told "Cousin Swift." There was, on the other hand, no little benefit in mere contact with such a personality as Emerson, much more in continual and close intercourse with him. The stimulus to thought must have been most potent, and Emerson’s influence could not but stiffen Thoreau in his natural independence and confirm him in his design of living his own life.

The village rebel who will not conform rebels first against the local religion. It is the obvious thing to rebel against. What Thoreau dissented from was New England Puritanism, as is plainly shown in "Sunday" of A Week. The atmosphere of that lost religion hangs about the letter of his roommate at Harvard, who became a minister in due course. One thinks of the letters young Mr. Tennyson of Trinity was exchanging with other Cambridge "Apostles" about the same time. The salutation is "Friend Thoreau," which seems to have been the accepted convention at the time. Perhaps the most significant sentence in it runs:

I hear that you are comfortably located in your native town, as the guardian of its children, in the immediate vicinity, I suppose, of one of our most distinguished apostles of the future, R. W. Emerson, and situated under the ministry of our old friend Reverend Barzillai Frost, to whom please make my remembrances.

It does not appear that Thoreau after reaching manhood was ever "situated under the ministry" of the Reverend Barzillai Frost. In "Civil Disobedience," he writes:

Some years ago, the State met me on behalf of the Church and commanded me to pay a certain sum toward the support of a clergyman, whose preaching my father attended, but never I myself. "Pay" it said, "or be locked up in jail." I declined to pay. But unfortunately, another man saw fit to pay it.

The recusant even rendered the authorities a reason in writing for his recusancy.
Thoreau

Know all men by these presents that I Henry Thoreau do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined.

Opposition to the State followed naturally on opposition to the Church. To his honour, Thoreau took a stand against slavery when it was anything but popular to do so, even in the State of Massachusetts. In all his words on this theme there is a fire not to be found elsewhere. What roused him was the spectacle of fugitive slaves escaping to the free North, and, through the action of Northern courts, dragged back into slavery. The State was clearly in the wrong; Thoreau, in his own phrase, "declared war on the State," by refusing to pay his poll-tax. He believed that such passive resistance by a number of taxpayers would bring about the abolition of slavery. He was therefore quite consistent with himself when he stood forth from the crowd as the champion of John Brown in his history-making raid on Harper's Ferry. Public opinion, North and South, condemned the raid as the outrage of a fanatic attempting to kindle a servile war. Thoreau was of the remnant who saw its true bearing.

It was in the first year of his Walden hermitage that Thoreau was arrested and lodged in jail for refusing to pay his poll-tax. He tells how he was going to the cobbler's, with a shoe to be mended, when the Law laid hold of him, how he spent the evening very pleasantly with the other inmates of the lock-up, how he was released next morning, and immediately started off with aerry-picking party. This "grand refusal" struck the imagination of Stevenson, who considers it the most significant act of Thoreau, and more important than his retreat in Walden. A parallel might be found in Stevenson's account of his brief incarceration in a French prison in the epilogue to An Inland Voyage. Again, some friend paid Thoreau's poll-tax for him, but he never wavered in his reasoned policy of passive resistance to an unjust, slavery-supporting State. At the same time, he never refused to pay the highway tax, because, "I am as desirous of being a good neighbour as I am of being a bad subject." "I simply wish," he continues, "to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually."
Opposition to Society

His next step was a more remote withdrawal, an attempt to stand aloof from his kind. It was an attempt to live by himself and to himself, in fact, to turn modern hermit. Apparently the idea had long been germinating in his mind. On that far-off Harvard commencement of 1837, he took part in a "conference," an obsolete academic exercise resembling a medieval "disputation." He took one side of an argument and a fellow-student, afterwards a judge, maintained the opposite. The subject debated was "The Commercial Spirit." In his set speech, the grave, shock-headed graduate from Concord suggested that the order of things should be somewhat reversed; the seventh should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul—in which to range this widespread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of Nature.

The young collegian's division of time may have provoked a smile, but the day was to come when he was to make the actual experiment. Thoreau had turned against the Church, he had turned against the State, and now he turned against organized society. He perceived that man was bound to the wheel of circumstance, he was the passive, unquestioning slave of a vain and sordid routine. One man at least would wrench himself free from the mill at which he saw his fellows ceaselessly toiling. He would carry out his boyhood's dream, and, by reorganization of his life, obtain freedom for the things that matter. By making life more simple, he would cheat circumstance and really begin to live.

I dream of looking abroad summer and winter, with free gaze from some mountainside, while my eyes resolve in an Egyptian slime of health—I to be nature looking into nature with such easy sympathy as the blue-eyed grass in the meadow looks in the face of the sky. From such recess, I would put forth sublime thoughts daily, as the plant puts forth leaves.

It only remained to choose his "recess." Apparently the suggestion as to the particular recess came from his friend, Channing, who writes,
Thoreau

I see nothing for you in this earth but that field which I once christened "Briars"; go out upon that, build yourself a hut, and there begin the grand process of devouring yourself alive.

Thoreau was a natural ascetic. He ate little flesh meat, but subsisted almost entirely on vegetable food; he drank nothing but water; he never married. He refers in a letter to a nameless lady who wished to marry him, and he calls the inverted courtship "tragic." In the Age of Faith he would have fled to the wilderness for the same reason that he built his hut by Walden pond, in order to save his soul. Salvation for him meant escape from endless labour for the acquisition of useless things. By another paradox of his career, he freed himself from New England thrift by being still more thrifty. By denying himself and faring more scantily than his neighbours, he secured leisure for pursuits they could not comprehend. Thoreau is a prophet of the simple life, perhaps the first in America. He uses the very term.

I do believe in simplicity. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation from all encumbrances, and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real.

He was preaching to his friend Blake what he had already practised. He had felled the pines with his borrowed axe, and dug his cellar, and built his

tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite.

It was a little smaller than the room he occupied at Harvard. The materials cost less than twenty-nine dollars; and by cultivating beans and other vegetables he was able to support himself at an annual expense of a little more than eight dollars. This was removing the encumbrances from the equation, with a vengeance, but Thoreau could make a "dinner" of berries. The experiment lasted from March, 1845, until September, 1847, and then having satisfied himself that the thing could be done, he gave it up.
Two years later, Thoreau published his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. The actual voyage was performed by the two brothers Henry and John in the late summer of 1839 in a boat of their own making, "painted green below with a border of blue, with reference to the two elements in which it was to spend its existence." During his Walden retirement, Thoreau worked over the original record of his pleasant outing, expanding it greatly by the inclusion of very various material, and had it published at his own risk by Monroe in 1849. It was the year of the Argonauts, of the gold-rush to California, and such literary treasure as the odd book contained was not much regarded. Though favourably reviewed by Ripley and by Lowell, it did not please the public, and over seven hundred copies out of an impression of one thousand were thrown back on the author's hands. It is another of the paradoxes of Thoreau's career that since his death, this failure has been edited with almost benedictine care.

Lowell's praise of *A Week* can hardly be termed excessive. After dwelling on its weak points, its lack of unity, its imitation of Emerson, its dolorous verse, he continues,

the prose work is done conscientiously and neatly. The style is compact and the language has an antique purity like wine grown colourless with age.

The truth is that Thoreau with all his genuine appreciation of the classics never learned their lessons of proportion, restraint, "nothing too much." Nor was the example of his master Emerson likely to correct his own tendency to formlessness. The principle of selection is absent. The week's excursion is only an excuse for including Emersonian essays on friendship and chastity, or dissertations on the Laws of Menu, or translations of Anacreon, till the reader asks resentfully what they are doing in this dory-modelled gallery, painted green below with a border of blue, on the Merrimack and Concord, lucid streams. If he had possessed the artistic instinct of Stevenson, or had undergone Stevenson's rigid self-imposed discipline in the writer's craft, he might have made *A Week* as complete a little masterpiece as *An Inland Voyage*. *A Week* fails on ac-
Thoreau

count of its scattering aim. It is neither a record of a week's excursion, nor a book of essays, but a jumble of the two. Thoreau's American contempt for tradition accounts for the artistic failure.

Where Thoreau is not the transcendental essayist, but the first-hand observer of nature, he is delightful. When discoursing on such a theme as the common sunfish, the reader wishes he would never end.

The breams are so careful of their charge that you may stand close by in the water and examine them at your leisure. I have stood over them half an hour at a time, and stroked them familiarly without frightening them, suffering them to nibble my fingers harmlessly, and seen them erect their dorsal fins in anger when my hand approached their ova, and have even gently taken them out of the water with my hand. . . . As you stand thus stooping over the bream in its nest, the edges of the dorsal and caudal fins have a singular dusty golden reflection, and its eyes, which stand out from its head, are transparent and colourless. Seen in its native element, it is a very beautiful and compact fish, perfect in all its parts, and looks like a brilliant coin fresh from the mint.

If the whole book had been of this texture, it would be a classic. Another element in the book which Thoreau valued slightly—those incidental glimpses of a vanished America—will be prized by later generations. His accounts of the mountain people he discovered, of the girl combing her black hair, of his surly host, Rice, and his strange inn, of the old farmer praying in the dim morning pasture, of the canal boatmen, of the lockmen's house, and the small-voiced but sincere hospitality of the Yankee housewife offering the obsolete refreshment of "molasses and ginger," read like pages Irving forgot to put into The Sketch Book. These things are seen with the naturalist's clear grave eyes and recorded in plain words with no attempt at oracular profundity. For the sake of more such true pictures of reality, how gladly would the modern reader forego the disquisitions on Persius and Ossian.

The next year, 1850, Thoreau and his friend Channing made a brief raid across the border into Quebec, though the record of his experience was not published until 1866, with the title A Yankee in Canada. Stevenson found the book dull.
Thoreau in Canada

Still, it has an interest of its own for the light it sheds on Thoreau's peculiar temperamnet, and particularly on his robust Americanism, a sentiment based on traditional dislike of Britain and on contempt for monarchy as an effete institution. Patriotism is a curious passion. It does not seem possible to love one's own country except by hating some other country. Emerson defines Thoreau almost in these terms:

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversion from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt.

With no great love for the institutions of his own land, he showed his instinctive preference for them during his one brief sojourn under an alien flag. His attitude throughout is one of consistent patronage to all he sees and hears. The red-coats in the citadel at Quebec have the manhood drilled out of them. Britain, he believes, is "red in the knuckles" with holding on to the Canadas, and must soon relax her grasp. Towards the great mystery of historical Christianity, he is equally contemptuous. The devout worshippers in the Cathedral at Montreal, absorbed in prayer and regardless of gazing strangers, suggest the parallel of his fellow Yankees going to meeting on a week-day, after the cattle-fair. The Sisters of Charity whom he saw in the street looked as if they had cried their eyes out, "insulting the daylight with their presence." That the soldier and the religious had something valuable to which he was a stranger, never occurred to him. In other words, he was blind to the romance of war and the poetry of faith. Even the natural courtesy of the habitants seems to him mere servility. For the American of Thoreau's generation, history began with the musketry of the embattled farmers at Concord bridge. Before that day, there was only a dark welter of wicked kings and mad tories. These limitations prevented him from realizing, as Parkman did, the epic struggle which ended on the Plains of Abraham. He indeed transcribes the inscription on the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, but the splendour and pathos of their fate leave him unmoved. Still, this rigid and narrow provincialism gives salt to his books and explains his revolt against convention.
It was his Americanism which drove Thoreau to realize himself in his own way.

In 1854, Thoreau published the book by which he will always be best known, *Walden, or Life in the Woods*. It is by far the deepest, richest, and most closely jointed of his books. It shows Thoreau at his best, and contains all that he had to say to the world. In fact, he is a man of one book, and that book is *Walden*. In plan, it is open to the same objection as *A Week*, and might almost plead guilty to the charge of obtaining a hearing under false pretences. "Life in the woods" suggests the atmosphere of *As You Like It* and the Robin Hood ballads, but not moralizings on economy and the duty of being yourself. The reader who takes up the book with the idea that he is going to enjoy another *Robinson Crusoe* will not be pleased to find that every now and then he will have to listen to a lay sermon, or a lyceum lecture.

Still it is the adventurous, *Robinson Crusoe* part that is imperishable. How a man resolved to live in a new way, how he borrowed an axe and began felling pines on the ground that sloped southward to a wonderful pond, how he trimmed his rafters, dug his cellar, bought an Irish labourer's shanty, transported the materials to a new site and raised the frame, appeal to the open-air instinct of every man. Even how he maintained the fire on the hearth, and grubbed out the fat pine roots to feed it, are matters of absorbing interest. His struggle with the weeds and poor soil of the two-acre patch on which he raised his beans and potatoes, every item of his various accounts, his food, his daily routine, his house-cleaning, have the fascination of a narrative by Defoe. The reader follows the solitary in his swim across the lake, or through the wood to the village, or about the hut, or along the rows of beans, with a zest he can hardly explain to himself. The reason is that Henry Thoreau in Walden wood is the same as the mariner of York on the Island of Desolation; he represents once more the struggle of primitive man to obtain food and shelter, in fact the epic of civilization. The interest of the theme is perennial.

*Walden* is also the memorial of an American faun, of a wild man who lived in the woods, who carried an umbrella like Robinson Crusoe, to weatherfend his head, and used a microscope to study insects with. About the same time, just after
Life at Walden

leaving Harvard, Thoreau found his first arrowhead and began his first journal, and the two streams of tendency ran side by side in his nature till the end. Intercourse with nature was even more necessary to Thoreau than intercourse with books. Intercourse with human beings he thought he did not need, but he was always tramping off to the village for a chat. He was not a real solitary, for visitors were always coming to view the progress of the odd experiment in living. Still Thoreau differed widely from the ordinary gregarious man in that he could manage to be alone for long periods with the woods and the sky. A friend called him a poet-naturalist; but the description is not exact. He hardly views nature as a poet, and he is surpassed by not a few observers of nature, who have had the stimulus of Darwin. The merely pictorial in nature does not much interest him, probably because he had seen no pictures. To Thoreau nature is no divinity as she is to Wordsworth; she is simply the pleasantest of companions, or rather the pleasantest environment for a natural man. In a house, in a town, he is like a creature caged. It is characteristic that after swimming across the lake, he would sit in his doorway all morning, "in a wise passiveness," as Wordsworth would term it. So wild creatures live in the wild, when not hunger-driven. The wild things found him to be of their own kind; a mouse made friends with him, a hen partridge led her brood about his hut, he could take a fish out of the water in his hand. Thoreau is perhaps the first to suggest the pleasure of hunting animals without a gun, of learning about them without any desire to kill. He was not influenced by Darwin, or such a conception as the struggle for existence. Nature to him was not red in tooth and claw with ravin; it was a gentle, friendly, peaceful alternative to the mean greed and futile toil of man. The atmosphere of Walden is always serene and free from cloud or storm. Rain and winter come in their season; but they never seem to touch him; the rain does not wet, and the winter does not chill. There may be a thousand nooks in New England more beautiful than Walden, but they remain unknown, while the pine-clad slope which this strange being discovered and haunted for two years is charted as a permanent addition to the world-wide map of Romance.

Thoreau has two styles, the oracular and the simple; and
in *Walden* the simple prevails. Like the water of the pond, it is clear, colourless and wholesome. Thoreau is a careful writer, with an instinct for the right word which was developed and strengthened by a lifelong devotion to the best books. His love of the classics must have tended to purify his style and increase its natural dignity. *Walden* is generally free from oracular phrases and grotesque locutions like “eyes revolve in an Egyptian slime of health.” It must always retain the deep unfailing value of all autobiography, personal memoirs, “confessions.” The record of a life will never fail of an audience. When a man declares, “Thus I did, thus I thought, thus I felt,” other men are always eager to attend his tale.

The Walden experiment was not unlike the other Transcendental experiment of Brook Farm. Both were declarations of independence; both were attempts to place life on a new basis; both broke down. The Greek dog-sage in his tub, the English Quaker in his suit of leather, the Yankee land-surveyor in his wooden hut are three object lessons to the world of the ancient truth that “a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth.” The Walden experiment is open to all the criticism of Lowell: “it presupposed all the complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured.” Even for Thoreau it was not a success. In the first year, his Homer lay open on the table, but he was so busy that he could only read it by snatches; in the second year, he was forced to set up a prosaic stove in the place of the romantic fire-place. Thoreau’s ideal of a world of book men, or contemplatives, is a dream. Still, the experience of the ascetic always shames the grossness of the worldly wise man. If a man can live for a year for eight dollars, we certainly spend too much on things we could do without. Thoreau’s experiment will always have its appeal to hot, ambitious spirits on their first awakening to the intricacy of life. The hero of *Locksley Hall* longs to escape from civilization to summer isles of Eden. At least one American man of letters has followed Thoreau’s example by going into retreat.

After living in his hut for two years, Thoreau supported himself for three more by cultivating his garden, like Candide. Thus he obtained the freedoms he desired, the leisure to think,
and to read, and to write, and to be himself. Then he went back to his land-surveying, his communing with the spirits of the wild, and the compilation of his voluminous journals. From the latter, several volumes have been quarried for the definitive edition of his works. They must always be of more interest to the admirer of Thoreau and the student of literature than to the general reader.

Then came the break-down of his health. It was the irony of fate that the man who lived according to nature, who obeyed the dictates of spare temperance, who never seemed to tire, should die of tuberculosis, the scourge of civilized life. His latest portrait, a daguerreotype taken in New Bedford, seven months before his death, shows a hairy, innocent, pathetic face; the eyes have the mute appeal of the consumptive. In 1861, the stricken man made a trip to the West, in the vain hope of restoration to health by change of air. He died in his birthplace, Concord, on 2 May, 1862, in the second year of the Civil War. He has been blamed for expressing his sense of detachment from that terrible conflict, but if, like Mercutio, he cries, "A plague on both your houses!" it must be remembered that, like Mercutio, he was a dying man. His last letter, dictated to his sister, concludes, "I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

Emerson has written an appreciation of Thoreau with intimate knowledge and tender humanity. To that estimate, little can be added, or taken away. Lowell and Stevenson have appraised his character and his work, none too gently. Of himself he said, "I am a mystic, a Transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher."
CHAPTER XI

Hawthorne

THE romances of Hawthorne can hardly be understood apart from the current of Transcendentalism in which his genius was formed. Most foreigners and many of his countrymen have thought of him as an affectionate student of the New England past, in a small way comparable to Scott with his love of Border history, and especially they have thought of him as a kind of portrait painter, who magically resharpened for us the already fading lineaments of Puritanism. Reflection might suggest, however, that the portrait he restored bears an unlucky resemblance in its sombreness and its unloveliness to the portrait of Edward Randolph in the Twice Told Tales, and a little further thought would perhaps convince us that Hawthorne usually treats Puritanism, not as the central theme in his canvas, but as a dark background for the ideas and for the experiences which more deeply concern him. Those ideas and experiences have little to do with Puritanism except by contrast; they were partly furnished to his imagination by the enthusiastic but uncritical thinkers among his acquaintance who kindled rapturously at Alcott's conversations or basked in the indefiniteness of Emerson's lectures, and partly they were furnished by his own contact with Alcott and Emerson and with their writings. Like them, he was less a Puritan than a lover of the present, and if he seemed often to deal with things long past, it was only because he had the faculty, more than other men, of recognizing in the present whatever had served its purpose or was worn out or dead.

But if as a Transcendentalist he stood aloof from Puritanism, his temperament forced him to stand aloof also from the other
Hawthorne the Sceptic

Transcendentalists. Although their philosophy, as they liked to say, was a "questioning" of life, he differed from them all in being a true skeptic. To be quite precise, let us say that he drew the inspiration of his romances not so much from their ideas as from the neglected but inevitable conclusions of their ideas. Alcott and Emerson uttered between them a set of doctrines so full of apparent contradictions as to seem almost double-faced. They preached the sacredness of fact as against the authority of tradition; they made much of physical heredity, of evolution, of fate; they pointed out the inadequacy of any moral scheme to comprehend all the surprises of nature; yet being inveterate optimists, both of them, and both at certain moments curiously mystical, and both enjoying an outward orthodoxy of manners and culture, they soothed their hearers and seemed less dangerous than they were. Their sincerity, of course, was unquestionable, but they obscured even to themselves the startling conclusions of their own surmises, and having shaken their moral world to its foundation, they allowed the structure to settle again, and all this in such a glamour of temperamental cheerfulness that those who felt only the eloquence of their mood could depart conscious of spiritual uplift, and none but the few who attended to the implications of their specific ideas went away troubled. How few these critics were is attested by the lonely position in which their spokesman, Hawthorne, seems to stand. He was no mystic; what attracted him in Transcendentalism was its free inquiry, its radicalism, its contact with actual life. In his stories, therefore, he was a philosophical experimenter, in whose method was no room for optimism nor for prepossessions of any kind; he had recourse to life in order to try out the efficacy or the consequences of Transcendental ideas, and if the result was hardly what he expected, he still pursued the hypothesis to the bitter end. He was really the questioner, the detached observer, that other Transcendentalists thought they were. The soul, Emerson had said, "accepts whatever befalls, as part of its lesson. It is a watcher more than a doer, and it is a doer only that it may the better watch." The description is truer of Hawthorne's soul than of Emerson's. In accepting whatever befalls, Emerson was convinced, as he says in the essay on Circles, that there is a saccharine principle
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in all things; small wonder that Hawthorne seems an alien among such cheerful sages. When Emerson says that either love or crime leads all souls to the good, that there is no straight line in nature, that evil in the end will bless, Hawthorne examines the doctrine somewhat dubiously in Hepzibah and Clifford Pyncheon and in Donatello; and when the cheerful philosopher tells us to trust ourselves, to follow our own nature, to live from the Devil if we are the Devil's children, Hawthorne projects the advice experimentally in The Scarlet Letter and in The Blithedale Romance.

Those who classify Hawthorne in a loose way as the romancer of Puritanism sometimes speak of him also as a psychologist. The term needs defining. To him, as to other Transcendentalists, the fortune of a human soul was the most critical of experiences; comparatively negligible were the doings of society as a whole or the outward panorama of events and scenes. If to be thus interested in the soul is to be a psychologist, then Hawthorne was one, as to some extent are all who write of human nature. But if the term denotes attention to motives and to fine mental processes, to the anatomy, as it were, of character, then Hawthorne was no such psychologist as, let us say, Henry James or George Meredith. It is important to realize how broad and general his ideas and his art were, how completely he avoided the special and the minute. He studied no subtle character, nor any character subtly. He was a moralist rather than a psychologist. Were it not sufficiently evident in the stories themselves, the notes preserved in his journals would show that his imagination was engaged first by a moral idea, which he afterwards incorporated in plot and in persons. When he is most successful the plot seems actually to occur, and the persons really live; when his imagination fails him, the incidents seem allegorical and the figures become shadowy; but in either case the abstract idea from which he started is likely to be clear enough, and his own personality will probably be felt as standing outside the story, looking on. Since he is neither novelist nor preacher, but only an investigator of moral ideas, it is equally beside the mark to expect of him Balzac's sense of the social panorama, or Bunyan's certitude of faith.

A writer who pictures life chiefly in order to project ab-
strict ideas is not likely to reveal in his art more of himself than his general disposition. Hawthorne's biography makes rich and human reading, for he was an admirable man in all ways and his private life was in the best sense fortunate; if at first he endured poverty, he earned success later, and even in the obscure years he had the admiration of loyal friends. But only in a few instances does his biography aid directly in the understanding of his works, and then for the most part by explaining his contact with Transcendental ideas. Of the non-literary events in his life it is enough to say that he was born in Salem, Massachusetts, 4 July, 1804, of an old New England family; that after his father's death he was educated by his mother's brothers, and in 1825 he was graduated from Bowdoin College; that among his classmates he made three lifelong friends—Longfellow, the poet, Franklin Pierce, later President of the United States, and Horatio Bridge, who first appreciated his genius; that chiefly through Bridge's thoughtfulness he was made weigher and gauger at the Boston Custom House, 1839–1841, and surveyor at the Salem Custom House, 1846–1850; that President Pierce appointed him to the consulship of Liverpool, 1853–1857; that he lived in Italy for two years, 1857–1859, and that while travelling for his health, attended by Pierce, he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 18 May, 1864.

The facts of his literary record are hardly more numerous, but they invite more comment. His college letters to his mother and his sisters show how early he mastered his superb style. Indeed, they are much better written than his first published story, *Fanshawe* (1828), which was probably composed, in part at least, during his college days. From 1825 to 1837 he lived at home in Salem, laboriously perfecting his short stories and sketches, and publishing them anonymously or under assumed names, chiefly in Goodrich's annual, *The Token*, and in *The New England Magazine*. He gives an idealized account of this period in his sketches *The Devil in Manuscript* and *The Journal of a Solitary Man*. In 1837, again through Bridge's good offices, a publisher was found for the *Twice Told Tales* (enlarged edition in two volumes, 1842). With this practical beginning of his reputation coincided his first acquaintance with the Peabody family. In all the bio-
graphies his love for Sophia Peabody has naturally filled a large place, but no sufficient estimate has perhaps been made of the intellectual enrichment his love brought him. It was through the Peabodys that he became really alive to the philosophical currents of his time. Transcendentalism had, of course, enfolded him, as it had the average New Englander, in its general atmosphere, and its temper is felt in some of his earliest writings, but it can hardly be said to have possessed his thought as it did later, and he had been in personal contact with none of the leaders. The Peabodys, however, were on intimate terms with Emerson, the young rhapsodist of Nature, whose recent triumph in The American Scholar had more recently been rendered equivocal by his Divinity School Address; and Alcott, Emerson’s inspirer, they knew still better, for Elizabeth and to some extent Sophia had assisted at his Temple school in Boston, and Elizabeth had published in her Records of a School (1835) verbatim reports of Alcott’s conversations with his pupils. When The Dial was founded in 1840, Elizabeth Peabody, who by that time had organized a remarkable book store, became its publisher. It was not extraordinary, therefore, that Hawthorne was drawn, though with some mental qualms, into the full tide of Transcendentalism, nor that upon the termination of his service in the Boston Custom House, in 1841, he joined the Brook Farm venture, in the hope of establishing a home there. His note-books tell us the most interesting aspects of this passage in his life. At the end of a year and a half, completely disillusioned with the community experiment, he married and settled at Concord, in the Old Manse, where for neighbours he had Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau, all busy with The Dial, and where Thoreau was shortly to undertake his Walden solitude. In Concord most of the stories were written which Hawthorne published in 1846 as Mosses from an Old Manse. A still later collection, The Snow Image (1852), gathered up practically all of the remaining sketches which he cared to preserve. His longer romances show a tendency to rework or develop this earlier material, or to draw upon actual scenes and events for their narrative fabric; the controlling problems, however, which the romances deal with are more obviously than in the shorter stories suggested

* See Book II, Chap. viii.
Philosophical Temper

by Transcendental ideas. The Scarlet Letter (1850) is developed from a brief description in Endicott and the Red Cross, one of the Twice Told Tales. In The House of the Seven Gables (1850), Hawthorne makes use of such a curse as was pronounced on his own ancestor, John Hawthorne, or Hathorne, a severe magistrate in witchcraft times. In The Blithedale Romance (1852) it is hard not to identify Hawthorne's Brook Farm experience, though he warned us against the temptation. The outward details of The Marble Faun (1860) are clearly the observations of his two years in Italy.

Besides the short stories and the romances, Hawthorne wrote several important books for children—the series called Grandfather's Chair (1841–1842) and the two Wonderbooks (1852–1853). He also edited his friend Bridge's Journal of an African Cruiser (1845), wrote a campaign life of his friend Pierce (1852), and published some of his notes on England under the title of Our Old Home (1863).

If it is just to see in the early writings a picture of his native temper before he was consciously engaged with Transcendental doctrines, it is also true that from the first his mind was of another order than Alcott's or Emerson's, and that though he might be interested in the same ideas, he would treat them very differently. Most philosophers can be classed roughly among those who conceive of the ideal ends of life as already existing in heaven, in some order or pattern which may be imitated on earth, or among those who think of the ideal as of something which does not yet exist, but which is implicit in the universe, and towards which the universe evolves. A philosopher of the first or Platonic type, if he notices facts at all, is likely to be disconcerted by them, since they rarely conform to his ideal or serve to authorize it; his comfort is in rising superior to actual life—that is, in ignoring it. Alcott was an almost pure example of this type. The other kind of philosopher is likely to entertain a respect amounting almost to reverence for any concrete existing condition, because as two points determine a straight line, so a recent moment observed against the past gives indication of the order to come. Emerson was partly, like Alcott, a Platonist, but he had also a profound and inconsistent disposition toward this other way of thought; having two points of view at once, therefore, he is
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not only perplexing at times, but really contradictory, and it
is not strange that he should have proved in one aspect of his
genius inspiring to Maeterlinck and in the other aspect accept-
able to Nietzsche. Hawthorne belonged altogether to the
second type of thinker. Concerned primarily with the actual
world before him, he found a natural use for the past in the
explanation it might give of the present, but the present was
to him just as naturally the more important moment, and most
interesting of all was the occasional hint or prophecy of that
to which time through its past and present changes might be
tending. He was a radical, therefore, but he saw clearly that
this particular present will soon be no more sacred than any
other moment of the past, and that to devote oneself to any
cause as though it were a final remedy of circumstances, pro-
mising rest thereafter, is merely to postpone stagnation for a
while. With this insight he could not readily give his faith
to any reform or reformer; even the crusade for abolition and
the war for the Union left him cold, for he wisely doubted
whether measures conceived in the root-and-branch spirit
might not raise more evils in the state than they were intended
to cure. True reform, the only kind that could enlist his
sympathy, must work hand in hand with nature's slowly
evolving but inevitable order, and so long as that order can
be but partially or infrequently discerned, it is best to do
nothing violent, nothing headlong. Even when we discern
the order, from time to time, we should become humble, ob-
serving how little it resembles our own morality, our own
dreams of perfection.

It needs no fine perception to discover these principles or
attitudes in Hawthorne, for they are displayed quite simply
on the surface of his early stories. The significance he at-
tached to the present world, whatever it might be, can be
seen in the important group of essay sketches such as A Rill
from the Town Pump, David Swan, Sights from a Steeple, and
Main Street. Some resemblance has been found between this
department of his work and the essays of Addison and of
Irving, and certainly Addison's cheerfulness is here, and often
something more than Irving's fancy. But neither The Speca-
tor nor The Sketch Book would suggest that Addison or Irving
was in the habit of keeping a diary; whereas Hawthorne's
simple studies, of the group just referred to, are in form nothing more than episodes in a journal. The fact is of some consequence in understanding his genius. When the American and European notebooks were finally included in the complete editions of his writings, they took their place, not as an appendix or illustration of more perfect things, but on equal terms with his other works; for the journal manner was suited to his realistic, unprejudiced search into the world about him, and his lifelong preoccupation with his diary was not, as with most novelists, for the sake of books to be written later, but was itself the satisfaction of a primary literary interest. Like the journals, the essay sketches take the scene as they find it, extract from it all that observation can, and then discard it, having proved no point and exhibited no characters in continuous interplay, but having uncovered possibilities, hints, causes, coincidences. In the simpler essays Hawthorne observed these possibilities and coincidences in a kind of stationary cross-section, and left them undeveloped; but in more elaborate stories he played with the ironic contrasts between the order which we foresee in life and the order which time brings to pass. Emerson often came out of his mysticism and contemplated the "beautiful necessity," the inevitable consequence of things, to which man must submit himself before he has either happiness or power. Hawthorne was inclined to stress rather man's inability to submit himself to this necessity, since he seldom guesses correctly what it would be. Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe is a lighter treatment of this theme of consequences; Edward Fane's Rosebud and The Wines of the Dead are in a darker tone. Or sometimes Hawthorne would turn the irony in another direction, by emphasizing the incredible swiftness with which the present becomes the past, and the insidiousness with which antiquity begins to show its symptoms even in what seems youthful and emancipated. The May-pole of Merry Mount brings this idea home, less in the overthrow of the maskers at Merry Mount than in the expressed faith of the stern Puritan leader that the troubles of life come soon and unexpectedly—a confession which somehow brings a chill over his own righteous success. A still better illustration is Endicott and the Red Cross, which shows the Puritans, who crossed the ocean for freedom of conscience.
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and who in the moment of the story proclaim themselves champions of religious liberty, as having nevertheless instituted already the pillory and the stocks for those who disagree with them.

The Transcendental ideas which chiefly occupied Haw- thorne's thought in the long romances were the doctrines of self-reliance, of compensation, and of what Emerson expressed in his essay on Circles. The ideal of self-reliance was that a man should live according to his own nature, by listening to the dictates of the over-soul as revealed in his impulses; to this end he should keep himself free of the imprisoning past, and of conventional society, which embodies the past. To Alcott or to Emerson this doctrine was so obviously sound that they stated it with every emphasis of rhetoric and with no qualifications. "Whoso would be a man must be a non- conformist." Hawthorne doubtless felt the truth of the doc- trine as keenly as any one, but he was alive also to the unsocial results which might follow a narrow practice of it. A man consciously and entirely free of the past and on his guard against it might indeed possess his soul, but he might also miss the essence of culture, and having renounced the finer instruments of the art of life, he might so isolate himself from his fellows as to become ineffective in his noblest virtues. Since nature is unfolding a necessary order in and around us, an order which we apprehend with difficulty, the great danger of asserting ourselves is that we may thereby place ourselves outside of our true development, and never return to it. This danger of stepping out of the order, of doing violence to our proper destiny, gave Hawthorne the theme of such stories as Wakefield, The Prophetic Pictures, and Rappaccini's Daughter. The doctrine of compensation, in one form or another, was peculiarly dear to Transcendental optimism. Every action carries its reward or punishment with it. The thief is punished, though the police never find him, for the price of theft is loss of innocence, fear of arrest, suspicion of other men. What compensation is destined for the victim of the thief, optimistic Transcendentalism preferred not to investigate, but it was into just such a neglected area of morals that Hawthorne liked to push his inquiry. His observations brought him into a certain agreement with the doctrine; because a natural order
constantly unfolds in the world, he believed in the efficacy of mere time to break down conventions and to reveal a nobler law, and in his historical scenes—_Howe's Masquerade_, for example, or _The Gray Champion_—he liked to show a fossilized past at the moment when it is shattered. He could believe that life does so far make restitution, but in daily life he could find no compensation for the injuries suffered by the innocent, nor could he persuade himself that a noble bearing of wrongs will necessarily lead to spiritual profit. Indeed, though Emerson's sunny temperament had spread its glamour over his discussion of this theory, to Hawthorne the theory seemed, so far as it was true, one of the darkest and most perplexing.

Still less could he agree with Emerson's exaggeration of the same doctrine in _Circles_. Optimism here, taking the bit in its teeth, contended that as there is in experience no such thing as a straight line, so there is practically no such thing as evil—a prophetic application, it would seem, of Riemannian geometry to morals; that what seems hopelessly bad will in the end be found to contain the good principle; and, quite illogically, that what seems to be good will actually prove to be so.

In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless and ice will burn.

In a famous passage in _Circles_, Emerson acknowledges the awkwardness of this position, and explains that his temperament dictates it. Hawthorne could not undertake any such cheerfulness, but he was profoundly concerned with the moral phenomena by which Emerson may have justified his faith. Here springs that paradox of experience, that mystery of sin, the question as to what sin is, which threw its shadow over three at least of the four romances. Since we rarely discern our true destiny, the human being who steps out of what seems the moral order may really have chanced upon a sounder morality; through what appears to be sin, therefore, may sometimes come the regeneration of a soul—not through repentance, be it observed, but through sincere adherence to the sin. Conversely, though a man should devote himself to the highest ideal he is aware of, if that ideal does not lie in
the true order of nature, his devotion may bring him to an evil end. These possibilities, together with the implications of self-reliance and compensation, furnish the moral problems of Hawthorne's romances.

Hester Prynne, for example, in The Scarlet Letter, illustrates self-reliance in a way that some Emersonians may have found not altogether comfortable. Since her love for Dimmesdale was the one sincere passion of her life, she obeyed it utterly, though a conventional judgment would have said that she was stepping out of the moral order. There is nothing in the story to suggest condemnation of her or of the minister in their sin; the only blame attaches to Dimmesdale's cowardice, his lack of self-reliance, his unreadiness to make public acknowledgment of his love. The passion itself, as the two lovers still agree at the close of their hard experience, was sacred, and never caused them repentance. The doctrine of compensation is illustrated in Chillingworth, who, having determined on a fiendish revenge, becomes himself a fiend. There is a kind of comment on Emerson's cheerful doctrine in the fact that this gloomy soul, marked for perdition, is a firm believer in compensation; he wronged Hester's youth by marrying her, and therefore he bears her no ill will for wronging him, but he argues that since the minister had never received a justifying harm at his hands, the secret lover should therefore be punished by the injured husband. As Chillingworth discusses the matter with Hester, compensation seems to be at one moment sheer fatalism, at another moment a primitive exacting of an eye for an eye, but never does it come to a happy issue. The optimistic turn in the doctrine is illustrated by Hester—or perhaps it is better to say that she illustrates the optimism of Circles. She has sinned, but the sin leads her straightway to a larger life. Like Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise, she finds she has a career at last. Social ostracism first gives her leisure for meditation and a just angle from which to attack social problems, and then it permits her to enter upon a life of mercy and good works which would have been closed to a conventional woman. Hawthorne had described the original wearer of the scarlet letter in Endicott and the Red Cross as a woman who braved her shame by embroidering the guilty "A" into an elaborate and beautiful emblem; so in the romance
Judgment of Puritanism

he lets the sin elaborate itself, so far as Hester's nature is concerned, into nothing but beauty. She becomes more loving, more sympathetic, more tender; and intellectually she becomes emancipated from the narrowness of her age, so that even now she seems prophetic of what the noblest women may be. Thoughts were her companions which, says Hawthorne, would have been held more dangerous than the sin of the scarlet letter, had they been seen knocking at her door. She saw how completely the social scheme must be altered before woman can enjoy a true equality with man, and she suspected the losses in the best of manhood and womanhood which might be the incidental or temporary price of the belated justice.

The greatness of The Scarlet Letter, on repeated readings, seems to lie in this social interest, this inexorable study of the world as it is, which distinguishes Hawthorne from other Transcendentalists. The Puritan environment is represented as already dying, young as it was in the new world; at the outset of the story Hawthorne shows us that these courageous founders of religious liberty in the wilderness felt the necessity at once of building a prison and of setting up a pillory. The ideals which a little while before were an inner light for the community, carrying inevitable conviction, were now stiffened into convention and leaned upon force. In making the point that Hawthorne was no special admirer of Puritanism, we must add that neither was he a special critic of it; he used the Puritan moment in our history merely to illustrate the truth of all moments, that society conventionalizes its ideals and becomes cruel, and that time, which annihilates one set of conventions, substitutes another. But some specific criticism of Puritan New England, of New England in his own day, may be discerned in the fortunes of Hester, and may be still more clearly felt in Zenobia and in Miriam, the later heroines; these are all represented as physically beautiful, and as in some way estranged from life, and we wonder whether it was not their beauty rather than their conduct that alienated them from their environment. What career has a beautiful woman in New England?—Hawthorne seems to ask, and he seems to imply that if she is conventional she may live down the handicap of beauty, but meantime she is dangerous to others and
to herself. The danger to herself is indicated by the fact that Hester, Zenobia, and probably Miriam, were all married for their beauty, when they were very young, to men who could not appreciate their greatness of soul, and whom therefore they were forced to divorce or to desert.

The House of the Seven Gables is so quiet a story that Hawthorne's characteristic criticism of self-reliance or of compensation is not at first disturbing, but in none of his books does he take more essential issue with Alcott and Emerson. On the surface of the romance lies the theme of long-delayed retribution—the curse of old Maule falling on each generation of the usurping Pyncheons. But what punishment does after all overtake the thoroughly bad man who allows his innocent cousin to rest in jail for years? He dies of apoplexy, as he would have died had he been the innocent cousin. And what happens to his victims? It is easy to guess how Emerson might have treated Clifford and Hepsibah; the innocence of the imprisoned brother would somehow have been its own reward, and the loyalty of the devoted sister, waiting for his release, would have ennobled her character. But confinement in prison is not likely to sweeten even innocence; Hawthorne shows Clifford on his return to the old house a broken man, irritable and unappreciative. Hepsibah's long waiting proved for her a solitude almost as complete as prison confinement; Hawthorne shows her as a shrivelled old maid, angular and grim, with hardly a grace remaining. He had no more wish than Emerson would have had to decry the ethical beauty of her patient loyalty, but he could not help seeing that she, like Clifford, was the victim of gross wrong, and that it is disastrous to be even an innocent victim. Similarly he insists on a precise account of self-reliance in Holgrave, the descendant of old Maule. Emerson himself could not have portrayed a more thorough-going critic of the past.

"Shall we never, never get rid of this Past?" asks Holgrave. "It lies upon the Present like a giant's dead body. In fact, the case is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of the old giant, his grandfather, who died a long while ago, and only needs to be decently buried. . . . A dead man, if he happen to have made a will, disposes of wealth no
Hawthorne's Reformers

longer his own; or, if he die intestate, it is distributed in accord-
ance with the notions of men much longer dead than he. A dead
man sits on all our judgment-seats; and living judges do but search
out and repeat his decisions. We read in dead men's books! We
laugh at dead men's jokes, and cry at dead men's pathos! We are
sick of dead men's diseases, physical and moral, and die of the same
remedies with which dead doctors killed their patients! We wor-
ship the living Deity according to dead men's forms and creeds.
Whatever we seek to do, of our own free motion, a dead man's
icy hand obstructs us! Turn our eyes to what point we may, a
dead man's white, immutable face encounters them, and freezes
our very heart! And we must be dead ourselves before we can
begin to have our proper influence on our own world, which will
then be no longer our world, but the world of another generation,
with which we shall have no shadow of a right to interfere."

How far Hawthorne agrees with Holgrave we cannot tell,
but there is no doubt what sort of character he thought would
result from a sincere practice of such philosophy. Holgrave
is free of the past, and thereby he is practically free of the
present too; his honesty and his emancipation attract the
reader, yet he has little or no influence. Few men really wish
to detach themselves so far. Even Phebe, the young girl
whom he marries, who has the natural freshness of innocence,
seems curiously social in comparison with this conscientious
rover whose one dread is that he may take root somewhere.

Hawthorne showed an increasing disposition to discuss
these philosophical questions in frank comment outside the
plot of his romances. Hollingsworth, in The Blithedale Ro-
mance, illustrates his fear of tampering with the natural order
of things, especially by organized reform; and Zenobia illustrates
his reflections on self-reliance, especially where woman is
concerned. Hollingsworth was a determined social reformer;
his wish to reform criminals through an appeal to their higher
instincts. Hawthorne observed that such philanthropy, ad-
mirable in its intention, often proceeded on slight knowledge
of the facts. "He ought to have commenced his investigation of
the subject by perpetrating some huge sin in his proper
person, and examining the condition of his higher instincts
afterwards." As a matter of fact, Hollingsworth does ruin
two lives, Zenobia's and Priscilla's, in the selfish pursuit of
hawthorne

his philanthropic ideal, and, if he had chosen, might well have
furnished the state of his own heart for examination. Haw-
thorne comments again, making his familiar point that a good
ideal brings a man to a good end only if it does not lead him
out of the natural sympathies of life:

The moral which presents itself to my reflections, as drawn
from Hollingsworth's character and errors, is simply this—that,
admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profes-
sion, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large,
it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive
channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the
heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed
violently out and distilled into alcoholic liquor by an unnatural
process, but should render life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent,
and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same
blessed end.

Zenobia is a modern and conscious Hester—or rather, her
experience is the reverse of Hester's, for she is a woman natu-
really emancipated who is ruined by disappointed love. It is
this difference in their problems that makes her seem less noble
than Hester, less tragic than pitiful. But in portraying her,
Hawthorne raises more especially the question he had sug-
gested in The Scarlet Letter: is not such a woman, so beautiful
and so intellectual, an exotic creature in our society? Here
is the modern woman whom Hester dreamed of, but the old
misfortune still overtakes her; like Hester, she has married
one who could not appreciate her, but she has never found the
lover who should have been her mate, and she has no true
companionship with other women. She seems to be a for-
eigner, and in the New England thought of Hawthorne's time
foreigners had the right to be, like Zenobia, physically beautiful.

The Marble Faun repeats in Miriam the problem of Hester
and of Zenobia, and in Hilda, the simple Puritan girl who finds
peace in the Roman Catholic confessional, the story illustrates
beautifully Hawthorne's faith that some of our most uncon-
ventional impulses lead us to a practical morality. But the
philosophy of the book centres in Donatello, that wonderful
creature who begins life with the animal-like innocence which
radical thought seems often to desire for man, and who de-
Application of Transcendentalism

velops an immortal soul by committing an impulsive murder. The doctrine of Circles has its most elaborate illustration here; here is the evolution of good out of sin—not out of repentance for sin. But if the doctrine is sound, our theology needs thorough revision, and Hawthorne suggests the logical change in our conception of sin:

Is sin then—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe—is it, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far higher Paradise than his?

These problems, suggested by the Transcendental philosophy, occupied Hawthorne to the last. It was not in his disposition to suggest answers to them. His distinction in American literature is the extent to which he projected them experimentally into life, and the sincerity with which he modified them to conform to stubborn and perplexing facts.
CHAPTER XII

Longfellow

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, 27 February, 1807. In view of what America as a whole then was and of what he was destined to accomplish for the literature of the country, it is difficult to see how he could have been more fortunately circumstanced with respect to stock and environment. Both the Longfellows and his mother's people, the Wadsworths, were well-to-do, and they represented the best New England, particularly Massachusetts, traditions, which, with the spread of Unitarianism, were losing some of their rigidity. Thus the child experienced little that was specially straitening, and he received a training well adapted to bring out the talents that soon manifested themselves. His native town furnished the influence of the sea and sea-faring men; the virgin District soon to be the State of Maine, afforded other impressive features of nature; and the frontier situation, even if it could not make strenuous a constitutionally gentle and refined disposition, at least inculcated feelings of sympathy with a pioneer, rugged, prevailing practical population, which were to be of great use to a poet who in after years could point to his successful fulfilment of the threefold function of transmitter of Old World culture to the New, shaper into verse of aboriginal, colonial, and Revolutionary material, both legendary and historical, and lyric interpreter of the simple thoughts and feelings of an unsophisticated people. His career was well foreshadowed when he published anonymously at the age of thirteen, in a local newspaper, a Revolutionary battle-lyric.

After a good schooling and an introduction to the best reading old and new, including Irving's Sketch Book, Longfellow, in the autumn of 1822, entered Bowdoin College as a
sophomore, having Nathaniel Hawthorne as a classmate. Here, as at home, he continued to come under unpretentious, wholesome influences, to which were added those of rural seclusion. Before he graduated in 1825, he was writing verse rather copiously, and some of it was published in a literary journal just founded in Boston. As is not surprising, it was overpraised by a provincial public, but for a wonder, in view of the vogue of Byron, it was not stormily romantic. His success gave point to his plans for leading a literary life, but his more experienced father held out for the law, although he was willing to give his son a year of grace to be spent in less ungenial studies at Harvard. This plan was abandoned because it was found feasible for Longfellow to fit himself to become the first incumbent of a chair of modern languages to be established at Bowdoin.

Travel and study in Europe were essential to such a design, and the middle of June, 1826, saw the youth of nineteen beginning at Havre a European sojourn of a little more than three years. Temperament and immaturity, combined doubtless with a shrewd perception of the fact that great erudition was not a prerequisite to successful language-teaching in Maine, made it natural that Longfellow should become rather a sentimental pilgrim than a delving student or a philosophical observer, and that he should make but slight use of Ticknor's recommendation of Göttingen as a centre and source of the exact scholarship so much needed in America. German sentiment and romance were later to mean much to the poet; but Latin colour and picturesqueness meant more to the young traveller. France, Spain, where he met Irving, and Italy, from whose greatest writer his mature and declining years derived their chief solace, were in turn visited, their manners noted, their literatures studied, their languages in more than polite measure mastered. Then several months were given to Germany, including a little studying at Göttingen, and in August, 1829, the neophyte professor was back in America ready to take up the duties of his chair.

Those duties occupied him until his second visit to Europe, which took place nearly six years later. He was a conscientious and successful teacher and compiler of text-books, he lectured on literary history, he wrote for The North American
Review essays flavoured with scholarship, he gave a pledge to society by taking to himself, in 1831, a wife, Mary Storer Potter, of Portland. Except for some verse translations from the Spanish and certain traces of the poet to be discovered in a series of travel-sketches, which appeared in a volume entitled Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea (1835), one might have been justified in supposing that without doubt the undergraduate whose heart was set on "future eminence in literature" would end his life as a distinguished academic personage, not as the most popular poet of his generation. His fate seemed sealed with his acceptance of the Smith Chair of Modern Languages at Harvard, in succession to Ticknor, and with his departure for Europe in April, 1835, in order that by study of the northern literatures he might the better qualify himself for his important post.

His second period of training in Europe, although shorter, rendered Longfellow a greater service than his first. As he was more mature, his genius was better prepared to receive a definitive bent, and his experiences determined that that bent should take an emotional rather than an emphatically intellectual direction. After a short visit to England he spent some months in Sweden and Denmark studying their literatures with results obvious to the reader of his later poetry. Then he went to Holland, where his wife fell ill and died in the autumn. This meant that the ensuing winter at Heidelberg saw no notable progress made by the young professor in his German studies, but did see a deep absorption of the spirit of German romanticism by the young widower and the future poet. The sentimental prose romance Hyperion and the collection of poems entitled Voices of the Night, both published in 1839, show what bereavement and the new environment, physical as well as mental and spiritual, had brought to the man entering his fourth decade. We track the footsteps of the naive hero of Hyperion with less confiding delight than our grandfathers and grandmothers probably experienced, but then we are less sentimental and more widely travelled than they were, facts which of course do not warrant us in arrogating to ourselves a taste necessarily superior to theirs. Hyperion doubtless meant more to the author and his countrymen than a scholarly monograph would have meant, for what
America needed just then, apparently, was some one who, like Longfellow, could carry on the work begun by Irving of interpreting the Old World to the New. The younger man was not only better endowed with the faculty of specific poetic utterance, but he was naturally more fully qualified than his predecessor to gratify the taste of a generation that was beginning to be affected by the work of the newer English romantic poets. Thus we are not surprised to find the Smith Professor writing poems on European subjects instead of grammars and histories of literature, and editing in place of textbooks a small collection of poems entitled The Wail (1843), a similar volume, The Estray (1847), and the comprehensive and useful Poets and Poetry of Europe (1845). Even the thirty-one volumes of the much later Poems of Places (1876-1879) with which Longfellow’s name is more or less associated, bear witness to the influence of the teacher-poet’s second sojourn in Europe both upon him and upon American culture.

But the greatest influence of that sojourn, exhibited after he took up his duties at Harvard in December, 1836, is to be seen in the simple, wholesomely emotional, and unblushingly didactic poems with which Longfellow now began to win the hearts of his provincial readers. The Psalm of Life is perhaps the best known and the best chosen example of these “household poems,” shall we call them? With its companion pieces The Reaper and the Flowers, The Light of Stars, and Footsteps of Angels, it is undoubtedly amenable to some of the harsh criticism it has received from those persons who seem to imagine that taste thrives only on its own exigency. But it is hard to see how verses of subtler quality would have so sung themselves through the length and breadth of young America, or could have laid so broad and deep a foundation for the fame of the most heartily loved poet of his generation.

Long before that poet had reached the zenith of his reputation the professor had grown weary of his chair. At first he worked hard enough to justify weariness, particularly at the uncongenial task of supervising the instruction in the elementary language courses given by his assistants; but gradually, whatever enthusiasm he may have had for a scholarly, academic career wore itself out, and toward the end of his eighteen years of service—he resigned in 1854—he was almost querulous in
Longfellow

his attitude toward a calling without the aid of which he would probably have remained a somewhat local and minor writer, his disposition scarcely prompting him to draw inspira-
tion from Transcendentalism or the anti-slavery movement, and his genius not qualifying him to probe the heart or to wander in shadowland.

Whatever its irksomeness, however, his position at Harvard brought with it compensations. He soon secured a congenial habitat—the now famous Craigie House—he gathered about him a group of sympathetic friends, he became a distinguished figure in the most cultured community in America, the Cam-
bidge of Lowell’s essay and of Colonel Higginson’s books, he added to his happiness and his income by a second marriage—
to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton in 1843—and he found time and incentive to write whatever he had in his mind and heart to say. Reading his letters and his diaries, putting together the biographical details furnished by others, and constructing as best one can the man’s life and spirit from his writings, one is forced to the conclusion that except for a single great tragedy—the accidental burning to death of his wife in 1861—Longfellow’s is one of the most serenely fortunate careers ever led by a man of letters. Some of his critics have wished that it might have been otherwise, apparently supposing that, if he had been more unfortunate, his poetry would have been more to their liking. It is not, however, on record that any critic has deliberately wooed infelicity in order to qualify himself for a fuller enjoyment of Longfellow’s placid verses.

In 1842 a third visit was made to Europe, this time a short one for the sake of health. It was preceded by the Ballads and Other Poems (1841), and followed by the Poems on Slavery (1842). These justly enhanced his reputation, but the meritorious anti-slavery verses proved no prelude to active participation in the great conflict that was leading up to the Civil War. The prior volume with such pieces as The Village Blacksmith, God’s Acre, Maidenhood, and the egregiously
anabatic Excelsior, strengthened his hold upon the popular heart, and in the successful ballads proper, such as The Wreck
of the Hesperus and The Skeleton in Armor, it gave him, in addition, some incentive to address his readers in narrative
verse, the form of poetry in which, during his middle period,
Earlier Narratives and Dramas

he made himself easily the chief American master. Neither in these earlier volumes, to which may be added The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems (1846), nor in Evangeline (1847) and succeeding tales in verse, did Longfellow show himself to be a consummate metrical and verbal artist of the highest order or a poet of sustained imaginative flight; nor was he, in compensation, one of those writers who produce a strong effect through their subtle knowledge of human character or their exceptional ability to describe and interpret nature or their profound understanding of a country or a period. Yet even in these particulars he was capable of exhibiting distinguished merit—witness his command of the simpler rhythms, his wide-reaching metrical experimentation, his feeling for the sea, his sympathetic attitude toward the Middle Ages displayed in The Golden Legend (1851), his presentation of the larger natural features of America in Evangeline—and in his lyrical appeal, especially through his semi-didactic poems of reflection and sentiment, as well as in his general narrative power, he was during his life, and he still remains, unapproached by any other American poet.

The years immediately preceding his second marriage in 1843 were partly devoted to the composition of a poetical drama in three acts, The Spanish Student, which was published serially in 1842, and the next year was issued in book form. It is generally and justly regarded as a failure, since Longfellow exhibited neither in it nor in later poems cast in similar form—The New England Tragedies (1868), Judas Maccabaeus (1872), and Michael Angelo (1883)—the slightest trace of dramatic genius. A poet of literary derivation, so to phrase it, inspired by his own wide reading, and a useful transmitter of culture he could not help being from first to last, and his growing reputation naturally prompted him to undertake elaborate works in a form of art practised by preceding poets in every age. His countrymen were not exigent critics, and were inclined to resent it when he was accused, as by Poe and by Margaret Fuller, of unoriginality; latter-day readers are likely to skim, or else altogether to neglect the dramas that are protected from complete oblivion by the venerated and still venerable name. If they desire any justification for their conduct, such prudent readers may ejaculate "habent sua fata libelli,"
or may recall the facts that Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote *Irene* and William Wordsworth, *The Borderers*.

In all probability, neither of these ominous dramatic productions was in Longfellow’s mind when he was writing *The Spanish Student*, or planning his presumptive masterpiece, *Christus: A Mystery*, which finally saw the light in 1872, more than twenty years after the first appearance of its second part, *The Golden Legend*, one of the most attractive and yet one of the least widely read of its author’s books. Poems Swedish and German, ominous in no bad sense, were in his mind when he wrote his sentimental idyllic narrative in hexameters, *Evangeline*, not perhaps the best of his longer poems, but certainly the most popular both at home and abroad. Hawthorne, from whom Longfellow secured the theme of the Acadian maiden’s vain search for her lover, might have made more of the pathetic story, but he would have done it for fewer readers. Other writers might have improved the local colour of the poem, still others might have laboured more heroically to keep the hexameters from making forays across the borders of prose, but it may be doubted whether any contemporary could have written, on the whole, a better *Evangeline*, at least one more suited to the taste of the period. Few of his contemporaries, however, have left behind a more negligible prose romance than the story of an impossible New England village which Longfellow published in 1849 under the title *Kavanagh: A Tale*.

The end of the fifties saw the culmination of his genius in the appearance of *The Courtship of Miles Standish and Other Poems* (1858). This narrative poem, another experiment in hexameters, seems to surpass Longfellow’s other successful achievements in the same category because it is more racy of New England, fuller of humour, superior in movement and in characterization. It is less popular than *Evangeline*, partly no doubt because it is less sweet, and it seems to have made less impression than its predecessor the Indian epic *Hriawatha* (1855)—another metrical experiment, this time in rhymed trochaic tetrameters—partly because it is less ambitious and exotic. The popularity of *Hriawatha* is not undeserved, however, since novelty and quaintness may well be set over against facility and factitiousness, and since, being in a certain sense
American, the poem may justly make more of a local appeal than such a work as The Golden Legend based on Der Arme Heinrich. Yet it may be doubted whether either Hiawatha or Miles Standish did as much to establish Longfellow as the most admired poet of his time as some of the unpretentious poems contained in the collection entitled The Seaside and the Fireside (1850), such poems, for example, as the tender Resignation, to say nothing of the patriotic close of The Building of the Ship.

From the date of the tragic accident to his wife—July, 1861—to his death 24 March, 1882, at his home in Cambridge, Longfellow's life takes on dignity without losing its quiet charm, and his genius—shall we say, mellowed, or slowly abates in energy? There was no marked falling off in the number of published volumes, in the range of his interests, in his hold upon his intimate friends, such as Charles Eliot Norton and James Russell Lowell, in his endeavours, conscious and unconscious, to deserve the affectionate gratitude of his countrymen. Even in the South, for a time rent away from the rest of the country politically, and for a longer period estranged in sentiment, his was a Northern name not anathema to the rising generation, and in Great Britain he rivalled in popularity Tennyson himself. But, as might have been expected, these years saw the production of little, except for some excellent sonnets, that adds permanently to his fame as a poet.

True, he added considerably to the mass of his narrative poetry by the three series of Tales of a Wayside Inn, the first of which appeared under its own name in 1863, the second and third of which were included respectively in Three Books of Song (1872—along with Judas Maccabaeus), and in Aftermath (1874), but save for the spirited Paul Revere's Ride and the Saga of King Olaf, of the first series, these tales in verse have made only a mild impression. This is about all that may justly be said with regard to the twelve poems collected in Flower-de-luce (1867); it is more than should be said of The New England Tragedies, the third part of Christus, consisting of John Endicott and Giles Cory of the Salem Farms. These, with the first part of the ambitious trilogy, The Divine Tragedy (1871), constitute what may best be ambiguously denominated
"efforts." Longfellow was more fortunately employed when he put himself in the company of Cowper and Bryant, and sought solace for his private woes in an extensive piece of poetical translation. Perhaps his true genius as a translator, seen early in the *Coplas de Monrique* (1833), is better exemplified in his numerous renderings of lyrics, particularly, as in Uhland's *The Castle by the Sea*, from the German, than in the faithful, meritorious version of *The Divine Comedy*, which appeared in three volumes between 1867 and 1870; but, despite a certain lack of metrical charm resulting from the facile character of the rhymless lines printed in threes, the version of the masterpiece to which Longfellow gave so many years of love and study seems worthy of his pains and of the praise it has received from other admirers of Dante.

After the appearance of the translation of Dante and of the *Christus*, two works *de longue haleine* which show that the retired professor of nearly twenty years' standing was not open to the charge of idleness, Longfellow had still about a decade to live and to continue his writing. Some of the titles of his collections of verse have been already given; others are *The Masque of Pandora, and Other Poems* (1875), *Keramos; and Other Poems* (1878), *Ultima Thule* (1880), and *In the Harbour* (1882—posthumously). The first of these volumes contained one of the most dignified and impressive of all his poems, one of the best occasional poems in American literature, the *Morituri Salutamus*, written for the semi-centennial of the poet's class at Bowdoin. It also contained *A Book of Sonnets*, fourteen in all, considerably extended in number in later editions of the poetical works. Some notable sonnets had been published with the translation of Dante, and to these Longfellow's later achievements in the same form are worthy pendants. High praise has been given to them by many critically minded readers of a later generation, who have wished, in default of admiration for Longfellow's earlier work, to combine patriotism with acumen in their praise of a poet whose reputation seemed to require rather delicate handling. Both the sonnets and their American encomiasts are fortunately unamenable to comments lacking in amiability, although it is open to doubt whether even such a pathetic sonnet as *The Cross of Snow*, written at the close of the poet's life in memory of his
unfortunate second wife, will ever mean to the great public what *The Bridge* and *The Day is Done* have meant. It is perhaps more to the purpose to express satisfaction that the poet was capable of making the double appeal—to the reader who thinks he knows what to think and to the reader who knows he knows how to feel.

It may be gathered from this brief survey of a long life and a productive career that Longfellow's reputation, in the opinion of the present writer, was amply deserved in the poet's day, and rested in the main on his gifts as a story-teller in verse, on his power to transplant to American literature some of the colour and melody and romantic charm of the complex European literatures he had studied, and, more especially, on his skill in expressing in comparatively artless lyrics of sentiment and reflection homely and wholesome thoughts and feelings which he shared with his countrymen of all classes throughout a broad land the occupation of which proceeded space during his own span of years. Whatever he accomplished beyond this as teacher and editor and writer of prose, and as self-conscious poet seeking success in the more elaborate traditional forms of his art, is worthy, to say the least, of as much praise as the similar work of his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors among American poets, and is not clearly doomed to a speedier death than the elaborate productions of his contemporaries and successors among the British poets. His place is not with the few eminent poets of the world, or even of his century, as the admiration of the mass of his countrymen and the critical lubercations of some of them might be held to imply; but it is, legitimately and permanently, in the forefront of the small band of important writers in verse and in prose who during the first century of the republic's existence laid firmly and upon more or less democratic lines the foundations of a native literature.
CHAPTER XIII

Whittier

It was in 1638, when the great Puritan emigration to Massachusetts was beginning to slacken, that Thomas Whittier, a youth of eighteen, possibly of Huguenot extraction, landed in New England and made a home for himself on the shores of the Merrimac River. The substantial oak farmhouse which, late in life, he erected for his large family near Haverhill, is still standing. Descended from him in the fourth generation, John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, was born in this house, 17 December, 1807. This is the homestead described with minute and loving fidelity in *Snow-Bound*, and it is typical of the many thousands of its sort that dotted the New England country-side, rearing in the old Puritan tradition a sturdy pioneer stock that was to blossom later in the fine flower of political and ethical passion, of statesmanship and oratory and letters. Though Whittier's family tree was originally Puritan, a Quaker scion was grafted upon it in the second American generation, when Joseph Whittier, the youngest son of the pioneer, married Mary Peaslee, whose father had been an associate and disciple of George Fox. The descendants in this line remained faithful to the doctrines of the Society of Friends, and the poet, although he persisted in the characteristic and quaint (although ungrammatical) use of the second person singular pronoun in address, found the principle of non-resistance something of a strain in the days when his fondest hopes were bound up in the holy cause for which his friends were bearing arms and laying down their lives upon the battle-field.
Quaker and Puritan

The levelled gun, the battle brand
We may not take,
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer for our suffering land
For conscience' sake.

The temperament of the New England Quaker was not unlike that of the New England Puritan. The one could be as cantankerous as the other, on occasion, but when the early Puritan intolerance of the sect had been smoothed away, the Quaker was found to be a man whose ideals were essentially those of the founders of Massachusetts, contributing to those ideals his own element of kindly sympathy, his own insistence upon the dignity of the individual, and his own uncompromising spirit of democracy. These traits were permanently stamped upon Whittier's character, and all rested upon a foundation of unshakable faith in the spiritual order of the world. Christianity has perhaps never assumed a purer or lovelier guise than it took in the lives of those New England Quakers of whom Whittier was the type.

The life of the household in which the poet grew to manhood is reproduced in Snow-Bound with a fidelity which makes of that poem, for its truthfulness and sincerity, one of the imperishable things in American literature—a document whose significance is becoming fully apparent only now that the phase of life it describes has all but vanished from American life, whether in New England or elsewhere. The home which Snow-Bound describes was a comfortable one, as New England farmsteads went, and, in poetical retrospect, its gracious human aspects are raised to a prominence which somewhat obscures the hard facts of the daily life of the household. It was a life of toil, with meagre opportunities for recreation, and the young Whittier did not have the constitution needed for its requirements. The physical disabilities under which he laboured all his life were doubtless traceable to the hardships of these early years on the farm.

Whittier had but little education of the formal sort. There were sessions of the district school for a few weeks every year, and these he attended off and on. In his twentieth year, an academy was opened in Haverhill, and in this institution he
was enrolled as a student for two terms, earning the money to pay for his tuition. Meanwhile, he had been acquiring the best kind of education by devouring every book that he could lay his hands on, including the few on the family shelf—mostly the writings of pious Quakers—and

The Bible towering o'er the rest,
Of all other books the best.

One evening the district school teacher, Joshua Coffin, brought to the house a volume of Burns, and read from it to the family. This reading was a revelation to the boy of fourteen, who eagerly sought permission to keep the book for a while. The Scotch poet aroused in him the poetical stirrings which were to occupy his mind from that time on, and marked an epoch in the intellectual development of his boyhood. It was Burns, as he confessed many years later, who made him see

through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy's skyward flying.

and so shaped his imaginings that he became, in a more exact sense than is usually connoted by such literary analogies, the Burns of his own New England country.

From this time on, Whittier was an industrious scribbler of rhymes. Most of them have been lost, but enough remain to reveal a promise which may perhaps be characterized as similar to that of the Poems by Two Brothers, or the Poems by Victor and Casire. The first of his verses to appear in print were sent, unknown to the author, by his sister Mary to The Free Press, a weekly paper just established by William Lloyd Garrison in Newburyport. The boy's surprise was great when he read his own composition in an issue of the paper that was delivered at the Whittier farm in the summer of 1826. Other pieces followed, and one day shortly afterward, Garrison made a journey to the farm for the purpose of hunting up his promising contributor. He found Whittier at work in the field, urged the poet's father to send him to the academy, and thus began what was to be the life-long friendship of these
two remarkable personalities. During the next two years Whittier published in the Haverhill Gazette nearly one hundred poems, besides prose articles on Burns, War, and Temperance. In 1828, a volume to be entitled The Poems of Adrian was projected, but this venture was abandoned. In the summer of that year his schooldays came to an end, and he began to look about for a means of earning his living. An offer was made him of the editorship of The Philanthropist, a paper devoted to the cause of what is called “temperance” in the current perverted sense of that term, but this offer he declined in a letter containing this significant confession: "I would rather have the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, and a Clarkson than the undying fame of Byron." By this time, he had acquired a considerable local reputation as a young writer of promise, and various modest openings already lay in his path.

During the next four years of his life (1828–32), Whittier was the editor of papers in Boston and Haverhill, and of The New England Review, in Hartford, Connecticut, besides contributing to many others. He became a partisan of Clay and the protective system, and looked askance at Jackson, "the blood-thirsty old man at the head of our government." The death of the elder Whittier in 1830 kept him for some time in Haverhill for the settlement of the family affairs. His interest in politics became more and more pronounced, and he thought seriously of standing for an election to Congress in 1832 but gave up the idea because he would, at the time of the election, be a few weeks short of the legal age requirement. When he identified himself, the next year, with the unpopular cause of the abolitionists, he gave up all hopes of political advancement.

Whittier's first published book was entitled Legends of New England, in Prose and Verse. It appeared in 1831, and was followed in 1832 by a pamphlet containing Moll Pitcher. Both these publications he afterwards did his best to suppress. Reform still appealed to him even more than poetry, and he wrote upon one occasion: "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." This Declaration was issued by the Convention held in Philadelphia, in 1833, to which Whittier
was a delegate. In taking this momentous decision, he builded better than he knew, for the poet in him was aroused, and the *Voices of Freedom* which from that time flowed from his pen were the utterances of a deeply-stirred soul, as different as possible from the imitative exercises which had hitherto engaged him.

The incidents of Whittier's life during the following few years may be briefly summarized. In 1835 he served a term in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1836, the Haverhill homestead was sold, and he bought in Amesbury, a few miles down the Merrimac, the cottage which was to be his home for the rest of his life. He occupied various editorial positions, which, together with activities in connection with the abolitionist agitation, kept him moving about until 1840, when he found his health badly broken and returned to Amesbury, there to remain for the greater part of the half-century that was still vouchsafed to him. In his abolitionist activities he proved his mettle, often suffering indignities at the hands of mobs and being on several occasions in no small physical peril. His shrewd and persuasive political activities made him a force to be reckoned with, and he kept in close touch with the leaders and movements of the time, allying himself with the Liberty Party of 1840, which, like the scriptural mustard seed, was destined to wax into so great a tree.

In 1836, Whittier published *Mogg Megone*, and, in the following year, a collection of his miscellaneous poems. In 1849, a comprehensive collection of his poems appeared, followed a year later by *Songs of Labour and Other Poems*. The first English edition of his collected poems also appeared in 1850. These volumes included all that he thought worth preserving of the work of twenty years. In 1857, the "blue and gold" collected edition of the poems was published in Boston. From this time onward small volumes of new poems appeared at intervals of about two years down to the year of the author's death, *A1 Sundown*, the last of the series, bearing the date of that very year (1892). Of special significance are the idyl entitled *Snow-Bound* (1866) and the cycle called *The Tent on the Beach* (1867). These two volumes marked a broadening of Whittier's fame, a higher recognition of his standing as an artist, and a noticeable measure of release from the financial difficulties
under which he long had struggled. For the rest, the ballads, lyrics, and occasional pieces which made him most famous are scattered somewhat indiscriminately through the score or more of his volumes. For upwards of half a century verse flowed profusely from his pen, and his career did not fall into the distinctive periods that it is the task and the delight of the critic to define and to characterize in the work of many other poets.

From 1840 onward Whittier made Amesbury his home, although he allowed himself many protracted visits to friends and relatives, to Danvers and Newburyport, to the waters and mountains of New Hampshire, to Maine and the Isles of Shoals. From 1847 to 1860 he was associated, at long distance, with The National Era, a weekly paper published at Washington, and best remembered as the periodical in which Uncle Tom's Cabin was first given to the world. This paper was the chief medium for his expression until the establishment of The Atlantic Monthly in 1857, in whose pages a large part of his later work appeared. His seventieth birthday, in 1877, was made the occasion of a celebration more elaborate than had before been the reward of any American poet. He attended the Boston dinner then given in his honour, feeling

Like him who in the old Arabian joke
A beggar slept and crowned Caliph woke.

His eightieth birthday was also celebrated, bringing to him a striking memorial signed by all the members of the Supreme Court bench, nearly all the members of both houses of Congress, and many private citizens of the highest distinction, making it clear that the nation held him in love and veneration as one of its greatest spiritual assets. He was visiting at the house of a friend, a few miles from Amesbury just over the New Hampshire border, when a cerebral hemorrhage brought him to a peaceful death, 7 September, 1892. "Love to all the world," were the words that played upon his lips just before the end.

In the classification of Whittier's work, the narrative poems are the first to call for consideration. "Of all our poets he is the most natural balladist," says E. C. Stedman, and throughout his entire life he was always ready to turn from the strenuous exactions of the causes which claimed his most ardent
Whittier

sympathies to the delightful relaxation of story-telling. From childhood he was steeped in the legendry of New England, its tales of Indian raids, of Quaker persecutions, of picturesque pioneers, and of romantic adventure; while the wide reading which made Whittier in later life a cultivated man fed his narrative faculty with old-world themes, ranging all the way from the Norse to the Oriental. The grim tragic economy of the folk-ballad, as it sprang from the heart of the people in England, Denmark, or Germany, never imparted its secret to him, although in The Sisters he came near to plucking the heart out of that mystery; but the ballad was to him the occasion for a rambling narration, diffuse in its unfolding and unrestrained in its form, often with decorative illustrations drawn from quite unexpected sources, and usually shaped to the point of a rather obtrusive moral. Such pieces as Maud Muller and Barclay of Ury would doubtless have been better poems without the moralizing tags which conclude them, but probably they would also have been less popular. Whittier's public expected a certain element of sermonizing in his verse and the America of his time paid scant heed to the cry that "art for art's sake" should be the guiding principle of poetic practice. The best of Whittier's ballads, nevertheless, are comparatively unburdened with didacticism. Among these may be mentioned Pentucket, with its memories of old-time Indian raids along the Merrimac; Cassandra Southwick, a tale of the Quaker persecutions; The Angels of Buena Vista, an echo from the battle-fields of the Mexican War; The Garrison of Cape Ann, which tells how the New Englander of old vanquished the powers of darkness; Skipper Ireson's Ride, a spirited song of the vengeance wrought by the women of Marblehead upon a sea-captain thought to have abandoned the crew of a sinking ship; Mabel Martin, an idyl of the days of witchcraft, and Amy Wentworth, a dainty romance of the old colonial time. Upon these ballads, and many others, New England childhood has been nurtured for a century, gaining from them its special sense of a heritage of no mean spiritual content, rich also in picturesque associations and romantic memories.

The high-water mark of Whittier's artistic achievement was undoubtedly reached in the years that gave birth to Snow-
"Snow-Bound"

Bound and The Tent on the Beach. The latter and less important of these two works is a cycle of narratives in verse, linked together in the fashion of Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. The company are three in number, "Fields the lettered magnate and Taylor the free cosmopolite" being foregathered on Salisbury Beach with Whittier, who thus describes himself:

And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong.

The poems which make up the cycle fall into the general class of Whittier's narrative verse; the thousand lines of octosyllabic rhyme which are entitled Snow-Bound are almost in a class by themselves. This idyllic description of the Whittier household shut in for a week by

The chill embargo of the snow,

which bids us

pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days,

is not only a poem but a social document of the highest value.
In the words of T. W. Higginson,

Here we have absolutely photographed the Puritan Colonial interior, as it existed till within the memory of old men still living. No other book, no other picture preserves it to us; all other books, all other pictures combined, leave us still ignorant of the atmosphere which this one page re-creates for us; it is more imperishable than any interior painted by Gerard Douw.

It has been said of Whittier that he could never be concise—and a diffuse style is undoubtedly one of the greatest artistic defects of the body of his verse—but the criticism falls flat
in the presence of the lines which describe the fireplace on that winter evening.

This poem has often been compared with The Cotter’s Saturday Night and it means to the American all and more than Burns’s famous poem means to the Scotsman. There is also much aptitude in a comparison with Crabbe, but it has qualities of wistful sentiment and tender reminiscence that are not to be found in the poet of The Village and The Borough. Akin to Snow-Bound, and to be mentioned as offering a foretaste of its subtle charm, is the short poem The Barefoot Boy, dated some ten years earlier, and cast in the same mould of retrospective yearning for the happy and wholesome days of childhood.

The most considerable section of Whittier’s verse in point of volume is that in which the poet voices the burning indignation fanned in his breast by the curse of negro slavery in America. His fellow-poets—Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson—were all enlisted in the warfare against this monstrous evil, and did yeoman service in the cause of freedom, but Whittier alone gave himself heart and soul to the crusade, from early manhood until the cause was won, from the time of his first association with Garrison to the time when his jubilant Laus Deo acclaimed the writing into the fundamental law of the republic of the ban upon slavery throughout the extent of its domain. Every step in the history of the conflict, which is the history of the United States for the period of a full generation, was seized upon by Whittier as a pretext for poetical expression—the terrorizing of the pioneer abolitionists, the war which the annexation of Texas made inevitable, the efforts of Clay and Webster to heal the wounds of dissension by compromise, the outrage of the Fugitive Slave Law, the struggle for freedom in the Territory of Kansas, the growth of the modern Republican party, and the holocaust of the Civil War. The majority of the poems occasioned by these themes are too entirely of and for the moment to have any lasting value, but their immediate effect was potent in strengthening the mighty moral resolve of the nation, and they made Whittier perhaps the best beloved of contemporary American poets. When this mass of work is sifted by criticism, only a few pieces seem to preserve much of the fire which made them so effective
Occasional Poems

at the time of their publication. We may still be stirred by
the stanzas of Le Marais du Cygne and the marching-song of
The Kansas Emigrants:

We cross the prairies as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

The ballad of Barbara Frietchie still has power to thrill
its readers, and the terrible Ichabod, occasioned by Webster’s
willingness to make terms with the abhorred evil of slav-
er-y, has lost little or none of its original force. “It is a
fearful thing,” says Swinburne, paraphrasing the Scrip-
tures in praise of Victor Hugo, “for a malefactor to fall
into the hands of an ever-living poet.” And nowhere in the
Chilliments of the French poet is there to be found a greater
finality of condemnation than that with which Whittier
stamped the subject of this truly great poem.

It will have been observed that many of the pieces already
mentioned belong to the class of occasional or personal com-
positions. This class constitutes a large fraction of the total
of Whittier’s work. The long list of his friendly tributes and
poems written for occasions includes many that are merely
trivial or without any special appeal to readers for whom the
incidents or personalities commemorated have no longer any
meaning. Whittier had neither the wit nor the erudition
that have preserved many of the occasional pieces of Holmes
and Lowell from decay. The tributes to Garrison, Sumner,
and a few others still stand out as significant from this mass
of metrical exercises, and when a great occasion inspired Whit-
tier to song, the result was likely to be memorable, as in the
verses which celebrate the Emancipation Proclamation, the
Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, the Chi-
cago Fire of 1871, and the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

The deep and sincere religious feeling of the Centennial
Hymns is characteristic of the entire body of Whittier’s verse,
and not merely of the poems specifically religious in their
subject-matter. His consciousness was shot through with a
sense of the divine, and the essential spirituality of his thought
Whittier

suffuses his expression like the sunlight in cloud-banked western skies. But his religious faith was far from being of the dogmatic type. "I regard Christianity as a life rather than as a creed," he once said, and the whole of his writing exemplifies the statement. He found in the doctrines of the Society of Friends exactly the framework which his nature needed, saying that "after a candid and kindly survey" of all the other creeds, "I turn to my own Society, thankful to the Divine Providence which placed me where I am; and with an unshaken faith in the one distinctive doctrine of Quakerism—the Light Within—the immanence of the Divine Spirit in Christianity." In this doctrine, he says elsewhere, "will yet be found the stronghold of Christendom, the sure, safe place from superstition on the one hand and scientific doubt on the other." The perfect expression of this simple and serene faith is found in The Eternal Goodness, and still again in the very last of all his poems. The sunset song of Tennyson's soul, just before "crossing the bar" that divides the harbour of Time from the ocean of Eternity, illustrates no better than do these final lines of Whittier the matchless beauty that may crown the simplest modes of expression, if only they are based upon perfect faith and perfect sincerity.

While Whittier was primarily a poet, his activities as a reformer and philanthropist, and his editorial work in connection with the many papers that claimed his services, made him an important writer of prose. The amount of his prose writing is very great, and, although the larger part of it is too ephemeral to have any place in the history of American literature, the part which has been thought worthy of inclusion in the standard edition of his collected works fills three of the seven volumes. Much of this writing is controversial in character, like the early tract on Justice and Expediency, but the greater part of it belongs to the permanent literature of New England history and thought. The most important titles are The Stranger in Lowell, The Supernaturalism of New England, Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and Literary Recreations and Miscellanea. The story of Margaret Smith is almost a work of fiction. It recounts the imagined observations of a young woman who comes from England on a visit to the Bay Colony in its early
days. She meets the chief worthies of the time, describes the landscape and the crude pioneer life, and writes of witch-hunting, Quaker-baiting, and Indian warfare. G. R. Carpenter says of this work that "no single modern volume could be found which has so penetrated the secret of colonial times in Massachusetts, for it is almost line by line a transcript and imaginative interpretation of old letters, journals, and memoirs." Its Quaker authorship, moreover, gives it just the detachment needed to save it from the danger of accepting too unreservedly the view of New England colonial life that the leaders of the Puritan theocracy so zealously sought to perpetuate.

In the history of English literature in the larger sense, Whittier is probably no more than a poet of the third rank. His native endowment was rich, but it was supplemented by neither the technical training nor the discipline required for the development of the artist. He was extremely careless about his rhymes—"good Yankee rhymes, but out of New England they would be cashiered," he once said of them. The construction of his stanzas was diffuse and often slovenly. The organ voice and the lyric cry were not, except at rare moments, his to command. But no American who lived in the shadow of slavery and internecine strife, none who grew to manhood in the generation succeeding those epic days, would dream of measuring his love and veneration for Whittier by the scale of absolute art. Whittier's verse is so inwrought with the nation's passion during that period of heightened consciousness that preserved the Union and redeemed it from the curse of slavery that it cannot be coldly and critically considered by any one who has had a vital sense of the agonies and exaltations of that critical time. To such, the invocation of Stedman's Ad Vetem will always be a truer expression of their feeling than any critical judgment, for they can never forget their debt to him for

righteous anger, burning scorn
Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
Sweet fealty to country and to home,
Peace, stainless purity, high thoughts of heaven,
And the clear, natural music of [his] song.
Fifty years ago, the verdict of thoughtful Americans acclaimed Whittier as the foremost American poet, with the possible exception of Longfellow, and while now there would be more dissentients from that judgment than there were then, his fame still rests upon a very solid basis of acceptance and esteem. And especially to those who have sprung from the soil of New England, he will always be the incomparable poet of their childhood home, of its landscape, its legendry, and the spiritual essence of its history.
CHAPTER XIV

Poe

The saddest and the strangest figure in American literary history is that of Edgar Allan Poe. Few writers have lived a life so full of struggle and disappointment, and none have lived and died more completely out of sympathy with their times. His life has been made the subject of minute and prolonged investigation, yet there are still periods in his history that have not been satisfactorily cleared up. And the widest differences of opinion have existed as to his place and his achievements. But there are few today who will not readily concede to him a place among the foremost writers of America, whether in prose or in verse, and there are not wanting those who account him one of the two or three writers of indisputable genius that America has produced.

Poe was born at Boston, 19 January, 1809, the son of actor parents of small means and of romantic proclivities. Before the end of his third year he was left an orphan, his mother dying in wretched poverty at Richmond, Virginia, 8 December, 1811, and his father a few weeks later, if we may believe the poet's own statement. He was promptly taken under the protection of a prosperous tobacco exporter of Richmond, John Allan, in whose family he lived, ostensibly as an adopted child, until 1827. In his sixth year he attended for a short time the school of William Ewing in Richmond. In the summer of 1815 he went with his foster-father to England, and for the next five years, with the exception of a few months spent in Scotland shortly after reaching England, he lived in London, attending first a boarding school kept by the Misses Dubourg in Sloane Street, and later the academy of the Rev. John Bransby in Stoke Newington. He impressed Bransby
as a "quick and clever boy," though embarrassed by "an extravagant amount of pocket-money"; and John Allan wrote of him in 1818 that he was "a fine boy" and read "Latin pretty sharply." In 1816 Allan described him as "thin as a razor," but in 1819 he wrote that he was "growing wonderfully."

On his return to Richmond in the summer of 1820, Poe entered an academy kept, first, by Joseph H. Clarke and, later, by William Burke, under whom he continued his work in the languages, earning the admiration of his fellows by his readiness at "capping verses" from the Latin and by his skill in declamation. He also wrote verses of his own, and it is said that a sheaf of his juvenilia was collected in 1822 or 1823 in the hope that they might be published in volume form. But before the end of 1824 he had somehow broken with his foster-father, and the breach between the two was never to be entirely healed. "The boy possesses not a spark of affection for us," wrote John Allan in November, 1824, "not a particle of gratitude for all my care and kindness towards him. . . . I fear his associates have led him to adopt a line of thinking and acting very contrary to what he possessed when in England." The immediate cause of the breach we do not know; but a parting of the ways between the two, who were radically dissimilar in tastes and ideals, was inevitable sooner or later.

The year 1826 Poe spent as a student at the University of Virginia. Here he made a creditable record in his classes, winning honourable mention in Latin and French; and he at no time fell under the censure of his instructors. At the end of the year, however, because of his having accumulated gambling debts of some twenty-five hundred dollars, he was withdrawn from college; and with the beginning of the next year he was placed by his adoptive father in his counting-house in Richmond, in the hope that he might develop a taste for a business career. But he had small leaning that way; besides, he had been disappointed in a love-affair, having become engaged before going to college to Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, of Richmond, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, had jilted him in his absence and had betrothed herself to another. Smarting under this disappointment and completely out of sympathy with the life marked out for him by his foster-father, Poe now determined to run away; and at some time in March, 1827, he left Richmond
Earliest Writings

for parts unknown. In May he appeared at Boston, and there, 26 May, he was mustered into the army of the United States. The next two years he served as a soldier in barracks, being stationed first at Boston, then at Charleston, South Carolina, and finally at Fortress Monroe. In the spring or summer of 1827 he brought out at Boston his first volume of poems, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, a collection of ten fugitive pieces, all brief save one, and all plainly imitative either of Byron or of Moore.

In February, 1829, Mrs. Allan died, and in April Poe was discharged from the army, a substitute having been provided, and efforts were made to obtain for him an appointment to West Point. Some time intervened, however, before an appointment could be procured, and it was not until July, 1830, that he was admitted to the Academy. In the preceding December he had published at Baltimore a second volume of poems, made up largely of his earlier pieces revised, but containing his long poem *Al Aaraaf*, the most ambitious and the most promising of his earlier productions. At West Point he took high rank in his classes; but in October, 1830, John Allan had married a second time, and Poe, concluding that there was no longer any prospect of succeeding to a fortune, determined with the beginning of the new year to bring about his dismissal from the Academy. He adopted the very effective means of absenting himself from roll calls and from classes, was court-martialled in consequence, and 6 March, 1831, was formally expelled. In April a third volume of his poems appeared, containing some of the best work that he ever did, but in a state much inferior to that in which he ultimately left it.

During the ensuing four years Poe seems to have made his home in Baltimore, though it is impossible to trace his history with complete certainty throughout this period. Much of his time, no doubt, was given to his prose tales, five of which appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, in 1832,¹ and a sixth—for which he won a prize of a hundred dollars—in the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* in October, 1833; and he also worked at intervals during these years on a play, *Politian*, which, though published in part, was never completed. That

¹ These stories were originally submitted in competition for a prize—won, as it happens, by Delia Bacon.
he lived in poverty and in much obscurity is evident from the reminiscences of John Pendleton Kennedy, the novelist, who had been one of the judges in the *Visiter's* contest in 1833 and who now proved his most helpful friend.

In the summer of 1835, Poe went to Richmond to assist in the editing of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and before the end of the year he had been promoted to be editor-in-chief of that magazine. He was now fairly launched on his career as man of letters. In the columns of the *Messenger* he republished, with slight revisions, the tales that had already appeared, and in addition a number of new tales and poems, together with a long line of book reviews, which promptly won for the *Messenger* a popularity such as no other Southern magazine has ever enjoyed. In May, 1836, relying on his suddenly acquired prosperity, he married. His wife was Virginia Clemm, a child of thirteen and the daughter of a paternal aunt, in whose home he had lived for a time in Baltimore. In the fall he was absent from his post for several weeks in consequence of illness brought on by excessive indulgence in drink; and though on his recovery he returned to his duties with his accustomed vigour, he was unable to satisfy his employer as to his stability of habit; and with the initial number of the *Messenger* for 1837 his resignation as editor was formally announced.

From Richmond he went to New York, where he hoped to find employment with *The New York Review*. In October, 1837, he was in Richmond again, posing as editor still of the *Messenger*, though we cannot be certain that he contributed anything to its columns at this time. At the end of the year he was again in New York; and in the following summer he moved to Philadelphia. In July he published at New York, in book form, the longest of his tales, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*.

The next six years (1838–1844) he spent in Philadelphia. During the first year he was engaged largely in hack-writing, busyng himself with a work on conchology (published in


*A license for marriage to Virginia Clemm was procured at Baltimore in September, 1835, but it has not been established that there was a wedding at that time.*
Philadelphia and New York

1839) among other things, though he also composed at this time some of the best of his tales. In May, 1839, he became associate editor of Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, but a year later he quarrelled with Burton and lost his place. From April, 1841, to May, 1842, he edited Graham's Magazine. And in 1843 he had for a while some tacit connection with a Philadelphia weekly, The Saturday Museum. In Burton's and in Graham's he published a number of the ablest of his book-reviews and some of the most striking of his tales. At the end of 1839 he brought out at Philadelphia a collection of his tales, in two volumes; and in 1843 a further edition of his tales was projected, of which, however, only one fascicle, containing but two of his stories, was published. In the same year he won a prize of a hundred dollars for his story The Gold Bug. But at no time during these years was his income from his writings or from his editorial labours sufficient to enable him to live in comfort. During his later years in Philadelphia, moreover, his weakness for drink had grown on him, and he had as a result lost many of his friends; his wife, too, frail from childhood, had become an invalid in 1841 or in 1842; and so, early in 1844, the poet concluded to seek a new field.

In April, 1844, he moved with his family to New York; and there, either in the city or at Fordham, a few miles out, he lived during the remaining five years allotted to him. The year 1844 was uneventful, but the year 1845 proved to be the pivotal year of his history. At the end of January appeared in the New York Evening Mirror, on which he had held a minor editorial position for several months, The Raven; and he became at once the most talked of man of letters in America. In the summer he published a new volume of his tales, and in the fall, a collected edition of his poems, The Raven and Other Poems. Early in the year he became assistant editor of The Broadway Journal; in July he became sole editor, and in October editor and proprietor of this paper; and thus was enabled to realize an ambition that he had cherished for more than a decade, to edit a paper of his own. But owing to financial embarrassments arising from various causes, he was compelled to give up this paper at the end of the year. During the first half of 1846 he was ill, so he himself claimed, for several months. In the middle of the year (May to October) he
published, in Godoy's Lady's Book, his Literati, a series of biographical-critical papers dealing with the chief living writers of Gotham; and the year was further made memorable by the controversy with Thomas Dunn English, engendered by the publication of the Literati, and by a scandal growing out of his friendship with the poetess, Mrs. F. S. Osgood. Early in 1847 the poet's wife died, and throughout the year, as indeed during the preceding year, the family suffered keenly from the pinch of poverty. The year 1848 saw the culmination of two unhappy love-affairs—first, with Mrs. Shew, who had nursed the poet through a spell of illness following the death of his wife, and then with Mrs. Whitman, the Rhode Island poetess; and this year also witnessed the publication of his Eureka, a philosophical disquisition on the origin and composition of the universe.

The year 1849 opened auspiciously for the poet; during the first half he wrote at least one new tale, and several new poems, including the lines For Annie, Eldorado, a revised and much enlarged version of The Belt, and the last of his poems, Anna Lee. In the summer of 1849 he went to Richmond, where he renewed his addresses to the sweetheart of his boyhood, Miss Royster, now the widow Mrs. Shelton and wealthy, and they became engaged for a second time. Late in September Poe left Richmond for the North, intending to bring his mother-in-law, who remained loyal to him throughout the years, to the South for the marriage; but at Baltimore he was induced to break a temperance pledge that he had made in the summer, and as a result he fell into excesses from the effects of which he died 7 October, 1849. He lies buried in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Baltimore.

Such are the leading facts that have been established concerning Poe's life. But despite the labours of his biographers—and no American writer has had more able biographers—there are still certain periods of his life for which our knowledge is exceedingly meagre and unsatisfactory. We have, for instance, no specific knowledge as to how or where he spent the two months intervening between his departure from Richmond in March, 1827, and his mustering into the army at the end of May. We are likewise ignorant both as to his whereabouts and as to his activities during the year immediately preceding his winning of the Visitor's prize in October, 1833; and
the entire period from 1831 to 1835 is obscure. He sinks out of sight again for six months in the middle of 1837. And a hiatus of several months also occurs in his history during the first half of the year 1846. For this obscurity Poe is himself mainly responsible. He took pleasure in mystifying his public about himself; and in a few instances he deliberately misstated the facts. As to Poe's character and personality the most divergent views have been expressed. According to Griswold, whom he chose as his literary executor, Poe was a "naturally unamiable character," arrogant, "irascible, envious," without "moral susceptibility" or sense of gratitude, and exhibiting "scarcely any virtue in either his life or his writings." According to the Richmond editor, John M. Daniel, who saw him frequently during the summer of 1849, he was sour of nature, capricious, selfish, a misanthrope, possessing "little moral sense." In the view of Lowell's friend, C. F. Briggs, with whom he was associated for several months in 1845 as co-editor of the Broadway Journal, he was "badly made up," a "characterless character," and "utterly deficient of high motive." And Horace Greeley was disturbed lest Mrs. Whitman should marry him, giving it as his opinion that such a union would be a "terrible conjunction." To N. P. Willis, on the other hand, who perhaps knew him better than any other outside of his immediate family during his last half-dozen years, there appeared, during several months of close association with him in 1844–1845, "but one presentment of the man,—a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability"; and in subsequent years he saw, so he declares, nothing of the arrogance, vanity, and depravity of heart "that were commonly attributed to him." And George R. Graham, editor of the magazine that bore his name, testifies that, when he knew him best (in the first half of the forties), "he had the docility and kind-heartedness of a child," and that "no man was more quickly touched by a kindness, none more prompt to make return for an injury," and, further, that he was "the soul

* See, in particular, in this connection, an autobiographical memorandum sent to Griswold in 1841 (Works of Poe, ed. Harrison, Vol. I, pp. 344–366), in which most of the dates are inaccurately given, and in which we have one of several apocryphal accounts of a voyage to Europe in 1827.
of honour in all his transactions." Kennedy notes that he was "irregular, eccentric, and querulous," but adds—as if in set rejoinder to Griswold's charge that he was incapable of gratitude for service done—that "he always remembered my kindness with gratitude." As time has passed and we have come to know more about Poe's life, it has become more and more evident that the view of his character held by Griswold and those who sided with him was unduly harsh, though it remains clear, nevertheless, that Poe was not without regrettable traits and serious weaknesses. It is plain, first of all, that he was abnormally proud and sensitive and impulsive; it is equally plain that he was thoroughly undignified and ungenerous in his attacks on certain of his contemporaries who had aroused his envy or incurred his dislike. We have already noted that he was not invariably accurate of statement, especially in matters pertaining peculiarly to himself; we know, too, that he was an incessant borrower, and that he neglected in some instances to make good his borrowings at the appointed time,—though there is no conclusive evidence of dishonesty of intent on his part. And all the world knows that he sometimes was drunk to excess. But it is also clear—contrary to the popular assumption—that Poe was not a confirmed inebriate: the volume and the quality of his writings sufficiently demonstrate this; and it is not to be denied that he made repeated and manifold efforts to shake off the tyranny of drink. Nor can we read his letters—in which we see the true Poe more plainly than elsewhere—without being convinced that he also possessed amiable traits and noble impulses. In any estimate of his character, moreover, it is but just to take into account—as, indeed, most of his recent biographers have done—the influences exerted on his character by heredity and by his early environment; and it should also be borne in mind that he suffered during most of his later career from serious physical infirmities.  

1 It is due to Griswold, however, to say that his account of Poe's life, though inaccurate at many points and jaundiced throughout, is more to be relied on than is now commonly assumed. For exposing most of Griswold's inaccuracies we are indebted to Poe's English biographer, the late John H. Ingram.

2 His father before him was highly impulsive and was over-fond of drink, and his foster-father was not only given to wine-bibbing but was an arch-hypocrite besides.

3 The clash of opinion with respect to Poe's character appears to be due
Poe as Critic

It was as critic that Poe first attracted widespread attention. As editor of the Messenger and Burton's and Graham's his chief function was that of book-reviewer; and much of the work that he did for other periodicals was of the nature of book-reviews and gossip about books and authors. The bulk of his work in this field is journalistic in style and of ephemeral interest, much of it being the merest hack-writing; but there remains a small body of critical matter that possesses genuine worth and distinction, and that entitles Poe to an honourable place among the literary critics of America. Assuredly no other American critic of his day, save Lowell, may take rank above him. This residue of good work comprises a score of masterly book-reviews, including the memorable notices of Longfellow's Ballads, Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales, and Dickens's Barnaby Rudge; some half-dozen essays in the theory of criticism, of which the earliest is his Letter to B——, and the most significant is his Poetic Principle; and a series of obiter dicta, collected under the title Marginalia, which have justly been held to contain much of his best work as critic.

His most distinctive gifts as critic were clearness of intellect and a faculty for analysis. Few Americans of his time had finer intellectual endowments. He also had the poet's "faculty of ideality," on which he laid great stress in his judgments of others. And he was the most independent and fearless of critics, disdaining not to attack either high or low. He had not read very widely; but he knew his Milton well, and probably his Shakespeare and his Pope, and he was familiar

mainly, as Willis suggested, to the fact that most of the contemporary judgments adverse to him were based on his conduct during his spells of intemperance, at which times (as he pathetically admitted more than once) he was largely irresponsible. Most of these estimates, too, are based, naturally, on the poet's later years, after both body and mind had become enfeebled. Poe himself urged, in partial explanation of his irregularities in his later years, the plea of insanity; and there is reason to believe that he was at one time addicted to the use of opium.

"Poe's critical writing was so much superior to the best of what had preceded it," remarks William Morton Payne (American Literary Criticism, 1904, p. 14), "that one might almost be pardoned for saying that this department of our literature began when, in 1835, The Southern Literary Messenger engaged his services."

"F. C. Prescott, Selections from the Critical Writings of Edgar Allan Poe, p. xix; J. M. Robertson, New Essays towards a Critical Method, p. 117."
with the chief Romantic poets of the age immediately preced-
ing his own; while as editor and magazine he kept in close
touch with contemporary literature. On the other hand, he
was prone to exaggerate technical blemishes and to under-
estimate ethical and philosophical significance. And his
taste was not always impeccable. By his contemporaries he
was thought of as inexcusably harsh in his criticisms: by one
of them he is dubbed the "tomahawk man," by another the
"broad-axe man"; and Lowell remarks, in his sketch of him,
that he seemed "sometimes to mistake his phial of prussic-
acid for his inkstand." What is more to his discredit, he
stooped now and then to log-rolling both on his own account and
on behalf of his friends, and his unfavourable judgments ap-
pear to have been actuated in some instances by animus and
jealousy. But most of his critical judgments have been sus-
tained by time. And despite the arrogance charged against
him by Griswold and others, it is to be set down to his credit
that he ungrudgingly conceded to Longfellow and Lowell the
primacy among the American poets of his time and that he
generously proclaimed Hawthorne to be without a peer in his
peculiar field. His chief hobbies as critic were originality—
and, per contra, imitation and plagiarism—"unity or totality
of effect," consistency and "keeping," verisimilitude, "the
heresy of the didactic," provinciality, metrical imperfections
of whatever sort, and verbal inaccuracies and infelicities;
some of which hobbies—as plagiarism—he rode over-hard.
But his influence in an age when wholesale adulation was the
rule, and when art counted for but little, was naturally whole-
some.

Among the best known of his critical dicta is his character-
ization of the short story in his notice of Hawthorne's Twice-
Told Tales (1842). Probably no other passage in American
literary criticism has been quoted so often as the following
extract from this review:

A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has
not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but hav-
ing conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to
be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines
such events as may best aid him in establishing this precon-
Poe as Poet

ceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbrin-
ging of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole
composition there should be no word written, of which the tend-
ency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design.
And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length
painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with
a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the
tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and
this is an end unattainable by the novel.1

Scarcely less famous are some of his deliverances on the mean-
ing and the province and aims of poetry. Poetry he defined
as the "rhythmic creation of beauty," holding with Cole-
ridge, his chief master as critic, that its "immediate object"
is "pleasure, not truth"; and that "with the intellect or with
the conscience it has only collateral relations." "Poetry and
passion" he held to be "discordant." And humour, also, he
believed to be "antagonistical to that which is the soul of the
muse proper." Sadness he declared to be the most poetic of
moods; and "indefinitiveness" one of the chief essentials of
lyric excellence. A long poem he held, with Bryant, to be a
"contradiction in terms."

Poe's critical doctrines find their best exemplification in his
own poems. He is, first of all, a poet of beauty, paying little
heed to morality or to the life of his fellow-men. He is, in the
second place, a master-craftsman, who has produced a dozen
poems of a melody incomparable so far as the western world
is concerned; and he has achieved an all but flawless construc-
tion of the whole in such poems as The Raven, The Haunted
Palace, and The Conqueror Worm; while in The Bells he has
performed a feat in onomatopoeia quite unapproached before
or since in the English language. He is, moreover, one of the
most original of poets. And the best of his verse exhibits a
spontaneity and finish and perfection of phrase, as well as,
at times, a vividness of imagery, that it is difficult to match
elsewhere in American poetry.

But his poems of extraordinary worth are exceedingly few
—scarcely above a score at most—in which must be included
the earlier lines To Helen, Israfel, The City in the Sea, The Sleeper,


vol. ii—5
The Haunted Palace, Dream-Land, The Raven, Ulalume, For Annie, and Annabel Lee. And most of his earlier verses are manifestly imitative, Byron and Moore and Coleridge and Shelley being his chief models; while much of his earlier work, including all of the volume of 1827, and some of his latest— notably the verses addressed to Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Shew and Mrs. Lewis—are either fragmentary and "incondite" or mere "verses," or both. It has been justly said that "there is almost no poet between whose best and worst verse there is a wider disparity." His range, too, is narrower than that of any other American poet of front rank. Consistently with one of his theories already adverted to, he wrote no long poem, save the juvenile Tamerlane and Al Aaraaf, both of them extremely crude performances (though Al Aaraaf contains excellent passages and played a large part in his development as poet), and an abortive play, Petition, which he never saw fit to publish in its entirety; so that he lives as poet solely by reason of his lyrics. And within the realm of the lyric he confined himself to the narrowest range of ideas. Nature he employed merely as ornament or as symbol or to fill in the background; and nowhere in his poems does he deal with the life about him, except in so far as he writes of friends and kindred. His most constant theme—if we exclude the poet himself, for few writers have so constantly reflected themselves in their work—is either the death of a beautiful woman and the grief occasioned thereby, or the realm of shades—the spirit-world—a subject to which he was strongly attracted, especially in his middle years. Hence, although most European critics have accorded him first place among American poets, most American critics have hesitated to accept their verdict.

Much of the excellence of his best poems arises from the never-ending revisions to which he subjected them. The Raven, for example, exists in upwards of a dozen variant forms, and some of his earlier verses were so radically altered as to be scarcely recognizable in their final recast. His melody, especially in his later poems, grows in large measure out of his all but unexampled use of parallelism and of the refrain. Not a little of his charm, moreover, both in his earlier and in

1 J. M. Robertson, New Essays, p. 76.
2 C. A. Smith, Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse, pp. 44 f.
Poe's Tales

his later work, results from his use of symbolism. It is idle to complain that his best verses—as Israel or The Haunted Palace—are superficial; and it is futile to contend that such poems as Annabel Lee or the sonnet To My Mother are not sincere, or that his poems, one and all, lack spontaneity. But it is not to be denied that some of his best-known poems—as Lenore and The Raven—exhibit too much of artifice; that The Conqueror Worm and passages in still other poems approach too near to the melodramatic; and that, with many readers, his verses must suffer by reason of their sombreness of tone.

Poe's tales, which exceed in number his fully authenticated poems, have been held by some of the most judicious of his critics to constitute his chief claim to our attention. There are those who will not subscribe to this view, but it is plain that he was the most important figure in the history of the short story during his half-century. Hawthorne alone may be thought of as vying with him for this distinction; but although the New Englander is infinitely Poe's superior in some respects—as in the creation of character and in wholesomeness and sanity—he must yield place to him in the creation of incident, in the construction of plot, and in the depicting of an intensely vivid situation. Whether or not we allow Poe the distinction of having invented the short story will depend on our interpretation of terms; but at least he invented the detective story, and more than any other he gave to the short story its vogue in America.

Like his poems, his tales are notably unequal. Some of his earlier efforts—especially his satirical and humorous extravaganzas, as Lionizing and Bon-Bon—are properly to be characterized as rubbish; and he was capable in his later years of descending to such inferior work as The Sphinx, Mellonta Tauta, and X-ing a Paragraph. One feels, indeed, that Lowell's famous characterization of him:

> Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,

applies with entire justice to him as a maker of short stories. The best of his narrative work is to be found in his analytical

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tales, as The Gold Bug or The Descent into the Maelstrom, in certain stories in which he combines his analytical gift with the imaginative and inventive gift, as The Cask of Amontillado and William Wilson, or in certain studies of the pure imagination, as The Fall of the House of Usher and The Masque of the Red Death. In all of these he displays a skill of construction and of condensation surpassed by few if any other workers in his field. In some—as in The Masque of the Red Death, or in Eleonora, or in his landscape studies—he shows himself a master of English style; and in two of his briefer studies—Shadow and Silence—he approaches the eloquence and splendour of De Quincey.

His main limitations as a writer of the short story are to be found in the feebleness and flimsiness of his poorer work; in his all but complete lack of healthy humour; in his incapacity to create or to depict character; in his morbidity of mood and grotesqueness of situation. He suffers also in comparison with other leading short-story writers of America and England in consequence of his disdain of the ethical in art (though neither his tales nor his poems are entirely lacking in ethical value); he suffers, again, in comparison with certain present-day masters of the short story in consequence of his lack of variety in theme and form; and he was never expert in the management of dialogue.

By reason of his fondness for the terrible and for the outré, he is to be classed with the Gothic romancers: he makes constant use of Gothic machinery, of apparitions, cataleptic attacks, premature burial, and life after death. In several of his stories—as also in his long poems, Tamerlane and Al Aaraaf—he follows in the steps of the Orientalists. On the other hand, in some of his tales of incident he achieves a realism and a minuteness of detail that betray unmistakably the influence of Defoe. And it is easy to demonstrate an indebtedness to divers

1 His friend, P. P. Cooke, wrote of him in 1847: "For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales, analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his own hand, with little or no aid from its twin brother imagination, ... a book full of homely doings, of successful toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides—a book healthy and happy throughout" (Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1848, p. 32).
of his contemporaries, as James and Bulwer and Disraeli and Macaulay. It has been proved also that he knew the German romancer, E. T. A. Hoffmann, if not in the original, at least in translation, and that he caught his manner and appropriated his themes. For the rest, he drew for his materials largely on the magazines and newspapers of his day, finding in a famous newspaper sensation of the forties the suggestion of his *Mystery of Marie Roget* (as he had found in another sensation, of the twenties, the plot of his *Poe.*), and taking advantage of certain contemporary fads in his myth-making about mesmerism, ballooning, premature burial, and the like; and he boldly pilfered from government reports, scientific treatises, and works of reference such material as he found serviceable in some of his tales of adventure. Hence his originality may be said to consist rather in combination and adaptation than in more obviously inventive exercises of the fancy.

Poe’s influence has been far-reaching. As poet, he has had many imitators both in his own country and abroad, but especially in France and England. As romancer he has probably wielded a larger influence than any English writer since Scott. And as critic it is doubtful whether any other of his countrymen has contributed so much toward keeping the balance right between art-for-art’s-sake and didacticism. His fame abroad is admittedly larger than that of any other American writer, and his vogue has been steadily growing among his own people.


CHAPTER XV

Publicists and Orators, 1800–1850

In America, political theory and political philosophy have always been closely associated with practical politics and with the problems of very immediate interest. The cogent and effective theory of the American Revolution was distinctly part of a determined effort to reach results in civil organization. And so too in the first half of the nineteenth century, a period by no means without its contribution to the philosophy of the state, most of the political theory appeared in speeches and pamphlets directed to the accomplishment of a present and very concrete purpose. The Americans have been charged with incapacity for sustained theorizing, or for prolonged logical discussion; and yet one may safely say that no other people of modern times have so widely used political theory or so generally discussed practical affairs on a theoretical basis. The whole nature of our institutions has prompted men to indulge in argument which was legalistic and was often tintured with philosophy. Even the unlearned could not speak and think of democracy and its hopes without indulging in visions; they could not discuss the presence of slavery without touching the border of the deepest problems of social order; they could not speak of union or states' rights without entering at least the outer portal of philosophic argument. But we need not look for detached theoretical treatises; the statesman, the politician, and the jurist were busily using such learning as they had and such aptitude for theory as they possessed in the concrete and difficult problems which were begotten by democracy in a country which, to use Calhoun's words, was "rapidly—I was about to say fearfully—growing." Calhoun himself, a philosopher of real distinction, probably never claimed a higher rôle than that of states-
man; and though he published two treatises which belong in
the field of political theory, they were produced because of an
immediate tangible condition and they were partly vitiated
for permanent service because of their defence of a decaying
institution which dimmed his own outlook on the world.

The first few decades of the century, if they produced no
notable pieces of abstract political theory, gave alluring oppor-
tunity for oratory and offered also an unusual field for the
jurist. The orator had big themes—democracy, slavery,
free labour, expansion, states' rights, nationalism, as well as
the well-worn subjects of banks and tariffs and lands and
commerce. The jurist was called to the novel task of con-
struing constitutions, of passing on the fundamental law of a
federal republic, and more—the task of developing and adjust-
ing a system of private law suited to the needs of a new people
and a new country. In both of these fields of action and of
thought the Americans did much; in oratory appeared Web-
ster, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, Choate, Benton, and John
Quincy Adams, and others only less worthy of note; in juris-
prudence, Marshall and Kent and Story and Wheaton, by
judicial opinion or by written text, laid the foundations of
American public and private law and ably performed a creative
task such as rarely, if ever, before fell to the lot of the jurist.

Much of the oratory of the time was of a kind which appeals
but little to the reader of the present day. The speeches that
have come down to us are often diffuse and occasionally florid.
Nothing else could be expected from the leaders of a nation
which was full of eager life and was assured of its own high
destiny, a nation in which a man to be a popular leader must
have power in appealing to the multitude, uncritical in its
attitude toward literary form, provided the speaker himself
have vitality, assurance, and a plentiful store of winged words.
This, it is true, is not altogether just, for Webster's diction
was on the whole restrained and strong; Calhoun rarely de-
claimed; Clay and Benton and Adams were always earnest
and did not merely toy with words; Everett's orations, pol-
ished and academic, never descended into the lower realms of
commonplace word-juggling for applause. And yet it is
probably right to say that most of the speaking of the time
was affected by the fact that orators were appealing to a wide
constituency, to a people engaged in very practical tasks, but self-confident, buoyant, and withal emotional or at least idealistic.

The jurists of the time may here be considered first, although, as already said, it is not possible to disassociate the greatest among them from the problems which enlisted the enthusiasm and interest of the orator and political leader. If one turns, for example, to the decisions which John Marshall (1755-1835) gave as chief justice, one at once thinks of the work of Calhoun and other great particularists, who in the field of active politics put forth theories totally at variance with those coming from the Court. It is, therefore, quite impossible to detach Marshall from the most important movements of his time; for his words lose significance unless we see that they marked out lines of social and political progress and profoundly affected the character and career of the nation. And thus too, if the establishment of a widely accepted system of jurisprudence is necessary for the building up of a common industrial and social life for the nation at large, the work of Joseph Story, James Kent, and others, cannot be assigned to any narrow field of technical jurisprudence of interest to the professional lawyer alone.

The appointment of Marshall to the chief justiceship (January, 1801) was of great significance, for in the course of a few years he showed the importance of the Federal judiciary and the great authority of his office. For thirty-four years he presided over the Court and gave out a series of decisions which fixed permanently the principles of constitutional construction. His task was in some respects more that of the statesman than the lawyer; he was called upon to consider public questions of far-reaching importance and to lay down principles which he must gather from the nature of the United States, which was itself, in its composite organization, an experiment, a new form of political order. He was the first judge in history on whom fell the duty of interpreting and expounding the fundamental basis of the state; for, though the Supreme Court had been in existence twelve years before Marshall took his seat on the bench, not much had been done to prepare the way or to throw light on the solution of per-
plexing problems which Marshall had to solve. Ordinary legal learning and, above all, learning in the domain of ordinary private law could not avail him much; indeed one may question whether, had his mind been stored with vast legal lore, he could have entered on his work without falling into traps of pedantry or finding himself clogged by precedent and technicality. He brought to his great undertaking considerable experience in public affairs, an interest and a viewpoint arising from practical participation in government, and no small amount of learning in international and municipal law and in what we should now call political science.

The layman reading Marshall's decisions will be struck by the fact that he did not balance an opinion on a long line of precedents or seek refuge behind the thoughts and words of others. Few references to authority are to be found, and in some of his greatest cases there is not a single citation of precedent. He begins with simple statements, founded, one is led to think, in common sense, and then, with a careful but not overwrought analysis, he leads one forward to his conclusions, always with a directness and a simplicity which are characteristic of strong mental grasp but conceal the cleverness with which the road has been chosen or the arguments exposed. By his very statement of the issues involved in a case he could quietly disclose to the litigants against whom he was ruling the far-reaching and perhaps destructive consequences of their own contentions. And, as we have said, he did this, as he must needs do it in constitutional decisions, not by an elaborate dissecting of precedent and legal authority, but by a calm outlook upon the field and a searching analysis of the elements involved in the discussion. In his most important cases he appears to rise far above the details of the immediate controversy, one might almost say above the merits of the particular case, and to have his eye on the big principles affecting the future growth of the nation. And thus he created American constitutional law; at least, not to exaggerate, he marked out the broad lines of constitutional construction and fashioned the fundamental principles on which union and government might rest.

To select his opinions for separate comment, or to choose those most noteworthy, is not an easy task. Probably Marbury
Mr. Madison is the most famous, because in that decision the Supreme Court exercised, for the first time, the power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. The principle on which Marshall gave the decision had been stated several times before, for the state courts had announced it when declaring statutes void and, among others, Hamilton had clearly set forth the doctrine in *The Federalist*. Moreover, modern scholars are not altogether content with the method of approach which Marshall followed in reaching his conclusion that a court had the right to declare a law void. Withal, however, the case is of signal importance and there would be considerable difficulty in presenting the power of the court with more simplicity and cogency.

In the decade after the War of 1812, Marshall rendered a series of opinions of the first importance. Thoroughly permeated with the conviction that the states of the Union must be kept within their proper bounds, he gave to the task of interpreting the Constitution and maintaining the authority of the national government his greatest power.Possibly his ablest decision, certainly the one most elaborately wrought out, is *Cooper v. Virginia*, in which the question arose as to the right of the Supreme Court to exercise its appellate jurisdiction over the judgment of a state court involving the validity of state legislation. The contention of the counsel for the state struck at the very root of the judicial system of the Union, with its authority to review state decisions which involved the binding effect of the Federal Constitution and laws: and so to the discussion of this fundamental question Marshall brought his heaviest artillery. In a series of powerful paragraphs he proclaimed the principle of nationalism and the existence of a real union resting on the will and determination of the people:

"That the United States," he said, "form, for many, and for most important purposes, a single nation, has not yet been denied. In war, we are one people. In making peace, we are one people. In all commercial regulations, we are one and the same people. In many other respects, the American people are one; and the government which is alone capable of controlling and managing their interests in all these respects, is the government of the Union. It is their government, and in that character they have no other. Amer-
These words give us some idea of the simplicity of the style, the evidence of power and confidence, the eloquence which can raise a judicial opinion into the realm of literature. This decision, emphatically maintaining the appellate authority of the Court and the supremacy of the national law when the law is consonant with the Constitution, left no further ground for legal discussion, though the men of Virginia, fretting under the authority of the Court, poured out their wrath in many words.¹

In other decisions of vast influence on developing America, Marshall announced his doctrine of nationalism and marked out the limits of state competence. One of these, the case of McCulloch vs. Maryland, gave with renewed elaboration the doctrine of implied powers in the hands of the national government and laid down principles limiting the rights of the states. Here too Marshall examined the character of the Union and the scope of governmental authority under the Constitution, and did so with remarkable clearness. In the well-known case of Dartmouth College vs. Woodward, Marshall declared that a charter of a private corporation was a contract, inviolable by state authority. This decision is probably more sharply criticized by the modern lawyer than any other, and yet it is still standing and has stood for a century, the bulwark of the corporations, saving them at least from unreasonable and purely gratuitous attacks upon their privileges and property. A third case, Gibbons vs. Ogden, proclaiming in broad terms the extent of Federal power over interstate commerce, served as the foundation on which later decisions rested and at least suggested the legal foundation for the great development of nation-wide commerce. Thus, it will be seen, his work was of significance not alone because it furnished theories and principles of national organization and helped in determining the character of the Union, but also because, in passing on questions of state competence, his vision was sufficiently wide and

far-reaching to comprehend the need for secure industrial growth.

Though Marshall's best-known decisions were in the field of constitutional law, where he was easily master, his work was by no means confined to that subject, for many problems besides those involving constitutional construction came before the court. During his term as chief justice he rendered over five hundred opinions, dealing with almost every one of the main divisions of modern jurisprudence. But he did even more; he placed the Court itself in a position of authority and influence, dignified and made potent the whole Federal judicial system, and thus helped to build up that respect for the Federal courts which has been of such tremendous importance in the development of American life. This in fact was no easy task; the Supreme Court itself was often fiercely attacked; it often went counter to the intense prejudice of parties, states, and sections. But by virtue of his own integrity and inherent power he compelled respect and overcame prejudice.

In the general field of constitutional law, Joseph Story (1779-1845) must be placed next to Marshall, though he did much less than the great chief justice of a purely constructive or creative character. His work as associate justice on the Supreme Bench was important, but his most substantial contribution was his *Commentaries on the Constitution*, which appeared in 1833 and long remained the only extensive and authoritative treatise on the subject. It passed through various editions, the best known, the fourth, containing copious annotations by Thomas M. Cooley, a distinguished publicist of a later generation. Thus for fifty years after its first appearance it furnished students of the law with the principles which Marshall and Story himself had done so much to establish by their decisions, and it doubtless had great influence on the thinking of bench and bar for two generations at least. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of such volumes in the days when the critical case system was not used by beginners, when texts were comparatively few, and when practising attorneys and judges were not provided with long series of reports, in days also when the layman was interested in problems concerning the nature of the Union and the powers of government.

If Story's name is associated in our minds with that of
Marshall, because Story's *Commentaries* carried forward the Marshall tradition, we may also justly associate him with James Kent (1763-1847). Both were judges, both also teachers and writers, and by their published works on various fields of American law they gave it coherence, stability, and strength. Though Marshall has undimmed honour as the founder of constitutional law, we look to these two men as the chief influences in building up other branches of American jurisprudence.

They began their work when there was practically nothing written on American law, and when there was a feeling of opposition to the English common law, even as it was presented in Coke and Blackstone. The times were critical, and the work of these two men in laying the foundations of American law, in seizing upon the principles of the common law and adapting them to American conditions, and in building up, in general, a coherent and usable system was of great importance. A competent author, attributing much to the influence of these men, asserts that the achievements of the seventy-five years before the Civil War compare favourably with those of any period of growth and adjustment in legal history, and declares that the "closest analogy, both in the time taken and the amount and character of the work accomplished, is the classical period in England—the age of Coke." Kent's *Commentaries on American Law* (1826-1836) was of very great effect; it was long read by students of the law and occupied a place of distinction by the side of Blackstone's famous work. Story, in addition to his work as a teacher of law in Harvard and to his duties on the bench of the Federal Supreme Court, wrote a number of volumes which did perhaps even more than those of Kent to standardize and shape the law. His *Conflict of Laws* and *Equity Jurisprudence* were of transcendent value, restating and formulating in convenient form the judge-made law of the past and making it adaptable to American conditions. Of the former treatise it has even been said that "It forthwith systematized, one might almost say, created, a whole branch of the law of England." Kent's decisions, when he was chancellor of New York, fashioned and made applicable in America the principles of equity, and

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Publicists and Orators, 1800-1850

Story's treatise on the same subject had as much or even greater influence in establishing and maintaining the system of equity jurisprudence.

What two men could do in expounding the law, making it intelligible and effective, and showing the strength and reasonableness of fundamental principles, in short, what could be done in fashioning the main lines of a growing jurisprudence for a rapidly growing country, these two men accomplished. The layman commonly thinks of the law as fixed, or as developing only by the addition of statutes passed by some legislative body, but the truth is that law grows, and the common law above all, as questions and problems arise; judges on the bench and writers of textbooks who do more than merely chronicle decisions, have great opportunity to direct the law into new channels and to determine the course of its development. Such power and influence naturally belonged in unusual measure to Kent and Story, because of their learning, because they taught and wrote as well as gave opinions from the bench, and above all because the period in which they worked was a formative period in the early life of a nation, during which law, like everything else, had to find expression and formulation.

To the list of jurists deserving special mention must be added Henry Wheaton (1785-1848). His early important work was that of reporter of the Supreme Court; but in 1827 he was appointed chargé d'affaires to Denmark, and a few years later minister to the court of Prussia. His diplomatic experience was doubtless of much service to him in his career as a publicist. In 1836 appeared the work by which he is chiefly known, the Elements of International Law. It passed through various editions, was translated into foreign languages, and is justly considered one of the most valuable contributions to the science of international law made during the nineteenth century.

With the possible exception of Marshall and Webster, John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) was the most important statesman and writer on public affairs in the forty years preceding 1850. A South Carolinian, he belonged by birth, not to the lowland planter class, but to the men of the up-country. At an early day his father purchased a slave, not a usual possession for an up-country man, and when John Calhoun grew to manhood

1 For whom see Book II, Chap. XVI.
he married a distant cousin of social standing and with some means, and thus the young man was connected with the social aristocracy and the slave-owning interests of the state. These simple facts stand out prominently in any effort to understand him in his development, because he became the learned and devoted advocate of the slave interests and defended, with his logic and his power in debate, the economical and social régime of the South. In 1811 he entered Congress, and was at once one of the leaders among the new young men, who were out of patience with the dallying methods of the older Jeffersonian politicians. For some years he was an ardent nationalist; possibly it is too much to say that he committed himself by votes or speeches to an interpretation of the Constitution radically opposed to state sovereignty; but in these earlier days we find in his spirit no traces of sectionalism or of any narrow particularism. In the latter part of the decade between 1820 and 1830, overcome by the unrest in his state and moved, it would seem, by its economic difficulties, he succumbed to the pressure of his surroundings and became the leader in formulating doctrines which South Carolina put forth to the world to defend itself against the tariff—shrewdly reasoned and highly elaborated doctrines of state sovereignty, the basis of nullification and secession.

Though other Southern states were at first by no means in agreement with South Carolina, when she presented to the world the theories which Calhoun so neatly phrased and so ably defended, he came to be, as the days went by, the leader of his section as well as the idol of his state. Sometimes he was a leader so far in advance that Southern people scarcely knew that they were slowly following his footsteps. More and more the South was identified with slavery; and more and more the people took their cue from Calhoun. He did not pose as a friend of disruption, and probably was a sincere friend of the Union; but the Union, he insisted with increasing fervour, must be a Union respecting the rights of the states, a Union which would hold together only if its government respected the varying conditions and the different interests of states and, indeed, of sections. He thus became the chief defender of two things or two ideas, slavery and particularism, to which the developing character of the nineteenth
century was utterly opposed; slavery here and everywher was doomed to be beaten down by the tide of humanitarianism, while localism, and sectionalism, and all other ten
cencies to exclusiveness and segregation, were at variance wi
those great forces of aggregation and of nation-building whi
were manifest in the whole civilized world. Calhoun's gre
talents were actually devoted to elaboration and vehem
t promulgation of theories to the effect that the American Uni
was a clever political system devised for the express purp
of protecting peculiar local interests against external attac
and the chief local interest was the "peculiar institution"
the South!

Calhoun's important contributions to the theory of Americ
government began in 1828 in connection with the agitation
South Carolina about the tariff question. From that time c
his attention was largely devoted to inculcating the doctri
that the state had the right under the Constitution to pro
its local interest against national aggression. His task w
and needed to be, in the presence of the growing power of t
North, to develop principles for the protection of the minorit
and in his quest for these doctrines he worked out a notal
series of constitutional principles and philosophical theor

Between 1828 and 1833 he developed his theories in defen
of nullification by a single state. The basis of the right is
course the sovereignty of the state, and Calhoun insisted i
indivisibility of sovereignty. "I maintain," he said, "th
sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme pow
in a state, and we might just as well speak of half a square,
half of a triangle, as half a sovereignty." Probably it is n
quite evident that one cannot justly speak of half a squar
but without cavilling at his illustration we may see that
these words he swept aside statements which had been com
mon before this time, to the effect that states, coming into t
Union, surrendered a portion of their sovereignty and retain
the remainder. Beneath his whole reasoning, therefore, li
the principles of what we may call organic philosophy, t
recognition of the vital character of the body politic, thou
of course, in this case, the body politic was the commonwealt
not the nation. He also believed that mere agreement cou
not establish law or political unity. This notion, at vari
with the older one that men by consent could form themselves, artificially as it were, into a new entity, was beginning to take its hold on the philosophic world, and it was Calhoun's appreciation of this notion and his use of it in concrete political controversy which constitutes one of his signal contributions to the history of political theory.

He did not, in these early days, dwell on the right of secession. In fact he did not wish, especially then, to emphasize that right; he relied, rather, on the right of nullification, that is, on the power of any state to declare, not through its legislature but through a convention representing the sovereignty of the state, that a federal law is void and must not be enforced within the state. Nullification, in fact, was put forth as a device whereby the state might be preserved, with its authority untouched, without having to resort to secession from the Union. It was, therefore, as he conceived it, conservative in a twofold sense: it conserved the right of the individual state, and it saved the Union; for, without nullification, secession was the only remedy for wrong. To preserve the appearance of constitutional method, he insisted that when a law was nullified the judgment of all the states should be sought, and they, by a three-fourths vote, might declare that the disputed power belonged to the national government. It is quite unnecessary to assert that Calhoun was insincere in announcing this method of passing on controverted points; the protection of the minority and the real desirability of maintaining the Union were cogent in his mind; the Union was too much of a reality for him to think easily of its being altogether at the beck and nod of a single state. It is plain, however, that one more than one-fourth of the states could, by his plan, pronounce a measure void; and, moreover, if three-fourths declared it constitutional, such declaration could not deter a state, all-powerful in its sovereignty, from seceding. A resort to nullification was, in Calhoun's mind, a means of determining whether the states supported the government, which was only their agent, and, if they did support it, then and only then might secession be resorted to. Secession, in other words, though theoretically within the competence of any state, would not as a rule be justified simply because of the action of the central government, for the government was the agent.
of the states; until the principals acted, the individual state should content itself with nullification.

At the very outset, as we have seen, Calhoun announced principles calculated to defend the minority. His later and more elaborate treatises, notably his *Disquisition on Government* and his *Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States*, pushed to the end his theories as to the constitutional guarantees of minority. Here we find a very able discussion of constitutional principles so cogently expressed that they challenge one’s admiration if they do not carry conviction. Intent upon disproving the notion that a mere majority of individuals, mere numbers, can decide upon rights or impose decisions on others, he insists that each interest or portion of the community must have a negative, and thus only when there is concurrence of the elements can there be the right to exercise power; where this principle of negation and concurrence does not exist, government rests on force; where they do exist, there is constitutionalism; a majority may be tyrannical, and therefore an unrestrained majority is inconsistent with constitutional liberty. It would be hard to deny that our constitutional system rests in part on the belief that majorities have not all power over the individual; but Calhoun’s theory was different from this: interests, individual communities, must have, through the negative, the power of self-defence—and this meant, in reality, the South as a section and slavery as an interest. Through his whole career from 1828 till his death in 1850 there appears consistently this right of a minority to protect itself.

One other word must be said of Calhoun’s work; for he did much more than outline the principles of state sovereignty. In the thirties, when the South began to defend slavery as never before, Calhoun stepped forward as a leader; and henceforward he was prepared to defend slavery as an institution and to use his theories concerning the Union to safeguard the institution at every turn. Here was the unnatural union: constitutional theory skilfully adapted to warding off intrusion was wedded to an economic, social, and moral condition of society. This union was all the more significant because slavery, though defended by theories of localism, was in need of recognition and of protection by national law; it needed in
Calhoun

fact to expand, if it were to hold its own; and thus Calhoun’s
doctrine of the individual rights of the individual states must
so be turned, by infinitely cautious curves of logic, as to justify
the protection of slaves on the high seas, the existence of
slavery in the District of Columbia, national guardianship
of slavery in the national domain, the denunciation of free
speech on the subject at the North. No one save a giant
among clever logicians and a devotee among enthusiasts
could have played the rôle with success. His arguments and
assertions are cogent and philosophical, keen, yet exhibiting
a certain breadth and firmness of grasp. He early recognized
the danger of a moral agitation against slavery; he did not
say that the Union could not exist half slave and half free;
but he did announce (1837) that “Abolition and the Union
cannot co-exist”; the fell spirit of abolitionism, based as it
was, or pretended to be, on moral grounds, was irreconcilable
with the safety of slaves. To meet the attack of moral crusad-
ers, he laid down the philosophy of slaveholding and above
all its value in America:

I hold that in the present state of civilization, where two races of
different origin, and distinguished by colour, and other physical
differences, as well as intellectual, are brought together, the rela-
tion now existing in the slaveholding states between the two, is,
instead of an evil, a good—a positive good.

He also declared—what may perhaps appear today to be a
gruesome fact, or at least something near the fact—that, as
social and political equality between the races was impossible,
“to change the present condition of the African race . . .
would be but to change the form of slavery.” If the black
race must exist among us deprived of social equality, political
rights, and, largely, of industrial opportunity, have the former
slaves become freemen or have they passed into a new form of
servitude?

Calhoun’s written treatises on government and the rights
of the South do not differ essentially from his spoken words
on the same subjects. They are often metaphysical and
subtle; but his doctrines rested on certain philosophical con-
ceptions; and in presenting his theories he used language that
was calm and clear, as clear at least as the nature of his deli-
cately wrought system might well allow. In his speeches, he
rarely, if ever, sought to stir his audience by mere flights of
elocution; he spoke, rather, as a man with his back to the
wall, striking hard blows, seeking to defend himself and his
section, unconsciously appealing to the emotions, if appealing
at all, because his own position was not free from pathos; for
here was a great man defending a losing cause and heroically
beating back the forces that were hourly gaining in numbers
and strength. Even when discussing subjects which now
appear of bygone interest, he commonly struck at fundamentals
and at principles with such force and precision that many of
his words still have vitality; and much that he said will long
retain interest for the academic student of politics. With the
possible exception of Hamilton there is no other politician in
our history whose writings today—decades after the disappear-
ance of the subjects discussed—contain so much deserving
attention and challenging respect even from the unbeliever.
History offers few examples of such leadership, such success
in mapping out for some millions of people a course of conduct
and the ideas and beliefs on which conduct rests.

We have spoken of Calhoun as the great Southerner who
presented with logical power the doctrines on which the South
came to rest its case in defence of slavery. There were, how-
ever, others almost as able and gifted who wrote and spoke
on similar lines. In the early years of the century, the South-
erners were on the whole nationalistic in sentiment; opposition
to national authority came from the North-east; but after the
War of 1812 the conditions changed; the South, partly doubt-
less because it felt economic distress, began to complain. The
first formidable protest came from Virginia and was directed
against the Federal Court and its great chief justice, himself a
Virginian, who was declared to be interpreting the Constitu-
tion in violation of states’ rights and to be intent on building
up a consolidated government, or as we should now say a
unitary state. Jefferson, thoroughly disliking Marshall and
all his works, was in or behind these attacks, but the great
protagonists were Judge Spencer Roane (1762-1822) and John
Taylor (1750-1824) of Caroline. Roane’s argument was chiefly
directed against the assumed right of final review of constitu-
tional questions by the Federal Court in cases involving the validity of state legislation. Taylor in a number of very able books and pamphlets discussed the same subject; but he treated also the nature of the Union in a manner so critical and acute that, more nearly than any one else, he foreshadowed Calhoun and suggested the clear undimmed features of state sovereignty. Naturally we cannot omit from this list of Southern advocates Robert Y. Hayne (1791–1839), who was Webster’s opponent in the "great debate" of 1830; for he made a deep impression and presented Calhoun’s theories with eloquence and vigour.

Among the men of Congress who indulged in far-flung speech and whom we shall have to class as orators, John Randolph (1773–1833) of Roanoke claims our first attention. Totally without the qualities for party leadership, unable to retain the devotion or following of friends, unable to handle a big constitutional question with confident learning and logic, unable to develop theories and to win people by the force of his argument or the steady adherence to a cause and a principle, he nevertheless played a conspicuous rôle during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and, if we judge now only by the records of his speeches, he was gifted with a power of expression, a cutting brilliant invective and devilish cleverness in criticism and attack, such as few speakers have ever possessed. He was essentially a busy fault-finder, an active, alert, denunciatory enemy, at his best—or perhaps we should say, his worst—when dealing out taunts and pouring out the vial of his wrath on the less gifted but more wise. It should also be said of him that by his vehement defence of the slavery interest, though he professed opposition to slavery in itself, and by his attack on the growing power of the Federal government, he prepared the way for the later arguments and positions of Calhoun, the real leader of the South. One passage will illustrate almost as well as many the character of his declamation:

"We are theeel," he said of the South," that is being flayed, while the cookmaid pats us on the head and cries, with the clown in King Lear, 'Down, wantons, down! . . .' If, under a power to regulate trade, you prevent exportation; if, with the most approved spring lancets, you draw the last drop of blood from our veins; if, secundum artem, you draw the last shilling from our pockets, what
are the checks of the Constitution to us? A fig for the Constitution! When the scorpion's sting is probing us to the quick, shall we stop to chop logic? Shall we get some learned and cunning clerk to say whether the power to do this is to be found in the Constitution, and then, if he, from whatever motive, shall maintain the affirmative, shall we, like the animal whose fleece forms so material a portion of this bill [tariff, 1824], quietly lie down and be shorn?"

Randolph's idiosyncrasies have been variously accounted for. He said himself that his unprosperous life was the fruit of an ungovernable temper; but his temper and his violent vagaries were such evidences of a morbid mind that there is temptation simply to consider him mentally unbalanced if not insane. His very maddening skill with words recalls the adage about children and edged tools; for it seems a pity that one so unsated should have had such weapons of offence in his arsenal.

From scarcely any point of view can the orations of Henry Clay (1777-1852) be classed as literature of the same grade and importance as those of Webster and Calhoun. And yet just why one should say this is not quite clear even to oneself. The conclusion, if it be just, rests on the fact that today his speeches seem unprofitable and to be wanting in carrying power and effect. If in order to be classed as literature orations must either be marked by beauty of language and peculiar felicity of word and phrase, or contain, though without distinction of language, a profound and philosophic discussion of matters of lasting human interest, then Clay's speeches can scarcely deserve a high place in literature. But if Clay's words do not now move us deeply, they did move and captivate the men to whom he spoke, and that is the aim of oratory. He was more nearly the great popular orator of his time than was any other; in power over a general audience and in ability to touch the chord of human sympathy, no one was quite his equal, at least in the field of politics. This is much to say of an orator in a generation of free oratory, when men were not hesitant in the use of burning words or hindered by sophisticated self-restraint. No one else had the gracious manner, the voice and the presence, or those nameless qualities of personal charm, which are powerful and dominant in all the relations of life. If he
could not win men by his logic or his facts, he could win and hold them simply because of himself. Randolph could arouse the interest of the crowd and amaze his audience by the brilli-
ance of his epigrams; Rufus Choate could pour out strains of sonorous sentences which might for the time dazzle his admirers and confound his adversaries; Everett was able, with admirable grace and with decorous regard for niceties of exp-
ression, to utter polished periods which were almost too elegant to be convincing. But Clay conquered because he made friends and held them to himself; he enlisted their sympathies; with gracious persuasiveness he appealed to the hearts and the simple emotions of the crowd before him.

From the time when he became Speaker in 1811 and helped to bring on the war with England, to and through the compro-
mise of 1850, Clay was intimately connected with all the great political movements of his day. The recognition of the South American republics, the tariff, the bank, the public lands, the distribution of the surplus revenue, the slavery question in all its phases, expansion, and the Mexican War can scarce be studied better than in the story of his life. Despite this fact or because of it, despite the fact that his life was in unusual degree the public life of a generation or more, it is perhaps not unjust to think of his speeches as occasional and of his work as that of an opportunist—a fairly consistent opportunist, it must be said, for he did not always trim his sails for popular favour, but represented instinctively and honestly, on the whole, certain human impulses of the people, and above all those elements of nationalism, conser-
vatism, and democracy which were inherent in the strangely mingled Whig party of which he was the founder and guide. Though Jackson was for a time more popular and more success-
ful, and though Webster's eloquence appealed more to the New Engander and to the book-read classes, Clay held for decades the devotion of large portions of the people and pecu-
liarily embodied the sense and sensibility of the nation at large. It is only when one understands the intricacies of political controversy, the sentiments of Jacksonian democracy in the West, all the entanglements of banks, and tariffs, and roads, and slavery, that we can account for Clay's failure to attain the presidency, which he so ardently desired.
The thing which lifts him into a place of undoubted significance in the course of American history is this: he embodied the spirit of developing nationalism and gave it constant expression. As Jackson, though a nationalist, represented the attitude of domineering individualism so characteristic of the untutored frontier, Clay in a wider and a deeper way appealed to the lofty sentiments of the whole people. It is not a question now of broad interpretation of the Constitution, or of any theory of governmental authority, or of any opposition to states' rights, or of anything that was legalistic or even argumentative in character; it is a question of the spirit which made America a nation, the sense of national existence, of power, of bigness, of duty, in a word, of reality. Without this sense, without this feeling in the hearts of Americans, the Union could not have resisted the corroding influence of slavery and could not have made itself, by a mighty effort, the huge, self-conscious, personal being that it is today. Of course, this was the work of others also; it was the natural product of modern life and culture; it rested on the elaborate argumentation of Webster and Marshall; but Clay by the spell of an attractive presence, by personal charm, and by the lure of a fervid eloquence awakened and developed this sentiment and made it irresistibly strong.

Perhaps the student of American literature might justly pass by the work of John Quincy Adams (1767–1848), on the ground that it possesses nothing of real literary merit and deserves no special distinction; he was not a great orator, if one judge by grace of expression and by power of public appeal, and he was not a writer gifted with special originality or charm of style. He was, however, for fifty years and more a prominent figure in public life—foreign minister, senator, secretary of state, president, representative in Congress; he prepared able state papers; for nearly twenty years and at an age when most men enjoy retirement from active service, he played a conspicuous rôle in Congress, speaking in behalf of free speech and the right of petition and defending the cause of free labour against the demands of slavery; he left for the use of succeeding generations a diary of his life, a source of comfort to the historical investigator and a pleasure to the lay reader of history, a diary astonishingly full and minute, filled with
reflections and with stern and caustic comments on men and events. The years after his presidency, when he was a represent-ative in Congress, have given his name a peculiar lustre, for he laboured there boldly and almost alone.

He was too intense in his devotion to what he thought right, too unbending, too severe, too outspoken, too blunt perhaps, to be a political leader or a popular idol, but that he had power is plain, for by dint of fearless speech he won the well-earned title of "old man eloquent,"—and eloquent he undoubtedly was, when he rose to his height in defence of principles he believed just and sacred. Without descending into vulgar abuse, he could indulge in scathing attack, while his wide learning and experience in public affairs gave him advantage over most of his adversaries.

From even a hurried sketch of this period we cannot omit to mention the names of a few other men who were well known in this time and deserve to be known now. Albert Gallatin (1761–1849), one of the ablest and most learned of American statesmen, served his country in Congress, as foreign minister, and as secretary of the treasury; he was an administrator rather than a publicist or orator, but some of his pamphlets and reports were of marked ability. Roger Brooke Taney (1777–1864), secretary of the treasury under Jackson, and chief justice of the United States from 1836 to 1864, was a learned jurist, whose fame was clouded for the later part of his life by his opinion in the Dred Scott case. Josiah Quincy (1772–1864), an orator of no mean power, represented during the earlier part of his life the narrow New England Federalism which was so bitterly opposed to the politics of Jefferson and Madison. Edward Everett (1794–1865) occupied various public positions—member of Congress, governor of Massachusetts, minister to England, president of Harvard College. Although long active in political affairs he won chief distinction by lectures on literary subjects and by orations of an occasional character. In no other speeches of his generation, probably in no others in our whole history, do we find the same precision and elegance or equal refinement, ease, and grace; in no others are there such marks of real distinction in expression.

More than a word should be given to Thomas H. Benton (1782–1858), if the real importance of his work be given proper
recognition; but we must content ourselves with a brief statement. For over thirty years, from the time of the Missouri Compromise until almost the outbreak of the Civil War, he was prominent in public life, an active, untiring representative of the active, untiring West. No man, not even Clay or Jackson or Lincoln, better typified the young, self-confident Western democracy; he represented the West of his day not only in the measures he advocated and the principles he followed, but in his very manner of speech—earnest, assured, buoyant, boastful, idealistic. If one would know America and its differences, how training and environment have affected oratory as well as views of public policy, one could get no better lesson than by comparing the full-blooded oratory of Benton with the acrid speech of Josiah Quincy or the polite eloquence of Everett. After Benton's retirement from Congress, he prepared and published his Thirty Years' View, a political history of the decades between 1820 and 1850 written from the viewpoint of an actor in the scenes described, with copious extracts from his own speeches and without special care to diminish the importance of his own influence. After this, though he was now past three score and ten, he prepared his Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1787 to 1856, the last sentences of which he is said to have dictated in whispers from his deathbed.

Though only the most noteworthy persons have been spoken of in this chapter, enough has been said to indicate that in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century there was much good oratory and a large amount of able writing on subjects of political interest. As we look back on those decades, the years seem to be hurrying past with great rapidity, changing the primitive United States in the span of a single lifetime from a row of scattered republics scarcely realizing national existence into a great empire stretching across the continent. And in those hurrying years, all sorts of questions arose to be vehemently and earnestly discussed before an increasing number of eager hearers who felt that their destiny was in their own hands. These crowding problems full of intense human meaning; this developing democracy with all its trials, hopes, and determinations; this people, beset with slavery and boasting its freedom, bent upon the big job of taking possession of a continent and
turning wilderness into farms and villages—these form the background of the oratory and the public tasks of the day. If no single piece of the very highest value in literature came out of the mêlée, we cannot wonder. And yet in the restless years there were men to be classed well up among the world’s orators—for their themes were inspiring and a multitude was ready to hang upon their words. And in addition to all this product of earnest political strife and fervid declamation, is the fact, surprising, almost disconcerting, that the years produced jurists and publicists of erudition who quietly and methodically, amid all the hurry and change, framed the basic laws for a new nation, or, grasping essentia.ls of older systems, gave them new life and form.
CHAPTER XVI

Webster

We may take it for granted that Webster knew well how large a place he would fill in the history of his time. He was singularly free from small vanities and petty conceit but he was too great a man not to be conscious of his own intellectual power or of the part which he had played in his day and generation. His feeling about himself comes out in the famous passage of the Seventh of March speech when he asked: "What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be?" A remarkable question that last one! With the exception of Washington and Lincoln, who in our history could have solemnly put it forth in a public speech without being laughed at and ridiculed? Yet Webster uttered the words in a speech in the Senate, and a political opponent said that the tone of that question made him shudder as if some dire calamity were at hand. Laughter and ridicule fled before this naked assertion of a personality, and men not only shrank from the visions which it conjured up but accepted it as very solemn and entirely natural. The power of the orator was one reason, no doubt, for the impression, but the greatness of the man himself was the controlling cause.

Yet despite this just sense of his place in the history of his time and of his own greatness, Webster would have been profoundly surprised to find himself included as a marked figure in the history of our literature. Except for a fragment of an autobiography and some private letters he never wrote anything in the literary sense. In his day public men did not turn to the newspaper or the magazine for an opportunity to express their views upon public questions. The age of pamphlets, so

1 There are used here, with modifications, two or three passages from an address delivered by the writer at the unveiling of the Webster monument in Washington, 14 January, 1900.
much used by the framers of the Constitution and the founders of our government, had passed away. That of the magazine and the review had not arrived. Men in public life trusted to their speeches in Parliament or Congress or before the people, almost as in the days of Fox and Pitt, to make their arguments and opinions known, and they would have thought any other course hardly consistent with their dignity. Moreover, Webster did not give his leisure, as many statesmen have done, to writing memoirs or history or to the discussion in book form of some question which interested him. The reason was simple. When Web- ster was not in office or when he had an interval between the sessions of Congress, he gave his time to the practice of his profession, and great cases before the courts absorbed all his energy.¹

¹ Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury [now Franklin], New Hampshire, 18 January, 1782, of pioneer stock. A frail child, and therefore spared the hard work of his father's farm, he was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy and to Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1801. He taught school as a make-shift, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1805. He practised first at Bowdoin and then at Portsmouth, where he rapidly rose to prominence both as lawyer and public speaker. In 1813 he was sent to the House of Representatives as a Federalist member from Massachusetts, and thus came in close contact with Clay, then speaker, and Calhoun. Within a year Webster was a marked man in Congress. After four years, during which he struck many heavy blows at the administration, he resumed the practice of law. The great cases which he argued—the Dartmouth College Case, M'Culloch v. Maryland, Gibbons v. Ogden, Ogden v. Saunders—brought him into the first rank of American lawyers by the time he was forty. Meanwhile his reputation as the greatest American orator was built up by his oration at Plymouth in 1820, the Bunker Hill oration of 1825, and the speech in which he commemorated Adams and Jefferson in 1826. He returned to the House of Representatives in 1823 and in 1827 entered the Senate, in which he served till 1841.

Ever since 1800 Webster had been the exponent of a doctrine of nationalism which now made him the chief defender of the idea of union. His debate with Hayne of South Carolina in 1829, commonly called "The Great Debate," is a classic statement of the doctrine and the idea. For twenty years Webster was the voice of New England. He failed of election as President, but he had a notable, if brief, career as secretary of state under Harrison and Tyler, 1841–43, during which he concluded with Great Britain the important Webster-Ashburton Treaty. Once more in the Senate after 1845, Webster opposed the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War. As the struggle over slavery grew more violent he turned to the side of Clay and in the famous "Seventh of March Speech" defended Clay's Compromise Bill, with the result that he was bitterly denounced in the North as a renegade. The same year he became secretary of state again. He died under a kind of cloud, 24 October, 1852, but there can be little doubt that he, more than any other one man, contributed to the growth of that sentiment of union which sustained the national idea during the Civil War.—Tim Horrocks.
He loved literature undoubtedly. He had been educated, both at school and at college, upon the old classical system, and it is obvious that he always retained his knowledge of Latin: in fact, he was a good Latin scholar. There is no evidence that he was a good Greek scholar or even kept up the Greek of his youth. He knew the history of Greece and Rome and much of modern history, but he was not a student of history, and this he realized. It is also apparent that he was fond of pure literature, and he never forgot at least the eighteenth century poets who were the standard poets of his youth. The story of his dispute with Rufus Choate over a quotation illustrates not his knowledge of Pope, which is unimportant, but his love of literature, which is significant. At a most exciting moment in the trial of a case very famous in its day, Webster was observed to write a few words upon a slip of paper and pass it to Choate. The spectators thought something very vital to the case was going on, but what Webster wrote was this:

Lo! where Maeotis sleeps and softly flows  
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

Choate wrote "wrong" on the slip and then:

Lo! where Maeotis sleeps and hardly flows  
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

Webster wrote "right" against his version and offered a bet. The volume of Pope containing The Dunciad was sent for, and it appeared that Choate was right. Webster wrote the words "Spurious Edition" on the book, and the consultation between the two great lawyers ended.

The fact, however, that in Johnson's phrase he had literature and loved it, although it tells us of the man, would not give him a place in literary history. Yet he has that place and his right to it rests and must rest upon his speeches, for speeches and addresses are all that Webster has left to us to prove his literary quality, and it very rarely happens that a literary reputation can be based upon speeches actually spoken and delivered. The reason for this rarity of speeches
which give a title to a place in literature lies, if we pause to reflect upon it, in the very nature of the speech itself.

Charles Fox was the author of the famous aphorism that "no good speech ever read well." This is a declaration in epigrammatic form that the speech which is prepared like an essay and then read or recited, which, in other words, is primarily literature and not oratory, is not a thoroughly good speech, and of the soundness of the doctrine there can hardly be a doubt. But the theory, however valid, is not without its dangers. Charles Fox lived up to his own principle. He was, it may well be thought, the greatest of English orators at the moment of speech, but he is little read and seldom quoted now. What he actually said has faded from the minds of men despite its enchanting, its enormous effect at the moment. On the other hand, the speech which is literature before it is spoken is ineffective or only partially effective at the moment, and if it is read afterwards, however much we may enjoy the essay, we never mistake it for the genuine eloquence of the spoken word.

Macaulay is an example of this latter class, as Fox is of the former. Macaulay's speeches are essays, eloquent and rhetorical, but still essays—literature, and not speeches. He was listened to with interest and delight, but he was not a parliamentary debater or speaker of the first order. The highest oratory, therefore, must combine in exact balance the living force and freshness of the spoken word with the literary qualities which alone ensure endurance. The best examples of this perfection are to be found in the world of imagination, in the two speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony following the death of Caesar. They are speeches and nothing else—one cool, stately, reasonable; the other a passionate, revolutionary appeal, hot from the heart and pouring from the lips with unpremeditated art, and yet they both have the literary quality, absolutely supreme in this instance, because Shakespeare wrote them.

It is not the preparation or even the writing out beforehand which makes a speech into an essay, for these things can both be done without detracting from the spontaneity, without dulling the sound of the voice which the wholly great speech must have, even on the printed page. The speech loses when
the literary quality becomes predominant, and absolute success as high as it is rare comes only from the nice balance of the two essential ingredients. This balance and combination are found in Demosthenes and Isocrates, although one may venture to think that those two great masters, as they have come down to us, lean, if at all, too much to the literary side. In Cicero, although in matter and manner the best judges would rank him below the Greek masters, the combination is quite perfect. One of his most famous speeches, it is said, was never delivered at all, and none the less it is a speech and nothing else, instinct with life and yet with the impalpable literary feeling all through it, the perfect production of a very beautiful and subtle art. Among English orators Burke undoubtedly comes nearest to a complete union of the two qualities, and while the words of Fox and Pitt are unread and unquoted, except by historians, Burke’s gorgeous sentences are recited and repeated and his philosophic discussion of great general principles are studied and admired by successive generations. Yet there is no doubt that Burke erred somewhat on the literary side, and we find the proof of this in the fact that he often spoke to empty benches, and that Goldsmith could say of him:

Too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

Burke was a literary man as well as an orator and a statesman; Webster, as has just been said, was not a literary man at all. He was an orator pure and simple; his speeches, good, bad, or indifferent, are speeches—never essays or anything but speeches—and yet upon all alike is the literary touch. In all, certainly in all the great speeches, is the fine literary quality, always felt, never seen, ever present, never obtrusive. He had the combination of Shakespeare’s Brutus or Antony, of Demosthenes or Cicero, and when he rose to his greatest heights he reached a place beyond the fear of rivalry. The practical proof and exhibition of this fact is apparent if we turn to any serious and large debate in Congress, for there we shall find Webster quoted, as he is in every session, twenty times as often as any other public man in our history. He said many profound, many luminous, many suggestive things;
he was an authority on many policies and on the interpretation of the Constitution. But there have been others of whom all this might be said—there were kings before Agamemnon—but they are rarely quoted, while Webster is quoted constantly. He had strong competitors in his own day and in his own field, able, acute, and brilliant men. He rose superior to them, it appears, in his lifetime; and now that they are all dead Webster's words are familiar to hundreds while his rivals are little more than names. So far as familiarity in the mouths of men goes, it is Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. That which has made this possible is his rare combination of speech and literature; it is the literary quality, the literary savour which keeps what Webster said fresh, strong, and living. When we open the volumes of his speeches it is not like unrolling the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, to find within a dry and shrivelled form, a faint perfume alone surviving faintly to recall the vanished days, as when

Some queen, long dead, was young.

Rather it is like the opening of Charlemagne's tomb, when his imperial successor started back before the enthroned figure of the great emperor looking out upon him, instinct with life under the red glare of the torches.

Let us apply another and surer test. How many speeches to a jury in a criminal trial possessing neither political nor public interest survive in fresh remembrance seventy years after their delivery? One can hardly think of jury speeches of any kind which stand this ordeal except, in a limited way, some few of Erskine's, and those all have the advantages of historical significance, dealing as they do with constitutional and political questions of great moment. But there is one of Webster's speeches to a jury which lives to-day, and no more crucial test could be applied than the accomplishment of such a feat. The White murder case was simply a criminal trial, without a vestige of historical, political, or general public interest. Yet Webster's speech for the prosecution has been read and recited until well-nigh hackneyed. It is in readers and manuals, and is still declaimed by schoolboys. Some of its phrases are familiar quotations and have passed into general speech. Let us recall a single passage:
He has done the murder. No eye has seen him; no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. . . . A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labours under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him withersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

Those are words spoken to men, not written for them. It is a speech and nothing else, and yet we feel all through it the literary value and quality which make it imperishable. If now we go back to Webster’s earlier days we can trace throughout his speeches, once he had escaped from the flowers of eloquence which burdened his youth, the literary touch appearing with increasing frequency until it came continually, quite naturally and without effort. As the sureness of the literary touch increased, so did the taste become refined until it was finally almost unerring.

The Discourse, as he called it, delivered at Plymouth in 1820 upon the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of
the Pilgrims, was the first of the great occasional addresses which gave so much fame to Webster as an orator, wholly apart from that which he achieved in Congress or in the courts. It was evidently prepared with extreme care and has less of the effect of words actually spoken than his later work of the same character. The perfect combination of the literary quality with the spoken word, to which he afterwards attained, has not yet been reached. The Plymouth Discourse shows his wide knowledge of history, and the historical illustrations are given with an easy mastery of his subject and with a conciseness that saves him from the rambling digression which is at once the temptation and the danger of the historical parallel. There are also many passages which contain, in the manner of Burke, philosophical considerations of the science of government and which deal with the general principles affecting social and political problems. The history and philosophy are all eminently appropriate to his subject and to an address of that character. They give it weight, seriousness, and the permanence which lasts far beyond the moment of speech. The manner in which they are used and introduced is distinctly literary. But we also find in this address something more, the purely literary quality in the style and in the thought. It is this literary quality which concerns us here, and to appreciate it we must mark the distinction, often a very narrow one, between the rhetorical and the literary. Rhetoric is of course in its place a branch of literature, but it may be of the utmost excellence and yet lack the highest literary quality. Rhetoric is out of place in purely literary work which is not dramatic in character. Yet curiously enough it is not misplaced in poetry. Rhetorical verse, although not the highest kind of poetry, may yet be in its own sphere very admirable indeed.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

That is rhetorical poetry and it is very fine of its kind, very splendid even. Byron was a great master of rhetorical verse,
often too much so for his own good, but none the less the rhetor-
ic is not out of place. On the other hand, to put rhetoric, ex-
cept in dramatic passages, into literary prose is almost as 
bad as to write metred prose, of which Dickens was guilty in 
the description of the death of Little Nell. But when we come 
to giving the literary touch to rhetoric the exact reverse is the 

We detect the first gleams of this beautiful art in the 

Although the time might come, when darkness should settle 
on all her hills; when foreign or domestic violence should overturn 
her altars and her temples; when ignorance and despotism should 
fill the places where Laws, and Arts and Liberty had flourished; 
when the feet of barbarism should trample on the tombs of her 
consuls and the walls of her Senate-house and forum echo only 
to the voice of savage triumph.

A little farther on, speaking of the human love of home and 
birth-place, a well-worn theme, he says:

When the heart has laid down what it loved most, then it is 
desirous of laying itself down. No sculptured marble, no enduring 
monument, no honourable inscription, no ever burning taper that 
would drive away the darkness of the tomb, can soften our sense 
of the reality of death, and hallow to our feelings the ground which 
is to cover us, like the consciousness that we shall sleep, dust to 
dust, with the objects of our affections.

The thought in these passages is simple, oft-recurrent, 
entirely familiar, expressed by many other orators with great 
effect and received by genuinely moved audiences with much 
applause. The first time one looks upon them, if one could
Webster's Literary Quality

extricate them from the limbo of forgotten speeches, they might sound as well as Webster's words. But listen to them again, read them, and it will be found that Webster's sentences have a quality which all the others lack. Literature is interwoven with Webster's rhetoric, and it is this that preserves what he said from the forgetfulness which has overwhelmed others who in public speech have said the same things but just a little differently and without the magic literary touch.

Let us take one more example from his early days. In 1826, speaking in the House upon the Monroe Doctrine, Webster said:

I look on the message of December, 1823, as forming a bright page in our history. I will neither help to erase it or tear it out; nor shall it be by any act of mine blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the government and I will not diminish that honor. It elevated the hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people. Over those hopes I will not bring a mildew; nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame.

Rhetorically this passage is all that could be desired. The sentences are short, effective, possessing both balance and precision. But when we come to the last we find the literary touch. It is only one word, "mildew," but that single word is imaginative and strikes us at once. Leave it out and change the sentence slightly; the rhetoric remains excellent as before, but the whole effect is altered.

Let us take one or two other familiar passages from the later speeches when the style was perfected and when the literary quality had become a second nature. As Webster stood one summer morning on the ramparts of Quebec, and heard the sound of drums and saw the English troops on parade, the thought of England's vast world empire came strongly to his mind. The thought was very natural under the circumstances, not at all remarkable nor in the least original. Some years later, in a speech in the Senate, he put his thought into words, and this, as everyone knows, is the way he did it:

A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the
earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The sentence has followed the drumbeat round the world and has been repeated in England and in the antipodes by men who never heard of Webster and probably did not know that this splendid description of the British Empire was due to an American. It is not the thought which has carried these words so far through time and space. It is the beauty of the imagery and the magic of the style. Let me take one more very simple example of the quality which distinguishes Webster's speeches above those of others, which makes his words and serious thoughts live on when others, equally weighty and serious, perhaps, sleep or die. In his first Bunker Hill oration he apostrophized the monument, just as anyone else might have tried to do, and this is what he said:

Let it rise, let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

Here the thought is nothing, the style everything. No one can repeat those words and be deaf to their music or insensible to the rhythm and beauty of the prose with the Saxon words relieved just sufficiently by the Latin derivatives. The ease with which it is done may be due to training, but the ability to do it comes from natural gifts which, as Goethe says, "we value more as we get older because they can not be stuck on." Possibly to some people it may seem very simple to utter such a sentence. One can only repeat what Scott says somewhere about Swift's style, perhaps the purest and strongest we have in the language. "Swift's style," said Scott, "seems so simple that one would think any child might write as he does, and yet if we try we find to our despair that it is impossible."

It is not easy to say how much Webster's literary art was due to intentional cultivation and how far it was purely instinctive. Undoubtedly he had a natural gift as certainly as he had an ear for the arrangement and cadence of words; but we know that he cared for style and had strong preferences in the choice of the words he used to express his thought. We have the right to infer, therefore, that he was quite aware of
the art which he practised so admirably. The highly conscious art which we see in Sterne, or in Walter Pater in our own time, to take two examples at random, and which is so effective in its results, is not apparent in Webster. He would probably not have been one of the greatest of orators if it had been, for then the writer would have absorbed the speaker. We are conscious of his art, although he does not seem to be conscious of it himself. Yet, however much we may speculate as to the proportions of intentional art and of unaided natural gifts in the style of all he said, there can be no question that he possessed and had mastered the rare combination which confers the lasting quality of literature upon the speech without losing the living force of the written word. It is this most rare achievement which gives to Webster, who never wrote book or essay or verse, his uncontested place in the history of American literature.
CHAPTER XVII

Writers on American History, 1783–1850

The Revolutionary War gave our historians new motives for writing. A glorious struggle was to be described; the states, just raised out of the rank of colonies, began to demand the preservation of their earliest history; and the nation, inspired by great hopes for the future, felt that it must have loyal men to prepare the record of common growth and common achievement. The men who responded to these impulses were, perhaps, less cultured than the best of the old historians. It was long before there appeared among them one who could be ranked with Hutchinson, though some of them wrote well and displayed great industry. The stream was wider than formerly, but it was not so deep.

Of those who wrote about the Revolution, in one phase or another, the best were the Rev. William Gordon, Dr. David Ramsay, William Henry Drayton, General William Moultrie, John Marshall, and William Wirt. Less scholarly but more widely influential were Mrs. Mercy Warren and "Parson" Weems.

Gordon, who was born in England, preached at Roxbury, Massachusetts, from 1770 to 1786. He was an active Whig, and after his return to England he wrote in four volumes a history of the Revolution (1788), which was widely read by the English, and in America was honoured with a pirated edition and long extracts in the newspapers. We now know that Gordon copied freely from The Annual Register, of which the parts dealing with America were at that time written by Edmund Burke. It is even charged that Gordon tempered his

1For a more extended treatment of the historians of the period, see the author’s Middle Group of American Historians (1917).
Early Historians of the Revolution

narrative to please the feelings of his friends in England. His book is but slightly esteemed. Dr. Ramsay (1749–1815), of South Carolina, though educated to be a physician, was more a politician and littérateur than a scientist. His History of the Revolution of South Carolina (1785) and History of the American Revolution (1789) were well received by an uncritical generation. It remained for a later age to discover that the second of these books, long accepted as an original work, was largely drawn from The Annual Register. Drayton and Moultrie were prominent South Carolinians, one a political and the other a military defender of the Whig cause. Each wrote an excellent account of what he had seen in his own state. Marshall* and Wirt* were Virginia lawyers who thought it their duty to portray the lives of two great men of the Revolution. From the first we have the Life of Washington (1804–07) in five volumes, a heavy book without literary style and smacking of Federalist opinions. It displeased the followers of Jefferson but had a wide circulation among those who did not agree with the great Republican leader. For posterity it has value chiefly as a solid source of information. Wirt’s Life of Patrick Henry (1817) is much unlike Marshall’s book. It was well written—Wirt had a polished style—but it was a hasty and inadequate picture of a most important life. A better but less readable biography was William Tudor’s Life of James Otis (1823).

Mrs. Mercy Otis Warren (1728–1814), a sister of James Otis, was the wife of James Warren of Boston. Her three-volume History of the American Revolution (1805), a loosely written book which contained many biographical sketches, was popular and for a long time furnished the average New Englander his knowledge of the Revolution. Five years earlier had appeared the most successful historical book of the day, Weems’s Life of Washington. The author was a versatile man, who could be buffoon, fiddler, parson, or hawker of his book as occasion demanded. He had not known Washington, but he created the impression that he wrote from personal knowledge by announcing himself as “formerly Rector of Mt. Vernon Parish.” The book was a romance, interlarded with pious

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* See also Book II, Chap. xv.
* See also Book II, Chaps. i and iii.
* See also Book I, Chap. ix, and Book II, Chap. ii.
Writers on American History

stories. It was slightly esteemed by educated men of the day but was acceptable to the unsophisticated. Except as a curiosity, it is beneath contempt or criticism.

Of the state histories that appeared in this period a few are worthy of mention. Jeremy Belknap (1744–98) wrote a History of New Hampshire (three volumes, 1784–92), which is of the first rank in our historical compositions. Had its theme been more extended, it would have become a household memory in the country. Benjamin Trumbull’s (1735–1820) History of Connecticut (2 vols., 1818) and Robert Proudt’s (1728–1813) History of Pennsylvania (2 vols., 1797–98) were of scholarly standards but heavy in style. George Richards Minot (1758–1802), a brilliant Massachusetts lawyer, wrote a History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts (1788), dealing with Shays’ Rebellion, and followed it by a continuation of Hutchinson’s History of Massachusetts (2 vols., 1798–1803). The books were well written and have maintained their credit. Here should be mentioned Henry M. Brackenridge’s (1756–1871) History of the Western Insurrection (1817), a fair-minded narrative of the Whisky Insurrection, which was very popular and ran through several editions. Three Southern books which may here be spoken of are hardly up to the standard of the state histories. Dr. Ramsay’s History of South Carolina (2 vols., 1809) was not equal to his work on the Revolution. John D. Burk (d. 1808) wrote a less valuable work in his History of Virginia (3 vols., 1804–05). He was an ardent Republican who rhapsozized on liberty. Dr. Hugh Williamson (1735–1819), who wrote a History of North Carolina (2 vols., 1812), was a Pennsylvanian by birth, clergymen and physician by education, merchant and politician by necessity. He lived a while in Edenton, North Carolina, was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and served in the Constitutional Convention. In 1793 he removed to New York, where he acquired a high reputation for learning. His history, however, was thin and disappointing.

These men worked under the disadvantage that they were writing at a time when the minds of the people were absorbed with the struggle for national existence. Ebenezer Hazard, in 1779, described the situation as follows:

1 After his death the book was continued in a fourth volume.
Hardships of the Early Historians

The war and the numerous avocations consequent upon it, have thrown every man’s mind into such an unsettled and confused state that but few can think steadily upon any subject. They hear of useful designs, they give you all the encouragement which can be derived from the warmest approbation of your plan, they will even promise you assistance. Politics intrude,—kick you and your designs out of their heads; and when you appear again, why they really forgot that the matter had been mentioned to them. I have been repeatedly served so with reference to my collection.¹

After the war came the years of constitution-making, and then a long period during which foreign affairs occupied most minds exclusively. It was a time, also, when unusual business opportunities enthralled the best intellects in the country. Thus there were few competent persons to whom the quiet task of writing history made appeal. It is not strange that Hazard had few people to encourage him.

Our post-Revolutionary period has been compared with the years following the French Revolution, in which there was a notable outburst of literary activity. The contrast is unfair. The French Revolution came upon an old and well-developed society, kept down by outworn social ideals, and when it had passed the shackles were broken. In the United States an immature society was relieved of the power that had hitherto done no more than impose irritating checks on its development. This wilful young people were given an opportunity to do as they pleased. They had no rich culture waiting to fill a new era with its splendour. They were fighting their way up from the bottom, and the process was necessarily slow.

A third group of historians was those who undertook to write general histories of the United States. They were inspired with the spirit of nationality, whatever their views of the new Union. They wished to depict the relations of the colonies to one another and their struggle against Britain’s policy of strict control. The first histories presenting a general account of the colonies came from England, where as early as 1708 John Oldmixon, in his British Empire in America, made a sorry attempt to treat English America as a whole. In 1780 George Chalmers published his Political Annals of the

Writers on American History

Present United Colonies, followed in 1782 by another work called Introduction to the History of the Revolt of the American Colonies. Chalmers was an able writer and gave at least continuity to his subject. He was, however, strongly British in sympathy, and his work was not esteemed in the United States. It stimulated more than one American to write what he considered a true history of the rise and progress of the Revolutionary struggle.

Of the Americans who undertook to do the same thing, and to do it in a spirit more friendly to the cause of America, the first man worthy of notice here was the Rev. Abiel Holmes (1763–1837), whose American Annals (2 vols., 1805) represented much accurate and careful work. It marked the author as a man of scientific mind, worthy of equal respect with his son, the delightful Autocrat. The next to take up the task was Benjamin Trumbull, whose history of Connecticut has already been mentioned. He planned to write a history of the United States in three volumes and prepared for it by collecting many documents. The first and only volume, published in 1810, carried the narrative to the year 1765. Accuracy of statement and a spiritless style are the chief characteristics of the work.

Somewhat later came Timothy Pitkin’s (1766–1847) Political and Civil History of the United States (2 vols., 1828). The author was a man of great industry and painstaking care. He had a fancy for statistical knowledge, and wrote also a valuable Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States (1817). His political history has the merits and the demerits to be expected in a statistician. Although it is marked by accuracy and a just sense of industrial development, its style is disjointed and difficult. Pitkin strove for fairness, but he saw the history of the country as a man of New England would see it. His own section bulked large in his treatment, and he did not get the point of view of the rest of the Union.

Twenty-one years after Pitkin’s book was published, New England found a still abler and more satisfying historian in Richard Hildreth (1807–65), who in 1849 gave to the world the first three volumes of his History of the United States; three more appeared in 1852. The six volumes cover the years 1492 to 1821. For the lover of entertaining literature
Hildreth. Palfrey

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the book is a failure, but for one who enjoys a solid presentation of facts it has merit. Few other men have written down so many statements of fact in so small a compass with such great reliability. In the preface Hildreth said that he wished to describe the fathers of the nation as they were,

unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apologies, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere. The result of their labours is eulogy enough; their best apology is to tell the story as it was.

There can be no doubt that the author tried in all honesty to carry out his purpose. "We encounter [in Hildreth]," said The Edinburgh Review, "the muse of American history descended from her stump, and recounting her narrative in a key adapted to our own ears."

An historian who did not liberate himself entirely from patriotic bias was John Gorham Palfrey (1798–1881). Although he falls slightly without the limits of time assigned to this chapter, he was by nature and purpose a member of what has been called the "filio-pietistic" group. Bred a Unitarian minister, and pastor for a time of Brattle Square Church, Boston, he served as Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in Harvard University (1830–39). From 1836 to 1843 he was editor of The North American Review. He held several political offices in his State, and was a member of Congress in 1847–49. From 1861 to 1867 he was postmaster of Boston. He wrote many tracts, religious, political, and historical. Nevertheless, he kept true to his love for the history of New England. In 1853–64 he brought out in three volumes a History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. It won instant recognition and the author followed up his success with two more volumes, History of New England from the Revolution of the 17th Century to the Revolution of the 18th (1875–90). The two parts were later shorn of their most irrelevant passages and issued as a Compendious History of New England in four handy volumes. So far as the mere statement of facts goes, it is safe to say that Palfrey has given us a complete and sufficient history of colonial New England. He has not been
careless or slothful. But to Palfrey all that New Englanders did and thought was good. He did not question the spirit of Puritanism, and he did not find its narrowness unpleasant; he accepted it as a thing of course. He was the last of the complacent defenders of the old régime in the land of Bradford and Winthrop. Before he had retired from the scene Charles Francis Adams's severe blows were beginning to tell.

Over against these books from the North we must place a Southern history, the existence of which was due to the belief that the South had not received fair consideration at the hands of men who knew little about its life and natural environment. Such a book was George Tucker's (1775–1861) *History of the United States* (4 vols., 1856–58), which carried the story of the national development to the year 1841. The author was a lawyer in Virginia, a well-known and voluminous writer on political subjects. His *History* was not an extreme Republican book, as some have thought. It represented the ideas which one would expect from a conservative Virginian of the old school; it was well written, but not brilliant. Had it been offered to a section more accustomed to reading history, it would have been recognized as a standard book of its kind; as it is, it is known chiefly for the impression it made on those who held views it was intended to counteract. Tucker wrote also a *Life of Thomas Jefferson* (2 vols., 1837), probably the best of the early lives of this statesman.

The last of the general historians who fall within this chapter's limits is George Bancroft, who, during his lifetime, held a larger place in the minds of his countrymen than any other historian who has lived in the United States. This he did partly because of his literary worth, partly because of his political activity, and partly because of his social prominence. President Arthur once said that the President is "permitted to accept the invitations of members of the cabinet, supreme court judges, and—Mr. George Bancroft."

Bancroft was born in Massachusetts in 1800 and died in Washington in 1891. Having graduated from Harvard in 1817, he went to Göttingen on funds subscribed by Harvard and its friends. Back in America in 1822 with a doctor's degree, he settled for a year at Harvard as tutor in Greek. He brought
home from Europe many affectations of manner and such marked eccentricities that his influence at Harvard was under-
mined; at the end of a year he left, to become, with Joseph G.
Cogswell, proprietor of a boys' school at Northampton, Massa-
chusetts. As a schoolmaster Bancroft was a failure, and he
retired from the school in 1831. Meanwhile, he had begun
to write. School-books, translations, and articles for The
North American Review came out in rapid succession. By
1831 he had established the literary habit and had the reputa-
tion of being a ready and effective writer.

At this time Bancroft had begun to support the Democratic
party. He was accused of doing it to obtain Federal office,
but the charge was not substantiated. He was ever a de-
fender of the doctrine of equality held by Jefferson, Jack-
son, and Lincoln. In America he saw organized democracy
which was to make humanity happy; to write its history be-
came his hope. In 1834 appeared the first volume of his
History of the United States from the Discovery of the American
Continent. At the time neither Hildreth nor Tucker had
written, and only Pitkin, Holmes, and Trumbull had under-
taken a task like his. They were all didactic. Bancroft
produced a work of a different character. There was a lofty
and sonorous sense of detachment in his sentences. To the
present age they seem sheer affectation; but to the men who
had been reading the bald statements of fact hitherto offered
as history, they seemed admirable. Edward Everett read
the first volume through in twenty-four hours and wrote:

I think you have written a Work which will last while the
memory of America lasts; and which will instantly take its place
among the classics of our language. It is full of learning, informa-
tion, common sense, and philosophy; full of taste and eloquence;
full of life and power. You give us not wretched paste-board
men; not a sort of chronological table, with the dates written out
at length, after the manner of most historians;—but you give us
real, individual, living, men and women, with their passions, inter-
ests, and peculiarities.

Theodore Parker wrote: "I think you are likely to make, what
I long since told you I looked for from you, the most noble and
splendid piece of historical composition, not only in English,
but in any tongue." Emerson said of the History: "It is noble matter, and I am heartily glad to have it nobly treated." Bancroft is less than a quarter of a century dead, and these beautiful laurels are already withered. A new age has accepted other standards than his.

Bancroft, our first historian who had studied in Germany, was well known at home and abroad as a hard student and a man of great learning. The abundant foot-notes in the first volumes of his history show how freely he used the sources in foreign languages. His experience in Germany led him to admire German scholarship in all its phases. At Göttingen he studied under Heeren, who was stressing the unity of history. In the preface of his first volume, Bancroft wrote: "The United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the political nations of the earth." He did not, however, try to work out this theory in his volume, but told, like others, the story of voyages, settlements, colonies, and the common struggle for freedom.

His progress was leisurely. The second volume appeared three years after the first, the third in 1840. The fourth and fifth were published in 1852. The sixth came in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, the ninth in 1866, and the tenth in 1874. During these years his literary work was interrupted by political service. He was secretary of the navy from 1845 to 1846, minister to Great Britain from 1846 to 1849, and minister to Germany from 1867 to 1874. The tenth volume carried the work to the end of the Revolution; but in 1882 came two additional volumes with the title History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States. Hilldrath wrote more rapidly, and his History, nearly as long as Bancroft's, seems to have been written in six years.

Another group of men, by collecting materials, compiling, and editing, rendered marked service to history in the first half of the nineteenth century. Beginning to collect for their own comfort they laid the foundations of great collections which have endured and grown and are now indispensable. The men who did this work are not to be forgotten; they were as truly servants of the historic muse as those who held her stylus.
Of the efforts of Prince and Hutchinson as early collectors of documents mention has already been made.¹ After the Revolution the first activity of that kind was due to the interest of Ebenezer Hazard (1744–1817) and Jeremy Belknap. Born the same year, they both graduated from college in 1762. Becoming fast friends, they left to posterity a correspondence which gives us our best glimpse of the conditions under which historical writing went forward in the two decades after the war.

Hazard first of the two began to collect documents. In 1777 he was appointed surveyor of post-roads and in 1782 postmaster-general. As surveyor he travelled over many parts of the country. He thus had opportunity to copy historical documents, and formed the design of publishing a documentary history of the Revolution. He rightly thought it a proper time to make collections of papers which otherwise would be lost. Congress gave him permission to take copies of such papers as were in its hands, free of expense of copying, and voted one thousand pounds for his expenses in securing copies elsewhere. This particular scheme was not realized, and there is no evidence that Hazard used the money voted. Dismissed from the office of postmaster-general in 1789 to make room for a politician, he soon afterwards announced a work with the title *Historical Collections, State Papers, and Other Authentic Documents*; and in 1792 the first volume was published. It contained papers, many of them very rare, relating to the American colonies before 1660. In 1794 came Volume II, most of it given up to the records of the New England Confederation. The two volumes did not pay expenses, and the editor, absorbed in business, lost interest in their continuation. Judged by what he published merely, Hazard had only a moderate influence on history in the United States. It is as the first collector and editor of documents after the Revolution that we must estimate him. He had the notion, shared by Sparks and Force in a later period, that it is possible to present the history of a people in a collection of documents. It was his failure to satisfy the general reader with such a collection that caused Hazard's publication to remain unsold, and to be a source of discouragement to its compiler.

¹ See Book I, Chap. ii.
Hazard influenced the work of Belknap, who, as a minister in Dover, New Hampshire, from 1767 to 1778, early became interested in the history of the colony and began to collect documents relating to it. In this task he was aided by Governor Benning Wentworth. Though Belknap had doubts about the propriety of a minister's dabbling in history, the inclination was too strong to be resisted; and receiving encouragement from his friends, he proceeded as he had begun. In 1784 he published the first volume of his History of New Hampshire. Financially it was as great a failure as Hazard's Collections. It was many years before he sold enough copies to pay the printer, but, unlike Hazard, Belknap was not discouraged. Having resigned his parish at Dover, after a disagreeable wrangle over his salary, in the following year he accepted a call to the church in Federal Street, Boston. From this time history became a chief phase of his activity. He was in the midst of a congenial group of educated men, and one literary demand after another was made on him. The editors of magazines appealed to him for articles; whatever co-operative work of history was projected—and there were several—he was sought for the enterprise. In 1792 he published Volumes II and III of his History of New Hampshire. The sales were large enough to wipe out the debts incurred by the first volume.

To The Columbian Magazine of Philadelphia he contributed from time to time a number of very well prepared biographical sketches of persons associated with the early history of America; and in 1794 they appeared in Volume I of an American Biography. Other sketches came out in a second volume (1798). A third was planned, but the author died before it could be written. These sketches were based on the best sources then available and were written in the author's best style. For the same magazine Belknap also wrote a series of satirical letters dealing with the early history of New England. They were published in a separate volume called The Foresters (1792), enlarged in an edition of 1796. Belknap died suddenly, in the midst of literary schemes, in 1798. He was the best American historian of his day, and the most zealous in preserving historical memorials.

Probably Belknap's greatest service was his efforts in founding the Massachusetts Historical Society. While he
Belknap. Morse

had valuable aid from other men, he was the force that brought these others together; and until the time of his death he was the leader in the actual work of the society. Belknap himself said that he got the idea from John Pintard of New York. The project was launched in 1791, in accordance with plans prepared by Belknap. The membership was limited to thirty corresponding and thirty resident members, only ten of the latter being elected at first. The object was to collect, preserve, and publish historical materials. As long as he lived Belknap was a most active member, visiting nearby towns for document, supervising the publications, and finally leaving the Society his own manuscripts.

One of the friends of Belknap and Hazard—and a connection of Hazard’s by marriage—was Jedidiah Morse (1761-1826), minister at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He was the author of the first American geography (1789), a book containing much more than mere geographical description. To gather the accounts of natural resources, means of communication, and statistics the author made many journeys. He also collected facts for his Annals of the American Revolution (1824), a compilation which posterity does not esteem highly. But it served its day, and was for a time widely read. Morse was probably indebted to Hazard and Belknap for the impetus that set him to writing. The latter complained that it was only Morse who could make money out of what he wrote.

When Morse published his thin work, two other men, Jared Sparks and Peter Force, were planning much greater enterprises. One was a New England man, a Harvard graduate, a minister of accepted standing, and a member of the most select literary circle of Boston. The other was a self-taught printer’s boy who became publisher and editor, with a passion for collecting. Each served well the cause of historical research.

Jared Sparks was born at Willington, Connecticut, in 1789. His youth was clouded by misfortune, but his intellectual ability brought him into notice, and friends sent him to college. He took a high rank at Harvard, where he was looked upon as a man of great promise. A residence of four years in the South as a Unitarian minister in Baltimore gave Sparks a national feeling and probably stimulated his interest in national history.
In 1823 he returned to Boston to be the editor of *The North American Review*. This journal was then languishing under the editorship of Edward Everett, but Sparks secured control and placed it on a sound basis. In 1830, when he sold his last remaining share in the enterprise, he had received $19,000 besides an annual salary of $2200.

Sparks gave up the Review to devote himself to history. As early as 1824 he formed a plan to produce a complete edition of Washington’s writings. He intended to write history that paid and did not think it discreditable to have an eye on the popular demand. In 1826 and 1827 he made journeys through the original thirteen states collecting materials from unpublished documents. In 1828 and 1829 he visited Europe and was given access to the British and French archives. By this time he was full of enthusiasm. "I have got a passion for Revolutionary history," he said, "and the more I look into it the more I am convinced that no complete history of the American Revolution has been written." At this time he was full of schemes, each connected with the Revolution, and several works came out of them. But always in the back of his mind lay the plan of a great documentary history of the Revolution. While preparing the edition of Washington he learned from President John Quincy Adams that in 1818 Congress had appropriated money to publish the foreign correspondence of the Continental Congress during the Revolution. Adams was then too busy to give the matter his attention, and nothing was done about it. Sparks caught at the suggestion that he should take it up, and he made an agreement with Secretary Clay by which he was to print and sell to Congress one thousand copies of this correspondence at $2.12½ a copy and to have $400 a volume for copying and editing. The work was done in eighteen months and for the entire set of twelve volumes the editor received $30,300. As his chief expense was for printing and translations, his net earnings must have been considerable. In the following year (1830), he proposed to Secretary Van Buren that the work be continued through the period of the Continental Congress. Van Buren agreed, and Congress passed the necessary act, but at the last moment the new secretary of state, Edward Livingston, made the contract with Frank P. Blair. Livingston blandly admitted
that Sparks should have had the appointment but said that Blair's selection was demanded by the politicians.

The writings of Washington now occupied Sparks's time, but before they began to appear he brought out *The Life of Gouverneur Morris* (1832), in three volumes. In 1834 appeared Volume II of *The Life and Writings of George Washington*, and the rest of the twelve volumes followed regularly until the series was complete in 1837. The last to appear was the biography, the first volume in the set. The general verdict of the day was that it was a work worthy of the exalted subject. From 1836 to 1840 was published *The Works of Benjamin Franklin*, in ten volumes, and between 1834 and 1838 came the first series, and between 1844 and 1847 the second series, of *The Library of American Biography*, in all twenty-five volumes. In 1853 he issued *The Correspondence of the American Revolution*, a series of letters to Washington in four volumes.

Sparks's letters are full of his greater plan, and he recurred to the idea again and again until he was an old man, but he did not carry out his purpose. In fact, Sparks suffered an eclipse about 1840. After that date he did little besides editing the second series of the *American Biography* and writing several pamphlets and addresses. From 1838 to 1849 he was professor of history at Harvard, but the conditions were such that he had more than half his time for writing. From 1849 to 1853 he was Harvard's president, retiring to do literary work. It is hard to explain the paucity of results during these last years without assuming that he had lost his zeal after the achievement of his first great work, the Washington cycle. He died in 1866.

As a historian Sparks is to be measured by the *American Biography*, the best work of the kind then prepared. Even here his chief service was as an editor; for he wrote comparatively few of the individual sketches. Those he did write, however, were well done. His greatest editorial achievement was the *Washington*, an epoch-making work. It set a new standard of scholarship, founded upon accurate and broad knowledge, for American students of history. Edward Everett spoke truly when he said of it in *The North American Review*:

"The American press has produced no work of higher value."
Writers on American History

But Sparks had serious faults. In 1833 he sent Judge Story a specimen volume of his work accompanied by manuscript copies of the letters in it. Story could thus see in what respects liberties had been taken with the texts. He said in reply:

There is not an instance in which you have failed to give the identical sense with more accuracy and clearness [than in the original]. You have done exactly what I think Washington would have desired you to do, if he were living. I cannot, therefore, in any manner object to it on my own account.

But he added that he feared the critics would take objections to the changes of literary form. Had the hint been taken, Sparks's reputation as an editor would be higher.

The editor's Nemesis at length overtook him. In 1847 appeared the Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, containing many letters from Washington to Reed, his secretary. The editor had printed them as they were sent by the author. The public now had two copies of certain letters, one published by Sparks and one by Reed. Sharp eyes soon discovered discrepancies, and Sparks was charged in the press with correcting, embellishing, and altering to suit his own purposes letters which should have been reproduced literally. In 1851 Lord Mahon's History of England reached its sixth volume, in which an appendix repeated the charges. Then followed a long controversy in which Sparks was put to his mettle to defend himself. It is known that Washington in his old age corrected many of his letters which he had kept in letter books. Sparks sought excuse in saying that this indicated that Washington wished all his letters revised, and that he had merely done what Washington himself would have done. Needless to say, this excuse did not satisfy the critics. The controversy probably served a good turn to scholarship. Coming in connection with the first great work of editing in the field of American history, it attracted wide attention, and fixed in the minds of scholars the necessity of accurate reproduction of documents. It should be said for Sparks that many others of his time thought that an editor ought to correct the letters he reproduced. Exact reproduction, however, had become the rule with the best editors.
Peter Force was born in New Jersey in 1790. When very small he accompanied his father to New York, where, after a short term at school, he became a printer's boy. He proved intelligent and reliable and rose to the first place in the business. In 1816 he became managing partner in a shop which his former master established in Washington to execute a government contract. In 1823 he became editor and proprietor of The National Journal, then in the interest of Monroe's administration and later an Adams organ. In 1830 his party had disintegrated, and, being of all men least able to find another, he saw his paper run into a decline that left him without employment.

Earlier than this he had made plans for publishing a great collection of documents on the American Revolution. Sparks was just bringing his Diplomatic Correspondence to a successful close, and the profits of the enterprise had attracted the attention of more than one Washington editor. It seemed a favourable time to attempt the execution of Force's scheme. He found a partner in Matthew St. Clair Clarke, clerk of the House of Representatives, who had money enough to launch the enterprise and political influence enough to get it authorized by Congress. Accordingly, after some negotiations Congress on 2 March, 1833, at the very time the compromise tariff bill and the "Force Bill" disposed of the South Carolina crisis, passed a brief law authorizing the secretary of state to contract with Force and Clarke for the publication of a documentary history of the American Revolution, provided it did not cost more proportionally than Sparks's work.

Edward Livingston was then secretary of state. His contemporaries considered him an impractical man, and the contract he now made goes far to support their view. It was agreed that the work should be published in folio form, the government to take fifteen hundred copies at 1½ cents a page a copy. Thus $22,500 would be paid for each volume of eight hundred pages. No limit was set to the number of volumes, and as the mass of materials was large the work might be made to extend to many volumes. Among Force's manuscripts, in the Library of Congress, is a memorandum in which he and Clarke estimated their profits, not including the expenses of collecting materials, at $11,000 on a volume of eight hundred
and fifty pages. Force had begun to collect, according to his own statement, as early as 1822; but his efforts had evidently been desultory. He now gave all his time to the work, his partner advancing the necessary funds.

By 1834 a storm of denunciation broke over them. Clarke had lost his office through the triumph of the Jackson men in the House. He was believed, before going, to have filed this fat job, by which he could publish an indefinite number of volumes at a great profit. The secretary of state was called on for an investigation, and there was an angry debate in the House; but nobody could discover means to annul a contract about which the only complaint was that it was unwisely made. Moreover, the plan announced provided for six series each containing several volumes, covering the whole existence of the country from the days of settlement until the adoption of the constitution. The title was The American Archives.

In 1837 the initial volume, the first of the fourth series, was before the public. It was made on such a comprehensive scale that the completed series would necessarily be gigantic. Moreover, the character of the contents was alarming. By "documents" most people understood manuscript materials, or rare fugitive papers; but here were included whole sections of the debates in Parliament, the journals of the Continental Congress, and many state laws, all previously accessible in print. It was Force's idea to make a complete collection of Revolutionary material. In 1839 the second volume of the fourth series appeared, and in 1840 the third volume. Such was the feeling that in 1843 the publishers had not been paid for the third volume and could not get $6000 of the amount due on the second. Under these circumstances a compromise was made. The publishers agreed that the series should not exceed twenty volumes at a maximum average cost of $20,400 each, and that the secretary of state should approve the materials offered for publication. About this time Clarke sold his interest in the series to Rives, the partner of F. P. Blair.

For several years matters now proceeded satisfactorily. The fourth volume appeared in 1843, the fifth in 1844, and the sixth, completing the fourth series, in 1846. The first volume of the fifth series came in 1848, the second in 1851, and the third in 1853. Marcy was secretary of state in 1855, and
when the material for the fourth volume was submitted, he refused to approve it in any part. To Force he said: "I do not believe in your work, sir! It is of no use to anybody. I never read a page of it and never expect to." Neither he nor his successor, Lewis Cass, could be induced to change this decision, and The American Archives came to an end with Volume III of the fifth series, nine volumes in all having been issued.

In 1832 Force thought the series would contain not more than five volumes, eleven years later it was limited to twenty, but when nine had been published the story of the Revolution had been carried only to the end of 1776. At this rate it would have taken over thirty volumes to bring the story to the treaty of peace; and if it had been limited to twenty it must have been left incomplete. One other fact may have aroused Marcy's disapprobation. By 1835 each Congress had formed the habit of ordering copies of the work for its own members not previously in the House, a species of graft unlikely to be terminated by Congress itself. On the other hand, it is undeniable that Marcy did not appreciate Force's work and that he was illiberal, if not narrow-minded.

Early in the series Force adopted the following division of the matter bearing on the period any given volume was to cover: (1) The proceedings, papers, and correspondence of the Continental Congress; (2) The proceedings, papers, and correspondence of the assemblies, conventions, and councils of safety of the several states; (3) The proceedings, papers, and correspondence of the British Government and of the officers acting under it in our Revolution; (4) Miscellaneous letters and papers relating to the Revolution. This material was presented with accuracy and completeness, but poorly arranged, and with very few editorial notes. The indexes in the fourth series were inadequate, but the deficiency was remedied in the fifth.

After the rejection of his work Force continued in Washington, completing his collections and putting them into shape for publication, if fortune should bring the opportunity. The outbreak of the war removed the last hope of this kind. In 1867 he was too old to complete his task, and sold his library to the Government for $100,000. It contained 22,529
printed volumes, about 40,000 pamphlets, some valuable newspaper files, and enough transcripts to make 129 bound volumes. The collection was placed in the Library of Congress, where Force's manuscripts remain unpublished. In 1879 Congress called for a report on the value of the collection, and received a lucid statement from the Librarian of Congress. No practical results followed.¹

Aside from the Archives Force is best remembered for four volumes of Tracts published from 1836 to 1846. They were mostly reprints of rare pamphlets relating to the earliest period of American history, and their publication was accomplished with financial sacrifices. "Whenever I found a little more money in my purse than I absolutely needed," he said, "I printed a volume of Tracts." Several pamphlets of his own composition were also published, none of them of much importance. They serve to show us how little of an author he was.

Bancroft and Sparks collected documents, and Sparks published documents, but each was an historian first of all. Force collected documents and published them, without a thought of editing or interpreting them. If his great work had been more discreetly conducted, it might have weathered the storm of popular criticism. But Force was not discreet. In all the confusion around him he never relaxed an inch in his plan of making a complete and all-inclusive collection.

Force has had no successor, probably because his example raised up such a large school of local collectors and compilers that there has been no room for one vast treasure. The work he did not do has been carried on by many workers and has resulted in many restricted collections. Force played a large part in awakening the interest of this group; and in doing so he contributed much to the progress of American historical scholarship in the last fifty years, its latest and most fruitful period.

¹For a discussion of the value of Force's collection see Bancett, Middle Group of American Historians, p. 298.
CHAPTER XVIII

Prescott and Motley

I. PRESCOTT

To write, his first resolve; to select a topic, his second—herein lies a cardinal difference between William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) and the typical research student who only at last commits the results of his labours to paper. Not that Prescott plunged into his task without preparation. His self-training was long and minute, but the methods were so exceptional as to be well worth noting in some detail.

Prescott’s choice of a career was hampered at the outset by defective eyesight and fragile health. A seemingly trivial incident had left a permanent mark upon his life. When he was a junior at Harvard, a crust of bread thrown by one of a careless group of skylarking students hit Prescott in the very disk of the left eye, the blow being so sudden that the lid did not have time to protect its charge. The victim’s whole system received a nervous shock. Later it was discovered that the one eye was destroyed and that the sight of the other could be preserved only by assiduous watchfulness. Prescott was able, however, to complete his college course, and maintained his standing so well that he received the appointment as Latin poet at Commencement and amidst applause delivered his hexameters Ad Spem. That was in August, 1814. He had all that a young Bostonian of a century ago could wish for, except health. He was handsome, with good and sound inheritance, cultivated surroundings, sympathetic and congenial parents and well-to-do family circumstances, and he was as well equipped for intellectual life as Harvard could make him. But
ill-health barred the way to active life. All the capacity for work, for the steady occupation that enriched forty years of quiet student pursuits, had to be resolutely wooed. What was won needed careful husbanding to ensure the maximum return for the minimum nerve expenditure. But, shackled by physical limitations as he was, Prescott was fortunate in not being a prisoner of poverty. His was a case where an assured income made the labour he delighted in physic pain and then grow profitable in its turn. Far from the harvest he wanted, he was able to gather expensive source material without financial limitations.

Seven years after graduation, Prescott was still on the eve of setting himself to serious work within his capacity. By that date he had been married a year to Susan Amory, found in the circle of cultivated, prosperous Bostonians in which the Prescotts moved, and he was wonderfully fortunate in his wife. She was a splendid comrade for her husband in the sheltered life that had to be his lot. Prescott’s early ventures at travelling, while they gave him a little experience of life in the Azores and slight glimpses of England and Paris, proved conclusively that changes exposed him to the risk of incapacitating suffering, though with favourable conditions he might exert himself to good effect. Thus it was, in 1821, that he decided to take up his pen as an occupation. Very deliberately he proceeded to examine the tools of expression that were ready to his hand. He found them very defective. He had no well-based accurate knowledge of English, let alone modern languages. Accordingly, on 30 October, 1821, he planned a preliminary course to lay accurate foundations for a literary career. Blair’s Rhetoric, Lindley Murray, the introductory chapter of Johnson’s Dictionary were studied as though the student were a small schoolboy instead of a Harvard graduate of seven years standing. At the same time he ploughed through a long course of English literature. Ascham, Bacon, Browne, Raleigh, and Milton, besides the sermons of eminent divines, were read to him in chronological series, while he used his own sight for an hour of Latin daily. At the end of the year he felt he had broken ground only. A temporary improvement in his eye enabled him to plunge into French authors from Froissart to Chateaubriand, still devoting a part of
Prescott's Training

each day to hearing English drama from Heywood to Dryden. With his friend Ticknor, Prescott kept up a third line of English reading, connected with Scandinavian and Teutonic themes and compositions. In 1823, Sismondi's *Littérature du Midi* prepared him for Italian letters, which he proceeded to explore systematically and intelligently. Two articles in *The North American Review* contained his impressions on this field; they were written *con amore*, as the change from French to Italian had been to him especially stimulating and refreshing. The latter language was far more to his taste than the former. German was his next desire, but it had to be abandoned as too difficult for his partial eyesight. Then, through Ticknor's interest in things Spanish, Prescott turned to that language as his next venture. Once embarked, he sailed on in Spanish interests until his death, although he was not attracted immediately. "I am battling with the Spanish," he wrote to Bancroft in 1824, "but I have not the heart for it that I had for the Italian. I doubt whether there are many valuable things that the key of knowledge will unlock in that language." Still he continued to play with the key for a long time until, out of a list of subjects for a book, he made his choice. "What new and interesting topics may be admitted—not forced into—the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella?" he noted in 1825. In 1847 he endorsed the entry, "A fortunate choice."

The whole sweep of events taking place on the Peninsula seems to have flashed before his vision: the constitutions of Castile and of Aragon, of the Moorish dynasties, the causes of their decay and dissolution, the Inquisition, the conquest of Granada, the discoveries in the unknown West, monarchical power versus aristocracy; and he saw their relation to the whole world. Prescott had assimilated literary expression in its best forms in order to fit himself to express something in his turn; when that something had crystallized into definite form, it was as a narrator that he entered on his task of giving it a proper treatment. He began to see his story in episodes for the framing of which he had already provided the material.

A tentative bibliography was dispatched to Edward Everett, United States Minister at Madrid, on 29 January, 1826. To Everett's natural suggestion that Prescott would be wise to come to Spain and look over the ground for himself, the
latter answered in some detail that his one chance of success was to work even with limited resources at home rather than to jeopardize his future by groping with half sight in archives abroad. The explanation, written by his own hand, brought on an access of misery to his eye, and he recovered lost ground very slowly.

Under fresh limitations, but now with his scene firmly set, he began a systematic course of international and legal history, in addition to a general survey of Spain, geographically, economically, ecclesiastically, and civilly, especially with reference to fifteenth-century conditions. This necessitated the consultation of several hundred volumes in working days of about four hours each, with actual reading power of an hour a day at best, a few minutes or nothing, at worst. The imported sources arrived, but the author lingered on at the threshold before plunging into Spanish details. He recurred to Montesquieu’s *Esprit des lois*, to Voltaire, and to other philosophical considerations of history and human conditions; he heard governmental, theological, and chivalric works, many biographies and the classics, the last now in translation that they might be read aloud. Much of this was, of course, mere intellectual pabulum, never to be concretely adapted to his expressed results. By this time he had acquired a capacity of holding firmly in his mind the portions he saw he could use, while putting aside the non-essential. Such methods have rarely been applied so deliberately and consciously by an historical writer.

Having decided that he would use secondary material when a phase of his subject had been adequately treated by French or Spanish writers, Prescott began original work by mastering the chronicles of Andres Bernaldez as a first-hand source. Luckily the secretary devoted to his service was an able young Harvard graduate, a Mr. English, capable of supplementing the author’s eyes, and sympathetic with his methods. The copy of Bernaldez obtained was in manuscript of no easy style.

The actual composition of *Ferdinand and Isabella* began in 1829, after eight years of preliminary reading, both general and special, at large and with the goal in mind. When it came to the literary form of the narrative, Prescott followed
Mably as a guide, having read his *Étude de l'histoire* ten times. He would think out a chapter on the same structural plan as for a romance or a drama, letting the events develop towards some obvious point or conclusion. Count d'Haussonville thinks this tendency to group transactions artistically a defect in historical narration, but other critics are more lenient, finding the result very readable. For six years the author worked on. Everything pertinent to his subject, and accessible at that time, that could be taken out of Spain, was imported in original or in transcript and digested very slowly. Prescott worked his direct quotations into his text, as a rule, instead of giving excerpts thrown or jerked into the narrative. At the same time, his references are precise and accurate. When the three volumes were concluded, the author again reaped an advantage from his full purse. No typewriting was available to break the fall from handwriting to the pitiless printed page, and to read handwriting was forbidden to Prescott. Feeling the need of meeting his copy face to face, he had four copies printed in large type on one side of the page. Then he was able to go over the whole, little by little, with his own sight. Submitted to the criticism of various friends, the book excited only delighted approval and stimulating comment, encouraging the author to have 1250 copies printed at his own expense by the American Stationers' Company (1836-37). Such a success America had never before seen or heard of. The edition was exhausted in five weeks. It was not surprising that the American reviews were favourable. There was no one capable of passing upon the sources. That the style was easy and the story illuminating was sufficient to make people gratefully acknowledge the introduction to Spanish history at a moment when Spanish eyes were turned anxiously towards the west. But in England there were at least two scholars who knew the subject and could pass a competent opinion on the American's work: Don Pascal de Gayangos, Spaniard and archivist in London, and Richard Forest, author of a handbook on Spain. Both accepted the new book with some puzzled queries as to how it could emanate from America. Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope had given forth their impressions of the United States, and their readers were not prepared for scholarly yet graceful and novel historical work.
Yet such was the rating of Ferdinand and Isabella pronounced by these competent specialists in Spanish lore. One sympathetic and appreciative review came from the hand of Count de Circourt, a man described by Lamartine as "a living chest of human knowledge," which gave the unknown and modest American immense satisfaction. He was actually received at once into the international circle of authoritative scholarship. Hallam, Guizot, Milman, Siamodi, Thierry, were among those to give Prescott not condescending but cordial welcome as one of their own rank. Such an authority as C. P. Gooch states in 1913 that the work published in 1837 has not been superseded to this day. Research has brought, indeed, masses of documents to light that Prescott never heard of. Critics differ from him in conclusions—strange if they did not. Yet there is more serious difference of opinion between Vignaud and Harriuse, both writing on Columbus in the twentieth century, than between Prescott and Justin Winsor, in the first and second halves of the nineteenth.

Stimulated by the prompt recognition accorded to him, Prescott turned to his next venture, The Conquest of Mexico. It is characteristic of his methods that his first step towards beginning the narration in which one figure, Hernando Cortes, was to hold the centre of the stage, was the examination of certain celebrated biographical records of exploits—Voltaire's Charles XII, Livy's Hannibal, Irving's Columbus. His criticism of the last is that the interest flags at the end. That is just what can be said of his own Mexico, finished in 1844. Where the glow of achievement is ahead of his hero, the narrative marches and carries the reader on. Or is it that Bernal Diaz carries the story triumphantly up to the Aztec city? Prescott's method of assimilating his authority, instead of giving excerpts, was used to good purpose here, and his paraphrases are very vivid. For instance, in describing the Spanish army as it came in sight of the lake-city: "A scene so new and wonderful filled their rude hearts with amazement. It seemed like enchantment and they could find nothing to compare it with but the magic pictures in Amadis de Gaula." This is a clever turn to the simple statement by the chronicler of the Spaniards' first impressions of the Aztec city. Bernal Diaz, the veteran soldier, unskilled in letters, moved to set
down his recollections of the great events in which he had participated half a century back, because Gomara's official history gave Cortes undue, and his comrades insufficient, credit for the Conquest, was a delightful guide to follow. His untaught phrases are alive and Prescott makes them more so. While later judgment discounts some of the conquistadores's statements, it cannot deny the fact that it was these glowing descriptions that affected the European imagination of the sixteenth century. For the ultimate rating of the veracity of the complaisant adventurer archeology has brought its later contribution, and of that science Prescott was ignorant, as was the rest of the world when he wrote. He almost relinquished the idea of his Mexico on hearing that Washington Irving had a similar scheme in mind. This would have been a real loss, as Irving's gentle raking over of unknown ground could not have produced as good fruit as Prescott's digging certainly did. Both The Conquest of Mexico and The Conquest of Peru were important works in the development of American literature and the American attitude towards knowledge. Neither the reputation nor the libraries of New England could have spared them.

The courtesy that Irving showed to a younger aspirant in his field was repeated by Prescott himself towards Motley, the latter ready to abandon his Rise of the Dutch Republic for fear lest Prescott's Philip II would fill the whole field adequately. There was a division of labour, again lucky, as Prescott's biography would have been a meagre substitute for the glowing partisan book. Count d'Haussonville ranks the incomplete Philip II as Prescott's best work. That is a dictum hard to accept. The author's attitude towards his central figure is less slashing than Motley's, less appreciative than Martin Hume's. In so much it may be called just, but there is a certain meagreness in the treatment. Robertson seems to have affected his style, although his work on that author's Charles V was not done until two volumes of Philip II had seen the light in 1855.

Between Peru and Philip II Prescott made a journey to England, where he was wonderfully received and feted during his four months' visit. Oxford gave him a doctorate. In 1845 the French Institute and the Royal Society of Berlin,
and in 1847 two learned societies of England, had made him a member, so that his status as a scholar was perfectly assured, and his own charm gained him permanent friendship after formal courtesy had made connecting links. During the remainder of his life, noted English scholars and statesmen kept up a correspondence with him. Perhaps the friendship accorded to him by Alexander von Humboldt on account of *Mexico* and *Perú* was one of the most grateful of the many won by the real merit of his literary labours. Fortunately he never lost the powers of enjoyment or of active occupation as death came very suddenly in 1859.

Prescott has been called a great amateur in the historical field, and in one sense, the term applies. Born only a year after Leopold Ranke, Prescott missed the influence spread abroad, eventually far beyond German university circles, by the great German scholar. The very vocabulary now used had not come into being. Prescott made his own standards. Nor did he have the incidental training that has been the strength of many an historian. Not trained in the methods of the *École des Chartes*, nor in the precise legal knowledge of jurisprudence, like Maitland, nor in active political service for his own state, nor in a school of philosophy, still less in the academic methods of research, Prescott simply assimilated language first and then events, and painted pictures of the past by a skilful union of the two. His style is a fine instrument of expression. His language plays him no tricks. He holds it in his own control, firmly, like a well-wrought, highly-tempered tool. His own temperament manifests itself very little in his writing. Nor is there any echo of contemporary politics in his treatment of the past. He is as aloof from the events passing in the United States as from those that he depicts. Possibly this is due to the peculiar state of affairs in those ante-bellum decades of the nineteenth century. He was a Bostonian who hated strife and felt that agitation was disagreeable. Thus nothing of his personal opinions and experience peeps out from between his lines as do those of Bancroft, Motley, and, a score of French and Netherlands writers whose pages are coloured by their attitude towards their immediate present. Perhaps had Prescott survived the outbreak of the Civil War his sentiments would have changed.
Prescott's Place in Literature

Those of many compromisers did. But he passed from the scene before the outbreak, and thus is crystallized as a figure detached from strife, a non-partisan, hard-working yet leisurely historian, sheltered from the hard things of life, almost untouched by his generation, endowed with the best New England could give to a few of her sons, and with the type of New England conscience that led him to use the talents he had but which also permitted him to hold aloof from his country's troubles as from something almost unclean.

Yet how many of his fellow-countrymen found his work grateful can be seen from the number of his books that were scattered over the land. Since 1837, editions of his books have appeared at frequent intervals. Exact figures seem difficult to obtain, but many thousand copies have been sold, while several editions of translations have appeared in Spain, in France, in Italy, in Germany, and in Holland.

II. Motley

John Lothrop Motley (1814-77) was like Prescott in being a son of Massachusetts and born with a silver spoon of pure Boston metal in his mouth. In each case New England gave to her child a heritage of sturdy character, of convinced opinions of the Channing school, of the finest lineage she had woven from British material; to birth-right she added the best quality of education that had thus far been evolved on her soil. Of this late post-colonial education it can be said that, full of short-comings as it was, it usually had this characteristic—its disciples were inspired with a desire for more. To each of these Bostonians fate granted the boon of remarkable personal beauty. These endowments fell, however, upon characters of somewhat different tendencies, while their lives took them over different courses. Prescott was a prisoner within the bounds of congenial private life, his professional activity limited to the area of his own book-room filled with the imported source-material which he could not go to seek; while Motley made his own researches, touched the past with his own fingers, so close did he come to the documents, and had, in addition, the stimulus of world contact, of hearing statesmen's voices, of activities of which Prescott was wholly igno-
rant. Moreover, Prescott died in 1859, just too soon to fling off the shackles of repression which choked the free speech of Americans of his temperament before the Civil War. On the other hand, Motley, in every line of his later work on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shows the exhilarating effect produced by the casting of the die and the ending of the compromise restraint. Born the very year Prescott finished his Harvard course, Motley was two-thirds of a generation behind the older historian. Thus, though the immediate environment of the two Bostonians was the same, the storm brewing beyond the confines of Massachusetts had burst and had forced her conservative citizens out of their aloofness, and the Commonwealth was involved in a close bond with the other units of the Union, while Motley and his labours were still in a stage to be affected, as Prescott and his work never were, by contemporaneous politics.

From his early childhood, Motley was overflowing with expression. He was possessed to act out what he read; he made miniature theatres; he declaimed in season and out. His zeal for dramatic effect was in his blood—even though he did not evince the slightest histrionic ability or tendency. That is, he could not possibly have been an actor. It was literary expression that attracted him. He was so precocious that it would not have been surprising had his promise died out. Luckily, the colonial energy of the race was also in his blood and a New England strain well woven into the web of his conscience so that his abilities found enduring record when, at last, he developed the powers of industry. His Harvard career was begun at the age of thirteen and completed at seventeen—an age young even for the time—and it is not surprising that his election to Phi Beta Kappa was gained only by stretching a point in his favour and including one more than the sixteen men legitimately chosen as the maximum number to be taken from each class. His class work did not give him high rank—indeed, he was rusticated for negligence—but his personality was so charming and his kind of cultivated human interest so convincing, that he could not be passed over. His facility in grasping the gist of a book was marvellous, but as it did not presage minute and accurate research, there was natural astonish-
ment among his contemporaries over the industry evinced by his later work.

Harvard was followed by two years of study at Göttingen and Berlin and of foreign travel. George Bancroft, then fresh from his own German experience, had been a teacher in Motley’s school at Northampton. Probably it was due to his influence that German was taught, as it was not a usual subject in the school curricula of the twenties. The young student was thus partially prepared for his plunge into Hanoverian university life and did not lose his first months in struggling over linguistic elements. Perhaps the most interesting contribution to his training given by the Göttingen episode was his acquaintance and intimate association with Count Bismarck, the foundations of a life-long friendship. The American had an exceptional opportunity to know a contemporary from an environment totally different from his own by heritage and tendency. Later, he had the still rarer chance of glimpses at the inside happenings or intentions of Prussian politics. He saw a master mind in the making and in the doing, as few of his generation could. The friendship has, moreover, permitted posterity some peeps at the Iron Chancellor in his moments of relaxation, a few of his intimate letters to the American having been published among those of Motley. Most delightful are the young student’s own letters home during his Wunderjahre. He worked hard, indeed, at law in both universities, but it was the glimpses of Europe and the human side of its life, both past and present, that were the really vital part of the educational results for the young American. Intellectual Germany was still palpitating with the influence of Goethe, whom he was just too late to see, and he was deeply impressed by the atmosphere. He met scholars, such as Tieck, then at work on his translation of Shakespeare, and he learned what minute research could be. At the same time Motley retained an impressionistic attitude towards history which was wholly un-German. He always saw the past instinct with life. He is constantly reconstructing. “If you will allow me to mount my hobby, as Tristram Shandy would say,” he writes from Rome in 1834, “and call fancy to the aid of history, the scene will be different, at least more lively.” Thus he and his imagination travelled together, congenial companions.
When the wanderer returned to Boston he continued his preparation for law, but it never became his serious profession. He had to write, and his first venture was a novel called Morton's Hope. Published anonymously, it fell flat. Nor did it deserve success, although, at first view, the writer seems to have had both the training and the qualifications for a romancer. Foreign travel and study had widened his vision; he had really studied languages on the basis of a good preliminary education; and he had a fertile and graphic imagination. Moreover, at the time of writing, he was fairly bubbling over with personal happiness. The novel appeared in 1839, two years after his marriage to the sister of Park Benjamin, an intimate friend of Motley, while another intimate friend, Joseph Lewis Stackpole, married Mrs. Motley's sister. A close circle of friends was thus formed—affectionate yet all critical of each other. Mary Benjamin Motley seems, from all testimony, to have been a very rare person, whose comrade-ship with her husband was singularly perfect throughout her life. But despite such good auspices, Morton's Hope failed. The critics scarcely noticed the book, although one did admit that it must have been "written by a person of uncommon resources of mind and scholarship." As a work of art the story deserved oblivion. It is full of chronological anachronisms, the diction is bombastic and strained, the composition is faulty. The one interest in the book is that there are certain autobiographical suggestions in the reflections and self-contemplations of the hero. There is an underlying thread of aspirations, "disguised," says Dr. Holmes, "under a series of incidents, which are flung together with no more regard to the unities than a pack of cards."

The failure of his first venture did not deter Motley from making another trial in the same direction. His second novel Merry Mount, not published until 1849, was semi-historic in character. The scene is laid in Massachusetts in 1628—"in that crepuscular period which immediately preceded the rise of the Massachusetts Colony and possesses more of the elements of romance than any subsequent epoch," writes the author in his preface. The book plays with theological revolt and separatist movements, and introduces adventurers of somewhat dime-novel calibre to shock Puritan sentiments and to impress Indians by aristocratic hauteur.
Motley's Early Activities

But with all his knowledge of fundamental facts and of local colour, the author failed to command attention. *Merry Mount* is not bad, but it is dull. The characters do not carry the slightest conviction. They are simple bundles of attributes, and some of the bundles have a sensational taint. Contemporary reviews did not slight the book. *The North American Review* actually devoted seventeen pages to an abstract of the tale, in order to prove that the early settlement of New England was not a good field for fiction: "Later events only make the period interesting," "The conditions are too hard," "Romantic elements are lacking." The reviewer concludes with saying that he has been agreeably disappointed, on the whole, but he does not consider the romance a fair specimen of what the writer can achieve.

Between the production of the two novels, Motley had had fresh experiences. In 1841 he was appointed secretary to the legation at St. Petersburg and spent some months in the Russian capital, long enough to be convinced that he did not wish to have his wife and children join him. So he resigned his post before his year was out. Once again in America, he began to give utterance to his opinions on political events, the failure of Henry Clay to secure the presidential nomination having roused him to mournful expressions of his conviction that all that was fine in American public life had been overpowered by mediocrity if not by evil. He had a little taste of public life himself; he served in the Massachusetts legislature for one term (1849). The one measure he seems to have worked for was an endowment of higher education at the expense of the common schools. "Failure was inevitable," says George S. Boutwell, a fellow legislator. "Neither Webster nor Choate could have carried the bill." Motley had written a report as Chairman of the Committee on Education, thinking that he had achieved a fine document, and was much surprised at the unanimity of its condemnation. He had no more desire for Massachusetts political life. By this date, Motley was thirty-five, no longer a youth, yet all his failures seem those of immaturity. It sometimes happens when a boy is precocious that the reputation of being in advance of his years lingers about him after the time when a man of

more normal powers makes his public appearance. But Motley began to show himself in another light than that of romancer or legislator; his essays were proving that he could conquer some of the glaring faults of his style and write on sober themes. His articles on Peter the Great, on Balzac, and on Talvi's *Geschichte der Colonisation von New England* were scholarly and original. He had no desire, however, to dissipate his store of energy in ephemeral reviews. Before the publication of his half-historical *Merry Mount* he had selected the theme of the contest between the Netherlands and Spain for an extensive work, had been checked momentarily by the news of Prescott's projected *Philip II*, had been spurred on by the kindly words of the elder American, and had then devoted himself to going to the foundations of the story of the events. He says in reference to hearing of Prescott's work:

It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to renounce authorship. For I had not at first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other.

Thus Prescott's courtesy did as much service to Motley as Washington Irving's did to the author of *The Conquest of Mexico*. To the world, too, it would have been a loss had *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* never come to light. It was indeed a work of love. Motley gave up every other thought and worked to one end only. He made no such preliminary preparation as did Prescott. Yet in a way, his whole career had been leading up to it. He had burned to express himself. He planted source-material in his mind, and the story flowered from it, naturally. For nearly ten years he plodded on, at first in Boston and then in archives abroad, in Berlin, Dresden, The Hague, and Brussels. He bathed in local colour. In 1855 he had his three volumes ready for the printer. Then came a difficulty. No publisher would look at the formidable mass of manuscript with the slightest interest. No one would believe in the chances of returns from such an expensive undertaking as its publication. Like his compatriot, Motley was
obliged to take his own risks, and The Rise of the Dutch Republic was published at the author's expense by John Chapman in London, and by Harpers in New York. The sale of fifteen thousand copies in two years proved the fallibility of human judgment. The reviews were not, however, as uniformly favourable as in Prescott's case. The Saturday Review brought heavy artillery to bear on the ambitious American in the same number with a censorious attack upon Browning's Men and Women and three columns upon the lack of interest in Miss Yonge's unpretentious domestic tale, The Daisy Chain. The Review's slashing denunciation of his flashy chapter headings was peculiarly annoying to Motley, because he had disapproved of their adoption. He comments upon this in a letter to his father, in connection with the remark that every book notice had condemned them unequivocally. The Literary Gazette found virtues in the volumes, but added: "The book is far too ponderous both in matter and style to be popular," and commiserated Motley because his literary skill fell so far short of his diligence and learning that other writers would enter into the fruits of his labours and write more popular histories out of his store. The sequence of the prophecy proved singularly true. Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic has been quarried and retold in every conceivable form. One has only to glance along the shelves in the Library of Congress to see how many books are based on Motley, with due credit to him, while many more volumes, serious and romantic, less frankly owe their being to his pages. At the same time, this use of fragments has not been due to the unpopular character of the full work, as is proved by the continued sales of the three volumes.

As a compensation for the Saturday's strictures on his work, The Westminster Review for the month following (April, 1856), had as its leading article a comprehensive paper by J. A. Froude which did full justice to the unknown American writer.

A history as complete as industry and genius can make it now lies before us of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces. It has been the result of many years of silent,

*23 March, 1856.
*19 April, 1856.
thoughtful, unobtrusive labour, and unless we are strangely mis-
taken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticis-
ing which we have undertaken, the book is one which will take its
place among the finest histories in this or in any language. . .
All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses.
His mind is broad, his industry unwearying.

Proude did not like Motley's estimate of Queen Elizabeth,
adding: "It is ungracious, however, even to find so slight a
fault with these admirable volumes." This gentle animad-
version is amusing, because all the eminent authorities on the
period treated do just what Proude does. They like the way
Motley has navigated the whole sea of difficulties but think
he has lost his way on their private pools. In Holland and
Belgium at the time of the appearance of *The Rise of the Dutch
Republic* there were, among other scholars, three eminent
archivists and one rising historian: Groen van Prinsterer,
Bakhuyzen van der Brink, and Professor Fruin in Holland, and
Gachard in Brussels. They all received the book with pleasure
as well as with profound surprise that any foreigner had cast
his plummets down their deeps with so much assiduity. Mingled
with their real and cordial approval there was a reserve on
the part of each regarding the treatment of his own particular
thesis. Groen thought that Motley did not really feel the
Protestant impulse in all that happened; Bakhuyzen consid-
ered that he did not understand phases of the relations with
Germany; Gachard, himself less fervent in his opinions than
the Hollanders, criticized Motley's partisanship; while Fruin,
the first man to hold a chair at Leyden University ex-
clusively devoted to "Vaderlandsche Geschiedenis," criti-
cized the whole work on a larger and more ample scale. He
thought that the author did not grasp fully the actual devel-
opment of the congeries of provinces, found many weak spots
in the generalizations, and held that, closely as Motley had
followed original authorities, he had erred seriously in not
testing the exact weight and authenticity of the witnesses
whom he had summoned to help him tell his tale.

The English original excited immediate interest in Holland,
but the most exhaustive reviews were reserved until the Dutch
version appeared. In 1859, made by no less an authority than
Bakhuysen himself, who said: "Motley's work seems to me to make such an excellent foundation for the history of the growth of the Commonwealth of the United Netherlands that it seems almost a duty to bring forth one's own possessions in order to rear up a structure on this foundation." Pruin repeated the words at the beginning of his review. He added a cordial appreciation of the industry and conscientiousness of the American.

We have discovered no unused source... I take it for granted that everyone has read the work of the American.... It would be a scandal if our countrymen neglected to read what the foreigner counted of sufficient importance to discuss.... Motley shines in narrative [Hij is een bekwam stijlis] but he is less fortunate in his explanations of cause and effect. What the witnesses whom he summons testify, he narrates better than they can tell, but he fails to weigh their personality and trustworthiness with sufficient accuracy. The "how" is good, the "why" defective. He is far behind Ranke in his comprehension of the beginnings of the revolt.

Then the Dutch historian proceeded to write one of the most valuable articles that ever came from his pen, Het voorspel van den tachtigjarigen oorlog. Herein he carefully reviewed the ground with exact references to his authorities and gave a less passionate and less biased picture than Motley of Philip's relations to the Netherlands and to the thread of events that preceded the final outbreak. Motley could not complain of lack of appreciation in the Netherlands, and had reason to flatter himself that his work was a spur to the Netherlands to look to their own dykes and consider carefully what was true among their writers of the sixteenth century and what needed to be winnowed. Besides, there was an interest aroused in the texts, and several valuable works, used by Motley in manuscript, were printed within a few years after the publication of his work. Now nearly everything important is in print, and the stimulus to the incessant output during the last half century was certainly largely due to the American.

Scarcely taking breath after the publication of this first great effort, the author plunged into the sequel and brought out two volumes of The United Netherlands in 1860. This time neither publisher nor public was shy. The English
reviews were very favourable, on the whole; even The Saturday Review was almost commendatory though it did not find the style satisfactory. Perhaps the most severe stricture was that the figurative language was uncultivated in tone, but the general attitude of the censor is quite different from that taken four years previous. The Westminster Review was more lavish in its praise. The Edinburgh Review was a trifle patronizing, but still Motley was given credit.

The American reviews had no reservations in their praise of both works. It is a trifle amusing to note the conclusion of the comments—a long and serious article—on The Rise of the Dutch Republic in the North American: "upon the whole it seems to us that the first William was a greater man than his great-grandson and namesake." This sounds as though, indeed, the elder Prince of Orange had needed an introduction to the American public in 1856.

In Holland the second book received the same greeting as did the first, a greeting marked by pride and pleasure that a stranger had devoted so much of his life to their affairs, tempered by some careful and discriminating criticism. Professor Fruin wrote: "We have delayed too long in noticing this important work. No one can put down the book until it is finished. Through the beautiful style, the vivid narrative, the artistic descriptions, this work shines out above the works on history in our own language." Fruin took Motley's notes and verified every reference: "Even where we differ from his opinion, we must do honour to his good faith, to his keen perception, to his industrious and accurate investigation." The review was another of Fruin's fine essays on Dutch history. Fruin once more criticized Motley's failure to differentiate the values of his authorities and considered him often tempted to expand a phase simply because he had a rich store of material bearing upon it, but without due regard to the need of that phase in the narrative. Letters between Leicester and his officers led him on to tell a detailed story of petty English quarrels which would have been more suitable for a separate publication. That Motley's vivid imagination inspired him with interlinear visions, hardly substantiated by a strict construction of the text, was gently intimated by Fruin with one

* January, 1861.
Motley in England

or two striking examples. Undoubtedly this is the same imagination that led the tourist to people the Rome before his eye with actors once within her walls. Life was, indeed, breathed into skeleton facts—some new joints being supplied—and life, too, into years of discussion as to the eternal verity of Motley’s conception. One item in The Rise of the Dutch Republic gave Pruin especial concern. That was the use of the term “William the Silent.” He wished that the American had lent his weight towards eliminating the unsuitable adjective from the historical vocabulary. Criticism such as this of Pruin’s was the highest compliment that could have been paid to Motley.

The spring of 1861, momentous in the history of the United States, found Motley still in London. He had been abroad at work in the archives ever since the winter of 1856–57, which he had spent in Boston. The first public news of the imminent Civil War must have come to him on Monday, 29 April. That was the day when the Earl of Malmesbury opened the session in the House of Lords with the assumption that “Almost all your Lordships must have read the account that arrived this morning from America, and must have learned with pain as well as astonishment that civil war has broken out.”

Humaneley rejoicing that no blood had been shed, the Earl proceeded to ask what the noble Lords were going to do towards settling this most unnatural quarrel. Lord Woodhouse replied that, after mature deliberation, the Government had decided that advice on internal matters would be intrusive unless solicited. From that Monday on, the London Times gave much space to comments on the terrible anachronism of war in general, on the horror of seeing thirty million Anglo-Saxons slaying each other like the Indians whom they had displaced, etc., etc. All civil wars known to history were reviewed. In each of these, asserted the Times, a vital principle had been at stake. Each had been justified by the crying needs of religion or civil liberty. But in the United States, no principle was involved. Day after day this statement was reiterated in varying forms. Admitting that, on the whole, they inclined rather to the Northern cause, they still declared that, nevertheless, the actual issue between the two sections was a mere shadow.
It is curious how long the idea of the causelessness of the strife prevailed in Europe. As late as April, 1863, Bismarck wrote to Motley in a familiar letter: "Do you all know exactly why you are waging furious war with each other? Certainly all do not know, but they kill each other con amore, that is the way the business comes to them. Your battles are bloody; ours are wordy." This query was, perhaps, half humorous, but the Times was in dead earnest in its opinion that the war was unjustifiable. It went further, after a little, and declared that the spirit of George III had passed into Seward and that his reluctance to let the South go its own way was couched in language quite as tyrannical as that of the British monarch to his colonies when they desired "secession."

Under the stimulus of these daily reiterations, Motley wrote two long letters, to which the Times gave prominent space, on The Causes of the Civil War. They appeared on Thursday, 23 May, and Friday, 24 May, and were reprinted in New York within a few weeks. The line of argument followed was that the United States was no confederacy from which a part could be lopped and both parts continue to live. A confederation of sovereign bodies had been tested and found wanting; then a more perfect government had been formed by the people themselves, at large, not in states as units. The government to which the Constitution of the United States gave birth was different in kind from its predecessor. It could not be divided any more than Scotland could be severed from the British Empire. It was a plea for the sacredness of the Union as an organic, vitalized whole. The tariff, as an irritating cause of division, was discussed, while slavery was touched on very lightly.

The Queen's Proclamation of Neutrality had already checked the press in its references to President Davis as precisely on a par with President Lincoln, and Motley's words were allowed to be worth noting, as coming from one already recognized as an historian of European reputation. For a time, at least, the English newspapers changed their tone, while in America there was warm appreciation of Motley's statement of the case.

Shortly after this incident, Motley returned home and was in Boston when the first Massachusetts regiments left their
Motley at Vienna

camp at Brook Farm (singularly peaceful spot for a training ground!) and marched off to war. He regretted that his forty-seven years disqualified him from enlisting without previous training, but he was stirred to the depths of his being by the emotion of the summer months of 1861. That emotion, carried abroad, kept him a fervent American during his years of foreign residence. John Bigelow considers that he was denationalized, but he was not. He only tried to hold fast to ideals crystallized at a moment of high pressure. He did not feel the meaner elements that obscured themselves during the long-drawn-out contest.

Although he did not enlist, he was summoned to do other work for the republic, and accepted the mission to Austria, where, it was felt, the sentiment he had shown in his London letters would be serviceable. His own historical work was put aside for the six years in which he lived at Vienna, upholding the dignity of the United States. A cultivated, polished, high-minded American official was a great asset to the United States at that juncture, when there was a disposition abroad to count the Northerners as commercial sordid folk. Here was a Yankee of the Yankees as a living witness that the name was not counted as a term of reproach by those who bore it.

His office was no sinecure. In addition to the complications arising from the war, there were others connected with Maximilian's expedition to Mexico, in which he showed good judgment. The unexpected elevation of Andrew Johnson to the presidency in 1865 brought a new element to be reckoned with. It changed that, just at a moment when Johnson was feeling very sore about the defection of Republicans from his support, a letter came to him from Paris accusing various official Americans abroad of malignant criticism towards the administration. A passage about Motley was as follows: "Mr. Motley does not pretend to conceal his 'disgust' as he terms it elegantly, at your whole conduct. He tells every traveller that Sumner is wholly justified and that you have deserted your principles in common with Mr. Seward, who, he says, is hopelessly degraded." Under the influence of his general feeling of distrust and suspicion, the president told Seward to send a formal query to each person mentioned, asking the
truth of the accusation against them. Later Seward told
John Bigelow that no one resented the query, drawn up by a
clerk and signed by himself as secretary of state, except Motley.
In all other cases, it was taken as it was meant, a simple matter
of office routine. Probably, had the President not been over-
sensitive about the attitude of his subordinates, the accusing
document would have been put in the waste-paper basket.
No one knew the "George McCrackin" from whom it pur-
torted to come. Motley, however, did not take it as a formula.
Such a question addressed to him seemed an insult, and he
lost no time in replying, perhaps only less hotly than he felt,
offering his resignation at the end of his denial of the charge
that he had maligned the new administration. The secretary
of state would have taken no notice of a resignation offered
under a momentary smart, but when Johnson said "Let him
go," Seward did not try to stay his hand. According to the
story Seward told John Bigelow in 1869, it would seem a fair
conclusion that the minister was too hot and the secretary too
cold and too indifferent, when an effort on his part to interpose
would have been natural under the circumstances. The
result was that Motley left Vienna with a very sharp wound
to his self-respect.

Luckily for the ex-diplomat, the seventeenth century was
waiting till he should be released from the claims of the nine-
teenth, and he plunged at once into the next period of his Neth-
erland story. The History of the United Netherlands was
concluded by two more volumes issued in 1868. A continuation
centred about John of Barneveld was finally published in 1874.
Motley returned from Vienna to Boston and was settled there
at the time of Grant's first campaign, into which he entered with
much interest. At the suggestion of Sumner, he was honoured
by Grant with the appointment to the Court of St. James, the
highest diplomatic post in his gift. That was pleasant after
the Vienna incident. Unfortunately, Grant identified him
with Sumner, and when a breach came between the president
and the senator from Massachusetts, the former found a pre-
text to recall Motley, and again a secretary of state failed to
protect the minister. Moreover, the explanatory letter written
by Hamilton Fish was not phrased in a manner to soothe the
diplomat's feelings, so that the incident ended with added dis-
comfiture for Motley." Again work was the refuge from the annoyances to which he had been subjected, but they were not forgotten. It is rather curious to note how the author's unpleasant experience colours the story of the relations between Maurice of Nassau and John of Barneveld. The inability of the soldier, acting as statesman, to understand the diplomat is dwelt on in a fashion to show that General Grant was in the historian's thoughts when he wrote of Count Maurice. Indeed, John of Barneveld is a reflection of autobiography almost as much as Morton's Hope. Every point having to do with the ambitions of the individual province and the needs of the United Netherlands is coloured by the crisis through which the United States had just passed. Sometimes the implied parallel is apt, sometimes both strained and forced. It was Motley's tendency, in general, to indulge in comparisons and metaphor that once more troubled The Saturday Review. The carping critic evidently thought that all the expressions to which he objected were American. He did not realize that any worker in sixteenth century historical sources is living in the midst of just such language as was found objectionable. Sober documents are permeated with idioms not to be counted Americanisms; the letters of Elizabethan statesmen overflow with quaint twists and turns. Thus Motley's natural tendency in this direction was constantly fed during his researches into contemporary material. It was natural for him, writing from Vienna during a terrible drought, to declare that there was nothing green in Austria but the Archduke Maximilian, dreaming of an American empire (1863). It was phrases like that in history which shocked the reviewer. Other reviews in Great Britain and America were almost unanimous in their high praise for John of Barneveld. The Edinburgh Review said: "We can hardly give too much praise to the subtle alchemy of the brain which has enabled him [Motley] to produce out of dull, crabbed, and often illegible State-papers, the vivid, graphic, and sparkling narrative which he has given to the world."

In the Netherlands, the book was viewed from a different standpoint. The period treated was one marked by the bitterest kind of theological disputes. Motley thought he could

13 May, 1874.
discuss these impartially, but his attempt only brought down
upon his head a flood of pained criticism from the heirs to
both sides of the controversy,—no dead question in Holland.
The old archivist, Groen van Prinsterer, fervent Calvinist as
he was, declared that only an Arminian, such as an American
Unitarian was, could be so antagonistic to the principles of the
Reformation espoused by Maurice. (Perhaps Groen did not
believe that Maurice had once declared that he did not know
whether Predestination was green or blue!) Motley had
become the ardent apologist of Barneveld and latitudinarian
doctrine, the orthodox Hollanders felt, and a battle was started
that raged for years. Groen devoted a whole book to the topic.
At the same time, Dutch scholars paid warm tributes to the
American’s conscientious use of sources, though they might
not accept his interpretation. No one accused him of neglect-
ing what was obtainable. They only thought “He cannot
understand.” By that time the handsome American with his
air of distinction was a well-known figure in The Hague. In
1871, the Queen of the Netherlands offered him a house in the
Dutch capital, where he spent part of the years when he was
working at John of Barneveld.

The death of Mrs. Motley in 1874 was a blow from which
her husband never recovered, although he tried to resume his
work and complete the story of the Eighty Years’ War. The
sub-title of the Barneveld volumes had been A View of the
Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years’ War. But
Motley was never to take the public with him beyond that
view. His own death came in 1877, and he was buried in
England.

What is the judgment of posterity upon the work into which
Motley poured so much vigorous painstaking effort? This
much can be said: he was first a brilliant searchlight, sweeping
over an unknown field, and then an able draughtsman in
describing the scene. Every new generation claims to have a
light in its own hand which enables it to judge the past with
greater accuracy than its predecessors. Scholars of today
in Holland, Blok, Japikse, Colenbrander, all consider that the
American failed to treat Netherland history on scientific lines.
He did not understand Europe at large, he did not understand
the Church. In his hands Philip II was treated too severely,
as was Maurice in his conflict with Barneveld. There was a lack of perspective in his every estimate. Not only that, but in making one period so dominant, he dislocated the perspective of the whole history of the Netherlands. For the last thirty years scholars in Belgium as well as Holland have been working over the ground, bringing small dark places into sober light, shading down other points too highly illuminated. A fair result will be reached at last. But the great light was a pleasant thing.
CHAPTER XIX

Early Humorists

ALTHOUGH American literature was, even at the beginning, not without its humour, much of the early writing which seems to us whimsical and amusing may have had no humorous appeal for contemporary readers. From an early period, however, we can discern symptoms of the two kinds of humour which were to be represented by American writers: the one following closely English models, especially Addison, Steele, Defoe, and Goldsmith in the eighteenth century, and Lamb, Hood, Jerrold, and Dickens in the nineteenth century; the other springing from American soil and the new conditions of American life, and assuming a character as new to the world as the country that produced it. Franklin,¹ Irving,² Holmes³ belong to what we may call the classical tradition; the present chapter is concerned with those aspects of American humour which are more essentially native, at least in form and tone.

The great period of American humorous writing has been the last three quarters of the nineteenth century. For all the preceding periods a very brief sketch must here suffice. In the seventeenth century the conditions of colonial life were not propitious to any sort of writing, humorous or other. To secure the means of a livelihood was a practical problem which left little time for the cultivation of the more genial side of life. In bleak surroundings where there was little physical comfort, and under the gloom of Puritanism, most writers were practical and serious. But there are a few exceptions. New England's Annoyances (1630),⁴ a piece of anonymous

¹ See Book I, Chap. vi. ² See Book II, Chap. iv. ³ See Bibliography to Book I, Chap. ix. ⁴ See Bibliography to Book I, Chap. ix.
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doggerel, shows that even the Puritans could smile as they regarded some of their discomforts. Nathaniel Ward¹ wrote *The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America* (1647), which Moses Coit Tyler called "the most eccentric and amusing book that was produced in America during the colonial period," although Ward insisted that it should be accepted as a trustworthy account of the spiritual state of New England. John Josselyn, who wrote *New England's Rarities* (1672), declared that most of what he wrote was true; he admits that some things which he recorded he had heard but not seen: for example, that "Indians commonly carry on their discussions in perfect hexameter verse, extempore," and that "in New England there is a species of frog which chirps in the spring like swallows and croaks like toads in autumn, some of which when they sit upon their breech are a foot high, while up in the country they are as big as a child of a year old."

In the eighteenth century humour assumed a more important place in American literature, being represented less by naïve recitals of incongruous situations and incidents and more by a conscious recognition of the incongruity. The narratives of William Byrd (1674–1744),² perhaps the wittiest and most accomplished Virginian of the colonial time, are remarkable for their civil geniality amid rude circumstances, and for their touches of cultivated irony. Madam Sarah Kemble Knight (1666–1727),³ in her diary written in the pauses of her horseback journeys between Boston and New York in 1704 and 1705, recorded in a most amusing manner the humours of the rough roads, the perilous crossing of rivers, the intolerable inns, and the coarse speech of the inland rustics. John Seccomb (1708–93) wrote a piece of verse called *Father Abbey's Will* (1732) facetiously describing the estate of Matthew Abdy, sweeper, bed-maker, and bottle-washer to Harvard College. These lines found their way into *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Joseph Green,⁴ who became well known for his puns, has left us some mischievous lines on *Doctor Byles's Cat* (1733). The popular impression of Green is embodied in an epitaph which was written for him by one of his friends:

¹ See also Book I, Chap. III.
² See also Book I, Chap. 1.
³ Ibid.
⁴ See also Book I, Chap. IX.
Early Humorists

Slate, Viator, Here lies one
Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun,
    And if you go too near his hearse,
He'll joke you both in prose and verse.

These few specimens show, if they show nothing more,
that other spirits than Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards
were alive in America in the eighteenth century.

The Revolution produced its humour chiefly in the form
of political satire; the principal names are Francis Hopkinson,
John Trumbull, Joel Barlow, Philip Freneau.¹ The first two
were perhaps most important in this connection. Hopkinson's
Battle of the Kegs was as good for the American cause as the
winning of a real battle. In the grim year of 1778, this poem
went into every American camp, cheered the patriots, and
provoked hearty laughter at the awkwardness and stupidity of
the enemy. And Trumbull in McFingal produced a Hudi-
brastic epic whose anger and irresistible logic reflected in-
geniously the temper of a colony of sturdy militiamen that had
taken upon themselves the task of offering opposition to the
mother country—a task in itself not without its incongruous
aspect.

During the period that followed the Revolution the colo-
nists doubtless told their stories of war and sea, “swapped
yarns,” and recounted deeds of adventure along the frontier,
but little has remained to show the character of the writing
and to enable us to know what impression it made upon the
time. There was not a little humorous political and satirical
verse. Certain writers, like William Austin, Irving, Paulding,
Drake, Halleck, Sands, Verplanck, brought into American
literature an estimable sort of humour, but little was produced
by any of them that had an emphatically native quality.

About the time of Andrew Jackson, along with the birth
of popular national self-consciousness, the emergence of the
frontier as a social entity in the nation's imagination, and the
rise to power of the newspaper (for almost without exception
the professional American humorists have been newspaper-
men), the kind of humour that we think of as American took

¹ For these four poets see Book I, Chap. ix.
on new life. It first found voice in New England, the section which was eventually to shudder at the tide of boisterous, outlandish mirth that set in from the new South and the newer West, along and beyond that "highway of humour," the Mississippi.

First in point of time among the new humorists came Seba Smith (1792–1868), whose *Letters of Major Jack Downing* appeared in 1830. Almost immediately after his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1818, Smith began to contribute a series of political articles in the New England dialect to the papers of Portland, Maine. These illustrated fairly well the peculiarities of New England speech and manners, and doubtless had a great influence in encouraging similar sketches in other parts of the country. Smith was in several ways a pioneer. He led the way for *The Biglow Papers* and all those writings which have exploited back-country New England speech and character. He anticipated, in the person of Jack Downing, confidant of Jackson, David Ross Locke's Petroleum V. Nasby, confidant of Andrew Johnson. He was the first in America, as Finley Peter Dunne, with his Mr. Dooley, is the latest, to create a homely character and through him to make shrewd comments on politics and life. Charles Augustus Davis (1795–1867) of New York created a pseudo Jack Downing (often confused with Smith's) who was intimate with Van Buren and the National Bank in the thirties and with Lincoln in the sixties. In 1835, only two years after Smith's first collected volume appeared, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a prolific Nova Scotian, began the series of short sketches from which emerged one of the most famous of the early Yankee characters, Sam Slick the Clockmaker.

It must suffice barely to mention a number of the earlier volumes of American humour which attained popularity but which today are known only to the student. David Crockett's *Autobiography* (1834) may not belong here, though it is certainly one of the raciest of all the books in its kind. *Crayon Sketches* (1833), by William Cox (d. 1851), an English journalist working in New York, consists of a series of amusing essays contributed to *The New York Mirror*, satirizing the literary infirmities of the times and hitting off well-known actors. Especially popular were the sketches of
himself and the burlesque biography of the old city constable, Jacob Hays. *The Life and Adventures of Dr. Didimus Duckworth, A. N. Q., to which is added the History of a Steam Doctor* (1833), is a mock-heroic biography of a spoiled child, in the style of broadest farce; *The Perils of Pearl Street* (1834) tells of the fortunes and misfortunes of a country lad who comes to New York in search of wealth. Both were written by Asa Green (d. 1837), a New England physician, who moved to New York and established himself as bookseller. A clever book, hustling with action, is *Novellettes of a Traveller, or, Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer* (1834), which was written by Henry Junius Nott (1797–1837), of South Carolina, distinguished at the bar for his learning and afterwards as professor of belles-lettres. The *Ollapodiana Papers*, in the style of a more boisterous Lamb, were contributed to *The Knickerbocker Magazine* by Willis Gaylord Clark (1810–41), whose twin brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark (d. 1873), for a long time editor of the *Knickerbocker*, was an accomplished journalist and humorist of the chatting sort. *The Molley Book* (1838) was a collection of original sketches and tales by Cornelius Mathews (1817–89), a versatile poet, dramatist, and journalist who was very prolific during the forties and whose *Career of Puffer Hopkins* (1841) is one of the most interesting of minor American political satires. The sprightly and observant *Sketches of Paris* (1838), by John Sanderson (1783–1844), were made a good deal of in London and Paris for a decade or so after their first appearance. George P. Morris (1802–64), one of the founders of *The New York Mirror*, collected in 1838 a volume of his sketches of New York life; the leading one, called *The Little Frenchman and his Water Lois*, is a pathetic but graphic account of a little French merchant duped by a Manhattan real estate dealer. The *Annals of Quodlibet, a Political Satire by Solomon Secondhought, Schoolmaster* (1840), by John Pendleton Kennedy, has been treated elsewhere in this history. The influence of Dickens is potent in *Charcoal Sketches or Scenes in a Metropolis* (1840), by Joseph Clay Neal (1807–47), whose

1 See also Book II, Chap. ii and xxx.
2 See also Book II, Chap. v.
3 See Book II, Chap. viii.
work was seen through the press in England by Dickens himself.

Of more importance in these times was *Georgia Scenes* (1835), a series of inimitable and clear-cut pictures of the rude life of the South-east, by Augustus Baldwin Longstreet (1790–1870). Longstreet, who was the son of a prominent inventor, graduated at Yale, and won distinction as lawyer, judge, newspaper editor, Methodist minister, and president of Emory College. His realistic descriptions of country parties, debating societies, horse-trades, fox-hunts, shooting-matches, brutal fights, and the adventures of his hero, the practical joker Ned Brace, insured a fruitful career to humour in the South, which before the Civil War enlisted at least a dozen considerable names in its ranks. From Georgia also came *Major Jones’s Courtship* (1840), intimate and comic letters by William Tappan Thompson (1812–82), who had an interesting career as editor and soldier in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland, and Georgia. One of the best of early Southern humorists was an Alabama editor, Johnson J. Hooper (1815–62), whose *Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs* (1846) was admired by Thackeray. Captain Suggs is an amusing rascal, who lives by his wits and who is presented with rare irony by an author who had perhaps the most delicate touch of his time and section. Charles Henry Smith, “Bill Arp so-called” (1826–1903), wrote from Georgia a series of letters, beginning with the mildly defiant “Bill Arp to Abe Linkhorn,” which marked him as a brave and sensitive voice for the Confederacy. After the war Bill Arp was the first to smile and relieve the gloom. A trifle later, and farther north, appeared the letters of Moses Adams, in real life George W. Bagby (1828–83), of Virginia, editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals and among the earliest to master negro psychology and dialect in literature. Tennessee is represented in this period by George Washington Harris, “Sut Lovengood” (1814–69); and Kentucky by George Denison Prentice (1802–70), who came from Connecticut in 1830 and made *The Louisville Journal* a powerful Whig organ as well as a repository for the widely quoted epigrammatic paragraphs which he collected in 1859 as *Prenticeana*.

Perhaps the most significant volume of humour by a South-
Early Humorists

erner before the Civil War was The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi (1853), by Joseph Glover Baldwin (1815–64), who was born in Virginia, practised law in Alabama, and spent the late years of his life in California. Like Lincoln, as a lawyer he had learned much from riding the circuit, and traced in his book the evolution of a country barrister with considerable skill and imagination. Although chiefly concerned with the Flush-time bar, Baldwin described as well most of the sharperors, boasters, liars, spread-eagle orators, the types of honesty and dishonesty, efficiency and inefficiency, in the newly rich and rapidly filling South. Unlike some of the books of his time, this one does not degenerate into mere horse-play or farce. We may still find interest in the characters of Simon Suggs, Jr., Esquire, and Ovid Bolus, the former a good trader and the mean boy of the school, the latter a great spendthrift and liar although handsome and possessed of a generous and winning manner.

In the North and West meanwhile, humorous books were growing steadily in number and importance. During the late forties Mrs. Frances Miriam Whitcher (1811–52) wrote for several journals a series of articles purporting to come from the pen of the Widow Bedott, "an egregiously wise and respectable and broadly humorous matron." Such was the demand for her writings that after her death two collections were published, The Widow Bedott Papers (1855) and Widow Sprigg, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches (1867). Her humour is spirited but often obvious. Frederick Swartout Cozens (1818–69), a New York wine merchant with literature as a hobby, cultivated a pleasant vein of mild, dry humour which produced The Sparrowgrass Papers (1856), describing the experiences of a New York cockney who retires to Yonkers to live. The Travels, Voyages, and Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead (1856), recording the deeds of a shrewd clock-selling Yankee in different parts of the world, was probably by the most prodigious literary hack of his day, Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793–1860), "Peter Parley." A widely travelled New York naval officer, Henry Augustus Wise (1819–69), wrote several extravagant volumes of sea exploits, of which Tales for the Marines (1855) was probably best known. Thomas Bangs Thorpe (1815–78), a Massachusetts man who went as a journalist to Louisiana
“Mrs. Partington”

and became known as the highly coloured tales of the South-west, adopted the name of “Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter,” an eccentric person who had picturesque adventures on the frontier. Two other men, Samuel A. Hamnett (1816–65) of Connecticut and John Ludlum McConnel (1826–62) of Illinois, travelled in the West and South-west and described their experiences in racy volumes.

Mrs. Partington, the American Mrs. Malaprop, was created by Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber (1814–90) of The Boston Post and forms the central figure in at least three books, Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington (1854), Partingtonian Patchwork (1873), and Ike and his Friends (1879). Her character and manner of expression may be seen in her chance remarks:

I am not so young as I was once, and I don’t believe I shall ever be, if I live to the age of Samson, which, heaven knows as well as I do, I don’t want to, for I wouldn’t be a centurion or an octagon and survive my factories and become idiomatic by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out until it takes place, and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it.

Her benevolent face, her use of catnip tea, her faith in the almanac, her domestic virtue, and her knowledge of the most significant facts in the life of every person in the village immediately made a large circle of readers recognize the lifelike portrayal of a person known in every American community. It is interesting to observe that her nephew Ike and his experience with the dog and cat and with “spirits” is a striking prototype of Tom Sawyer in his relationship to his Aunt Polly.

Three New York writers of broad burlesque in both prose and verse may be mentioned together. There appeared in The New York Herald a series of satirical lyrics in the assumed character of an Irish private in the Union Army who rapidly became famous. These were written by Charles Graham Halpine (1829–68), a versatile Irish journalist and poet who had been with General Hunter in South Carolina, and were published subsequently in two volumes as Life and Adventures, Songs, Services and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly (1864). The best of this collection is the amusing account of the visit of the hero to the President, the members of the Cabinet, and foreign ministers
at the White House. Mortimer Thompson (1832–75), actor, salesman, journalist, rhymer, was one of the most spirited of mid-century humorists, though his work is little more than (to use his own phrase) "a series of unpremeditated extravagances." He indulged in impudent prefaces, incredible titles, fantastic illustrations, and breathless satire upon every current popular enthusiasm. He went to Niagara and wrote back contemptuous letters to The New York Tribune. His Flu-Ri-Bus-Tah (1856) burlesqued Huawatha in meter and the American eagle in attitude. His pseudonym was characteristically "Q. C. Philander Doesticks, P.B." In their day The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers (1862–68) had a great vogue. They furnished sharp satire upon civil and military affairs in the darker days of the war. Lincoln read with great satisfaction their burlesque of the unescapable office-seeker of the time. The lampooning seems rather reckless today and the characterization overbroad. Newell was also a writer of serious and burlesque poems; he was well read, a clever wag, and an effective parodist.

George Horatio Derby (1823–61) has been called the real father of the new school of humour which began to flourish toward the middle of the nineteenth century. His sketches, with the signature "John Phozix," began to appear about 1850, and were afterwards collected in two volumes, Phenixiana (1855) and Spickab Papers (1859). Derby had graduated from West Point, had served in the Mexican War, and, as an engineer, had been engaged in surveying in the West and South. As a means of relaxation from his strenuous and exacting work, he set about writing down in humorous fashion his observations upon the life about him. In his books are to be found most of the elements used by humorists of more recent times. He delighted in the use of big words, high-sounding phrases and figures of speech, and euphemistic statements. We quote a short example:

This resplendent luminary, like a youth on the Fourth of July, has its first quarter; like a rushed spendthrift, its last quarter; and like an omnibus, is occasionally full and new. The evenings in which it appears between these last stages are beautifully illumined by its clear, mellow light.

1 Orpheus C. Kerr = Office Seeker.
The Chief Early Humorists 157

As a Western humorist, the first to introduce the spirit of the Pacific Coast into humorous literature, he influenced his admirer, Mark Twain, and as a writer of easy, fertile monologue he anticipated "Josh Billings," and "Artemus Ward," two of his most famous successors.

For the present discussion there remain three men who, in the history of American humour, stand out more prominently than all others from colonial days to Mark Twain: Henry Wheeler Shaw, "Josh Billings" (1818-85); David Ross Locke, "Petroleum V. Nasby" (1833-88); and Charles Farrar Browne, "Artemus Ward" (1834-67).

The first of these, a child of Massachusetts, wandered out to Ohio and finally settled as an auctioneer in New York State, where he began to contribute to various newspapers and magazines. His early writings attracted no attention until, in 1860, he changed his spelling in the *Essa on the Muel*, and then he achieved a popularity which never failed him. As a lecturer and as a witty philosopher he was not surpassed in his day. He is the comic essayist of America rather than her comic story-teller. His humour and his only strength lie in his use of the aphorism which is old but which he brings forth with as much sententiousness as if it were new. "With me everything must be put in two or three lines," he once said. He was not one to write humorously merely to amuse. He took delight in ridiculing humbug, quackery, and falsity of all kinds. His burlesque *Farmers' Almanac* (1870-80) were exceedingly popular.

Locke was born in New York State and became in turn journeyman printer, reporter, and editor in an Ohio town only a few miles west of Cleveland and Artemus Ward, whom indeed Locke began by imitating. In 1861 he began a series of letters in his paper over the signature "Petroleum V. Nasby." These letters were supposed to come from a pastor of the New Dispensation with "Copperhead" sympathies. Shortly afterwards "Nasby" settled in "Confedrit X Roads," Kentucky, where he drank whiskey, and preached to negro-hating Democrats of the type of "Deekin Pogm." After the war he received a commission as postmaster from Andrew Johnson. "Nasby" is a type of the backwoods preacher, reformer, workingman, postmaster, and chronic office-seeker, remarkable for his
unswerving fidelity to the simple principles of personal and political selfishness. To him the luxuries of life are a place under the government, a glass of whiskey, a clean shirt, and a dollar bill. No writer ever achieved popularity more quickly. The letters were published in all the Northern papers, were as eagerly expected as news of the battles, and universally read by the Federal soldiers. "Nasby" was not only a humorist but he was a great force in carrying on the reconstructive measures of the Republican party after the war by his laughable but coarse and merciless pictures of the lowest elements in the Western States that had been opposed to the policy of equal justice.

Of all the humorists mentioned in this chapter "Artemus Ward" alone was known beyond the seas. He was born in Maine, travelled as a wandering printer in the South and West, and really began his career in 1857 when he was called to the local editorship of The Cleveland Plain Dealer. To this paper he began to contribute articles purporting to describe the experiences of Artemus Ward, an itinerant showman. He began to lecture in 1861 and had an unprecedented success on the platform in this country and in England, where he was a noted contributor to Punch and where he died. He had many and varied experiences and in them all saw nothing but humanity. He wrote of people and of their doings, not unkindly or profanely, but always as a moralist, waging warfare with abounding good humour upon all things that were merely sentimental and insincere and doing good service by exposing them in vivid caricatures. Although it was his genius for misspelling that first attracted attention—he was the first of the misspellers—his plaintive personality proved more attractive still, and may prove permanently so.

Derby, Shaw, Locke, and Browne carried to an extreme numerous tricks already invented by earlier American humorists, particularly the tricks of gigantic exaggeration and calm-faced mendacity, but they are plainly in the main channel of American humour, which had its origin in the first comments of settlers upon the conditions of the frontier, long drew its principal inspiration from the differences between that frontier and the more settled and compact regions of the
country, and reached its highest development in Mark Twain, in his youth a child of the American frontier, admirer and imitator of Derby and Browne, and eventually a man of the world and one of its greatest humorists.
CHAPTER XX
Magazines, Annuals, and Gift-books,
1783–1850

I. MAGAZINES

Of the short-lived literary journals that were founded before and during the American Revolution, none appears to have survived the closing years of that struggle. Hardly had peace been declared, however, before new magazines were undertaken, and throughout the years covered by this chapter much of the literary history of America is bound up with a history of its periodicals. A complete account of American magazines during the early part of this period would be to a great extent a story of literary Chauvinism, of absurd literary ambition on the part of individuals and of communities, of misplaced faith in the literary tastes and interests of the people. The many failures are reminders of the unattained intellectual ambitions of the nation; a few commercially prosperous magazines furnish an index to the taste of the average reader; and a few show the best that was being thought and written. In a brief presentation only the most general tendencies can be considered and a few magazines cited as examples of important types. For convenience the period may be divided roughly into two sub-periods, one extending from the close of the Revolution to the close of the War of 1812, the other from 1815 to 1850. ¹

¹ In this treatment it will be unnecessary to draw any sharp line between "literary" magazines and those that were largely religious or scientific. The distinction between magazines and newspapers is more troublesome. By agreement with the author of the following chapter literary weeklies, except in one or two cases to be noted, will be considered as newspapers rather than as magazines.
During the period between the first and the second wars with Great Britain Americans were unduly sensitive over the lack of a national literature, and absurdly determined that such a literature should at once be produced. A considerable number of magazines were projected with the deliberate purpose of improving literary conditions, and of avoiding the taunts that crystallized in Sydney Smith's notorious question. The feeling of patriotism is reflected in such titles as *The Columbian Magazine*, *The American Magazine*, *The American Museum*, *The American Apollo*, *The Monthly Magazine* and *American Review*, *The United States Magazine*, *The American Universal Magazine*, *The American Moral and Sentimental Magazine*, *The National Magazine*—all of which were used before 1800. The rapid growth of periodicals was encouraged by the liberality of the post office. While under the Act of 1793 the postage on a single-sheet letter varied from eight to twenty-five cents according to distance, the postage on magazines was one and one-half cents a sheet for distances up to one hundred miles, and two and one-half cents per sheet for all greater distances—a rate but slightly higher than that charged for newspapers.

The chief centres of publication during the early period were Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, but almost every city which boasted a group of men with literary interests undertook at some time or other its literary magazine. Even Lexington, Kentucky, in what was then the extreme West, maintained as early as 1803 *The Medley*, by no means the least creditable of these ventures.

In this early time the different types of periodical were not sharply differentiated, yet it is possible to distinguish a few heavy and ambitious reviews, modelled on the British quarterlies, several literary miscellanies, which followed as nearly as might be the traditions of *The London Magazine* and *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and the more popular "Museums" and "Instructors" which contained interesting anecdotes and information gathered from all sources. Most of the more serious magazines gave summaries of current events. Few, if any, confined themselves to original articles, and some reprinted serially English works of a much earlier day. Such titles as *The American Museum, or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, Prose and Poetical* (Philadelphia,
1787), *The Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine* (Philadelphia, 1790), *The Omnium Gatherum* (Boston, 1809) are significant. *Salmagundi* (New York, 1807) written by Washington Irving, William Irving, and James K. Paulding, was the only notable periodical essay which was published independently. As a rule the many imitators of *The Spectator* contributed their effusions to some newspaper or magazine.

No literary periodical established before 1800 deserves individual consideration. *The Literary Magazine and American Register* (Philadelphia, 1803-1807) was a serious and creditable work, containing reviews and miscellaneous contributions in prose and verse, but it is better remembered because of its editor, Charles Brockden Brown, than because of its intrinsic merits. A more important Philadelphia periodical was *The Port Folio*, during the editorship of Joseph Dennie. Dennie, who signed himself "Oliver Oldschool," and accepted complacently the nickname of the "American Addison," was a conservative in letters, though he welcomed some of the earlier work of the romantic school in England. During his editorship *The Port Folio* was devoted to what at the time was called "elegant literature"; and though to a taste less influenced by eighteenth-century standards it seems formal and sentimental, it exerted a strong influence for good during a critical period of American literature. Among the contributors were Charles Brockden Brown and John Quincy Adams.

The most important of the Boston magazines before 1815 was *The Monthly Anthology*. This was established in 1803 by one Phineas Adams, but after six months it passed into the control of The Anthology Club, founded by the Rev. William Emerson, which conducted it until it was abandoned in 1811. The Anthology Club included at various times from seven to sixteen Boston gentlemen of literary interests, and a few honorary non-resident members. Each member
The Second Period

was expected to contribute to the magazine. Books were assigned for review, manuscripts were accepted or rejected, and the policy of the magazine was determined by vote at the weekly meetings of the Club. The Monthly Anthology is notable for the high quality of some of its articles, and as the best example of a magazine which was actually edited "by a society of gentlemen" purely for the love of literature. It should also be remembered as, in a way, the forerunner of The North American Review.

In the years immediately following the close of the War of 1812 national life received a new impulse. The desire for a national literature was undiminished, though it was perhaps becoming more intelligent. Within a few years Americans were gratified by finding that in Irving and Cooper they had at least two authors who were highly appreciated abroad, and before 1850 many of the more distinguished writers of the century had established their reputations. With a real gain in literary prestige came an improvement in the tone and sanity of periodical literature, though to the close of the period far too many magazines were absurd in their pretensions and given to an excess of literary patriotism.

The return of peace soon brought another large crop of new periodicals. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia still led, of course, in the number of these ventures, but every town of literary pretensions tried to maintain a magazine. The South had its fair share; and in the region west of the Alleghenies there was a surprisingly large number. Cincinnati and Lexington were the most important publishing centres in this region, but several less famous towns in the Ohio Valley had their literary periodicals at an early date. By 1831 James Hall was publishing The Illinois Monthly Magazine at Vandalia, and before 1850 Chicago and other cities in the central West had followed the prevailing fashion.

The different types of periodicals were a little more sharply distinguished than in the preceding period. There were several serious reviews, of which The North American Review was the most important, and The American Quarterly Review (Philadelphia, 1827–37) was perhaps the heaviest. There was a multitude of general literary magazines, con-

* See also Book II, Chap. viii.
taining fiction, essays, poetry, scientific and historical articles, and reviews. Magazines especially for ladies made their appearance, and one, Godey’s Lady’s Book, attained great vogue. It should also be remembered that this was a prosperous time for the popular literary weeklies, such as Willis’s Mirror and Home Journal, which published the same class of contributions as the lighter literary and the ladies’ magazines, but which are excluded from the scope of this chapter. In Philadelphia and Boston were published a number of periodicals that aimed at instruction, some of them reprinting classical works of English literature in large instalments, others giving in popular form miscellaneous information derived from encyclopedias and similar sources. Theological controversies, especially those over the Unitarian schism in New England, called forth a number of religious periodicals that are of importance to the student of American literature. There are also journals devoted to temperance and kindred reforms, and others too nondescript to classify.

The most important of the more serious periodicals was The North American Review, founded at Boston in 1815. The first editor, William Tudor, and several of the early contributors had been members of the Anthology Club. Tudor in later reminiscences gave as the reasons for establishing the magazine a desire to emancipate America from undue subservience to England in literary matters, and to neutralize the effects of the French Revolution on American political thought. But the Review was less flamboyant and absurd in its patriotism than many of its contemporaries, and to this fact may have been due its success. As first established it was a bi-monthly and published poetry, fiction, and other miscellaneous contributions, but in 1818 it became a quarterly and restricted the nature of its contents. The list of early contributors includes the names of Edward T. Channing, Richard Henry Dana, Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, Alexander H. Everett, John Adams, William Cullen Bryant, Gulian C. Verplanck, George Ticknor, Daniel Webster, Nathaniel Bowditch, George Bancroft, Caleb Cushing, Lewis Cass, and many more of the Americans best known in literary and political life. Like most such enterprises it was financially unprofitable at first, and it was never highly remunerative; but its literary importance was

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soon recognized abroad as well as at home. Until the found-
ing of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1857 it was the most valuable
organ of the best conservative thought in New England; and
it continued its traditions until 1878, when it suffered a change
of management and of habitat, and to some extent of ideals.

Although the greater New England writers of the nine-
teenth century were well started on their careers by 1850,
Boston succeeded in maintaining no general literary maga-
azines of the first rank before *The Atlantic Monthly*. Several
were begun with brilliant prospects and distinguished lists of
contributors, but, sometimes for unexplained reasons,
each in turn failed. Among those best remembered are *The
United States Literary Gazette* (1825–27), to which Longfellow
was a frequent contributor, *The New England Magazine* (Boston
1831–35), in which Holmes published two papers to which he
gave the name "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and
Lowell's *Pioneer*. This last ran for but three issues in
1843, and left the promoters heavily in debt, though its list of
contributors contained such names as those of Poe and
Hawthorne. *The North American Review* furnished an oppor-
tunity for the publication of serious essays, but much of the
lighter work of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell,
and their contemporaries was contributed to the magazines
of New York and Philadelphia. In what might be called
informational periodicals Boston continued strong. Interest
in one of the least of these, *The Magazine of Useful and Entertai-
ning Knowledge*, has been preserved by the fact that Haw-
thorne was for a time the editor. *Littell's Living Age*, the best
of the reprints from foreign journals, was begun in 1844.

The most picturesque of the Boston periodicals of the time
was *The Dial*, published quarterly by a group of New England
Transcendentalists from 1840 to 1834. Such an organ of the
new thought had long been talked of, and as early as 1835
Emerson had proposed to Carlyle that the latter come to
America and act as editor. It was not until July, 1840, how-
ever, that the first number of *The Dial* appeared, with Margaret
Fuller as editor, and Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau among the
contributors. The magazine was never financially successful, the
smallness of its subscription list being indicated by the
rarity of complete sets today. Margaret Fuller, after serving
gratuitously for two years, reluctantly resigned the editorship, and Emerson as reluctantly took it up, noting in his diary: "I wish it to live, but I do not wish to be its life. Neither do I like to put it into the hands of the Humanity and Reform Men, because they trample on letters and poetry; nor in the hands of the scholars, for they are dead and dry." After spending much time and some money Emerson too felt forced to abandon the undertaking, and The Dial came to an end with the close of the fourth volume. Among contributors other than those already noted were C. P. Cranch, George Ripley, William H. Channing, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, James Russell Lowell, Charles A. Dana, and Jones Very. In its own day The Dial was regarded reverently by a few, but by the great mass of readers it was ignored or taken as a joke. A later generation still finds many things in its pages amusing but has come to recognize it as the best single exponent of New England Transcendentalism, and of the peculiar aspects of culture that accompanied that movement.\footnote{See also Book II, Chap. viii.}

Although The Dial was unique, several earlier and later Boston magazines appealed to much the same constituency. In 1838 the Reverend Orestes A. Brownson began to issue The Boston Quarterly Review, and the next year he urged the Transcendentalists to contribute to his journal rather than to found The Dial. After five years The Boston Quarterly Review was merged with The Democratic Review of New York. A more important periodical was Brownson’s Quarterly Review, founded in 1844 after the editor had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith. An immediate successor of The Dial was The Harbinger, established in 1845 by the members of the Brook Farm community as an organ of Fourierism. From 1847 to 1850 the Reverend Theodore Parker, one of the most virile of the Transcendental group, conducted The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, which he humorously characterized as “The Dial with a beard.”

One of the earliest of the popular New York magazines to attain permanency was The Knickerbocker.\footnote{Owing to some whim of Hoffman, the first editor, the spelling adopted for the earlier issues was Knickerbacker.}
appeared 1 January, 1833, with Charles Fenno Hoffman as editor. Bryant, Paulding, and Sands contributed to the first number. Hoffman was soon succeeded in the editorship by Timothy Flint and Samuel Daly Langtree, and in April, 1834, the magazine passed into the control of Lewis Gaylord Clark, who continued in the editorship until The Knickerbocker was abandoned in 1859. Clark's own writings in the "Editor's Table" department show little of the literary skill, taste, and knowledge which have characterized similar work by other editors of American magazines, but in spite of his apparent deficiencies he secured for many years the co-operation of the best writers of the country, and conducted what was in many ways the best general literary magazine. The Knickerbocker Gallery, an elaborate gift book published for the benefit of the editor in 1855, and made up of brief poems and essays donated by contributors to the magazine, contained pieces by Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, N. P. Willis, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Donald Grant Mitchell, George H. Boker, Bayard Taylor, T. W. Parsons, Epes Sargent, J. G. Saxe, James T. Fields, Charles Godfrey Leland, George William Curtis, Park Benjamin, Rufus W. Griswold, Richard Henry Stoddard, C. F. Briggs, and many more; and among other contributors of the early time were Miss Sedgwick, James Gates Percival, Richard Henry Wilde, Mrs. Sigourney, William Gilmore Simms, J. G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, and James Fenimore Cooper. The importance of The Knickerbocker Magazine may be judged by this list of names; yet in dignity of tone and especially in the quality of its humour it was somewhat below the standard of several of its successors.

New York, like Boston, saw many ambitious attempts at literary periodicals. Only the special student of bibliography and literary biography will follow in detail the amalgamations and kaleidoscopic changes of such ventures as The Atlantic Magazine, The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine, and The New York Literary Gazette, even though the names of Bryant and Sands appear among the editors, and Halleck,
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Dana, Willis, Longfellow, and Bancroft among the contributors. Of somewhat longer continuance and greater importance was The Democratic Review, already mentioned as having absorbed The Boston Quarterly Review. In 1830, at the very close of the period, Harper's Magazine was established in New York, and at once took high rank.

Godey's Lady's Book, long the most popular of a class of magazines that has flourished in Philadelphia, was founded by Louis A. Godey in 1830, though not until after Mrs. Sarah J. Hale assumed the editorship in 1837 did it attain its greatest vogue. The success of the Lady's Book was largely due to its coloured fashion plates and a quantity of light and sentimental poetry and fiction, but its financial success enabled it to make seductive offers to distinguished writers, and it secured occasional contributions from Poe, Longfellow, Holmes, and others.

A later Philadelphia magazine was Graham's, established in 1841 by the union of The Cashel, which had formerly been owned by George R. Graham and Charles J. Peterson, and Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, a monthly now remembered chiefly because Poe was for a time associate editor. Poe retained for something over a year a similar position on the new Graham's Magazine, and among his successors was the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. The magazine achieved great popularity, and is said for a time to have brought its owner large financial returns. According to a somewhat dubious tradition its decline began when Graham published a harshly unfavourable review of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Among the contributors to Graham's in its best days were Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Simms.

Most of the Southern magazines were still conducted in a spirit of patriotism and local literary pride, rather than as paying business ventures. The most famous of these, The Southern Literary Messenger, was founded at Richmond in 1834. It was at first a semi-monthly, but soon changed to a monthly, though its appearance seems to have been at times somewhat irregular. Poe began to contribute to the Messenger in 1835, and later in the same year became editor. His tales and poems, and particularly his reviews, which were more independent in tone than had been common in America,
Southern and Western Magazines

added greatly to the fame of the magazine, but his editorship ceased with the beginning of the year 1837. Among later editors were Benjamin Blake Minor, who was both editor and proprietor from 1843 to 1847, and who later wrote a reminiscient history of the magazine; and John R. Thompson, who was Minor's immediate successor. Though it was distinctly Southern in tone the Messenger numbered among its contributors many distinguished Northerners—more, probably, than any other Southern magazine.

The rapid development of a distinctive Western literature and of Western periodicals is partly explained by the comparative isolation of the country west of the Alleghanies. In the early years of the century settlers in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys found difficulty in obtaining Eastern magazines regularly and promptly, and set about supplying their own needs. In this they were, of course, greatly encouraged by their local patriotism. The Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine (Lexington, 1819–21), The Western Monthly Review (Cincinnati, 1827–30), The Western Monthly Magazine (Cincinnati, 1833–37), and other contemporary and later magazines were serious, well-considered, and, for the time and place, highly creditable; but as difficulties of communication were overcome they lost much of their significance, and Western authors exerted their greatest influence on American letters not through their local journals but by their contributions to the more cosmopolitan magazines of the seaboard cities.

To the very end of the period the publication of magazines continued to be a precarious and usually an unsuccessful undertaking. Few of the journals mentioned in the preceding pages were alive in 1850, and of these a much smaller number survived the Civil War. Indeed, of the more important literary periodicals founded before 1850, but one, The North American Review, was so firmly established that it lasted through the century. Harper's, the earliest of the literary magazines of high grade familiar today, was founded in 1850; and Boston waited seven years longer for the Atlantic. The short life and the financial difficulties of the earlier ventures must not always, however, be interpreted as signs of literary mediocrity, or of deficient appreciation on the part of American readers. At times such journals as the Knicker-
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bocker and Graham's, and even others less successful, boasted lists of contributors quite as distinguished as those which most later magazines have been able to show. It is true that in the last sixty years there has been great development in the arts of magazine editorship and of magazine authorship—the writing of articles especially adapted for publication in a periodical. But in the same time have come improvement and cheapening of the processes of printing and of illustration, and the development of advertising. Indeed, it is probable that it is chiefly in the mechanical and business rather than in the editorial departments that the better early magazines are at a disadvantage as compared with those of a later time.

Futile as the early experiments seemed, and slight as was the reward that they brought their editors and publishers, they did good service in their day. By offering a ready means for the publication of literary attempts and for the exchange of ideas on literary matters they did much to clear the literary atmosphere and to make American men of letters sane and self-respecting. Today the student of the taste and the ideals of that time finds in their files his most valuable sources of material.

II. ANNUALS AND GIFT-BOOKS

The publications described as literary annuals and gift-books varied in many respects but they agreed in being intended not primarily to be read but to be given away. They were "Keepsakes," "Souvenirs," "Forget-me-nots," and "Tokens." Many of them bore as sub-titles such phrases as "A gift for the holidays," or "A Christmas, New Year's and birthday present." Almost or quite all of those published in America were literary miscellanies, the contents being original, or, in case of some of the cheaper volumes, "selected." A few, such as The Odd-Fellows' Offering and The Masonic Token were intended primarily for the members of certain organizations—there were religious annuals and temperance annuals, an anti-slavery annual, and even a "Knownothing Token"; but most such books made a general appeal to those who wished to bestow an "elegant" offering indicative of "refined" sentiment. They varied in size and elaborateness from large paper
General Characteristics

volumes selling for twelve dollars each to diminutive and inexpensive souvenirs which a Sunday-school teacher might present to members of her class. The bindings of the best were in leather, elaborately tooled and sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, or in richly watered silk. The "embellishments," as the pictures were commonly called, were most frequently engravings on steel, though there were many coloured plates, some coloured by hand.

The annual proper was supposed to be published from year to year, though many never made a second appearance. The year was frequently made a part of the title, as The Gift of Friendship, a Token of Remembrance for 1848, though sometimes the date appeared only at the foot of the title-page, or on the binding. The entire absence of a date was indicative of a desire to make unsold remainders available for the next year's market, or of still more questionable practices on the part of the publishers. Among these practices was that of reprinting an old annual with a new name, sometimes with change of plates and of leading article; or that of bestowing on an inferior work a name that had been made popular by another publisher. These devious procedures bring despair to bibliographers today, and they may originally have been one reason why the whole tribe of annuals fell into something of disrepute. A few of the annuals were in reality bound volumes of popular magazines with date-lines and other indications of periodical publication removed. The gift-books which are here considered resembled the annuals in form and purpose, but were avowedly not members of a series.

The annuals came as a late accompaniment of the wave of sentimentality in literature and art that swept over England and America during the early years of the nineteenth century. The fashion of issuing them is said to have started in Germany, whence it spread to England and a little later to America. The Atlantic Souvenir of 1826 was the first of the American annuals proper, though before that time there had been a few illustrated miscellanies which might be classed as gift-books. The number increased rapidly until, according to Mr. Faxon's excellent bibliography, "from 1846 to 1852 an average of sixty appeared each year." By the beginning of the Civil War the day of the annuals was over, though the list of holiday
books has each year contained a few miscellanies intended chiefly as gifts.

A student’s first impressions of the annuals are usually gained from the “embellishments.” In respect of illustrations the American annuals rarely equalled the best of their English prototypes, yet the publishers enlisted the services of the foremost American engravers. John Cheney seems to have developed his talent in connection with his work for *The Token*, and he also executed plates for many other annuals. John Sartain and Alexander H. Ritchie were among the most prolific and successful of the workers in mezzotint. Publishers of the cheaper annuals employed cruder engravers, or used old plates, often so worn as to be almost worthless. It is in the subjects of the pictures rather than in the workmanship of the engravers that the sentimental character of the annuals revealed itself. Many of these were taken from British paintings, others were by American artists; they were likely to be female figures and faces, romantic landscapes, or pictures hinting at pathetic or chastely amorous tales. In an annual taken at random, *Leaflets of Memory* for 1845, the illustrations are entitled “Julia,” “Was it for this?” “We part no more,” “The heart’s best dream,” “The Christian slave,” “The past and present,” “The rose of the ruin,” “The Grecian maid,” “Myrrha.” Pictures designed for fine editions of standard authors were often introduced with change of name, and not infrequently the process of illustration was reversed, and poems or tales were written to fit the renamed plate.

It is not strange that volumes which are so palpably indicative of the commercial side of publishing, and that appealed to a constituency often more “elegant” and “refined” than intellectual, should be treated in later years with scant respect. Charles Lamb, Thackeray, and George Eliot all indulged in humour at the expense of the annuals and their admirers, and in America Miss Agnes Repplier and others who have given them passing notice adopt the same tone. They were not, however, without literary importance. Their exuberances and peculiarities register for the literary historian some of the less admirable qualities of popular taste; and they really contain much work of value. At a time when most of the literary magazines were living but a precarious existence many of the
annals were well established and financially successful. It was the annuals and not the magazines that were able to pay what was considered a lavish price for a few verses or a short tale by a popular author. It is too true that they often depended on the names of one or two distinguished contributors to sell a volume composed largely of cheaper material; but men like Poe, Irving, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were not ashamed to contribute to annuals, and often furnished some of their best work. The better editors were also alert for modest and unknown merit. It was in annuals that most of Hawthorne’s *Twice Told Tales* first saw the light, and these were all printed without the author’s name. Change of taste has left the twentieth century reader sadly out of sympathy with the annuals, but they invoke from the student more attention than they have yet received.

Few of the annuals deserve individual consideration. *The Atlantic Souvenir*, already mentioned as the earliest of its kind in America, was published by H. C. Carey and I. Lea of Philadelphia from 1826 to 1832. It was a small and not a very elaborate volume, but it contained poems, essays, and tales by some of the most popular writers of the day. After the issue for 1832 it was merged with *The Token*, published by Gray & Bowen, of Boston, and later volumes of the latter bore the title *The Token and Atlantic Souvenir*. *The Token* was first issued in 1828 with Samuel G. Goodrich as both editor and publisher, and Goodrich continued to edit it until its demise in 1842, except the second volume, which bore the name of N. P. Willis on the title-page. *The Token* was one of the best of the earlier annuals as regards literary content, and though less showy than many of its later rivals it contained illustrations of high merit. A large number of Hawthorne’s tales and sketches were first published in *The Token*, and among the contributors were N. P. Willis, Miss Sedgwick, Longfellow, Mrs. Child, and other writers whose names are less impressive now than they were in their own day. John Cheney was for a time employed exclusively on work for *The Token*, and throughout the quality of the engraving was good. The popularity and the intrinsic merit of *The Token* offered temptations to piratical publishers. After the abandonment of the legitimate series, *The Token* for 1838, one of the best volumes, ap-
peared in at least ten re-issues by different publishers, with changes of title and of plates, and in some instances with abridgment of contents. The volume for 1840 was similarly treated at least five times. The name was also adopted by a New York publisher for the reprint of a cheap annual which appeared without date in the later fifties.

The Rose of Sharon, a Religious Souvenir (Boston, 1840 to 1858) boasted a longer continuous existence than any of the other American annuals. The first ten volumes were edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgerton, the last eight by Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer. The volume for 1857 was reissued, merely with change of date, "for 1858"; and a publisher at Auburn, New York, borrowed the title for a wholly different work in 1849. The Rose of Sharon was somewhat showy in binding, but was good in typography and illustrations, and in literary contents was an average example of the better grade of annuals. The Opal, A Pure Gift for the Holy Days, published by John C. Riker, New York, survived only from 1844 to 1849 inclusive, but it was made attractive by contributions from Poe, Willis, Longfellow, and Whittier, and by plates by Cheney and Sartain.

Among annuals that differ a little from the ordinary was The Talisman, which was published at New York for 1828, 1829, and 1830. The literary contents were prepared in collaboration by William Cullen Bryant, Robert C. Sands, and Gulian C. Verplanck, and the illustrations were by artist friends of the authors, among them Henry Inman and S. F. B. Morse. The volumes were unpretending in appearance, but the literary quality was high. The Boston Book (Boston, 1836, 1837, 1841, 1850) is, in the words of the editor, "a compilation of specimens,—or, essentially, a specimen, in the aggregate—of the modern literature of the metropolis of the North." The Liberty Bell, by Friends of Freedom, published nearly every year from 1839 to 1858 for the benefit of the annual anti-slavery fair or anti-slavery bazaar in Boston, contained contributions from all the leading anti-slavery writers of New England.

Miscellaneous Annuals

CHAPTER XXI

Newspapers, 1775–1860

The turbulent years between 1775 and 1783 were a time of great trial and disturbance among newspapers. Interruption, suppression, and lack of support so checked their growth that at the close of the war they were in most respects less thriving than at the beginning of it. Although there were forty-three newspapers in the United States when the treaty of peace was signed, as compared with thirty-seven on the date of the battle of Lexington, only a dozen had had continuous existence between the two events, and most of those had experienced delays and difficulties through lack of paper, type, and patronage. Not one newspaper in the principal cities, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, continued publication throughout the war. When the colonial forces were in possession, royalist papers were suppressed, and at times of British occupation Revolutionary papers moved away, or were discontinued, or they became royalist, only to suffer at the next turn of military fortunes. Thus there was an exodus of papers from the cities along the coast to smaller inland places, where alone it was possible for them to continue without interruption. Scarcity of paper was acute; type worn out could not be replaced. The appearance of the newspapers deteriorated, and issues sometimes failed to appear at all. Mail service, never good, was poorer than ever; foreign newspapers, an important source of information, could be obtained but rarely; many of the ablest writers who had filled the columns with dissertations upon colonial rights and government were now otherwise occupied.

News from a distance was less full and regular than before; yet when great events happened reports spread over the
country with great rapidity, through messengers in the service of patriotic organizations. The newspapers made use of such assistance, and did service in further spreading the tidings, though they seldom overtook the flying word of mouth. Naturally, reporting was still imperfect. The Salem Gazette printed a full but coloured account of the battle of Lexington, giving details of the burning, pillage, and barbarities charged to the British, and praising the militia who were filled with "higher sentiments of humanity." The Declaration of Independence was published by Congress, 6 July, 1776, in the Philadelphia Evening Post, from which it was copied by most of the papers; but some of them did not mention it until two weeks later, and even then found room for only a synopsis. When they were permitted to do so they printed fairly full accounts of the proceedings of provincial assemblies and of Congress, which were copied widely, as were all official reports and proclamations. On the whole, however, a relatively small proportion of such material and an inadequate account of the progress of the war is found in the contemporaneous newspapers.

The general spirit of the time found fuller utterance in mottoes, editorials, letters, and poems. In the beginning both editorials and communications urged united resistance to oppression, praised patriotism, and denounced tyranny; as events and public sentiment developed these grew more vigorous, often a little more radical than the populace. Later, the idea of independence took form, and theories of government were discussed. More interesting and valuable as specimens of literature than these discussions were the poems inspired by the stirring events of the time. Long narratives of battles and of heroic deaths were mingled with eulogies of departed heroes. Songs meant to inspire and thrill were not lacking. Humour, pathos, and satire sought to stir the feelings of the public. Much of the poetry of the Revolution is to be found in the columns of dingy newspapers, from the vivid and popular satires and narratives of Freneau* to the saddest effusions of the most commonplace schoolmaster.

The newspapers of the Revolution were an effective force working towards the unification of sentiment, the awakening of a consciousness of a common purpose, interest, and destiny

* See Book I, Chap. xii.
among the separate colonies, and of a determination to see the war through to a successful issue. They were more single-minded than the people themselves, and they bore no small share of the burden of arousing and supporting the often discouraged and indifferent public spirit. Many of the papers, however, which were kept alive or brought to life during the war could not adapt themselves to the new conditions of peace.

Perhaps a dozen of the survivors held their own in the new time, notably the Boston Gazette, which declined rapidly in the following decade, The Connecticut Courant of Hartford, The Providence Gazette, and The Pennsylvania Packet of Philadelphia, to which may be added such representative papers as The Massachusetts Spy, the Boston Independent Chronicle, the New York Journal and Packet, the Newport Mercury, The Maryland Gazette of Annapolis, The Pennsylvania Gazette and The Pennsylvania Journal, both of Philadelphia. Practically all were of four small pages, each of three or four columns, issued weekly. The Pennsylvania Packet, which appeared three times a week, became in 1784 the first daily paper. In the same year the New York Journal was published twice a week, as were several of the papers begun in that year. There was a notable extension to new fields. In Vermont, where the first paper, established in 1781, had soon died, another arose in 1783; in Maine two were started in 1785. In 1786 the first one west of the Alleghenies appeared at Pittsburgh, and following the westward tide of immigration The Kentucky Gazette was begun at Lexington in 1787.

Conditions were hardly more favourable to newspapers than during the recent conflict. The sources of news were much the same; the means of communication and the postal system were little improved. Newspapers were not carried in the mails but by favour of the postmen, and the money of one state was of dubious value in another. Consequently circulations were small, rarely reaching a thousand; subscribers were slow in paying; and advertisements were not plentiful. Newspapers remained subject to provincial laws of libel, in accordance with the old common law, and were, as in Massachusetts for a short time in 1785, subject to special state taxes on paper or on advertisements. But public sentiment was
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growing strongly against all legal restrictions, and in general the papers practised freedom, not to say license, of utterance.

With independence had come the consciousness of a great destiny. The collective spirit aroused by the war, though clouded by conflicting local difficulties, was intense, and the principal interest of the newspapers was to create a nation out of the loose confederation. Business and commerce were their next care; but in an effort to be all things to all men, the small page included a little of whatever might "interest, instruct, or amuse." Political intelligence occupied first place; news, in the modern sense, was subordinated. A new idea, quite as much as a fire, a murder, or a prodigy, was a matter of news moment. There were always a few items of local interest, usually placed with paragraphs of editorial miscellany. Correspondents, in return for the paper, sent items; private letters, often no doubt written with a view to such use, were a fruitful source of news; but the chief resource was the newspapers which every office received as exchanges, carried in the post free of charge, and the newspapers from abroad.

The newspaper continued to compete with the magazine by supplying moral, descriptive, and sentimental essays, poetry, anecdotes, reflections, and articles on trade, education, and conduct. Imitators of the English writers of periodical essays, the beginning of whose activities almost coincided with that of American newspapers, multiplied in numbers, until towards the close of the century it was a poor paper that did not maintain at least one series. The "Lay Preacher" essays of Joseph Dennie* gave The Farmers' Museum of Walpole, New Hampshire, as wide a reputation as that of any paper in its day.

The editor, usually reflecting the sentiment of a group or a faction, began to emerge as a distinct power. He closely followed the drift of events and expressed vigorous opinions. But as yet the principal discussions were contributed not by the editors but by "the master minds of the country." The growing importance of the newspaper was shown in the discussions preceding the Federal Convention, and notably in the country-wide debate on the adoption of the Constitution, in which the

* See Book I, Chap. vii, and Book II, Chap. iii.

* See Book II, Chap. iii.
newspaper largely displaced the pamphlet. When Hamilton, Madison, and Jay united to produce the *Federalist essays,* they chose to publish them in *The Independent Journal* and *The Daily Advertiser,* from which they were copied by practically every paper in America long before they were made into a book. When the first Congress assembled 4 March, 1789, the administration felt the need of a paper, and, under the influence of Hamilton, John Fенко issued at New York, 15 April, the first number of *The Gazette of the United States,* the earliest of a series of administration organs. The seat of government became the journalistic centre of the country, and as long as party politics remained the staple news interest the administration organs and their opponents were the chief sources of news for the papers of the country.

One question of great importance to the press was early raised and settled. Reports of state legislative proceedings had always been permitted in the colonies, though in Massachusetts the reporters had been denied the use of the chaplain’s pulpit as a desk. As soon as the first Congress assembled, the newspapers began to print the proceedings and debates, whereupon, in September, a Mr. Burke moved that representatives of the press should be excluded from the sessions. After a warm debate the resolution was withdrawn, never again to be revived, at a time when the taking of notes in the British Parliament was still forbidden.

Partisan bitterness increased during the last decade of the century. New England papers were generally Federalist; in Pennsylvania there was a balance; in the West and South the anti-Federalist press predominated. Though the Federalists were vigorously supported by such able papers as Russell’s *Columbian Sentinel* in Boston, Thomas’s *Massachusetts Spy,* *The Connecticut Courant,* and, after 1793, Noah Webster’s daily *Minerva* (soon renamed *Commercial Advertiser*) in New York, *The Gazette of the United States,* which in 1790 followed Congress and the capital to Philadelphia, was at the centre of conflict, “a paper of pure Toryism,” as Thomas Jefferson said, “disseminating the doctrines of monarchy, aristocracy, and the exclusion of the people.” To offset the influence of this, Jefferson and Madison induced Philip Freneau, who had been

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*See Book I, Chap. viii.*
Federalist and Anti-Federalist Newspapers

editing The Daily Advertiser in New York, to set up a “half weekly,” to “go through the states and furnish a Whig vehicle of intelligence.” Freneau's National Gazette, which first appeared 31 October, 1791, soon became the most outspoken critic of the administration of Adams, Hamilton, and Washington, and an ardent advocate of the French Revolution. Fenno and Freneau, in The Gazette of the United States and The National Gazette, at once came to grips, and the campaign of personal and party abuse in partisan news reports, in virulent editorials, in poems and skits of every kind, was echoed from one end of the country to the other.

This decade of violence was nevertheless one of development in both the quality and the power of newspapers. News reporting was extended to new fields of local affairs, and the intense rivalry of all too numerous competitors awoke the beginnings of that rush for the earliest reports which was to become the dominant trait in American journalism. The editor evolved into a new type. As a man of literary skill, or a politician, or a lawyer with a gift for polemical writing, he began to supersede the contributors of essays as the strongest writer on the paper. Much of the best writing, and of the rankest scurrility, be it said, was produced by editors born and trained abroad, like Bache of the Aurora, Cobbett, Cooper, Gales, Cheetham, Callender, Lyon, and Holt. Of the whole number of papers in the country towards the end of the decade, more than one hundred and fifty, at least twenty opposed to the administration were conducted by aliens. The power wielded by these anti-administration editors impressed John Adams, who in 1801 wrote: “If we had been blessed with common sense, we should not have been overthrown by Philip Freneau, Duane, Callender, Cooper, and Lyon, or their great patron and protector. A group of foreign liars encouraged by a few ambitious native gentlemen have discomfited the education, the talents, the virtues, and the prosperity of the country.”

The most obvious example of that Federalist lack of common sense was the passage of the Alien and Sedition laws in 1797 to protect the government and its chief officers from the libels of politicians and editors. The result was a dozen convictions and a storm of outraged public opinion that threw
the party from power and gave the radical Republican press renewed confidence and the material benefit of patronage when the anti-Federalists took control of the government. The passing of the Federalist party made a radical change in journalistic supremacy, but for a third of a century the newspapers were to continue primarily party organs; the tone remained strongly partisan, though it gradually gained poise and attained a degree of literary excellence and professional dignity.

The number and geographical distribution of newspapers grew apace. Whereas in 1800 there were between 150 and 200 all told, by 1810 there were 366, and during the next two decades the increase was at least equally rapid. With astonishing promptness the press followed the sparse population as it trickled westward and down the Ohio or penetrated the more northerly forests. By 1835 papers had spread to the Mississippi River and beyond, from Texas to St. Louis, throughout Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and into Wisconsin. These pioneer papers, poorly written, poorly printed, and partisan often beyond all reason, served a greater than a merely local purpose in sending weekly to the seat of government their hundreds of messages of good and evil report, of politics and trade, of weather and crops, that helped immeasurably to bind the far-flung population into a nation. Every congressman wrote regularly to his own local paper; other correspondents were called upon for like service, and in some instances the country editors established extensive and reliable lines of intelligence; but most of them depended on the bundle of exchanges from Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, and reciprocally the city papers made good use of their country exchanges.

Meanwhile the daily newspapers were increasing in number. The first had appeared in Philadelphia and New York in 1784 and 1785; in 1796 one appeared in Boston. By 1810 there were twenty-seven in the country—one in the city of Washington, five in Maryland, seven in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, three in South Carolina, and two in Louisiana. As early as 1835 the Detroit Free Press began its long career.

The political and journalistic situation made the administration organ one of the characteristic features of the period. Penno’s Gazette had served the purpose for Washington and
The Administration Organs

Adams; but the first great example of the type was The National Intelligencer established in October, 1800, by Samuel Harrison Smith, to support the administration of Jefferson and of successive presidents until after Jackson it was thrown into the opposition, and The United States Telegraph, edited by Duff Green, became the official paper. It was replaced at the close of 1830 by a new paper, The Globe, under the editorship of Francis P. Blair, one of the ablest of all ante-bellum political editors, who, with John P. Rives, conducted it until the changing standards and conditions in journalism rendered the administration organ obsolescent. The Globe was displaced in 1841 by another paper called The National Intelligencer, which in turn gave way to The Madisonian. Thomas Ritchie was in 1845 called from his long service on The Richmond Enquirer to found, on the remains of The Globe, the Washington Union, to speak for the Polk administration and to reconcile the factions of democracy. Neither the Union nor its successors, which maintained the semblance of official support until 1860, ever occupied the commanding position held by the Telegraph and The Globe, but for forty years the administration organs had been the leaders when political journalism was dominant. Their influence was shared and increased by such political editors as M. M. Noah* and James Watson Webb of the New York Courier and Enquirer, Solomon Southwick of the Albany Register, Edwin Croswell, who edited The Argus and who, supported by Van Buren and others, formed what was known as the "Albany Regency," the "Regency," the Richmond "Junto," which centred in the Enquirer, and the "Kitchen Cabinet," headed by the editor of The Globe, formed one of the most powerful political and journalistic cabals that the country has ever known. Their decline, in the late thirties, was coincident with great changes, both political and journalistic, and though successors arose, their kind was not again so prominent or influential. The newspaper of national scope was passing away, yielding to the influence of the telegraph and the railroad, which robbed the Washington press of its claim to prestige as the chief source of political news. At the same time politics was losing its predominating importance. The public

* See also Book II, Chap. II.
had many other interests, and by a new spirit and type of journalism was being trained to make greater and more various demands upon the journalistic resources of its papers.

The administration organ presents but one aspect of a tendency in which political newspapers generally gained in editorial individuality, and both the papers and their editors acquired greater personal and editorial influence. The beginnings of the era of personal journalism, the chief figures in which will be discussed in later paragraphs, were to be found early in the century. Even before Nathan Hale had shown the way to editorial responsibility, Thomas Ritchie, in the Richmond Enquirer in the second decade of the century, had combined with an effective development of the established use of anonymous letters on current questions a system of editorial discussion that soon extended his reputation and the influence of his newspaper far beyond the boundaries of Virginia. Washington Barrow and the Nashville Banner, Amos Kendall and The Argus of Western America, G. W. Kendall and the New Orleans Picayune, John M. Francis and the Troy Times, and Charles Hammond and the Cincinnati Gazette, to mention but a few among many, illustrate the rise of editors to individual power and prominence in the third and later decades. Notable among these political editors was John M. Daniel, who just before 1850 became editor of the Richmond Examiner and soon made it the leading newspaper of the South. Perhaps no better example need be sought of brilliant inventive and literary pungency in American journalism just prior to and during the Civil War than in Daniel’s contributions to the Examiner.

Though it could still be said that “too many of our gazettes are in the hands of persons destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen, the information of scholars, and the principles of virtue,” a fact due largely to the intensity of party spirit, the profession was by no means without editors who exhibited all these qualities, and put them into American journalism. William Coleman, for instance, who, encouraged by Hamilton, founded the New York Evening Post1 in 1801, was a man of high purposes, good training, and noble ideals. The Evening Post, reflecting variously the fine qualities of the editor,

1 See also Book II, Chap. v.
exemplified the improvement in tone and illustrated the growing importance of editorial writing, as did a dozen or more papers in the early decades of the century. Indeed the problem most seriously discussed at the earliest state meetings of editors and publishers, held in the thirties, was that of improving the tone of the press. They tried to attain by joint resolution a degree of editorial self-restraint which few individual editors had as yet acquired. Under the influence of Thomas Ritchie, vigorous and unsparing political editor but always a gentleman, who presided at the first meeting of Virginia journalists, the newspaper men in one state after another resolved to "abandon the infamous practice of pampering the vilest of appetites by violating the sanctity of private life, and indulging in gross personalities and indecorous language," and to "conduct all controversies between ourselves with decency, decorum, and moderation." Ritchie found in the low tone of the newspapers a reason why journalism in America did not occupy as high a place in public regard as it did in England and France. The editorial page was assuming something of its modern form. The editorial signed with a pseudonym gradually passed away, but unsigned editorial comment and leading articles did not become an established feature until after 1814, when Nathan Hale made them a characteristic of the newly established Boston Daily Advertiser. From that time on they grew in importance until in the succeeding period of personal journalism they were the most vital part of the greater papers.

As the magazines were still few and offered poor pay, if any at all, the newspaper became the means of support of innumerable authors, and even in this age of the political press there were as many literary as political editors. In contrast with the situation today, when the magazines are generally conducted by men whose tastes and ideals have been formed in journalism rather than in literature, and assume more and more the characteristics of timeliness, until the middle of the century the newspapers owed their character to men of literary tastes and pursuits. When Bennett the elder referred slurringly to the "poets of the Post" and the Post declared that Bennett was not a journalist, a momentous divergence and change of ideals was indicated.
Changes which came about in the thirties well-nigh revolutionized the newspapers. Within a decade the cheap newspaper was begun; steam presses were introduced; a radical alteration took place in the idea of news values, reporting, and correspondence; freedom from party control was found possible; and important modifications took place in the party press.

Several of these changes are exemplified in the work of James Gordon Bennett (1794–1872), though he originated few of them. In more than ten years of unsuccessful effort as a political journalist he had become familiar with the increasing enterprise in news-gathering that had already distinguished American methods. He despised the journalism of the day—the seriousness of tone, the phlegmatic dignity, the party affiliations, the sense of responsibility. He believed journalists were fools to think that they could best serve their own purposes by serving the politicians. As Washington correspondent for the New York Enquirer, he wrote vivacious, gossipy prattle, full of insignificant and entertaining detail, to which he added keen characterization and deft allusions. Bennett saw a public who would not buy a serious paper at any price, who had a vast and indiscriminate curiosity better satisfied with gossip than discussion, with sensation rather than fact, who could be reached through their appetites and passions.

The idea which he did much to develop rested on the success of the one-cent press created by the establishment of the New York Sun in 1833. To pay at such a price these papers must have large circulations, sought among the public that had not been accustomed to buy papers, and gained by printing news of the street, shop, and factory. To reach this public Bennett began the New York Herald, a small paper, fresh, sprightly, terse, and "newsy."

"In journalistic debuts of this kind," he wrote, "many talk of principle—political principle, party principle—as a sort of steel trap to catch the public. We... disdain... all principle, as it is called, all party, all politics. Our only guide shall be good sound, practical common sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life."

News was but a commodity, the furnishing of which was a business transaction only, which ignored the social responsibility
of the press, "the grave importance of our vocation," prized of the elder journalists and of the still powerful six-cent papers. The Herald, like the Sun, was at once successful, and was remarkably influential in altering journalistic practices.

This idea of news and the newspaper for its own sake, the unprecedented aggressiveness in news-gathering, and the blatant methods by which the cheap papers were popularized aroused the antagonism of the older papers, but created a competition which could not be ignored. Systems of more rapid news-gathering and distribution quickly appeared. Sporadic attempts at co-operation in obtaining news had already been made; in 1848 the Journal of Commerce, Courier and Enquirer, Tribune, Herald, Sun, and Express formed the New York Associated Press to obtain news for the members jointly. Out of this idea grew other local, then state, and finally national associations. European news, which, thanks to steamship service, could now be obtained when but half as old as before, became an important feature. In the forties several papers sent correspondents abroad, and in the next decade this field was highly developed.

The literary departments of newspapers were being stimulated by the rise of literary or semi-literary weeklies. Some of these, such as The Nation in Boston, and The New World and Brother Jonathan in New York, were devoted mainly to the reprinting of English novels and other literary successes. Others, like The New York Mirror, contained sketches of life and manners, society verse, stories, and essays, as well as some news. The Mirror and its kind were a source of much material for newspapers. N. P. Willis's Pennington's by the Way, for instance, were copied by five hundred newspapers. Another class of weeklies of general circulation contained much literary material combined with a larger proportion of politics and affairs. Such a paper was Greeley's New Yorker, "devoted mainly to current literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news," and maintaining a good editorial page. Neither magazine nor newspaper, these weeklies were something of each. From the former they doubtless took away a good many readers; to the latter they were an incentive to the

* See also Book II, Chap. III.
maintaining of literary departments which in a few papers, like the Tribune, became important.

Newspapers in foreign languages, especially the German, multiplied rapidly about the middle of the century. Some of the ablest journalists of the middle of the century, not only of papers in the German language but also of papers in English, were liberal-minded Germans who sought in America the freedom of speech which was denied them in their native country.

The telegraph, in 1844 shown to be practical, and put to successful use during the Mexican War, led to numerous far-reaching results in journalism. Telegraphic columns became a leading feature; news associations grew as the wires lengthened; but the greatest effect on the journalism of the country at large was to decentralize the press by rendering the inland papers, in such cities as Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans independent of those in Washington and New York. A change made in the postal laws in 1845 favoured the local circulation of newspapers. The country circulation of most of the large Eastern papers was so curtailed that only one or two, like the New York Tribune, were able to maintain through their weekly editions something of their national character; the organs in Washington, even Niles's Weekly Register, which had been a most useful vehicle for the disseminating of political information, were still further shorn of their usefulness and soon eliminated; and the already vigorous provincial press became numerous and powerful.

In a period of wide-spread unrest and change many specialized forms of journalism sprang up—religious, educational, agricultural, and commercial, which there is no space here to discuss. Workingmen were questioning the justice of existing economic systems and raising a new labour problem; the socialistic ideas of Cabot and Fourier were spreading; Unitarianism and Transcendentalism were creating and expressing new spiritual values; temperance, prohibition, and the political status of women were being discussed; abolition was a general irritant and a nightmare to politicians. The subject of controversy most critically related to journalism was abolition. The abolitionist press which began with The Emancipator of 1820, and had its chief representative in William Lloyd Garri-
son's *Liberator*, first issued 1 January, 1831, forced the slavery question upon the newspapers, and there ensued a struggle for the freedom of the press more acute than any since that caused by the Alien and Sedition laws. Many abolitionist papers were excluded from the mails; their circulation was forcibly prevented in the South; in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Alton, and elsewhere, editors were assaulted, offices were attacked and destroyed; rewards were offered in the South for the capture of Greeley and Garrison; in a few instances editors, like Lovejoy at Alton, lost their lives at the hands of mobs.

Out of the period of restless change in the thirties there emerged a few great editors whose force and ability gave them and their newspapers an influence hitherto unequalled, and made the period between 1840 and 1860 that of personal journalism. These few men not only interpreted and reflected the spirit of the time, but were of great influence in shaping and directing public opinion. Consequently the scope, character, and influence of newspapers was in the period immensely widened and enriched, and rendered relatively free from the worst subjection to political control.

Naturally, the outstanding feature of this personal journalism was the editorial. Rescued from the slough of ponderousness into which it had fallen in its abject and uninspired party service, the editorial was revived, invigorated, and endowed with a vitality that made it the centre about which all other features of the newspaper were grouped. It was individual; however large the staff of writers, the editorials were regarded as the utterance of the editor. "Greeley says" was the customary preface to quotations from the *Tribune*, and indeed many editorials were signed. James Gordon Bennett, Samuel Bowles (1826–78), Horace Greeley (1811–72), and Henry J. Raymond (1820–69) are the outstanding figures of the period. Of Bennett’s influence something has already been said; especially, he freed his paper from party control. His power was great, but it came from his genius in gathering and presenting news rather than from editorial discussion, for he had no great moral, social or political ideals, and his influence, always lawless and uncertain, can hardly be regarded as characteristic of the period. Of the others named, and many besides, it could be said with
Newspapers, 1775-1860

approximate truth that their ideal was "a full presentation and a liberal discussion of all questions of public concernment, from an entirely independent position, and a faithful and impartial exhibition of all movements of interest at home and abroad." As all three were not only upright and independent, but in various measure gifted with the quality of statesmanship at once philosophical and practical, their newspapers were powerful moulders of opinion at a critical period in the history of the nation.

The news field was immeasurably broadened; news style was improved; interviews, newly introduced, lent the ease and freshness of dialogue and direct quotation. There was a notable improvement in the reporting of business, markets, and finance. In a few papers the literary department was conducted by staffs as able as any today. A foreign news service was developed which in intelligence, fidelity, and general excellence reached the highest standard yet attained in American journalism. A favourite feature was the series of letters from the editor or other member of the staff who travelled and wrote of what he heard or saw. Bowles, Olmsted, Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Bennett, and many others thus observed life and conditions at home or abroad; and they wrote so entertainingly and to such purpose that the letters—those of Olmsted and Taylor, for instance—are still sources of entertainment or information.

The growth of these papers meant the development of great staffs of workers that exceeded in numbers anything dreamed of in the preceding period. Although later journalism has far exceeded in this respect the time we are now considering, still the scope, complexity, and excellence of our modern metropolitan journalism in all its aspects were clearly begun between 1840 and 1860.

The highest development in provincial journalism during this period is typified in the Springfield Republican. Established by Samuel Bowles in 1824 as a country weekly, it was converted into a daily in 1844 by his energetic and ambitious son, who bore the same name. From the beginning it was a clean, well written, honest, independent, and conservative paper that reported all of the happenings of its own vicinity, with brief mention of the gist of important events generally.
Bowles; Greeley

As rapidly as possible its news-gathering was extended until within a few years its columns contained departments of items from every town and hamlet along the Connecticut valley, as well as from Springfield. Bowles believed that the newspaper should be a power in the moral, religious, and literary, as well as the political life of the community, and he tried to make his paper fulfill those functions, not for the world at large but for the people of western Massachusetts. With the aid of J. G. Holland and others who joined the staff the paper attained excellent literary quality and a high moral tone. Probably its success rested most of all upon its political discussions. The excellence of its short, crisp, pithy editorial paragraphs and longer discussions, free from pedantry and heaviness, based always on fundamental ideas and principles, made the Republican widely known and respected. Its opinions soon reached all New England, and after the formation of the Republican party they extended far beyond the limits of any section. But in spite of the extent of its influence, the Republican held steadily to its purpose as a provincial newspaper; it told all the news, gave all sides a fair hearing, preserved its self-respect and independence, frowned on all "isms," and presented invariably the personal opinions of its editor, whom all its readers knew.

The New York Tribune under Horace Greeley exhibited the best features of the new and semi-independent personal journalism based upon political beginnings and inspired with an enthusiasm for service that is one of the fine characteristics of the period. In editing the New Yorker Greeley had acquired experience in literary journalism and in political news; his Jeffersonian and Log Cabin, popular campaign papers, had brought him into contact with politicians and extended his acquaintance with the masses. Being with all his independence a staunch party man, he was chosen to manage a party organ when one was needed to support the Whig administration of Harrison, and the prospectus of the New York Tribune appeared 3 April, 1841. Greeley's ambition was to make the Tribune not only a good party paper, but also the first paper in America, and he succeeded by imparting to it a certain idealistic character with a practical appeal which no other journal possessed. His sound judgment appeared in the unusually able staff which he gathered about him. Almost from the first, the staff which
made the *Tribune* represented a broad catholicity of interests and tastes, in the world of thought as well as in the world of action, and a solid excellence in ability and in organization which were largely the result of the genius of Greeley and over which he was the master spirit. It included Henry J. Raymond, who later became Greeley’s rival on the *Times*, George M. Snow, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana, Bayard Taylor, George Ripley, William H. Fry, Margaret Fuller, Edmund Quincy, and Charles T. Congdon. It is easy to understand how with such a group of writers the idea of the literary newspaper, which had been alive from the beginning of the century, should have advanced well-nigh to its greatest perfection.

The great popular strength of the *Tribune* doubtless lay in its disinterested sympathy with all the ideals and sentiments which stirred the popular mind in the forties and fifties. “We cannot afford,” Greeley wrote, “to reject unexamined any idea which proposes to improve the moral, intellectual, or social condition of mankind.” He pointed out that the proper course of an editor, in contrast to that of the time-server, was to have “an ear open to the plaints of the wronged and suffering, though they can never repay advocacy, and those who mainly support newspapers will be annoyed and often exposed by it; a heart as sensitive to oppression and degradation in the next street as if they were practiced in Brazil or Japan; a pen as ready to expose and reprove the crimes whereby wealth is amassed and luxury enjoyed in our own country as if they had only been committed by Turks or Pagans in Asia some centuries ago.” In conformity with these principles Greeley lent his support to all proposals for ameliorating the condition of the labouring men by industrial education, by improved methods of farming, or even by such radical means as the socialistic Fourier Association. He strongly advocated the protective tariff because he believed that it was for the advantage of the workingman; and the same sympathy led him to give serious attention to the discussion of women’s rights with special reference to the equal economic status of women. There were besides many lesser causes in which the *Tribune* displayed its spirit of liberalism, such as temperance reform, capital punishment, the Irish repeals, and the liberation of Hungary.

On the most important question of the time, the abolition of
slavery, Greeley's views were intimately connected with party policy. His antipathy to slavery, based on moral and economic grounds, placed him from the first among the mildly radical reformers. But his views underwent gradual intensification. Acknowledged the most influential Whig editor in 1844, he had by 1850 become the most influential anti-slavery editor—the spokesman not of Whigs merely but of a great class of Northerners who were thoroughly antagonistic to slavery but who had not been satisfied with either the non-political war of Garrison or the one-plank political efforts of the Free Soil party. This influence was greatly increased between 1850 and 1854 by some of the most vigorous and trenchant editorial writing America has ever known. The circulation of the Tribune in 1850 was, all told, a little less than sixty thousand, two-thirds of which was the Weekly. In 1854 the Weekly alone had a circulation of 112,000 copies. But Rhodes has pointed out that even this figure is not the measure of the Tribune's peculiar influence, "for it was pre-eminently the journal of the rural districts, and one copy did service for many readers. To the people in the Adirondack wilderness it was a political bible, and the well-known scarcity of Democrats there was attributed to it. Yet it was as freely read by the intelligent people living on the Western Reserve of Ohio," and in Wisconsin and Illinois. The work of Greeley and his associates in these years gave a new strength and a new scope and outlook to American journalism.

Henry Jarvis Raymond, who began his journalistic career on the Tribune and gained further experience in editing the respectable, old-fashioned, political Courier and Enquirer, perceived that there was an opening for a type of newspaper which should stand midway between Greeley, the moralist and reformer, and Bennett, the cynical, non-moral news-monger. He was able to interest friends in raising the hundred thousand dollars which he thought essential to the success of his enterprise. This sum is significant of the development of American daily journalism, for Greeley had started the Tribune only ten years earlier with a capital of one thousand dollars, and Bennett had founded the Herald with nothing at all. On this sound financial basis, Raymond began the career of the New York Times, 18 September, 1851, and made it a success from the outset. He perfected his news-gathering forces and
brought into play his intimate acquaintance with men of affairs to open up the sources of information. Above all he set a new standard for foreign service. The American public never had a more general and intelligent interest in European affairs than in the middle years of the nineteenth century. The leading papers directed their best efforts toward sustaining and improving their foreign service, and Raymond used a brief vacation in Europe to establish for his paper a system of correspondence as trustworthy, if not as inclusive, as that of the Herald or Tribune. If our newspapers today are immeasurably in advance of those of sixty years ago in almost every field of journalism, there is only here and there anything to compare in worth with the foreign correspondence of that time. The men who wrote from the news centres of Europe were persons of wide political knowledge and experience, and social consequence. They had time and ability to do their work thoroughly, carefully, and intelligently, innocent of superficial effort toward sensation, of the practices of inaccurate brevity and irresponsible haste which began with the laying of the Atlantic cable.

The theory of journalism announced by Raymond in the Times marks another advance over the party principles of his predecessors. He thought that a newspaper might assume the rôle now of a party paper, now of an organ of non-partisan, independent thought, and still be regarded by the great body of its readers as steadily guided by principles of sincere public policy. An active ambition for political preference prevented him from achieving this ideal. Although he professed conservatism only in those cases where conservatism was essential to the public good and radicalism in everything which might require radical treatment and radical reform, the spirit of opposition to the Tribune, as well as his temperamental leanings, carried him definitely to the conservative side. He was by nature inclined to accept the established order and make the best of it. Change, if it came, should come not through radical agitation and revolution, but by cautious and gradual evolution. The world needed brushing, not harrowing. Such ideas, as he applied them to journalism, appealed to moderate men, reflected the opinions of a large and influential class somewhere between the advanced thinkers and theorists and the mass of
men more likely to be swayed by passions of approbation or protest than by reason.

It was the tone of the Times that especially distinguished it from its contemporaries. In its first issue Raymond announced his purpose to write in temperate and measured language and to get into a passion as rarely as possible. "There are few things in this world which it is worth while to get angry about; and they are just the things anger will not improve." In controversy he meant to avoid abusive language. His style was gentle, candid, and decisive, and achieved its purpose by facility, clearness, and moderation rather than by powerful fervor and invective. His editorials were generally cautious, impersonal, and finished in form. With abundant self-respect and courtesy, he avoided, as one of his coadjutors said, vulgar abuse of individuals, unjust criticism, or narrow and personal ideas. He had that degree and kind of intelligence which enabled him to appreciate two principles of modern journalism — the application of social ethics to editorial conduct and the maintenance of a comprehensive spirit. As he used them, these were positive, not negative virtues.

Raymond’s contribution to journalism, then, was not the introduction of revolutionizing innovations in any department of the profession but a general improving and refining of its tone, a balancing of its parts, sensitizing it to discreet and cultivated popular taste. Taking the London Times as his model, he tried to combine in his paper the English standard of trustworthiness, stability, inclusiveness, and exclusiveness, with the energy and news initiative of the best American journalism; to preserve in it an integrity of motive and a decorum of conduct such as he possessed as a gentleman. To his success American journalism is deeply indebted.
CHAPTER XXII

Divines and Moralists, 1783–1860

The writings of the American clergy between the Revolution and the Civil War have Jonathan Edwards for their point of departure, and carry onward the tendencies he brought to a focus. Let us rather say two focuses: for Edwards is great precisely in the intensity with which he manifests a tough-mindedness and a tender-mindedness that are universal. He is at once dogmatist and mystic; he works out his theology into dualistic metaphysics, yet he knows himself to be one with God; though he philosophizes away the Freedom of the Will, and preaches Hell for sinners, yet he meditates also the Benevolence of the Deity, and is translated into mystical rhapsodies upon the divine love and upon Nature as its symbol and emanation. The primacy he gives to motivation places him with those who insist that reward and punishment must be held up before depraved mankind to keep it even outwardly decent; his insistence upon an inner light and a love for universal being faces him toward the believers in man's essential goodness and perfectibility. He never reconciled these tendencies in his own thinking; nor have they been reconciled since in that American literature which in various phases, mixtures, and proportions they have continued to colour.

Historically, at the close of the American Revolution the tender-minded derive from the Cambridge Platonists and their successors the English deists. Their thought is developed by Shaftesbury and the "benevolent"; favoured by Berkeley; much re-enforced by the works of Paley, and by Butler's

1 See Book I, Chap. iv for Edwards. For divines of other denominations than Congregational and Unitarian see Book III.

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Divinity and Literature

Analogy; and developed again in various directions by Rousseau, William Godwin, and, later, Kant and Coleridge. They are the liberals, transcendentalists, and romantics, and Plato is their ultimate master, though he contributes his realism to their opponents. The tough-minded derive from Aristotle, St. Augustine, and, of course, Calvin; find themselves close kin to Hobbes and Locke, to the "motivists," and, later, to Reid and Dugald Stewart; and are the classics—the orthodox. In the large, the thought of American divines and moralists from Edwards to Beecher moves from tough to tender, parallel with the romantic movement in secular literature; while Beecher’s contemporary, Mark Hopkins, toughly reacting against romanticism, anticipates the present secular return toward greater sharpness in realizing evil and the fundamental cleavages in things.

Our secular and our theological literature, thus closely akin in ideas, have also a strong personal connection, almost a family connection. With us, divinity has seldom been more, and has usually been less, than a generation removed from literary scholarship or the literary imagination. Andrews Norton is father to Charles Eliot Norton, William Henry Furness to Horace Howard Furness, Abiel Holmes to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Lowell to James Russell Lowell. James Russell Lowell and Robert Trall Spence Lowell are brothers; so are Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Samuel Longfellow. There is something filial in the scholar Ticknor’s pious task of editing the sermons of the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, one generation before him. Emerson’s forefathers had been clergymen for seven generations; and within his single life the early days as preacher and the later days as sacer totes were “bound each to each by natural pietas.” So were those of John Gorham Palfrey, George Ripley, and Octavius Brooks Frothingham, and of such clerical families as the Channings, the Abbotts, the Wares, the Beechers, the Muhlenbergs, and the D wights, whose pietas, priestly, educational, juristic, and literary, has extended unto the third generation and beyond. It would be easy, but needless, to multiply examples in proof of the close and various personal connections between our divinity and our scholarship and literature.

The family tradition is evident at once in Edwards’s disciples.
The sons of Jonathan, whether after the flesh or after the spirit, included Jonathan Edwards the younger (1745–1801), a systematic theologian, President of Union College, Schenectady, from 1799 to his death; David Brainerd (1718–47), author of a diary of his mystical experiences; Joseph Bellamy (1719–90); Samuel Hopkins (1721–1803); and Edward's grandson Timothy Dwight (1752–1817). Of these, Hopkins and Dwight are for many reasons the most important. The younger Edwards, after graduating at Princeton in 1765, was Hopkins's disciple; Bellamy's chief works were all published before the Revolution; and Brainerd, a young consumptive, who was to have been Edwards's son-in-law, died before him. Hopkins, moreover, exercised an influence which went beyond theology into literature; and Dwight produced something uncommonly like literature itself.

Hopkins was born of Puritan stock at Waterbury, Connecticut. Roused to religious conviction at Yale by his college mate, David Brainerd, and by the revivalist Tennent, he heard Edwards before graduating in 1741, and, still not sure that he was a Christian, "concluded to go and live with Mr. Edwards" at Northampton as a student of divinity—which he did off and on till 1743. Then he was settled and ordained at Housatonic (later Great Barrington), where he had to contend with Indian attacks, malaria, and the Dutch settlers in his congregation; taking comfort, however, in a second intimate contact with Edwards while the latter was conducting the mission to the Stockbridge Indians. In 1769 the poverty of Hopkins's congregation, together with their opposition to his stiff doctrine, led to his dismissal.

In the next year he accepted a call to the First Congregational Church at Newport. The Rev. Ezra Stiles, then minister of the Second Congregational Church and later (1777–95) President of Yale, opposed the call, but preached a learned sermon at Hopkins's installation, and remained on friendly terms with him despite radical differences in doctrine and temper. In Newport, too, Hopkins became acquainted with the Channing family: William Ellery Channing, then a boy, heard him preach and was repelled by his harsh doctrine. Though the Revolutionary War wrecked his church, he remained with it, and in the lean years following wrote his
Samuel Hopkins

System of Doctrines Contained in Divine Revelation Explained and Defended (1793). After 1770 he also produced his sermons and pamphlets against slavery, probably the most readable of his works, being somewhat less impeded than the others by the pitiless iteration and verbose pedantry of his style. He seems to have aided in procuring the passage of the Rhode Island laws of 1774 and 1784, respectively forbidding the importation of negroes and declaring free all children born of slaves after the next 1 March. In failing health and with a dwindling congregation, he ministered faithfully until his death in 1803.

The formula associated with Hopkins's name, and most definitely set forth in his posthumous Dialogue between a Semi-Calvinist and a Calvinist, is "Willingness to be damned for the glory of God." It is the upshot of all his strict Calvinist theory of decrees, election, and evidences. Rejecting the benevolists' belief in a mild Deity, he transfers "universal benevolence" from God to man—of whom he then requires it. The germs of the doctrine are to be found in Edwards's theory of virtue as consisting in love for universal being; and some of Mrs. Edwards's own religious experiences while Hopkins resided at her house might well have suggested to him his extension of the doctrine. For with him the willingness to be damned is not merely the acme of mystical devotion, but an indispensable evidence of grace—a necessary, though not a sufficient, condition of salvation. If you are not willing to be damned, then you are sure to be.

Hopkins thus carried onward and reduced to a system the materials which Edwards left un-co-ordinated. So tough-minded was he that in his hands what might otherwise have been an efflorescence of tender mysticism became a dogma of terror. Naturally it roused intense opposition, but this, together with the logical completeness of the system, focused attention upon it; so that it remained a powerful influence until the time of general emancipation from theological terrors.

Hopkins personally met his own requirements of benevolence. His combination of terrific doctrine with a kindly and self-denying personal life among his Newport parishioners is the underlying theme of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel,
Divines and Moralists, 1783–1860

The Minister’s Wooing. His philanthropic opposition to the slave trade, said to be the first open opposition by an American clergyman, rendered him so unpopular among the prosperous traders of Newport that he was left to die in poverty with the feeling that his work was unaccomplished. Futile, he must have felt, was his letter of remonstrance and admonition (1802) to his revered master’s grandson, Aaron Burr, upon the latter’s dangerous courses; and his Farewell to the World is a pathetic review of the state of man as he then beheld it in all portions of the globe, particularly in Newport among his congregation. It is not a hopeful view. Hopkins could not foresee the success of his opposition to slavery; and he could scarcely have believed, even if told, that his doctrine of disinterested benevolence had so impressed young Channing with the boundlessness of human generosity and the infinite worth of man that it became with him one of the points of departure for a new hopefulness.

Timothy Dwight (1752–1817) could have had no such doubts of his present success. After a varied experience as student (graduated 1769) and tutor at Yale, as an army chaplain during the Revolution, as a farmer, as a member of the Connecticut legislature, and as preacher, schoolmaster, and writer of verse* at Greenfield, Connecticut, he became, at the age of forty-three, Dr. Stiles’s successor in the presidency of Yale. He seems to have been the prototype of the modern college president,—appreciative of scholarship, but primarily a practical administrator. He raised the college to financial prosperity; he broadened the curriculum, especially by introducing courses in science; and to the infidels then numerous among the student body he brought religious conviction.

His divinity (Theology Explained and Defended, 1818–19), though schematic, is also controversial, aiming perhaps less to systematize than to convince, and establishing orthodoxy by refuting heresy. It consists of the sermons—essentially Hopkinsian—which he delivered from the college pulpit week after week and year after year, repeating the full set every four years so that each student generation might have the benefit of the whole course.

*The romance indicated by the title was suggested in part by an incident of Hopkins’s ministry at Great Barrington.
* For his verse see Book I, Chap. xx.
As a contribution to American prose it is much less important than his four posthumously published volumes of *Travels in New England and New York* (1821–22). These record a series of journeys, on horseback or in a gig or "sulky," which Dwight undertook for his health, usually during college vacations, beginning in September, 1796, and continuing at intervals until 1815. The book is the upshot of his experience of life; he was engaged upon the manuscript within nine months of his death, and probably within a few days of it.

He professes as his motive for writing, the humanistic desire to vivify the past; he had wished to know "the manner in which New England appeared or to mine own eye would have appeared eighty or one hundred years before"; and, finding this impossible for himself, he resolved to make it possible for posterity. A second professed motive was the desire to refute foreign misrepresentations of America; and with this in view he cast his material into the form of letters and topical essays addressed to an imaginary Englishman.

These definite purposes do not prevent the book from being an *omnium gatherum*. For Dwight does not use them as a basis of selection or exclusion of material, but admits anything that happens to interest him; and as he is interested in anything he sees and thinks of, the unity of his book is far to seek. Now, in emulation of the early New England annalists, he chronicles a great storm or an egregious murder; now, in a vein reminiscent of White's *Selborne*, he tells of the habits of birds, of the fitness of trees for particular soils, or of the right weather for maple sap; now, for chapter after stodgy chapter, he repeats and summarizes the Connecticut constitution and laws, the system of land tenure, the powers and duties of officers of government, and the penal system, even down to the fines imposed for

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* Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* (1786) has these points in common with Dwight's *Travels*: it purports to answer questions asked by a foreigner; it gives information about the constitution and laws, religion and manners, public revenue and expense, manufactures, commerce, money, histories, and memorials; it refutes the views of Buffon and of the Abbé Raynal upon the bad climate and soil of America, and upon the degeneracy of its animals and men. (See also Book II, Chap. 1.) An immediate predecessor of Dwight in this genre was Ezra Stiles, who bequeathed to Dwight his *Literary Diary*, and whose *Itineraries* Dwight may well have seen in MS. Investigation would probably show that Dwight owed much to Jefferson and to Stiles.
various offences. Yet his commentary upon this tedious material—shrewd and lucid, well-balanced both in judgment and in style, and above all practical—places it in a kind of Blackstonian tradition. For the rest, he mingles topographical accounts of the regions he passes through with sketches of the characters and lives of distinguished residents, descriptions of scenery, estimates of inns and innkeepers, bits of historical narrative, and statistics of industry, wealth, religion, and climate.

Dwight's descriptive powers are high but unsustained. At Canajoharie, he tells us, the Mohawk runs below, in a gorge, while above is a

long narrow stripe of azure seen overhead. On both sides rise stupendous walls of a deep black, awful with their hanging precipices, which are hollowed with a thousand fantastical forms. . . . As you advance up the stream . . . you suddenly arrive at a cascade sixty feet in height, where the water descends with a sufficient approximation to perpendicularity to convert the current from a sheet into a mass of foam perfectly white and elegant.

The passages that he does not thus spoil, as, for example, his description of the Notch of the White Mountains, of a view in the Catakills, or of the "oak openings" of the Genesee River, are very few. His narratives, too, while interesting as raw material of literature, are seldom more. The woman one hundred and two years old who, when "the bell was heard to toll for a funeral, . . . burst into tears and said, 'When will the bell toll for me?' It seems that the bell will never toll for me," might have appealed poignantly to Hawthorne. Dwight's traveller, who rode across a bridge in the dark, and only in the morning discovered that the bridge had not a plank on it and that his horse had found his way across the naked frame, was in fact used by Henry Ward Beecher as an illustration rather less effective than the original. Dwight's tale of how the regicide Goff, then a venerable man in concealment in the house of the minister at Hadley, had suddenly appeared during an Indian raid upon the congregation, rallied them, and disappeared, may well have actually suggested Hawthorne's story of The Grey Champion. But Dwight has no flair for imaginative material; nor is he content to leave even his expository
Timothy Dwight

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effects unspoiled. His narrative of the Saratoga campaign is solid historical writing; but alas, hard at its heels follows the judgment that Saratoga was more important than Marathon.

In description, in narrative, in its dry controversial humour, Dwight's style is a sound eighteenth-century style, very serviceable in conveying his keen judgments upon statecraft and college management; an administrator's style, clean in structure, sharp and low-toned in diction, modelled upon Johnson and Burke, but with an occasional richer rhythm. "The bloom of immortality, already deeply faded, now withered away." The apostle Eliot, when he died, "undoubtedly went to receive the benedictions of multitudes, who, but for him, had finally perished." Sometimes there are short passages of a sober eloquence not unlike Edwards's own. Of the congregation to whom Dr. Swift had been a faithful pastor Dwight observes: "Many of them will probably remember him with gratitude throughout eternity." But such pieces of Attic diction or noble rhythm may be followed in the very next sentence by a banality. As in his descriptions and narratives, so in the general body of his prose, the passages of power or beauty are not sustained. He has merely stumbled upon them.

From first to last Dwight has either no aesthetic standards or only the standards of cocksure provincialism. "Longitude from Yale College," the legend upon the map prefixed to each of his volumes, might be their motto. His opinions upon Eliza- bethan writers, upon architecture, upon the drama, upon Greek and Roman literature, would be incredible if they did not stare us in the face from cold type. His genuine powers are rendered nugatory by his incompetence in the realms of taste and imagination. He is the complete Puritan, inhospitable to art but thoroughly efficient in dealing with things; and—to modify Arnold's formula concerning the Philistine—a maker of farms that produce, of sermons that edify, of a college that educates, and of characters that wear. His want of adequate standards leaves his book a miscellany, not so much because there are all sorts of things in it as because of their huge artistic incongruities; not so much because of the variety of its contents as because of the unplumbed gaps between their literary levels.

Yet this is not to say that after some acquaintance with the Travels the reader does not perceive a dominant interest
emerge. This is Dwight's interest in watching the world confirm his creed. Streams erode their banks, waterfalls recede, puddingstone is compounded, in order to support the Mosaic chronology, which infidel geologists had been heard to assail. Insects found alive in wood known to be eighty years old, seeds that germinate after centuries, frogs found alive by diggers far under ground, are not mere curiosities: they prove that a species supposed to be new may well have been the offspring of such durable creatures, and hence that there is no new species and no spontaneous generation. Dwight chronicles them to support the Biblical account of the origin of all species by creation at the beginning, an account which even in his time was being questioned by precursors of the evolutionary philosophy. His interest in other marvels, again, such as floating islands and mysterious bright spots in the clouds, is much the same as Cotton Mather's interest in magnalia—What hath God wrought! Every detail of the creation is full of manifest providences. The rich vegetable mould on the surface of new lands, for example, which yields an abundant crop to the pioneer almost without effort on his part, has been placed there for that very purpose, to support him during the first years of his settlement, when his energies, being required to build his house and clear more land, are diverted from the soil. Then, when the beneficent mould has disappeared, the poor soil has its providential purpose too, for by now the settler has time to cultivate it, indeed, must cultivate it if he is to live; so that he has a motive for industry and the other virtues which make him respectable. Thus both the presence and the absence of vegetable mould are effects of the final causes which make the world for man.

Carrying his theology into his judgments upon life, Dwight is interested above all, then, in seeing how a depraved humanity actually gets along in the world. His picture of the trim green New England landscape, with its white spires and prosperous villages, and his picture of the unkempt and sprawling German settlements along the Mohawk, though they may at first seem intended to produce an imaginative contrast, at length reveal his purpose of showing what it is that makes people become respectable. In fact the whole book is a collection of materials toward a genetic psychology of respectability.
The Early Unitarians

Dwight’s observations of certain portions of Long Island and Westchester County, of the whole of Rhode Island (which he considers “missionary ground”), of the Indian settlements in parts of Connecticut, of the Irish settlements in central New York, and, generally speaking, of the world outside New England Congregationalism, all strengthen his conviction of the general depravity of man, and help him to confute the doctrines of Rousseau and William Godwin that men are good by nature but have been corrupted by civilization. His theology here coincides with his politics—his inveterate abhorrence of French “atheistic” democracy and Jeffersonianism in general. The Travels is a Federalist document, exhibiting in its most sensible consequences the view that men are presumably bad until something makes them good. Bent therefore upon discovering and applying the incentives that will make them good—for Dwight is a convinced motivist—he exemplifies everywhere the sanctions furnished by thrift, by education, by strong government, and by strong religion. Probably there exists no completer application of Calvinistic principles to secular life. Dwight is the last of the Puritans.

The term “Unitarian” was accepted by the leaders of the movement only after much reluctance and delay. The doctrine designated by it is not perhaps the characteristic note of the movement at all, for it suggests mere static belief or disbelief in a proposition; whereas Unitarianism was a dynamic tendency, and to be designated rather by some such term as “Liberal Christianity.” Liberty, tolerance, the free play of the intellect, the enfranchisement of the soul from its terrors, faith in the possibilities and the worth of man,—these are more characteristic of it than the denial of the divinity of Jesus, though its high concept of humanity, indeed, renders its humanization of Christ no derogation.

Thus interpreted, Unitarianism has points of contact with whatever is liberal and hopeful in any religion. Its affiliation with Deism, Natural Religion, Benevolism, and other liberal tendencies of eighteenth-century Europe, need not be traced here. It is sufficient to observe that in America the Unitarians drew strength from the liberal wing of any or all of the Protestant churches. The less strict Calvinists, like Ezra Stiles,
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Jonathan Mayhew, and Charles Chauncy, are thus accounted to have been upon the verge of Unitarianism. Mayhew (died 1766) had been a champion not more of civil than of religious liberty. Stiles exhibited the Unitarian tolerance: he was the friend not only of Hopkins but of the Boston progressives and of the Newport rabbis. His administration at Yale is said to have broadened and secularized the college. In his pursuit of the intellectual life he touched another side of Unitarianism: he and Cotton Mather were the two American scholars whom Timothy Dwight considered able to stand comparison with British scholars. Chauncy had condemned the more violent manifestations of the Great Awakening of 1740. In the pre-Revolutionary controversy concerning the establishment of Episcopacy in America, he had opposed the Anglican views of William White of Philadelphia (afterward the first Bishop of Pennsylvania), asserted that the English Church had best leave the American to develop independently, and contended for the right of the congregation to ordain its own minister. He leaned also toward the Arminian emphasis upon human choice as a genuine factor in salvation, thus falling in with the Unitarian tendency to magnify man. At the same time he is credited with "high" Arianism, and with a touch of Universalism. He had written, too, upon the benevolence of the Deity. He is thus found upon several characteristic Unitarian pathways.

It was the Boston Episcopalian, however, rather than the Congregationalists, who took the first decisive step. In 1785, the congregation of King's Chapel, having adopted a modification of the Anglican liturgy, from which all Trinitarian doctrine had been omitted, ordained and installed as its rector James Freeman, who, together with William Hazlitt (father of the essayist), had performed the revision. This ordination is usually held to mark the formal beginning of Unitarianism in New England.

The Rev. Joseph Buckminster (1751–1812) of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a strict Calvinist, from first to last was doomed to lift up his voice against the liberal movement in vain. He protested against the Rev. Mr. Foster's Sermon at New Brantree (1788), which, he thought, offered salvation upon too easy

* See also Book I, Chap. v.
* See ibid.
terms; in a series of letters (1811) to the Rev. Hosea Ballou (1771–1852)¹ he protested against that pioneer Universalist’s preaching the final salvation of all mankind; and above all he protested against the defeat of his own son, the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster (1784–1812), whose ordination sermon (1805) he nevertheless preached, not without a note of fatherly foreboding.

The Buckminsters were of the Edwards stock. The staunch and earnest father was a contemporary of Dwight, Barlow, and Trumbull at Yale; the scholarly, eloquent, and saintly son was an immediate predecessor of Andrews Norton, and a contemporary of W. E. Channing, Charles Lowell, and Washington Allston at Harvard. But for his father’s opposition, he might have become assistant to James Freeman, whom he heard with admiration at King’s Chapel. He taught Daniel Webster Latin at Phillips Exeter, and tried to persuade his pupil to take part in the school exercises in public speaking. His work, in fact, is full of seeds which the future brought to fruition. Its new note of secular culture, against which his father had warned him—its allusions to art, to foreign books and travel (he was abroad in 1806–07), and to classical philosophy and literature—becomes increasingly characteristic of nineteenth-century clerical writing. In quietly removing emphasis from the staggering conditions of salvation to the process of religious training, Buckminster anticipates Jacob Abbott and Horace Bushnell. He anticipates Andrews Norton both in attaching prime importance to philology and history, as evidences of Christianity, and in a large conception of theology as including the widest range of scholarship—as bounded, in fact, only by the limits of human knowledge. Buckminster realized Norton’s idea of a “learned and able theologian—disciplined in habits of correct reasoning—and informed by extensive learning.” Norton seems to have laid upon himself the task of continuing the work that his admired friend had “died too young to do.” “Hearing Buckminster,” said Norton, “one seemed to be walking in the triumphal procession of Truth.”

Despite warning and opposition, then, “liberal Christian-

¹ Great-uncle of Hosea Ballou 2d, who was a founder and the first President of Tufts College.
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ity" continued to flourish, until in 1805 the Rev. Henry Ware, an outspoken Unitarian, was appointed to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College. This invasion of the school whose initial purpose had been the production of Congregational ministers roused the Congregationalists of every shade of opinion to the defence of their discipline; and from extreme Hopkinians to moderate Calvinists, they combined to establish at Andover a new theological seminary, which was opened in 1808.

During the era of orthodoxy Andover Seminary published *The Andover Review*, and had its famous teachers, such as Leonard Woods, Moses Stuart, Austen Phelps, and Edwards A. Park; yet in the course of time even this stronghold yielded to the irresistible trend toward liberalism. In 1886, five of its professors who had published a volume of advanced theological thought were tried for heresy, and acquitted. The legal proceedings for their removal also failed. By a bit of historical irony, the counsel for the defence was Theodore William Dwight, a grandson of Timothy. In 1908, the wheel having come full circle, Andover Seminary removed to Cambridge and became affiliated with Harvard University.

The Princeton Theological Seminary, founded by the Presbyterian branch of the Calvinists, was opened in 1812, and had its strong men also: Archibald Alexander (1772–1851) and his son James W. (1804–59) and Joseph A. Alexander (1809–60); Charles Hodge (1797–1878), who in 1825 established the organ of the Seminary, afterwards named *The Princeton Review*; and James McCosh (1811–94), President of Princeton College 1868–88. Princeton has always remained Presbyterian.

These conservative reactions in the early nineteenth century widened the cleavage between the Calvinists and the Unitarians, which by 1819 had become so marked that William Ellery Channing, who in that year preached the ordination sermon of Jared Sparks at Baltimore, adopted for it the title *Unitarian Christianity*. Thenceforth the separate establishment of the Unitarians was unquestioned.

As Channing* was their great mild preacher, so Andrews Norton was their hard-headed champion. Descended from

* See Book II, Chap. viii.
Andrews Norton

the Rev. John Norton, the notable minister of Ipswich and of Boston, Andrews Norton was born in 1786 at Hingham. In 1804 he graduated at Harvard, and spent the next fifteen years as graduate student, tutor, and lecturer, there and at Bowdoin. In 1819 he was appointed Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in Harvard College, acting also from 1813 to 1821 as the College Librarian. His Statement of Reasons for Not Believing the Doctrine of Trinitarians, first published in 1819 in a controversy with Professor Stuart of Andover, soon became a Unitarian classic. In 1833 and 1834 he was engaged with Charles Folsom in editing The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature, one of the numerous magazines of that period of growing international culture. The first number contains Macaulay's Essay on Hampden, reprinted from The Edinburgh Review; Paulin Paris's Letter upon the Romances upon the Twelve Peers of France, from Férussac's Bulletin Universel ('translated from the French with notes by Professor Longfellow'); and reviews from The Foreign Quarterly Review and elsewhere. For a number of years Norton contributed also to The North American Review, and was influential in its management.

Emerson's celebrated Divinity School Address in 1838 brought to a head Norton's distaste for the Transcendental movement. A year later he addressed to the alumni of the Harvard Theological School at their Commencement reunion his Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity, which, by opposing Spinoza, Schleiermacher, Strauss, and Hegel, whom apparently Norton considered responsible for much Transcendental error, refutes Emerson by indirection, without mentioning him or taking explicit issue with his views. Yet the clash of their opinions is uncompromising. Where Emerson insisted upon intuition, Norton requires an outer revelation evidenced by historical documents. Where Emerson insisted that genuine religion cannot be received at second-hand, but is intuitive and immediate, Norton emphasizes the dependence of laymen upon expert authority and mediation in difficult matters of research and exegesis. Where Emerson rejected any conception of a miracle that would oppose it to the ordinary course of nature, implying that nature is miraculous enough,

* See also Book II, Chap. IX.
and that miracles are happening all the time, Norton reiterates that miracles are suspensions of the course of nature, are historical, and are evidence of the divine mission of Christ. George Ripley's answer to Norton's Discourse led to a controversy which belongs to the history of the Transcendental movement.¹

Norton's opposition to intuitionism appears throughout his works. His Views of Calvinism scores the proposition (which had found support even at Andover Seminary) that "The truths of Christianity have always been addressed to the intuitive perceptions of the common mind." Norton points out the inconsistency between the Calvinist doctrine that the common mind is naturally so depraved as to be unable to perceive religious truth, and the new Andover doctrine, adopted from Transcendentalism, that the common mind has absolute intuitions of religious truth. He thus hits out in opposite directions, against both the orthodox and the Transcendentalists, but on the same ground, namely, his rejection of intuitions. The violence of this rejection, indeed, carried him too far; so that when in the warmth of controversy he rejected all but the historical or external evidences of Christianity, he laid himself open to George Ripley's charge of narrowness.

From the very first, however, for example in his Defence of Liberal Christianity (1812), Norton had been consistent in pleading for the historical and linguistic interpretation of the Bible, and the consideration of dogma less as prescribed by authority than as developed by history. His final contributions to scholarship, the Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels (1837-44), and the Translation of the Gospels and Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels (both published posthumously in 1855), take the same line. Even by "internal evidences" Norton does not mean evidences of spiritual truth. He is concerned not with establishing Christianity but with the genuineness of certain documents; thus his remarks are limited generally to matters of historical and linguistic exegesis and logical probability. Least of all does he consider what might by some be defined as internal evidence, the adaptability of Christianity to the character of man, or the intuition that Christianity is true.

¹ See Book II, Chap. viii.
Norton; Furness

Norton is the representative Unitarian in taking the position, typical of that body, precisely half-way between Calvinism and Transcendentalism, engaging impartially in controversy on the one hand with Moses Stuart and on the other with George Ripley. The common basis of his opposition to both is his opposition to Plato. Platonism, his researches led him to believe, had in its Neo-Platonic avatar at Alexandria produced, among other doctrines of emanation, the doctrine of the Trinity. Platonism also, believing the soul to have been in contact with ideal archetypes whose memory it retained in this life, was the very fountain of the doctrine of intuitions. Norton's opposition to Emerson and Ripley was thus of a piece with his opposition to Philo Judæus and Moses Stuart, the opposition of an exact scholar to what he considered loose, effusive, and sentimental thinking. Indeed, though Norton never says so in so many words, he seems to have recognized the Platonism of the Transcendental movement, and to have condemned it upon the same grounds as those upon which he condemned Plato himself. Anti-Platonism is the key to Norton's position.

Norton's teaching is praised by his disciple William Henry Furness (1802–90), who carried it to the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia; and it must, in fact, have been a powerful stimulus to anyone who could taste his austerity and his intellectual keenness. He is not wholly free from banialties, those evils that stand ever ready at the clerical elbow; he prefers Mrs. Stowe to Goethe; but the great body of his work is ascetically pure in taste as in style. It can still be read with pleasure, indeed with a certain intellectual thrill.

The work of enfranchisement was carried on in their several modes by three notable contemporaries: Horace Bushnell (1802–76), Henry Ward Beecher (1813–87), and Mark Hopkins (1802–87), each in his way a liberator.

Superficially, Bushnell may seem to have been a reaction-ary. Born in Litchfield Township, Connecticut, he graduated at Yale in 1827, whither, after a short experience in journalism, he returned as tutor, student of law, and finally student of theology. In 1833 he was ordained pastor of the North Congregational Church in Hartford, where he remained until 1859. In 1856, while in California for his health, he was active in
organizing at Oakland the "College of California," which in 1869 was merged in the University of California, and the presidency of which he declined. He thus belongs by birth, by training, and by professional activity to that hinterland—consisting of the valleys of the Connecticut and the Housatonic, and of the Litchfield and Berkshire Hills—whose orthodoxy has stood out against the liberal movements of the coast line from Boston to Newport.

Bushnell disliked what to his richly mystical temperament seemed the baldness of Unitarianism, and he re-established on a new basis many of the institutes of orthodoxy, notably the Trinity and the Atonement. Yet he consistently opposed all dogma, not because it was bigoted on the one hand or lax on the other, but because of the inadequacy of language as such to convey the religious mysteries which his piety bade him hold fast despite their logical contradictions. Mere logic he distrusted so deeply that its contradictions, dilemmas, antinomies were to him no arguments against a belief. According to a well-known anecdote, Bushnell, finding a college-mate stropping his razor all in one direction, bade him oppose his strokes to each other, a procedure which has been accepted as typical of Bushnell's dialectic, and which is not unlike Hegel's. Contradictoryes merely led him to a higher resultant—a mystical synthesis and a sort of credo quia impossible. He saved impossible dogmas by turning them into sacraments.

At the same time, the rationalist in him offered to weaker faiths a modus vivendi. The Trinity, whose essence was a mystery inexpresurable in language, was reconcilable with the divine unity in that it was a mode and an instrument by which the Absolute revealed itself to and worked upon finite souls. This epistemological view, which is said to go back to Sabellius, was perhaps a novelty in American theology; its pragmatism and distrust of logic seem even to be anticipations. In much the same way Bushnell retained the doctrine of the Atonement by attributing to it a moral effect upon the human soul, instead of the old-fashioned governmental or legalistic function of paying a debt, expiating a crime, or mending a broken law. These positions he promulgated in his God in Christ (1849), with its introductory Dissertation on the Nature of Language as Related to Thought and Spirit, in Christ in
Theology (1851), and in The Vicarious Sacrifice (1856). For the old revivals, with their sudden superemotional conversions, he also substituted the concept of a gradual education in Christianity: Christian Nurture (1847), like Jacob Abbott's The Young Christian (1832), directs the attention of those who would be of the faith toward the possibility of growing in it by a process open to all mankind, the process of training. In his attitude toward the abolition of slavery, Bushnell was likewise detached from the extremists. Here, too, he believed less in drastic measures than in education and in the gradual workings of nature under Providence. In the same way he assumed toward the scientific movement of the mid-nineteenth century an attitude at once decisive and concessive. Whatever science might have to say about the rigour of causation and necessity within the physical world, man was always to be recognized as an essentially free supernatural being, placed literally above nature by his alliance with the divine. Yet the two realms, of necessity and of freedom, were held together by a Deity immanent in both (Nature and the Supernatural, 1858).

Without being a compromiser, Bushnell thus works reproachments everywhere. His thought holds all subjects suspended in a sort of Platonic solveift, conciliating opposites—not without sometimes confusing them. Yet he continues with vigour the tradition of Plato, Hegel, and Coleridge, and is a genuine religious thinker, whose importance in the history of American thought has perhaps not been generally recognized. In many ways he suggests William James. Moreover, he has a style, nervous, clean, and racy. Kept fresh by its "antiseptic" virtue, his Literary Varies—the volumes of essays entitled Work and Play (1864), and Moral Uses of Dark Things (1868) and Building Eras in Religion (1881)—will still richly reward a reader. Indeed, all of Bushnell's prose, though manifestly influenced by Emerson, by Carlyle, and by Ruskin, yet possesses its own peculiar vitality, a pulsation that at its best may be likened, to use a metaphor of his own, to the beat of wings.

Henry Ward Beecher, too, was born in the orthodox uplands of Litchfield, and of a strictly Calvinistic sire. Lyman Beecher (1775-1863) had studied theology under Timothy Dwight at Yale; had occupied, after 1798, first the Presby-
terian pulpit at Easthampton, Long Island, next the Congregational pulpit at Litchfield, and lastly that of the Park Street Church in Boston; until in 1832 he became President of the newly established Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. He is best known, perhaps, for his Six Sermons on Intemperance, but he was a dogmatist as well as a moralist, staunchly supporting the Calvinism of his native tradition.

His son Henry, graduating at Amherst in 1834 in no doubt as to his vocation, at once entered the Lane Theological Seminary, and studied under his father and under Calvin Stowe (1802–86), an Oriental scholar of real attainment, who in 1836 married Beecher’s sister Harriet. Beecher served his apprenticeship in the pulpit at Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis, whence in 1847 he was called to the new Brooklyn congregation of Plymouth Church. The liberal movement of his thought paralleled his geographical wanderings from the region of orthodoxy, through the region of culture, to the practical West, and back to the metropolitan East. He had had his fill of dogmatic theology in youth, and never took much further interest in it. He became more and more a minister, looking rather to the needs of humanity than to the theory of divinity. In the West, under the stress of primitive conditions, he soon threw overboard a system of doctrines in which, he found, plain people were not interested; so that by the time he took the Brooklyn pulpit, which soon became a national platform, he was preaching straight at human nature, and touching it with a more and more liberating hand as he advanced in years.

From his Seven Lectures to Young Men (1844) to his Evolution and Religion (1885) he came a long way. The Lectures are addressed apparently not to young men in general, but to young employees—clerks, mechanics, salesmen, and apprentices. Hence their flavour of Poor Richard and the Industrious Apprentice. Guided to his audience by Franklin and Hogarth, Beecher combines allegory with vivid eighteenth-century realism; bigoted inextensive against the theatre and novels, with “characters,” the Sluggard, the Busybody, the Dandy, the Pleasure-Loving Business Man, the Cynic, the Libertine. This antique literary material explains the excessively old-fashioned flavour of the book. Though Beecher grew in-
measurably away from it, he seems never to have disavowed or changed it, and for fifty years it remained perhaps his most popular work.

To Beecher's Western period also belong short pieces which first appeared in an Indiana agricultural paper and were later (1859) reprinted as *Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruit, Flowers and Farming*. Of no intrinsic literary importance, they are of interest as showing the sources of much of Beecher's imagery. He was always close to the soil, and he drew from natural phenomena some of his most effective "illustrations," *The Star Papers* (1855 and 1859) and the *Eyes and Ears* (1862), collections of short essays, are good reading even now. With naiveté and self-deprecation, Beecher records his impressions of his first tour in Europe, tells of holiday outings among the Connecticut hills and trout streams, and gives plainly and modestly his very sensible opinions upon such subjects as sudden conversion, mischievous self-examination, and total depravity. The latter doctrine he rejects, accepting the doctrine of men's sinfulness and the necessity of their atonement not because Adam fell but because sin is actual and present. With regard to conversion, he takes the empiricist view that only in rare cases does the inner clock strike twelve when men have found grace; they may have it, yet not have infallible evidence. Hence he deprecates excessive introspection and hesitation, and says "Go ahead." His reminiscences, too, of old Litchfield at a time when that lucky town held Miss Pierce's Female Seminary and the celebrated Law School of Judge Gould and Judge Tapping Reeve, are discursive essays of permanent interest. His story of how, having as a boy of thirteen visited the Charlestown Navy Yard, he stole a cannon ball and went away with it in his hat, is as enjoyable as Franklin's apologies of *The Axe to Grind* and of *Paying too Dear for One's Whistle*. The Essay on *Apple Pie* is not toto calo removed from the Essay on *Roast Pig*. Home Revisited, the record of a few days in Indianapolis, recalls the first of his sermons which he considered a success because it was aimed at his hearers; and tells by the way of his awe of Jonathan Edwards. "I never could read . . . *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God* . . . at one sitting. I think a person of moral sensibilities, alone at midnight, reading that awful dis-
course, would well nigh go crazy." Through many of these pieces there breathes a frank sensuous enjoyment of physical beauty, which passes easily into religious exaltation. Beecher revels in the form and colour of great painting, and in the sounds, sights, and colours of landscape; the pictures in the Louvre and the glories of a sunset are to him literally revelations. These volumes testify once more to the richness of his mental imagery, and to its decided growth in range and in culture after his removal to the East.

Meanwhile, during all the years from his first pulpit to the beginning of the Civil War, his opposition to slavery had been deepening. He never joined the Abolitionists, but untringly opposed the extension of slavery, and during the decade from 1850 to 1860, in lectures and in contributions to periodicals, denounced the various compromises and outrages that led up to the conflict. Freedom and War (1862), a volume of spirited sermons and addresses from the Brooklyn pulpit, exhibits the growth of his opinions up to the moment when he began to advocate immediate abolition—a moment just before the Emancipation Proclamation itself.

In educating public opinion upon slavery, Beecher had been unconsciously preparing his own armament for uses which he could not have guessed. While upon a vacation in England in the autumn of 1863 he was asked to speak on the war, and in the course of eleven days delivered almost impromptu, at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London, the series of addresses which gave him perhaps his greatest celebrity. Some of his audiences, notably those at Liverpool and Glasgow, were most tumultuous, and had actually to be conquered by the speaker. He conquered them, and won over the English middle class to sympathy with the Union cause. The determination of the British government to maintain strict neutrality is said to have been largely due to Beecher's effect upon public opinion. As literature, the addresses in England, though of course they bear the marks of their hasty composition and contested delivery, yet reveal the easy mastery of his material which Beecher had been storing up in his years of preparatory writing and speaking. Their lucidity and humour are still delightful; they still throw off visibly the live sparks that were struck out in the original clash
between the speaker and his hearers; they reproduce the time in its very form and pressure; and in their way, too, they are classics of argumentation, for Beecher realizes the essential Aristotelian form of rhetoric—the orator's persuasion of an audience confronting him. The history of slavery and of secession could hardly be read in a more interesting form.

In *Norwood, or Village Life in New England* (1868), advertised as "Mr. Beecher's only novel," Beecher attempted an excursion into imaginative literature, but failed for want of breath. He had no power of construction and very little power of characterization. The personages are lay figures moving through an action prescribed for them by the author, and speaking his language, not their own. The general woodenness of the book, and several delightful absurdities, lay it open to easy parody. So much allowed, *Norwood*, if taken not as a novel but as a series of sketches of New England types, descriptions of New England scenery, and discussions not too profound of topics in religion, politics, and aesthetics, has distinct merit. This is much the same merit that is exhibited, under much the same limitations, by Beecher's short essays: though he had imagination, he had no architectonic.

Beneath the routine activities of the next twenty years—his regular sermons, the public addresses for which he was more and more in request, and his sentimental *Life of Jesus the Christ* (1871), Beecher was quietly conducting an earnest study of the evolutionary philosophy. From the very beginning of his acquaintance with the new way of thinking, he seems to have felt that it would be his latest and his last instrument for enfranchising the soul; and when he had accomplished his task of educating public opinion at home and abroad toward the abolition of slavery, he turned to this other task of spiritual emancipation. "If I had preached thirty years ago," he says in one of the sermons of his *Evolution and Religion* (1885), "what I preach now, it would have been a great mischief to you; but for thirty years I have been cautious, and have fed you as you could bear it."

Beecher did not, it would seem, understand the full power of the instrument he was employing, and as he was a man of images and not of ideas he never brought his own self-contradictions to a clear issue. In his prevailing mood he makes the
assumption, which comes down to him from Platonism, natural religion, and Transcendentalism, that nature is a symbol of God and the moral order, is a continuing revelation of God, is sympathetic with humanity, and is parallel, analogous, and favourable to religion and morals. Often, however, he realizes to some extent, and frankly declares, as far as he realizes it, the inevitable implication of the theory of natural selection, that nature is alien to the moral strivings of man, and is thoroughly immoral if not immoral. When he is conscious of his self-contradiction at all, Beecher seems merely puzzled by it as by one mystery among many. It would of course be fatal to his work if that work were a philosophical system—which it is not.

Despite his indecision upon this central problem, really the problem of evil itself, Beecher succeeds in giving sight and freedom to souls weighed down and blinded by the old unhappy dogma of depravity. Without denying man's sinfulness, he reverses the whole prospect of humanity by simply declaring that it is not true that men were created innocent but fell and incurred a debt which they could never hope to pay; but rather that the human race began low down, has not come up very far, and has the opportunity for limitless development upward.

Beecher's close contact with his audience and the abundance of his imagery are the sources of his peculiar power. They keep his style homely and racy (Robert South declared to have been his chief model), and hold his thought and feeling near to human needs. He deliberately cultivated both. He carried pocketfuls of gems, which he loved to turn over and examine; he haunted picture-galleries and jewellers' shops. Like Whitman, whom he is said to have influenced, he walked the streets, spent whole days among the docks and ferry boats, made himself familiar with all sorts of trades, and talked with all sorts of people. These sources of power were also at times sources of weakness. Beecher came to depend upon hearers rather than readers; his hand faltered when he felt himself out of contact with an audience; and as he could not bring himself to revise with any degree of care the reports of his oral discourse, the form in which much of it has come to us is distinctly sub-literary. His exuberance of imagery also upon occasion betrayed him into incongruity and bathos. Yet his
writings as a whole produce a deepening impression of merit. Here was a large personality, all of a piece, singularly free from repressions, and with no closet for a skeleton to lurk in. Beecher's openness of soul—exhibiting frankly his delight in beautiful things and in human contacts—is perhaps his characteristic note, and together with the great historical interest of his work will probably go far to render it permanent.

Mark Hopkins was one of a group of clerical college presidents and teachers in whom the old interest in systems was transferred from theology to "anthropology." The group includes men like Francis Wayland (1796-1865), President of Brown University (1827-55); Archibald Alexander (1772-1851), professor at Princeton; James McCosh (1811-94), President of Princeton (1868-88); and Noah Porter, (1811-94), President of Yale (1871-86). All of these turn from dogmatic theology to psychology, ethics, and the relations of the human mind to Christianity. They produce textbooks on "Christian Evidences," "Moral Science" or "Moral Philosophy," and "Mental Philosophy," for the most part in a vein of Scottish dualistic realism modified by Sir William Hamilton's Kantian importations.

Mark Hopkins, like Beecher, came of tough-minded stock in a tough-minded region. He was the grandson of Mark, one of three younger brothers who were reared by the benevolent Samuel Hopkins. He was born at Stockbridge, graduated in 1824 at Williams College, and spent the next two years there as tutor. In 1829 he took a degree in medicine at the Berkshire Medical College in Pittsfield, but in 1830 returned to Williams town as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric. Though licensed in 1833, he did not accept a pulpit, but in 1836 became President of Williams College, where he did main service until his resignation in 1872. He remained at Williams town as President Emeritus, and as a general counsellor to the college and to the very wide community of his pupils.

The influence to which they testify is accounted for not only by his strong, gentle, and sympathetic personality, but also by his mastery of those pregnant generalizations which interest growing minds. He was from first to last a man of ideas. It would be too much to expect that among so many ideas even the majority should be original, and in point of fact
Hopkins derived nearly all from his Calvinistic tradition and from his reading. His works refer explicitly to an exceedingly large number of authors. But the success with which, as a teacher, he caused his pupils to wheel his ideas into action, is surely originality enough. Those ideas, if not themselves a liberal education, gave to the education of hundreds its coherence, articulation, and aim. The winged word of his pupil James A. Garfield, variously reported, asserts that the essence of a college is a student at one end of a log and Mark Hopkins at the other.

Literary quality was only a by-product of a mind that primarily engaged in forming character. Hopkins's prose is exceedingly uneven. Probably nothing in it was obscure when he spoke it aloud with his own significant intonations; but as a text for the eye it abounds in pitfalls. Yet he so reiterated, developed, illustrated, and enforced his ideas as to produce a total effect of lucidity. He has moments, too, of eloquence and charm.

From the Edwardian tradition Hopkins received the concept of universal benevolence, the dogmatic side of which interested him, however, much less than its usefulness as a basis of ethics. From his very early essay on *The Connection between Taste and Morals* down to his latest volume on *The Scriptural Idea of Man*, he so used it. In his mind it coincided fruitfully with the Aristotelian notion of a scale of things in which each lower member is the condition of a higher; the State, for instance, in which the best life for the citizen is conditioned upon the existence of slaves. Hopkins combined these or kindred ideas into a scale of forces and beings each member of which had a worth higher than that of the one upon which it was conditioned. Thus he established at once a series of ethical values and a series of physical phenomena, each built upon all the preceding and all leading up to the highest, which took up all the lower, and benevolence toward which was the basis of morals. As early as 1857 Hopkins's baccalaureate sermon, *The Higher and the Lower Good*, explained gravity as conditioning cohesion, cohesion as conditioning chemical affinity, and so on up through regularity of form, organic life, sensitive life, rational life, and moral life. Thenceforward this conception reappeared in all his more important works.
Mark Hopkins

Essential to its working also was the assumption that each stage was lifted into the next higher stage by the addition of some external force. It will be observed that this gave Hopkins a full-fledged evolutionary process, worked, however, not from within but from without, by means of accessions of matter and force effected by an external artificer. It was this last phase of his theory that gradually drew to itself the chief emphasis and the most important functions of the whole, and became in Hopkins's hands his great instrument of liberation.

To Hopkins's thinking, the evolutionary philosophy threatened the destruction of personality, the personality of God and of man, both of whom seemed about to be swallowed up in a mechanistic nature. Hopkins has no illusions on the subject. Charm she never so wisely, Nature cannot persuade him of her virtue. She is not, except in some very early Platonic effusions of his, the symbol of a divine moral order, but is rather a machine grinding out uniform cycles under mechanical necessity, and making no answer to the human demand for purpose and freedom. These elements must be supplied from without; and it is a detached Deity who supplies them.

The germ of this portion of Hopkins's system appears in one of his earliest published works, that entitled On the Argument from Nature for the Divine Existence (1833), a review of Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy and General Physics Considered with Reference to Natural Theology. Here Hopkins already discredits the "argument from design" and finds evidence of the existence of God much less in nature than in man. Nature, though full of "contrivance," is often irrational and neither wise nor good; only in man is there found a glimmering of wisdom and goodness, only there a moral valuation,—which must be the effect of a cause not different in kind, and hence of the Deity. This argument, too, runs throughout Hopkins's system, parallel with his use of the scale of conditioning and conditioned; so that when he beholds the menace of the evolutionary philosophy, he has his weapons ready.

Tyndall's Belfast Address (1874), with its assertion of the complete immanence of all the developing forces within matter itself, realized Hopkins's worst fears; and thenceforth he held evolutionism to this its extreme logic. With a flexibility that
was little short of marvellous in one well past his three-score years and ten and confronted by a new and complex hypothesis, he seized at once the fundamental issue between evolutionism and Christianity. This, he saw, was essentially the old issue of immanence against transcendence. Many a younger mind even now fails to grasp this ultimate implication as Hopkins grasped it the moment Tyndall pointed it out; many a Christian even now thinks himself a thorough-going evolutionist when he believes that a detached God created the universe and left it thenceforth to evolve. Hopkins perceived and turned to account with much acumen these same intellectual compromises, futilities, and divisions within the camp of the evolutionists themselves. Spencer, with his utterly detached transcendent Absolute; Fiske, with his old argument from nature to his new unknowable power distinct from matter; and, Hopkins might have added, Wallace, with his several special creations of "higher faculties," one every little while;—these, clearly enough, not only were divided among themselves, but were not carrying the evolutionary argument "whithersoever it led." They were only clouding the issue. All such compromises he refused, and with an intellectual honesty and courage even more admirable than his flexibility, pushed the question to its ultimate form and squarely faced it there. About each professor of evolution he asks, in effect: "Does he, or does he not, say that this power is inherent in matter? If he does, he is properly an evolutionist. If he does not, . . . but says that the results are due to the action of a being . . . that is separable from matter and uses it, then he is not properly an evolutionist." So facing the question, Hopkins had no need of the Bishop of Oxford's weapons. For at least a generation his own mind, as if anticipating the struggle to come, had been forging its sword.

Hopkins, then, uncompromisingly groups together evolutionism, with its mechanistic nature, its continuity, uniformity, necessity, law, monism, immanence, and tendency to pantheism, over against a scale of being that rises into personality, with its freedom, its choice of ends, its discontinuity, its movement per saltum, its realism as to species, its supernatural man, and its transcendent Deity. The sum of God's attributes, indeed, is that he is a person; and for Hopkins religion is faith in a
person. This order of ideas, suggested as early as the Will- iams College Semicentennial Address of 1843, grows stronger and stronger in the series of his works; with deepening earnestness he declares that, deprived of personality and of the scale of moral values conditioned by it, the world will go forever circling through mechanical revolutions, but that progress is impossible.

It is a matter for serious inquiry whether the future is not with him. The world has of course moved beyond a denial of the facts of evolution; but it may have to admit that from the accepted and undeniable facts it has been drawing the falsest inferences. The romantic “return to Nature” has led man into the suicidal fallacy that he ought to imitate her in the conduct of his own affairs, and that because he has been evolved by natural selection he must continue its wild work. A reaction against these romantic horrors is now in sight. Many are feeling that romanticism, having given us its best, has had its day; and that “as the Nineteenth Century put man into nature, so it will be the business of the Twentieth to take him out.” If man shall indeed acknowledge that he has been following the law for thing rather than the law for man, if he shall understand how it was by following nature’s senseless competitive ways, instead of subjecting his self-assertiveness to man’s ethical scale, that he betrayed his race to mutual slaughter, and how it was a pseudo-scientific philosophy that brought him to this deadrosa passe, he will turn from his ghastly naturalism to a controlling humanism such as has never yet been realized.
CHAPTER XXIII

Writers of Familiar Verse

I. HOLMES

ONE of the best known passages in Elsie Venner is that in which Holmes asserted the existence of an aristocracy in New England, or at least a caste, which "by the repetition of the same influences, generation after generation," has "acquired a distinct organization and physiognomy." This caste is composed of those whose ancestors have had the advantage of college training and have practised one or another of the three learned professions. The young man born in this selected group is commonly slender, with a smooth face and with features regular and of a certain delicacy. "His eye is bright and quick,—his lips play over the thought much as a pianist's fingers dance over their music,—and his whole air, though it may be timid, and even awkward, has nothing clownish." Teachers discover that he "will take to his books as a pointer or setter to his field work." He may be intended for the bar while his father was a minister and his grandfather a physician; and by the very fact of this heredity he "belongs to the Brahmin caste of New England."

The man who thus described this caste was himself a Brahmin of the strictest sect, endowed with its best qualities, and devoid of its less estimable characteristics,—the tendency to anemia and to the semi-hysterical outlook of the dyspeptic reformer. He was energetic, wholesome to the core, sound and sane, unfailingly alert, fundamentally open-minded, never tempted to crankiness or freakishness. He was born in an illustrious year, 1809, which saw the birth of Darwin and Lincoln, of Tennyson and Gladstone, of Chopin, Mendelssohn,
Holmes's Youth

and Edgar Allan Poe. It was toward the end of August that the Rev. Abiel Holmes, author of the *Annals of America*,¹ made a brief entry at the foot of a page in his almanac, "—39. son b." The son was named Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Wendell being the maiden name of his mother, descended from an Evert Jansen Wendell who had been one of the early settlers of Albany; and thus her son could claim a remote relationship with the Dutch poet Vondel:

And Vondel was a Wendell who spelt it with a V.

Through his father, the Calvinist minister, and his grandfather, a physician who had served in the Revolution with the Continental troops, Holmes was descended from Anne, daughter of Thomas Dudley, governor of Massachusetts Bay, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, twice governor of the province.² The author of the *Autocrat* shared with R. H. Dana, author of *Two Years before the Mast*, the honour of descent from this literary ancestress. Holmes was born in Cambridge, in an old gambrel-roofed house that had served as General Ward's headquarters at the outbreak of the Revolution: "The plan for fortifying Bunker's Hill was laid, as commonly believed, in the southeast room, the floor of which was covered with dents, made, it is alleged, by the butts of the soldiers' muskets." Holmes's mother, it may be recorded here, to account in a measure for the veracity and the vigour of his *Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle*, was only a little girl of six when she was hurried off from Boston, then taken by the British, who were preceded by rumours that "the redcoats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along."

It was in Cambridge that Holmes grew to boyhood, playing under the Washington Elm. He was sent to what was then known as a "dame's school." He had an early inclination to verse, and composed rhyming lines in imitation of Pope and Goldsmith before he knew how to write; and Pope and Goldsmith remained his masters in metrical composition to the end of his long life. His father had a library of between one and two thousand volumes, and in this the son browsed at

¹ See Book II, Chap. XVIII.
² For Anne Bradstreet, see Book I, Chap. IX.
Writers of Familiar Verse

will, reading in books rather than through them. "I like books," he told us later; "I was born and bred among them and have the easy feeling when I get into their presence, that a stable boy has among horses." When he was fifteen he was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover; and at sixteen he entered Harvard, graduating in 1829, eight years after Emerson and nine before Lowell. Among his classmates were James Freeman Clarke* and S. F. Smith, the author of America (1832). He wrote freely for the college papers, both in prose and verse, preserving in his collected works only a very few of his earlier humorous lyrics.

Upon his graduation he hesitated as to his profession, spending a year at the Dana Law School without awakening any liking for the law, and confessing later that "the seduction of verse-writing" had made this period "less profitable than it should have been." Yet it was while he was supposed to be studying law, and when he was just twenty-one, that he wrote the first of his poems to achieve an immediate and lasting popularity. This was the fiery lyric on Old Ironsides, protesting against the breaking up of the frigate Constitution, victor in the naval duel with the Guerrière. The glowing stanzas were written in a white heat of indignation against the proposed degradation of a national glory; they were published in 1830 in the Boston Advertiser; they were copied in newspapers all over the country; they were reprinted on broadsides; and they accomplished their purpose of saving the ship, which did not go out of commission for more than half a century after Holmes had rhymed his fervent appeal for its preservation.

At last he turned from the law to medicine, the profession of his grandfather. He studied for a while at the private school of Dr. James Jackson; and then he crossed the Atlantic to profit by the superior instruction to be had in Paris. Half a century later he recorded:

I was in Europe about two years and a half, from April, 1833, to October, 1835. I sailed in the packet ship "Philadelphia" from New York to Portsmouth, where we arrived after a passage of twenty-four days. . . . I then crossed the channel to Havre, from

* See Book II, Chap. viii.
Holmes's Professional Career

which I went to Paris. In the spring and summer of 1834 I made
my principal visit to England and Scotland. . . . I returned in the
packet ship "Utica," sailing from Havre, and reaching New York
after a passage of forty-two days.

On his return to America he settled in Boston as a prac-
tising physician, taking as his motto "the smallest fevers
thankfully received." He was twenty-seven when he obtained
the degree of doctor of medicine and when he issued his
earliest volume of poems. Nothing that he had written before
or that he was to write later was more characteristic than one
of the lyrics in this book,—The Last Leaf. He won several
prizes for dissertations upon medical themes, published to-
gether in 1838; and the next year he was appointed professor
of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Dartmouth
College, a position which he held for only a brief period. In
1840 he married Amelia Lee Jackson. He had resumed his
practice in Boston, and he continued to contribute freely to the
literature of his profession. He was always justly proud of
his share in diminishing the danger from puerperal fever and of
his trenchant attack upon Homeopathy and its Kindred Delu-
sions (1842). Then in 1847 he was called to Harvard as
professor of anatomy and physiology; and this position he was
to fill with distinction for thirty-five years.

The career of Holmes was placid and uneventful even be-
yond the average of literary careers. Nothing happened to
him other than the commonplace of life; he took part in
nothing unusual; he practised medicine for a few years and he
taught medical students for many years; he wrote prose and
verse in abundance; and in the fullness of years he died. The
only dates that call for record here are those of the publication
of his successive books. Until he was almost at the summit of
his half-century he was known to the general public only as a
writer of verse. He used prose for his discussions of medical
questions; and whenever he was moved to express his opinions
on other themes he chose the medium of metre. Those were
the fertile years of the Lyceum System, and Holmes went the
rounds of the lecture-halls like many others of the New England
authors who were his contemporaries; but even as a lecturer
he preferred rhyming verse to the customary colloquial prose.
Then quite unexpectedly, when he was forty-eight, an age when most men shrink from any new departure disconcerting to their indurated habits, he revealed himself in an entirely new aspect. The Atlantic Monthly was started in 1857 with Lowell as its editor; and to its early numbers Holmes contributed The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Lowell had insisted as a condition precedent to his acceptance of the editorship that Holmes should be a constant contributor, awakening him "from a kind of lethargy in which" he was "half-slabering."

Much of the vogue of the new magazine was due to the novel flavour of Holmes's series of papers; and he was persuaded to follow up his first success with kindred volumes entitled The Professor at the Breakfast-Table (1860), The Poet at the Breakfast-Table (1872), and Over the Teacups (1890). For the same monthly he wrote many disconnected essays, some of which he sent forth in 1863 under the appropriate name Soundings from the Atlantic. In the several volumes of the Breakfast Table series there is a thin thread of story and the obligatory wedding winds them up at the end; and in his three attempts at fiction, Elsie Venner (1861), The Guardian Angel (1869), and A Mortal Antipathy (1883), the thread is only a little strengthened and there is no overt abandonment of the leisurely method of the essayist. From the telling of fictitious biographies to the writing of the lives of two of his friends was only a step; and he published a memoir of John Lothrop Motley in 1878 and a study of Emerson in 1884.

It was in 1883, when he was seventy-four, that he resigned his professorship; and it was in 1886, when he was seventy-seven, that he paid his second visit to Europe. He spent the summer mainly in England, and in London he was "the lion of the season." It was almost exactly half a century since his first voyage across the ocean; and on his return from this second voyage he wrote out a pleasantly personal narrative of Our Hundred Days in Europe. At intervals, for nearly sixty years, he had sent forth volumes of verse; the latest to appear (in 1888) was aptly entitled Before the Curtain,—as Longfellow had called his final volume In the Harbour and Whittier had felicitously styled his last book At Sundown. On 7 October, 1894, Holmes died at the ripe age of eighty-five, unusual even
Holmes’s Charm

among the long-lived American poets of his generation, of whom he was the last to survive.

During his second visit to London, Holmes was the guest of honour at a dinner of the Rabelais Club, founded to cherish the memory of an earlier humorist who was also a practitioner of medicine; and in his letter accepting the invitation he took occasion to confess his regard for another physician-author, Ambroise Paré, whom he termed “good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty.” And all five of these characteristics he possessed himself. He was a gentleman and a scholar—to revive the fine old phrase—who was also a physician learned in the lore of the healing art and keenly interested in its history. He was a gentleman and a scholar, who was also a man of the world, in the best sense of that abused term,—a man of the world holding a modest place as a man of science. And at bottom he was a Yankee, with a true Yankee inventiveness,—the hand-stereoscope he devised being the outward and visible sign of this native gift, which was exhibited incessantly in his writings, notably in The Physiology of Verse and in The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Fel lows. In prose and in verse he disclosed an unfailing Yankee cleverness, whittling his rhymes and sharpening his phrases with an innate dexterity.

"The secret of a man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested," William Dean Howells has told us; "and this was above all the secret of the charm Doctor Holmes had for every one." There is zest and gusto in all that he wrote, and the reader can share the writer’s own enjoyment. Especially was the writer interested in himself, as the true essayist must be. His delight in talking about himself was complacent, contagious, and innocent. "I have always been good company for myself." Holmes once confessed; and this is one reason why he has been pleasantly companionable to countless readers who found in him a friendly quality which took them captive. His egotism was as patent as Montaigne’s, even if it was not so frank in its expression nor so searching in its analysis. The more of himself he revealed, the more he won the hearts of his fellow men, who relished the gentleness and the firmness of the character so openly disclosed, its kindliness, its urbanity and amenity, its lack of all acerbity or acidity, its total free-
Writers of Familiar Verse

don from the rennet of meanness which curdles the milk of human kindness.

In a letter which Whittier wrote for a celebration of Holmes's seventy-fifth birthday, the Quaker poet singled out for praise the Boston bard's "genial nature, entire freedom from jealousy and envy, quick tenderness, large charity, hatred of sham, pretence and unreality, and his reverent sense of the eternal and permanent." This is keen criticism. Holmes was a wit, but there was no bitterness in his laughter, because it lacked scorn; and there was in it no echo of the cruel sterility of Voltaire's irony. We can say of Holmes what Moore said of Sheridan, that his wit never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

We can say this with the weightier emphasis when we recall the cheerful courtesy with which he met the vindictive and virulent retorts evoked by his dissolvent analysis of the abhorrent and horrible aspects of Calvinism, a disestablished code inherited from a less civilized past. Holmes's influence was civilized and humanizing; and it was more important than we are likely now to recognize. He had in a high degree the social instinct which has given grace to French life and which was perhaps accentuated in him during his two years' stay in Paris in his malleable youth. He was the constant exponent of good manners and of right feeling, at a period in the evolution of American society when the need for this was even more evident than it is now.

It was in a score of his poems and in the successive volumes of the Breakfast-Table series that Holmes most completely disclosed himself. His two biographies and his three novels are far less important,—in fact, these other prose writings are important chiefly because they are the work of the "Autocrat"; and it may be well to deal with them briefly before considering his major work, in which he is expressing the essence of his cheerful optimism. The less significant of his two memoirs is that of Motley, a labour of love undertaken in the months that followed hard upon the death of the historian. "To love a character," said Stevenson, "is the only heroic way of understanding it." Possibly an author could
write a vigorous life of a man he hated, since hatred is the other side of love. But no author could paint a vital portrait of a personality which left him indifferent; to his biographer at least a man must be a hero; and no valet has yet written an acceptable account of his master's life. But love needs to be controlled by judgment; and Holmes, at the time he composed his memoir, felt too keenly the injustice from which Motley had suffered to be able to survey the career and to estimate the character of the eminent historian with the detachment necessary to the painting of a portrait for posterity. What he did was to put forward an apology for Motley, with undue insistence upon the temporary griefs of the man and with less adequate consideration of the histories by which his fame is supported.

The biography of Emerson is far better, even if it also is not wholly satisfactory. It is in no sense an apology, for there was nothing in Emerson to extenuate. It is less personal, more detached, more disinterested, more comprehensive. It is admirably planned, with the adroitly articulated skeleton which we have a right to expect from a professor of anatomy. It is rich in appreciation and abundant in phrases of unforgettable felicity, for Holmes was ever the neatest of craftsmen. But when all is said, we cannot repress the conviction that he was out of his natural element when he undertook to deal with a figure so elusive as Emerson's. Holmes's very qualities, his concreteness, his sense of reality, his social instinct, tended to unfit him for interpreting an intangible personality like Emerson. He was characteristically witty when he compared Emerson to those "living organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing through their transparent tissues"; but he did not altogether succeed in making us feel the ultimate purpose for which Emerson's heart beat and his blood flowed. The interest of the biography—and it has its full share of the interest which animated all that Holmes wrote—is kept alive rather by the adroitness of its author than by the revelation of its subject.

Such also is the interest of his three novels; they appeal to those who relish the flavour of Holmes's personality rather than to those who expect a work of fiction to be first of all a story, and secondly a story peopled with accusable characters.
In one of the prefaces to *Elzie Venner* Holmes cited the remark of a dear old lady who spoke of the tale as "a medicated novel"; and he declared that he was "always pleased with her discriminating criticism." It is not unfair to say that all three novels were conceived by a physician and composed by an essayist. Holmes, so Leslie Stephen asserted, lacked the "essential quality of an inspired novelist," which is "to get absorbed in his story and to feel as though he were watching instead of contriving the development of a situation."

Of *Elzie Venner* Holmes himself said that the "only use of the story is to bring the dogma of inherited guilt and its consequences into a clearer point of view"; and he declared that his "heroine found her origin not in fable or romance, but in a physiological conception, fertilized by a theological dogma." In other words, *Elzie Venner* is a novel-with-a-purpose; it is a fiction devised by a nineteenth-century physician to attack eighteenth-century Calvinism. Perhaps a born story-teller could have so constructed his narrative as to fascinate the reader in spite of the argument it was intended to carry, but Holmes was not a born story-teller. He described characters and places, not for their bearing on the story itself, and not even for suggesting the appropriate atmosphere of the action, but mainly if not solely for their own sake, and quite in the manner of the character-writers who had blazed the trail for the early essayists. By the side of figures thoroughly known and delicately delineated, there are others, not a few, outlined in the primary colours and trembling on the very verge of caricature. In this we can discover the unfortunate influence of Dickens, as we can perceive the fortunate influence of Hawthorne in the treatment of the abnormal heroine. And equally obvious is the influence of Thackeray, who also began and ended his career as an essayist. Thackeray, even if he had a bias toward moralizing, confessed to the Brookfields that he found his ethical lectures very convenient when he had to pad out his copy to fill the allotted number of pages in the monthly parts in which his larger novels originally appeared. But Thackeray, after all, was a born story-teller, an inspired novelist, who got absorbed in his story and felt as though he were watching and not inventing his situations. Holmes lingered by the way and chatted with the reader, not from any
Holmes's Novels

external necessity, but because digression and even disquisition is to the essayist the breath of life.

In The Guardian Angel, the heroine is a composite photograph of half a dozen warring ancestors of whom now one and now another emerges into view to insist upon the reappearance of his or her identity in Myrtle Hazard. Yet, when all deductions are made, both Elsie Venner and The Guardian Angel have many a chapter that only Holmes could have written, rich in wisdom, in wit, in whimsy, and in knowledge of the world. But this can scarcely be said of A Mortal Antipathy, the latest of the medicated fictions and the feeblest, written when its author had long passed threescore years and ten. The physiological theme is too far-fetched, too unusual, too abnormal, to win acceptance even if it had been handled by a master of fiction; and we may doubt whether even Balzac could have dealt with it triumphantly. As Holmes dealt with it, it did not justify itself; the narrative was too fragmentary for fiction and too forced, while the intercalary papers lacked the freshness of view and the unpromediated ease of Holmes's earlier manner as an essayist.

"The prologue of life is finished at twenty; then come five acts of a decade each, and the play is over, with now and then a pleasant orata tedious afterpiece, when half the lights are put out, and half the orchestra is gone." When Holmes wrote this, he could not foresee that he would be able to keep in their seats more than half of the spectators, if not the most of them, to the very end of his pleasant afterpiece. He was not forty when he first discoursed as the "Autocrat," and he was twice forty when he gossipied "Over the Tea cups." In the octogenarian book he may be a little less spontaneous and a little more self-centred than in its predecessor of two score years earlier; and the shadowy figures who take part in its conversations may seem to talk a little because they are aware that they were created on purpose to converse, instead of talking freely for the fun of it as the solider persons who met around the breakfast table were wont to do. Yet the latest of the group, even if its wit be less pungent, has almost as many samples of shrewd sagacity as adorned the two books that came after the Autocrat.

"Habits are the crutches of old age," Holmes tells us; and he never lost the habit of cheerfulness. There is no hypocritic
praising of past times; on the contrary there is a blithe and buoyant recognition of the gains garnered in eighty years.

*Over the Teacups* may be a little inferior to *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* but only as the *Poet* is a little inferior to the *Professor* and the *Professor* to the *Autocrat*, because the freshness had faded and because we were no longer taken by surprise. The *Autocrat* struck the centre of the target and the hit was acclaimed with delight; the later books went to the same mark, even if they were not winged by an aim as unerring. No doubt, a part of the immediate success of the *Autocrat* was due to its novelty,—novelty of form and novelty of content. Holmes was characteristically shrewd when he declared that "the first of my series came from my mind almost with an explosion, like the champagne cork; it startled me a little to see what I had written and to hear what people said about it. After that first explosion the flow was more sober, and I looked upon the product of my wine-press more coolly"; and he added, "continuations almost always sag a little." Perhaps the novelty of form was more apparent than real, since Steele and Addison had given us a group of characters talking at large as they clustered about Sir Roger de Coverley. But there is this salient difference, that in *The Spectator* the talk is mainly for the purpose of creating character, whereas in the *Autocrat* the characters have been created that they might listen.

Yet in so far as the *Autocrat* has a model, this is plainly enough the eighteenth-century essay, invented by Steele, improved by Addison, clumsily attempted by Johnson, and lightly varied by Goldsmith. Steele is the originator of the form, since the earlier essay of Montaigne and of Bacon makes no use of dialogue; it has only one interlocutor, the essayist himself, recording only his own feelings, his own opinions, and his own judgments. Steele was probably influenced by the English character-writers, perhaps also by the lighter *satires* of Horace, and quite possibly by the comedies of Molière,—notably by the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Femmes Savantes*. The outline Steele sketched the less original Addison filled with a richer colour. As Holmes had begun when a child by imitating the verse of Pope and Goldsmith, so as a man when he wrote prose he followed the pattern set by Steele and Addison. Although he was not born until the ninth year of the
nineteenth century, he was really a survivor from the eighteenth century; and his prose like his verse has the eighteenth-century characteristics, despite the fact that he himself was ever alert to apprehend the new scientific spirit of the century in which he lived.

The real novelty of the Autocrat was in its content, that is to say, in Holmes himself, the master talker of the Breakfast-Table, in the skill with which the accent of conversation is caught. The other characters are responsible for an occasional remark not without individuality and point; but the Autocrat himself tends to be a monopolist and to intermit his discourse only that his adversary in the verbal combat may lay himself open to a series of sharp thrusts in retort. This is as it should be, since the others who gather about the breakfast table were but ordinary mortals, after all, whereas the Autocrat was an extraordinary mortal, an artist in conversation, gifted by nature and trained by long experience, a man who had thought widely if not deeply about life, who had read the records of the past and who could revive them to shed light on the present, a physician abreast of modern science and swift to bring its new discoveries to bear on the old problems of life. In reading the Breakfast-Table series in swift succession the reader cannot help remarking the frequency with which Holmes draws on his professional experience; he sees men and women through the clear spectacles of the family physician; and perhaps one reason why he arrogates to himself the major part of the conversation is in revenge for the silence imposed on the practitioner by the tedious and interminable talk of his patients about themselves to which the family physician has perforce to submit. Holmes used medical analogies and dropped into the terminology of the anatomist and physiologist with the same frequency that Shakespeare employed the vocabulary of the theatre, even in incongruous situations finding material for figures of speech in his own experience on the stage.

Holmes is not only a man of science and a man of the world, he is also a humorist and a wit,—a wit who has no antipathy even to the humble but useful pun,—a humorist abounding in whimsy. And as a result of this fourfold equipment his talk is excellent merely as talk. It has the flavour of the spoken word; it is absolutely unacademic and totally
Writers of Familiar Verse

devoid of pedantry. Therefore it is not only delightful but stimulating; it continually makes the reader think for himself and turns back upon himself. Despite its acuteness, its liveliness, its briskness, its vivacity, it never lacks seriousness, without ever becoming ponderous.

It may be that Holmes does not attain to the high seriousness, the deep seriousness, of enduring philosophy; and it cannot be denied that there are pages here and there which are not as valid today as when they were written. It would be doing the Autocrat an ill-service to compare him with his remote and mighty predecessors Montaigne and Bacon. And it may be admitted that there is more or less warrant for the remark of John Burroughs, to the effect that Holmes always reminded him "of certain of our bird songsters, such as the brown thrasher or the cat-bird, whose performances always seem to imply a spectator and to challenge his admiration." Holmes seems "to write with his eye upon his reader, and to calculate the advance upon his reader's surprise and pleasure." To admit this would be only to acknowledge the truth of the French saying that every man has the defects of his qualities. But it cannot be admitted if it implies that Holmes was unduly self-conscious or affected or pretentious. In fact, much of the charm of the Autocrat is due to the entire absence of affectation and to the apparent spontaneity of the talk which pours so easily from his lips and which discloses so abundantly the winning personality of Holmes himself. "Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it," so Stevenson has told us; and Holmes was fortunate in that his circular letter made a friend of every one who received it.

The qualities which give charm to Holmes's prose are those which please us also in his verse. He has left a dozen or a score of lyrics secure in the anthologies of the future. But he wrote too easily and he wrote too much to maintain a high average in the three hundred double-columned pages in which his complete poems are collected. No poet or prose man can take down to posterity a baggage wagon of his works, and he is lucky if he can save enough to fill a saddle-bag. Holmes's reputation as a poet will rise when his verses are winnowed and garnered into a thin volume of a scant hundred pages
Holmes's Serious Poetry

wherein Old Ironsides and The Last Leaf, The Chambered Nautilus and Homestick in Heaven, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay" and The Broomstick Train, Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle, and a handful more are unincumbered by the hundreds of occasional verses which were each of them good enough for its special occasion and yet not good enough to demand remembrance after the event.

There are a few of Holmes's loftier poems in which we feel that the inspiration is equal to the aspiration; but there are only a few of them, with The Chambered Nautilus at the head, accompanied by Homestick in Heaven,—not overpraised by Howells when he called it one of the "most profoundly pathetic of the language." And Stedman was right also when he suggested that Holmes's serious poetry had scarcely been the serious work of his life. Even at its best this serious poetry is the result of his intelligence rather than of his imagination. It lacks depth of feeling and largeness of vision. It has a French felicity of fancy, a French dexterity of craftsmanship, a French point and polish; and also a French inadequacy of emotion. "Assuredly we love poetry in France," said Anatole France, when he was discussing the verse of Sainte-Beuve; "but we love it in our own fashion; we insist that it shall be eloquent, and we willingly excuse it from being poetic." Old Ironsides, fiery as its lines ring out, is eloquent rather than truly poetic.

Here again Holmes declares himself as a survival from the eighteenth century, when English literature conformed to French principles. His favourite reading as a child was Pope's Homer, the couplets of which "stimulated his imagination in spite of their formal symmetry." And even their formal symmetry was not displeasing to his natural taste:

And so the hand that takes the lyre for you
Plays the old tune on strings that once were new.
Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
The straight-backed measures with its stately stride;
It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope;
In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain,
Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain;
I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly worn.
The even merit of its occasional verse is one of the obvious qualities of the eighteenth century which we find also in Holmes. Late in life he admitted that he had become rather too well known in connection with "occasions." He was intensely loyal to Boston; and he felt that he had no right to refuse the summons to stand and deliver whenever the city received an honoured guest or when an honoured citizen died or went away or came back. As he explained in one of these occasional pieces,

"I'm a florist in verse, and what would people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?"

Late in life Holmes admitted that "many a trifling performance has had more good honest work put into it than the minister's sermon of that week had cost him"; he confessed to strenuous effort over his copy of verses, insisting that "if a vessel glides off the ways smoothly and easily at her launching, it does not mean that no great pains have been taken to secure the result"; and he proudly reminded his readers that "Pindar's great odes were occasional poems . . . and yet they have come down among the most precious bequests of antiquity to modern times." The noblest example of English prose in the nineteenth century, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, was also evoked by an occasion. Even if Holmes's occasional verse has not the lofty elevation of Pindar's odes or the pathetic simplicity of Lincoln's little speech, it has almost always an exquisite propriety to the event itself, an unfailing happiness of epithet, a perfect adequacy to the moment of local importance. Its chief fault, if not its only defect, is that there is too much of it, even if its average is higher than might reasonably be expected.

In a letter to Lowell, Holmes declared, speaking of Bostonians in particular and yet perhaps also of Americans in general, that "we Boston people are so bright and wide-awake . . . that we have been in danger of thinking our local scale was the absolute one of excellence—forgetting that 212 Fahrenheit is but 100 centigrade." There is one department of poetry in which Holmes can withstand without any danger of shrinking the application of the centigrade scale; this is the department of vers de société, so called, although it is never merely society verse. Perhaps Cowper's term best describes it, "familiar
Holmes's Familiar Verse

verse,” the lyric commingled of humour and pathos, brief and brilliant and buoyant, seemingly unaffected and unpredetermined, and yet—if we may judge by the infrequency of supreme success—undeniably difficult, despite its apparent ease. Dr. Johnson, who was himself quite incapable of it, too heavily-footed to achieve its lightness, too polysyllabic to attain its vernacular terseness, was yet shrewd enough to see that it is less difficult to write a volume of lines, swelled with epithets, brightened with figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets, grand only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able for twenty lines together nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.

In this “easy poetry,” which is the metrical equivalent of the essay in its charm, in its grace and in its colloquial liberty, Holmes has few rivals in our language. It was with strict justice that Locker-Lampson, in the preface to the first edition of Lyra Elegiaca (1867)—to this day the most satisfactory anthology of vers de société,—declared that Holmes was “perhaps the best living writer of this species of verse.” It may be recorded also that Locker-Lampson paid Holmes the even sincerer compliment of imitation, borrowing for two of his delightful lyrics not only the spirit but also the stanza Holmes had invented for The Last Leaf. With characteristic frankness the London lyricist once told an American admirer that this stanza might seem easy but it was difficult, so difficult that no one had handled it with complete success—except Holmes and himself.

Locker-Lampson derived directly from Praed, whose verses have an electric and dazzling brilliance, whereas in Holmes the radiance is more subdued and less blinding. Of all the writers of familiar verse no one has ever surpassed Holmes in the delicate blending of pathos with humour, as exemplified most strikingly in The Last Leaf, in which fantasy plays hide and seek with sentiment. Scarcely less delightful in its eighteenth-century quaintness is the family portrait, Dorothy Q; and close to those two masterpieces are lesser lyrics like Contemplation, Bill and Joe, and the lines On Lending a Punch Bowl and To an Insect:
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I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolk,—
Old gentlefolk are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

These are only a few of the best of his lighter lyrics, now sprightly and sparkling, and now softer and more appealing, often evoking the swift smile, although never demanding the loud laugh, and sometimes starting the tear on its way to the eyelid; and in them Holmes proved that Stedman was only just when he declared that familiar verse may be "picturesque, even dramatic," and that it may "rise to a high degree of humor and of sage and tender thought."

II. MINOR WRITERS

It is in a half dozen of the ineffably graceful lyrics of the Greek anthology and in a like number of the more personal songs of Horace that we may find the earliest analogue of English familiar verse, better and more abundant than the French vers de société, even though the native English form has been compelled to borrow a French name for itself. The Greek anthology has the freedom of the fields and of the solitary hillside, and therefore it lacks a little of the social tone which is the dominating quality of familiar verse. Yet Horace is never rustic—he belongs to the town; and Stevenson is right in saying that Horace is urban, even when read outdoors; he has the abundant urbanity and the total absence of rusticity which familiar verse must ever reveal. Familiar verse is a species of poetry which can flourish only where men and women meet frequently, without undue parade, not wearing their hearts on their sleeves, and hiding their deeper feelings behind the semi-transparent mask of conventional detachment from the serious duties of life.

Familiar verse can develop only when men congregate in cities; it is a town-product; and Boston can claim a share in Holmes's success in this difficult department of song. Other
Early American Familiar Verse

Americans in other cities have been inspired to risk the dangers of familiar verse and to rhyme the sayings and doings of their fellow citizens. Sometimes they give to their airy nothing a local habitation and a name as easily recognizable as the background of Dorothy Q. Could Nothing to Wear, detailing the sad plight of Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square, and the Visit from Saint Nicholas on

the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse
—could either of these have been composed elsewhere than in New York? And could The Truth about Horace have been told, with such stern veracity anywhere else than in Chicago?

In the first century of the American republic there were only a few large cities, and yet urban amenity was to be discovered here and there in towns where the social organization had advanced beyond its elementary stages. Benjamin Franklin, a pioneer in so many different departments of human endeavour, seems to have been the earliest American to adventure himself among the difficulties of this lighter poetry, so closely akin to prose in its directness and in its seeming lack of effort; and perhaps his lines on Paper could open an American selection of familiar verse only by favouritism. Philip Freneau¹ essayed it more than once; so did Royall Tyler,² our first writer of comedy; so did John Quincy Adams³ and James Kirke Paulding⁴ and Washington Irving,⁵—prose men all of them, dropping into rhyme only occasionally, and only when the spirit moved them. And it is a significant fact, supported by a host of examples in both branches of English literature, British and American, that it is in familiar verse that the expert essayist is most likely to be successful when he risks himself in the realm of rhyme.

Yet it is possible also to select specimens of this special type from the major poets, the sport of their frolicsome moods, and no adequate anthology would fail to include Bryant's Robert of Lincoln, Emerson's Humble-Bee, Whittier's In School Days and Longfellow's Catawba Wine. From Lowell the

¹ See Book I, Chap. IX.
² Ibid.
³ See Book II, Chap. XV.
⁴ See Book II, Chap. V.
⁵ See Book II, Chap. IV.

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examples would be half a dozen at least, with Auf Wiedersehen and Without and Within as the first flowers to be picked. Indeed, Lowell is Holmes’s only chief rival among American poets in the limited field of familiar verse, but he is less meticulous in finish and polish and more likely to charge his lines with a meaning too large for the lyric which aims above all else at lightness and brightness.

Three other American poets of high ambition, Stedman, Aldrich, and Bret Harte, gave a more abundant share of their attention to the poetry which is blithe and buoyant; and in any selection of the best in this kind, it would be inexcusable to omit Stedman’s Pan in Wall Street, Aldrich’s In an Atelier, or Bret Harte’s Her Letter. Nor would any competent editor exclude from such a collection Weir Mitchell’s Decanter of Madeira, George Arnold’s Jolly Old Pedagogue, or Charles Henry Webb’s Dum Vivimus Vivamus. Nor would it be difficult largely to increase this list of examples chosen from the verse of men whose reputation has been won mainly in other fields.

Three of our lighter lyricists demand a little more detailed consideration,—John Godfrey Saxe (1816-87), Eugene Field (1850-95), and Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855-96), though the last two belong to a period somewhat later than that chiefly considered in this chapter. Of these Saxe is the earliest and the least important. He is not only the earliest, he is also the most old-fashioned in his method and the least individual in his outlook. His verse is modelled upon Praed’s, to whose dazzling brilliance he could not attain; and he borrowed also the pattern of Hood in his more broadly comic lyrics. He was clever and facile; but he was a little too easy-going to achieve the delicate fineness which we have a right to demand in familiar verse. He does not understand that the thinner the theme the more care must be exercised to redeem its exeguity by certainty of touch and by infinite solicitude in execution. The immanent difficulty of familiar verse is due to the fact that poetry of this type at its best ought to be humorous without broadening into mere fun, while it ought also to be pathetic without slopping over into sentimentality. Saxe is quite free from senti-

1 See Book III, Chap. ii.
2 See Book III, Chap. iii and iv.
3 See also Book III, Chap. vii.
4 Ibid.
mentality, in fact he does not often succeed in suggesting sentiment. His defect is that his verse tends to be frankly laughter-provoking. It is in _Little Jerry_ that he has hinted the sentiment which sustains humour, as it is in _The Mourners à la Mode_ that he has echoed the more worldly manner of mere society verse.

Eugene Field is like Saxe in one respect at least,—that his verse is frankly comic more often than not. His humour is bold, exuberant, energetic, spontaneous, and easy; and there is cause for wonder, therefore, that he was able to restrain himself on occasion and to curb his comic verse within the strictest bounds of familiar verse, endowing it with genuine sentiment without foregoing either blitheness or brilliancy. He had far more freshness than Saxe, a more fertile originality, and knowledge of men and of books both wider and deeper. He is superior also in technical dexterity, in variety of rhythm, and in fertility of rhyme. His feeling is more spontaneous, his sentiment more abundant and finer in feeling. He can when he chooses hint at the tear which trembles above the lips that seem to smile. There is warrant for the wide popularity of his _Little Boy Blue_, in which the pathos is pure and tender, without any taint of mawkish sentimentality. Only a little narrower in its appeal is _Old Times, Old Friends, Old Loves_. Field's command of sentiment is so certain that he can impart true feeling even to stanzas as frolicsome and as rollicking as those which delight us in _Apple Pie and Cheese._

The youngest of these three younger practitioners of familiar verse, Henry Cuyler Bunner, could also be broadly comic; he had an ample outlook on literature and on life; and he was truly a poet, who won a memorable position among our lyricists by lyrics of a loftier flight than mere comic verse. His lyre was a winged instrument on which he could strike at will the resonant note of patriotism or the gentler strain of peaceful sentiment. _The Way to Arcady_ is almost too poetical, its spirit is almost too ethereal, to let it fall within the narrow circle of social verse; it has a simple grace and a light freedom not often discoverable since the songs of the Elizabethan dramatists. In certain of his brisker and brighter poems Bunner reveals himself as a disciple of Austin Dobson; in others he is treading the trail of Herrick or following in the footsteps of Heine. He sat at the feet of many
masters and learned what they had to teach him, standing forth in time upon his own feet and giving voice to a note of his own. No one of his predecessors in social verse could be credited with the suggesting of Porfieis or Candour, the Chaperon or One, Two, Three, exquisite in its certainty of execution, in the skill with which the sadness of the theme is relieved by the joyousness of the treatment. It is the abiding quality of Bunner's familiar verse that it discloses the spirit of the true poet, even while it confines itself within the bounds of the brevity, the brilliancy, and the buoyancy which are the hampering limitations of familiar verse.
CHAPTER XXIV

Lowell

NEITHER Lowell's poetry nor prose has that obvious unity of effect which characterizes the work of so many nineteenth century writers. His work does not recall, even in the minds of its admirers, a group of impressions so distinct and fixed as those summoned by the poetry of Whittier, Poe, or Whitman, or by that of Swinburne, Morris, or Browning, or by the prose of Thoreau or Emerson, of Ruskin or Arnold. His work, indeed, does not have the marks of a dominant or of a peculiar personality; nor does it add to literature a new group of ideas or a new departure in workmanship. Though its volume is large, and though a number both of his poems and his essays have won a wide familiarity, there is difficulty in summarizing their qualities of form or matter in a way that will indicate with justice his importance in American literature.

This somewhat miscellaneous appeal made by his writing may be ascribed in part, no doubt, to a lack of literary power that prevented him from winning the triumphs that belong to the great conquests of the imagination, but it is also due in large measure to the variety of responses which his rich personality made to the changing movements of American life. Other writers were surer of their message or of their art, but perhaps the career of no other affords a more varied and interesting commentary on the course of American letters, or responds as constantly to the occasions and needs of the nation's experience. It is impossible to consider him apart from his time and environment, or to judge his writing apart from its value for the United States. It has left something for posterity, but its best energy was expended in the manifold tasks which letters must perform as a builder of national
civilization. It is this service which makes him an eminent and in some ways our most representative man of letters.

The briefest summary of the events of his life will indicate the variety of his interests and occupations. Born in 1819 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the colonial house where he was to spend most of his life, he went to Harvard College, studied law—and abandoned it for a career of letters. He contributed verses and sketches to the magazines, edited a few numbers of an unsuccessful literary journal, The Pioneer, brought out his first volume of poems, A Year's Life, in 1841, a second volume in 1843, and a collection of essays, Conversations on Some of the Old Poets, in 1844.

In December of this year he was married to the poetess Maria White. The nine years of their married life until her death in 1853 mark a distinct period in Lowell's literary work. He contributed constantly both prose and verse to various journals, at first largely for those of the anti-slavery propaganda; and the Mexican War gave the opportunity for The Biglow Papers, the first of which appeared in The Boston Courier of 17 June, 1846. In 1848 appeared a second collection of poems, the completed Biglow Papers, and The Fable for Critics. Lowell had won, in both popular and critical regard, an assured place in what was already an important national literature. The fifteen months which the family spent in Europe in 1851–52 seem to have increased his desire to widen the range of his poetry, but the ambitions that thronged with the return to America were interrupted by the death of his wife. A period of uncertainty followed his bereavement, and circumstances gave him a new occupation.

In 1855 he delivered in Boston a course of twelve lectures (unpublished) on English poetry, and as a result of their success was appointed to succeed Longfellow as Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. A few months were spent in Dresden in preparation for a course on German literature, and in the fall of 1856 he began twenty years work as a teacher. In the following year he was married to Frances Dunlap and resumed life in Elmwood. His professorship turned his mind to criticism and scholarship, but did not hasten that stronger poetic flight for which he had felt himself prepar-
ing. A brief-lived literary magazine, *Putnam's Monthly*, in 1853–54 had given place to one or two of his best known essays, and a new literary enterprise, *The Atlantic Monthly*, in 1857 gave further opportunity for his prose. Lowell was editor of the new magazine for two years and a regular contributor of reviews and articles until 1863, when he joined with Charles Eliot Norton in editing *The North American Review*. For the next dozen years his essays both political and literary appeared mainly in this review.

During the Civil War, Lowell's chief contributions to poetry were the new series of *Biglow Papers* which began in the *Atlantic* in 1861. It was not until the war was over that the great themes of national triumph through sacrifice called forth the four memorial odes. Miscellaneous verse of the preceding twenty years was collected in *Under the Willows* (1868); but the odes and longer poems, as *The Cathedral* (1870), *Agassiz* (1874), best represent both the emotional impulses that followed the war and the maturity of Lowell's art.

The political interests which had engaged much of his prose writing before and during the war had not interrupted his increasing devotion to the study and criticism of literature. He had been directing his attention less to contemporary letters and more to the masters of English and to a few of the masters of foreign literature, notably Dante. The result of these studies was a long succession of essays which make up the volumes *Among My Books* (1870), *My Study Windows* (1871), and *Among My Books, Second Series* (1876). It is these books which are his main contributions to literary criticism.

Lowell and his wife spent two years (1872–74) in Europe, and after a brief resumption of his professorship he was appointed minister to Spain in 1877, and in 1880 was transferred to England. After his retirement in 1885 he spent a considerable part of his time in England until his death in 1891. The mission was a recognition of his distinction not merely as a man of letters but as a representative of the best American culture, and this distinction Lowell maintained in a number of addresses on both literary and political themes, represented by the volume *Democracy and Other Addresses* (1886). Although his poetry became infrequent there was enough for a final volume, *Heartssease and Rue*, in 1880.
To all these varied activities as poet, essayist, humorist, editor, teacher, scholar, and diplomat, must be added that of letter writer. For Lowell's letters, in addition to their annals of his personal experiences and friendships, contribute something to literature and history which perhaps has ceased with the day of the typewriter—a record of the intimate association of the high-minded. His work as a man of letters may be considered most readily by the main divisions of verse and prose; but the separation is not always significant. The poetry is mostly bounded by the years 1840 and 1870, and the best of the essays by 1860 and 1890; but there is hardly a year of his half century which did not see both prose and verse. Nor can the subject matter be divided by the two forms, for both require attention from the historian of either the literary or the political progress of the half-century. Both respond to the changing events of his own life, and to the greater changes that transformed the nation of 1840 into that of 1890.

Lowell's youth was spent among books. Before he left college he had become a wide if desultory reader, and the study of law failed to detach him from what was to become a life-long devotion to the easy chair and the library. To the inheritance of English blood, law, language, and religion that bound New England to the mother country, he added an enthusiastic appreciation for English literature. Naturally this appreciation was directed by the Romanticism which had reached its full flower in English letters, by its leaders, Wordsworth, Keats, Lamb, or by the gods of its idolatry, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Dante. His feeling was like that which Keats had experienced twenty years before, when English poetry had opened out a new world inviting to fresh beauty and new enterprise. And this world of British letters had added since then the clarion voice of Carlyle and the exquisite art of Keats himself and of Tennyson. It is easy to trace in Lowell's early verse imitation and reminiscence of the English poets of the preceding half-century; but even more important was his acceptance of their faith in poetry. With Wordsworth he believed that it was to be the moral guide and spiritual inspirer, with Keats he saw it opening new doors to the abode of beauty. He shared the assurance of Sertor Resartus that literature was to supply the new priesthood that was to direct the new age.
The Young Poet

There were also new ideas and impulses astir in the New England of Lowell’s youth. The narrow Puritanism had given way to Unitarianism and Transcendentalism¹ and literature. During the first twenty years of Lowell’s life, American literature had taken a bulk and character which might risk comparison with the literature of any European nation during that period. In his teens he was reading Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Hawthorne, and Prescott, and most of these men were his neighbours and ready to welcome and direct his first attempts at letters. There is a sense of an intellectual and imaginative dawn to be found in Lowell’s essays and verse, a dawn that is to gladden the granite and pines of his native land. With a loving admiration for the old literature, there is a loyal national pride in the new; or, rather, there is a sectional pride; for the patriotism is mainly a sectional patriotism, a fervour for the New England hills and men. Boston was then a long way from New York and Philadelphia—although Lowell’s literary adventures carried him to both cities—and the rest of the nation was separated by barriers of manners and habit. He was patriotically American because his beloved and awakened New England was expected to lead the nation.

Lowell’s early poems do not show much novelty of theme or manner. They are on about the same subjects that all men were writing verse upon in the forties, and written with the same vocabulary, images, and rhythms. Love, nature, liberty, idealism, classic story, personal moods are the themes, but there is some novelty in the ingenuity of the phrases and in the new fauna and flora. If he was following the English romantists he was transferring their worship of beauty to a New England landscape and their religious musings to the turmoil of idealism that stirred the youth of Massachusetts. He writes of the dandelion and the pine-tree, and his seasons are the riotous June or the Indian summer of Cambridge, his landscape that of Beaver Brook. All is descriptive or reflexive; there is no narrative except when it is the mere text for sentiment and moral.

Some union of art and morality, of Keats and Carlyle, Poe and Emerson—that was the poet’s endeavour. He wrote to Briggs in 1846:

¹ See also Book II, Chaps. viii and xxii.
Then I feel how great is the office of Poet, could I but even dare to hope to fill it. Then it seems as if my heart would break in pouring out one glorious song that should be the gospel of Reform, full of consolation and strength to the oppressed, yet falling gently and restoringly as dew on the withered youth-flowers of the oppressor. That way my madness lies. ¹

It is easy to smile at this youthful fervency, as Lowell himself smiled a year or two later in The Fable for Critics.

There is Lowell, who’s striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme.
The top of the hill he will ne’er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction ‘twixt singing and preaching.

But, with most nineteenth-century poets, Lowell was a preacher as well as a singer. Poverty, tyranny, doubt, industrialism, are the themes that for England distracted the attention of the Muse; in the United States, the mid-century vision of beauty was clouded by the presence of slavery. And if Lowell was conscious that the isms, even that of the anti-slavery cause, burdened his climb up Parnassus, there was never any doubt of the imperative nature of the summons of moral reform.

The American reader should indeed have a special sympathy for this avowal of high purpose; for is not this gospel of reform the better genius of our nation? The material advance which has conquered a continent has made us self-confident, disregardful of the past, and careless of reflection, but it has inspired us with a faith in our power to rebuild and move on. The evils which beset us do not daunt us, and the virtues we possess we would fain impose upon others. We believe in propaganda, we are uneasy without some cause to further, some improvement to promote. If we ever determine what the American idea is, we shall evangelize the world.

It was perhaps this spirit of reform which Lowell had sought to express in his Prometheus and which he had in mind when in another letter to Briggs he declares "I am the first who has endeavoured to express the American Idea, and I shall be popular by and by." Popularity came first, however, when

¹ Scudder, Life, Vol. 1, p. 267. ² Ibid.
"The Biglow Papers"

fervour was linked with wit and humour in The Biglow Papers with their racy Yankee dialect and their burning zeal against the aggressiveness of the slave-holding South.

The art of these verses has no resemblance to the art of Keats, and their gospel of reform is not a glorious song of consolation; but their rapid fire of wit and common sense was perhaps a better expression of Lowell's temperament than any of his more studied measures. Certainly no poems have ever more distinctly revealed the New England temper. When collected they were imbedded in a paraphernalia of apparatus in which the wit is often laboured, and some of them are no more than clever journalism; but the best have become a lasting part of our popular literature. If this is due in part to their vernacular homelessness, and in part to their wit, it is also due to the moral fire of their democracy. As Horace Scudder insisted, there is a connection between them and another popular success of a different kind, The Vision of Sir Launfal. There "it is the holy zeal which attacks slavery issuing in this fable of a beautiful charity."

In 1850 Lowell wrote to Briggs:

I begin to feel that I must enter a new year of apprenticeship. My poems have thus far had a regular and natural sequence. First, Love and the mere happiness of existence beginning to be conscious of itself; then Freedom—both being the sides which Beauty presented to me—and now I am going to try more after Beauty herself. Next, if I live, I shall present Life as I have seen it.

But, as often, Life proved a jealous mistress who would not yield the field to Beauty. Change and bereavement followed, and his professorship and editorship gave little incentive for verse. The moral exaltation which had seemed the promise of America found itself involved with all the turmoil of emotions that accompany terrific war. For these, Hosea's dialect was scarcely an adequate vehicle of expression, and the second series of Biglow Papers, if not inferior in skill, somehow lacks the entire sufficiency of the first; even when, as in the tenth paper, both the pathos and valour of the great conflict sound through the verse. The passions that the war aroused were

too overpowering for poetry except the brief expression of dominant feeling, as in the fine stanza written in October, 1861.

God, give us peace! not such as hulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!

In the poems written in the decade after the war there is a greater depth of thought and a maturity of feeling. The cause which he served broadened into the issue of the life of a national democracy; and he was called upon to sing its victories and the sacrifice by which they were won. The odes are so noble in sentiment and so splendid in parts that one cannot forbear to regret that they do not bring an even more perfect beauty to their great theme. The far-fetched figure, the halting measure, the forced rhythm occasionally intrude on verse where the feeling demands all the majesty of poetic mastery. And yet, national anniversaries have rarely if ever aroused such peans as these in which New England mourns her slain but passes on her heritage to the larger nation. Eloquence rises again and again to passionate melody, yet the feeling never loses the restraining guide of thought. Lowell never attains greater mastery than in the thoughtful analysis and noble beauty of the stanzas on Lincoln in the Commemoration Ode.

The war and its aftermath left Lowell's poetic faculty somewhat spent. Now and then a theme would arouse his imagination to its earlier spontaneity. Chartres revisited summoned back the recollections of its first impressions and stirred him to search again the mysteries and confusions of faith. The death of Agassiz recalled the Cambridge of old and its brave spirits. But the visits of the Muse grew rarer, and Lowell came to find his most characteristic expression in the prose essay. As the close of the war relieved him from the pressing necessity of political writing, he naturally returned to literature.

Mrs. Browning, in one of her letters to her husband, complains of the Conversations on Some of the Old Poets, which she has just been reading, that Lowell is saying over again the
same things that every one knows. There is, no doubt, a
certain truth in the charge, even when applied to his maturer
essays. Lowell introduces no new principle or methods into
literary criticism and he makes no search after novelties. In
these respects and in the part that his essays have played in
changing the direction of literary criticism, they may be
regarded as less important than those which Matthew Arnold
was writing during the same decade. But this is mainly due
to the fact that Arnold's literary criticism was a part of a
definite propaganda. When he gave up poetry and turned to
prose, it was with the pronounced intention of getting at the
British public, of entering on controversy, of preaching a new
gospel, that of Culture, which was to have its main ally in
criticism. Lowell's increasing use of prose was made from no
such incentive. The great cause to which he had been devoted
had been won. It was in part as a relief from controversy
and propaganda that he turned from political subjects to the
leisurely appreciation of his favourite authors. The essays
have no reforms to propose. They are the summing up of
many hours spent in his library and his class-room.

The influence of the college makes itself felt in various
ways. Agassiz in science and Child in letters were among
Lowell's colleagues, and his years as a professor had given him
both an opportunity for wide reading and an acquaintance
with the sterner exactions of scholarship. In some cases, as in
the careful review of Richard Grant White's edition of Shake-
speare, the criticism is precise and textual. In all cases the
reflections about the great masters formed through years of
intimacy have undergone the seasoning discipline of a broad
and adequate scholarship. Lowell did not write on a subject
unless he knew a good deal about it, nor did he fail to avail
himself of the best that scholarship had accumulated; and such
habits have not been matters of course among literary critics.
Not only Lowell's thoroughness and accuracy, but his very
freedom from the bias of propaganda and from the desire for
novelty give his criticism an enduring sanity, a sanity which is
happily united with a rich and discriminating sympathy.

Lowell's essays indeed may be warmly defended from any
charge of ineffectuality. If he did not proclaim a definite
evangel, yet scarcely less potently than Arnold he preached

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the gospel of culture. To a nation torn by war and largely engaged in the indispensable work of economic reconstruction, he taught by both precept and example the value of criticism. In the renewed task of making a nation, he turned confidently to literature as the record of human activity that contains most that is vital for the spirit. The cause of culture, indeed, called for a different service in the two countries. For Arnold in England, literature was to be given a renewed allegiance in the face of industrialism and science, and literature itself was to be directed away from the dangers of romanticism into a wiser and better poised criticism of conduct. For Lowell in the United States, the nation was to be reminded of the value for it of the great traditions of the old world and the need of linking both conduct and letters to the best that the past could offer.

One example may further suggest the different tasks of literary criticism in the two countries. It was unnecessary for Arnold to preach the value of medieval art. The Middle Ages were still very much present in England, and they had been summoned for various purposes by Scott, Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Morris. In the United States, the Middle Ages are as remote as Persia or Egypt, and their significance for us discernible mainly through literature. Lowell took occasion later to defend his land against the implication in Ruskin's remark that he could not live in a country that had neither castles nor cathedrals. But for "our past well-nigh desolate of aesthetic stimulus" his essays were supplying the past of Milton and Spenser, of Chaucer and Dante. The essays on the two medieval poets are among his best and have done their part in stimulating among thoughtful Americans a study and appreciation of the great centuries of human progress that preceded Columbus's discovery.

The personal essay as a literary form seems to require maturity of mind, breadth of experience and reading, a responsive humour, and intensity and discrimination in taste. These qualities Lowell brought to his essay writing, whether the subject be drawn from nature or society or the world of books. Nowhere else, unless in his letters, is his personality more fully and charmingly revealed. The essays are full of good things. Allusion and quotation, epigram and description,
whimsical epithet and graphic phrase crowd one another along the page, but all move in the train of Wit and Wisdom, our constant companions along the way.

The glimpses of New England village life that one receives in the essays will appeal to some readers with a charm like that of personality. The village has often been celebrated in literature from Sweet Auburn to Spoon River, but full justice has scarcely been done to the individuality and distinction of the New England village of the mid-nineteenth century. Cambridge was one of the best representatives of the type, but there were many of them. Each was likely to have a college, or at least an academy, one orthodox and one Unitarian church, a few pleasant colonial houses, and many elms. Everyone who lived in the village had been born there, was proud of that accident, loved whatever natural beauty its trees and meadows afforded, and enjoyed a conscious satisfaction that it was not like other places. Among the residents there might be a great personage, or even a poet, and there were certain to be enough teachers, ministers, doctors, judges, and writers to make up a coterie where ideas circulated. During the long winters, in fact, every one did considerable reading and thinking.

It was for the cultivated men and women of these villages that Lowell wrote. They of all persons delighted in his essay *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, with its urbane reproof of criticism of our lack of urbanity; for the village cherished some dignity of manners and would accept a predestined hell easier than condescension from anybody. The old villages have faded, but their June gardens and winter nights, their serious talk and eager reading, their self-reliance, mitigated by a sense of humour, live again in Lowell's prose.

... Wit becomes less exuberant and sagacity is the leading spirit in Lowell's later writing. Village society is disappearing. Cambridge is becoming a large city and Harvard a university, and Lowell is in Europe. Both as a poet and an essayist, he had appeared in part as a mediator or ambassador between the culture of the old world and the new, between the ideals of England and of the United States. In continuing this function as a foreign minister, he did not escape some censure that he was losing his faith in American democracy. To the reader today
of his later addresses, that criticism must seem groundless. To be sure, his long residence abroad increased his liking for England and Englishmen; and the course of American politics was a rather dismal sequel to the Gettysburg Address and the Commemoration Ode. After vanquishing slavery, the nation found itself facing still more dangerous evils, and was somewhat loth to gird its loins for the struggle. Lowell had greeted the dawn that was brightening the New England of his youth, and had seen the noonday of heroic effort in the Civil War. Now, as his own days were lengthening, he could be excused if he saw only a dubious twilight in the America of the eighties.

As a matter of fact there is little doubt and no indifference in these later writings. The maturing years had widened Lowell's perspective without vanquishing the idealism of his youth. He could look back on the course of the industrial revolution which had transformed his New England as well as older lands; and he could foresee the impending revolution that science had already begun in men's standards and processes. The effect of these movements on his own thought are manifest in his poetry and essays mainly by implication and suggestion; but in the utterances of the last decade of his life he often looks upon both his own career and the American purpose directly from this more modern point of view.

In his address at Manchester, in 1884, on Democracy, he declared:

By temperament and education of a conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travellers saw with delighted amusement a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletarian population.

Nevertheless, though opposing the single tax and State Socialism, he could see with hopefulness the portents in the air and even believe that democracy was to be the fulcrum of a Socialism possessing "the secret of an orderly and benign construction." He is willing to rebuild his house and believes that it can be built better. The forward call is to be found in those speeches as well as in the ardent verse of youth, the call of "the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we are."

This moral earnestness, this desire for perfection, this zeal
Lowell's Influence to reform a changing but evil world, characterizes English literature of the years 1830-1880, and American literature of the same epoch. Literature in those years has preached many creeds and many reforms, and it has lost something in simplicity and certainty because it has been so much in earnest. So Lowell's writing loses in certainty of art and unity of effect from its very responsiveness to the shifting opportunities for usefulness. But its contribution to civilization is not lessened, for it has done its best to teach a new people to guide their steps by the great men and great ideas of the past.

In the address on Democracy, Lowell held forth as arguments in favour of our national institutions two of their products, Lincoln and Emerson. We surely need not despair of our democracy so long as it can produce men of letters like Lowell and utilize them in the service of the common weal.

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Book III

CHAPTER I

Whitman

WALT WHITMAN once declared his Leaves of Grass to be "the most personal of all books ever published."

This is no book;
Who touches this, touches a man.

Thus he fits Hazlitt's description of Montaigne as one who dared to set down as a writer what he thought as a man. This being the claim of the volume, it becomes highly important to determine the character of the author. Evidently Whitman was not, in any conventional sense of the term, that "average man" whose praises he sang, else even his novel form of expression would hardly have sufficed to keep his poetry so long a time from the masses. He was a man and a writer who could be hated as an impostor or adored as a Messiah but who was in any case a challenge to discussion. Much light is thrown on his character, of course, by the autobiographical parts of his writings; but here it is frequently difficult to determine which incidents belong to his outward and which to his inner, or imaginative, life, so deftly do his vicarious mystical experiences blend with the sublimations of his own deeds, and so carefully have many of those deeds been mystified or concealed.  


1 For instance, a poem, Omg I Pass'd Through a Populous City, taken by many biographers to support the theory that Whitman had a romance with a lady of high social standing during his 1849 visit to New Orleans, proves to have been addressed, in the original draft of the poem, not to a lady but to a "rude and ignorant man";
Whitman’s Youth

Much remains for painstaking research to accomplish. This chapter attempts to set forth only the facts of his biography which are well established or establishable.

Born in the same year as Lowell, Whitman may be said to represent the roots and trunk of democracy, while Lowell may be likened to its flowers or fruits. Whitman, for his part, could hardly have been, or wished to be, a flower; it was not in his ancestry, his education, or his environment. Blending in his own nature the courage, the determination, and the uncompromising Puritan idealism of good, if somewhat decadent, English ancestry with the placid slowness, self-esteem, stubbornness, and mysticism of better Dutch (and Quaker) ancestry, Walt* Whitman was born 31 May, 1819, at the hamlet of West Hills, a few miles south of Huntington, Long Island. His father, Walter Whitman, was a farmer and later a somewhat nomadic carpenter and moderately successful housebuilder, who, although, like the poet’s excellent mother, he had even less education than their nine children were destined to have, was something of a free thinker. The Whitmans moved to Brooklyn about 1823–25, but Walt, until he went to live in Washington during the Civil War, continued to be more or less under the wholesome influence of the country. Throughout childhood, youth, and earlier manhood he returned to spend summers, falls, or even whole years at various parts of the Island, either as a healthy roamer enjoying all he saw, or as a school-teacher, or as the editor of a country paper, or as a poet reading Dante in an old wood and Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Homer within sound of the lonely sea, and mewing his strength for the bold flights of his

on the other hand, the poem Out of the Rolling Ocean, the Crowd, to which no biographer has attached particular personal significance, can be shown to have been addressed, about 1864, to a married woman with whom Whitman was in love and with whom he maintained for a time a correspondence notwithstanding the jealous objections of her husband.

* This description does not allow for a high temper, displayed on occasion, which Whitman seems to have inherited from his father.

* Shortened from Walter to distinguish the son from his father, but not used in connection with his published writings until 1855.

† The exact date is uncertain. Whitman gives 1822–3 once, 1823 twice, 1824 twice, and 1825 once; the earliest record in the directory of the city (Spooners) is 1825. At any rate Whitman was probably accurate in his statement that he was “still in frocks.”
fancy. Perhaps it was a certain disadvantage that while he was thus "absorbing" and learning to champion the common people, the "powerful uneducated persons," among whom he moved on equal terms though not as an equal, he was little thrown, in any influential way, among people of refinement or taste. In his old age nobility and common humanity jostled each other in his hospitable little parlour—or kitchen; but during his youth the breadth of his view and the democracy of his sympathy were somewhat limited, not so much in theory as in fact, by the conditions that surrounded him. At the same time his native "egotism," as he frankly calls what Emerson would probably have softened to "self-reliance" had it been a trifle less arrogant, was being abnormally developed, even for a genius, by conditions little fitted to correct it. Nevertheless, he thus early learned lessons from nature and from human nature which were as indispensable to the inspiring and shaping of his liberating art and his democratic philosophy as was his outdoor life in developing his remarkably sensitive and healthy physical constitution.

Whitman's youth in Brooklyn, though full of interest, was uneventful. As a child of six he was flattered by Lafayette's chancing to lay his hands on him during a visit to the city in 1825. He attended the public school for a few years, impressing his teacher, Benjamin Beul Halleck, only with his good nature, his clumsiness, and his poverty of special promise. He ran with the boys of the street and was familiar with the city and its environs, especially with Fulton Ferry, whose slip was not far from his home. Not Irving, not Charles Lamb was more intimately or passionately fond of city life, with its opportunities for human contact and for varied sights, than was Whitman, both as boy and man. When about eleven years old he left school to become an office-boy, first to a lawyer and then to a doctor, the former of whom kindly afforded him opportunities for reading such books as the Arabian Nights and the poetry and romances of Scott. At twelve he was learning to set type, in a building once used as Washington's headquarters, under the instruction of a veteran printer who had many tales to tell of Revolutionary heroism. Next he went to set type for a few dollars a week on Aldin Spooner's Star. He had already felt the satisfaction
of authorship when "sentimental bits" had appeared from his pen in the newspapers. Later he became a compositor on unknown journals in New York.

In May, 1836, Whitman went down to his father's farm at Hempstead, and then began a wandering career as a well-liked but not altogether successful country school-teacher. He taught somewhat after the fashion of the transcendentalists, substituting moral suasion for the ferule, and "boarding round" in at least seven different districts in Queens and Suffolk counties, but seldom remaining more than a few months at any one school. His mind was but half on his work, and after two years of teaching he sought (June, 1838), a more congenial occupation in starting a village newspaper, The Long Islander, at Huntington. On this he did all the work, even to delivering the papers on horseback; but he did it so irregularly that in less than a year his financial backers entrusted the little sheet to more punctual hands. Again teaching had to be resorted to. When living at Jamaica (1839-41) Whitman spent some of his time, apparently after school hours, in learning the printing business in the office of James J. Breton's Long Island Democrat, to the pages of which he contributed a considerable number of sketches and essays replete with juvenile philosophy, as well as a number of patriotic and sentimental poems in conventional measures. The poet's tendency to dream—to loaf and invite his soul—to the neglect of more earthly duties, a tendency that was to become a tradition wherever he thereafter worked, had already marked him as an unusual person. He was even then dreaming of composing a ponderous and prophetic book to teach men, among other things, the danger of riches. The Quaker's attitude toward truth and the mystic's attitude toward nature were already discernible in his writings. But his life was unhappy, full of irresolution and unrest, and frequently given to a morbid brooding on death, while his enormous capacity for sentimental friendship, equalled only by his capacity for taking delight in external nature, had already taught him to sing of unreturned affection, and drove him, no doubt, to take refuge, like Narcissus, in self-admiration. Yet he took part in the sports and merry-making of the village and was interested in the political campaigns of the day, himself attaining some promi-
nence as a stump speaker in Queens County and even in New York City.

Then, in the summer of 1841, he definitely and finally threw in his lot with the city, and the second important period of his development began. Heretofore the highly sensitive youth had been almost ladylike in his sentiments, often morbid in his contrary moods, but puritanically strict in word and deed. At twenty-two his passionate nature demanded a sort of reaction. He "sounded all experiences of life, with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments," and became, in another sphere of indulgence, something of a dandy. He was developing his personality meanwhile, and he was learning to write.

Whitman's early pieces written in New York reflect the wave of sentimentality which was, in the forties, sweeping over the country, and display, along with their humanitarian feeling, a fondness for melodramatic extravagance which caused him later to wish them all "quietly dropp'd in oblivion." He was a reformer pleading for the abolition of intemperance (including the use of tobacco, tea, and coffee), of capital punishment, and of slavery; and urging, as the constructive side of his reform, the need of a native American drama, opera, and literature. His interest in the theatre and the opera was a vital one, the constant satisfaction of which was made possible by his having a pressman's pass. Here he received many hints for his declamatory and rhythmical style of verse. Altogether more than a score of tales, sketches, essays, and poems have been found which belong to this period. To these must be added a crude and hasty dime novellette, Franklin Evans, addressed, in the cause of temperance, not to the "critics" but to "THE PEOPLE," and evidently written to order. In this period Whitman was connected with some of the best city magazines and newspapers as contributor, compositor, or editor. The most important position that he held was that of editor of The Daily

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1 John Burroughs, in Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person, 1867, p. 81.

The substance, if not the phrasing, of this indefinite though suggestive passage was supplied by Whitman himself.

2 This was republished, in compressed form, under the caption Fortunes of a Country Boy, by J. R. S. in The Brooklyn Eagle (November, 1846) as an "original novel." Death in the School Room, The Child's Champion, Little Jane, The Death of Wind-Foot, and a few poems were similarly twice published by Whitman, in the lax fashion of the day. See Bibliography.
Whitman's Southern Journey

[and Weekly] Brooklyn Eagle, a connection which extended from February, 1846, to January, 1848, when a "row with the boss," on account of Whitman's unreliability, and with "the party," on account of his progressive Barnburner politics, made it necessary for him to shift for a new position. This was readily found on The Daily Crescent, a paper about to be launched in New Orleans.

The trip which, with his favourite brother Jeff, Whitman made in the spring of 1848 by rail, stage, and Mississippi steamboat to New Orleans, his residence in that city for three months, and his return by way of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes were rather less important than has commonly been supposed. It is doubtful whether the experience brought into his life a great but secret romance, and it appears certain that he was not by it first made conscious of his mission as a poetic prophet. But the journey did give him a new and permanent respect for the undeveloped possibilities of his country, especially in the South and West, and it gave him opportunities for the study of the French and Spanish elements in New Orleans; while his observation of the South's "peculiar institution" caused him to remain, though a radical Free-Soiler, one careful not to be classed with the Abolitionists. But if this journey was of only measurable importance, perhaps others were of greater; for, though details are almost entirely unknown, it is practically certain that he made still other visits to the South.1

Notwithstanding the attractiveness that the new atmosphere had for all that was Southern in Whitman's temperament, he soon haughtily resigned his position, because of a

1 Whitman's fullest and best account of the trip south was printed in the early numbers of the Crescent. This was not preserved in his collected prose editions, but a considerable portion of it was reprinted in The Yale Review, September, 1915.

2 Whitman never married. In old age he confided to John Addington Symonds the information that, though unmarried, he had had six children, from intimate relations with whom he had been prevented by circumstances "connected with their fortune and benefit." For a fuller discussion of this confession and the questions arising out of it than is here possible the reader is referred to the biographies by Binns, Perry, Edward Carpenter, Bazalgette, De Selincourt, and Trubed.

3 Several lines of evidence point to this conclusion. Here it will be sufficient to refer to Whitman's autobiographical note published in The Critic, 28 February, 1885, over the pseudonym "George Selwyn." See Bibliography.
Whitman

difference with his employers, and left for home 27 May. Almost immediately after his arrival he was engaged by Judge Samuel E. Johnson to edit (and nominally to own) a new Free-Soil paper, the weekly *Brooklyn Freeman*, as the organ of those Democrats with whom Whitman, but not the party leaders behind the *Eagle*, had sympathized the year before. The new paper appeared 9 September, but it had the hard fortune to be burnt out, with no insurance, in a great conflagration that swept the city that very night. But the *Freeman* was revived in November, and, though a small and apparently a very outspoken sheet, it attained a large circulation. The nature of the political warfare in those days of personal invective may be suggested by Whitman’s valedictory, published when, without explanation, he resigned the paper, 11 September, 1849, into the hands of those who would compromise, as he would not, with his political opponents:

To those who have been my friends, I take occasion to proffer the warmest thanks of a grateful heart. My enemies—and old hunkers generally—I disdain and defy the same as ever.

Of the next six years of Whitman’s life comparatively little is known. He is said to have been connected with certain newspapers,1 to have run a book-store and printing establishment, and to have assisted his aging father, now suffering from paralysis, in building small houses for sale. He had here an opportunity for money-making which, to the disappointment of the family, he allowed to pass unimproved. What is more important, he was growing rapidly in his inner life, as he attended lectures, read miscellaneous magazine articles, Shakespeare, Epictetus, the Hebrew and the Hindoo bibles, and Emerson, and loafed on the shores of Coney Island, timing the new poetry he was composing to the rhythmic beat of the sea. Somewhere in this period probably belongs the mystical experience, described in the poem *Song of Myself*, Section 5.

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1 Changed to a daily in April, 1849.
2 An article in the Springfield Republican, 28 March, 1853, states that Whitman helped to edit Levi D. Slamm’s *Plebeian*; and a letter from Whitman’s friend, T. H. Rome, the first printer of the *Leaves of Grass*, to Wm. E. Benjamin (September, 1858) mentions the fact that after his return from New Orleans Whitman conducted for a short time an advertising sheet called The *Salesman*. See also Hearn’s city directory for 1851 and 1852.
which clarified his vision "of the world as love" and fused his purposes in life, and which some biographers, attaching to it more significance than did Whitman himself and forgetting that he had other such experiences, are inclined to consider the most important fact in his biography. At any rate, the book of which he had dreamed since adolescence and of which he had as early as 1847 written many passages was now, in 1854-5, written and rewritten, and printed in Brooklyn, without a publisher, in July, 1855.

The purpose of the author in writing this unique volume may be stated in his own comprehensive words, written in 1876:

I dwelt on Birth and Life, clothing my ideas in pictures, days, transactions of my time, to give them positive place, identity—saturating them with the vehemence of pride and audacity of freedom necessary to loosen the mind of still-to-be-form'd America from the folds, the superstitions, and all the long, tenacious and stifling anti-democratic authorities of Asiatic and European past—my enclosing purport being to express, above all artificial regulation and aid, the eternal Bodily Character of One's-Self.

The plan for his poetic life-work was to have been completed, he tells us in the Preface to the 1876 edition, by composing a further, equally needed volume, based on those convictions of perpetuity and conservation which, enveloping all precedents, make the unseen soul govern absolutely at last.

The perfecting of this latter work, dealing with the soul and mortality, had proved beyond his powers and failing health, but a fair idea of what it meant to set forth is to be found, no doubt, in The Two Rimelets (1876).

If Emerson's American Scholar address was the intellectual declaration of American independence, this first edition of Leaves of Grass, though only a thin imperial octavo of ninety-five pages with a hastily written but vigorous and far-sighted explanatory preface, was the first gun in a major campaign of the war that was to win that

*A. Whitman manuscript notebook in the possession of Thomas B. Harned, one of the poet's friends and literary executors, preserves these earliest known specimens of modern free verse. They are shortly to be published by the present writer.
independence. Of the form taken by so audacious a message space is wanting for accurate description. It may be said, however, that, denying to itself rhyme, regular metre, stanza forms, literary allusions, and "stock poetical touches" in general, it frequently achieved, nevertheless, a deep and satisfying rhythm of its own—sometimes pregnant gnomic utterances, sometimes a chant or recitative, occasionally a burst of pure lyricism. Just where, if anywhere, Whitman found the hint for this flexible prose-poetic form critics have not agreed. Perhaps Biblical prosody, *Ossian*, the blank verse of Shakespeare and Bryant, the writings of Blake, the prose of Carlyle and Emerson, and his own impassioned declamation all assisted; but full allowance must be made for the unquestioned originality of his own genius, working slowly but courageously for the fuller liberation of song.¹

The book, expecting opposition, was met by almost complete disregard. Except for a few copies which found their way to England and were later to secure for Whitman ardent disciples and his first English editor, William Michael Rossetti, there was practically no sale. Most of the reviews in the periodicals that noticed the book at all were as scandalized as had been anticipated; but a highly congratulatory letter from Emerson, who evidently recognized in Whitman the disciple he then professed to be, compensated for all neglect or abuse from other quarters, and a sentence from it was put to good, if indelicate, use as advertising on the back of the second edition (1856), a volume much larger than the first and more open to criticism because of its attempt to combat prudery in America by a naturalistic but fragmentary treatment of the facts of sex. Of this patent and confessed indebtedness to

¹ In one of the anonymous reviews which Whitman saw fit to write, in 1855, of his own first edition, he disclaims any model: "The style of these poems, therefore, is simply their own style, just born and red. Nature may have given the hint to the author of 'Leaves of Grass,' but there exists no book or fragment of a book which can have given the hint to them." In *Re Walt Whitman*, p. 16.

The first poem known to have been published in this measure was *Blood Money*, which appeared in Horace Greeley's *Travels* (Supplement), 22 March, 1850. But *Isle of La Belle Rivière*, published in the Cincinnati *Post*, 30 April, 1852, was written, in what is now called imagist verse, at the age of thirty (1849–50), while *New Year's Day, 1855*, written in an album just before Whitman's departure for New Orleans, shows a tendency to break away from conventional forms. By far more important are the Harned manuscript notebook specimens already mentioned.
Emerson, who had brought the simmering pot of Whitman’s literary and patriotic ambition to a boil, Whitman had no cause to feel ashamed; for though lacking Emerson’s sanity and mature idealism, he had a greater sympathetic, active, and emotional equipment than had the Concord sage. If Whitman was, as he said, “a child, very old,” Emerson was a man, very young. It was almost as if the older champion of individuality had meditated the philosophy by which the younger was to live; but whereas the Emersonian gospel, addressing itself to the idealism of its readers, “breeds the giant which destroys itself,” Whitmanism, appealing strongly to the religious sentiment, has already had the ironical fate of developing something not unlike a cult, both at home and in other countries.

Of course such a book failed to bring in royalties, and Whitman again fell back on the drudgery of editing a newspaper, in this instance the bantling Daily Times (Brooklyn). Just when this editorship began (1856 or 1857) is not easily determined, but it ended probably in the early part of 1859, after the editor had repeatedly rebuked certain church officials for the, as he thought, unfair treatment they had accorded to Judge Culver, then the defendant in an ecclesiastical trial. At odd times Whitman wrote the new poems, including that incomparable lyric, Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking, which appeared now and then in the pages of the Bohemian Saturday Press, and the many others which were to be included in the 1860 edition of the Leaves. The country was full of lecturers in 1858, and Whitman planned to become one, both to support himself and to supplement the Leaves, which could hardly as yet have been called a success. But though he disciplined himself in a style of oratory only less novel than that of his poetry, writing “barrels of lectures” on religion, democracy, language, aesthetics, and politics, and though the desire thus to present his message in a more personal fashion than any sort of authorship, even his own, could afford, persisted throughout life, only a few memorial addresses—such as the tribute to Lincoln—and a few public readings of his own poems written for college commencements or other special occasions ever came of it.

Meanwhile Whitman was widening the circle of his acquaintance. Emerson not only called on him frequently when in the city but sent Alcott, Moncure Conway, and Thoreau to
do likewise. Lord Houghton also came, and Bryant crossed the river share with him long walks into the country. These were the days of Whitman's Bohemianism. A negligent, open-throated attire and great soft hat that one might associate with a carpenter or a sailor he insisted on wearing, Richter-like, wherever he went. In the earlier years of his journalism he had worn a high hat, cane, and boutonnière; now the dandy had given place to a man dressed in a habit more in keeping with his new rôle as the national bard of democracy en masse. The affectations in his dress were, however, of less importance than the inner character of the man. And that character was one of great human sympathy and magnetism, possessing a charm which those who felt it most were least able to explain. He spent, as from childhood he had done, much time among the people—boatmen, pilots, omnibus drivers, mechanics, fishermen—going anywhere to "feed his hunger for faces." He visited prisons, attended the sick in hospitals, drove all one winter the stage of a disabled driver, and mingled as a meditative observer among the liberal-minded and light-hearted Bohemians at Pfaff's restaurant. In 1860 he went to Boston and published, through Thayer and Eldridge, his third edition, full of the echoes of this life, in which he had not always been a mere observer. Until the war drove its publishers to the wall, the book had a fair sale. The poems of two new groups—Enfants d'Adam, celebrating the love, usually physiological, between the sexes, and Calamus, celebrating that "adhesiveness" or "manly attachment" which Whitman then considered the true cement of a democracy—have in the past provoked much severe criticism and indignant defense, and the former were the occasion, at various times, of a threatened official prosecution, of a temporary exclusion of the book from the mails, and of the author's being dismissed from a government clerkship. Emerson had urged Whitman to be more tactful and worldly-wise, but the latter's inner conviction that he was right and his stubborn determination to go ahead in the chosen course blinded him to the value of tact and condemned him to suffer from a reputation that he did not really deserve. Whatever may be the true interpretation of these poems, one finds it difficult to understand either the character or the writings of Whitman unless one's eye is kept on the chronology of his pub-
In the Civil War

lications, a feat which his method of grouping has rendered rather difficult; for he was a growth, as his poems were, in which a heroic and loving soul gradually freed itself from the passions of a very human and earthly body. His reaction from the asceticism of his adolescence was strong, tumultuous, almost tragic, but it was only a reaction; and when the war had passed over him with its purification and its pain, and when he had suffered severely in his personal affections, he sang more and more of the soul.

Whitman's optimistic faith in democracy was put to the severest possible test by the outbreak of the Civil War. But he did not come into personal touch with its heroic and pathetic sides until, in December, 1862, he went down to the front at Fredericksburg to look after his younger brother, an officer in a volunteer regiment, who had received a slight wound in battle. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities Whitman had begun writing (June, 1861) for the weekly *Brooklyn Standard* a serial history of the city, entitled *Brooklyniana*, based on his own reminiscences, his conversations with older citizens, and his rather desultory historical reading. He had likewise been composing a few of the vivid war poems in *Drum-Taps*. But as the war became more serious he suspended this writing and took a loitering trip through many of his old haunts on Long Island, fishing, sailing, meeting people in the unceremonious manner of the country, and doubtless pondering the gloomy problems of the war. The early Whitman, so inadequately reported in the biographies, was preparing to give place to the well-known serious and noble Whitman of the Washington hospitals; and this leisurely visit was, one chooses to think, a farewell to the light-hearted irresponsibility of his protracted youth. Returning to Brooklyn in the fall, he took up the *Brooklyniana* again and occupied himself with it almost until the accident to George Whitman called him to the Virginia battle-field.

Thence he casually drifted into the finest employment of his life, that of caring for sick and wounded soldiers on the field and, especially, in the many military hospitals in and about Washington. He lived frugally, supporting himself for a time by doing copying and by contributing wonderfully vivid sketches of his

1 It is probable that Whitman had been reduced to the necessity of doing copy-
ing before, for the Brooklyn city directory (Lain) for 1860 gives "Walt Whitman, copyist."
experiences to the Brooklyn Eagle and Union and the New York Times. To supply the little comforts and necessities of the hundreds of thousand soldiers, Northern and Southern, to whom, as he estimated, he ministered courage and cheer, he privately raised several thousand dollars from friends and correspondents in the North. When he obtained a salaried position in 1865, a generous portion of his earnings went into the same fund. But chiefly he gave himself, in undisguised affection. The full tenderness, almost motherliness, of this large-hearted, self-sacrificing man can be fully understood only in the modest but realistic account of his daily activities preserved in the letters written to his mother at the time and in the hospital-notebook jottings printed in Specimen Days. It would be a questionable service to Whitman to affirm that these three years of slow martyrdom sanctified the whole of his life; but it is literally true that the deepest and best instincts in him never before had found such full and beautiful expression. Partly, at least, as a result of his hospital service his magnificent health was lost, and the last twenty years of his life were those of a paralytic cripple.

Whitman’s poetic power was still at its height. Drum-Taps, —the poetic complement to Specimen Days and The Wound-Dresser,—a booklet charged with the pathos and the spirituality of the war, was published in 1865, with the profoundly moving dirge for the martyred Lincoln. In Democratic Vistas (1871) he made use of prose, though with unequal success.

This period was also important because of the friendships that it made or fostered. Perhaps the most important was that with William Douglas O’Connor. When, in 1865, Whitman had been employed for several months in the Interior Department under Secretary Harlan, the latter, on learning that he was the author of Leaves of Grass, had him summarily dismissed; then O’Connor came to his friend’s defence in a brilliant and passionate, though ill-advised, polemic, The Good Gray Poet, the title of which gave the bard a fit and enduring sobriquet. The advertising value of such a polemic, or of such an incident, though it was rated highly by Whitman and by some of his friends, may now be questioned. Thanks to such
Later Years

staunch friends, however, Whitman was soon settled, for the eight following years, in a comfortable clerkship in the Attorney-General's Department. Another close friend and enthusiastic disciple then and later was John Burroughs, who published in 1867 the first biographical and critical study of the poet. An attachment more similar to those of the New York days was Whitman's singular friendship for Pete Doyle, an unschooled young Confederate soldier, now a street-car conductor, with whom, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages and interests, the poet spent much of his leisure time. To him Whitman wrote the letters which were, after his death, published by one of his literary executors under the appropriate title Calamus. But this comfortable and congenial life was destined to a sudden end. Just when Whitman was beginning to make literary friends abroad—Rudolf Schmidt in Denmark, Prelligrath in Germany, Madame Blanc in France, Edward Dowden in Ireland, and in England William Rossetti, Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, Roden Noel, John Addington Symonds, Tennyson, and Anne Gilchrist—and when he was beginning to become somewhat favourably known abroad through Rossetti's expurgated selection, Poems by Walt Whitman (1868), and through fragmentary translations in Continental countries, an attack of paralysis (January, 1873) compelled him first to suspend and finally to give up his clerical work. Taking his savings, enough to tide him over the first few years of invalidism, he went to live with his brother, Colonel George Whitman, in Camden, New Jersey. A leisurely trip to Colorado in 1879, a longer one to Canada in the following year, and various briefer visits and lecture journeys—now to New York, now to visit his friend Burroughs at his home on the Hudson, now to his own Long Island birthplace, but oftentimes to recuperate and to write charming nature descriptions at his retreat on Timber Creek—except for these furloughs Whitman was to spend the remainder of his days, and to lie buried, in Camden. In March, 1884, he bought a little house (328 Mickle Street, now 330) with the proceeds from the very successful Philadelphia edition of the Leaves in 1882.

This period, the final act of Whitman's unique life, was natur-

* Swinburne, who had in Songs before Sunrise hailed Whitman as a new force in literature, considerably retracted his praise in later publications.
ally not a climax of achievement, though it was a severe test of his patience and optimism, a test which, on the whole, he stood with unassuming courage. He sent forth occasional contributions to various American and British magazines and newspapers, besides new editions of his works. The most notable of these latter was the autographed Centennial or Author's Edition in two volumes of prose and verse (1876), designed to be sold in England, his best market, in order to relieve the straitened circumstances of the author, who was then "paralyzed... poor... expecting death," and who had been fleeced by his New York publishers; *Specimen Days and Collect* (1882–3), a "diary of an invalid," which contains some of Whitman's most characteristic prose and is a storehouse of autobiographical data; and *November Boughs* (1888), containing reprints of short poems that Whitman had been writing regularly for the New York *Herald* and of miscellaneous prose essays that had appeared elsewhere, the most significant of these being *A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads*.

New friends were made, as faithful as the old. One was Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, of Canada, who, like Burroughs, hailed the *Leaves of Grass* as "the bible of democracy" and wrote (1883) the first comprehensive biography of its author, to set him forth as a mystical saviour of the modern world. Another was Thomas B. Harned, in whose hospitable home the poet met, during these later years, not a few American and foreign notables. A third was Horace Traubel, who until Whitman's death was his daily visitor, who, without pay, assisted him in his dealings with printers and publishers, and who has for some years been publishing a minute diary of his talks with the poet during 1888–92. These three friends became, by Whitman's will, his literary executors. Space is wanting to mention even the most prominent of that host of other visitors, American and foreign, who made Camden the object of their pilgrimages, some with a selfish desire to secure the poet's bold autographs, others with a reverent wish to pay homage to a liberator of the soul. One of the most sincere and unreserved of these tributes was that proffered by Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, the English author (then a widow), who through his poetry came to love the man* and who

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* The love-letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman are now being edited by Thomas B. Harned and will soon be published.
later with her children spent two years (1876–1878) in Philadelphia in order to be near him. Assistance of a substantial nature from abroad, due in part to the efforts of Mrs. Gilchrist, who had been the first woman to defend the *Children of Adam* poems in print, together with similar if somewhat later help from a growing number of friends and readers in America, lightened the burdens of Whitman's last years, affording him comforts that would otherwise have been denied him and giving him hope that the tide of disapproval and misunderstanding which he had been breasting for half a lifetime was beginning at last to turn. When a complication of maladies finally resulted in his death, 26 March, 1892, he had "positively appeared," a prophet and a poet not without honour even in his own country. He was buried, with unique but impressive ceremony, beside a number of near relatives, in a massive and costly tomb which he had built for the purpose the preceding year. Most of his property, valued at a few thousand dollars, was left for the support of an imbecile brother, to care for whom Whitman had for many years saved money from his own small income.

The influence of Whitman has in the past taken three directions. Those of his readers who, like himself, attach most significance to the revolutionary and the religious elements in his writings have naturally been somewhat indifferent as to whether a place could be found for Whitman among the recognized literary coteries. To them he has been a seer profound enough and a lover sincere enough to render ordinary literary criticism an impertinence—unless such criticism would content itself with mere exegesis. On the other hand a growing number of readers have seen in Whitman—quite aside from a personality which, for all its philosophical breadth and its friendly sweetness, was hampered by an occasionally repellent sentimental egotism and a marked deficiency in taste—a genuine artist and a true poet. All manner of liberal political, sociological, and religious movements have been fathered on Whitman the seer and prophet; while Whitman the poet has become the legitimate founder of the various forms of modern free verse. Criticism that confounds this twofold claim and this twofold appeal of Whitman's writings is destined to make little progress, as is also that criticism which considers the two methods...
of approach to be necessarily exclusive. Still a third class of readers, uninterested in poets or prophets, as such, have gone to Whitman for the refreshing presence of a man and a writer who was entirely himself and who loved nature and his fellow men.
CHAPTER II

Poets of the Civil War I

THE NORTH

WITH the opening of the Civil War the people of the loyal states were stirred to a more intense realization of the high responsibilities of citizenship in a republic. At once the country was confronted by the gigantic task of feeding and clothing the men in the field, of caring for the sick and wounded, of raising the crops, and keeping the shops and factories going. Such a radical readjustment of forces called out powers hitherto unsuspected either in the nation or in its individual citizens. The great present seemed to engulf the petty troubles and ill feelings, social and political, of the past, and the people of the North found themselves moved by a national spirit which knew few of the bounds of the old provincialism. Like the shot at Lexington almost a hundred years before, the guns at Sumter struck the note of a new era. The country marched to war with the gay step of youth; it came back solemnly, as if tried by fire. As it went, the bands played Annie Laurie, and the men sang the sentimental songs of adolescent America; they returned chanting

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Readers of poetry in the fifties had enjoyed the verse of Bryant \(^1\) and Longfellow \(^2\) and of others who modestly portrayed aspects of quiet nature, mildly moralized upon conduct, or willingly submitted to the spell of beauty. For not a few of the poets, poetry was something apart from the actuality of

\(^1\) See also Book II, Chap. v. \(^2\) See also Book II, Chap. xii.

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life, too often little more than commonplace sentiment inspired by earlier poets. It is interesting to find Longfellow writing in his diary in 1856:

Dined with Agassiz to meet Emerson and others. I was amused and annoyed to see how soon the conversation drifted off into politics. It was not until after in the library that we got upon anything really interesting.

Longfellow, Taylor, Story, and Stoddard (in his early days) were practitioners of the poetic art rather than workers in the real material of human experience. There were other singers, however, who, though surrounded by much that was crude and raw, petty and vulgar, still had visions and felt pulses throb-bing beneath the rude exterior of American life. Of such were Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, and various more ephemeral writers who felt the stirring times. To them it was not satisfying merely to dream of the past or yearn for the land of the Lotos Eaters. As if called to a great service, they saw a work to be done and prepared for its doing. Stedman at twenty-eight could write:

I have cared nothing for politics—have been disgusted with American life and doings. Now for the first time I am proud of my country and my grand heroic brethren. The greatness of the crisis, the Homeric grandeur of the contest, surrounds and elevates us all. . . . Henceforth the sentimental and poetic will fuse with the intellectual to dignify and elevate the race.

Stedman¹ himself, brought up in an older school of lovers of beauty, turned to a more resonant lyre, and wrote such pieces as How Old Brown Took Harper’s Ferry, Kearny at Seven Pines, Wanted—A Man, Gettysburg, and the stirring romance Alice of Monmouth—pieces full of metrical energy, strong, high spirit, and convinced devotion to the union. Stoddard,² writer of delicate “Melodies and Catches,” rose to the grave, noble tones of his Horatian ode Abraham Lincoln, among the finest of all the poems commemorative of the chief personage of the War. Lowell³ wrote a second series of The Biglow Papers,

¹ See also Book III, Chap. x.
² See ibid.
³ See Book II, Chap. xxiv.
confirming his right to be called the great American satirist in verse; and Whittier, already, like Lowell, no uncertain voice speaking against slavery, almost forgot his Quaker traditions in the eager strophes with which he encouraged the fighters for freedom and exulted over the victory of their aims. Whitman, already the prophet, though as yet hardly heard, of a mystical union of his people, composed, during the struggle to destroy the Union of the states, battle-pieces that are without rancour, and, after that Union had been assured, splendid hymns of triumph that contain no insults to the conquered, vying with Lowell for the honour of producing the loftiest and best Northern poetry of the War.

The purpose of this chapter is to tell not of the major poets of the mid-century period, most of whom, in the intervals of full poetic careers traced elsewhere in this history, lent powerful voices to the cause of anti-slavery and union, but of some of the lesser figures whose best or most significant work deals almost wholly with the conflict. At least one of them has not received his due share of praise—Henry Howard Brownell (1820–1872), called by Holmes "Our Battle Laureate." Born at Providence, he went with his family to Hartford, where he graduated from Trinity College in 1841. After a short season of teaching in Mobile, he returned to Hartford, was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of his profession, while also joining his brother in literary work. His early devotion to the sea, stimulated by frequent voyages, inspired him to sing of its awe and its beauty. Like his brother, who lost his life in 1859 exploring South America, he had the spirit of an adventurer, but, though his little volume of Poems (1847) had contained some lines of verse ringing with denunciation of ease and lazy comfort at a time when such a question as slavery was pressing for answer, he had dealt, for the most part not originally or strikingly, only with the eternal themes of minor poets—love, disappointments, passing beauty, the hard fate of the poetical tribe—and did not really find expression for himself until the Civil War. For a Hartford paper he composed a rhymed version of Farragut's orders to his fleet before the attack upon New Orleans. The verses so pleased the Commodore that he wrote to Brownell in terms of hearty appreciation and afterwards made the poet

1 See also Book II, Chap. xii.
2 See also Book III, Chap. 1.
his secretary. Brownell thus had an opportunity, in actual service, to become acquainted with the details of warfare. The best of his pieces, all included in *Lyrics of a Day* (1864) and *War-Lyrics* (1866), still deserve praise as strong as that pronounced by Lowell and Aldrich in Brownell's own generation. His power lay in combining vivid detail with lyric exultation, accurate pictures of still life with fiery episodes of heroic action. No other Northern poet reported real warfare so accurately. Some of Brownell's lines read like rhymed journalism, but he had everywhere such intensity of visualization, such fiery passion, and such natural, racy language dignified by sincerity that he rarely suffered any descent into prose, though he tended to *longeur*. Energy and swift movement are not his only qualities. In the midst of *The Bay Fight* he does not forget the actual men engaged. He can pass from scenes of fighting to the calm, sad picture of Lincoln watching from on high the troops that have not returned for the *Grand Review* in Washington. Perhaps nothing in his verse seems more striking, in the twentieth century, than his terrific confidence in the cause of the Union and equally terrific condemnation of all Southern "traitors." His moral energy is as much the secret of his power as are his poetical vigour and veracity.

Less important than Brownell as a war poet was George Henry Boker, a native of Pennsylvania, who, though primarily a dramatist, was from 1861 to 1871 the efficient secretary of the Union League of Philadelphia, and prominent in patriotic activities throughout the struggle. His *Poems of the War* appeared in 1864. It contained a few pieces, some of them still remembered, which adequately represent the faith and deep feeling of that time. Most interesting are the *Dirge for a Soldier, On Board the Cumberland, The Ballad of New Orleans, Upon the Hill before Centreville, The Black Regiment, The Battle of Lookout Mountain*. Boker's lyrics, however, lack the passionate truthfulness of Brownell's, and play too much with allegory and ancient mythology for the best effect. The *Dirge*, called forth by the death of General Kearny, is spontaneous and haunting. Bayard Taylor, a friend of Boker, while ardently sympathetic toward the Union cause, and a speaker in its behalf in America and England, shows a slighter imprint of the conflict.

*See also Book II, Chap. II.*

*See also Book III, Chap. x.*
in his verse. Even his National Ode, delivered on a great oc-
casion in 1876, failed to rise to the dignity and power expected
of it. It seems, for all its large weight of thought and know-
ledge, unimportant when compared with Lowell’s Commemora-
tion Ode. Still a third Pennsylvanian, Thomas Buchanan
Read,¹ wrote, in Sheridan’s Ride, one of the most rousing of all
the martial ballads called forth by the war.

Herman Melville,² who said in the preface to his Battle-
Pieces and Aspects of the War (1866) “I seem, in most of these
verses, to have but placed a harp in a window, and noted the
contrasted airs which wayward winds have played upon the
strings,” suffered in his verse as in his minor romances from a
fatal formlessness, but he had moments of contagious enthu-
thusiasm. He celebrated some of the most striking incidents
of the war in The Victor of Antietam, The Cumberland, Running
the Batteries, Sheridan at Cedar Creek, The Fall of Richmond,
and The Surrender at Appomattox. Most intimately associated
with hostilities of all was Charles Graham Halpine,³ better
known as Miles O’Reilly, who entered the Union army and
became a brigadier-general. Although his verse lacks metrical
skill, it is vigorous and full of feeling, generally free of animosi-
ties, and in the tone of the soldier rather than of the bitter
poet who stays at home.

To get a really vivid idea of the lyric expression of the time
one should look less to individual writers or groups of writers
than to the subjects which were most commonly their themes.
The John Brown affair found many poets: Stedman in How Old
Brown Took Harper’s Ferry, Brownell in The Battle of Charles-
town, fiercely ironic, Whittier in Brown of Ossawatomie, and,
above all, the anonymous author (he may have been Charles
Sprague Hall) of John Brown’s Body, which, set to the air of
an old Methodist hymn, became the most popular marching
song of the Union armies, and survived innumerable parodies
and rival versions—to be sung not only by American but by
British troops in the present war. The secession of South
Carolina called forth the earnest, affectionate Brother Jona-
than’s Lament for Sister Caroline by Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Stedman and Brownell were but two of the many stirred to

¹ See also Book III, Chap. x.
² See also Book II, Chap. vii.
³ See also Book II, Chap. xix.
verse by the attack on Sumter. The spirit of the volunteers was celebrated in *A Call to True Men* by Robert Traill Spence Lowell, *Who's Ready?* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Heart of the War* by J. G. Holland; Theodore Tilton published in *The Independent* for 18 April, 1861, his clanging and exciting tocsin *The Great Bell Roland*; even Bryant had a strange fire in *Our Country's Call*:

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;  
Leave in its track the toiling plough;  
The rifle and the bayonet-blade  
For arms like yours were fitter now;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battle-field.

Thereafter the passion of events is recorded in the poems of the war, North and South. Bayard Taylor's *Through Baltimore* cried out against the opposition offered by Southern sympathizers to the passage through Baltimore streets of the Sixth Massachusetts. A. J. H. Duganne, in his impetuous *Bethel*, sang of the heroism but not the blunders of that battle, the chief victim of which, Theodore Winthrop, was the subject of Thomas William Parsons's lofty *Dirge for One Who Fell in Battle*. Bull Run, theme of many exultant Southern ballads and satires, brought from Boker the impassioned *Upon the Hill before Centreville*. In the controversy with England which followed the seizure of Mason and Slidell, Lowell wrote his spirited and determined *Jonathan to John*, second in the new series of *Biglow Papers*. During September, 1861, Mrs. Ethelinda (Ethel Lynn) Beers wrote *The Picket-Guard* (attributed in the South to Lamar Fontaine or Thaddeus Oliver), a widely popular piece expressing sympathy with the minor and unnamed victims of the conflict. Also popular was the anonymous *Tardy George*, that is, General McClellan, of whom the North demanded more activity than he ever attained. In the same cause, though without the mention of names, was *Wanted—A Man*, by Stedman, who shortly after had to write another elegy, *Kearny at Seven Pines*, upon the gallant officer commemorated by Boker in the

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1 See also Book III, Chap. xi.  
2 See also Book III, Chap. iii.
The War in the West

Dirge for a Soldier. Thomas Dunn English's The Charge by
the Ford and Melville's Mahern Hill deal with the later events
of McClellan's first campaign. Lincoln's call for new troops
gave rise to the sentimental but immensely effective Three
Hundred Thousand More by James Sloan Gibbons and to Bret
Harte's The Reveille (sometimes called The Drum), which is
said to have played a large part in holding California loyal.
The advance of Lee to Antietam, his repulse there, and his
retreat found a record in Whittier's Barbara Frietchie, Melville's
The Victor of Antietam, Boker's The Crossing at Fredericksburg,
John Boyle O'Reilly's At Fredericksburg, and Aldrich's exquisite
sonnets Fredericksburg and By the Potomac.

Meanwhile the war in the West was not without its poet-
annalists, of whom the most notable perhaps was Forseythe
Willson (1837–67), a native of New York who lived in Indiana
from 1852 to 1864 and wrote Union editorials for the Louisville
Journal. During the first year of the war he began his sombre,
disch heartened In State, a poem which spoke of the Union as
dead and lying on its bier:

The Sisterhood that was so sweet,
The Starry System spher'd complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet,
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars gimmer and glitter at her feet.

The next year he wrote Boy Brittan to commemorate a seven-
teen-year-old lieutenant killed in the attack on Fort Henry,
and the year after published his masterpiece, The Old Sergeant,
which Holmes thought 'the finest thing since the war began.'—
the death-scene of a nameless soldier wounded at Shiloh.
Richer in melody than Brownell, Willson was like him in direct-
ness and realism; his output, however, was very slight. The
struggle for the possession of Missouri was recorded in Stod-
dard's The Little Drummer, Henry Peterson's The Death of
Lyon, and Boker's Zagonyi. During the Confederate attempt
to recapture Corinth in October, 1862, the Eighth Wisconsin
imaginatively carried, instead of a flag, a live eagle which circled
over the battlefield and which gave Brownell his occasion for
The Eagle of Corinth.

This same year on the sea the duel between the Merrimac
and the Cumberland stirred the poets as did almost no other
Poets of the Civil War

episode of the entire war. Thomas Buchanan Read wrote *The Attack*; Longfellow, *The Cumberland*; Boker, *On Board the Cumberland*; Melville, *The Cumberland*; Weir Mitchell, *How the Cumberland Went Down*—all of them poems which, with a larger eloquence than then appeared, sounded the knell of the wooden battleship. As might have been expected, defeat had more poets than victory; Boker, however, wrote *The Cruise of the Monitor*, and Lucy Larcom *The Sinking of the Merrimac*. For the capture of New Orleans there were Boker’s *The Ballad of New Orleans* and *The Varuna* (the name of a Federal ship sunk during the action), while Brownell’s *The River Fight* was as triumphant as the attack.

Do you know of the dreary land,
If land such region may seem,
Where ’tis neither sea nor strand,
Ocean nor good dry land,
But the nightmare marsh of a dream—
Where the Mighty River his death-road takes,
’Mid pools, and windings that coil like snakes,
(A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes.)
To die in the great Gulf Stream?

Would you hear of the River-Fight?
It was two, of a soft spring night—
God’s stars looked down on all,
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog’s clinging breath—
Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
Of manhood, once and agen—
Lords of helm and of sail,
 Tried in tempest and gale,
Bronzed in battle and wreck—
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his Line of the Blue and Red—
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail;
Thornton fought the deck.
Emancipation

And I mind me of more than they,
Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
That have shown them worthy sons
Of the Seamen passed away—
(Tyson conned our helm, that day,
Watson stood by his guns.)

Lord of mercy and frown,
Ruling o'er sea and shore,
Send us such scene once more!
All in Line of Battle
Where the black ships bear down
On tyrant fort and town,
'Mid cannon cloud and rattle—
And the great guns once more
Thunder back the roar
Of the traitor walls ashore,
And the traitor flags come down!

It was in New England that Emancipation was most eagerly claimed. Emerson's Boston Hymn, written in honour of ncoln’s Proclamation, can hardly be matched for pungency of pregnancy of matter by any other American poem for an occasion. Whittier, who had already hailed Frémont's action freeing the slaves of secessionists in Missouri in the poem John C. Frémont, and the abolition of slavery in the District Columbia in his hopeful Astraæ at the Capital, hailed the tual Proclamation with passion, and, later, the passage of a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery with the rapt utlation of Laus Deo. Stedman's Treason's Last Device owed with anger at a proposal made, as late as 1863, to New England from the Union because of an opposi- tion to slavery that made that section very obnoxious to the South.

Boker in the spring of 1863 greeted the news of the Federal aissance with his Hooker's Across; and Chancellorsville, which iled forth so many Confederate poems on the death of Stoneill Jackson, led George Parsons Lathrop to write his dashing illad, Keenan's Charge. Perhaps it was again because poets

* See also Book III, Chap. viii.
Poets of the Civil War I

sing best in defeat that no Union poem on Gettysburg quite equals Will Henry Thompson's later High Tide (1888). Stedman, however, made a ringing ballad, Gettysburg, and Bret Harte preserved a real episode of the day in his John Burns of Gettysburg. Best of all, of course, was Lincoln's famous address at the battle-field on 19 November, 1863, which lacks nothing of poetry but its outer forms.

As Grant rose to fame the poets kept pace with his deeds: Melville with Running the Batteries and Boker with Before Vicksburg dealt with the struggle to open the Mississippi. Lookout Mountain was commemorated by Boker—The Battle of Lookout Mountain—and William Dean Howells—The Battle in the Clouds. Two poems this year honoured the negro soldiers that the Union army had begun to use. Boker's The Black Regiment concerns itself with the assault on Fort Hudson; Brownell's Bury Them is a stern and terrible poem on the slaughter of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, with their Colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, at Fort Wagner, South Carolina. The Confederates buried Shaw in a pit under a heap of his men, and Brownell thought of them as dragon's teeth buried in "the sacred, strong Slave-Sod" only to rise—Southerners are supposed to be speaking—as sabres and bayonets:

And our hearts wax strange and chill,
With an ominous shudder and thrill,
Even here, on the strong Slave-Sod,
Lest, haply, we be found
(Ah, dread no brave hath drowned!)
Fighting against Great God.

In the fourth year of the war the note of triumph passed from the Southern to the Northern poets. S. H. M. Byrns's Sherman's March to the Sea and Halpine's The Song of Sherman's Army are almost gay, and Henry Clay Work's Marching Through Georgia if not gay is nothing else. Holmes's Sherman's in Savannah rhymed the name of the fallen city with "banner." Strangely haunting is Whitman's Ethiopia Saluting the Colors. Also haunting, but sad, is Melville's A Dirge for McPherson—

True fame is his, for life is o'er
Sorpedon of the mighty war——
Army Songs

while his Sheridan at Cedar Creek, The Fall of Richmond, and The Surrender at Appomattox, though never widely known, are full of that distinction which Melville, with all his irregularities, was never long without, in prose or verse. Thomas Buchanan Read's famous Sheridan's Ride is a better ballad than Melville's piece on the same theme, but purely as poetry it is inferior. Henry Clay Work's The Year of Jubilee, supposed to be written by a slave full of delight in the coming freedom, is too amusing and racy to need to have its poetical merits estimated. Read's The Eagle and the Vulture and Weir Mitchell's Kearsarge echoed the doom of the Alabama. Farragut was so fortunate as to have two poets among his officers at Mobile Bay: William Tuckey Meredith, who wrote Farragut—

Parragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke—

and Brownell, whose The Bay Fight, though perhaps too long, can hardly be matched for martial energy.

In the armies themselves the most popular verses were naturally less fine than those which have chiefly been remembered as the poetic fruits of the war. It was to furnish more worthy words to the tune of John Brown's Body that Julia Ward Howe wrote her noble poem The Battle Hymn of the Republic, but the words proved too fine to suit the soldiers, who would not sing of "grapes of wrath" or "the beauty of the lilies." They preferred instead such pieces as Three Hundred Thousand More, Marching Through Georgia, and The Year of Jubilee, which have been already mentioned, the equally favoured The Battle Cry of Freedom, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, and Just Before the Battle, Mother, of George Frederick Root, and Walter Kittredge's Tenting on the Old Camp Ground. Now forgotten, but famous in its day, was William B. Bradbury's Marching Along, most frequently sung by soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. The song perhaps most frequently heard from soldiers of both sides in the conflict was When This Cruel War Is Over by C. C. Sawyer. In the Northern version "blue"
Poets of the Civil War I

rhymes with "true"; with cheerful unconcern for the rhyme, the Southerners substituted "gray." This song was sentimental, without poetic merit or rhythm, without even a trick of melody to recommend it, but it voiced the eager longing for peace and was heard in every camp many times every day. Other popular songs were the Song of the Soldiers by Halpine and

I'd rather be a soldier,
A tramping, camping soldier

by John Savage.

All these are primarily concerned with the military side of the conflict. Civil matters, too, found poetic voices: Bret Harte's The Copperhead and The Copperhead Convention, and Thomas Clarke's Sir Copp, stinging denunciations; F. W. Lander's Rhode Island to the South, full of prophetic challenge; Richard Reall's Io Triumpha, hopeful and resolute; W. A. Devon's Give Me Your Hand, Johnny Bull, a friendly, earnest bid for British sympathy. Still more interesting are the numerous pieces that reveal the feelings of sorrowing men and women at home, and of soldiers sick for home. Specially memorable are Lucy Larcom's Waiting for News, Kate Putnam Osgood's extraordinarily pathetic Driving Home the Cows, C. D. Shanly's The Brier Wood Pipe, Augusta Cooper Bristol's Term of Service Ended, Read's The Brave at Home, The Drummer Boy's Burial (anonymous), and William Winter's After All. From civil life came the tender and moving note of reconciliation in Francis Miles Finch's The Blue and the Gray, written in 1867 when the news came that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, had decorated the graves both of Northern and Southern soldiers.

To civil life, too, belongs the supreme poetry that the war called forth, associated, for the most part, with the name of Lincoln. Stoddard's Abraham Lincoln, Whitman's When Líos Last in the Door-yard Bloomed (not to be mentioned with the popular but less valuable O Captain! My Captain!), and Lowell's Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration. Whitman had written not a few vivid descriptions of war scenes, and he stands alone among all the poets of his time in his noble freedom from partisanship, but his chanting was never elsewhere so rapt or melodious. Lowell, a fiery partisan, had in his
The Return of Peace

second series of Biglow Papers applied his satirical powers to every step of the conflict, and had at times risen to thrilling elevation, as in Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly, but in his Ode he outstripped himself and brought American civic poetry to its highest point. An intensely pacific people had the happiness to have poets who sang peace better than they had sung war, when they had won, even at the price of war, a peace which left them purged of slavery and still a nation.

Much of this verse has naturally lost its appeal, but its national and historical significance cannot be overlooked. As Stedman afterwards wrote:

One who underrates the significance of our literature, prose or verse, as both the expression and the stimulant of national feeling, as of import in the past and to the future of America, and therefore of the world, is deficient in that critical insight which can judge even of its own day unwarped by personal taste or deference to public impression. He shuts his eyes to the fact that at times, notably throughout the years resulting in the Civil War, this literature has been a "force."
CHAPTER III
Poets of the Civil War II

THE SOUTH

Among the many reasons that have been suggested for the lack of literature in the ante-bellum South—the absorption in politics, the pre-eminence of the spoken word as compared with the written, the absence of centres of thought and life—must be considered the failure of the people as a whole to appreciate the literary efforts of their writers, and, what is more important, the failure of writers of talent to devote themselves to literature as a profession. The popular orator, William L. Yancey, expressed the views of many when he said in a grandiose way: "Our poetry is our lives; our fiction will come when truth has ceased to satisfy us; as for our history, we have made about all that has glorified the United States." A. B. Meek, author of The Land of the South, in the preface to a volume of his poems (1857) said: "The author is not a poet by profession or ambition; he has written only at long intervals or at the instigation of trivial or transient causes. The present volume is composed of occasional effusions through many years of my life." Some years later Margaret J. Preston wrote to Hayne:

"Poetry has been only my pastime, not the occupation or mission of my life, which has been too busy a one with the duties of wifehood, motherhood, mistress, hostess, neighbor, and friend. . . . I think I can truly say that I have never neglected the concoction of a pudding for the sake of a poem, or a sauce for a sonnet. Art is a jealous mistress and I have served her with my left hand only.

Of a great many Southern poets, then, it may be said that they were "amateurs quick to feel the poetic instinct and the influence of other poets, content with an occasional poem or a
single volume, and thenceforth prone to lead a life of culture rather than of creative activity."

The result was that the South, in 1860, had found no adequate expression of her life, no interpretation of her ideals, not even a description of her natural scenery. What writing there was, with few exceptions, was not of the soil nor of the people. Poe,1 Edward Coate Pinkney (1802–28), author of the exquisite love-compliment A Health, and Richard Henry Wilde (1789–1847), who wrote the fragrant Stanzas beginning "My life is like the summer rose," might have written anywhere. One poem of the War of 1812, one or two of the Mexican War, and some half dozen other lyrics constituted, despite the appearance of not a few volumes of well-meant verse, the poetic output of the South before the Civil War.

The Civil War aroused intense emotions that found expression in a large body of lyric poetry, written by some men who were professedly poets and by more who were but occasionally such. It is difficult for one of the present generation to realize the unity and the fervour of the Southern people at the beginning of the war. Most intelligent Southerners would now agree with President Wilson that the principles for which the South fought "meant stand-still in the midst of change; it was conservative, not creative; it was against drift and destiny; it protected an impossible institution and a belated order of society; it withstood a creative and an imperial idea, the idea of a united people and a single law of freedom." But it was given to few men, if any, on either side to understand the issues thus clearly defined. In fact, as soon as Fort Sumter was attacked and Maryland was invaded there was no longer a question of political issues—it was rather, to Southerners, a struggle of human passions, of liberty against despotism, and of the invasion of the sacred rights of home and commonwealth. As Sidney Lanier,2 himself then a young man just graduating at a Georgia college, said:

An allatus of war was breathed upon us. Like a great wind it drew on, and blew upon men, women, and children. Its sound mingled with the serenity of the church organ, and arose with the earnest words of preachers praying for guidance in the matter. It

1 See Book II, Chap. xiv.
2 See also Book III, Chap. iv.
thundered splendidly in the impassioned appeals of orators to the people, it whistled through the streets, it stole into the fire-sides, it clinked glasses in bar-rooms, it lifted the gray hairs of our wise men in conventions, it thrilled through the lectures in college halls, it rustled the thumbed book leaves of the schoolrooms, it arrayed the sanctity of a righteous cause in the brilliant trappings of military display, it offered tests to all allegiances and loyalties,—of church, of state; of private loves, public devotions; of personal consanguinities, of social ties.

Of this solidarity of Southern opinion and feeling no better evidence could be given than the fact that practically all those who wrote poetry during the Civil War were either participants in the actual struggle or were intimately connected with those who were. Theodore O'Hara, who had been in active service during the Mexican War and had written The Bivouac of the Dead in honour of those who died in that war, was colonel of an Alabama regiment and later a staff officer in the Confederate Army. Henry Rootes Jackson, who had also fought in the Mexican War and had written My Wife and Child and The Red Old Hills of Georgia, served under Hood in the battles around Atlanta, commanded a brigade in the Army of Tennessee, and was captured in the battle of Nashville. Their poems of the Mexican War were frequently quoted, and in fact were printed in nearly all the Southern anthologies of the Civil War. James Barron Hope, who had been Virginia's official poet at the Jamestown celebration and the unveiling of the Washington monument in Richmond (1858), was quartermaster and captain in the Army of Virginia, and came out of the struggle broken in fortune and in health. Albert Pike, born in Massachusetts and author of Hymns to the Gods (1839), was Confederate Commissioner to the Indians and afterwards a brigadier-general. Margaret Junkin Preston, born in Philadelphia, revealed in Beechenbrook—a poetical transcript of her experiences and impressions of the war—what the war meant to a woman who was the wife of one of the most distinguished colonels of Lee's army, the sister-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, and the friend of Lee. John R. Thompson, successor to Poe as the editor of The Southern Literary Messenger, became assistant secretary to the Commonwealth of Virginia and was

* See also Book II, Chap. vii.
later sent to England in the hope that his poems and articles might help to win English sympathy for the Confederacy. Of the younger poets Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, and James Ryder Randall volunteered for service but were prevented by delicate constitutions from remaining in the army, though as staff officers, correspondents, or poets they followed the events of the war with the keenest interest. Henry Lynden Flash was on the staff of General Joseph Wheeler and was thus prepared by his experience to write his tributes to Zollicoffer, Polk, and Jackson. Dr. Francis O. Ticknor was in charge of the hospital work at Columbus, Georgia, and ministered to the needs of soldiers, among them the brave Tennessean whom he made immortal in *Little Cuffen.* Abram J. (Father) Ryan could never have written *The Conquered Banner* and *The Sword of Robert Lee* if he had not visualized as a chaplain the heroism and tragedy of the long struggle. William Gordon McCabe, who went from the University of Virginia as one of the Southern Guards, was a poet of the trenches, giving expression in his *Dreaming in the Trenches* and *Christmas Night of '62* to the quieter and gentler aspects of a soldier's life. Sidney Lanier and John B. Tabb, who after living the romantic life of soldiers, sealed a memorable friendship by a common suffering in the prison at Point Lookout.

The feeling of the South as represented by all these poets first expressed itself in music. Southern soldiers were quick to seize upon *Dixie*, the words of which had been written by Dan D. Emmett for Bryant's minstrels in 1859. Except for the refrain and a few haunting phrases, the words were totally inadequate, but the music proved to be the chief inspiration of Southern armies throughout the long conflict. Sung for the first time by Mrs. John Wood in New Orleans late in 1860, it was taken up by the Louisiana regiments and was soon heard by the campfires and hearthstones of the South. From New Orleans, too, came *The Bonnie Blue Flag*, an old Hibernian melody, with words written by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy, a volunteer soldier in the Confederate Army from Arkansas. The enthusiasm aroused by its first rendition at the Varieties Theatre in 1861 is well described by a later writer. The

\[\text{See Book III, Chap. iv.}\]
theatre was filled with soldiers from Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana on their way to the front. McCarthy appeared on the stage accompanied by his sister waving a Confederate flag. "Before the first verse was ended the audience was quivering with excitement. After he sang the second stanza the audience joined in the chorus and sang it over and over again amid the most intense excitement. It was wafted to the streets and in twenty-four hours it was all over the Southern Army." For the crude words of both these melodies were soon substituted various versions more dignified and intellectually more worthy of the Southern cause. Of all these, the most striking version of Dixie was written by Albert Pike, and the most stirring words for The Bonnie Blue Flag by Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum. But not even these versions took the place in the army, or have since taken the place in the affections of the Southern people, held by the first forms.

If New Orleans may lay claim to the first popular melodies, it was natural that from Charleston should come the first notable expression in verse of the South's feeling with regard to the war. Aside from the fact that this city was the meeting place of the convention which proclaimed the secession of South Carolina, aside from the fact, too, that the first incident of the war was connected with Fort Sumter, Charleston, at the outbreak of the war, was the one Southern city that might have been considered a literary centre. Here for many years Simms, as the editor of many magazines and as a prolific romancer, had made his brave fight for literary independence, and here he had gathered about him in his later years a group of young men, two of whom especially were to respond as poets to the call of the new nation. He himself was now an old man, moving among his friends "like a Titan maimed." As the struggle tightened about Charleston in the later years of the war, he wrote some fiery appeals against the besieging foe, but there is in his verse excitement rather than inspiration, heat rather than light.

Of the group of friends and younger men who gathered about Simms, the most promising was Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830–86). The descendant of several generations of Carolina gentlemen and gentlewomen, he had deliberately turned

1 See also Book II, Chap. vii.
away from the attractive profession of law and politics and had definitely chosen literature as his profession. In his first published poem he had announced his dedication to the poet’s life in words that are in striking contrast to the views of the Southern people in general, and even of Southern poets, who had looked on the writing of poetry as a pastime and not a passion. Before the war he had edited Russell’s Magazine (1857–60) and had published three volumes of poetry—poems characterized by a certain imitativeness and yet a genuine love of nature and a feeling for idyllic life. When the war came he volunteered, only to find that his delicate health would not allow him to share the hardships of a campaign. From the first, however, he hailed his native state as his mother, who, like a priestess “blessed with wondrous vision of the things to come,” would not wait till the sister nations would join her in the conflict. While he wrote constantly of many incidents of the war in other places, Charleston was the centre of his tenderest affections; perhaps his greatest poem of those years was The Battle of Charleston Harbor. In certain reminiscences that he wrote after the war, as well as in the poems written during the war, one realizes what a charm this city, with its distinct flavour and atmosphere, had for him. If to Henry James and Owen Wister Charleston is today “the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America,” how much more so was it to a sensitive soul who from infancy had known its legends and its history, and whose most tragic thought in his later life was that he was an exile from the City by the Sea.

Henry Timrod (1829–67), the friend of Simms and Hayne, had also definitely dedicated himself to the work of a poet, having already published a volume of poems in Boston (1860) and many individual poems in Russell’s Magazine and The Southern Literary Messenger. A poet by natural temperament, he was a critical student of the classics and of the best English poetry. A poet hitherto of nature and of love, he was now to show himself the greatest Southern poet of the Civil War. Even before the Southern Confederacy was formed he wrote The Cotton Bell, which struck a new note in that it was almost the first Southern poem of local colour. The single boll of cotton which he holds in his hand as he reclines beneath an immemorial pine suggests the great plantation near Charleston
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from which it came, and then all the cotton fields of the South, from gray Atlantic dawns to the evening star; and not only cotton fields, but the rivers and mountains and forests of this land, which blesses the world with its mighty commerce, joining "with a delicate web remotest strands." In offices of peace and love his country's mission lies; but now the enemy is coming—war is inevitable. In words of passionate indignation and patriotism he exclaims:

Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

The closing lines—partly ridiculous and partly pathetic in the light of today—are typical of the absolute confidence of the South.

When the Confederate Congress met in Montgomery in February, 1861, Timrod hailed the birth of the new nation in his stateliest ode, Ethnogenesis. All nature's blessings are with the South and take part with her against the North, mad and blinded in its rage. The strength of pine and palm, the firmness and calm of the hills, the snow of Southern summers (cotton), the abundance of the harvests, the heart of woman, the chivalry of men are arrayed against materialism and fanaticism. To doubt the end were want of trust in God. The poem closes with a passage that still remains the most felicitous expression of the Southern temperament. Although the poet's vision of a separate nation was an illusion, there will never be a time when these words should not be quoted in any characterization of the natural warmth and cordiality of the Southern people:

The hour perchance is not yet wholly ripe
When all shall own it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand,
Randall

And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams, that far off Arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas.

With the outbreak of hostilities in April, Timrod wrote his passionate lyric *A Cry to Arms*, and later, *Carolina*. But none of Timrod's poems had the lyric quality that fits them for popular music. The union of music and poetry in a splendid impassioned utterance came from James Ryder Randall (1839–1909). Seldom in history have the man, the moment, and the word met in such happy conjunction as in the composition of *My Maryland*. Randall, a native of Baltimore—just from college in Maryland, and, as he said, full of poetry and romance—was teaching English literature in Poydras College at Pointe Coupee, Louisiana, when he read in the New Orleans *Delta* an account of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore:

This account [he said in later years] excited me greatly; I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I arose, lit a candle, and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of *My Maryland*. I remember that the idea appeared to first take shape as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect.

He read the poem the next morning to his students, and at their suggestion sent it to the New Orleans *Delta*, from which it was copied in nearly every Southern journal. The finding of an appropriate melody for the words was the achievement of the Cary sisters of Baltimore. A glee club, which was in the habit of singing at their home, sang the words to the tune *Lauriger Horatius*, well known as a college tune that had come from a modification of the German *Tannenbaum*, *O Tannenbaum*. A few weeks later, shortly after the battle of Manassas,
the two sisters and their brother went through the Southern lines. One night while visiting the headquarters of General Beauregard they were serenaded by a regiment of soldiers from New Orleans, who in turn asked for a song. One of the sisters sang *My Maryland*; the refrain was speedily caught up and tossed back from hundreds of rebel throats, who shouted, "We will break her chains; she shall be free!" Soon the words which had been read far and wide were being sung in every part of the South—had become indeed a great national song, the Marseillaise of the Confederacy.

The words—too familiar to be quoted—suggest every aspect of the great struggle from the Southern standpoint. They summarize in passionate, concentrated lines the points of view that are scattered here and there throughout all the anthologies of Southern poetry. The feeling of an exiled son at the invasion of his home, the crushing of liberty under the despot’s heel, the peerless chivalry of Maryland’s former heroes of history and tradition, his love for the state as a mother, the appeal for a sister state’s aid to Virginia, and, on the other hand, the fierce indignation at the “vandal,” the “despot,” the “Northern scum”—all these are suggestive of the passion of a people giving themselves entirely to the great struggle.

The popular melodies, the odes of Timrod, and the lyric cry of Randall—all of them the best illustrations of their various types—were prophetic of an outburst of poetry in all parts of the South. Such papers as the Charleston *Mercury*, the Richmond *Examiner*, the Louisville * Courier*, the New Orleans * Delta*, and such magazines as *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Southern Field and Fireside*, and *The Southern Illustrated News* published constantly poems written by men and women in all sections. As there were no general means of communication, many poems were attributed to various authors and many were published anonymously. On account of the lack of publishing houses practically no volumes of poetry were published during the war. The problem, therefore, of making anthologies of these poems was a difficult one—much more difficult than was the case in the North, where so many poets already famous were writing constantly during the war, and where there were so many means of communication and of publication. Southern readers had to be satisfied with scrap-
Army Songs

books in which were treasured many of the poems that in this way became the common property of a good many people.

Of distinctly different quality from the poems already referred to, and all other "literary" poems, are certain crude vernacular verses. With some of the characteristics of popular ballads, they had much currency in the camps. A writer in the *Southern Bivouac* (July, 1885) recalls and characterizes some of these as follows:

As the long contest dragged on, and war, losing much of its earlier illusions, became a stern, bitter, and exceedingly monotonous reality, these "high-toned" lyrics were tacitly voted rather too romantic and poetical for the actual field, and were remitted to the parlor and the piano stool. The soldiers chanted in quite other fashion on the march or seated at the campfire. In these crude rhymes, some of them improvised for the moment, there was less of flourish but more of meaning, not so much bravado but a good deal more point. They were sappy with the homely satire of the camps, which stings friend and foe alike. Innumerable verses were composed and sung to popular refrains. The Army of Virginia and the Army of Tennessee had each its history rudely chronicled as fast as made in this rough minstrelsy. Every corps and command contributed some commemorative stanza. The current events of campaigns were told in improvised verse as rapidly as they occurred and were thereafter skillfully recited by the rhapsodist who professed to know the whole fragmentary epic.

Forms of such rhymed narratives may be seen in typical stanzas:

Marse Robert said, "My soldiers,  
You've nothing now to fear,  
For Longstreet's on the right of them,  
"And Jackson's in the rear."

The Fourteenth Louisianas,  
They charged 'em with a yell;  
They bagged them buck-tailed rangers  
And sent 'em off to hell.
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O Morgan crossed the river,
And I went across with him;
I was captured in Ohio
Because I could not swim.

No matter where this song was sung, or by whom, or which
of its multitude of stanzas happened to be selected by the
minstrel, the following verse always closed it:

But now my song is ended,
And I haven't got much time,
I'm going to run the blockades
To see that girl of mine.

Some of these poems are found in Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies (1864) edited by Frank Moore as a companion volume to two other volumes of war poetry of the North. In his preface to this first anthology of Southern war poetry Moore says:

It has been the purpose of the editor to present as full a selection of the songs and ballads of the Southern people as will illustrate the spirit which actuates them in their rebellion against the government and laws of the United States. Most of these pieces have been published in the magazines and periodicals of the South, while many are copies of ballad-sheets and songs circulated in the Rebel armies, and which have come into the possession of the forces of the Union in their various moves and advances during the present conflict.

We find in the volume many humorous poems of the kind just described. The more serious include two poems each by Randall and Ticknor, one each by Hayne, Hope, Flash, Meek, Pike, Simms, and J. R. Thompson, Timrod's A Cry to Arms and Palmer's Stonewall Jackson's Way, the last two published, however, anonymously. There are also many parodies of famous songs such as Annie Laurie, Gideon's Band, Bannockburn, Columbia, Wait for the Wagon, The Star Spangled Banner, etc.

It was probably this collection that formed the basis of the selections from Southern poetry published as an appendix to
Richard Grant White's *Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical of the Civil War* (1866). In his preface White says:

I have read all that I could discover of the war poetry, written by the confederated enemies of my government, and have preserved here all that, in a most catholic spirit, I deemed of any intrinsic merit or incidental interest. It was my original purpose to embody them with the substance of the volume, giving each piece its place in the order of time; but finding so little of this poetry which possesses any kind of interest, instead of scattering it sparsely through the collection, I put it in an appendix. The secessionists fought much better than they wrote; and it is worthy of remark that the best poem on that side, "The Conquered Banner" was published in a New York newspaper, *The Freeman's Journal*.

Omitting the humorous poems published by Moore, White has only the ten or twelve of a more serious and important nature, and these, in the main, not the ones that might be considered the most important by the leading Southern poets. The selections are a good illustration either of the difficulty of getting hold of Southern poems or of a provincial point of view that happily no longer exists.

Inadequate as these anthologies were, they were much better than the volume entitled *War Lyrics and Songs of the South*, published in London in 1866, and edited by "a faithful few Southern women" who had thrown "hastily together this book of poems," in the hope that

its sale to the charitable might secure a fund for the relief of the crippled and invalid men who fought as soldiers in the war in the South; the impoverished women and children, widows and orphans, as well as those who from sorrow, need, sickness, and other adversity have lost their health and their minds.

In this volume *The Virginians of the Valley*, by Ticknor, and *Stonewall Jackson's Way* and *The Conquered Banner*, both published anonymously, are the only poems of any value. An illustration of the carelessness of the editors is that Henry R. Jackson's *My Wife and Child is attributed to General J. T. [T. J., or Stonewall] Jackson. More than half of the volume is given up to *Songs of the Southernland and Other Poems* by "Kentucky."
In the following year Miss Emily V. Mason of Virginia edited *The Southern Poems of the Civil War*. She had from the beginning of the war conceived the design of "collecting and preserving the various war poems which (born of the excited state of the public mind) then inundated our public newspapers." With her collection, supplemented by those of her friends, she made an edition of 247 poems, not only as a memorial to the lost cause, but "to aid the education of the daughters of our desolate land" and especially to fit a certain number to be teachers. The volume proved popular, for by 1869 a third and enlarged edition was published, consisting of 288 poems. The first edition is notable for the large number of women writers selected from, 71 in all, the only noteworthy one being Mrs. Preston. There are thirteen poems on Stonewall Jackson, only two poems by Timrod, an indiscriminate list by Randall, and many anonymous poems. In the third edition we have eight by Timrod, four by Father Ryan, and good, though not the best, selections by Lucas, McCabe, Flash, and others.

The improvement in this edition may doubtless be attributed to William Gilmore Simms's *War Poetry of the South* (1866). It was a noble task undertaken by this "weary old Titan" of Southern letters to preserve the writings of the younger poets, many of whom had been inspired by his friendship or by his lifelong devotion to Southern letters. The spirit in which he made the book is indicated in the following words from the preface:

Though sectional in its character, and indicative of a temper and a feeling which were in conflict with nationality, yet, now that the States of the Union have been resolved into one nation, this collection is essentially as much the property of the whole as are the captured cannon which were employed against it during the progress of the late war. It belongs to the national literature, and will hereafter be regarded as constituting a proper part of it, just as legitimately to be recognized by the nation as are the rival ballads of the cavaliers and roundheads by the English in the great civil conflict of their country.

Not much can be said for the critical standards which allowed Simms to publish so much unworthy poetry, none more so than the seven poems from his own pen. His desire to give
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a place to representative poets of all states, and especially to his personal friends, is in part responsible. Furthermore, the book was thrown hasty together without any arrangement of the material with regard to authorship or chronology. When all has been said, however, we find in this volume the first anthology of practically all the important poems produced by the South during the war—seven each by Randall, J. R. Thompson, and Simms himself, six by Hayne, three by Ticknor, three by Flash, and, above all, eleven by Timrod. It is this recognition of Timrod’s greatness as a poet, this first setting him forth as the poet of the South who expressed in adequate verse every aspect of the struggle, that increases the value of the book and our appreciation of Simms’s critical judgment.

In 1869 appeared The Southern Amaranth, characterized by its editor, Miss Sallie A. Brock, as “a carefully selected collection of poems growing out of and in reference to the late war.” In the preface of March, 1868, she expresses a wish to render to her Southern sisters “some assistance in gathering up the remains of the Confederate dead.” Her regret is that “a vast number of beautiful and worthy productions are compelled for want of space to be crowded out of this volume.” In florid style she exclaims:

The Muse of the Southland is one of tireless wing, and though her theme is lofty and glorious as the golden sunset splendor upon the purple sky of evening, her song is often as sad as the weary echoes of the winter wind through her matchless forests—the mournful wallings of broken hearts.

The most striking new features of the volume are Timrod’s Ode on the Confederate Dead (written in 1867) and Dr. Ticknor’s Little Gift of Tennessee, which, though probably written in 1863, was not published until October, 1867, in The Land We Love. The latter poem is not given, however, as it appears in the revised form of later years, the last stanza being especially faulty.

All these anthologies had appeared with but little introductory material or notes regarding the lives of the writers or the circumstances under which the poems were written. They were all practically a conglomeration of poems with little to aid
the student of literary history. In 1869 James Wood Davidson's *Living Writers of the South* was published in New York, with salient facts as to the biographies and bibliographies of some 241 writers—166 men and 75 women. Of these he puts down 112 as having written "verse" and eight as having written "poetry." He adds:

Some of these specimens are poor enough, in all conscience,—some inartistic of course; and some, it may be, frivolous,—but each in its way and all together have their use in the general design. Some of the writers have talents and character, with corresponding results, which enable them to stand in the front rank of American authorship. Some have limited ability. And some have none.

These words are typical of the judgment and sense that run through the volume. There are, for instance, critical estimates, biographical sketches, and bibliographies of Simms, Hayne, Mrs. Preston, Flash, and Randall, and surprisingly short ones of Ticknor and Lucas. It required courage on the author's part to characterize the poems of the veteran Simms as "prosaic, commonplace, and Tupperesque." After citing some sixty-five titles of his books of all kinds he remarks: "He has not written an epic; why, I have no idea, but we may be infinitely grateful that he has not."

In his criticism of Flash, for whom he shows much enthusiasm, Davidson puts his finger upon the cardinal defects of many of the Southern poets. Flash, he says, "has never written anything which was not finished at a single sitting, and has never been more than two hours writing anything he has ever published." He wrote his poem on Polk when his foreman told him that he lacked six or seven inches for the makeup of *The Daily Confederate*. "You have written about Zollicoffer and Jackson, you might as well write about Polk, who was killed the other day." Flash quickly responded to the suggestion, and in five minutes the poem was in the hands of the composer, and in twenty minutes was being printed. Paying full tribute to Flash's good qualities, the author warns him that without work there is not the remotest chance for an enduring reputation, and at the same time makes the same suggestion to others who may have acquired "a reverence for inspiration so called, and a contempt for the art of versification."
Apart from his critical judgment Davidson shows the ability of a careful editor in weighing evidence as to the authorship of *All Quiet Along the Potomac*—a poem that all Southerners had claimed as the work of Lamar Fontaine.¹ Davidson publishes Fontaine's letter claiming positively the authorship, but side by side with it is one from Joel Chandler Harris, who was at that time, according to the editor, planning an edition of Southern poems, and who after much deliberation expresses the opinion that Mrs. Beers is the author of the poem. He quotes also a letter to the same effect from the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. While he himself does not express an opinion, it is not difficult for the reader to be convinced by the reasoning submitted by Joel Chandler Harris. The mention of Harris suggests that in this volume he himself appears as the author of several poems which are as unlike his later writings as anything could well be. Davidson has the credit too of publishing for the first time in this volume McCabe's *Dreaming in the Trenches* and *Christmas Night of '62*, and certain recent poems of Maurice Thompson and Sidney Lanier. He also has much to say of poems that do not relate to the war.

In 1882 Francis F. Browne of Chicago carried out the purpose that Richard Grant White had expressed by publishing *Bugle Echoes*—a collection of poems of the Civil War, Northern and Southern. Drawing upon the anthologies that have been discussed and upon separate editions of Southern poets, such as Hayne's edition of Timrod (1873), of Ticknor (1879), of Hayne (1882), he finds a much larger number of Southern poems that fit into his plan of suggesting the story of the Civil War by poems written at the time. Thus for the first time a systematic arrangement was made of this material. The result is altogether striking. The Southern poems, while slightly fewer in number (the proportion is 60 to 85), measure up well with those of the North. Side by side in this volume appear Bryant's *Our Country's Call* and Timrod's *A Cry to Arms*, Whitman's *Beat, Beat Drums* and Randall's *My Maryland*, Pike's *Dixie* and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Holmes's *Voyage of the Good Ship Union* and Ticknor's *Virginianns of the Valley*, Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* and Timrod's *Ode to the Confederate Dead*, and at the very end Finch's *The Blue*

¹ Now by some ascribed to Thaddeus Oliver (1826-64).
and the Gray and Lanier's The Tournament—both of them prophetic of a new national era. Not only was Browne's idea happy and well executed; his introduction and notes are invaluable. He established the fact that the author of Stonewall Jackson's Way was Dr. J. W. Palmer. He printed in connection with the poems valuable letters as to the circumstances under which were written My Maryland and The Conquered Banner. The volume as a whole was so marked by a careful critical judgment and good taste as to distinguish it from the hastily prepared anthologies by Southerners.

Two books of similar nature are Eggleston's American War Ballads and Burton E. Stevenson's Poems of American History, in both of which the poems are published in chronological order, and in Stevenson's book with the historical setting which interprets many of the individual poems. In later years selections from Southern writers by Miss Manly and Miss Clarke and Professors Trent, Kent, and Fulton, and biographical sketches by Baskervill and Link, have brought the best poems and poets within the reach of a larger circle of students and readers. The Library of Southern Literature is a valuable mine of selections and biographical material.

When one tries to make a general estimate of this war poetry as a whole, there are three standpoints from which it may be considered. Judged from the standpoint of absolute criticism, it affords another illustration of the contention that war produces a quantity of mediocre poetry but little of enduring worth. Poor or five poems at best have stood the winnowing process of time and judicial criticism. Randall's My Maryland, Ticknor's Little Gift of Tennessee, and Timrod's Ode on the Confederate dead in Magnolia Cemetery might well be included in any anthology of lyric poetry, ancient or modern. If we consider the poems from the standpoint of either literary or social history, a larger number must be considered significant. They rightly find their place in such a collection as Stedman's American Anthology as affording material for the comprehensive survey of American poetry; or in the books of Stevenson and Browne, where the various stages of the Civil War are suggested in poems rather than in army orders, political tracts, or newspaper comment. When President Lincoln said at the end of the war that the Northern
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The army had captured Dixie, he might have extended his remarks to other poems that have become part of our national heritage.

Still another interest attaches to it. Much of it is an adequate, if not felicitous and final, expression of the ideas and emotions of Southerners at a time when they felt as one people. The emotional fervour that swept over the South was somehow the inspiration of a literature different from that of any other era in its history. Southern literature before the war had been marked by its absorption in politics, or its divorce from real life, or its amateurishness and sentimentalism. A people that had been all too inclined to underrate poetry and discourage literary production found their deepest emotions expressed in martial strains, or in meditative lyrics. Written in local newspapers, preserved in scrap-books, collected in volumes like those of Simms and Miss Mason, sifted by the editors and collectors, they preserve heroes and incidents, landscapes and sentiments that will always endear them to the Southern people.

If we consider the poems from this last point of view, they serve to suggest the principal events of the war in rapid review. The gauntlet was thrown down in the poems hitherto cited and also in Tucker’s The Southern Cross, Mile’s God Save the South, Tandall’s Battle Cry of the South, Mrs. Warfield’s Chant of Defiance, Thompson’s Coercion, and Hope’s Oath of Freedom. Among the group of Virginia poets who wrote of the early events on Virginia soil, John R. Thompson (1822-73) and Mrs. Preston (1820-97) stand out as the most conspicuous. He distinctly higher quality than the crude rhymes already referred to were Thompson’s humorous poems on some of the early Southern victories. His On to Richmond, modelled on Southey’s March to Moscow, is an exceedingly clever poem. His mastery of double and triple rhymes, his unfailing sense of the value of words, and his happy use of the refrain (“the pleasant excursion to Richmond”) make this poem one of the marked achievements of the period. Scarcely less successful is their brilliant satire in his Farewell to Pope, England’s Neutrality, and The Devil’s Delight.

The humour of these poems soon gave way, however, to the more heroic and tragic aspects of the war. Thompson himself wrote dirges for Ashby and Latané, both of them the finest
types of Virginia gentlemen. Mrs. Preston wrote a still more beautiful tribute to Ashby, in which she expresses one of the favourite ideas of the South—that the struggle was between the cavaliers and men of low breeding. The tragic aspects of Virginia and the heroism of her people were visualized also by a Georgia poet, Francis O. Ticknor (1822–74), whose wife was one of the distinguished Nelsons of the Old Dominion. His *Our Left* is the most vivid account of the second battle of Manassas. *Virginia* is the best tribute we have to the commonwealth that bore the brunt of the struggle. The more popular *Virginians of the Valley* suggests the most romantic story of early years and adds that the same spirit pervades their descendants:

We thought they slept! the men who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered, while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires!
But ay! the golden horse-shoe Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a Knight asleep.

One phase of the struggle ends with Lee’s whole army crossing the Potomac into Maryland—an event celebrated by Hayne in his *Beyond the Potomac*. Then the fighting changed to the West, and we have Thompson’s poem on Joseph E. Johnston in which he exhorts the West to emulate Virginia in its struggle for freedom. Requier’s *Clouds in the West* is followed by Flash’s tribute to Zollicoffer, Ticknor’s poem on Albert Sidney Johnston, Hayne’s *The Swamp Fox*—a spirited characterization of Morgan, who seems to the poet a re-incarnation of the South Carolina Revolutionary patriot Marion. Connected also with the battles of the West were Ticknor’s *Loyal and Little Giffen of Tennessee*—the latter based on a story of real life and a striking illustration of the heroism with which the sons of the masses threw themselves into the Southern struggle. This poem, so dramatic in its quality, so concise in its expression, so vital in its phrasing, is destined to outlive all the tributes to the great leaders of the Confederacy. Mrs. Preston’s *Only a Private* and Mrs. Townsend’s *The Georgia*
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Volunteer and the anonymous Barefooted Boys are poems of the same general tenor, but they lack the freshness and the vigour of Ticknor’s poem.

With the publication of Hayne’s poems on Vicksburg and the battle of New Orleans, the scene shifts again to Virginia, and especially to the dramatic death of Stonewall Jackson after some of the fiercest battles of the war. This event more than any other pierced the heart of the South and called forth cores of poems from all sections. One of the early collectors claimed to have found forty-eight of these; at least four or five rise to a high level of expression. No other poem gives anything like so adequate an expression of Jackson—his personal appearance, his religious faith, his impressive commands, and almost magical control of his men—as Stonewall Jackson’s Vay by John Williamson Palmer (1825–1906). Excellent also are Margaret J. Preston’s Stonewall Jackson’s Grave and Under the Shade of the Trees, Flash’s Death of Stonewall Jackson, Randall’s The Lone Sentry, and the anonymous The Brigade I Just Not Know, Sir.

In 1863 Charleston was attacked by the Northern fleet and her group of devoted poets gathered about her in suspense. Ximrod described the dawn of the eventful day as the city in the broad sunlight of heroic deeds waited for the foe. The sterile smoke of the enemy’s fleet “creeps like a harmless mist over the brine.” He knows not what will happen—the triumph or the tomb. With his Carmen Triumphale he sings the rapturous joy of the victory. Paul Hamilton Hayne sang a solemn song of victory, giving the details of the battle, ending the triumphant victory of Sumter’s volleyed lightning, and losing with an apostrophe to his native city:

> glorious Empress of the main, from out thy storied spires
> thou well mayst peal thy bells of joy and light thy festal fires,—
> once Heaven this day hath striven for thee, hath nerved thy dauntless sons,
> and thou in clear-eyed faith hast seen God’s angels near the guns.

This victory was short-lived, however, for on 27 August, by a land attack, Fort Sumter was reduced to a shapeless mass of ruin, though the city itself stood unshaken. As the fate of the city became more and more uncertain, William Gilmore
Simms, now in his old age, did all in his power to rouse the Spirit of the inhabitants. In a series of poems, *Do Ye Quaull? The Angel of the Church, and Our City by the Sea*, he presents in passionate words the claims of the historic city upon its inhabitants. Especially vivid is his plea for St. Michael's church, whose spire for full a hundred years had been a people's point of light, and the sweet, clear music of whose bells, made liquid-soft in Southern air, had been a benediction in the life of the city.

But the words of her poets could not avail the doomed city when, in 1865, Sherman's army marched north from Savannah. Timrod, now a citizen of Columbia, wrote his greatest lyric, *Carolina*, which comes nearest to *My Maryland* of all the poems of the war in its indignation and power. He reproaches the idle hands and craven calm of the inhabitants, but calls upon the descendants of Rutledge, Laurens, and Marion to rouse themselves against the despot who treads their sacred sands. The answer to this appeal was the burning of Columbia. Hayne and John Dickson Bruns still had hope that Charleston might escape the doom. As Timrod from Charleston had given to the world the first expression of the new nation's hope, so his friend and fellow townsman, Dr. Bruns, was to utter the last appeal for Charleston in his *The Foe at the Gates*. There is nothing more tragic in the Civil War than the fall of Charleston—the proud, passionate, and romantic city that had issued her challenge to the South to join her in the conflict with the North. In her last despairing cry the poet calls upon her children to ring round her and catch one last glance from her imploring eye:

From all her fanes let solemn bells be tolled;  
Heap with kind hands her costly funeral pyre,  
And thus, with pean sung and anthem rolled,  
Give her unsnapped to the God of Fire.

The fall of Charleston was the beginning of the end. Various poems on Lee, notably Ticknor's *Lee*, Thompson's *Lee to the Rear*, and the anonymous *Silent March*, suggest the last battles in Virginia. The dominant note of the later poetry is that of melancholy, now and then tempered by a sort of pathetic longing for peace. Eggleston tells us that the most
popular poem on both sides came to be C. C. Sawyer's *When This Cruel War Is Over*. The sentiment of the poem is echoed in poems on peace by George Herbert Sass, Ticknor, Bruns, and Timrod. Very different from the concluding lines of the *Cotton Boll* is Timrod's pathetic yearning for peace, in the poem entitled *Christmas*:

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland, and the lonely glen,
Peace, in the peopled vales!

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace, in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

When peace came, the defeat of the South, its unconquerable loyalty to the lost cause, and its sad resignation at the inevitable found expression in Mrs. Preston's *Acceptation*, Requiem's *Ashes of Glory*, Flash's *The Confederate Flag*, and, above all, Father Ryan's *The Sword of Robert Lee* and *The Conquered Banner*. Not until the end of the war did the last-named poet suddenly flash forth as the most popular of all Southern poets. *The Conquered Banner* was written under somewhat the same circumstance as *My Maryland*—written in less than an hour as he brooded over the thought of the dead soldiers and the lost cause. He wrote other poems, chiefly religious, but none that has ever stirred the hearts of the people like these two written in the shadow of defeat.

Somewhat different in tone and spirit is *The Land Where We Were Dreaming*, by Daniel B. Lucas. Written and first printed in Montreal, whither the author had fled at the end of the war, it is a striking expression of a Southerner's awakening from the illusions which had so long dominated the thought of the people. There is the same loyalty to the leaders and the principles of the South, but a glimpse of reality that augured a readjustment for the future.

Two years after the war, Timrod, suffering from tuberculosis and the direst poverty, wrote his greatest poem, the *Ode*.

*See Book III, Chap. 11.*
Poets of the Civil War II

_Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867._ The poem is a fit ending to any consideration of Southern War Poetry, for it is the last word to be said of those who died and of those who would honour their memory.

_I_

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

_H_

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

_{III}_

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

_IV_

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

_V_

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground,
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

The question inevitably arises as to how these poets developed after the Civil War. One would naturally suppose that many of the younger ones especially would grow in power and influence. But all the causes generally assigned for the lack of poetry in the ante-bellum South prevailed in the new
The Poets after the War

era; and thereto were added poverty, widespread disaster, and an overwhelming confusion in the public mind. Lanier tersely expressed the chief limitation under which the writer laboured when he wrote to Bayard Taylor: "Perhaps you know that with us of the younger generation of the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying." Simms wrote to Hayne just before his death in 1870: "I am rapidly passing from a stage where you young men are to succeed me," and inscribed for his tombstone the poignant words: "Here lies one who, after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by unceasing labours, has left all his better works undone." Meek, O'Hara, John R. Thompson, and Henry Timrod were all dead by 1875. Randall spent many years in the drudgery of a newspaper office, never recapturing the first fine careless rapture of his great song. Ticknor and Bruns followed with devotion the life of a doctor, while McCabe became one of the best-known schoolmasters of Virginia—a position which seemed to deaden his poetic inspiration, though he remained an inimitable raconteur, and the friend of some of the most gifted poets of England and America. Mrs. Preston continued to write as late as 1887, when she published Colonial Ballads, but she added nothing to her fame. Flash became a merchant and lived for many years in the Far West.

Paul Hamilton Hayne alone made progress after the war. With magnificent courage and faith, after the destruction of his city and his home, he moved to a small cabin of his own building in the pine barrens near Augusta, Georgia. Here on a writing desk made out of a carpenter's work-bench he wrote poems for the remainder of his life. To Mrs. Preston he wrote: "No, no! By my brain—my literary craft—I will win my bread and water; by my poems I will live or I will starve." In 1872 he brought out a volume of Legends and Lyrics; in 1875 The Mountain of the Lovers and Other Poems; and in 1882, a complete edition of his poems. Two or three of his best poems were written in his last years, notably A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet, and In Harbour. While Hayne did not strike a deeply original note, he cultivated faithfully the talents with which he was endowed. His best poems are characterized by delicacy of feeling, conscientious workmanship, and a certain assimilation of the best qualities of other poets. His mag-
nanimous spirit after the war, as revealed in his tributes to Whittier and Longfellow, his revelation of the picturesqueness of the Southern landscapes and especially of the pine forests of Georgia, are the substantial features of his poetry. As a connecting link between Simms and Lanier he has a permanent place in the literary history of the South.
CHAPTER IV

The New South: Lanier

THE conditions of Reconstruction were inimical to the production of literature. The life of the South, always sluggish, now became stagnant. A country of farms and plantations, there were in it few large cities to foster an intellectual life. The large planters whose travel and whose experience in government and statesmanship rendered them the natural leaders were downcast by the sudden destruction of their wealth in slaves and soil. The poor whites lived too close to mother earth and were too densely ignorant to furnish a public for literary activity. The isolation of the whole South was heart-sickening. The roads were unfit for teams. The railroads had been destroyed. Cities like Columbia, South Carolina, reputed to be the most beautiful on the continent, stood a wilderness of ruins, "like Tadmor alone in the desert." Not one of the railways that formerly entered it had so much left as the iron on its track.

The newspapers were few and ill-informed. For many years they devoted their meagre talents to vituperation of Republican acts and policies. There was, to be sure, a short-lived effort at literary activity, as if the section might make good with the pen what had been lost by the sword. But even so catholic a venture as The Land We Love, edited by General D. H. Hill, which was devoted to literature, military history, and agriculture, had soon to die of inanition. Journals of opinion, like De Bow's Review, in New Orleans, maintaining a precarious existence in scattered centres of the region, had at length to give up the struggle. Schools and colleges were few and far between. Even the will to attend them had to be fostered with perseverance and great care. In fine, the intellectual stagna-
tion of the South made literature impossible except for those with an unquenchable longing for expression.

Worse even than stagnation was the hopelessness of the outlook. The leaders, the owners of plantations, were reduced from affluence to poverty. Many a family that had been comfortable or even rich was now thankful for a supper of cornmeal. Plantations were for sale at a song. The "richest estates" of North Carolina were at first to be bought for from one to ten dollars an acre. A hundred acres four miles from Macon, Georgia, the birthplace of Lanier, was offered for fifty cents an acre. The Southerner was convinced that the negro would not work in freedom. Two books give unforgettable pictures of the efforts of the planters to meet the new industrial situation. *Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation* by the daughter of Fanny Kemble, Frances Butler Leigh, details the childishness of the negro under the novel conditions of freedom. Mrs. Leigh can hardly be claimed as a Southern author, but Susan Dabney Smedes (1840—) must take high rank as one. Her *Memorials of a Southern Planter* is an artless but absorbing picture of a class made extinct by the war. Without any of the theatrical effectiveness common in the older Southern prose, she relates in simple, dignified words the history of her father, Thomas Dabney, a planter of Mississippi. The war brought out in him such lofty nobility as is seldom seen in actual life. On laying down the volume Gladstone exclaimed "Let no man say, with this book before him, that the age of chivalry is gone, or that Thomas Dabney was not worthy to sit beside Sir Percival at the 'table round' of King Arthur." His struggle to keep the plantation ended in its sale. A like fate awaited others. It was only slowly through the years that the large holdings were broken up into small farms and reduced to a more intense cultivation by intelligent diversification of crops.

Hopelessness of the economic outlook was deepened to despair by political and social conditions. By 1870 the seceded states were nominally reconstructed. But the Republican measures were such as poured salt and iron filings into the open wounds of civil war. Negro soldiers were set over their former masters. The intelligent voters were disqualified. The state governments were handed over to Northern carpet-baggers and
Southern scalawags, and the ignorant freedmen were given the right to vote. These former slaves marched through legislative halls on plush carpets, sat with their feet on mahogany desks, and spat into imported cuspidors. In one capital they resorted to a free and continuous lunch, with ample food and drink. All these luxuries were paid for out of the pockets of their former masters. This proud race, accustomed to generations of autocratic government, ground its teeth in silent rage. But by 1876 it had by fraud or violence overturned the inverted pyramid, and once more placed the state governments in the hands of responsible men, and returned many of its former leaders to the national Congress. The reins of government had been restored to the white man.

This atmosphere of turmoil was not conducive to a fine or vigorous literary product. Even so late as 1880 in Alabama “the assessed value of guns, dirks, and pistols was nearly twice that of the libraries and five times that of the farm implements of the state.” For there continued the race problem to set the Southerners apart as a peculiar people. In many neighbourhoods the blacks outnumbered the whites two to one, three to one, four to one, and in the Yazoo bottom lands of Mississippi as many as fifteen to one. Their presence was viewed as a peril. It continued to be viewed as a peril during the twenty years following 1860, though the South became more and more a modern industrial community.

During that period Northern capital flowed in to draw iron and coal from the South’s mines, to build factories along its streams, to spin a web of railways over its territory, to gather more and more its population into the humming hives of cities. The stagnation of the years immediately following the war gave way to an alert life. Hopelessness and despondency waned gradually. With leisure and an interest in literature came visions of new beauty, a new-found joy in life, an impulse to share with others the creations of one’s mind and spirit. Yet it was even more due to the Northern periodical and the Northern publisher that in the seventies and still more in the eighties the South found a voice in literature. That voice, in prose, spoke at first in the sonorous accents of the antebellum orator. Only as means of publication were multiplied and made more available did it take on the natural tones of every-
day use. Poetry in the seventies tended to give way to prose fiction.¹

Of course, those who had written before the war still tried to gain a livelihood from the pen, but they continued the manner and traditions of the Old South. John Esten Cooke,² for example, carried on in Virginia the tradition of the school of Scott and Cooper, then elsewhere becoming archaic. George William Bagby (1828–83),³ also of Virginia, renewed his newspaper productions and added the lyceum to his resources. But so intense a lover of the Old Dominion and its civilization could suffer no sea-change even in the fiery baptism of war. He tried to deliver his lecture *The Virginia Negro* in New York, but the reception was unmistakably cool. Life "befo' de war" had not yet become for the North a charming memory from a land of romance.

Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822–98)⁴ in his various writings evinces an equal devotion to the earlier times before the railroad came to central Georgia. They form a sympathetic record of the ways and characters of that humble but picturesque era. Johnston, though a slave-holder, was unwaveringly opposed to secession and the war. Nevertheless, reduced by the surrender at Appomattox from an estate of fifty thousand dollars to poverty, to him the situation seemed so hopeless that he removed, with the school he kept, to Baltimore. The autobiography, the eighty stories, and the three novels which he there produced, it is interesting to note, were written largely to assuage a sad longing for his boyhood home. These writings show him to have been, in spite of his political opinions, of the old school of Southern gentlemen.

More typical both in opinions and in fervour was Charles Colcock Jones, Jr. (1831–93). Born in Savannah, he graduated from Princeton in 1852 and the Harvard Law School in 1855. His Southern convictions, however, still intact, were intensified by his service in the artillery of the Confederate States. When the guns were stilled by the surrender of Lee, he, like Johnston, joined that numerous caravan which, seeing no hope in its own section, sought fortune in other regions. New York and the practice of law were his goals.

¹ See Book III, Chaps. vi and xi. ² See also Book III, Chap. xi. ³ See also Book II, Chap. xix. ⁴ See also Book III, Chap. vi.
Although he remained North twelve years, he moved no jot nor tittle from his early point of view. On his return south in 1877 to a suburb of Augusta, Georgia, he became at once conspicuous for his devotion to the Lost Cause, and when he died in 1893, his body, wrapped in the flag of the Confederacy, was given a soldier’s burial.

The style and the spirit of his numerous public addresses may be seen in a single sentence taken from *Sons of Confederate Veterans*, delivered so late as 1891:

Under the absurd guise of a New South, flaunting the banners of utilitarianism,—lifting the standards of speculation and expediency, —elevating the colors whereon are emblazoned consolidation of wealth and centralization of government,—lowering the flag of intellectual, moral, and refined supremacy in the presence of the petty guildons of ignorance, personal ambition and diabolism,—supplanting the iron cross with the golden calf,—and crooking

"the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning"

not a few there are who, ignoring the elevating influence of heroic impulses, manly endeavor, and virtuous sentiments, would fain convert this region into a money-worshiping domain; and, careless of the landmarks of the fathers, impatient of the restraints of a calm, enlightened, conservative civilization, viewing with indifferent eye the tokens of Confederate valor, and slighting the graves of Confederate dead, would counsel no oblation save at the shrine of Mammon.

This turgid style was much admired for the magniloquent swing of the phrases and the unending procession of lofty and sectional notions. It so well comported with his tall, stately figure and Chesterfieldian manners that he employed it even in his history of the aboriginal, colonial, and Revolutionary epochs of Georgia. The book was the product of careful research in the records then available, so that Bancroft hailed the author as "the Macaulay of the South." But he is a Macaulay muffled in a pompous dress. His *Antiquities of the Southern Indians, Particularly of the Georgia Tribes*, which appeared so early as 1873, along with many other monographs established his reputation as an archaeologist. He was, indeed, the most fertile Southern author of the period. His publications num-
ber eighty, including fourteen books, ten pamphlets, twenty-two magazine articles, and twenty-nine addresses. His indefatigable industry demonstrated the energy and the diligence of the old order, yet his writings are characteristically aristocratic and grandiose when compared with the more scientific researches of later scholars like John Bell Henneman (1864–1908), whose voluminous editorial labours represent very well the activity of the new generation.

Strange to say, the breath of the new era first faintly stirred those who had been in the thick of the fight. It was, perhaps, not so strange that men like Zebulon Baird Vance (1830–94) and Benjamin Harvey Hill (1823–82) should be reconciled to the outcome. Vance was not only a strong Union man but he opposed secession with all the fire of his oratory until the moment that he heard of the attack on Sumter. It seems natural, then, that after the war he should sing again the glories of the Union, one and indivisible. His Sketches of North Carolina, however, which had appeared serially in The Norfolk Landmark, show much the same fond longing for the past which charms in Johnston and Bagby. Hill in Georgia fought for the preservation of national unity even in the secession convention, yet, once in the war, he was as fervent in the support of the Confederacy. This fervour was intensified by the Reconstruction policy of the National Government. His Notes on the Situation in 1869 were vitriolic in their denunciation. Much of this belligerent attitude appears in his speeches in Congress. They have a narrative quality which, though less lofty, is more telling than the ringing rhetoric of some of his peers.

The case of General John Brown Gordon (1832–1904) is even more memorable. His brilliant record in the Confederate armies was closed by his generous address to his soldiers after the surrender at Appomattox, in which he exhorted them to bear their trials bravely, to go home in peace, to obey the laws, to rebuild the country, and to work for the weal and harmony of the Republic. In spite of the iniquities of Reconstruction, his political career was instinct with the same chivalrous spirit, which found its most widely echoing expression in that speech in the Senate in 1893 when he pledged the South to maintain law and order. His Reminiscences of the Civil War, with
its oratorical swing and fluency, diffused throughout the North
that generous recognition of the foe and that proud acceptance
of the result which have overcome the passions of sectionalism
on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.

The noblest example of this reconciling spirit among ante-
bellum leaders is Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar (1825–
93). Born and reared in Georgia, and a strict disciple of
Calhoun, he removed at the age of twenty-four to Mississippi,
which eventually became his home. So thoroughly imbued
was he with the justice of the extreme Southern attitude that,
as chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, he brought in the
ordinance of secession for Mississippi. He came out of the
ordeal of war with the vision of a new heaven and a new earth,
for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away. But
the dark years of Reconstruction fell over his soul like a pall.
Pondering on the supreme necessity of getting his people into
harmonious relations with the Federal Government, he saw no
hope except in their going to work to restore their material
prosperity and to establish their institutions of education. In 1872
he was elected a representative of Mississippi, the first Demo-
crat of the Old South to enter the halls of Congress. To one
object he was consecrated: the perfect reconciliation of the
North and the South. The opportunity to remove from the
North a wellnigh universal suspicion of the South and to rescue
the nation from the perils of an increasing sectional hate came
to him sooner than he anticipated. The death of Charles
Sumner was the occasion of resolutions in both houses of Con-
gress. On 28 April, 1874, Lamar delivered that Eulogy of
Sumner which melted the distinguished audience to tears,
which rang through the nation in a day, and which echoes
still. Filled with the patriot's pride and faith, it revealed the
Southern people to their better selves and began in the North
to mitigate the estrangements of a generation. Yet the lofti-
ness of its sentiment is not the passport to posterity which it
should be. The long Southern roll of the eloquence needs the
revealing tones of a voice to bring out its majesty. Frequently
the sentences become for the average modern reader too far
prolonged or too intricately involved to surrender their mean-
ing at once. The same drawback may be found in Lamar's
other deliverances, even the carefully prepared oration at the
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unveiling of the Calhoun monument at Charleston. But with those who read speeches the Eulogy of Sumner will live as the noble expression of a patriot and a seer, whose gentleness and devotion will win him a bright and quiet niche in the dark and troublous vestibule of Reconstruction.

Another disciple of Calhoun, Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry (1825–1903), born in Georgia but reared in Alabama, learned at the University of Georgia to regard the Arch-Secessionist as second only to Aristotle. Going to Harvard in 1843 to study law, he was soon fired by Horace Mann with a passion for universal education. It was therefore natural, although he became a United States Congressman and a member of the Confederate Congress, that after the war he should enter educational work, in order that the youth of his section might be fitted to build worthily and helpfully in the tumble-down world that surrounded them. As agent of the Peabody and Slater Funds, he aided more than any other of his men to develop an irresistible public opinion for the education of the whole people, both white and black, in the Southern States. Today the most valuable of his educational writings is the History of the Peabody Education Fund, which records the progress of one of the most beneficent philanthropies since the war. He is thus on the side of the constructionists as opposed to those forensic champions who revelled in the abstract notions of States’ rights and liberty, but where he develops the theory of secession, as in Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States or The Southern States of the American Union, there is a pugnacious reiteration of outworn arguments which will appeal chiefly to the historical student or the partisan. His numerous other writings dealing with the South, even when they utter a national spirit or retail personal experiences, lack the colour and the vigour which render Gordon’s reminiscences still interesting. His life of Gladstone lacks power to portray and to analyze.

But the figures we have passed in review, revered and stately though they be, and eloquently as they avowed the new spirit of allegiance to a common country, in reality belonged to an earlier generation than that of the Reconstruction period. Those who did not, like Bagby and Johnston, sing the glories of an aristocratic civilization resting on slavery, were at least imbued, like Vance and Hill and Gordon, with the elder spirit,
which regarded politics as the only arena toward which ambition beckoned. Their writings are consequently concerned with lofty ideals of human rights and the limits of governmental action. They are rhythmic with the cadences of an oratory which too frequently forsook cold argument for fervid appeals to tradition and class interests. Rare was the apostle like Curty who preached the democratic necessity of developing both the black and the white races. Rarer still was the seer like Lamar who divined that the hope of the future lay in going to work to develop the material resources of the section.

Not till we reach the fascinating figure of Henry Woodfin Grady (1851-89) do we find a true representative of the new generation. He is recognized by common consent as the chief latter-day orator of his section. Born in Athens, Georgia, he grew up in the turmoil of the Civil War, often visited the camp of his father's soldiers, and could never forget the scene when Major Grady's remains were brought back from one of the last battles around Petersburg. His sunny disposition and his inexhaustible flow of animal spirits made him a general favourite with the professors at the University of Georgia, where he developed that style which was later to win him fame both South and North. After graduation he became a journalist. The journalism of Georgia, like that of the whole South, was then in a deplorable state. The State governments were still in the hands of the carpet-baggers. The editors drew what comfort they could from denouncing the Republicans as the authors of all evil. Into this sullen circle came Grady with the bright, racy humour which had captivated his classmates, with a freshness and an individuality which caused many a Georgia editor to open his eyes. His own editorial ventures were brilliant in their audacity but dismal in their financial returns. By 1875 he had dissipated his fortune. Borrowing fifty dollars, he gave twenty to his wife, and with the remainder, with characteristic impetuosity, bought a ticket to New York. There, by a single article, he won the position of Southern correspondent of the New York Herald. His reports of the South Carolina riots of 1876 and of the Florida election frauds of the same year were so graphic and complete that they established his future. In 1879 he was enabled to purchase a quarter interest in The
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Atlanta Constitution, a medium through which he impressed himself upon his state and his section.

In 1886, by reason of a speech on The New South delivered 22 December before the New England Society of New York City, he became the spokesman of the new era, and the title of that speech became the watchword of a vast movement. Though it aroused the ire of the old school, as seen above in the denunciation of "the banners of utilitarianism" by Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., it expressed a new sense of the economic basis of society and of the social conditions which must obtain more and more in the regenerated South. Some of his later speeches are notable. The South and her Problem, delivered in Dallas, 26 October, 1887, and The Farmer and the Cities, at Elberton, Georgia, in June, 1889, show him as the evangel of the new gospel to his own section. His treatment of the negro problem before the Boston Merchants' Association in December, 1889, was more cogent in argument than his other addresses, but less ardent in appeal. Yet one of the auditors characterized it as "a cannon-ball in full flight, fringed with flowers." Weakened by his exertions on this trip in the unexpected cold of the Northern winter, he returned to Atlanta to die 23 December, 1889.

One singular feature of Grady's career, and one significant of the new era, was that he never held public office. His ambition shows the change which had come over the spirit of the South:

My ambition is a simple one. I shall be satisfied with the labors of my life if, when those labors are over, my son, looking abroad upon a better and grander Georgia—a Georgia that has filled the destiny God intended her for—when her towns and cities are hives of industry, and her country-side the exhaustless fields from which their stores are drawn—when every stream dances on its way to the music of spindles, and every forest echoes back the roar of the passing train—when her valleys smile with abundant harvests, and from her hillsides come the tinkling of bells as her herds and flocks go forth from their folds—when more than two million people proclaim her perfect independence and bless her with their love—I shall be more than content, I say, if my son, looking upon such scenes as these, can stand up and say: "My father bore a part in this work, and his name lives in the memory of this people."
Grady

This ambition dictated the character of his journalism and the substance of his speeches. In his newspaper he endeavoured without shadow of turning to draw attention to the material resources of the South and to develop her industries. In his speeches he displayed even greater brilliancy, fervour, and versatility in presenting the various phases of the topic. Incapable of rancour himself, he with magnanimous sincerity and a whole heart endeavoured to remove the barriers to harmony and co-operation between the sections. In short, he became the orator of the peacemakers.

This purpose in part explains the form of those addresses. He was delivering an appeal to his public, not conducting a legal argument. He was moving his auditors to a new point of view, not convincing them of a scientific truth. He threw into the effort all the ardour of a generous and enthusiastic nature. The pictures of his fancy, the constant balancing of phrases and ideas, the play of wit and humour and pathos were employed with the instinctive effectiveness of one who has learned to sway audiences. They reflect, too, in many ways the sonorous models of Southern oratory that formed the pattern and ideal for his youthful attempts. Yet there is a greater definiteness of thought, a closer linking of word and idea, on the whole a simpler and more vivid style than obtained in the old school.

To the ears of the sophisticated, of course, his periods are cloying in their fluency. To thousands of untutored youths all over the South, on the other hand, his words have seemed the echoes of a silver tongue flowing like the honey of Hybla. His picture of "a country home, a quiet, modest house, sheltered by great trees," his vision of the returning Confederate soldier, "this hero in gray with the heart of gold," have been declaimed from hundreds of school and college platforms all over the South. His continued popularity proves that his sentiment was not merely a device for moving an audience but was the outpouring of Grady's real nature, full of quick sympathy and unfathomed tenderness. In character and disposition Grady belonged with the Old South; in vision and purpose he was the herald of the New.

No account of the New South in literature would be complete without notice of the life and writings of Booker T. Washington. See also Book III, Chap. v.
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(1859–1915). He was not only a product of Reconstruction but he contributed much to the progress and prosperity of his section in the new era. Born two or three years before the war on a Virginia plantation, his mother a slave, his father he knew not who, he a few years after the war joined in that rush for an education which seized great numbers of the freedmen. The acuteness of that struggle, the inspiring tenacity with which it was maintained, form one of the bright pages in that dark period. When he had completed his studies in Hampton, he turned aside from the opportunities for political preferment which lured many of his race to destruction, and devoted his days and his nights to the upbuilding of his fellow freedmen. In 1881 he was called to the obscure village of Tuskegee in Alabama to take charge of what was to be a normal school for coloured people. Thereafter his name and Tuskegee became synonymous for negro progress. For he there worked out with dauntless persistence a scheme for education which would fit the negro to his actual surroundings. Consecrating all of his vast energy to that cause, he became long before his death the foremost representative of his race in the world, a writer known in every section of his own country, and one of the most eloquent speakers of his generation.

Of his addresses, typical is the five-minute speech delivered at the Atlanta exposition 17 September, 1895, which made him the recognized leader of his race. Aside from the fact that it presented a platform so simple, yet so fundamental in its assumptions, that both black and white could stand thereon, it illustrates well the guiding principles of his rhetoric, that every word shall mean something. There is in it little of that fatally easy use of superlatives, that sonorous succession of periods, which so tickled the ears of old-time audiences. There is little of the habitual resort to cunning balance and alliteration which even Grady constantly introduced to secure his effects. It is simple, direct, vivid, yet sustained by a high devotion to the future of his race. Not only in its message but in its style it speaks of the New South.

His writings display the same characteristics. Of these, his autobiography, consisting of *Up from Slavery* and *Working with Hands*, forms one of the noblest records America has to show. *Up from Slavery* in particular, the annals of his child-
hood and rise to fame, with its mingled pathos and humour, its etching of the past, its modest story of a quiet but heart-stirring achievement, has already become one of the classics of its type.

Of his other voluminous writings, dealing almost exclusively with the colored race, weighty is *The Future of the American Negro*, which contains his views on the enigma which ever confronts the South. Not founding his argument on those lofty conceptions of right and justice which aroused such fanatical zeal before the war, but with a sanity of outlook upon the industrial situation in the South and an unclouded vision of the progress of his race in the past and of the necessary steps in future advance, he discusses the various aspects of the problem with a dispassionate but illuminating calm. Though his contact with the more steadfast and aspiring kind of negro may have filled him with undue hope, yet no reader can fail to admire his self-forgetful devotion to his race, or refuse to accord him a high place among the prose writers of the New South.

The poets, also, represent the effects of Reconstruction on literature in the South. They belonged to a younger generation. They felt in their own persons the wretch of their section. Their outlook upon life and their practice of their art were formed or deeply changed by the hopeless struggles of reconstruction and restoration. Their more sensitive souls felt and recorded the underlying attitudes of their generation. Both their lives and their writings merit close attention.

The first voices were proud and defiant. They echoed in more poignant phrases the Berserker rage of the Southern editorial columns. Most notable of these myriad voices of the press was Carlyle McKinley (1847–1904), of the Charleston *News and Courier*. At fifteen he forsook the quiet campus of the University of Georgia and distinguished himself by bravery in the trenches before Sherman at Atlanta. Like most Southern youths after the war, he drifted about for a time between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. In 1875 he joined the staff of the *News and Courier*, and after a brief excursion into commercial life in New York he returned in 1881 as associate editor, where in failing health he remained the rest of his days.

His prose was greatly admired, especially his *An Appeal to Pharaoh* (1889), an argument for deportation, a solution of the
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negro problem to which thousands of Southerners in the early de-
spair of Reconstruction turned with hope, until the enthusiasm
of Grady and the doctrine of Booker T. Washington brought to
light a more adequate economic and sociological basis.

Nevertheless, it is in poetry that the man and the period
are revealed. Not only did McKinley love the South with his
whole heart, but the Lost Cause was dear to him in a pas-
sionate degree. Early in Reconstruction his Al Timrod's Grave
voiced the complaint of Southern poets:

For singing, Fate hath given sighs,
For music, we make moan.

His undaunted demeanour under the manifold injustices of
Reconstruction speaks for his state and his section. Typical
is his South Carolina, 1876:

They've wasted all her royal dower;
They've wrought her wrong with evil power;
And is she faint, or doth she cower?
—She scorns them in her weakest hour!

She bides her time—a patient Fate!
Her sons are gathering in the gate!
She knows to counsel and to wait,
And vengeance knoweth no "too late."

In later years he came to take refuge in poetry from the dis-
tresses of life, to find in it an anodyne. Probably the best ex-
ample of this mood, Stepele, illustrates not only the finish of
his verse, which lifts him above the rhymesters of his section,
but at the same time the lack of that inspiration or individ-
ual power which would give him a secure place in the poetical
annals of our country.

It is individuality of style that strikingly distinguishes
another Reconstruction poet who could never forget the Lost
Cause and who sought solace in the realms of poesy. John
Banister Tabb (1845–1909) was born and reared at The Forest,
a plantation near Richmond. The only blemish on the bright
untroubled period of his boyhood with a loved mother and kind
tutors was weakness of the eyes, which at the age of twelve
an oculist pronounced incurable. His youthful passions were
try and music, yet when the conflict came he soon forsook se nymphs to fly to arms and war. In 1862 he entered the ry as a captain’s clerk and after two years of service was stered on a blockade runner and confined to Point Lookout son. There Sidney Lanier’s flute-playing made the two a firm friends for life. Unlike Lanier, however, Tabb could forget the prison and the victorious Northern armies which persed his wealth. In the blank years following the war he t studied music and then resigned himself to teaching. He s ordained a Catholic priest in 1884, but remained in St. ies College at Ellicott City, Maryland, till his death, for earcer of literature, especially of his favourite poets, Poe, ita, and Shelley, he was eminently successful. His total idness in 1906 he bore with equanimity until his death in 9.

His career reveals the character of his mind. He was de- ed from life and sought to pierce below its aspects to the r beneath. Nature, to be sure, he loved. His memory st fondly on the Virginia scenery of his boyhood, the rolling ses and “smooth-sliding” streams, the kildee and the wood-in of that Utopian period. In Maryland he liked to take ks and come back with flowers and leaves. More than ty birds are celebrated in his poems. Yet even when they the deepest emotion these voices of nature speak to him of se facet of human life. The call of the robin in the waning ight reminds him of the shadowy but inevitable approach Death:

Come, ere oblivion speed to me, flying Swifter than thou.

: his underlying philosophy that God speaks to man through multiform aspects of nature; that

: the poet acts merely as interpreter. Indeed, so intent is he on the thought symbolised that he comes to find loveli- in nature only as its aspects may be interpreted. More
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than that, everywhere in his unformulated but profoundly-felt philosophy,—and not in mere figure of speech,—all the outwardly beautiful objects in nature live and breathe and have their being in God as much as we. Almost might St. Francis of Assisi have written *Brotherhood*:

Knew not the Sun, sweet Violet,
   The while he gleaned the snow,
That thou in darkness sepulchred,
Wast slumbering below?
Or spun a splendor of surprise
   Around him to behold thee rise?

Saw not the Star, sweet Violet,
What time a drop of dew
Let fall his image from the sky
   Into thy deeper blue?
Nor waxed he tremulous and dim
When rival Dawn supplanted him?

And dreamest thou, sweet Violet,
That I, the vanished Star,
The Dewdrop, and the morning Sun,
   Thy closest kinsmen are—
So near that, waking or asleep,
   We each and all thine image keep?

Quite in keeping with this detachment from mundane affairs, this preoccupation with the abstract relationships of life, is Tabb's absorption in the dogmas of the Church. That they should have engaged his imagination so deeply reveals the strength of his other-worldliness, the extent to which he fled from the ordinary interests of men. One human feeling, however, he displayed in a beautiful degree—friendship. His affection for Sidney Lanier in particular was one of the bright strands in his life. Their few months together in prison reveal an affinity between them that was not dimmed by the lapse of years.

Yet, as we shall see, their poetic styles were in sharp contrast. An English critic has compared "the long, voluminous, rushing flow of Lanier with the minute, delicately carved work" of Tabb rather to the credit of Tabb, who, he says, "piping on
his flute can do things which Lanier's great four-manual organ could never accomplish." It surely will be conceded that Tabb's poetic manner is as individual as Lanier's. Yet his first poems in 1883, some nineteen lyrics and a few sonnets, reveal little of this originality or indeed of poetical promise. The shortest poems were in ten lines, whereas his later style tends to quatrains. Working in such small compass, he has polished his technique to a point near perfection. The diction is of extreme simplicity. The measures flow on without a ripple. The figures are suggested in the most concise phrasing. In short, his poems are a series of the most delicate cameos. Contrast and endless comparison are the basis of his style, which is largely coloured by the frequency of scriptural allusions, the constant introduction and personification of abstract ideas, and the subtle intermixture of symbolism. He was so wrapped up in his poetic fancies that his figures often pass over into conceits. Who else could give to the spiritual inquiry "Is thy servant a dog?" such a turn as this:

So must be he who, in the crowded street,
Where shameless Sin and flaunting Pleasure meet,
Amid the noisome footprints finds the sweet
Faint vestiges of Thy feet.

In his Child's Verse the effect is natural enough, for his puns, no matter how far fetched they appear to the sober eye, there strike one as flashes of wit. But in serious poetry the effect is different. The mind hardly has time to link the symbol and the interpretation. The compression does not permit full grasp of the significance.

In spite of these shortcomings, however, we must concede that Father Tabb, though he lived constantly in a rarefied religious atmosphere, far removed from the daily interests of man, yet was endowed with an ear sensitive to those overtones which escape most men and that he was often visited with those intuitions which reveal nooks of beauty, aspects of cheer. Though his lute was of few strings, he played it with exquisite tone.

Another class of Reconstruction poets felt less keenly the sting of defeat. Some in fact came to catch the new national spirit and have even expressed in poetry their devotion to the
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common flag. Verse was for them not so much an avenue of escape from the cares and tribulation of this life as a means of self-expression. A humble and rather negative representative is John Henry Boner (1845–1903), whom North Carolina now claims as her chief poet of the period, although in Reconstruction times she drove him from her borders. Coming from a quite different class of society from that of Tabb or McKinley, he found it easy to become a Republican after the war. Not till his demise did his fellow citizens forgive him. In 1870, when, after a campaign that approached civil war, a Democratic governor was elected, the Republicans took care of Boner by placing him in the Government Printing Office in Washington, for which he was fitted by his earlier trade as printer; but when the Democrats again gained control of the national government, Boner was dismissed on the ground of offensive partisanship. Fortunately his poetry had won him the ear of Edmund Clarence Stedman, who obtained for him in New York various tasks of compilation. He eventually became editor of The Literary Digest, which he conducted with ability until his resignation in 1897.

All this time, however, he cherished memories of the South and the scenes of his boyhood. In particular, the theme that pleased Stedman, the music of the pines as the wind sighed through them or the moon rose beyond them, haunted him with a gentle yearning. The Light’ood Fire lightens his memory with fond pictures. Crismus Times is Come is an unusually faithful representation of the negro character and religion. These effusions are carefully finished. The versification is smooth, often liquid. The descriptive passages are clear and sometimes vivid. The tone of melancholy that pervades his best efforts casts the charm of subdued light over both the measures and the man. Nevertheless, Boner is deficient in imagination, and adds no new note, no original element, to American verse. He will consequently live as a poet of one poem—Poe’s Cottage at Fordham. The subject enlisted a deeper interest than even the events of Boner’s own life and much deeper than the swirling progress of his adopted section. The lines well up from a sympathy that interprets and enshrines. They flow with a haunting melody worthy of the magician in metre whom they celebrate.
Less sectional, more completely national in spirit, was Robert Burns Wilson (1850–1916). He was endowed with a double gift—the gifts of painting and poetry, each of them genuine. It must be conceded that he did not have to break the shackles of sectionalism. Born in Pennsylvania and moving early to Virginia, he looked back, not on memories of conflict, but on scenes of quiet peace. He early studied art. At barely twenty he received further impetus while on a canoe trip with John W. Alexander. Much of his later success may be attributed to Alexander's influence and assistance. In painting he sought "to catch the passing and elusive things in nature, which do not sit for their pictures." It is just the mood and feeling of these evanescent aspects of nature which form the substance of his poetry. Visions of Kentucky woods and fields float by on the wings of music, but there is usually some melancholy cadence or echo in the strain. The most famous, and probably the best of his poems, When Evening Cometh On, is characteristic of his method of presenting pictures suffused with emotion in order to create a dominant mood. In spite of the variety of measures which he employs, there is a weakness in his repetition of similar themes in successive volumes.

During the Spanish-American War Wilson made clear how truly the South had become national. His Remember the Maine not only occupied the front page of the New York Herald but was reprinted all over the country. His Such is the Death the Soldier Dies, which appeared originally in The Atlantic Monthly, was at once welcomed for the gentle pathos of its picture and its sentiment. Many stirring and martial poems by other Southerners attest the genuineness of the national spirit which had followed the dark and bitter days of Reconstruction. Not by any successe of sorrow but by the genuine fire of a new vision did Southern poetry bud forth into a patriotic cry. The days of McKinley and his South Carolina—1876 had given way to the new conception of a united country and eager, confident prospects for the future.

The most salient figure in this change, in fact the most distinguished man of letters of the New South, is Sidney Lanier, who, like Wilson, was endowed with a double gift—music and poetry. He was born in Macon, Georgia, 3 February, 1846.
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His father was a lawyer of undistinguished abilities but of cultured and literary tastes. His mother was devotedly religious, and reared her family in the strict Presbyterian faith. His grandfather's hotel, the Lanier House, was the centre of a cordial, hospitable social life. The city of Macon, a prosperous commercial centre, counted among its citizens many wealthy plantation owners but few who aspired to higher educational or intellectual achievement. Even his father's literary interests seem to have been confined to Shakespeare and Addison and Sir Walter Scott—to the items of that self-sufficient culture which reigned everywhere in the South before the Civil War.

Although Scott and Froissart fired Lanier's young mind with ideals of chivalry, the thing which set him apart from the Macon school boys was his remarkable musical ability. At seven he had made himself a reed flageolet, and on receiving a flute at Christmas he soon organized quartets and bands among his playfellows. Indeed, it was because of his leadership in serenading parties at Oglethorpe, which he had entered shortly before his fifteenth birthday, that his father brought him home to spend a year in the Macon post office. When he returned to Oglethorpe as a junior he began to play the violin with such effect that he would at times lose consciousness for hours. His father, fearing this stimulation, induced him to return to the flute and discouraged him as much as possible from devotion to music. The result is seen in the boy's journal:

The prime inclination—that is, natural bent—which I have checked, though of my nature is to music, and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer. But I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician, because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things which, it seems to me, I might do.

His later life seems to bear out the assumption that America, by his father's solicitude and the social pressure of Southern opinion at the time, was deprived of another distinguished name in music.
The life at Oglethorpe was a period of intellectual advance for Lanier. The major influence was exerted by James Woodrow of the department of science, who took the boy on long rambles, or on long drives, when the two of them would talk about everything either of them was interested in. Woodrow thought so much of Lanier that he secured for him an appointment as tutor. Better still, he gave the future poet a zest for science that remained with him to the end, and a vision of the intellectual life which shaped his aspirations and his future conduct. Giving up music as a possible career, Lanier resolved to spend two years in Heidelberg and to return to a professorship in some American college.

Then came the cataclysm of Civil War, and with it for Lanier a period of storm and stress that tossed him this way and that for a dozen years. At the outbreak he was enthusiastic at the prospect of a South more wealthy than history had yet seen. Macon, he thought, was to become a great art centre whose streets were to be lined with marble statues like unto Athens of old. At the close of the college year he, like nearly all the other teachers and the students of Oglethorpe, enlisted for service. The war itself was not an unmixed evil to Lanier. Although he saw some exciting service as a signalman along the James River, he was for three years allowed ample time for study and for cherishing that passion for the very highest which grew with his years. He now began to contemplate a literary life as his vocation. To his father he wrote in 1864, "Gradually I find that my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing, and especially of writing poetry." He began his novel, Tiger Lilies, and sent several poems to his father for criticism. In 1864, however, he was transferred to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he served as signal officer on the blockade runners. In November he was captured in the Gulf Stream and sent to Point Lookout Prison in Maryland. There he continued to play the flute, which won him the friendship of Tabb. He busied himself with German poetry, but the prison conditions were so loathsome as to induce a breakdown in health. He came out emaciated to a skeleton, and when he finally reached Macon in March he fell ill and lingered near death for two months. Thereafter his life was an unavailing search for health.
The fact that members of his family "who used to roll is wealth are, everyday, with their own hands ploughing the little patch of ground which the war has left them, while their wives do the cooking and washing," did not disturb him. What he felt most keenly was the intellectual stagnation of the South. Already in 1866 he was, with characteristic breadth and lack of prejudice, writing thus to a Northern friend:

You are all so alive up there, and we are all so dead down here! I begin to have serious thoughts of emigrating to your country, so that I may live a little. There is not enough attrition of mind on mind here to bring out any sparks from a man.

Even among these untoward surroundings he continued to foster his literary ambitions. In another letter he continues:

We have no newspapers here with circulation enough to excite our ambition, and, of course, the Northern papers are beyond our reach. Our literary life, too, is a lonely and somewhat cheerless one; for beyond our father, a man of considerable literary acquirements and exquisite taste, we have not been able to find a single individual who sympathized in such pursuits enough to warrant showing him our little productions—so scarce is "general cultivation" here.

I am thirsty to know what is going on in the great art world up there; you have no idea how benighted we all are. I have only recently begun to get into the doings of literary men through "The Round Table" which I have just commenced taking.

That journal not only satisfied his thirst for the doings of the great world but helped to foster the national spirit which he was to voice more clearly than other poets of his section, and to fire his own ambition for a literary career. Several of his earlier poems appeared in its pages.

To the same inspiration may be traced his visit to New York in 1867 to find a publisher for Tiger Lilies. Possibly it was the reputation he gained from its publication which caused him to marry in the face of the precarious future. The setting up of the state governments under the Reconstruction Act of 1867 made the prospect for him, as for hundreds of others, even darker and more discouraging. Despairing
of earning a living by his pen, and seeing that Southern colleges were so poor as "to hold out absolutely no inducement in the way of support to a professor," he yielded in January, 1869, to his father's solicitation and betook himself to the study of law.

The work in the law office kept him very busy. He did indeed write a few humorous dialect poems, published in various local papers, but in general his resignation was that expressed in a letter to Paul Hamilton Hayne in 1870:

I've not put pen to paper, in the literary way, for a long time. How I thirst to do so, how I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me, unsung,—is inexpressible. Yet, the mere work that brings bread gives me no time. I know not, after all, if this is a sorrowful thing. Nobody likes my poems, except two or three friends,—who are themselves poets, and can supply themselves!

But music regained its ascendency over him. Letters to his wife written in 1869, 1870, and 1871, on visits to New York, reveal the intensity of his pleasure in a violin solo, or the singing of Nilsson, or Theodore Thomas's orchestra, where he plunged into an amber sea of music and came away from what he felt might have been heaven.

The turning point of his life came in San Antonio, Texas, whither he went in the winter of 1872–3 for his health. He filled in part of his time there with literary projects, but the inspiration of his stay was found in a group of German musicians, who received "amid a storm of applause" his flute-playing before the Maennerchor. In February, 1873, he played before "a very elegant-looking company of ladies and gentlemen." He reported:

I had not played three seconds before a profound silence reigned among the people... When I allowed the last note to die, a simultaneous cry of pleasure broke forth from men and women that almost amounted to a shout, and I stood and received the congratulations that thereupon came in, so wrought up by my own playing with (hidden) thoughts, that I could but smile mechanically, and make stereotyped returns to the pleasant sayings, what time my heart worked falteringly, like a mouth that is about to cry.
Two weeks later he wrote:

I have writ the most beautiful piece "Field-larks and Blackbirds," wherein I have mirrored Mr. Field-lark's pretty eloquence so that I doubt he would know the difference betwixt the flute and his own voice.

In the summer he confessed to Hayne:

Are you, by the way, a musician? Strange, that I have never before asked this question,—when so much of my own life consists of music. I don't know that I've ever told you, that whatever turn I have for art is purely musical; poetry being, with me, a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes. I could play passably on several instruments before I could write legibly; and since then, the very deepest of my life has been filled with music, which I have studied and cultivated far more than poetry.

Inspired with this new faith, he again repaired to New York, this time determined to settle his future. He revelled in the musical associations which he quickly formed. By November he had been engaged by Asger Hamerik for the position of first flute in the new Peabody Orchestra forming in Baltimore. On 29 November he wrote his declaration of independence to his father:

Why should I, nay, how can I, settle myself down to be a third-rate struggling lawyer for the balance of my little life as long as there is a certainty almost absolute that I can do some other thing so much better. Several persons, from whose judgment there can be no appeal, have told me, for instance, that I am the greatest flute-player in the world; and several others, of equally authoritative judgment, have given me an almost equal encouragement to work with my pen. . . . My dear father, think how for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragements of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, those two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have a right to enroll myself among the
devotees of those two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness.

Thus he entered upon the third and final period of his life, one of feverish activity. During the winter succeeding his great resolution he grew rapidly in the intellectual grasp of music. He had the soul of an artist, and gradually acquired the technical skill to bring the most out of his instrument. Still the strength of his renderings always resided in the emotion he imparted. His conductor testifies:

His conception of music was not reached by any analytical study of note by note, was intuitive, spontaneous; like a woman's reason: he felt it so, because he felt it so, and his delicate perception required no more logical form of reasoning. His playing appealed to the musically learned and unlearned—for he would mesmerize the listener; but the artist felt in his performance the superiority of the momentary living inspiration to all the rules and shifts of mere technical scholarship.

The next year he still yearned for a musical career. He told Dr. Leopold Damrosch, then conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York, that music "is not a matter of mere preference, it is a spiritual necessity. I must be a musician, I cannot help it." But the conference with Damrosch impressed Lanier with the great handicap he suffered in lack of thorough technical training. Though he continued to gain intense joy from music, literature more and more occupied his thoughts and monopolized his time.

In February, 1875, Corn, which he had conceived the preceding summer and had rewritten during the winter, appeared in Lippincott's Magazine. It was one of the earliest Southern poems to receive publication in a Northern periodical. Notable, too, is the fact that the verses are not an effort to escape into some dreamland but the presentation of a widespread problem of Georgia agriculture.

Corn attracted favourable attention, notably from Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Within a month Lanier was at work on a second ambitious poem, The Symphony, which appeared in June, and which brought him the friendship of Bayard Taylor. The firm of Lippincott
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was able to fill Lanier's time with hackwork. The whole summer was spent in preparing "a sort of spiritualized guidebook" to Florida. Yet he was happy. He wrote of himself as one who, after many days and nights of tribulation and bloody sweat, has finally emerged from all doubt into the quiet and yet joyful activity of one who knows exactly what his Great Passion is and what his God desires him to do. As for me, life has resolved simply into a time during which I must get upon paper as many as possible of the poems with which my heart is stuffed like a schoolboy's pocket.

When at the instance of Bayard Taylor he was appointed to write the cantata for the Centennial Exposition to be held in Philadelphia, he was jubilant. His patriotic fervour produced also The Psalm of the West. A place among American poets he challenged by bringing out a slender volume of poems late in the same year.

Because of a severe illness he was ordered South for the winter of 1876–7, but there he continued to throw off "a sort of spray of little songs" and to hope for "that repose which ought to fill the artist's firmament while he is creating."

The four remaining years of his life were spent in an unavailing search for that repose. He endeavoured to make sure where next week's dinners were coming from before carrying out his ambitions for creative work. He continued his connection with the Peabody Orchestra, but his chief endeavour turned him aside, this time into the field of scholarship. He wandered about in Old and Middle English, and ranged far in the Elizabethan period. These enthusiastic studies resulted in lectures at the Peabody Institute, and in 1879 in his appointment as lecturer in Johns Hopkins University. The Science of English Verse and The English Novel are the products of those two years, besides some books for boys and many poems. But consumption had made such advances that it was feared that he would not live to complete his last series of lectures. Indeed, those who listened to him momentarily feared that he would not survive to the end of the hour. In May, 1881, he was taken to the mountains of North Carolina, where he died 7 September.
What shall be said of the product of this eager and varied effort? Shall we lament the incompleteness and immaturity of a life fourteen years longer than Keats's and ten years longer than Shelley's? Shall we bemoan the constant battle with disease, which yet left to Stevenson the energy for an exquisitely wrought style? Shall we bewail the hard necessity of winning his daily bread in a land devastated by civil war and depressed by corrupt government, and the consequent removal to a more congenial and invigorating clime far from friends and family? Or shall we endeavour merely to disengage the essential characteristics and achievements of this troublous activity, so that his contribution to our American heritage may stand out clear?

He did, of course, engage in too much hackwork for his own good or his reputation. Yet so exuberant was his activity that he dispatched all of these tasks with zest. His "sort of spiritualized guide-book" to Florida contains many descriptions over which he must have lingered and which bear witness to a quick eye and a rich humour. He puts into the whole book, too, much of himself, his love of music, his over-refining intellect, his relish of local tradition. His boys' books, the Froissart and King Arthur and the rest, reveal even more of the man. He had from early youth cherished a recurring interest in the deeds and heroes of chivalry. They answered to an innate knightliness of spirit which was fostered by his Southern up-bringing. He would pick up the volume as it came fresh from the printers, familiar though it was by reason of the preparation and the proof-reading, and con page after page with pure delight. In his introductions he never learned to address his young readers, but through the mature style gleams his absorption in this fresh new world of romance.

The same personal reaction appears in his critical writings. The zeal with which he pursued these researches during the last years of his life astonishes one who remembers the meagre initiation he had received at college into the methods of scholarship. The attainments, too, of those few years are considerable. He read with an assiduity that helped to shorten his days and with a whole-souled enthusiasm and moral earnestness that lent to his utterances much of the fluency and high seriousness of Ruskin. But even greater than Ruskin's is his tendency to wander. He did not keep the goal in view.
He did not sit and arrange and clarify with a dominant impression in mind. He sauntered along the broad highway, frequently wandering off into the leafy woods and lingering there intent on the strange foliage. Consequently his critical writings are an amazing collection of individual vagaries and intuitive insights. *Shakespeare and his Forerunners* contains such surprising pronouncements as that Drummond of Hawthornden is "one of the chief glories of the English tongue." Yet he could often divine an essential quality, as in his remark on Chaucer's works as "full of cunning hints and twinkle-eyed suggestions which peep between the lines like the comely faces of country children between the fence-bars as one rides by."

The same want of the perspective and balance that come from broad and profound knowledge characterizes his lectures on *The English Novel*. His effort to trace the conception of personality from the time of the Greeks was a perilous undertaking for one who knew so little of Greek life and was so little acquainted with the sociological implications of any such investigation. The limitations of his upbringing also militated against success. The strict Presbyterian training of his childhood as well as an inherent moral bias conspired to give him a strongly ethical view of literature:

Indeed, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who is therefore not at one with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty; that he, in short, who has not come to that state of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not the great artist.

Consequently he fervently wished that the novels of Fielding and Richardson might be "blotted from the face of the earth." Consequently, too, "in some particulars *Sílias Marner* is the most remarkable novel in our language," and its author the greatest of English novelists. The preoccupations in which he again reminds one of Ruskin are the most interesting portions, because in them the man Lanier shines out and his cherished and innate convictions lie bare.

The most valuable critical work of Lanier is undoubtedly
his *Science of English Verse*. For the consideration of the structure of English verse he was peculiarly well prepared. His own unusually sensitive organism enabled him to respond very delicately to musical effects in verse. Besides, the early impulse to science given by Professor Woodrow in that "farci-
cal college" of his boyhood stimulated him to an investigation of the physics of sound and to a desire for reducing to law the apparent chaos of English versification. The result was pioneer work which appealed to many as the most sensible treatment of the subject which had then appeared. What differentiates this treatment from preceding ones is the insistence that the laws of music and verse are identical, that every foot represents a mathematically equal time interval. Length of interval, and not accent, is therefore the determining element in prosody.
The valuable feature of this theory is that it emphasizes the relation of music and poetry and the fundamental importance of rhythm in poetry. Its unfortunate feature is that it insists too strongly on law. No such mathematical relation exists. Accent normally appears at equal time intervals and an accented syllable tends to acquire length. But Lanier wrote long before the psychological investigation of rhythm had begun. He therefore could not see the impossibility of trying to reduce to one rule all the innumerable individual senses of rhythm. Not only no two poets but no two readers would exactly coincide in their sense of rhythm. Lanier was on the right road. He merely made the mistake of taking his own sense of rhythm for a universal law.

Of his other prose writings the letters are the most im-
portant. They reveal the man with unusual fullness—the pulsating sea of emotion in which he lived, his exuberance, his passionate love of music, his wavering literary ambition, his buoyancy and humour and occasional despondency, together with his intellectual interests and preferences. Few letters writ-
ten in America are more interesting. Yet on first dipping into them one is repelled by the same qualities which frequently give one pause in his other writings. The style seems highly artificial, fanciful in its imagery, strained and rhetorical in its phrasing, bookish and precious in its diction. Even in his last years he was rarely simple and direct, for he had from boyhood so steeped himself in the older writers of our tongue, Shakes-
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peare in particular, that a plain and natural way of putting things would have seemed to him insipid, inane, and inartistic. The literary glamour which he casts over his writings, which draws attention from the thought itself to some supposed felicity of expression, never entirely left him. Yet some of his later books, particularly where he is pouring forth his convictions on music, literature, and life, possess all the fluency of the Old South, without ceasing to be strong, luminous, and eloquent.

These shortcomings have been explained away on the ground that his prose is the prose of a poet. Certainly it is as a poet that he jumps to the front rank among Southern writers. The single volume of his verse, gathered with loving care by his wife three years after his death, is paramount among his writings. Upon that corner-stone must be reared whatever reputation he may attain in American letters. Yet his poetry too suffers from defects similar to those in his prose. His verse in general betrays a lack of spontaneity without obtaining that finish, that technical polish, that wedding of word and thought which Tabb achieved. There are, to be sure, moments of fine phrasing, intermittent flashes from the heaven of song:

Music is love in search of a word

or

For when God frowns, 'tis then ye shine.

But the general impression is of an elaborated verse, not a gush of words from the heart. Indeed, it seems to have been Lanier's practice to write out the ideas of his poems in prose before turning them into verse. Not many of his poems sang themselves over in his soul before he committed them to paper. He was, on the other hand, forever haunted by ideas for poems. As an obscure lawyer in Georgia he complained to Paul Hamilton Hayne of the "thousand various songs that oppress me, unsung." Even after he had won the ear of the nation, he wrote to Gibson Peacock:

I'm taken with a poem pretty nearly every day, and have to content myself with making a note of its train of thought on the back of whatever letter is in my pocket. I don't write it out, because I find my poetry now wholly unsatisfactory.
Sometimes a poem, like *The Symphony*, would shake him like a James River ague until he had finished it. Sometimes he would revise patiently, as in *Corn*. In general it is true that he did not work in that calm serenity which might have brought him closer to perfection of form. There is one blemish, however, that no amount of revision would have eliminated. His exuberant fancy betrayed him into conceits as far fetched as ever disfigured Donne or Crashaw or Tabb. An ox in a clover field becomes "the Course-of-Things," and the rising sun is "the Build-fire Bee." He did not see the grotesqueness of such comparisons, but cultivated them as original adornments to his verse.

Some of the dissatisfaction with the form of his verse is due to his theory that the principles of music and of metrics are identical. His sense of rhythm did not allow sufficient emphasis for accent as marking the equal intervals of time. But he was, naturally, enamoured of his own theory and felt happier when he put it into practice. *Of Special Pleading*, composed in 1875, he wrote: "I have allowed myself to treat words, similes, and metres with such freedom as I desired. The result convinces me I can do so safely." Thereafter he developed his own peculiar style more courageously, sometimes with beautiful effect, but often with the resulting impression of a straining for form. In *Sunrise*, for example, there is a passage descriptive of approaching dawn, beginning,

> Oh, what if a sound should be made!

which is unsurpassed in American poetry for its rendering of the ecstasy in the poet's heart. Yet only a few lines above this marvellous description is a section beginning,

> Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms

which illustrates how far his attention wandered from the thought in his elaboration of form, how he forgot that words are primarily symbolic, and that beauty of verse depends on poetic and beautiful thoughts.

Indeed, it must be confessed that Lanier's thought is liable on analysis to be found commonplace and prosaic. This quality is partly due to a didacticism that issued from an un-
swerving devotion to the ideal. From his youth he cherished a longing for the very highest. How amid the uninspiring surroundings of his boyhood he should have developed this allegiance to the "sweet, living lands of Art" is another of those mysteries with which the history of literature abounds. Yet there is no mystery about the moral purpose which led him to employ poetry to combat intolerance, brutality, and commercialism. It was bred into him at his mother's knee. There is no cynicism in his verse. There is a very strong religious strain. Not only does he curiously eschew all mythological allusions as being pagan in spirit, but he expresses a deeply religious view of life in many poems, as in The Crystal and that quaint but unsurpassed Ballad of Trees and the Master.

His idealism is also revealed in his eager intellectual interests. Here too he triumphed over his untoward surroundings, as the brief sketch of his life has indicated. Pathetic witness to this inherent bent is found in a letter to Bayard Taylor:

I could never describe to you what a mere drought and famine my life has been, as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in an atmosphere of art, or when one is in conversational relationship with men of letters, with travellers, with persons who have either seen, or written, or done large things. Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying.

Such complaints did not remain topics of conversation or correspondence. He sought in poetry no refuge from the hard conditions of life. Rather is he one of the leaders of the New South because he grasped at the intellectual and social problems of the time. He dealt with the necessity of planting corn for cotton, with the nascent oppression of labour by capital, with the mission of music and art. His reading of Emerson in the winter of 1876-7 revived an earlier penchant for metaphysics and led to such poems as A Florida Sunday and Individuality. If these abstruse problems are not handled with power, they at least do honour to the author's lofty purpose and sincerity of execution.

It must be conceded, too, that the profound and abiding interests of his life—love and nature—are peculiarly Southern
in their colouring and substance. It is characteristic that love is for him not that fleshly passion which has thrilled and burned in verse since Sappho. It is a kneeling adoration, an ideal emotion, the only love which one of his purity of life would avow. He has been well called the Sir Galahad of American literature. My Springs shows how deep and sincere was the inspiration he received from his dearest partner in misfortune and ill-health. But there was mingled with the personal devotion to one woman a chivalric devotion to women which came partly from the Southern ideals of his day. There is in his poetry no better expression of this than in The Symphony.

Nature was to him almost equally dear, and even more Southern in its appeal. He found nothing within to answer to the wild and rugged majesty of the mountains. He felt no expansion of the soul in viewing the limitless plains of Texas. The broad sand-flats of Florida roused only a longing for the Georgia hills. Indeed, the only scene which called forth a love of broad, free places was the long and often viewed marshes at Brunswick, Georgia, which will go down in American literature in the eloquent and musical Marches of Glynn. It remains true, however, that his love for nature was a delicate and passionate love, the love of an attentive and scrupulous observer of leaves and plants and the thousand minute details of the summer woods. So personal was the solace and uplifting of nature that he addressed her various forms with terms of endearment, more warm than Tabb, yet precisely like St. Francis of Assisi. He sings of the "fair cousin Cloud," the "friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves." Of himself it was true that,

With hands agrope he felt smooth nature's grace,
Drew her to breast and kissed her sweetheart face.

The Southern aspect of nature lives again in his verse.

Though his abiding interests were Southern, he was not narrowly Southern in his outlook. On the contrary, it has already been indicated that much of Lanier's distinction among Reconstruction poets lies not only in his interest in the problems of his own time but likewise his sympathy and comprehension in voicing the new idea of nationality. The
freedom from prejudice which led him to resume relations with
a Northern friend at the close of the war, fitted him to sing the
meditations of Columbia at the Philadelphia Centennial in
1876. There was nothing mean or narrow in his make-up.
The breadth of his own soul and the exalted purpose of his
life responded quickly to the new outlook before the nation.
He leaped far ahead of his section in grasping and appropriating
what he might of the new quickening spirit, but he was largely
influential, with Lamar and Grady, in bringing the South to
share in that quickening influence. He likewise revealed to
the North, even before Grady, the possibilities of the recently
vanquished section, and thereby hastened that spiritual rap-
prochemement which went on steadily increasing to the end of
the century, as we have seen in the patriotic glow of Wilson's
poems. If Lanier had only had for poetic expression that
genius which he apparently possessed for music, what position
might he not have attained? With what full-throated ease
then would the South at the Reconstruction period have sung
out its inmost heart!
CHAPTER V

Dialect Writers

I. NEGRO DIALECT: JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

A PART from its purely literary significance, *Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings* makes a threefold claim upon our interest. (1) In the character of Uncle Remus the author has done more than add a new figure to literature; he has typified a race and thus perpetuated a vanishing civilization. (2) In the stories told by Uncle Remus the author has brought the folk-tales of the negro into literature and thus laid the foundation for the scientific study of negro folk-lore. His work has, therefore, a purely historical and ethnological value not possessed in equal degree by any other volume of American short stories. (3) In the language spoken by Uncle Remus the author has reproduced a dialect so accurately and so adequately that each story is worth studying as marking a stage in the development of primitive English.

The life of Joel Chandler Harris was comparatively uneventful though it was an ideal preparation for the work that he was to do. He was born in Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, 9 December, 1848,—a date now celebrated annually in all Georgia schools. It is a remarkable fact that the middle counties of Georgia have produced the most representative humorists of the South. Among those who were born or who at some time lived in this part of Georgia may be mentioned A. B. Longstreet, 1 the author of *Georgia Scenes*; Richard Malcolm Johnston, 2 the author of *The Dukesborough Tales*; William

1 See also Book II, Chap. xix.
2 See also Book III, Chaps. iv and vi.

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Tappan Thompson,1 the author of Major Jones's Courtship; and Harry Stillwell Edwards, the author of Two Runaways and Other Stories. In the same section were born the two poets Francis O. Ticknor,2 author of Little Giften of Tennessse, and Sidney Lanier.3 Middle Georgia was also before the war the most democratic part of the slaveholding states, a circumstance not without its influence upon the development of Harris's genius.

"The sons of the richest men," he tells us,4 "were put in the fields to work side by side with the negroes, and were thus taught to understand the importance of individual effort that leads to personal independence. It thus happened that there was a cordial, and even an affectionate, understanding between the slaves and their owners, that perhaps had no parallel elsewhere. The poorer whites had no reason to hold their heads down because they had to work for their living. The richest slave owners did not feel themselves above those who had few negroes or none. When a man called his neighbor "Colonel," or "Judge," it was to show his respect, nothing more. For the rest, the humblest held their heads as high as the richest, and were as quick, perhaps quicker, in a quarrel."

Young Harris owed little to the schools but much to a country printing office and to a large library in which it was his privilege to browse at will. At the age of twelve he read one morning the announcement that a new newspaper, The Countryman, was to be started a few miles from Eatonton. The editor, Joseph Addison Turner, the owner of a large plantation and many slaves, was a man of sound but old-fashioned literary taste and wished his paper to be modelled after The Spectator of Addison and Steele. This announcement kindled the ambition of young Harris, who was already familiar with the best literature of Queen Anne's time and to whom the very name Spectator recalled days and nights of indescribable delight. He applied at once for the vacant position of office boy, received a favourable answer, and devoted the rest of his life to journalism in his native State. The duties of his new position were not onerous, and he found time, or took time, to hunt foxes, coons, opossums, and rabbits

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1 See also Book II, Chap. xix.  2 See also Book III, Chap. iii.  
3 See also Book III, Chap. iv.  4 Stories of Georgia (1896), p. 241.
whenever he wished, and to make himself familiar with every nook and corner of the surrounding country.

It was in these early years that Harris laid the foundation for his future work. There was not a negro myth or legend in which he was not interested; there was not a negro custom or peculiarity that he did not know; and there was not a sound or idiom of the negro language that he could not reproduce.

"No man who has ever written," says Thomas Nelson Page, "has known one-tenth part about the negro that Mr. Harris knows, and for those who hereafter shall wish to find not merely the words but the real language of the negro of that section and the habits of mind of all American negroes of the old time, his works will prove the best thesaurus."

In addition to his interest in the life about him Harris soon came to have an equal interest in Turner's large library. Among his favourite books were the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the essays of Addison and Steele, and later the Bible and Shakespeare. His best loved writer, however, from first to last, and the one whose genius was most like his own, was Goldsmith.

"The only way to describe my experience with The Vicar of Wakefield," he said in his later years, "is to acknowledge that I am a crank. It touches me more deeply, it gives me the 'all-overs' more severely than all others. Its simplicity, its air of extreme wonderment, have touched and continue to touch me deeply."

Among the writers of New England Harris seems to have cared least for Emerson and most for Lowell.

"Culture," he once wrote, "is a very fine thing, indeed, but it is never of much account either in life or in literature, unless it is used as a cat uses a mouse, as a source of mirth and luxury. It is at its finest in this country when it is grafted on the sturdiness that has made the nation what it is, and when it is fortified by the strong common sense that has developed and preserved the republic. This is culture with a definite aim and purpose . . . and we feel the ardent spirit of it in pretty much everything Mr. Lowell has written."
In the march through Georgia, General Sherman’s army devastated the Turner plantation, and The Countryman was of course discontinued. After various experiences with different newspapers Harris joined the staff of The Atlanta Constitution in 1876. At this time he was known chiefly as an essayist and poet, but he began almost immediately to publish some of the plantation legends that he had heard from the lips of the negroes before and during the war. The first volume of these stories, Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings, the Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation, was published in 1880. It contained thirty-four plantation legends or negro folk-tales, a few plantation proverbs, nine negro songs, a story of the war, and twenty-one sayings or opinions of Uncle Remus, all supposed to be sung or narrated by Uncle Remus himself. In 1883 appeared Nights with Uncle Remus: Myths and Legends of the Old Plantation. This contained sixty-nine new legends and was prefaced by an interesting Introduction. Among the new legends were a few told by Daddy Jack, a representative of the dialect spoken on the coastal rice plantations of South Carolina and Georgia. These two volumes represent the author’s best work in the domain of negro dialect and folk-lore, and were accorded instant recognition as opening a new and deeply interesting field both to literature and ethnology. Among the later works that continue the Uncle Remus tradition may be mentioned Uncle Remus and his Friends (1892), Mr. Rabbit at Home (1895), The Far-Baby Story and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus (1904), Told by Uncle Remus (1905), Uncle Remus and Deer Rabbit (1907), and Uncle Remus and the Little Boy (1910). There were also numerous stories of the War and of the Reconstruction period.

A year before his death Harris founded Uncle Remus’ Magazine, which survived him only a few years. Immediately after his death in 1908 the Uncle Remus Memorial Association was formed, the purpose of which was to purchase the home of the writer of the Uncle Remus stories, near Atlanta, and to convert it into a suitable memorial. This has now been done.

The significance of Uncle Remus as a study in negro character can best be understood by a comparison of Harris’s work with that of others, especially his predecessors, in the same field. The negroes themselves, by the way, can show an
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orator, two prose-writers, and one poet of merited eminence. These are Frederick Douglass (1817–95); Booker T. Washington (c. 1859–1915); W. E. Burghardt DuBois, and Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872–1906). *Up from Slavery* (1901) by Washington and *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903) by DuBois are works of almost diametrically opposite styles. The former makes its appeal by its simplicity and restraint; the latter by its emotionalism, its note of lyric intensity. Neither author, however, is of unmixed negro blood, and neither has come as close to the heart of his race as did Dunbar, a pure negro, in his *Lyrics of Lowly Life* (1896). He was the first American negro of pure African descent "to feel the negro life esthetically and to express it lyrically." His dialect poems, it may be added, are better than the poems that he wrote in standard English. Indeed, Dunbar's command of correct English was always somewhat meagre and uncertain.

Negro writers, however, were not the first to put their own race into literature or to realize the value of their own folk-lore.

"The possibilities of negro folk-lore," says a recent negro writer," have carried it across the line, so that it has had strong influence on the work of such Southern writers as Thomas Nelson Page and Frank L. Stanton, and on that of George W. Cable. Its chief monument so far has been in the Uncle Remus tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox told by Joel Chandler Harris."

The chief writers who preceded Harris in the attempt to portray negro character were William Gilmore Simms, Edgar Allan Poe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Stephen Collins Foster, and Irwin Russell. Hector, the negro slave in Simms's *Yemassee* (1835), and Jupiter in Poe's *Gold-Bug* (1843) are alike in many respects. Both belong to the type of faithful body servant, both are natives of the coastal region of South Carolina, both illustrate a primitive sort of humour, and both

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1 See Introduction by William Dean Howells to *Lyrics of Lowly Life.*
2 See Benjamin Griffith Brawley's *The Negro in Literature and Art* (Atlanta, 1910), p. 5.
3 See also Book II, Chap. xvi.
4 See also Book II, Chap. xiv.
5 See also Book III, Chap. x.
6 For the body servant in later literature see *The Negro in Southern Literature since the War,* by B. M. Drake (Dissertation, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, 1893), pp. 21–22.
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speak an anglicized form of Gullah (Gulla) dialect. Of the two, Hector is the better portrayed. His refusal (in Chapter 51) to accept freedom when it is offered to him by his owner is by no means surprising; it is an evidence rather of Simms's familiarity with negro character and a reminder of the anomalous position in which a freedman in those days found himself. Neither Hector nor Jupiter, however, can be said to have any individuality of his own. They are mere types, not individuals. Apart from their masters they have no separate existence at all.

The best-known negro character in fiction is, of course, Uncle Tom, the hero of Uncle Tom's Cabin (1852). The dramatic power shown in this book is undeniable. More than any other one book it hastened the Civil War and made necessary the emancipation of all slaves. But Uncle Tom is portrayed so plainly for a purpose, the scenes in the book are so skilfully arranged to excite public indignation, that one can hardly call it a great work of art or even a work of art at all. Mrs. Stowe knew the negro chiefly as she had seen him on the right bank of the Ohio River. Ohio was a free state and the negroes that Mrs. Stowe talked with in Cincinnati were those that had fled from Kentucky. Uncle Tom is the type of a good man, a man of sterling piety, subjected to bitter servitude and maltreatment; but there is little about him that is distinctively negro. There is no African background. The language that he speaks is a low grade of highly evangelized English but no more distinctive of the negro than of illiterate whites. Let one compare his language on any page with that of Uncle Remus and the difference will be at once felt. For instance, Uncle Remus is telling what he is going to do to the negro that steals his hogs:

"An' I boun'," continued Uncle Remus, driving the corn cob stopper a little tighter in his deceitful jug and gathering up his bag, "an' I boun' dat my ole muskitt'll go off 'tween me an' dat same nigger yit, an' he'll be at de bad een', an' dis soetful jug'll 'fuse ter go ter de funer'l."

The quaint indirectness of that is more distinctive of the old-time negro speech than anything ever said by Uncle Tom.

1 See in this connection the powerful story by Joel Chandler Harris, Free Joe and the Rest of the World (in Free Joe and Other Georgian Sketches).
If the novel with a purpose is not a suitable theatre for the display of negro character, neither is the comic minstrel show. The songs written by Stephen Collins Foster (1826–64) retain still their deserved popularity but they do not portray the negro from within. Old Black Joe, Old Uncle Ned, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Folks at Home, or Way Down upon the Suwanee River are the best-known songs ever written by an American. Words, music, and sentiment are welded into perfect unity and harmony. "Old Folks at Home," says Louis C. Elson, "is the chief American folk-song, and Stephen Collins Foster is as truly the folk-song genius of America as Weber or Silcher have been of Germany." On the contrary, Foster can hardly be called a writer of folk-songs at all. His songs are pure sentimentality. The old-time negro, however, was religious, musical, humorous, loyal, emotional, improvident, diplomatic, philosophical, almost everything in fact except sentimental. These songs are not folk-songs, therefore, because the dialect is purely artificial, because neither words nor music originated with the negroes, and because the sentiment they express is alien to the race by whom these songs are supposed to be sung. They are sung, in fact, so far as the writer's observation goes, only by white people, never by negroes, except in a minstrel show.

The man who really discovered the literary material latent in negro character and in negro dialect was Irwin Russell (1833–79), of Mississippi. The two men best qualified to pass judgment, Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, have both borne grateful testimony to Russell's genius and to their indebtedness to him. It is noteworthy also that the first marble bust that the State of Mississippi has placed in her Hall of Fame is that of Irwin Russell.

Russell's greatest poem is Christmas Night in the Quarters (1878). In its fidelity to the humble life that it seeks to portray, in the simplicity of its style, the genuineness of its feeling, the distinctness of its pictures, and the sympathy that inspires it, Christmas Night belongs in the class with Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night and Whittier's Snow-Bound. "Burns," said Russell, "is my idol. He seems to me the greatest man that God ever created, beside whom all other poets are utterly
insignificant." This poem differs from the works hitherto considered in three important respects: the negro is the central character, the poem being written not to exploit him but to portray him; the dialect, both in its grammar and its rhetoric, is an improvement on everything that had preceded it; and the mingling of humour and religion, though admirably true to life, had been hitherto unachieved.

It is evident, therefore, that Joel Chandler Harris came at a time when the interest in the negro was at its height. His value as literary material had been realized in part, but no satisfactory portrait of him had been drawn. The war, too, with its attendant saturnalia of Reconstruction, was over, and the negro was trying to fit himself into a new political and industrial régime. It will be seen also that Uncle Remus is a very different character from those by which the negro had hitherto found representation in literature. The character of Uncle Remus is noteworthy not only because it represents both a type and an individual, but because the type is now nearly extinct. Before the war every large plantation or group of plantations had its Uncle Remus; today he lingers here and there in a few villages of the South, but is regarded more as a curiosity, a specimen, a relic of the past than as a part of the present.

As portrayed by Harris, Uncle Remus sums up the past and dimly hints the future. The character was modelled in part after that of an old negro, Uncle George Terrell, whom Harris had learned to know intimately on the Turner plantation. The Uncle Remus of the stories is eighty years old, but still moves and speaks with the vigour of youth.

He had always exercised authority over his fellow-servants. He had been the captain of the corn-pile, the stoutest at the log-rolling, the swiftest with the hoe, the neatest with the plough, and the plantation hands still looked upon him as their leader.1

His life spanned three distinct and widely divergent periods; he had looked out upon three worlds—the South before the war, the South during the war, and the South after the war. He is tenderly cared for by his former owners, "Mars John" 1

1 Nights with Uncle Remus, p. 400.
and "Miss Sally"; he has his own little patch of ground around his cabin; and he is devotedly attached to Miss Sally's "little boy." In spite of their difference in years, the child and the old man have one point in common; they both look out upon the world with eager, wide-eyed interest. Uncle Remus expresses their common point of view in a conversation with Brer Ab. Brer Ab had been telling Uncle Remus of some of the miraculous things seen by a coloured woman in a trance:

"She say she meet er angel in de road, and he pinted straight ter de mornin' star, and tell her fer ter prepar'. Hit look mighty cu'us, Brer Remus." "Cum down ter dat, Brer Ab," said Uncle Remus, wiping his spectacles carefully, and readjusting them—"cum down ter dat, an' dey ain't nuffin' dat ain't cu'us." 1

Acting on this Aristotelian maxim, Uncle Remus explains to the little boy the mysteries of animal life, especially as they embody themselves in the character of the rabbit and the fox. The humour is entirely unconscious. It is not that of the Uebermensch, for the humour of the Uebermensch springs from the consciousness of intellectual power, and is, moreover, direct, cynical, self-assertive, masterful. The humour of Uncle Remus represents the world of the Underman; it has no reasoned philosophy but springs from the universal desire to correlate the unknown with the known and to explain the most mysterious things by reference to the most obvious. If the rabbit lost his long tail on a certain historic occasion, then all the rabbits since born will have short tails. In fact, Uncle Remus's philosophy is perfectly consistent in one thing: all physical characteristics, whether native or acquired, find their explanation not in past conditions but in past events. The slow influence of environment yields place to a prompt and obliging heredity.

After all, however, the language of Uncle Remus is more interesting than his philosophy. In the picturesqueness of his phrases, in the unexpectedness of his comparisons, in the variety of his figures of speech, in the perfect harmony between the thing said and the way of saying it, the reader finds not only a keen aesthetic delight but even an intellectual satisfac-

1 Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings, p. 212.
tion. It is probable that Uncle Remus's vocabulary would be found, on investigation, to be narrowly limited. If so, he is a striking evidence of the varied effects that can be produced with but few words provided these words have been thoroughly assimilated. He leaves the impression not of weakness but of strength, not of contractedness but of freedom. What he says has not only been thought through but been seen through and felt through.

It is only after repeated readings that one realizes how completely the character of Uncle Remus is revealed, or rather how completely he is made to reveal himself. There are not many subjects within his range, or beyond it, on which he has not somewhere registered an interesting opinion. If animals are his specialty, he is none the less willing to comment on negroes before and after the war, his favourite dishes, revivals, courtship, Christmas, witches, and religion. These are some of the elemental things about which his thoughts play and through which we come at last to know him and to revere him. Nowhere in American literature has an author succeeded better in harmonizing a typical character with an individual character than has been done in the character of Uncle Remus. What James Fenimore Cooper did for the Indian, Harris has in fact done for the negro. Just as Chingachgook is the last of the Mohicans, so Uncle Remus is the last of the old-time negroes. In literature he is also the first.

But Uncle Remus is interesting not merely in himself but also for the folk-tales of which he is the mouthpiece. These tales mark indeed the beginning of the scientific study of negro folk-lore in America. The author had, however, no ethnological purpose in publishing the Uncle Remus stories, and was greatly surprised to learn afterwards that variants of some of his tales had been found among the Indians of North and South America, and in the native literature of India and Siam. Variants of the Tar-Baby story, for example, have been found among the Natches, Creek, and Yuchi Indians; among the West Indian islanders; in Brazil; in Cape Colony; among the

3 *Romero's Contos do Brasil*.
4 *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 1.
Bushmen of South Africa; along the lower Congo; in West Central Africa; among the Hottentots; and among the Jatakas or "Birth-Stories" of Buddha.

As to the accuracy with which the Uncle Remus stories are reproduced, the author speaks as follows:

With respect to the folk-lore series, my purpose has been to preserve the legends themselves in their original simplicity, and to wed them permanently to the quaint dialect—if, indeed it can be called a dialect—through the medium of which they have become a part of the domestic history of every Southern family; and I have endeavored to give the whole a genuine flavor of the old plantation. Each legend has its variants, but in every instance I have retained that particular version which seemed to me to be the most characteristic, and have given it without embellishment and without exaggeration.

The animals that figure in these stories are, in addition to the fox and the rabbit, the opossum, the cow, the bull, the terrapin, the turtle, the wolf, the frog, the bear, the lion, the tiger, the pig, the billy goat, the deer, the alligator, the snake, the wildcat, the ram, the mink, the weasel, and the dog; among their feathered friends are the buzzard, the partridge, the guinea-fowl, the hawk, the sparrow, the chicken, and the goose. Why the rabbit should be the hero rather than the fox has been differently explained. Harris's own view seems, however, most in accord with the facts:

The story of the rabbit and the fox, as told by the Southern negroes ... seems to me to be to a certain extent allegorical, albeit such an interpretation may be unreasonable. At least it is a fable thoroughly characteristic of the negro; and it needs no scientific investigation to show why he selects as his hero the weakest and most harmless of all animals, and brings him out victorious in contests with the bear, the wolf, and the fox. It is not virtue that triumphs, but helplessness; it is not malice but mischievousness.

1 James A Homey's South African Folk-Tales (1910), p. 79.
2 The Sun, New York, 17 March, 1912.
3 The Times, New York, 24 Aug., 1913.
5 Indian Fairy Tales, selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs (1910), p. 251.
6 Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings, Introduction, p. 3.
The origin of these tales is still in a measure unsettled, and there is urgent need of more scientific investigation of them. For a while it was thought that the negroes learned these stories from the Indians. It is at least certain that many of the Uncle Remus stories are current among the Indians of North and South America. It is equally certain that more is known of Indian folk-lore than of negro folk-lore. The present status of the question is overwhelmingly in favour of an African origin. The negro slaves, in other words, brought these stories with them from Africa to Brazil and the United States. The Indians in both countries learned them from the negroes.

Of the negro dialect in general as spoken in the United States today, there are four varieties:

(1) The dialect of Virginia, especially of Eastern or Tide-water Virginia. It is best represented in the works of Thomas Nelson Page. Broad a is retained in this dialect and there is a vanishing y sound (as in few) heard after c and g when broad a follows: larst (last), farst (fast), grahs (grass), pahsture (pasture), chahmber (chamber), pahf (path), cyarn' (can't), kyars (cows), gyaardin (garden). Broad a is also heard in cyar (carry) and dyah (there). Such forms as gyrarin, seegar, kyurds, kyarrin' kniv is are also used by Uncle Remus, but they are evidences of Virginia influence. Uncle Remus himself says, though he had dropped the broad a, that he "come from Perginnny".

(2) The dialect of the Sea Islands of the South Atlantic States, known as the Gullah (or Gulla) dialect. The name is probably derived from Angola, as many of the rice-field negroes of South Carolina and Georgia are known to have come from the west coast of Africa. This diminishing dialect is spoken on the rice plantations of coastal South Carolina and Georgia as the Uncle Remus dialect is spoken on the cotton and tobacco plantations further inland. Gullah diverges widely from English and in its most primitive state is, as Harris says, "merely a confused and untranslatable mixture of English and African words." Though it was used in a diluted form here and there by Poe and Simms and though Harris employs it for some of the stories in his Nights with Uncle Remus, it can hardly be said to have found a place in literature. It has given us, however, the only pure African word still current in
Negro Dialects

Negro speech, the word buckra, meaning boss or overseer. Tote, meaning to carry, which long claimed a place beside buckra, has been found in American writings of so early a date as to preclude the theory of African origin.

(3) The dialect spoken by the Creole negroes of Louisiana. This dialect is of course not English but French, and is best represented, though sparingly, in the works of George W. Cable. Its musical quality and the extent to which elision and contraction have been carried may be seen in the following love song of the Creole negro Bras-Coupé, one of the characters in Cable's Grandissimes. An interlinear translation is added:

En haut la montagne, zami,
On the mountain chain, my friends,
Mo pé coupé canne, zami,
I've been cutting cane, my friends,
Pou' té i'a' zen', zami,
Money for to gain, my friends,
Pou' mo balle Palmyre.
For my fair Palmyre.
Ah! Palmyre, Palmyre, mo c'ere,
Ah! Palmyre, Palmyre, my dear,
Mo l'aimé 'ou —mo l'aimé 'ou.
I love you—I love you.

(4) The Uncle Remus dialect, or the dialect spoken by the negroes in the great inland sections of the South and South-west. Though there have been changes in vocabulary and a decline in vigour and picturesqueness of expression, due to the influence of negro schools and to the passing of the old plantation life, this is the dialect still spoken by the majority of the older negroes in the country districts of the South, especially of the far South. The characteristics of this dialect consist wholly in adaptation of existing English words and endings, not in the introduction of new words or new endings. The plurals of all nouns tend to become regular. Thus Uncle Remus says feet, toofoes (teeth), and gooses (geese), though the old plural year is retained. The relative pronoun who is not used, its place being taken by which (or w'ich), what (or w'at), dat, and the more interesting which he and which they, corresponding to Chaucer's that he and that they. Thus: "She holier so loud dat
Brer Rabbit, which he wuz gwine by, got de idee dat she wuz callin' him."

Another interesting characteristic of the Uncle Remus speech is found in the present tense of verbs. Uncle Remus does not say, for example, I make, you make, he makes, we make, you make, they make, but I makes, you makes, he makes, we makes, you makes, dey makes. Negro dialect, like the dialect of all illiterate peoples, is an ear dialect. The eye has nothing to do with it. The law of analogy, therefore, which is nothing more than the rule of the majority, has unfettered operation. The illiterate man, whether black or white, hearing the third person singular with its variable s-ending far more frequently than he hears any other form of the present tense, makes it his norm and uses it for all forms of both numbers. The same is true of the verb to be, though it has not in the language of Uncle Remus entirely succeeded in dispossessing am and are.

II. DIALECTS OF THE WHITES

Why dialect should have been so sparingly used by American writers before the Civil War and why it should have become so constituent a part of American fiction immediately after the Civil War are questions not easily answered. A partial explanation would seem to lie in the increasing sectionalism from 1830 to 1860 which, culminating in 1865, gave place not only to an increasing sense of national solidarity but to a keener interest in how the other half lived. Sectionalism meant indifference and ignorance; union means reciprocal interest and understanding. There can at least be no doubt that the American short story has been the chief vehicle of dialect since the Civil War, and the American short story, by its fidelity to local usages, has done more during these years to acquaint or re-acquaint the North with the South and the East with the West than any other type of literature. Bret Harte, writing in 1859, mentioned as the leading short-story writers then living Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Mark Twain, Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), and Mary E. Wilkins (now Mrs. Freeman). These names, together with that of Bret Harte himself, indicate that ex-

* See Book III, Chap. vi.
Dialects of the Whites

cellence in dialect and excellence in the short story have been almost synonymous in American literature since the Civil War. They indicate also that dialect has been both an expres-
sion and a cause of the interstate knowledge and interstate sympa-
thy that have linked the far separated sections of the United States into closer bonds of union and fellowship.

The resemblances, however, existing among the dialects
of the different sections of the United States are so great, and
the differences so slight, that one hesitates to call these speech
peculiarities dialects at all. The reign of the newspaper,
diffused educational facilities, increasing means of travel and
transportation, together with the American passion for a
standardized average of correctness, have checked the ten-
dency to dialect that the colonists brought with them. The
effort now making in England, through the Society for Pure
English, to restore the old words and racy idioms that survive in
the Cornish, Sussex, and Northumbrian dialects and thus to
enrich and revitalize standard English, could hardly find imita-
tion in this country, because there are no American dialects
that offer corresponding rewards. The differences between the
New England dialect, the Southern dialect, and the Western
dialect, for example, are differences in pronunciation, in in-
tonation, in stress, and slurring, not primarily in the loss or
preservation of old words or old idioms. The speech of the
mountain districts, especially that of the Southern Appalachian
region, retains, it is true, a few words and locutions of old and
honourable origin; but these are by no means numerous enough
to be used for regenerative purposes on a large scale. *Hi* (it),
holp (helped), az (ask), afsed (afraid), fray (combat), fraction
(as in Troilus and Cressida II, iii, 107), antic (clown), humans
(human beings), moughti (might), Old Christmas (8 January),
hone (yearn), tith (agriculture), back a letter (address an en-
velope), and a few others may be heard in the mountains of
Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. But to
affirm that in this dialect or in the dialect of any other part of
the United States is to be found our best reservoir of fresh
and vigorous English or our surest safeguard against slovenly
pronunciation would be manifestly absurd.

While much remains to be done in accurately classifying
American speech peculiarities, it needs no proof that the
strongest impetus to a fresh study and appraisal of American dialect was given by James Russell Lowell in his *Biglow Papers* (1848, 1866) and in the Introductions with which he preaced them. The early masters of the short story, Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne, looked askance at dialect, as did Longfellow and Whittier in their abolition poems. But Bret Harte gave new force to Lowell's views by his effective use of dialect in the stories of the forty-niners, and from 1870 to the present time dialect has played a leading part in the attempt to portray and interpret American character against the background of social environment. Edward Eggleston, who brought a new dialect into literature in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871), spoke for all his colleagues when he said:

If I were a dispassionate critic, and were set to judge my own novels as the writings of another, I should say that what distinguishes them from other works of fiction is the prominence which they give to social conditions; that the individual characters are here treated to a greater degree than elsewhere as parts of a study of a society—as in some sense the logical results of the environment. Whatever may be the rank assigned to these stories as works of literary art, they will always have a certain value as materials for the student of social history.

With the exception of the negro dialects and those that are more French or German than English, American dialects fall into three groups, those of New England, the South, and the West. The dialect employed by Bret Harte has often been criticized as belonging to no one of these groups. The charge is made that it is merely an importation of cockney English. The critics, however, when pressed for proof, have been able to cite only the use of *which* in such initial sentences as

> Which I wish to remark,
> And my language is plain.

This is undoubtedley cockney English, but it is American well, though it has always been and still is rarely heard.¹

¹ See Book II, Chap. xxiv. ² See Book III, Chap. vi. ³ See Book III, Chap. xi. ⁴ See Henry Childs Merwin's *Life of Bret Harte* (1911), pp. 325–337. Some of Mr. Merwin's citations, however, are not pertinent but belong to the *which* construction noted in *Uncle Remus*.
Western Dialect

Bret Harte's dialect has also been subjected to criticism on the charge of being too clever. It seems at times to be the author's own creation rather than a transcript of speech actually current in California at the time. Much of this criticism turns on the failure to distinguish between dialect and slang, slang having a right to be original. The society, moreover, that Bret Harte portrays was unique in its compositeness. There were preachers, teachers, lawyers, and doctors among those who flocked to California as well as toughs, tramps, dead-beats, and illiterates. "The faith, courage, vigor, youth, and capacity for adventure necessary to this emigration," says Bret Harte, "produced a body of men as strongly distinctive as were the companions of Jason." William Grey* describes the pioneers with whom he went to California as "a fine-looking and well educated body of men,—all young." That the language of these men should be picturesque and representative in its idiom and as intellectual as the occasion might demand, is not surprising. Investigation has shown that of Bret Harte's three hundred dialect words and phrases a mere handful remain unidentified as American.

The term Western, however, usually has reference not to the Pacific slope but to the Middle West and South-west. The Western dialect is currently understood to be the dialect found in the writings of Mark Twain,* Edward Eggleston, Hamlin Garland, Owen Wister, and James Whitcomb Riley.* But this dialect is also composite. The original sources are chiefly New England and the South, with a mingling here and there of German and Scandinavian elements. Thus the pioneer dialect of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois was mainly Southern, while the northern portions of these States reflect the New England influence. The speech of Nebraska shows the influence of Swedish and Pennsylvania German settlers. Western and Central New York was settled chiefly by New Englanders, but in the last few decades there are evidences of Irish, German, and Scandinavian influences. Eastern New York and Pennsylvania were intermediate in their speech habits between New England and the South, their dialect showing traces of both.

*See Book III, Chap. vii.  
*See Book III, Chap. vi.  
*See Book III, Chap. x.
Dialect Writers

Even cultivated Indians, particularly those of Southern antecedents, have the habit of clinging to their words; they do not bite them off sharply. . . . In New England and in Virginia the Italian a finds recognition, whereas in the intermediate region the narrower sound of the vowel prevails; and likewise the softening of r is noted in New England and among the Virginians and other Southerners, while in the intermediate territory and at the West r receives its full sound. The shrill nasal tone is still marked in the back country folk of New England, while the Southern and Southwestern farmer’s speech is fuller and more open-mouthed. . . . At the South and in New England, where there is less mingling of elements, the old usages will probably endure much longer; and it is a fair assumption that in the Mississippi Valley and in the Trans-Missouri country, a normal American speech free of local idiosyncrasies will appear first. 1

This New England dialect which has spread so widely through the West and North-west was summarized by Lowell in the following seven general rules 2:

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the r when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final g, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final d, as how’ and stan’ for hand and stand.

3. The h in such words as while, when, where, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to a, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as her for here, hende for handy, es for as, that for that, and again giving it the broad sound it has in father, as hinsome for handsome.

5. To the sound ow he prefixes an e (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally). . . .

6. As in such words as daughter and slaughter, he pronounces ah.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl ad libitum.

The New England dialect may perhaps best be studied in such later writers as Rose Terry Cooke, 3 Sarah Orne Jewett, 4 and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. 5

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1 Meredith Nicholson, The Hoosiers (1900), pp. 59-60.
2 The Biglow Papers, first series, Introduction.
3 See Book III, Chap. vi.
4 Ibid.
5 Ibid.
Southern Dialect

What is known as the Southern dialect may be formulated also in seven general rules:

1. *Like* does duty for *as* if in such sentences as "He looks like he was sick." This construction, says Lowell, is "never found in New England."

2. *’Lou (allow)*, meaning *think* and *say*, though "never heard in New England" (Lowell), is very common among white and black illiterates, as it is in the pages of Bret Harte. *Guess* in the New England sense is also used, but New England *call/laiste* (calculeate) is unknown.

3. Such words as *tune, news, duty* (but not *true, rule, sue, dude*) have the vanishing *y*-sound heard in *few*. This pronunciation, like the retention of broad *a*, can hardly be called dialectal; but it is almost a shibboleth of the Southerner to the manner born, and helps to differentiate him from the Westerner and Northerner.

4. The vanishing *y*-sound heard in *gyarden, cyardi, Cyartier, Gyartfield*, is common in Virginia but less so in other parts of the South.

5. The same may be said of broad *a*, intermediate *e* (halfway between *father* and *sat*) being distinctively academic and acquired.

6. *More, store, floor, four, door*, and similar words are usually pronounced *mo, sto, flo, fo, do* by negroes. Among the white population the *r* is not pronounced but these words have two distinct syllables, the last syllable having the obscure *ə* sound heard in *mower or slower*. The tendency in the North and West to pronounce long *o* as *aw* (in *autumnal* rather than in *autumn*) is not observable in the South.

7. The most distinctive idiom in the South is the use of *you all*, meaning not *all of you* but *you folks, you people, you boys, you girls*. It may be addressed to one person but always implies more than one. If a Southerner says to a clerk in a store, "Do you all keep shoes here?" he means by *you all* not the single clerk but the entire firm or force that owns or operates the store.*

Notable writers of the Southern dialect besides Harris, Page, and Cable, are Richard Malcolm Johnston,2 Charles Egbert Craddock,4 and O. Henry.5

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2There is an interesting paragraph on this idiom in Jespersen's *Modern English Grammar*, Part II, Syntax, First Volume (Heidelberg, 1914), pages 47-48. He compares it with East Anglian *you together*, "used as a kind of plural of you."
3See also Book III, Chaps. iv and vii. *Ibid., Chap. vi.*
An analogy may be noted, by way of retrospect, between the three dialects of Chaucer's time and the three that, with many modifications, have survived in the United States. The Northern or Northumbrian dialect was spoken north of the Humber, the Midland between the Humber and Thames, and the Southern south of the Thames. The Midland gained the supremacy largely because it was a compromise between the other two. The situation a century ago in the United States was not dissimilar. New England, with Massachusetts as the speech centre, may be likened to Northumbria not only in relative position but in a corresponding preference for certain austerities of pronunciation. The South, with Virginia as the speech centre, differed from New England in pronunciation not as widely but in much the same way as Southern England differed from Northern England. The Middle States, with New York as the speech centre, was, like Midland England, intermediate in speech habits as well as in geographical position. Even today if a Bostonian and a Tidewater Virginian were to visit New York City for the first time they would observe less that would be arrestive in speech, barring foreign elements, than the Bostonian would find in Richmond or the Virginian in Boston. That New York, therefore, in spite of its unparalleled growth in population, has not influenced the dialect of the West as have New England and the South, is due partly to the lack of dialectal distinction in the speech of New York and partly to the more migratory habits of New Englanders and Southerners. If "in the Mississippi Valley and in the Trans-Missouri country a normal American speech free of local idiosyncrasies will first appear," as seems not unlikely, a compromise English dialect will have won its second and greatest victory.
CHAPTER VI

The Short Story

The period between the Civil War in America and the outbreak of the Great War in Europe in 1914 may be termed in the history of prose fiction the Era of the Short Story. Everywhere, in France, in Russia, in England, America, more and more the impressionistic prose tale, the short, effective, a single blow, a moment of atmosphere, impose at a climactic instant—came, especially in the azines, to dominate fictional literature. Formless at first, overloaded with mawkishness, with essay effects, with dizing purpose, and dominating background, it grew tantly in proportion and restraint and artistic finish until is hailed as a new genre, a peculiar product of nineteenth century conditions, one especially adapted to the American元件和 the American kultur.

That the prose story was no innovation peculiar to later the, is an axiom that must precede every discussion of it. as old as the race; it has cropped out abundantly in every sture and every period. That it has taken widely differing during its long history is also axiomatic. Every genera- and every race has had its own ideals in the matter, has ts own fashions. One needs remember only The Book of ... The Thousand and one Nights, the Elizabethan novella, ir Roger de Coverley papers, Johnson's Rambler, Hannah's moral tales, and the morbid romance of the early nine-th-century annuals. The modern short story is only the fashion in story telling—short fiction à la mode. n America the evolution of the form may be traced through ast four stages. It began with the eighteenth-century f the Hannah More type, colourless, formless, undramatic,
"subservient," to use a contemporary phrase, "only to the interest of virtue"—a form peculiarly adapted to flourish in the Puritanic atmosphere of the new nation. Such stories as Chariesa, or a Pattern for the Sex and The Danger of Sporting with Innocent Credulity, both from Carey's Columbian Magazine established in 1786, satisfied the American reading public for half a century.

Then came the work of Washington Irving—the blending of the moral tale with the Addisonian essay, especially in its Sir Roger de Coverley phase. The evolution was a peculiar one, a natural result of that isolation of early America which belated all its art forms and kept it always a full generation behind the literary fashions of London. Irving's early enthusiasms came from the shelves of the paternal library rather than from the book stalls of the vital centres where flowed the current literature of the day. To the impressionable youth Addison and Steele and Goldsmith were as fresh and new as they had been to their first readers. The result appears in his first publication, Salmagundi, a youthful Spectator, and later in his first serious work, The Sketch Book, another essay periodical since it was issued in monthly numbers—a latter-day Bes. Never did he outgrow this formative influence: always he was of the eighteenth century, an essayist, a moralist, a sketcher of manners, an antiquarian with a reverence for the past, a sentimentalist. His sketchy moral essays and his studies of manners and character grew naturally into expository stories, illustrations, narratives of a traveller set in an atmosphere attractive to the untravelled American of the time, all imagination and longing. He added to the moral tale of his day characterization, humour, atmosphere, literary charm, but he added no element of constructive art. He lacked the dramatic; he overloaded his tales with descriptions and essay material; and he ended them feebly. His stories, even the classic Rip Van Winkle, are elaborations with pictorial intent rather than dramas with culminating movement and sharp outlines. They are essays rather than short stories.

Irving advanced the short story more by his influence than by his art. The popularity of The Sketch Book and the others that followed it, the tremendous fact of their author's European

* See also Book II, Chap. iv.
fame, the alluring pictures of lands across the sea, the romantic atmosphere, the vagueness and the wonder of it, laid hold mightily upon the imagination of America. They came just in time to capture the young group of writers that was to rule the mid-century. The twenties and the thirties in America were dominated by The Sketch Book. All at once came an outburst of Irvingesque sketches and tales. That the unit of measure in American fiction is a short one is to be accounted for in a very great degree by the tremendous influence of Irving in its early formative period.

For the new form there sprang up in the twenties a new vehicle, the annual. For two decades the book-stands were loaded with flamboyantly bound gift books—The Token, The Talisman, The Pearl, The Amaranth, and the others, elaborate Sketch Books varied soon by echoes from the new romanticism of Europe. Never before such a gushing of sentiment, of mawkish pathos, of crude terror effects, and vague Germanic mysticism. From out of it all but a single figure has survived, the sombre Hawthorne who was genius enough to turn even the stuff of the annuals into a form that was to persist and dominate. Hawthorne added soul to the short story and made it a form that could be taken seriously even by those who had contended that it was inferior to the longer forms of fiction. He centred his effort about a single situation and gave to the whole tale unity of impression. Instead of elaboration of detail, suggestion; instead of pictureings of external effects, subjective analysis and psychologic delineation of character. Hawthorne was the first to lift the short story into the higher realms of art.

The forties belong to Poe. With him came for the first time the science of the short story, the treatment of it as a distinct art form with its own rules and its own fields. Laws the form was bound to have if it was to persist. As the century progressed and as modern science swept from men's minds the vague and the generalizing and the disorderly, there came

— See also Book II, Chap. xi. Here may be mentioned, however, one short story before Hawthorne which seems rather to anticipate him than to follow Irving, William Austin's tantalising Peter Mag, the Missing Man, of which the first part appeared in 1824. [For Austin, see also the Bibliography for Book II, Chap. xix.]

— See also Book II, Chap. xiv.
necessarily the demand for more reality, for sharper outlines, for greater attention to logical order. The modern short story is but the fiction natural, and indeed inevitable, in a scientific age, and Poe was the first to perceive the new tendency and to formulate its laws.

In Poe's opinion the short story owed its vogue in America to the great number of literary magazines that sprang up during the mid years of the century. "The whole tendency of the age is magasineward," he wrote in the early forties. The quarterlies are quite out of keeping with the rush of the age. We now demand the logical artillery of the intellect; we need the curt, the condensed, the pointed, the readily diffused—in place of the voluminous, the verbose, the detailed, the inaccessible. . . . It is a sign of the times—an indication of an era in which men are forced upon the curt, the condensed, the well digested, in place of the voluminous—in a word, upon journalism in lieu of dissertation.

Fiction, he contended, to be scientific must be brief, must yield a totality of impression at a single sitting. The writer must concentrate upon a single effect.

If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringer of this effect, he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design.

As he wrote this, Poe was thinking of his own art more than of Hawthorne's. He had been a magasinist all his life, and he had learned to view the tale from the standpoint of the editor. He who has but a brief space at his command in which to make his impression, must condense, must plan, must study his every word and phrase. All of his stories are single strokes, swift moments of emotion, Defoe-like massings of details with exactness of diction, skilful openings, harrowing closes.

More than this we may not say. He did not work in the deeps of the human heart like Hawthorne; and only an artist, and even in his art he did not than to formulate the best short story the products of his day. His tales are not to be classified at all with later art. They lack sharpness of outline,
sense of reality which makes of a tale an actual piece of human life. His creations are *tours de force*; they reflect no earthly soil, they are weak in characterization, and their dialogue—as witness the conversation of the negroes in *The Gold Bug*—is wooden and lifeless. Poe was a critic, keenly observant of the tendencies of his day, sensitive to literary values, scientific, with powers of analysis that amounted to genius. He was not the creator of the short story; he was the first to feel the new demand of his age and to forecast the new art and formulate its laws.

In the realm of the short story Poe was a prophet, peering into the next age, rather than a leader of his own time. Until later years his influence was small. He had applied his new art to the old sensational material of the thirties—old wine in new bottles. The annuals and all they stood for were passing rapidly. *Putnam's Magazine* noted in February, 1853, the great change that had come over the literature for the holiday period.

It used to be the custom to issue when Christmas approached an almost endless variety of "Gifts," "Remembrances," "Gems," "Tokens," "Wreathes," "Iris," "Albums," &c., with very bad mezzotint engravings and worse letter-press—ephemeral works, destined to perish in a few weeks; but that custom appears to be rapidly passing away.

The decline of the old type of story explains why Hawthorne turned to the production of long romances. The age of the Hawthornesque short story had passed. With the fifties had come a new atmosphere. To realize it one has but to read for a time in *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Graham's Magazine* and the annuals and then to turn to *Harper's Magazine*, established in 1850, *Putnam's Magazine*, in 1853, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, in 1857.

In England it was the period of Dickens and Thackeray and Reade and George Eliot, the golden age of the later novel. American magazines like *Harper's* were publishing serial after serial by British pens, yet the demand for short fiction increased rather than declined. During its first year *The Atlantic Monthly* published upward of thirty-three short stories by twenty-three different authors, or an average of
The Short Story

almost three in every number. It was no longer fiction of the earlier type. A new demand had come to the short story writer; in the "Introductory" to the first volume of *Pulman's Magazine* the editor announced that American writers and American themes were to predominate, adding that "local reality is a point of utmost importance." In the first volume of the *Atlantic*, Emerson struck the new note: "How far off from life and manners and motives the novel still is. Life lies about us dumb"; and in the same volume a reviewer of George Eliot notes "the decline of the ideal hero and heroine." "The public is learning that men and women are better than heroes and heroines." By 1861 a writer like Rebecca Harding Davis could open her grim short story, *Life in the Iron Mills*, with a note like this;

I want you to hide your disgust, take no heed to your clean clothes, and come right down with me,—here into the thickest of the fog and mud and effluvia. I want you to hear this story. There is a secret down here, in this nightmare fog, that has lain dumb for centuries: I want to make it a real thing for you.

The fifties and sixties in America stand for the dawning of definiteness, of localized reality, of a feeling left on the reader of actuality and truth to human life.

The first significant figure of the transition was Rose Terry (1827–92), later better known as Rose Terry Cooke, who has the distinction of having contributed seven short stories to the first eight numbers of the *Atlantic*. Born in Connecticut—the heart of New England, a school teacher with experience in country districts, she wrote with knowledge and conviction of the area of life that she knew. In her long series of stories beginning in the forties with unlocalized romantic tales in *Graham's* and extending throughout the transition period into the seventies and eighties, and ending with a final collection as late as 1891, one may trace every phase of the American short story in half a century. Her early *Atlantic* narratives lean decidedly in the direction of the *Young Ladies' Repository* type of fiction, sentimental, leisurely, moralizing, and yet even in the poorest of them there is a sense of actuality that was new in American short fiction. They were not romances; they were homely fragments of New England rural
Rose Terry Cooke

life. The heroine may be introduced in this unromantic fashion: "Mrs. Griswold was paring apples and Lizzie straining squash." Here for the first time we may find dialect that rings true, and, moreover, here for the first time are sprightliness and rollicking humour, varied at times with tragedy and true pathos. As one traces her work from Atlantic to Atlantic, a gradual increase in power impresses one until after her declaration of independence at the opening of Miss Lucinda (August, 1861)—"I offer you no tragedy in high life, no sentimental history of fashion and wealth, but only a little story about a woman who could not be a heroine"—it is felt that she has found herself and that with her later work like Odd Miss Todd, Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence, The Deacon's Week, and last of all and in many ways her best, The Town and Country Mouse, the final story in her collection Huckleberries, she has passed into the new period and taken a secure place with the small group of masters of the short story. Unlike Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose gorgeous In a Cellar and The Amber Gods fluttered for a time the readers of the early sixties, she was able to heed the voice of the new period and to grow and outgrow, and it was this power that made her the pioneer and the leader not only of the group of depicters of New England life, but of the whole later school of makers of localized short fiction realistically rendered.

Rose Terry came gradually, an evolution, without noise or sensation; not so Fitz-James O'Brien (1828–62), who, after his The Diamond Lens (January, 1858), was hailed loudly as a new Poe. O'Brien's career in America was meteoric. He appeared unheralded, in 1852, an adventurer who had been educated in Dublin University, and who had squandered a rich patrimony in London. For ten years he lived in the Bohemian circles of New York, writing impetuously, when the mood was upon him, temperamental, Celtic-souled material which he published here and there in the magazines—Harper's, Putnam's, the Atlantic, until, enlisting in one of the first regiments of volunteers, he fell in one of the earliest skirmishes of the Civil War. His short stories What Was It? and The Wondersmith have undoubted power, but they are not to be compared with the best work of Hawthorne and Poe. What O'Brien might have done had he lived into the next period of the short story it is
idle to conjecture. As it is, he must be regarded only as an episode, a passing sensation, and he might be dismissed unmentioned but for the fact that he was an undoubted influence in the period of transition. To the art and the impressionism of Poe he added the new element of actuality. His shuddery tale What Was It? is laid in a New York boarding-house with convincingness. Even his Hawthorne-like fantasia The Wondersmith has as a background a New York slum street drawn with all the pitiless realism of a Zola. O'Brien added the sense of actuality to Poe's unlocalized romance, but his influence was not large.

Another figure in the transition was Edward Everett Hale¹ (1822–1909), whose The Man without a Country, first published in 1863, has been accepted generally as an American classic. Little else that he has written, and he wrote much in many fields, gives promise of surviving, and the reasons why this should survive are not immediately evident. As a short story it would seem to have almost fatal defects. It may be used as an example of mid-century diffuseness, its moralizing intent is only thinly veiled, it is episodic, and it does not culminate. Undoubtedly its timeliness—it is a document in the history of the war—and its genuine atmosphere of patriotism account partly for its success, but there are more vital reasons. It is really a work of art. With all its episodes it presents but a single situation, and that situation at the close has been so worked upon that it becomes to the reader a haunting presence, never to be forgotten. Moreover, there is reality to the story. Everything is in the concrete. The author adds specific detail to detail with the skill of a Defoe until, in spite of its manifest impossibility, the tale becomes alive, a piece of actual history, a human document. Few modern writers have surpassed Hale in what may be called the art of verisimilitude. He was the precursor of Stockton. A story like My Double and how he Undid me is manifestly a tour de force, yet one is in danger of gravely accepting it as a fact. Hale added to the short story not alone the sense of reality; he added plausibility as well.

† With Henry James² the period of transition came to an end. From 1865, when he published his first story, until 1875,

¹ See also Book III, Chap. xiii. ²See also Book III, Chap. xii.
the date of Roderick Hudson, he devoted himself to short fiction, contributing fourteen stories to the Atlantic alone, and he brought to his work not only the best art America had evolved, but the best of England and France as well. He was a scientist, an observer, a tabulator, as cool and accurate as even his brother William James, the psychologist. Unlike O’Brien and the others, he threw away completely the machinery of the mid-century tale—not without regret it would appear from his Romance of Certain Old Clothes and other early tales—and sought only the uncoloured truth. The art of Poe, especially the French adaptations of that art, he retained, but he rejected all the rest of Poe’s outfit. That he understood the full possibilities of the supernatural as short story material we know from his grim tale The Turn of the Screw, but the field was little to his taste. He was a naturalist rather than a supernaturalist, and his sensitive and fastidious soul could not endure the harsh and the horrible. In his second story, My Friend Bingham (1866), he wrote: “I am of a deep aversion to stories of a painful nature . . . the literature of horrors needs no extension.” He rejected allegory and mystery and vague impressionism as unscientific. He condemned the tradition that “a serious story of manners shall close with the factitious happiness of a fairy tale.” He was a scientist; his second paper in the Atlantic is a defence of George Eliot, scientist. To both of them the first requisite of fiction was the truth, the truth told directly, simply, concretely.

An age of science could no longer tolerate the unrelieved black and white of the earlier periods, but demanded shades, traces of white found even in the black. According to James, a short story was the analysis of a situation, the psychological phenomena of a group of men and women at an interesting moment. Given two, three, four different temperaments, bring them into a certain situation, and what would be the action and reaction? The story was a problem to be solved. Little was to be said about the characters: they were to reveal themselves, gradually, slowly as they do in actual life, by long continued dialogue, by little unconscious actions and reactions, by personal peculiarities in dress, manners, movement, revealed by a thousand subtle hints, descriptive touches, insinuations. Under such conditions the movement of the story must be
slow: in some of his work there seems to be no story at all, only the analysis of a situation. The method requires space: James has stretched the length of the short story to its extreme. The Aspern Papers, the bare story of which could have been told in three pages, dragged through three magazine instalments. Twenty-eight of the one hundred and three stories in Henry James's final list are long enough to appear as volumes. Yet one may not doubt they are short stories: they are each of them the presentation of a single situation and they leave each of them a unity of impression.

James was the most consummate artist American literature has produced. He was fastidious by nature and by early training. He had studied his art in France as men study sculpture in Italy, and he had learned the French mastery of form. Nowhere in his writings may we find slovenly work. His opening and closing paragraphs are always models, his dialogue moves naturally and inevitably,—in all the story despite its length nothing too much,—and everywhere a brilliancy new in American fiction. He is seldom spontaneous; always is he the conscious artist; always is he intellectual; always is he working in the clay of actual life, a realist who never forgets his problem to soar into the uncharted and the unscientific realms of the metaphysical and the romantic.

The chief criticism of the short stories of James must concern their spirit rather than their form. The tendency of science has been to repudiate the spiritual. Romance with intuition in place of sense perception found at least the heart. With James the short story became an art form simply, cold and brilliant, a study of the surface of society, manners, endless phenomena jotted down in a note-book, human life from the standpoint of the laboratory and the test tube. Beyond the brilliant art of Henry James, the impressionistic study of situations from the standpoint of scientific truth, the American short story has never advanced. He gave distinctness to the form. Nevertheless, he is not a supreme master: that dominating factor in life that eludes scalpel and test-tube he never found, and, neglecting it, he falls inevitably into second place as an interpreter of human life.

That James and others of his school, like T. B. Aldrich, for instance, and H. C. Bunner, could have directed the short story
permanently into the channels that it has followed in France, is doubtful. The great success in the middle seventies of the anonymous *Saxe Holm's Stories*, with their mid-century sentiment and romantic atmosphere, would imply that America at heart was still what it was in the days of Hawthorne and the annuals. What might have happened had James and Howells and Aldrich had full control it is idle to speculate; what did happen was the sudden appearance of a short story that stampeded America and for two decades set the style in short fiction. Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, whatever one may think of its merits, must be admitted to be the most influential short story ever written in America.

Francis Bret Harte¹ was born in 1839 at Albany, where his father, a scholar and an itinerant teacher of languages, happened at the time to be stationed. A youth of frail physique, he became a precocious reader, preferring a Hawthorne-like seclusion among books to playground activities among boys of his own age. From his childhood he was predisposed to literature; he dreamed over it, and he began to make poems even in his early school days. His removal to California at the age of fifteen, five years after the first gold rush, came from no initiative of his. To the delicate youth dreaming over his books it was an exile at the barbarous ends of the world. For a time he lived at his mother's home at Oakland—after a nine years' widowhood she had married again—and then half heartedly he began to support himself as a school teacher, as a private tutor, as a druggist's clerk, and later as a type-setter on a rural newspaper. There is little doubt that for a time he saw something of mining life during a visit to Humboldt County, but the experience was brief. He had no taste for the rough life of the border. The greater part of his seventeen years in California he spent in San Francisco, first as type-setter, then as editor in various newspaper and magazine establishments. He was a man of the city, a professional literary worker, a poet, and a dreamer over the work of the older poets and romancers.

Harte came to the short story by way of Irving. His first dream was to do for the lands of the Spanish missions what Irving had done for the highlands of the Hudson. As early as

¹ See also Book III, Chap. v.
1863 he had contributed to The Atlantic Monthly his Legend of Monte del Diablo, which, with half a dozen other pieces written during the same period, breathed the soul of The Sketch Book. Poe had affected him not at all, but he had read much in the French, and he had been from his boyhood a devotee of Dickens. When in 1868, therefore, he found himself editor of the new Overland Monthly, which was to be the Atlantic Monthly of the Pacific coast, it was not strange that he should have evolved for its second number a short story like The Luck of Roaring Camp. The time was ready for such a production, and the place was ready: it could have come only during the decade following the war, and, moreover, it could have come only from California.

The story was woven of four strands: first, there was the Dickens sentiment, melodrama, theatric presentation of lowly material; second, there was the French art that had been adapted from Poe—form, finesse, nothing too much; third, there was the unusualness of background, new skies, strange types, presented by one who seemingly had been a part of what he told, a voice of the new spirit of the age in America; and, finally, over it all there was a reminiscence of Irving, that impalpable atmosphere of romance which covers it with the soft haze of remembered things, of the far-off and the idealized. Only the third was new, the "local colour" we have come to call it, that touch of strangeness added to the picture by means of strongly picturesque characters and scenes hitherto unknown to the reader. A mere spice of novelty it was, a detail of stage setting wholly subsidiary to the vital elements of the tale, and yet it was largely this single element that gave The Luck of Roaring Camp its enormous vogue and that made its author—at least in America—the most influential writer of short stories in a generation.

And yet Harte was an effect rather than a cause. America was ready for local colour. He was the voice that started the avalanche that was bound to come sooner or later. The Civil War had liberated America from provincialism. It had done away with the boundaries of New England, of the South, of New York, of the West. The new emphasis was now upon the nation rather than upon the state or section. The first railroad across the continent was completed in 1869. Now
everywhere were problems national in scope. The tremendous activities of the war were now transferred to the breaking of the great West, to the building of new cities and industries, and to the extending into every part of the continent of a network of communication. Books of travel like Bowles's *Across the Continent* and King's *The Great South* began to appear, and all at once the nation awoke to a realization of its own riches, of its own picturesque diversity. The long period of the settlement had bred individualism; it had covered America with little isolated areas as provincial as if they were the only settlements on the continent. The era following the war was an era of self-discovery. America was as full of new and interesting life and environment as even Europe, and for two decades and more American writers exploited the strange new riches of the land as the first wave of placer miners excitedly rifle the nugget pockets of a new-found bonanza. Eagerly the public read of the picturesque conditions that had evolved from the California rush of '49; it wondered at the new world that Mark Twain revealed in his *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, and that Cable opened in old Creole New Orleans, and at the grotesque Hoosier types revealed by Eggleston; it thrilled with astonishment at Charles Egbert Craddock's pictures of the dwellers in the Tennessee Mountains, and at Octave Thanet's revelations of life in the canebrakes of Arkansas; and it lingered over the Old South before the war as revealed by Johnston, and Harris, and Page.

Never was movement launched with more impetus. No sooner had *The Luck of Roaring Camp* reached the East than the foremost publishing house of Boston hailed it as a new classic. Its author immediately was offered ten thousand dollars a year to write for *The Atlantic Monthly*, and the progress of his train east as he came to accept his unprecedented commission was indicated by daily bulletins in the newspapers as if he were a royal personage on a tour of the land. When was short story ever so advertised before? No wonder that everybody at the earliest opportunity read it, and later, in 1870, bought the book of short stories to which it gave the title.

Harte's arrival in Boston marks the climax of his career. We need not follow him to Europe whither he afterwards went to spend the rest of his life, or read widely in his voluminous
The Short Story

later product. The work in that first collection containing *The Luck of Roaring Camp* he never surpassed, though over and over for years he repeated its characters and backgrounds in stories of California life. If he is to endure it will be on account of the title story, or *Tennessee's Partner*, or *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*.

Like James, Harte was a conscious artist, a workman who had served a careful apprenticeship. His stories are models of condensation, his characters are as distinct and as striking as are those of Dickens, his climaxes are dramatic, and his closing effect is always impressively theatric. Sentiment he used with a free hand, but he kept it more within control than did the creator of Little Nell. Fiction with him, as with Poe, was a deliberate thing, to be written with the reader always in mind. His unit necessarily was short. He had no power to trace the growth of a soul or to record the steps of an evolution. His one attempt at a novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, was a failure. He could make a situation dramatic, he could make alive a climactic moment in a reckless career, but he was powerless to deal with the resultant effects from a complexity of motives and situations. What he added to the short story of his time, aside from the obvious local colour, was the dramatic element. His stories move, they culminate, they may be translated with little change into acting plays. Moreover, Harte was the first prominently to bring into the short story the element of paradox. It is the object of the theatrical always to move strongly the emotions, to keep interest taut by swift change and by unexpected turns. With Harte paradox became almost a mannerism. Everywhere anticlimax: in a desperado suddenly an outburst of Christlike self-sacrifice; from a mild youth with seraphic countenance a fiendish outburst; from a seeming clergyman, all in a moment, profanity.

The weakness of Harte was his lack of sincerity and of moral background. Unlike Cable and Page, he stood apart from his material, cold and unmoved, and sought not the truth but effect upon the reader. Every one of his extreme characters may have had somewhere a counterpart, and every separate incident, no matter how startling, may actually have happened at some time during the mining era, but the assembling of all this mass of exceptions and of isolated extremes into
Bret Harte’s Influence

pictures that give the impression that they represent the ordinary course of life everywhere in California during a period is in reality a violation of the truth. The stories are unnatural: they have about them the atmosphere of the theatre. They are melodrama: they are compounded of the stage properties of the showman. Great as has been his influence, Harte cannot rank with the supreme masters of the short story. Lacking sincerity and sympathy and moral background, he becomes a picturesque incident rather than a permanent force.

After the enormous publicity given to Harte and the universal praise accorded his work both in America and in Europe, one might expect to find that a sudden change came over the spirit of American fiction. A change there was, indeed, but it was not sudden. One may leaf through whole volumes of such periodicals as Harper’s Magazine and find no hint of the new vogue. Artists like James and Aldrich went on with their work as if The Luck of Roaring Camp had never been written. The writers who were to be influenced—that group which later was to be known as the “local colour school”—in 1870 were just beginning to find themselves, and they fell under the spell of Harte just as Longfellow and his circle in earlier days had fallen under the spell of Irving. It was not until the eighties and the early nineties that the tide which had begun in The Overland Monthly in 1868 came to its full.

Perhaps the most interesting transition during the period is that which may be traced in the work of Constance Fenimore Woolson (1838–94), a grandniece of Cooper, a native of New Hampshire, and a dweller successively by the Great Lakes, in the South, and in Italy, where she died. At the beginning of the seventies Miss Woolson was writing unlocalized poetic stories for Harper’s, A Merry Christmas, An October Idyl, and the like, tales that might have come from the early period of Rose Terry Cooke. But soon one notes a change, a new sense of the value of background and of strongly individualized types for characters. By 1874 she was choosing the West for her materials. Her Solomon is a study of a unique character in an isolated German settlement on One-leg Creek which flows into the Tuscarawas River in Ohio, and her Jeannette and most of the other stories in Castle Nowhere (1875) deal with the primitive French habitants on Mackinac and
The Short Story

the islands of Lake Superior. She had been reading Harte. Later, in the South, she was stirred by the desolation and the poverty wrought by the war, and now with her heart in her work she wrote the first post-bellum Southern short stories founded upon the contrast between what was and what had been. And still later in Italy she caught again the soul of a people and wrought it into the tales to be collected under the title The Front Yard. With each volume there had been an increase in definiteness, in picturesque characterization, in dramatic effect. She worked without dialect and she threw over her work the soft evening light, yet was she a realist, as Harte never was, and unlike him too she worked always with insight and sympathy. Stories like her The Front Yard are constructed of the materials of life itself. One cannot forget them.

A transition from another source is to be found in the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909), who also stands on the border line between the real and the romantic. She was affected not at all by Harte, but by Mrs. Stowe and Rose Terry Cooke. In her Deephaven (1877) she struck the new note of the decade, concreteness, geographical locality made so definite and so minutely real that it may be reckoned with as one of the characters in the story. Rose Terry Cooke had written of New England; Miss Jewett wrote of Deephaven, which was Berwick, Maine, her native town. Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Cooke wrote of the New England flood tide; Miss Jewett wrote of the ebb, not despairingly like Miss Wilkins and the depressed realists, but reverently and gently. Over all her work is the hint of a glory departed, that Irving-like atmosphere which is the soul of romance. She delighted in decaying old seaports with their legends of other and better days, of old sea captains mellow and reminiscent, and of dear old ladies serene in spite of the buffets of time.

Her knowledge of her materials was intimate and thorough. All through her girlhood she had ridden much with her father, a country doctor, as he went his daily round among his patients. From him she learned the soul of the region, and she sympathized with it, and later she interpreted it in story after story based accurately upon what she knew. Unlike Mrs. Cooke, she came late enough to avoid the mid-century gush of senti-
ment. With her it became pathos, the pathos of sympathy and understanding; there is a grip of it in each one of her tales. One does not cry over a story like A White Heron, but one feels at the end of it like finding the sturdy little heroine and calling her a good girl. No art can go farther. Her delight was in the simple and the idyllic rather than in the dramatic. A story like A Native of Winby has very little of plot; but no tale was ever more worth the telling. It is a quivering bit of human life, a section of New England, a tale as true as a soul’s record of yesterday.

There remains the element of style. She was one of the few creators of the short story after the seventies who put into her work anything like distinction. She was of the old school in this, of the school of Irving and Hawthorne and Poe. Indeed her style has often been likened to Hawthorne’s, effortless, limpid, sun-clear in its flowing sentences, and softened and mellowed into a Sleepy-Hollow atmosphere—the perfect style, it would seem, for recording the fading glories of an old régime.

Her best stories are perhaps Miss Tempy’s Watchers, The Dulham Ladies, The Queen’s Twin, A White Heron, and A Native of Winby. Lightness of touch, humour, pathos, perfect naturalness—these are the points of her strength. She was a romanticist, equipped with a camera and a fountain pen.

To touch the seventies anywhere is to touch romance. Even Howells was not fully a realist until into the eighties. The new local colour work was not primarily realism. The new writers who now sprang up to portray local peculiarities in all parts of the land sought, even as Harte had done, to throw an idealized atmosphere over their pictures. One thinks of Mrs. Jackson and Ramona¹ and of Eggleston and The Hoosier Schoolmaster,² and, in the realm of the short story, of George W. Cable and Charles Egbert Craddock.

Cable was one of the discoveries of Edward King during his tour of the South for Scribner’s Monthly in 1872. It was in New Orleans that he found him working as a humble clerk by day, and by night dreaming over a collection of reading matter as foreign to his work-day world as that which once had engaged another dreaming clerk, Charles Lamb. Among his enthusiasms were the old Spanish and French archives of

¹ See also Book III, Chap. xi. ² Ibid.
the city; old relations of the priest-explorers; French novels—Hugo, Mérimée, About; English literature and American—Thackeray, Dickens, Poe, Irving. The composite of all this, plus a unique and evanescent quality which we call personality, was already finding form in sketches and stories which Cable was writing for himself and for the New Orleans papers. Some of his stories he showed to King, who advised him to send them to Scribner's. One of these, 'Sieur George,' was published the following year; others came at intervals. The young artist was not to be hurried; it was not for half a dozen years that enough had accumulated to make a volume. He had grown slowly upon the American consciousness, but the growth had been steady and sound. Old Creole Days (1879) was accepted at once as a masterpiece, and there has been no revulsion of feeling.

This collection, together with Madame Delphine the sum-total of his really distinctive short stories, owes its charm not alone to quaintness and strangeness of materials. It is as redolent of Cable as The Luck of Roaring Camp is of Harte. Cable's technique and his atmospheres may have been influenced by the French, but his style,—epigrammatic, Gallic in its swift shiftings and witty insinuations, daintily light, exquisitely pathetic at times, exotic always in its flavour of the old Creole city so strange to Northern readers,—all this is his own. No one has excelled him as a painter of dainty femininity, as a master of innuendo and suggestion, as a creator of exotic atmospheres. Whether his backgrounds are realistically true we do not ask, and whether his characters are actual types we do not care. They are true to the fundamentals of human life, they are alive, they satisfy, and they are presented ever with exquisite art. Old Creole Days stands unique, one of the undisputed masterpieces in the realm of the short story.

Two distinct schools ruled the short fiction of the seventies, that vital seed-time of a period: the school of unlocalized art, timeless and placeless, as Poe and Hawthorne had written it, and the new "local colour" school of Harte, which was going more and more to extremes. A few there were like Henry James who went on with their work utterly oblivious of the new demand for the violently localized. T. B. Aldrich*  

* See also Book III, Chap. x.
Aldrich: Stockton

was one. His little story *Marjorie Dow* was published in the *Atlantic* five years after Harte's sensational début. A trivial thing it was compared with such tragedies as *Tennessee's Partner* or *Madame Delphine*, an American humorous anecdote elaborately expanded, with a "point" at the end to be followed by laughter, yet its appearance marked a new stage in the history of the American short story. Tales already there had been that had held a sensation in the last sentence. *The Amber Gods* had ended with the startling words: "I must have died at ten minutes past one." But in *Marjorie Dow* the device was handled with a skill that made the story a model for later writers. After Aldrich, Stockton and Bunner and O. Henry.

Aldrich brought a style to the short story as distinctive as Cable's, a certain patrician elegance, yet a naturalness and a simplicity that concealed everywhere its art, for art is the soul of it; every sentence, every word a studied contribution toward the final effect. There is no moral, no hidden meaning, no exotic background to be displayed, no chastening tragedy; it is a mere whimsicality light as air, a bit of American comedy. The laugh comes not from what is told but from the picture supplied by the reader's imagination. All of Aldrich's thin repertoire of short stories is of the same texture. He may be compared with no American writer. To find a counterpart of *Marjorie Dow* one must go to the French—to Daudet for its whimsical lightness of touch, and to Maupassant for its exquisite technique.

But the interest created by the appearance of *Marjorie Dow* was mild, compared with that accorded to Frank R. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger?* (1884). Stockton (1834–1902)² had not the technique of Aldrich nor his naturalness and ease. Certainly he had not his atmosphere of the beau monde and his grace of style, but in whimsicality and unexpectedness and in that subtle art that makes the obviously impossible seem perfectly plausible and commonplace, he surpassed not only him but Edward Everett Hale and all others. After Stockton and *The Lady or the Tiger?* it was realized, even by the uncritical that short story writing had become a subtle art and that the master of its subtleties had his reader at his mercy.

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¹ See also Book III, Chap. XI, Vol. II—25
The Short Story

The best of Stockton's short work is to be found in his *Negative Gravity*, *The Transferred Ghost*, *The Remarkable Wreck of the "Thomas Hyde,"* and *The Late Mrs. Null*. It is like nothing else in American literature: everywhere paradox presented with the utmost gravity, everywhere topsy-turvy and anticlimax and the grotesquely unexpected. There is little of substance in it all; it is *opéra bouffe*, amusing, delightful, ephemeral. Even now Stockton is remembered only for *The Lady or the Tiger?* and the present generation considers even that story clumsy work when compared with the creations of his successor, O. Henry.

Another who did much to advance the short story toward the mechanical perfection it had attained to at the close of the century was Henry Cuyler Bunner* (1855–96), editor of *Puck* and creator of some of the most exquisite vers de société of the period. The title of one of his collections, *Made in France: French Tales with a U. S. Twist*, forms an introduction to his fiction. Not that he was an imitator; few have been more original or have put more of their own personality into their work. His genius was Gallic. Like Aldrich, he approached the short story from the fastidious standpoint of the lyric poet. With him, as with Aldrich, art was a matter of exquisite touches, of infinite compression, of almost imperceptible shadings. The lurid splashes and the heavy emphasis of the local colourists offended his sensitive taste: he would work with suggestion, with microscopic focussings, and always with dignity and elegance. He was more American than Henry James, more even than Aldrich. He chose always distinctively native subjects,—New York City was his favourite theme,—and his work had more depth of soul than Stockton's or Aldrich's. The story may be trivial, a mere expanded anecdote, yet it is sure to be so vitally treated that, like Maupassant's work, it grips and remains, and, what is more, it lifts and chastens or explains. It may be said with assurance that *Short Stories* marks one of the high places which have been attained by the American short story.

In the same group belongs Ambrose Bierce (1838–1914?), though in mere point of time he is to be counted with the California group of the early *Overland Monthly* days. A

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*See also Book II, Chap. xxiii, and Book III, Chap. ix.*
soldier of the Civil War, editor of the San Francisco News Letter in 1866, associate editor, with the younger Tom Hood, of London Fun in 1872, author in London of the brilliant satirical fables Cobwebs from an Empty Shell in 1874, then in California again as editor of The Argonaut and The Waxp, and finally a resident of Washington, D. C., he was one of the most cosmopolitan of American writers. It was not until 1892 that his Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, later changed to In the Midst of Life, gave him a place with the short story writers, a very prominent place some critics would insist. Power undoubtedly he had, a certain scintillating brilliance, and a technique almost uncanny. His world was the world of Poe, timeless and placeless, ghastly often, chilling always and unnerving. At his best he was Poe returned after a half century equipped with the short story art of the new generation. Few have surpassed him in precision of diction, in reserve, in the use of subtle insinuation and of haunting climax. Some of his tales cling in one’s soul like a memory of the morgue. His failure was his artificiality and his lack of sincerity and of truth to the facts of human life. Like Poe, he was a man of the intellect only, a craftsman of exquisite subtlety, an artist merely for the sake of his art.

With the eighties the short story came in America fully to its own. Up to 1884 it had generally been regarded as a magazine form, a rather trivial thing as compared with the stately novel. Hawthorne had abandoned the form early with the implication that he had used it as a prentice exercise. Harte no sooner had gained recognition than he began on Gabriel Conroy. Henry James, though it must be noted that it was after his long English residence, while revising his work declared that he had felt a sense of relief when he abandoned the frail craft of the short story where he ever had felt in danger of running ashore. Scarcely one of the later group of short story writers but sooner or later sought permanence in what, though they might not have confessed it, seemed to them the more permanent and dignified form of fiction.

Beginning in 1884, however, collections more and more began to dominate the output of fiction. Henry James in 1885 gathered up his scattered work of a decade and put it forth as Stories Revived. Others followed him, until seven
years later the critic Copeland could devote an entire *Atlantic* article to the short-story collections of the year. The full triumph came in 1891, which produced this significant list of collections: *Elzeth, and Other Stories*, Thomas Nelson Page; *Balaam and his Master*, Joel Chandler Harris; *Flute and Violin*, James Lane Allen; *Otto the Knight*, Octave Thanet (Alice French); *Main-Travelled Roads*, Hamlin Garland; *Gallegher, and Other Stories*, Richard Harding Davis; *Fourteen to One*, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; *Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills*, Rose Terry Cooke; *Iduna, and Other Stories*, George A. Hibbard; *Three Tales*, William Douglas O'Connor; *Uncle of an Angel*, Thomas A. Janvier; *Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories*, Brander Matthews; *Rudder Grangers Abroad*, Stockton; *The Adventures of Three Worthies*, Clinton Ross.

1884 was the climactic year in the history of the short story inasmuch as it produced *The Lady or the Tiger?* and *In the Tennessee Mountains*, each one of them a literary sensation that advertised the form tremendously. No book since Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp* had been launched with such impetus as the latter of these. For six years the name of Charles Egbert Craddock had been appealing more and more to the national imagination because of a series in the *Atlantic* of strongly impressionistic studies of life in the Tennessee mountains. Now suddenly it came to light that the author was a woman, Miss Mary N. Murfree. The sensation in the *Atlantic* office spread everywhere and gave tremendous vogue not only to the book but to the type of short story that it represented. No one had gone quite so far before: the dialect was pressed to an extreme that made it almost unintelligible; grotesque localisms in manners and point of view were made central; and all was displayed before a curtain of mountains splashed with broad colours. The year was notable too because it produced Brander Matthews's *The Philosophy of the Short-story*, a magazine article later expanded into a volume, the first scientific handling of the art of the form since Poe's review of Hawthorne.

Realism, or more exactly, perhaps, naturalism, ruled the decade. From all sections of the country came now a tide of short fiction the chief characteristic of which was its fidel-
ity to local conditions. The Century published Page's Morse 
Chan, a story entirely in negro dialect. Joel Chandler Harris* 
contributed his inimitable Uncle Remus studies of negro folk-
lore and added to them short stories of the mountain "crackers."
Mingo and Other Sketches, which appeared the same year as
In the Tennessee Mountains, deals with the Craddock region 
and people but with surer hand. Harris was himself a native 
of Georgia hills, though he was by no means a "cracker," 
and he spoke with the sympathy and the knowledge of a
native, not as an outside spectator and an exhibitor like Miss Murfree. The same may be said of Richard Malcolm John-
ston (1822-98), whose Dukesborough Tales, dealing with rural 
life in the Georgia of his youth, first were given to Northern
readers in 1883.

The evolution of Johnston's art is an interesting study. He 
was inspired not by Irving or by any of the North-
erners, but by Longstreet,* whose brutally realistic Georgia
Scenes had appeared as early as 1835. In 1857 Johnston 
had written The Goose Pond School and had followed it with
other realistic studies for The Southern Magazine. Later 
they were gathered for a Southern edition entitled Georgia
Sketches, and still later, in 1871, he had reissued them in Balti-
more as Dukesborough Tales. He, therefore, must be reckoned 
with Harte as a pioneer, though his work had few readers and 
no influence until it was again reissued by the Harpers in 1883.
Even then, and afterwards when he had added new and more
artistically handled material, he was not a highly significant
figure. Studies of provincial Georgia life he could make, 
some of them bitingly true, but his range was small and his 
soundings, even within his narrow area, were not deep. He
must be classified with the makers of sketches like Longstreet 
rather than with the short story writers of the period in which
he first became known.

So completely was local colour the vogue of the eighties that
the novelist was regarded as a kind of specialist who moved
in a narrow field of his own and who was to be reprimanded
if he stepped beyond its limits. The movement had three
phases: first, the Irvingesque school that romanticized its
material and threw over it a softened light,—Harte, Miss

* See also Book III, Chap. v. * See also Book II, Chap. xix.
Jewett, Cable, Page; second, the exhibitors of strange material objectively presented,—Charles Egbert Craddock, Octave Thanet, and the dialect recorders of the eighties; and third, the veritists of the nineties who told what they considered to be the unidealized truth concerning the life they knew,—Garland, Miss Wilkins, Frank Norris, and the rest. This third group approached its task scientifically, stated its doctrines with clearness,—as for example in Hamlin Garland's *Crumbling Idols*,—and then proceeded to work out its careful pictures with deliberate art. Garland's *Main-Traveled Roads*, stories of the settlement period of the Middle Border, have no golden light upon them. They tell the truth with brutal directness and they tell it with an art that convinces. They are not mere stories; they are living documents in the history of the West. So with the Maupassant-like pictures of later New England conditions by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in *A Humble Romance* (1887) and *A New England Nun* (1891). If the florid, sentimental school of the mid-century went to one extreme, she went to the other. Nowhere in English may one find more of repression, more pitiless studies of repressed lives, more bare searchings into the soul of a decadent social system. She wrote with conviction and a full heart of the life from which she herself had sprung, yet she held herself so firmly in control that her pictures are as sharp and cold as engravings on steel.

With the nineties came the full perfection of short story art. Within their limited field *A New England Nun* and *Main-Traveled Roads* may not be surpassed. In another area of the short story James' *Flute and Violin* stands by itself, and in still another such work as Margareta Wade Deland's *Old Chester Tales*, Grace King's *Monsieur Motte*, and Alice Brown's *Meadow Grass*. No more exquisite work, however, may be found in the whole range of the local colour school than that in Kate Chopin's (1817–1904) *Bayou Folks* (1894). She was of Celtic blood and spontaneously a story-teller. She wrote with abandon, yet always it was with the restrained art that we have got into the habit of calling French. Such stories as *Désirée's Baby*, the final sentence of which grips one by the throat like a sudden hand out of the dark, and

1 See also Book III, Chap. xi.
The Latest Period

Madame Cbdestin’s Divorce, with its delicious humour and its glimpse into the feminine heart, are among the few unquestioned masterpieces of American short story art.

The local colour vogue during the period undoubtedly was an element toward the making of the American fictional unit short. He who would deal with the social régime of a provincial neighbourhood must of necessity be brief. There was no background of established manners in the corners of America, or in the centres, for that matter, sufficient to afford material for a Richardson or a Thackeray. Harte and Charles Egbert Craddock and most of the others attempted novels and failed. One may make a moving drama of the culminating moment in Mother Shipton’s or Tennessee’s life, but a complete novel written about either of them would be only a succession of picaresque adventures. The short story was peculiarly the vehicle for recording American life, so squalid, yet so glorious and moving, during the era when the country had no manners but only the rudiments of what were to become manners.

Beginning about 1898 with the early work of O. Henry and Jack London, there has come what may be called the last period in the history of the short story—the work of the present day. It is the period of magazines devoted wholly to short stories, of syndicates which handle little else, of text books and college courses on the art of the short story, and even of correspondence courses in which the art of making marketable stories may be learned through the mails. In America the short story seems to have become an obsession.

The demand of the decade has been for “stories with a punch.” The material must be out of the ordinary; it must not only breathe the breath of unfamiliar regions but it must give the impression that it is a bit of autobiography, or at least a section of life that has passed under the author’s own eyes. The short story work of P. Hopkinson Smith (1838–1915) may be taken as an illustration. There is in it the breath of foreign parts, the sense of cosmopolitanism, breezy knowledge of the world. Everywhere alertness, wide-awakeness, efficiency, in an easy colloquial style of narrative that has about it a businesslike ring. His brilliant narratives in such

1 See also Book III, Chap. xi.
The Short Story

a collection as _At Close Range_ are the work of one who would have made a most efficient special reporter for a city daily. Here are modern instances in all parts of the world, engagingly told. He has been everywhere, he has seen everything, he has learned all the world's rituals and all its secrets. There is no leisurely approach, no sentimental colourings, no literary effects; they are life seen in flashes, a vivid fragment snipped from the moving film of human life.

It may be illustrated also by Jack London's (1876–1916) headlong art: strangeness always,—Alaska of the gold rush, the ultimate South Seas, the unknown recesses of the prize ring, the no-man's land of the hobo,—impressionistic studies in sensation. He was writing for money and for little else, and he studied his market like a broker. Earlier literature was aristocratic,—it was written for the refined few; the latest literature is democratic,—it is written for the mass, and the mass is uncritical and unrefined. Its demands are gross: sensation, movement, physical thrill. London gave the mass what it demanded, every sensation which the brutal underworld he knew had afforded him, and he sold his work well. Of the graces demanded in the earlier periods, finish, elegance of style, melody, elevation in tone, he knew nothing. He had immediacy—he told vivid stories of physical prowess in the world of the present moment; he had the note of authority—he wrote only of wild epic things of which he had himself been a large part; he had sensation—the appeal of crude physical horror, the strange and the unheard-of in hitherto unknown regions; and he had a barbaric style—a lurid wealth of adjectives, a melodramatic intensity, and a headlong rush of incident that sweeps the reader along as in a stampede. Force undoubtedly he had and freshness of material, but, lacking poise and moral background and beauty of style, he must be passed as an ephemeral sensation.

From the multitude of the later short story writers Richard Harding Davis' (1864–1916), whose literary life, from the appearance of _Gallegher_ in 1891 to his death, coincided almost exactly with the modern period in American literature, may be chosen as the typical figure. Reared in a literary home,—his mother was the author of _Life in the Iron Mills_,—educated

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1 See also Book III, Chap. xi.

* Foot.
at Lehigh University, trained in a city newspaper office until he became one of the most successful special correspondents of his generation, he was admirably fitted to give to the reading public—enormous now because of the universality of the public school and the newspaper and the popular magazine—what it most wanted. He had what Jack London lacked utterly, literary traditions, poise, a certain patrician touch, and an innate love of the romantic. What he might have become in an earlier and more literary era it is not hard to conjecture; what he did become was the result of the spirit of the age, for he became a journalist, a recorder of the ephemeral moment for the ephemeral moment, a reporter with pen marvellously facile and ready, a literary craftsman who mastered every detail of his craft.

That Davis satisfied his generation goes without saying. A good newspaper man, he gave it what it desired, up-to-dateness, swift action, strangeness of setting presented with the authority of an eye-witness, and, moreover, a sprinkling of sentiment and mystery and romance. All of his work is brilliant, and there are parts that have the touch of distinction, but nowhere does it satisfy the supreme tests. He attempted too much, he skimmed over too much ground, he observed too much of the superficial and not enough of the real underlying heart of life. He was a facile sketcher of surfaces, a versatile entertainer, a craftsman rather than a critic of human life, an artist enamoured with his art rather than a creator who worked with the deeper materials of the human tragedy and comedy.

The period closes with the work of William Sydney Porter, better known as O. Henry (1862–1910), whose sudden rise and enormous popularity are one of the romances of the history of the short story. Only the bare facts of his biography need detain us: his Southern origin, his limited education, his sixteen years in Texas, his unfortunate experience as a bank clerk, his flight to South America, his return after a few months to serve a sentence in the Ohio State prison, and finally his last years in New York City—as picturesque a life as may be found in the annals of literature.

His short story career began almost by accident, the result of his enforced leisure in prison. His first story, Whistling
Dick's Christmas Stocking, redolent of Bret Harte, was published in McClure's Magazine in 1899. Following it irregularly, came a series of Western and South American tales, and then finally a most remarkable output of stories dealing with the human comedy and tragedy of New York City.

Nowhere is there anything just like them. In his best work—and his tales of the great metropolis are his best—he is unique. The soul of his art is unexpectedness. Humour at every turn there is, and sentiment and philosophy and surprise. One never may be sure of himself. The end is always a sensation. No foresight may predict it, and the sensation always is genuine. Whatever else O. Henry was, he was an artist, a master of plot and diction, a genuine humorist, and a philosopher. His weakness lay in the very nature of his art. He was an entertainer bent only on amusing and surprising his reader. Everywhere brilliancy, but too often is it joined to cheapness; art, yet art merging swiftly into caricature. Like Harte, he cannot be trusted. Both writers on the whole may be said to have lowered the standards of American literature, since both worked in the surface of life with theatrical intent and always without moral background. O. Henry moves, but he never lifts. All is fortissimo; he slaps the reader on the back and laughs loudly as if he were in a bar-room. His characters, with few exceptions, are extremes, caricatures. Even his shop girls, in the limning of whom he did his best work, are not really individuals; rather are they types, symbols. His work was literary vaudeville, brilliant, highly amusing, and yet vaudeville.

On the whole the short story episode in American literary history has been a symptom not of strength but of weakness. "Short story writing is a young man's game," says H. G. Wells, and it may be added that it is also the natural device of the young nation just emerging from its adolescent period. To see life in true perspective, to know the truth in its breadth and depth, demands that we fix our attention not on fragments of life, on snatches of experience, on glimpses, swift impressions, but on wholes. America has not had the time to look steadily and long at any phase of the human play. All it has wanted has been momentary impressions artistically given, surface and sensations. It has been satisfied with clever-
Conclusion

ness rather than mastery, entertainment rather than instruction, with journalism rather than literature. What the coming period is to be it is not within the province of the historian to seek.
CHAPTER VII

Books for Children

The titles of the earliest American books for children sufficiently indicate their sole intention. John Cotton's *Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breast of both Testaments*, published in London in 1646, was reprinted in Massachusetts ten years later as *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in either England*. Cotton Mather in 1700 revised an English book and issued it with the title *A Token for the Children of New-England. Or Some Examples of Children to whom the Fear of God was Remarkably Budding, before they Dyed*. In these books and the few others of early date the child was not recognized to have any individual needs or even an undeveloped mentality. The famous and very widely read *New England Primer* (c. 1690) was the first book to add elementary teaching, but its character still remained entirely religious. It sought, however, to be more attractive than earlier school books and employed illustrations; and it no doubt succeeded in exhilarating children whose sole portion had been drowsy sermons.

About midway in the eighteenth century, the desire to furnish amusement together with instruction, religious or mundane, ventured to show its head in reckless juveniles which came chiefly from the London shop of John Newbery. But it required half a century to convince parents that the combination was not pernicious—even parents who were allowing their children to read abridged editions of *Clarissa* and *Tom Jones* as well as *Moll Flanders*. As for the meagre American product, even *The Children's Magazine* (Hartford, 1789) made almost no attempt to approach the child's level. In Noah Webster's *Spelling Book* (1783), eight short illustrated fables formed the only concession to childish interest. The solitary instance
of the amusement book proper was *Songs for the Nursery*, an edition of Mother Goose published in Boston some seventy years before; and it remained solitary for almost as many to come. By 1800, however, the somewhat more humanized instruction of Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth and Miss More had crossed the water.

Home production arose through the desire for suitable Sunday reading. Our first juvenile books were by preachers or their maiden relatives. The Rev. Henry Ware asked Miss Sedgwick in 1834, at the height of her popularity, for narratives "between a tale and a tract, which should provide illustrations of Christianity." The demands of her audience may be guessed from a letter entreatling her to change a game of marbles to kite-flying, "because marbles are immoral as by betting they involve an appeal to God." This is perhaps an extreme application of the prescription of the Sunday School Union that their tales must avoid "even the most indirect insinuation of anything which can militate against the strictest ideas of propriety." But the services of an educated and practiced writer like Miss Sedgwick were unusual. Most of the earlier books were controversial; ignorant authoresses prattled of theology as glibly as their heroines declaimed their religious experiences. At first in great demand, the strongly sectarian books began to give way; the Sunday School Union itself was tending to break down sect distinctions, and the publishers complained that dogmatic preachings limited their sales. At a much later period those books grew in favour which had the least direct religious teaching, until finally the Sunday School library, designed to instruct, remained only to allure; and at the end of the nineteenth century the old-fashioned Sunday School book had happily vanished.

Down to the decade 1880–90, however, it still sold in enormous quantities; and its influence for three generations had been as morbid as it was weighty. These books presented parodies of child-life in Edgeworthian contrast. There was a spiritually faultless but organically feeble child who died after converting someone during a gasping illness, and there was a more healthy but worldly companion who refused to attend Sunday School and lived to a miserable end. In the long line of authors of these books, the two prime offenders demand
mention not so much for the greater bulk of their sins as for their greater popularity. Susan Warner (1819–85)\(^1\) under the pen name of Elizabeth Wetherell published her two chief stories *The Wide Wide World* in 1850 and *Queschy* in 1852. Both were phenomenally successful and widely translated. Their heroines when not undergoing brutal treatment for their aggressive rectitude are confidently flirtatious. But Miss Warner, as she showed elsewhere than in these tear-drenched pages, had simple tenderness and charm. Her successor had little of either, and even more of religious self-consciousness and effusive sentimentality. Yet in the *Elsie* books Martha Finley (1828–1909) attained an even longer popularity. With her the “ministering child” reached a burlesque of itself; Elsie Dinsmore, who begins the long series as an infant and ends it as a grandmother, made all previous prigs appear reticent and recreant. With Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (1824–1906) the latest phase of the impulse, though not escaping sentimentality and self-righteousness, steered a middle course. Her many popular books, notably *Faith Gartney’s Girlishhood* (1863), continue to be widely read and possess an endearing quality which her predecessors forfeited by their obviousness. Hardly Sunday School books and yet chiefly the product of the same strong religious purpose are Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward’s even more naturalistic infants and juveniles. They show the girl prig on the decided decline.

The early writers of Sunday School literature, who alone were doing native work, are nameless now; but the decade 1830–40 brought forward our first group of juvenile authors, who, though they all assisted in supplying the Sunday School trade, wrote also for children much that was not intended to meet it specifically. Five were women, who wrote for girls; and two were men, who wrote for both sexes but rather for boys. Unlike the men, the women had already attained much contemporary fame. Mrs. Sara Hale and Miss Eliza Leslie were popular magazinists and editors; Mrs. Sigourney was called the American Mrs. Hemans and read in every home; critics disputed whether our most important woman writer was Mrs. Child\(^2\) or Miss Sedgwick.\(^3\) The children’s stories

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\(^1\) See also Book III, Chap. xi.

\(^2\) See also Book II, Chap. vii.

\(^3\) Ibid.
and verse of Mrs. Sigourney have disappeared, as have Mrs. Hale’s with the exception of one nursery rhyme. The merit in the others’ popular work failed to compensate for their old-fashioned style in a later day. Miss Leslie brightly narrated simple incidents unusually free from sanctimoniousness. Miss Sedgwick was less direct and simple, but her books are still extant. Their ample preaching never loses sight of the story; and as this is a good one, she headed the list of favourites in the annual report of the New York City library in 1847, with Dana’s Two Years Before the Mast second. But as Miss Sedgwick herself preferred Hume and Shakespeare at the age of eight, it is not surprising that her children’s stories have a somewhat adult tone. So do those of Mrs. Child, who was devouring Milton and Homer at fifteen. Her magazine, Juvenile Miscellany, established in 1827, continued for eight years, and was snuffed out at the height of its popularity by Boston’s disapproval of her conversion to Anti-Slavery. It is a landmark in the history of juvenile writing. Even more important is The Youth’s Companion, established the same year by Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis. The Companion may perhaps serve to illustrate the changing view. Taking a hint from the perseverance with which death had been dangled before the eyes of Puritan children, it exiled the word from its pages, which distribute lively and wholesome entertainment to the present day. However stilted the work of these decades may now appear, it had unprecedented humanity and naturalness; and the children of Miss Leslie, Miss Sedgwick, and Mrs. Child at their worst were never the puppets of the sensible Miss Edgeworth, and at their best had charm. Lucy Larcom’s tribute to Mrs. Child in her New England Girlhood may be bestowed upon all these writers: “I have always been glad that I could tell her how happy she had helped to make my girlhood.”

A far more powerful influence, however, came from the two men. These were Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793–1860) and Jacob Abbott (1803–79). The son of a clergyman, Goodrich set out with a theory and an admiration for the method of Miss Hannah More. “Could not history, natural history, geography, biography, become the elements of juvenile works in place of fairies and giants and mere monsters of the
imagination?" The hero of his first book accompanies an informed adult through America, meets with adventures, sees historical places. His books soon succumbed to their purpose and lost fictional interest, but seven millions of them were sold before detailed description pallcd. He wrote or edited one hundred and twenty books; and his pseudonym Peter Parley was stolen by many imitators, especially in England. He did a very important work in simplifying information books for children; and Parley's Magazine, which he conducted for nine years, and also the chief juvenile annual, which he edited, contributed to create opportunity for and to popularize children's writing. Jacob Abbott kept his heroes in their New England home, busying them only with rambles and picnics in woods and fields. A professor of mathematics, he had an appreciation of fact even more imperious than his rival's, and almost equalled him in fecundity. From 1832 until his death in 1879 he was exhaustless in quantity if not in invention. The Rollo, Lucy, Jonas, and Franconia books provide simple pictures of cheerful children, but place main emphasis upon dispensing information on all subjects about which curious youngsters may pester their parents. Beechnut, the village encyclopedia in the Franconia books, is an original creation, life-like if omniscient; but although Abbott in his other series has similar vehicular youthful prodigies, they are wooden. The voluminous information of the Rollo books and the rest made convenient burlesque in later generations, but Abbott's work had conspicuous common sense; and in pre-homeopathic days his sugar-coated pills were extraordinarily popular. Both of these men naively indicated that their purpose was not primarily fictional. About their work, Gulian Verplanck, editing The Fairy Book, was as testy as Charles Lamb with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer. "Dismal trash all of them!" he cried. "Something half-way between stupid story-books and bad school-books; being so ingenuously written as to be unfit for any useful purpose in the school and too dull for any entertainment out of it." But Peter Parley had much naturalness of style in contrast with earlier stiffness, and Abbott showed genuine lightness of touch. Their enormous sales prove their attractiveness; and Noah Brooks, himself an important juvenile writer, has recorded
Changing Attitudes

that, however tame they seemed later, they were thrilling in interest compared with all previous juveniles.

Although before the end of the nineteenth century America was to lead the world in its special literature for children, the chief authors of the first half of the century did not intentionally contribute to it. Cooper’s stories⁴ bequeathed to a later generation the Indian, the Yankee Trader, and the Scout; but neither he nor Irving⁵ in Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle, nor Dana in the book that still remains one of the most popular with boys, wrote directly for them. Nor (except occasionally) did Mrs. Stowe, whose Uncle Tom’s Cabin is now almost exclusively a juvenile. The one author of general fame who did so was Hawthorne.⁶ His Grandfather’s Chair, Wonder Book, and Tanglewood Tales have among children’s books as high rank as his other work has in the adult field, and are certainly more widely read. He tells the Greek myths in a happy and paternal spirit, as he does numerous legends of New England; and his style has its usual distinction. With the advent of several excellent magazines for children, sheltered by established publishers and commanding their writers, the literary attitude began to change. “Some of my friends,” Isaac Watts had written, “imagine that my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes”; and down to the middle of the nineteenth century critics still mistook juvenile books for puerile books. The time was approaching when two editors of the austere Atlantic Monthly, Aldrich and Horace Scudder, would think writing for children not unworthy of their accomplished pens, and the editor of the massive North American Review, Charles Eliot Norton, would edit also a boy’s library. It was perceived that simplicity need not be inane, and that to entertain children without enfeebling their intellect or stultifying their sentiment afforded scope for mature skill and judgment. Our Young Folks, published by Ticknor and Fields (about 1865), enlisted Mrs. Stowe, Whittier, Higginson, Aldrich, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, E. E. Hale, Rose Terry Cook,

⁴ See also Book II, Chap. vi.
⁵ Interesting evidence of the simplicity and straightforwardness of the style of Two Years Before the Mast, which like that of Robinson Crusoe so commended it to boys, is found in the fact that quotations from it long formed the material upon schoolboys’ cards for testing the eyesight.
⁶ See also Book III, Chap. xii.
⁷ See also Book II, Chap. xii.

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Bayard Taylor. It was edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom; and later was merged into St. Nicholas, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge (1838-96). With these magazines a new era begins.

The notable success of the period was made, however, by one whose work for adults was only mediocre. Louisa M. Alcott (1832-88) was asked by a publisher in 1867 for a girl's book, and began her task reluctantly. But wisely deciding not to write down, she merely spoke out, with no more than the pleasant moralizing of the Alcott household, her youthful memories. Out of the incidents of her own girlhood she constructed Little Women (1868), and its abiding charm lies in its atmosphere of real life and its real portraits. It at once gained the heights of popularity and was translated into many languages. The public kept demanding other stories; and An Old-Fashioned Girl (1869), Little Men (1871), Eight Cousins (1874), Rose in Bloom (1876), and Under the Lilacs (1878) were almost as popular and as meritorious. Some of these were written for St. Nicholas, in which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was nearly equalling her achievement. The two books which next to Miss Alcott's have the most assured position are Mrs. Dodge's Hans Brinker (1869) and Donald and Dorothy (1883). The former still remains the best story about Holland, and was awarded a prize by the French Academy; the latter runs it close for naturalness and interest. A little later these artistic successes were matched by Betty Leicester of Sarah Orne Jewett, whose work for young people has the charm and distinction of her short stories for adults. St. Nicholas became in itself a library of choice literature for children, and many of the books which this chapter mentions appeared there. It encouraged writers for younger children also, and there were now some magazines devoted to them alone. For them Rebecca Clarke (1833-1906) had already written much, under the name of Sophie May. The Little Prudy and Dotty Dimple books have quaintness and tenderness, but, as with most of the writers of her time, grow thinner as their series lengthen. These and Margaret Sidney's Little Pepper stories are standard achievements in infantile writing. The Katy books of Sarah Woolsey, under the name

*See also Book III, Chap. VI.*
of Susan Coolidge, have a similar excellence for children somewhat older, but also outlast their material.

When the object of juvenile writing became, in the sixties, wholesome amusement rather than instruction, a result at once evident was that far more books were written for boys than for girls. "Simple, lively books for girls are much needed," wrote Miss Alcott in her journal; and seemed to fear that her liveliness was more suitable for the youthful male. Women apparently combated more than men the idea that mere entertainment was harmless. But the respectable of the sterner sex so shared it at first that it was seized upon only by the connoisseurs of lurid melodrama, shameless persons who hid under such pseudonyms as "Nick Carter." A rage for these dime dreadfuls swept the country, and perhaps it was the tardy desire not "to leave all the good tunes to the devil" which energized the next group of writers for boys. Some of them at any rate were ministers, and the books of others were still too much under the compulsion of preaching, even if by story rather than by precept. Chief among these writers (who wrote solely for children) were Elijah Kellogg* (1813-1901), William Taylor Adams (1822-97), and Horatio Alger, Jr. (1832-99). Their careers began about 1860. Kellogg's several series of stories of Maine deal with the adventures of fishermen and farmers. Though more carefully written than were the other two, they have no merit of literary form beyond the great one of telling a straightforward story unimpeded by inessentials, but their pictures of a sturdy and rugged people are vivid and unaffected. Pictures of equal local value and interest F. R. Goulding was giving at the same time in stories of boy-life on the Southern seaboard. The Young Marooners (1852) has decided merit. Adams's pseudonym, "Oliver Optic," speedily became as profitable as Goodrich's, and it also was placed at the head of a magazine. He wrote over one hundred volumes besides innumerable short stories, and their popularity has never since been equalled. Principal of a public school and Sunday School superintendent, he lived to hear his books called trashy by a more exacting age. Their style is, it is true, slovenly, and their smart heroes are given to cheap declamation; but their material

* His sounding declamatory piece Spartacus to the Gladiators was long familiar to every school boy.
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is all clean, effective, and interesting. *The Starry Flag, Soldier Boy*, and *Young America* series merited the delight of two generations of boys. Horatio Alger, Jr., once a Unitarian minister, wrote seventy volumes, most of their titles summoning apt alliteration's artful aid. They told of bootblacks and newsboys, from systematic personal observation in the streets of New York City. His simple and invariable formula scored—by pluck and perseverance his hero rose single-handed to fame and fortune. The books of all three writers aroused admiration for sterling qualities; but the more sophisticated boys of a later generation began to complain that the Optic and Alger books were all alike, and conscientious librarians began to see that in them the element of luck was overemphasized. Two other writers grew very popular before the trend at the close of the century toward the study of adolescent psychology and adolescent citizenship discovered something pernicious in action unaccompanied by reflection and analysis. These were Harry Castlemon and Edward S. Ellis. The former revelled in exciting and incredible adventures upon unrecognizable frontiers, and the latter yawned blithely of hunting and Indians without a thought of preparing boys for social service.

Meanwhile, writers more serious in purpose had been following the historical and biographical trail of Goodrich and Abbott, bringing to it more literary nicety and greater research. An early contemporary of the two had been John Prost (1860–59), a forgotten schoolmaster whose one hundred juveniles sold by the ton in his day and were republished as late as 1890. John Abbott (Jacob's brother), followed by James Parton, Elbridge Brooks, E. E. Hale, and Hezekiah Butterworth, made important contributions to the new department of biography for children. These and other writers, among them Edward Eggleston and George Cary Eggleston, began also to combine history and fiction so well that the reader did not know where one left off and the other began. This species they developed more successfully than did their extremely popular English rivals, Henty and his school. Their fiction was more credible and their background more accurate. Charles Carleton Coffin's historical series from colonial times to the close of the

1 See also Book III, Chap. xi.
The Revolt Against Information

Civil War present in story form perhaps the best short histories of the campaigns they cover; Noah Brooks’s *Boy Emigrants* exhibits frontier life accurately; John Bennett’s *Master Sky-lark* belongs to the highest type of historical juvenile.

The informational path trod first by Goodrich and Abbott grew to be the main road for future juveniles. Today the *How To Make* books are perhaps the most distinctive, as they are among the best-selling. What probably remains the most distinguished treatment for young children of foreign life and scenes and of nature was given by Jane Andrews (1833–87) in her *Seven Little Sisters* (1861) and *Stories Mother Nature Told*. She was the pioneer of the great crowd of present-day nature writers for children and still compares in dignity and interest of treatment with all her successors. Of these, those who steer warily between the scientific and lifeless and the sentimental and the superficial are still living. In less philosophical or imaginative setting, the books of actual adventure by Paul du Chaillu deserve mention.

The revolt from Goodrich and Abbott took not only the form of stories of unmixed action but also of the novel assertion that innocent pranks are a legitimate subject for children’s books. These J. T. Trowbridge (1827–1916) and James Otis Kaler (1846– ), authors respectively of the delightful *Cud-jo’s Case* (1864) and *Toby Tyler* (1867), ventured to exploit with no uneasy eye on the moral effect. Thomas Bailey Aldrich¹ made a notable success artistic as well as popular with his *Story of a Bad Boy*. A semi-idealized record of his own New England childhood, its only intention was to record zestfully what had really been the life of a boy engaged in no adventurous actions other than ordinary escapades. It was a departure when published in 1869. A half-dozen years later appeared another masterpiece of pranks regarded at the time as by no means innocent. *Tom Sawyer* (1876) and its sequel *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), by Samuel L. Clemens,² raised a tempest in the cambic-teapot world and are even yet looked at askance in some children’s libraries. But in spite of moralists they immediately took the foremost place as stories of the American boy, and in a surprisingly short while became world classics. They are not explicitly treated as boy’s stories

¹ See also Book III, Chaps. vi and x. ² See also Book III, Chap. viii.
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throughout, and in each are description and social observation beyond the appreciation of young readers; yet they have doubtless never failed with boy as with man to reap the highest triumph possible to fiction, the reader’s recognition of his own psychology and temperament. The general unimprovingness of both of these books was balanced, for moralists, by the excess of serious purpose in the author’s third book for young people, The Prince and the Pauper (1882). It is an impressive panorama of splendid scenes of ancient legal and royal cruelty.

The distinct Americanism, so noteworthy in Mark Twain, was an important characteristic of American juveniles from the beginning. In the school-readers after the Revolution were most naive attempts to enshrine patriotism with the other virtues. Indeed, it was the impatience that children began to manifest at forever reading books with unfamiliar local colour which turned the attention of writers to this hitherto neglected branch of literature. “Our Sabbath School library books were nearly all English reprints and most of our every-day reading came to us from over the sea,” wrote Lucy Larcom. Goodrich and Abbott and the women of the thirties no longer talk of English flowers and birds. When Goodrich took his boy heroes abroad, their comments were often aggressively American; and it is amusing to see that though he censured the horrors of giants for sensitive children he revelled in Indian atrocities. Miss Sedgwick was particularly praised by the North American for her native atmosphere and incidents, when children’s books were all following the English moralists. Since the Civil War historical juveniles have covered every phase of national development. It has, indeed, several times been observed that one can get more of American life from the juvenile than from the adult fiction of the period. To a large extent, this is implicit in the problem of interesting children. Hawthorne’s Grandfather’s Chair, points out Horace Scudder, discussing the art of writing for them to which he so greatly contributed, is more actual than even The Blithedale Romance.

Just as markedly American have been the spiritual characteristics of American juveniles. “Those English children had to be so prim and methodical,” wrote Lucy Larcom, “they were never allowed to romp and run wild.” The growing independence of American children appeared in the succes-
sive books written to appeal to them. Parents and guardians, so important in English books, figure very little. In the most popular books, boys and girls are thrown on the world or leave home to seek their fortunes or have adult responsibilities. The reforming child was an American creation and persevered in America some time after she had been happily throttled in England; and her strenuousness was even more offensive because of the lack of grown-up authority. American book-children are always the king-pins of their households as well as of their stories, and often their sagacious ability is thrown into relief by weak-minded parents. Miss Alcott recorded that innumerable letters from her child admirers forced her to provide a wedding for her first heroine. It cannot be denied that all this reflects the attitude of American life. Also, one may gather from children's stories—with less misgiving—that the United States evinced in the first half of the century more interest in education than did any other country and in the second half more interest in the analytic study of child-life by reason of an earlier appropriation of the kindergarten theory. On account of this interest, the moral and the educational as leading features were suppressed sooner. As the growing psychological study of the child demanded that his initiative be unhampered by patterns, so his pranks began to be recorded, as more personal (as well as more interesting) than his good behaviour. Finally, it may be said that because of this kindergarten impulse more conscientious, intelligent work has been done in American writing for children than has been the case elsewhere.

But in one way, equally characteristic of the American temperament and American adult literature, children's writers have lagged behind the European world. In the domain of pure fancy very little has been accomplished. As the century entered its closing decades protests were heard against the prevailing realism, and appeals for the restoration of those idealistic qualities which enkindle the child's imagination elsewhere. In fairy tales, Frank R. Stockton stands almost alone in having done any considerable quantity of work possessing literary value. The wise humorous style of his fanciful tales and their grotesque droll material make them exceptional.

* See also Book III, Chaps. vi and xi.
Howard Pyle also did work of distinction in this field, much assisted by his eccentric illustrations; and his Robin Hood (1883) is capital romance. In nonsense books, the imitators of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear were many in the last years of the century; but the best of them, Charles Caryll in Dury and The Goblin (1885), only invite comparison. Somewhat earlier, Lucretia P. Hale in Peterkin Papers (1882) created a new form of nonsense of a more literal sort; and this for spontaneous fun and clever foolishness is remarkable. Fairy tales seem to have no foothold in America—the stories in verse of Palmer Cox, the Brownie books, being perhaps the sole instance the century afforded of nation-wide popularity (and these owing more to the author’s illustrations than to the text). For this condition publishers may be somewhat responsible, as they can sufficiently supply the market with uncopyrighted European material for which no royalties need be paid. Less likely to have been discouraged by unfair foreign competition, and certainly in themselves more indigenous, are stories which endow animals with human motives and speech. A local counter-part of European folk-lore is the lore of Uncle Remus, created by Joel Chandler Harris.¹ He was far more successful than Hawthorne in the setting he gave these tales, which, like the Greek myths, are the common property of a race; Uncle Remus himself is a fine characterization, well-observed, humorous, and full of reverent kindliness.

The class of juvenile poetry furnished no writer distinguished by any body of work, but an anthology of high order could be compiled. First in time and perhaps in merit would come a one-poem writer, Clement C. Moore (1779–1863). In December, 1823, he published A Visit from St. Nicholas, which is unique for its period in being entirely free from didacticism and from laboured inanity masquerading as simplicity; it still remains unexcelled in America as a joyous narrative of childhood. Mrs. Hale’s Mary Had a Little Lamb yet gambols in children’s hearts—for as inexplicable a reason as much of the mechanical nonsense of Mother Goose. The longevity of jingles has never been an indication of their merit, as witness the permanence of such ditties as Upidee and Good-bye, my Lover, Good-bye. Lucy Larcom and Alice and Phoebe Cary published books of child-

¹See also Book III, Chap. v.
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Good songs; and other women followed with no particular success. Eugene Field* and James Whitcomb Riley* wrote many tender and charming poems about children, but with one notable exception they are as much from the adult point of view as were Longfellow’s. The point of view of youthful patriots was skilfully considered in Poems and Ballads upon Important Episodes in American History (1887) by Hesekiah Butterworth, long connected with The Youth’s Companion.

The best verse is scattered in magazines and newspapers, particularly as publishers have learned from librarians that American children as a rule do not care for poetry. Mrs. Dodge wrote for her magazine many neat and attractive hymns. In this field there are, however, several living writers of conspicuous artistic success.

Nor is it surprising that some of the best work in fiction also exists, similarly, go unmentioned here. The juvenile has only lately received artistic cultivation, and its flowering is very recent. More striking than in any other department of literature, where contrasts are all striking enough, is the comparison if the earlier with the latter part of the century. Where then existed not a single book of value, there could now be mentioned half a thousand of real merit. American literature for children has reached a comparative eminence which it shows in no other department.

* See also Book II, Chap. xxiii, and Book III, Chap. ix.
* See also Book III, Chap. ix.
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A list of general authorities not cited, except in special cases, in the bibliographies of individual chapters, may be found in Volume 1, pp. 363-365.

CHAPTER X

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Channing, William Ellery. Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist. With Memorial Verses. Boston, 1873, 1893. [Many highly inaccurate quotations from Thoreau’s Journal.]


Marble, Annie Russell. Thoreau: His Home, Friends, and Books. [1922.]


— The Personality of Thoreau. Boston, 1901.


VII. CRITICISM


— Henry David Thoreau. Chautauquan, June, 1889.


Conway, Moncreif D. Thoreau. Praise’s Magazine. April, 1866.


Ewing, G. H. Idyls of the Countryside. 1895.


Higginson, T. W. Short Studies of American Authors. Boston, 1880 [1879].


Jones, Samuel Arthur [Editor]. Pertaining to Thoreau. Detroit, 1901. [Very interesting. Contains early or obscure reviews and essays on Thoreau.]
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— A Fable for Critics. 1848.
Saturday Review. An American Rousseau. 3 Dec., 1884.

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CHAPTER XI

HAWTHORNE

I. COLLECTED WORKS

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Romances. 14 vols. 1902.


Stammliche Werke, aus dem Englischen. 5 vols. Bielefeld, 1851-52. (Der Scharlach-Buchstabe, translated by Dubois, L., 1851; Das Haus der Sieben Giebel, by Diermann, Aug., 1851, 2 vols.; Zweimal erzähnte Geschichten, selected and translated by Dubois, L., 1852, 2 vols.)

Trois Contes, traduits de l'Anglais par Leroy et Scheffte. Paris, 1853. (Catastrophe de M. Higginbotham, La Fille de Rappaccini, David Swan.)


II. (a) SEPARATE WORKS


The Sister Years, being the Carrier’s Address to the Patrons of the Salem Gazette for the First of January, 1839. Broadside, published probably at the end of 1838. (Included in the second edition of Twice-Told Tales.)


Grandfather’s Chair, a History for Youth. ... Boston and New York, 1841. Revised and enlarged. Boston, 1843. Louisville, Kentucky, 1882.

Famous Old People, being the Second Epoch of Grandfather’s Chair. ... Boston, 1841, 1842.

Liberty Tree, with the Last Words of Grandfather’s Chair. ... Boston, 1841. Revised edition, 1842. Various cheap editions, with annotations for school use, published since 1833.

Biographical Stories for Children. ... Boston, 1842, 1886. London, 1883. Various lives have been reprinted separately and in anthologies. (Grandfather’s Chair and Biographical Stories were bound in 2 vols. in 1842, with the title Historical Tales for Youth.)


Mosses from an Old Manse. ... 2 vols. New York, 1846. 1900 (with introduction by Bates, Katherine Lee.) London, 1851.


True Stories from History and Biography. ... Boston, 1851. A new edition, revised, in the same year. London, 1851. Numerous reprints and new editions. (Grandfather’s Chair, Famous Old People, Liberty Tree, Biographical Stories.)

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Pausanias, a Fragment. The Last Literary Effort of Nathaniel Hawthorne. London [1864].
Sketches and Studies. . . . Boston, 1883.

II. (b) CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

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Bibliographies


III. Biography and Criticism


Bibliographies


Bridge, Horatio. Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1893. Based on three papers contributed to Harper's Magazine, Jan.–Mar., 1892. (The basis of later Hawthorne bibliography and much used in the present compilation.)


Coleridge, M. E. Questionable Shapes of Hawthorne. Little's Living Age, 6 Aug., 1894.


Ferguson, J. de Lancy. Américan Littérature in Spain. 1916. [The invaluable bibliography furnishes the Spanish items here given.]


Hawthorne and his Circle. New York, 1903.
Hawthorne, Mrs. [Sophia Peabody]. Notes in England and Italy. 1869.
In Contemporaries, Boston, 1899.
Bibliographies


Pickard, Samuel Thomas. Hawthorne’s First Diary, with an account of its discovery and loss. Boston, 1897. Is ‘Hawthorne’s First Diary’ a Forgery? Dial, 16 Sept., 1902. [The diary was later suppressed as spurious.]


Schlebusch, Anton. Beiträge zur Charakteristik Nathaniel Hawthorne’s. Englische Studien, 1884; issued in pamphlet form the same year; in Gesammelte Aufsätze aus neueren Litteratur in Deutschland, Oesterreich, Amerika, Osen, 1904.


Swift, Lindsay. Brook Farm, its Members, Scholars, and Visitors. 1900.


Ticknor, Howard M. Hawthorne as seen by his Publishers. Critic, July, 1904.


Usanne, Octave. La Décadence des Livres. La Grande Revue, 1906.


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CHAPTER XII

LONGFELLOW

No complete bibliography of Longfellow has been published. Bibliographies of the first editions have been published by Chew, B., and by Livingston, L. S. Other bibliographical material is given in The Literary World, 26 Feb., 1882; in The Cambridge Public Library Bulletin, Feb., 1907; in the thesis by Morin, P.; and in the biographies of Longfellow by Kennedy, W. S., by Underwood, P. H., by Austin, G. L., by Longfellow, S., by Robertson, R. S., by Carpenter, G. R., and by Higginson, T. W., listed below.

I. Collected Works


Bibliographies


II. (a) Separated Works

Elements of French Grammar; by M. Lhommé, Professeur-Enseigne in the University of Paris. Translated from the French, with notes, and such Illustrations as were thought necessary for the American Pupil. . . By an Instructor. Portland, 1830.

French Exercises: Selected chiefly from Wasserstricht and Adapted to The Elements of French Grammar, by M. Lhommé, Professeur Enseigne in the University of Paris. By an Instructor. Portland, 1830.

Manuel de Proverbes Dramatiques. . . Portland, 1830.

Novelas Españolas. El Serrano de las Alpujarlas; El Cuadro Mestizo.

Portland, 1830.


Cours de Langue Francaise. Course of Study in the French Language. . .


Syllabus de la Grammaire Italiene. . . À l’usage de ceux qui possèdent la Langue Francaise. Boston, 1832.

Saggi de’ Novellieri Italiani d’Oggi Scuola; Tratti da’ più celebri Scrittori, con brevi Notizie intorno alla vita di Ciascun. . . Boston, 1832.


London, 1840; Leipzig, 1845.—Swedish by Greglund, J. U., Stockholm, 1833.—German by Böttger, A., Leipzig, 1835.—Dutch by Wedik, B. T. L., Amsterdam, 1836.—French, Paris et Bruxelles, 1840.

Voices of the Night. . . Cambridge, 1839; London, 1840.—French by le Chevalier de Chateilain, Jersey, 1856.

Ballads and Other Poems. . . Cambridge, 1842.


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1876; by Mercedes, Firenze, 1894.—Spanish by Soler y Arques, C., Revista Contemporánea, 30 May–15 July, 1883.


Kavanagh, A Tale. . . . Boston, 1849; London, 1849; Berlin, 1851.—German, 1851.—French, Paris et Bruxelles, 1880.


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[Parma, 1867]; by Biagi, L., Firenze, 1869.—Danish by Lange, T., Kjobenhavn, 1880, 1891.—Hungarian by Goystáv, J., 1886.


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Tales of a Wayside Inn. . . . Boston, 1863; London, 1864; Leipzig, 1868.—
German by Schuchardt, I., Hamburg, 1879; in part, by Bindel, K., Hannn, 1872.—Italian by Trovatoelli, N., Cesena, 1895; in part, by Paccioli, C., Firenze, 1890, 1892, 1896.

Noti. . . . [in French]. Cambridge, 1864; English by Norcross, J. E., Philadelphia, 1867.


Flower-de-Luce. . . . Boston, 1867.


The Divine Tragedy. . . . Boston, 1871; London, 1872; Leipzig, 1872.—Italian by Cardamone, R., Rocca San Ciaciano, 1902.—German by Kock, K., M.S.; by Simon, H., M.S.


Aftermath. . . . Boston, 1873; London, 1875.


Káramos. [Private issue. Cambridge, 1877].


The White Cat; and Other Poems. London, 1878.


Bayard Taylor. [Cambridge, 1879].

From My Arm-Chair. [Cambridge, 1879].


Michael Angelo. . . . London, 1883; Boston, 1884.


Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of their Literature: An Inaugural Address. . . . Delivered September 2, 1830. . . . Brunswick, Maine, 1907.

II. (b) Contributions to Periodicals

[Only those that are not included in the Complete Works are mentioned here.]

The Poor Student: A Dramatic Sketch in 3 Parts. The American Monthly Magazine, Philadelphia, April, 1844.
Bibliographies

To the Novice of the Convent of the Visitations. American Monthly Magazine, April, 1824.
The Begrudged Poet. The United-States Literary Gazette, 1, 13 March, 15 April, 1 June, 1 Oct., 1825.
The Indian Summer. The Token, Boston, 1832.
The Bald Eagle. The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, Boston, 1833.
An Evening in Autumn. The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, Boston, 1833.
Truth. The Boston Book, Boston, 1836.
The Notary. The Boston Book, Boston, 1836.
The Village of Auteuil. The Portland Sketch Book, Portland, 1836.
Review of C. C. Felton’s translation of Menzel’s History of German Literature. The New World, 1840.
Translations from Jean Paul. Boston Notion, 13 March, 1841.
Syllabus of the History of German Literature during the Middle Ages. The Eclectic Review, New York, 1841.
Dante’s Divina Commedia; from the German of Schelling. Graham’s Magazine, June, 1850.
Remarks by Henry W. Longfellow. Exercises in Celebrating the Two Hundred
Longfellow


Longfellow’s Commencement Oration: Our Native Writers. [Delivered 7 Sept., 1845.] Every Other Saturday, Boston, April 12, 1884.


III. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM


Anderson, J. P. Bibliography. [Appended to Life by Robertson, E. S. See below.]

Appelmam, A. H. Longfellow’s Poems on Slavery in Their Relationship to Freiengrath. Modern Language Notes, April, 1915.


Campbell, T. M. Longfellow’s Wechselbeziehungen zu der deutschen Literatur... Leipzig, 1907.


Cattaneo, C. Il Poeta Americano Longfellow. Opere... Firenze, 1883.

Vol. 2, pp. 177-189.

Chamberlain, J. C. [See Livingston, L. S.]


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—— La Poésie en Amérique: Henry-Wadsworth Longfellow. Lille, 1876.
Edgern, H. Antecedents of Longfellow’s ‘King Robert of Sicily.’ Poet Lore, Boston, Jan.—March, 1903.
Goebel, J. Longfellow als Vermittler deutsche Geisteskultur. Der Kampf um deutsche Kultur in Amerika... Leipzig, 1914.
Hale, E. E. Five Prophets of To-day. Boston, 1892.
Hall, H. M. Longfellow’s Letters to Samuel Ward... Putnam’s Magazine, Oct.—Dec., 1907.


Lefaivre, A. La Poésie aux États-Unis. Québec, 1881.


Livingston, L. S. A Bibliography of the First Editions in Book Form of the Writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; compiled largely from the collection formed by the late Jacob Chester Chamberlain with assistance from his notes and memoranda. New York, 1908.


Longfellow, S. Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. 2 vols. Boston, 1886.


Longfellow Memorial. From the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. 13 April, 1882. [Boston, 1907.]


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Münzer, F. Die quellen au Longfellow “Golden Legend.” Dresden, 1897.


— Review of The Walt. ... The Evening Mirror, New York, 14 Jan., 1845.

— A Reply to Ouida. Broadway Journal, 8 March-3 April, 1845.


Réveillon, T. Figure de la Semaine: Longfellow. La Petite Presse. Paris, 24 July, 1869.


Rotondi, P. Intorno a Longfellow. Evangelina. ... Milano, 1873, pp. 9-23.


Schulz, R. B. Longfellow’s Art. Atlantic Monthly, March, 1887.


Sienit, O. Der Stabreim bei Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Liegnitz, 1897.
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Sieper, E. Studien zu Longfellows Evangeline. Herrig's Archiv... vol. 9, 1901.


Sprenger, R. Longfellow's Walter von der Vogelweide. 1893.


— Essays from Reviews: Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier. Quebec, 1892.


Thiessen, O. Longfellow and seine Beziehungen zur deutschen Literatur. Zeitschrift für den deutschen Unterricht, 1892.


[Bibliography, pp. 344-354.]


Varnhagen, H. Longfellows Tales of a Wayside Inn and ihre Quellen. Berlin, 1884.


— The Poet and the Children: Longfellow, Wide Awake, 1882.


Wiernszokowski, J. Der arme Heinrich bei Longfellow. Das Litterarische Echo, 1 April, 1901.

Winter, W. In Memory of Longfellow. English Rambles, and Other Fugitive Pieces in Prose and Verse. Boston, 1884.


Bibliographies

Warden, J. P. Über Longfellow's Beziehungen sur deutschen Litteratur. . . .
Halle a. S., 1900.
H. W. L. DAMA.

CHAPTER XIII
WHITTIER

No extensive bibliography of Whittier exists. The most noteworthy list, prepared by Bierstadt, E. H., is concerned chiefly with detailed descriptions of the poet's important separate publications. Rarer items are listed in the catalogue of the Whittier Centenary Exhibition, held at the Essex Institute, Salem, 1907-08 (see Woodman, A.), in the collections of first editions of American authors prepared by Foley, P. K. (1897) and by Arnold, W. H. (1901), and in the auction catalogues of the libraries of Montgomery, C. A. (Bangs, 1895), Whittier, J. G. (Anderson, 1907), Appleton, D. F. (Bangs, 1903), Pyper, C. E. (Merwin-Clayton, 1906), Maier, P. (Anderson, 1909), and Chamberlain, J. C. (Anderson, 1909).

Most of Whittier's fugitive writings were rejected from any collection of his works, and, except in rare cases, are accessible only in the newspaper files in which they originally appeared or into which they were copied. No attempt has yet been made to trace even all of the poems to the place of first publication. Underwood gives a list of contributions to The New England Magazine, 1834-5, and to The Democratic Review, 1837-46, and a list of poems first printed in The National Era, 1847-59. For the poems published in The Atlantic Monthly, see the Peabody Institute Catalogue (1892), vol. 6.

I. COLLECTED WORKS

The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. [Blue and Gold ed.] 2 vols., Boston, 1857, 1864, 1867. "[In these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made."—Preface.
Whittier 437

90 (London the same year). Standard Lib. ed. [1892]; Artists' ed. [1893].
[The so-called definitive edition. Additional matter appears in later issues.]
Poems by John G. Whittier. Vignette ed. (With 100 new illustrations by McCullough, W. A.) [1893.] London the same year.
The Early Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier. (With biographical sketch by Dole, N. H.) [1893.] [1900, Circuit Poets.] [1906, Cameo Poets.]
The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Cambridge ed.)
[With a biographical sketch by S(Cudder), H. E., and a chronological list of
The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Handy Volume ed.)
The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (With notes. Ed. by Horder,
W. G.) Complete ed. 4 vols.[also in 1 vol.] Oxford, 1898.
The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (New Cabinet ed.) Boston,
1899.
The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier (Library ed.) Boston,
1900.
The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Sesame Classics.)
Boston, 1902.

John Greenleaf Whittier. [Poems.] With a critical and biographical introduc-
tion by Markham, E. Library of Poetical Lit.) [1902].
The Complete Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. (University ed.) 7 vols.,
1913.

II. Separate Works

The History of Haverhill, Massachusetts. By B. L. Mirick. Haverhill, 1832.
The material for this book was in large part prepared by Whittier, who in
The Haverhill Gazette, 27 March, 1830, issued proposals for the publication.
Later, however, he abandoned the project, turning his manuscript over to
Mirick, B. L., who completed and published the work as his own. See
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Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a view to its Rightful and Effectual Removal, Abolition, &c. Haverhill, 1833. Privately printed.
New York, Sept. 1833, reprinted in a vol. of "The Anti-Slavery Register."


Lines Written on the Passage of P_dicury's Resolutions in the House of Representa-

Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States,
Between the Years 1830 and 1838. . . . Boston, 1837. (Two issues of this ed., of 96 pp. and 102 pp. respectively.)

Addresi Read at the Opening of the Pennsylvania Hall, on the 15th of Fifth
Month, 1838. [Anon.] Philadelphia, 1838. Rptd. in History of Pennsyl-
vanian Hall, which was Destroyed by a Mob, 15th of May, 1838. Philadel-
phia, 1838.

Hymn [F] Holy Father! just and true. [Broadside.] 1 Aug., 1838.


Narrative of James Williams, An American Slave, who was for several years a
driver on a cotton plantation in Alabama. . . . [Anon.] Published by the
American Anti-Slavery Society, 1838. Two other ed., one of Boston,
Abolitionist's Library, no. 3, the same year.

1840.

Polln. [Broadside.] n. p. n. d. [Haverhill, 1840].
Lays of My Home, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1843.

Ballads, and Other Poems. . . . London, 1844. (With a preface by Wright, Elisha.)
The Stranger in Lowell. . . . [Anon.] Boston, 1845. (Another ed. the same
year.)

Philadelphia, 1846, 1849.

The Supernaturalism of New England. By the Author of "The Stranger in
American Books, no. xxvii.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in The Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Poems . . . Illustrated by H. Billings. Boston, 1849, 1850, 1854, 1856,
1857.

Two other ed., in pamphlet form, with thirteen woodcuts, Boston, 1853,
1854.

(6) Portraits and Modern Sketches. . . . Boston, 1850. (Another ed. New York,
1851.)

Songs of Labor, And Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1850, 1851. Another ed.,
with biographical sketch, critical opinions, and explanatory notes. (Maynard's
English Classic ser., no. 100.) 1864.

Little Eva's Song. Words by J. G. Whittier. Music by Manuel Ramilo. [Broad-
side. Boston, 1852.] Another issue of four pages, with title, Little Eva: Un-
veil Tom's Guardian Angel. . . . Boston, 1853.

The Farewell of a Virginian Slave Mother to her Daughter sold into Southern
Bondage; Clerical Oppressors; The Christian Slave. Leeds Anti-Slavery
Tracts, Nos. 10, 21, and 52. Leeds, England [1852].

The Chapel of the Hermits, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1853.
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A Prémont Campaign Song. [Broadside.] n. p., n. d. [1856.]
The Sycamores. . . . Nantucket, 1857. [Privately printed pamphlet, 8 pp.]
This song was frequently rpd. and set to music, sometimes as The Contra-band of Port Royal.
In War Time. [Anniversary Poem.] n. p., n. d. [Amesbury, 1863.]
In War Time and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1864.
Snow-Sound. A Winter Idyl. . . . Boston, 1866; London, 1867; Boston, 1868
(with ill.), 1872, 1875 (ill.), 1883 (with exp. notes, Riv. Lit. Ser. no. 4); London, 1891 (with design by Garrett, E. H.); Boston, 1892, 1896 (Riv. Sch. Lib.), 1904, 1906 (with ill. by Pyle, H. and others), 1911. [Many times rpd. and illustrated, and translated into several languages.]
The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1867. (Four different issues the same year.) The Tent on the Beach [first separate ed.]. Illustrated. Boston, 1877, 1899 (with intro. and notes, Riv. Lit. Ser. no. 41), 1899 (Lilliput Classics), 1896 (Riv. Sch. Lib.).
Maud Muller. . . . With Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. Boston, 1865, 1872;
London, with ill. by Carlone, G. [1886.], 1891. Also a broadside issue, n. p., n. d. [1865].
Among the Hills, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1866, 1876.
Miriam and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1871.
The Motherless [later entitled, The Sisters: a Picture by Barry. [Broadside.]
n. p., n. d. [Boston, 1871].
The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1873, 1874.
To Edward and Elizabeth Gove, on the Fifty-Fifth Anniversary of their Marriage, 29th of 6th mo., 1872. n. p., n. d. [Lynn, Massachusetts, 1872.]
Hazel-Blossoms. . . . Boston, 1875. [Contains 9 poems by Elisabeth H. Whittier, pp. 103-113.]
Mable Martin, A Harvest Idyl. . . . With [58] Illustrations. Boston, 1876; another ed., the same year, with 21 illustrations.
Another broadside ed., with music by Paine, J. K., Philadelphia [1876]; another ed., 6 pages, Philadelphia [1876].
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The Vision of Richard and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1878.

The River Path [first separate ed. . . . Illustrations Boston, 1878.


The King's Misive, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1881; London, the same year, as The King's Misive, Mabel Martin, and Later Poems.


An Autobiographical Sketch, containing autobiographic additions. [Broadside.]

Amesbury, 1882.

In Memoriam. Rebecca Chase Griswold of New Bedford, who died July 6, 1882. [A poetical tribute of 4 lines, written by request, and engraved upon a card.]

The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1883; London, the same year.

Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems. . . . Boston, 1886; London, the same year.

To a Cape Ann Schooner. [Broadside.] . . . Oak Knoll, 3d mo. 23, 1886.

Nausaughter, the Deacon. . . . Illustrated by Gara, Mrs. C. Ingersoll, with facsimile letter of Whittier to her. n. p., n. d. [New York, 1886].


The Mystic's Christmas. . . . Flushing, New York, n. d. 5 leaves.

The Captain's Well. . . . Illustrated by H. Pyle. 1890. [Supplement to The New York Ledger, 11 Jan., 1890. 4 pp.]


At Sundown. . . . Cambridge, 1890. [Privately printed.] Another ed., with designs by Garrett, E. H., containing prefatory note and 7 new poems, Boston, 1892; stereotype reprint, with different title-page, London, the same year.

Between the Gates. [Broadside.] n. p., n. d. [1891].


The Demon Lady. . . . n. p. [Haverhill, Massachusetts], 1894. [Privately printed]. 8 pp.

The Anti-slavery Convention of 1833 . . . Written in 1874. Old South Leaflets, No. 81, vol. 4. [Boston, 1897.]

At Last. . . . Wilmington, Delaware, 1897. [Privately printed, with Latin translation by Butler, H. M., and prefatory note by Bayard, T. P. See also, Independent, 53, 1349, 13 June, 1901.]
Whittier


III. Works Which Whittier Edited or to Which He Contributed

Introductions

Prentice, G. D. Biography of Henry Clay. 1831. [Whittier assisted in the preparation of this book.]


Root, Rev. David. The Abolition Cause Eventually Triumphant. A Sermon, delivered before The Anti-Slavery Society of Haverhill, Mass., Aug., 1836. Andover, 1836. [Edited by Whittier, who with two others was appointed to secure the address for publication.]

Martineau, Harriet. Views of Slavery & Emancipation; from Society in America. 1837. [Preface signed J. G. W.]

Letters from John Quincy Adams to His Constituents of the Twelfth Congressional District in Massachusetts. To which is added His Speech in Congress, delivered February 9, 1837. Boston, 1837. [Introductory Remarks signed J. G. W.]

The North Star: The Poetry of Freedom, by Her Friends. Philadelphia, 1840. [Edited anonymously, with prefatory note, by Whittier, who also contributed two poems, and possibly a third.]

Sturges, Joseph. A Visit to the United States in 1841. . . . London, 1842; Boston, the same year. [Unpreface signed to the Boston ed. ascribed to Whittier, who is mentioned extensively throughout the book, and is quoted on pp. 23-26, 60-62, 229-235.]


IV. Uncollected Poems

Whittier's uncollected poems, most of them juvenile, run well into the hundreds. S. T. Pickard in 1904 claimed to have in his possession more than three hundred such poems, dating from 1826 to 1835, which he had gathered from the files of old newspapers edited or contributed to by Whittier during these years. Manuscript collections in private hands would considerably swell this number. During his lifetime the poet never permitted any of these to be included in his works. In recent years, however, many of these rejected pieces have been made accessible, chiefly by S. T. Pickard in the columns of The Independent (1898-1913) and in his handbook entitled Whittier-Land (1904). The following list includes, in chronological order, all acclaimed poems that have come to notice, all poems dropped from early Whittier editions, and such other uncollected verse as may be found in early poetic anthologies, song books, pamphlets, and similar sources. The date and place of first publication are given, when possible, and all later reprints. No attempt is made to enumerate the scores of uncollected poems only accessible in rare newspapers and periodicals.

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V. Selections and Compilations

(School texts, illustrated gift books, and the like are generally omitted from the following list.) Ballads of New England By John Greenleaf Whittier. With Illustrations. Boston, 1870.


Text and Verse for Every Day in the Year. Scripture passages and parallel selec-


VI. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

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New York [1854], 1860. (Whittier, pp. 39-42.)


Burton, R. John Greenleaf Whittier. (The Beacon Biographies.) Boston, 1901. (Selected Bibliography, pp. 131-4.)


— John Greenleaf Whittier. (American Men of Letters.) Boston, 1903. (Bibliography, pp. 304-7.)


— The Home and Birthplace of Whittier. Ibid., 8, 65-72, July, 1904.


Claffin, M. B. Personal Recollections of John Greenleaf Whittier. [1903.]


— Clear Grit. . . . Ed. by Holmes, J. H. Boston, 1913. (For Whittier, pp. 277-92.)


Davis, R. I. Gleanings from Merrimac Valley. 2 vols., Haverhill, Mass., 1887.


— The Story of Whittier's "Countess." Ibid., 72, 478-88, Jan., 1901.

— Associations of Whittier. Ibid., 75, 353-68, June, 1902.

Ellis, G. E. "The King's Minnive" (with a letter by Whittier in reply and


Garrison, W. F. and F. J. William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879. The Story of His Life Told by His Children. 4 vols., 1879-1889. (For Whittier, see index.)


Griswold, H. T. Home Life of Great Authors. Chicago, 1887. (For Whittier, pp. 239-50.)


Hawkins, C. J. The Mind of Whittier; a Study of Whittier’s Fundamental Religious Ideas. [1914].


Hasselwander, M. W. Chats about Books, Poets, and Novelists. 1883. (For Whittier, pp. 212-26.)


—. The Happy Campers. Boston, 1882. (For Whittier, see index.)

—. Contemporary Poets. Boston, 1899. (For Whittier, pp. 60-71.)


—. The Place of Whittier Among Poets. Reader, 5, 658-72, Feb., 1905.


—. John Greenleaf Whittier. Ibid., 65, 1429-7, 10 Dec., 1907.


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Lawton, W. C. The New England Poets . . . 1906. (For Whittier, pp. 123-94.)


Livingston, L. S. The First Books of Some American Authors. Bookman, 8, 38-43, Sept., 1898. (For Whittier, pp. 41-3.)

Lowell, J. R. A Paideia for Critics. 1848.


Memorial to John Greenleaf Whittier, by the Citizens of Amesbury, Dec. 17, 1892. Amesbury, 1893. [Includes Whittier's Autobiography, Address by Stedman, B. C., and memorial tributes.]

A Memorial of John Greenleaf Whittier from His Native City. Haverhill, Massachusetts. [Camb., Mass., 1893. [Includes biographical sketch by Bartlett, A. L., and eulogy by Mead, E. D.]


Mitchford, M. R. Recollections of a Literary Life . . . 1852. (For Whittier, pp. 334-40.)


Perry, B. Whittier for To-day. Atlantic Monthly, 100, 851-9, Dec., 1907; rptd. in Park-Street Papers, Boston, 1908, pp. 173-201.

— John Greenleaf Whittier A Sketch of his Life . . . with Selected Poems (Riv. Lit. Sec., No. 175), Boston, 1907.

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— [Many uncollected poems, with bibliographical notes. Independent (chiefly), 1908-1912. See IV above.]
Porter, M. S. Recollections of Louise May Alcott, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Robert Browning. . . . [Boston. 1893. (For Whittier, pp. 31-43.)
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Sargent, Mrs. J. T. [Mary E.]. ed. Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston. Boston, 1880. (For Whittier, see index.)
Sidney, M. [Lothrop, Mrs. H. M. S.]. Whittier with the Children. Boston, 1893.
— John Greenleaf Whittier at Amesbury. Critic, 2 (n. s.), 205-6, 1 Nov., 1884; rptd. in Authors at Home, Personal and Biographical Sketches of Well-known American Writers, eds. Gilder, J. L. and J. B. [1886], pp. 345-54.
Stanton, E. C. Eighty Years and More (1819-1897): Reminiscences. London, 1898. (For Whittier, pp. 138-41.)
Whittier 451

Stewart, G. Evenings in the Library. . . . St. John, N. B., 1878. (For Whittier, pp. 130-60.)
Trowbridge, J. T. My Own Story. With Recollections of Noted Persons. Boston, 1903. (For Whittier, see index.)
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Woodman, Mrs. A. J. Reminiscences of John Greenleaf Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll, Danvers; followed by The John Greenleaf Whittier Centenary Exhibition at The Essex Institute, Dec. 17, 1907, to Jan. 31, 1908. Historical Collections of The Essex Institute, 44, 97-146, Apr., 1908. Also issued separately.

FRANK HUMPHREY RUSSELL.
CHAPTER XIV

POE

The fullest bibliography of Poe's writings is that by Harrison, J. A., Poe's Works, vol. xvi, pp. 355-379.

I. COLLECTED WORKS

The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe. With a Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold and Notices of his Life and Genius by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell. 4 vols. 1850-56. Rptd. 1858, 1861, etc.


The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Ed. Whittier, J. H. Boston, 1911; also, revised and enlarged, Boston, 1917.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Ed. Campbell, K. Boston, [1917].

II. SEPARATE WORKS


The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket. Comprising the Details of a Mutiny and Atrocious Butchery on Board the American Brig Grampus, on her Way to the South Seas. . . . 1838; also (with slight revision), London, 1838, 1841, 1899, 1861. Also under the title Extraordinary Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym, Mariner of Nantucket. . . . London, 1844.


Poe

The Raven and Other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. 1845. London, 1846. [This and the preceding item were also published together in one volume, 1845.]


III. Periodicals to which Poe Contributed

[Arranged in the order of Poe's first contribution to them.]

The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette. Portland and Boston.
The Saturday Evening Post. Philadelphia.
The Philadelphia Casket.
The Saturday Courier. Philadelphia.
The Baltimore Saturday Visiter. [B. S. V.]
The Baltimore Republican.
The New York Review.
The Baltimore Book (an annual).
The Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle and Mirror of the Times.
The Pittsburgh Literary Examiner.
The Boston Miscellany.
The Pioneer. Boston.
The Philadelphia Saturday Museum [S. M.].
The Dollar Newspaper. Philadelphia.
The Opal (an annual). Philadelphia.
The New York Sun.
The New York Evening Mirror [E. M.]. Assistant Editor Sept., 1844-Feb., 1845. Most of the matter appearing in this journal was reprinted in the Weekly Mirror.
The Democratic Review. New York.
The Broadway Journal [B. J.]. New York. Successively Associate Editor, Editor, and Editor and Proprietor, Feb., 1845-Jan., 1846.
The New York Tribune.
The Critic. London.
The Literary Emporium. New York.
The Missionary Memorial (an annual). New York.
The Mayflower (an annual). Boston.
The Philadelphia Spirit of Our Times.
The Post's Union Magazine. New York.
The Providence Daily Journal.
Saxton's Union Magazine. Philadelphia.
The Literary World. New York.
The Flag of our Union [P. G. U.]. Boston.
The Western Quarterly Review. Cincinnati.
The Richmond Whig.
The Richmond Examiner.
Leaflets of Memory (an annual). Philadelphia.

IV. Contributions to Magazines, Newspapers, Etc.

The lists of poems, tales, and essays are arranged chronologically. Poe re-published many of his poems and tales in revised form, but only the place of first publication is here given. The several editions of the poems and tales are referred to by their dates.

A. Poems

Poe 455


B. Tales

Bibliographies


C. Essays, Reviews, and Miscellaneous Articles

Poe


In the foregoing list, only the more important and more representative of Poe's book-reviews are included. A complete list of his reviews and book-notices would embrace several hundred additional items. In each of the foregoing lists an effort has been made to exclude all items of doubtful authenticity.

V. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

See also the introductions to the editions of Poe's writings listed in I. Alarcó, P. A. de. Juecios literarios y artisticos. Madrid, 1883.


Benton, J. In the Poe Circle. (1899).
— Edgar Poe in Deutschland. Die Zeit, Apr., 1905.
Bowen, E. W. Poe Fifty Years After. Forum, June, 1901.
Bruce, P. A. Background of Poe's University Life. South Atlantic Quarterly, July, 1911.
— Was Poe a Drunkard? South Atlantic Quarterly, Jan., 1912.
— Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Whitman. South Atlantic Quarterly, Apr., 1913.
Caem, W. B. Some Notes on Poe's 'At Aaraat.' Modern Philology, May, 1915.
— Miscellaneous Notes on Poe. Modern Language Notes, Mar., 1913.
Clarke, T. C. The Late N. P. Willis, and Literary Men Forty Years Ago. New-ark Northern Monthly Magazine, Jan., 1868.
-- The Poe Cult and Other Poe Papers. 1909.
Edgar Allan Poe [anon.]. Edinburgh Review, Apr., 1858.
Rptd. in English translation by Lewisohn, A., 1917.
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Graves, C. M. *Landmarks of Poe in Richmond*. Century Magazine, Apr., 1904.


Griswold, W. M. (Editor). *Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold*. Cambridge, 1858.


—— Poe's Knowledge of German. Modern Philology, June, 1904.


Hale, E. E., Jr. *Introduction to Stories and Poems by Edgar Allan Poe*. [1904.]


Hanson, O. Tolke og Seere. Kristiania, 1893.

Harrison, J. A. *New Glimpses of Poe*. Independent, 6 Sept., 1900. Rptd., with other items, as a separate work. 1901.

—— A Poe Miscellany. Independent, 1 Nov., 1906.


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Hippe, P. *Edgar Allan Poe's Lyrik in Deutschland*. Münster, 1913.
Howard, W. L. Poe and his Misunderstood Personality. Arena, Jan., 1904.
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— The Unknown Poetry of Edgar Poe. Belgravia, June, 1876.
— Edgar Poe’s “Raven.” Athenaeum, 17 Aug., 1878.
— The Raven. . . . With Literary and Historical Commentary. London, 1885.
Joyce, J. A. Edgar Allan Poe. n. d. [1901].
Kent, C. W. Poe’s Student Days at the University of Virginia. Bookman, July, 1901. [Also in Bookman, Jan., 1917.]
— The Unveiling of the Bust of Edgar Allan Poe in the Library of the University of Virginia, October the Sevenths, 1899. Lynchburg, n. d. [1901].
— Introduction to Vol. vi. of the Virginia Poe.
— Introduction to Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. 1901.
— Letters to Dead Authors. London, 1886.
Poe

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letters of Edgar Allan Poe, 1845-49 [Letters of Poe to Duyckinck, E. A.].
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the Griswold, Harrison, and Stedman-woodberry editions of Poe's works.
aible, H. W. Edgar Allan Poe. Outlook, 6 May, 1899.
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versity of Virginia, and in Vol. 11 of the Virginia Poe.
— The Spirit of American Literature. 1913.
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— Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame. Century, Dec., 1910. Rptd. in Gateways to
Literature, 1912.
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vol. n—30


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Reid, Mayne. A Dead Man Defended. Oswald, Apr., 1869.


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— Memoir prefixed to Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. 1875.


— Meetings with Poe. In Recollections, Personal and Literary. 1903.


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Thompson, J. R. The Late Edgar A. Poe. Southern Literary Messenger, Nov., 1849.

Ticknor, C. Poe’s Helen. 1916.

Tolman, A. H. Was Poe Accurate? The Views about Hamlet and Other Essays. Boston, 1904.


— Poe’s Rank as a Writer. East and West, Aug., 1900.


Ruptid in Littell’s Living Age, 25 May, 1846.


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Wendell, B. Stelligeri and Other Essays Concerning America. Pp. 138-140. 1831.


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The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary, with his Chief Correspondence with Men of Letters. 2 vols. Boston, 1909.


CHAPTER XV
PUBLICISTS AND ORATORS, 1860-1890
This Bibliography is frankly selective

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1. Writings


Observations on Pain's Rights of man, in a Series of Letters, by Publicola. . . .

Edinburgh. [1792.]

Correspondence between John Quincy Adams President of the United States, and Several Citizens of Massachusetts concerning the Charge of a Design to Dissolve the Union Alleged to have existed in that State. . . . Washington,

A Discourse on Education. . . . Boston, 1840.
Publicists and Orators

An Inaugural Oration, Delivered at the Author's Installation, as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, at Harvard University. . . . . 12 June, 1806. Boston, 1806.
The Jubilee of the Constitution. A Discourse Delivered at the Request of the New York Historical Society. . . . . . . the 30th of April, 1839. . . . . . . 1839.
Letters of John Quincy Adams to his Son, on the Bible and its Teachings. Auburn, 1850.
The Lives of James Madison and James Monroe. . . . . . . Boston, Buffalo, 1830; Philadelphia, 1834. [Largey a reprint of Eulogies on Madison and Monroe listed above.]

2. Biography and Criticism

Everett, E. A Eulogy on the Life and Character of John Quincy Adams. . . . . . . Boston, 1848.

THOMAS HART BENTON

1. Writings

Historical and Legal Examination of . . . Part of the Decision . . . in the Dred Scott Case. . . . 1857.
[Benton's speeches in Congress can be found in the Annals of Congress, Register of Debates, and Congressional Globe.]

2. Biography


JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

1. Writings

Works. Ed. Cralle, R. K. 6 vols. Columbia [also Charleston], 1851; New York, 1853-1855, etc.
Correspondence. Ed. Jameson, J. F. American Historical Association Annual Report, 1899, Vol. 11. [In addition to nearly 600 letters printed in full, the volume contains over 200 to Calhoun, and also calendar of letters by him previously printed.]
Speeches. . . . Delivered in the Congress of the U. S. from 1811 to the Present Time. 1843.

2. Biographies

Dodd, W. E. John C. Calhoun. In Statesmen of the Old South, 1911.
Hunt, G. John C. Calhoun. (American Crisis Biographies.) Philadelphia [1908.]
[Hunter, R. M. T.?] Life of John C. Calhoun. Presenting a Condensed History of Political Events from 1811 to 1843. Together with a Selection from his Speeches. . . . 1843.
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The Death and funeral Ceremonies of John Caldwell Calhoun, containing the speeches, reports, and other documents . . . . the oration of the Hon. R. B. Rhett, before the legislature &c. &c. Columbia, S. C., 1850.
Trent, W. P. John Caldwell Calhoun. In Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime. [1897.]

RUFUS CROMAT

Addresses and Oration. Boston, 1878.
HENRY CLAY

1. Published Speeches


An Address... to the Public; Containing Certain Testimony in Refutation of the Charges against Him, Made by Gen. Andrew Jackson, Touching the last Presidential Election. Washington, 1827; Russellville, 1828; Lexington, 1828; Natchez, 1828. Supplement to the Address of Henry Clay. Washington, 1828.


Speeches... Delivered in the Congress of the United States; to which is Prefixed a Biographical Memoir... Philadelphia, 1866, 1877, 1828. See, also, Sabin's Dictionary for other editions.

2. Biography and Criticism


EDWARD EVERETT

Writings:


Cradock, Education. [Washington University, St. Louis, Inauguration.] Boston, 1857.
Bibliographies


Address Delivered before the American Institute of the City of New York. . . . 1827.

An Address Delivered as the Introduction to the Franklin Lectures in Boston, November 14, 1831. Boston, 1832.


An Address, Delivered at Lexington, on the 17th April, 1835. Charlestown, 1835.

Worcester, 1835.


An Address Delivered at the Inauguration of the Union Club. . . . Boston, 1863.

An Address Delivered at the Consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 19th November, 1863. Boston, 1864.

Address . . . Delivered in Faneuil Hall, October 19, 1864. [Boston? 1864.]

ALBERT GALLATIN

I. Writings


Memorial of the Committee Appointed by the "Free Trade Convention" Held in Philadelphia in September and October, 1831. . . . 1832.

The Right of the United States . . . to the North-eastern Boundary. . . . 1840.

[See also Memoir read before the New York Historical Soc. Proceedings, 1843.]

Reports on the Finances from December, 1801, to December, 1812. In Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. 2 vols. Washington, 1828-29; also in Reports, 1801 to 1849, 7 vols. Washington, 1837-1851.


[Correspondence as Commissioner for negotiating Peace with Great Britain, as Commissioner for negotiating treaty of commerce with Great Britain, as minister to France, as commissioner to negotiate treaty of 1818, as minister to England.]


[Important papers and reports, as secretary of the treasury.]

The Journal of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, 1790-1795. [Gallatin's speeches.]


The Oregon Question . . . . 1846.


2. Biography


Stevens, J. A. Albert Gallatin. (American Statesmen Series.) Boston, 1883, 1899.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

Speech . . . on Mr. Foot’s Resolution. . . . January 21, 1830. Washington, 1830.

Defence of the South. General Hayne, in reply to Mr. Webster. . . . Charleston, 1830. See also The Great Debate between Hayne and Webster: ed. Swift, L., Boston, etc. [1898], and Hayne’s speech to which Webster replied, ed. Garnett, J. M., 1893.

Letter . . . to a Committee of the State Rights and Free Trade Party. . . . Charleston, 1832.

An Oration, Delivered in the Independent or Congregational Church, Charleston. . . . Charleston, 1831.


Speech . . . against the Tariff Bill. . . . April, 1824. Charleston, 1824.

Speech . . . on the Reduction of the Tariff. January 9, 1832. . . . Washington. [1832.]


JAMES KENT

1. Writings

Charter of the City of New-York, with Notes, also a Treatise on the Powers and Duties of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Assistant Aldermen, and the Journal of the City Convention. 1826, 1851, 1854.


Lecture Introductory to a Course of Law Lectures in Columbia College, Feb. 2, 1824. 1824.

Opinion upon Vested Rights, to the Common School Fund, Claimed by the Bethel Baptist Church. [Appended to Reply to a Remonstrance and Answer of the Bethel Free School, 1824.]

Summary of the Course of Law Lectures in Columbia College, commenced Nov. 8, 1824. 1824.

Summary of the First Ten Lectures of the Professor of Law in Columbia College. 1824.
Bibliographies

Most Material Parts of Kent's Commentaries, Reduced to Questions and Answers; by John C. Deveraux. Upon the plan and in the place of Kinne's Kent. New ed. by a Member of the New York Bar. 1881. Address before the Law Association of the City of New York, Oct. 31st., 1836. 1836. Brooklyn, 1839.


A Course of Reading, Drawn up . . . for the Use of the Members of the Mercantile Library Association. 1840.

2. Biography and Criticism

Duerr, John. Discourse on the Life, Character, and Public Services of James Kent . . . before the Judiciary and Bar of the City and State of New-York, April 12, 1848. 1848.


JOHN MARSHALL

1. Collected Constitutional Decisions

Writings . . . . Boston, 1839.


Original opinions as Chief Justice in the Reports edited by Cranch, 1810-1815; Wheaton, 1816-1827; Petens, 1828-1835.


2. Separate Works


3. Biography and Criticism


Dillon, J. P. [Ed.] Life, Character and Judicial Services, as Portrayed in the Centenary and Memorial Addresses . . . . 1901 and in the classical orations of Binney, Story, Phelps, Waite and Rawle. 3 vols. Chicago, 1903.


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James Monroe

1. Writings


People, the Sovereigns, Being a Comparison of the Government of the United States with Those of the Republics, which have existed before, with the Causes of their Decadence and Fall. Ed. Gouverneur, S. L. Philadelphia, 1867.

2. Biography and Criticism


The Lives of Celebrated Statesmen. 1846.


Jonathan Quincy

History of the Boston Athenaeum. . . . Cambridge, 1851.


JOHN RANDOLPH

1. Speeches
Annals of Congress, Washington, 1834. [Contains Randolph's speeches in part]
Speech Delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States . . . . the Fifth of March . . . . Richmond, [1806].
Substance of a Speech Delivered by Mr. John Randolph in a Committee of the Whole House . . . . the 6th of March, 1806. [Washington, 1806.]
Second Speech of the Hon. J. Randolph, on the Non-importation resolution of Mr. Gregg. [1806.]
To the Freeholders of Charlotte, Buckingham, Prince-Edward and Cumberland. [n. p., 1812.]
Substance of a Speech of Mr. Randolph, on Retrenchment and Reform . . . . 2d ed. with latest corrections. Washington, 1828.

2. Biography
Trent, W. P. Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime. [1897.]

WILLIAM RAWL


JOSEPH STORY

1. Writings
A full and elaborate bibliography of Story is given in the Catalogue of the Library of the Law School of Harvard University, 2 vols., Cambridge, 1909, on which the following bibliography is based.
Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, Foreign and Domestic, in regard to Con-
tracts, Rights, and Remedies, and especially to Marriages, Divorces, Wills,
Successions, and Judgments. Boston, 1834; 2d ed., Boston, 1841; 8th ed.,
Bigelow, M. M. Boston, 1883.
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Bibliographies

Miscellaneous Writings, Literary, Critical, Juridical, and Political. Boston, 1822.


Opinion in the Case of William Allen vs. Joseph McKeen, Treasurer of Bowdoin College, in the Circuit Court of the United States, at Portland, 1813. Boston, 1833.

Opinions of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Case of Proprietors of Charles River Bridge vs. Proprietors of Warren Bridge and Others. January Term, 1837. Boston, 1837. [Contains Story's Opinion.]


Selection of Pleadings in Civil Actions subsequent to the Declaration, with Annotations on the Law of Pleading. Salem, 1803; 2d ed. (Oliver, B. L. J.) Boston, 1829.

Key to Equity Jurisprudence; an Analysis Classified by Subjects and References, and an Index. By Guersey, R. S. 1876.


Charge to the Grand Jury of the Circuit Court of the United States, at its First Session, in Portland, for the Judicial District of Maine, May 8, 1820. Portland, 1820.

2. Biography and Criticism


JOHN TAYLOR

Arator, Being a Series of Agricultural Essays, Practical and Political; in sixty-four Numbers, by a Citizen of Virginia. Georgetown, D. C., 1813; 2d ed. rev. and enl. 1814; 4th ed. rev. and enl., Petersburg, 1818.


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Construction Considered, and Constitutions Vindicated. Richmond, Va., 1820.


Dodd, Wm. E. John Taylor, Prophet of Secession. Branch Historical Papers, II. Richmond, 1908.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER


ABRAHAM UPHER


HENRY WHEATON

A Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes. 1815.


The Progress and Prospects of Germany: A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, at Providence, R. I., September 1, 1847. Boston, 1847.


Digest of Decisions of the Supreme Court, 1789-1820 . . . 1821.

Digest of Decisions of the Supreme Court, 1820 to 1829 . . . by Two Gentlemen of the New York Bar. 1829.


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Historia de los progresos del derecho de gentes. . . . Bensasson, 1861.

Some account of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of William Pinkney. . . . 1826.

CHAPTER XVI

WEBSTER

I. COLLECTED WORKS

Speeches and Forensic Arguments . . . Boston, 1830. 2d vol., 1833. 3d vol.

1843. 8th ed., 1843.

Diplomatic and Official Papers . . . . 1848.

The Works of Daniel Webster . . . [also called Speeches, Forensic Arguments
and Diplomatic Papers of Daniel Webster]. With a Notice of his Life and


Boston . . . . 1903. 18 vols. [Ed. McIntyre, J. W. Memoir by Everett, William.
Edward; with additions by Everett, William. Much matter hitherto un-
collected.]

II. SELECTIONS

Beauties of Webster; selected and arranged with a critical essay by J. Ross.

London, 1849.


Calhoun and Webster . . . . Speeches on the Subject of Slavery . . . .

1850.


The Constitutional Text Book; containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel

Webster . . . . New York and Boston, 1854.


Daniel Webster on Slavery . . . . Boston, 1861.

Great Speeches and Orations . . . with an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master


Lea., 1879.


1886.


Daniel Webster on Protection . . . [Compiled by Wood, W. C.] Boston,

1894.

Constitutional Doctrines of Webster, Hayne and Calhoun. 1896. [American

History Leaflets, no. 30, Nov., 1896.]

Little Masterpieces. Webster: Representative Speeches. 1898. Ed. Perry,

Bilz.


III. SEPARATE PUBLICATIONS

[For a chronological list of Webster's speeches and writings, see vol. 18 of the
National Edition of his works; see also various vols. of the same edition for pieces
ill in manuscript, legal documents, important letters on public affairs, abstracts of speeches in contemporary periodicals, and reports of speeches in the Congressional Record. The following is a Chronological list of separate publications only.

n Oration, Pronounced at Hanover, New-Hampshire, the 4th Day of July, 1800. . . . Hanover . . . . 1800. [Reprinted in The Granite Monthly, Concord, N. H., 1884, and in The Bay State Monthly, Boston, 1884.]


Funeral Oration, Occasioned by the Death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Massachusetts. . . . Hanover . . . . 1801. Hanover, 1855.

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— Speech in Answer to Mr. Calhoun, March 22, 1838. Washington, 1838.

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Mr. Webster's Address at Andover, November 9, 1843. Boston, 1843.

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... Speech in the ... Senate March 23, 1848, upon the War with Mexico. Boston, 1848.

Speech ... on the Presidential Question. ... Marshfield, Mass., September 1, 1845. [?] 1846.

The Rhode Island Question. Mr. Webster's Argument in the Supreme Court. ... Washington, 1848.

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Opinion ... on the Florida Claims Arising under the ... Treaty of 1819, between the United States and Spain. [New York?] 1849.

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MARK VAN DOER.

CHAPTER XVII

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I. WRITERS WHOSE CHIEF INTEREST WAS THE REVOLUTION


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— Memoirs of the American Revolution from its Commencement to 1776 relating to South Carolina. 2 vols. Charleston, 1821. [Based on memoirs and papers of the writer’s father, Chief Justice William H. Drayton.]

Drayton, William H. A Charge on the Rise of the American Empire. Charleston [sic], 1776. [Delivered to the grand jury in Charleston.]
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— Separation of the Jewish Tribes after the Death of Solomon. Boston, 1777.

— The History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America: including an Account of the late War; and of the thirteen Colonies from their Origin to that Period. 4 vols. London, 1788; American ed., 3 vols., 1789; 2d Am. ed. 3 vols., 1794; 3d Am. ed. 3 vols., 1801.

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Ramsey, David, M.D. Sketch of the Soil, Climate, Weather, and Diseases of South Carolina. Charleston, 1796.
- Review of Improvements, Progress, and State of Medicine in the 18th Century. Charleston, 1801.
- Chronological Tables of the Principal Events of the English Colonies, 1607 to 1808. Charleston, 1811.
- Memoirs of the Life of Martha Laurens Ramsay. Charleston, 1812; Boston, 1812; London, 1813; Glasgow, 1818.
See under Gordon, William, above.
- Considerations on the Expediency of a Bridge from one Port of Boston to another. Boston, 1806. [Anon.]
- Discourse before the Humane Society at their Anniversary, May 1817. Boston, 1817.
- Letters on the Eastern States. 1820; Boston, 1821. [Anon.]
- Miscellaneous. Boston, 1811.
- Life of James Otis, of Massachusetts. Boston, 1823.
- Gebel Teir. Boston, 1829. [Anon.] [A political allegory.]
- Correspondence while chargé d'affaires to Brazil. Washington, 1837. (28th cong., 1st ses., House Docs., no. 32.)
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See also, Bibliography for Book II, Chap. 11.
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— Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant, or the New Matrimonial Tat-too for old
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Other editions. [One of Weems's most popular tracts.]

— Life of Washington. Georgetown, 1800. [The number of later editions
has been estimated at from 40 to 70.] 5th ed., Augusta, enlarged, 1806
[introduced the hatchet story]. German, Baltimore, 1817.

— and Horry, P. Life of General Francis Marion. 2d ed. Baltimore, 1814,
3d ed., improved, Baltimore, 1815. Philadelphia, 1816; 1825, 1841, 1855,
and many others. [Based upon the papers of General Peter Horry, who
resembled the use Weems made of the papers.]


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Philadelphia, 1809.

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Wealthy, and Happy Life, by Lewis Cornaro, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Scott.
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Baltimore, 1911.

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— Address in Celebration in Baltimore of the Triumph of Liberty in France.
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See, also, Bibliography for Book II, Chap. iii.

Kennedy, J. P., Discourse on the Life and Character of William Wirt. Balti-
more, 1834.

1850, 1852, 1853, 1856, 1860.

Southard, S. L. Discourse on the Professional Character and Virtues of the
II. HISTORIANS WHOSE CHIEF INTEREST WAS STATE HISTORY


— An Election Sermon before the General Court of New Hampshire, June 2, 1785. Portsmouth, 1785.

— The Foresters...or a Sequel to the History of John Bull the Clothier. Boston, 1792; 2d ed., enlarged, Boston, 1796.

— Discourse to Commemorate the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Boston, 1792.


— Sermon before the Convention of the Clergy of Massachusetts, May 26, 1796. Boston, 1796.

— Sermon on the Day of the National Past, May 9, 1798. Boston, 1798.


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— Pies in Vindication to the Connecticut Title to Contested Lands West of New York. New Haven, 1774.
— Appeal to the Public with Respect to the Unlawfulness of Divorce. New Haven, 1788.
— Century Sermon, North Haven, January 1, 1801. New Haven, 1801.
— General History of the United States. Vol. 1. Boston, 1810. [Only one of three announced vols. was published.]
— Appeal to the Public relative to the Unlawfulness of Marrying a Wife's Sister. N. p., 1810.
Letters of Sylvius, American Museum, 1757; also in pamphlet form, 1797; New ed. in Papers of Trinity College, N. C., Hist. Soc. Ser. 10, pp. 5-46, 1915.

III. WRITERS OF NATIONAL HISTORY

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- Literary and Historical Miscellanees. 1855.
- Tribute to the Memory of Humboldt. . . . 1859. Also in Pulpit and Rostrum, no. 6, 1859.

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- Oration . . . on the twenty-second of February, 1862. 1862. Also in Pulpit and Rostrum, no. 29, 1862.
- Oration pronounced in Union Square, April 25, 1865, at the funeral Obsen- quies of Abraham Lincoln in . . . New York. Pulpit and Rostrum, nos. 34 and 35, 1865.
- Memorial Address on . . . Lincoln, delivered . . . in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 12th of February, 1866. Washington, 1866; French, by Jottrand, Brussels, 1866.
- Joseph Reed: a historical Essay. 1867.
- Memorial on the Canal de Haro . . . presented in the name of the Amer- ican Government to His Majesty Wilhelm I. [Berlin, 1872]. German [Ber- lin, 1872].
- A Plea for the Constitution . . . wounded in the House of its Guardians. 1886.
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For the many controversies regarding Bancroft see Winsor, Narrative and Critical History, viii, p. 477, n. 5. For additional writings by Bancroft see the bibliography in Howe, George Bancroft, ii, 331-341. The best biographical material is in the following:
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George Bancroft's Library. The Critic, XIX, 339. 

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— Two Sermons at Cambridge, 25 January, 1829, the 37th Anniversary of the Author's Installation. Cambridge [Mass.], 1829.
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Palfrey was a voluminous writer of religious pamphlets, sermons, and tracts of various kinds. See Sabin, Dictionary, for other titles.

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--- Sermon at Charlestown, Nov. 29, 1798, on the Anniversary of Thanksgiving in Massachusetts. Boston, 1798, 1799. [Announced the existence of an alleged French revolutionary society, naming the suspected members.]


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Sparks, Jared. The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge. Vol. 1. Boston, 1830. [Sparks sold his half interest in this work at the end of a year, but his successors carried it forward until 1861.]


Correspondence of the American Revolution... Letters... to George Washington. 4 vols. Boston, 1853.


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Adams, H. B. The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks. 2 vols. Boston, 1893. [Contains indispensable bibliography, with numerous items not listed here.]

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CHAPTER XVIII
PRESCOTT: MOTLEY

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

I. Collected Works


II. Separate Works


III. Biography and Criticism

Catalogue of the valuable library of William Hickling Prescott. Boston, 1871. [The MSS. collected for the writing of Ferdinand and Isabella were left by Prescott’s will to the Harvard College Library.]


Prescott: Motley

Wilson, Robert A. A New History of the Conquest of Mexico. [Criticism of Prescott.] Philadelphia, 1859.
See, also, introductions to various editions.

John Lethrop Motley

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Merry-Mount, a Romance. 1840.
Four Questions for the People, at the Presidential Election. Address ... before the Parker Fraternity. October 20, 1868. Boston, 1868.

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III. Biography and Criticism


Fiske, J. Spain and the Netherlands. In The Unseen World, 1876, p. 211.


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Heyward, J. C. Mr. Motley's Latest History. In How They Strike Me, These Authors.


Early Humorists

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CHAPTER XIX

EARLY HUMORISTS

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WILLIAM AUSTIN (1778-1841)

An Oration, Pronounced at Charlestown ... Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Charlestown, 1801.
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See, also, page 369 n., above.

GEORGE W. BAGBY (1828-1883)

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Canal Reminiscences: Recollections of Travel in the Old Days. Richmond, 1879.
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JOEL BARLOW (1754-1812)
[See Bibliography for Book I, Chap. IX]

CHARLES FARRAR BROWN (1834-1867)

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WILLIAM BYRD (1674-1744)

See, also, Bibliography for Book I, Chap. 1.

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK (1810-1873)
The Knickerbocker Sketch-Book. 1850.
Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table. 1852.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK (1810-1841)
Poems. 1839, 1847.

WILLIAM COX (17-1851)

PERRISICK SWARTOUT COXENS (1818-1869)
Prismatic. By Richard Haywards. 1853.
The Sparrowgrass Papers, or, Living in the Country. 1856.
Early Humorists 505

To Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. 1857.
Acadia, or A Month with the Blue Noses. 1859.
The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker, and Other Learned Men. 1867.
Biology on Colonel Porter. 1865.
Poems. 1867.
Rita-Greene Halleck: a Memorial. 1868.
Private Theatricals, and Wives and Weathercocks. 1880.
Sayings, wise and Otherwise. 1880.

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Ellis, Edward S. Life of Colonel David Crockett. Philadelphia, 1884.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS (1795-1867)
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Jack Downing’s Song-Book. Providence, 1836.
May-Day in New York. 1845.
Labor, or Productive Industry. 1849.

GEORGE HORATIO DUBY (1823-1861)
The Squibob Papers. By John Pheniz. 1859.

PHILIP PERNEL (1752-1832)
[See Bibliography for Book I, Chap. IX.]

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH (1793-1866)
The Travels, Voyages, and Adventures of Gilbert Go-Abred. 1856.
For a list of the numerous other writings of this author, see Duyckinck’s Cyclopaedia of American Literature.

JOSEPH GREEN (1766-1806)
[See Bibliography for Book I, Chap. IX.]

ASA GREENE (1785-1837)
The Life and Adventures of Dr. Didimus Duckworth, A. N. Q. To which is added the History of a Steam Doctor. 2 vols. 1833.
A Yankee among the Nullifiers; an Autobiography. 1833.
Travels in America. By George Flibbleton, Esq., Ex-barber to His Majesty, the King of Great Britain. 1833.
The Perils of Pearl Street. 1834.
A Glance at New York. 1837.
The Debtor’s Prison. 1837.
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CHARLES GRAHAM HALPIRE (1829-1866)

Lyrics by the Letter H. 1854.
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Baked Meats of the Funeral: A Collection of Essays, Poems, Speeches, Histories, and Banquets by Private Miles O'Reilly. 1866.
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SAMUEL A. HAMMETT (1816-1865)
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The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Priest. 1855.
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JOHN JOSSELYN

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JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY (1795-1870)
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See, also, Bibliography for Book II, Chap. VII.

SARAH KEMBLE KNIGHT (1666-1727)
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DAVID ROSS LOCKE (1833-1888)
Divers Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours Truly, Petroleum V. Nasby. 1865.
Andy's Trip to the West. 1866.
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The Impending Crisis vs the Democracy. Toledo, 1868.
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Mark Twain's Only Rival. Philadelphia, 1875.
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The Diary of an Office Seeker. Toledo, 1881.
Nasby in Exile; or, Six Months of Travel. Toledo and Boston, 1882.
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AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET (1790-1870)

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Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the first Half Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian. Augusta [Ga.], 1835. New York, 1840, etc.
Know Nothingism Unveiled. [Washington, 1855.]
Stories with a Moral, Humorous and Descriptive of Southern Life a Century ago. Philadelphia, 1912.

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The Genes. A Family History. 1851.
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A Speech on International Copyright. 1842.
The Various Writings of Cornelius Mathews. 1849.
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Jacob Leisler. A Play. 1846.
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Chanticleer. A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. 1850.

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JOSEPH CLAY NEAL (1807–1847)


Peter Piddly and Other Oddities. Philadelphia, 1844.

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J. SANDERSON (1783–1844)

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HENRY WHEELER SHAW (1818-1885)

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BENJAMIN PERMALLOW SKILLABER (1814-1890)

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CHARLES HENRY SMITH (1865-1903)

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Bill Arp’s Letters. 1868.
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SERA SMITH (1792-1868)
Letters, Written during the President's Tour. Cincinnati, 1833.
John Smith's Letters. 1839.
Powhatan, a Metrical Romance. 1841.
The Religion and the Superstitions of the North American Indians. 1846.
Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century [Anthology]. 1846.
New Elements of Geometry. 1850.
Way Down East, or Portraits of Yankee Life. 1854, 1859.
My Thirty Years Out of the Senate. 1859.
Speeches of John Smith, Esquire, not Delivered at Smithville. 1864.

MORTIMER THOMPSON (1832-1875)
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Plu-Ri-Bus-Tah, a Song that's by no Author. 1856. [Parody of Hiawatha.]
The Witches of New York. 1859.
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A Voice to America [with Frederick Saunders]. 1855.
Scenes in Arkansas. 1858.
Reminiscences of Charles L. Elliott, Artist. 1868.
Magazines and Annuals

JOHN TRUMBULL (1759-1831)
[See Bibliography for Book I, Chap. ix.]

ROYAL TYLEE (1757-1826)
[See Bibliographies for Book I, Chap. ix; Book II, Chaps. ii, iii, vi.]

NATHANIEL WARD [1798(?)-1842]
[See Bibliography for Book I, Chap. iii.]

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MARK VAN DOREN

CHAPTER XX

MAGAZINES AND ANNUALS

I. MAGAZINES

A. Lists, Brief Histories, etc.

[Note. Bibliographical material for the student of American literary magazines is as yet very meagre and unsatisfactory. At various times plans have been made for a complete and accurate list of American periodicals, but as yet the difficulties of the undertaking have not been overcome. These difficulties arise not only from the great number of magazines but from the fact that these often suspended publication or consolidated with one another without notice, and that many of them underwent changes of editorship, title, format, frequency of issue, or place of publication, often within the compass of a single volume. At present, the student can do no better than to use the bibliographies of a few monographs which present the results of study in certain groups of periodicals, and the published check lists of a few libraries. Most of the latter include serials of all kinds, and few of them lay claim to bibliographical accuracy in recording minor changes of title, etc. In the following list some of those which are likely to prove most valuable are marked with an asterisk. For many kinds of investigation this bibliography should be supplemented by that for Book I, Chap. xii.]

In the section on individual periodicals, brief passages in local histories, and in biographies of contributors, etc., have been included only when they seemed especially valuable.]
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* List of Serials in the University of Illinois Library, together with those in other Libraries in Urbana and Champaign. By Francis K. Drury. Urbana-Champaign, 1911.


* A Joint Catalogue of the Periodicals, Publications and Transactions of Societies, and other Books published at Intervals to be found in the various Libraries of the City of Toronto. Toronto, 1913.


* Cairns, William B. On the Development of American Literature from 1615 to 1833, with special reference to Periodicals. Madison, Wisconsin, 1898. (List of periodicals in appendices.)


* Evans, Charles. American Bibliography. A Chronological dictionary of all books, pamphlets, and periodical publications printed in the United States of America from the genesis of printing in 1639 down to and including the year 1820. Chicago, 1903-. Volume VIII (1790-1792), 1912.


* Goodnight, Scott Holland. German Literature in American magazines prior to 1866. Madison, Wisconsin, 1907. (Appendix, List C, has names of periodicals consulted.)
Magazines and Annuals

Haertel, Martin Henry. German Literature in American Magazines, 1846 to 1880. Madison, Wisconsin, 1906. (Appendix, List C, has names of periodicals consulted, with dates.)

Indexed Periodicals. Bulletin of Bibliography, vol. 4, page 55. ["This list contains all Poole's Index and Cumulative Index titles from beginning to the end of 1897."]


* Poole, William Frederick. An Index to Periodical Literature. Third edition, Boston, 1882. (List of periodicals indexed and chronological prospectus, p. vi.)

— and Fletcher, William L. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature: The first supplement, from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1887. Boston and New York, 1888. [Periodicals indexed, p. vi. Note.—Later supplements to Poole's Index cover no magazines before 1850.]


Roorbach, O. A. Supplement to the Bibliotheca Americana. Composing a list of Books (Reprints and original Works) which have been published in the United States within the past year . . . together with a List of Periodicals. 1850. (List of periodicals, pp. 121-4.)

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[Tudor, William.] Miscellanies by the Author of "Letters on the Eastern States." Boston, 1821. [List of Massachusetts magazines before 1820, page 6.]
— Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley. Historical and biographical Sketches. Cincinnati, 1891. [Chapter iii, pages 89-128.]
Wilson, James Grant [Ed.]. Memorial History of the City of New York, from its first Settlement to the Year 1892. 1893. [Newspapers and Magazines, by William L. Stone: the magazines, volume iv, page 159.]
Winsor, Justin [Ed.]. The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630-1880. Boston, 1881. [The Press and Literature of the last hundred Years, by Cummings, Charles A., volume iii, page 617. For magazines see especially page 618.]
[In the preparation of the foregoing section, aid has been given by Mr. Merle M. Hoover.]

B. Individual Periodicals

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The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston, 1883.
Magazines and Annuals

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston, 1885. Pages 157-263.
[See, also, Bibliography for Book II, Chap. viii.]

Graham's Magazine
Critic, volume xxv, page 44. George R. Graham. [Biographical and obituary note.]

The Knickerbocker Magazine
The Knickerbocker Gallery. A Testimonial to the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine from its Contributors. With forty-eight portraits on steel, from original pictures engraved expressly for this work. 1855.

The Monthly Anthology and North American Review
—., vol. ccl (1915). This contains many articles relating to the centenary of the magazine. See especially, From Madison to Wilson, p. 1; J. H. Ward, The North American Review, p. 131; W. D. Howells, Part of Which I Was, p. 135; H. C. Lodge, This Review; a Reminiscence, p. 749.

The Southern Literary Messenger
Bibliographies


II. LITERARY ANNUALS AND GIFT-BOOKS

[Note. The one invaluable reference for the student of the annuals and gift-books is P. W. Paxson's bibliography with its descriptive introduction, but as only 150 copies of this were printed it is not always readily available. In default of this the same author's earlier lists in the Bulletin of Bibliography, and some of the check lists of public libraries will be useful. There were many reviews and notices of annuals, singly and in groups, in the periodicals from 1835 to 1880. Only a few, and these not necessarily the most valuable, are listed here. Numerous brief references to particular annuals may be found in the biographies of editors, contributors, and publishers, and in their published letters and journals.]

Bulletin of the Public Library of the City of Boston, volume xii, page 137 (1893). Annuals, including year books, annuaires, Jahrbücher, registres, and other annual publications.


The following annuals and gift-books are not listed in Mr. Paxson's bibliography:


The Floral Offering. A Token of Affection and Esteem. . . . by Henrietta Du-mont. [Binder's title and half-title, The Language of Flowers.] Phila-
Magazines and Annuals


Flower Tokens. New York, J. C. Riker. n. d. [6 pl.], 744 x 6. [This has the binding, plates, and general appearance of an annual, but instead of text has blank pages for copying poems, or perhaps for preserving pressed flowers.]


Ladies Vase, or Polite Manual for Young Ladies; Original and selected by an American Lady. Lowell, N. L. Dayton; Boston, Lewis & Sampson, 1843. 151 pp., 3 ¾ x 3 ¾. [For 5¢ edition see 454 Paxon.]

The Ladies Wreath and Parlor Annual. New York, Burck & Scovill. n. d. 218-218 pp., 24 pl., 12 on steel, 12 coloured, 8 ¾ x 5 ¾. [Evidently reprinted from two volumes of a magazine, but without dates or divisions into numbers. See Paxon, p. 43.]


The Lily. A Holiday Present. . . . New York, E. Sands. [c. 1830.] [Date 1840 on binding.] [Same as 406 and 4096, Paxon, except for binder’s date.]

The Lily of the Valley for 1855. Edited by Elizabeth Doton. Boston, Benjamin Greene, 1855. [Same as 506 Paxon, except for publisher.]


The Sacred Offering. A Poetical Gift. Boston, Joseph Dowe, 1838. [Probably the same as 736 Paxon, except for date.]


The Young Lady's Book. A Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits. Boston, A. Bowen, and Carter & Hendee; Philadelphia, Carey & Lea. n. d. [Preface dated Boston, October, 1830.] ["Instead of being an Annual flower, to bloom and be forgotten, it aspires to be a perenniaL"] 503 pp., 44 "principal embellishments" (not all full page), 6 1/2 x 4 1/4. [This is a reprint of an English work, with illustrations by American artists.] Seventh edition, Boston, Charles Wells, 1840.

The Young Man's Offering, comprising Prose and Poetical Writings of the most eminent Authors. Boston, Phillips & Sampson, 1850. [Preface dated March, 1848.] 316 pp. [6 pl.], 7 1/4 x 4 1/4. [Evidently same as 368 Paxson, except date.]


CHAPTER XXI

NEWSPAPERS, 1775-1860

GENERAL HISTORIES AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES


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Gerden, C. B. Newspapers and Periodicals in Ohio State Library, Other Libraries of the State, etc. Columbus, 1902.

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Kenney, D. J. The American Newspaper Directory and Record of the Press. 1861.
King, H. American Journalism. Topeka, 1871.
— Some Account of American Newspapers, particularly of the Eighteenth Century, and Libraries in which they may be found. In New Jersey Archives, vols. xi, xii, and xiii. Paterson, N. J., 1894.
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Briody, W. T. Life of William T. Porter. 1860.
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Chandler, K. List of California Periodicals issued previous to the Completion of the Transcontinental Telegraph (August 15, 1866-October 24, 1861). San Francisco, 1905.
Daniel, F. S. The Richmond Examiner during the War; or, The Writings of John M. Daniel, with a Memoir of his Life. 1868.
Hughes, R. W. Editors of the Past. [In Virginia.] Richmond, 1897.
James, B. J. A Bibliography of Newspapers Published in Illinois prior to 1860. Springfield, 1899.
McLaughlin, J. P., Matthew Lyon, the Hampden of Congress. 1900.
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James Gordon Bennett

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SAMUEL BOWLES
Merriam, G. S. Life and Times of Samuel Bowles. 1885.

PHILIP FRENEAU
Austin, M. S. Philip Freneau, the Poet of the Revolution. A History of his Life and Times. 1901.
See, also, Bibliography to Book I, Chap. IX.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

HORACE GREELEY
Benton, J. Greeley on Lincoln, with Mr. Greeley's Letters to Charles A. Dana and a Lady Friend, to which are added Reminiscences of Horace Greeley. 1893.
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THOMAS RITCHIE


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General Editors: Rev. Philip Schaff... Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter... [and others]. 13 vols. 1893-97. [False title; each vol. has a different title-page.]
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Churches in the United States by A. H. Newman... 1894. III.
A History of the Congregational Churches in the United States by William
Walker... 1894. IV. A History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the
United States by Henry Oyster Jacobs... 1893. V. A History of
Methodists in the United States by J. M. Buckley... 1895. VI.
A History of the Presbyterian Churches in the United States by Robert Ellis
Thompson... 1895. VII. A History of the Protestant Episcopal
Church in the United States... by Charles C. Tiffany... 1895.
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German, and the Moravian Church in the United States by E. T. Corwin...
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Catholic Church in the United States by Thomas O'Gorman... 1895. X.
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Notice of Distinguished American Clergymen of various denominations,
from the early settlement of the country to the close of the year eighties
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and Letters; vol. 2, Science and Public Life.]
The Story of the Churches [Series]. 1. Charles Lennard Thompson. The Presbyte-
Faulkner. The Methodists [1904]; 4. Leonard Woolsey Bacon. The
Congregationalists [1904] [Pithy but very brief]; 5. Daniel Delany
Addison. The Episcopalian [1904] [Not valuable. No index]; 6. Er-
rett Gates. The Disciples of Christ [1905].

Unitarianism: its Origin and History . . . Sixteen Lectures delivered in
from the Fiftieth to the Nineteenth Century. Rev. Andrew P. Peabody.
III. Unitarianism and the Reformation. Rev. Seth C. Beach. IV. Unitarin-
ism in England. Rev. Brooke Herford. V. The Contact of American Uni-
Early New England Unitarians. Rev. Andrew P. Peabody. vi. Cham-
xii. Unitarianism and Modern Biblical Criticism. Rev. James De Nor-
mandie. xiii. Unitarianism and Modern Scientific Thought. Rev. Thomas
xv. The Relation of Unitarianism to Philosophy. Rev. Charles Carroll
Divines and Moralists


Jacob Abbott

Abbott, Jacob. The Young Christian; or, a Familiar Illustration of the Principles of Christian Duty. Revised Edition. Published by the American Tract Society . . . n. d. [1834]. Boston, 1835. Memorial Edition with a sketch of the author by one of his sons [Edward Abbott]. Illustrated. 1882. [Section xv of the sketch, pp. 110-127, is a Bibliography; "intended to be exhaustive only as respects titles. No attempt has been made to enumerate all editions.""] The earliest ed. cited of The Young Christian is that of Boston, 1834.

Archibald Alexander (1772-1851)

Alexander, Archibald, and his sons James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859) and Joseph Addison Alexander (1809-1860). See Addison and Fowler (op. cit.).

Andover Theological Seminary

The Constitution and Associate Statutes of the Theological Seminary in Andover; with a Sketch of its Rise and Progress. Published by order of the Trustees. Boston . . . 1806. [Pamphlet, 68 pp. Pp. 3-10: Historic Sketch, exhibited at the Opening of the Theological Institution. By Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D.]


The Andover Heresy. In the matter of the complaint against Egbert C. Smyth and others, Professors of the Theological Institution in Phillips Academy,
Bibliographies

Andover. Professor Smyth’s Argument, together with the statements of Professors Tucker, Harris, Hincks, and Churchill. Boston, 1887. [ Pamphlet, 130 pp.]


BALLOU, HORAE. I (1771-1852) AND II (1796-1861)


Buckminster, Joseph. A Series of Letters, etc. Wellman and Lanphere. The Question at Issue in the Andover Case. See, also, Addison, Chadwick, and Winsor (op. cit.).

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887)

I. Separate Works


Life Thoughts, gathered from the extemporaneous discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his congregation [Edna Dean Proctor]. Tenth thou- sand. Boston, 1878.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruit, Flowers and Farming. 1859. New Star Papers; or Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. 1859. [“for the most part . . . from the columns of the New York Independent.”]
Divines and Moralists

Eyes and Ear. Boston, 1862. ["reprinted, with a few exceptions, from the New York Ledger . . . a few . . . from the New York Independent."]

Freedom and War. Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times. Boston, 1865.


[From the New York Ledger.] Norwood; or, Village Life in New England. 1868.


Plymouth Pulpit: Sermons preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From Ellinwood's Stenographic Reports. [Various series and dates from 1874.]


Yale Lectures on Preaching. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn. . . . in the regular course of the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching." From phonographic reports. 1872-74. 3 vols. 1 vol., 1881; 1893; 1900.


Address on Montefiore. [Reprinted in Kohut, wi 7opos, pp. 34-39. Appendix II [where it is said to be from] "Addresses . . . at the . . . service . . . at Temple Rama-Bi, New York, on the occasion of Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., completing [his] one-hundredth year . . . October 26, 1884, N. Y., pp. 7-12.

. . . Henry Ward Beecher's Statement before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn in which he renounces his membership . . . and gives a full statement of his doctrinal beliefs and unbeliefs. [This report is complete, and is authorized and corrected by Mr. Beecher.] n. d. [Pamphlet, 28 pp. Above is t. p. on cover; title on p. 1 is:] Mr. Beecher's Reasons for Withdrawing from the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. . . . October 13, 1882.

Evolution and Religion. Part I. Eight Sermons. Discussing the bearings of the evolutionary philosophy on the fundamental doctrines of evangelical Christianity. . . . Part II. Eighteen Sermons. Discussing the application of the evolutionary principles and theories to the practical aspects of religious life. 1885.

Patriotic Addresses, in America and England, from 1850 to 1865, on slavery, the Civil War, and the development of civil liberty in the United States, edited with [pp. 11-161] a Review of Mr. Beecher's personality and influence in vol. u-24
Bibliographies

public affairs, by John R. Howard. 1887. [Probably the fullest and most convenient and accessible collection.]

II. Biography and Criticism


LYMAN BEECHER (1775-1852)

Howard, John R. Review of Mr. Beecher's personality and influence, etc., in Beecher, Henry Ward, Patriotic Addresses (above) passim. Soc, also, Dexter and Staken (op. cit.).

JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER (1751-1812)

Divines and Moralists

A Discourse, delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. Joseph B. Buckminster, to the Pastoral Charge of the Church in Brattle-Street, Boston. By Joseph Buckminster, D.D., Pastor of the North Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed. Boston, ... 1805. [Preface.]


JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER (1784-1812)

The Works of Joseph Stevens Buckminster with Memoirs of his Life. In two volumes ... Boston ... 1839. ["This edition includes Mr. Thacher's Memoir, and Notices of Mr. Buckminster by Mr. Norton, Mr. Charles Eliot, and Rev. Mr. Colman. It also includes extracts from sermons first published in the 'Christian Disciple.'"] Lee, Memoirs, p. 483. [Otherwise a reprint of the sermons of 1814 and of 1839, as below.]


Biography and Criticism


— Letter to George Ticknor, in Tracts concerning Christianity [see below].

Quincy, Josiah. The History of the Boston Athenæum with biographical notices [separately pagd] of its deceased founders ... Cambridge, 1851. [Chs. 1 and 11 passim and Biographical Notices pp. 49-53.]


See, also, Chadwick (op. cit.); and Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor, vol. 1. pp. 8, 9, 10 and note, 17.
Bibliographies

HORACE BUSHNELL (1802-1876)


Christ in Theology; being the answer of the Author, before the Hartford Central Association of Ministers, October, 1849, for the Doctrines of the Book entitled "God in Christ." Hartford, 1851.

Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God. 1853. 4th ed., 1859 [entered 1858].

¿Quién es el Cristo? Reflexiones Filosóficas sobre la Vida y Hechos de Jesús-Cristo. Por Horacio Bushnell. Sociedad Americana de Tratados. . . Nueva York. n. d. [96 pp.][Prefacio del Traductor is signed Thos. L. Gulick. A translation of the greater part of Ch. 2 of Nature and the Supernatural. Probably either the original or a reprint of the translation listed in H. B. Learned's bibliography under the year 1861, title The Character of Jesus.]


Christ and his Salvation: in Sermons variously related thereto. 1864. 3d ed. 1865.

Work and Play; or Literary Varieties . . . 1864. [Contents: 1848, Work and Play (Harvard ß B ß Oration); 1857, The True Wealth or WEAL of Nationes (Yale ß B ß Oration); 1843, The Growth of Law (Yale Soc. of Alumni); 1849, The Founders Great in their Unconsciousness (New England Soc. of N. Y.); 1851, Historical Estimate of Connecticut (Normal School Inauguration, New Britain); 1846, Agriculture at the East; [n. d.] Life, or the Lives (Lecture); [n. d.] City Prais; [n. d.] The Doctrine of Loyalty; 1851, The Age of Homespun (Litchfield County Centennial); 1846, The Day of Roads (Thanksgiving, Hartford); 1852, Religious Music (Yale, Beethoven Soc.).]

The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in principles of universal obligation. 1866 [esp. 1865].


Moral Uses of Dark Things. 1868, 1869.

Women's Suffrage; the Reform against Nature. 1869.

Sermons on Living Subjects. 1872.

Forgiveness and Law, Grounded in Principles interpreted by Human Analogies. 1874. [Incorporated (1877 and later eds.) as a second volume of The Vicarious Sacrifice.]

Building Eras in Religion. Literary Varieties. III. 1885.


[Extensive bibliography by Henry Barrett Learned, pp. 445-473.]
Divines and Moralists 533

Biography and Criticism


See, also, Boardman, Gladden, and Stokes (op. cit.).

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817)
Separate Works


A Sermon preached at the opening of the Theological Institution in Andover; and at the ordination of Rev. Elizabet Pearson, LL.D., September 28th, 1808. Boston. . . . 1808. [Reproves secular culture in the pulpits.]


On Light. Red. 327-332. n. d. [1816 ?].


An Essay on the Stage: in which the Arguments in its behalf, and those against it, are considered; and its morality, character, and effects illustrated. London, 1824. "This edition purports to be a reprint of one issued in Middletown, Connecticut, and has a Preface which is written as if for publication in the author's lifetime; but no copy of the original edition is traced."—Dexter: Biographical Sketches, ii, 332.


Biography and Criticism

Bibliographies

Stiles, Ezra. Library Diary, passim.
Vols. 1, pp. [10]-16. See, also, Addison, Dexter [extensive bibliography], Sprague (Annals, 11), Stokes.
CHARLES HODGE (1797-1878) and HIS SON ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE (1823-1886)
What is Darwinism? 1874.
Hodge, Archibald Alexander. The Life of Charles Hodge. n. d. [1880]. [No bibliography; account of writings very meagre.]
MARE HOPKINS (1862-1887)
Separate Works
Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, before the Lowell Institute, January, 1844. Boston, 1846. [The same: revised as a text-book with a supplementary chapter considering some attacks on [sic] the critical school, the corroborative evidence of recently discovered manuscripts, etc., and the testimony of Jesus on his trial. Presentation edition, on the Bros Foundation, Lake Forest College. Boston, 1909.
Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses... Boston, 1847. [Partial contents: On Mystery (1828); On the Argument from Nature for the Divine Existence (1833); On the Connection between Taste and Morals (1830); Williams College Inaugural Discourse (1836); Williams College Semi-Centennial Address (1843).]
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lectures on Moral Science. Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

... New York, Cincinnati, 1863.

he Law of Love and Love as a Law; or Moral Science, Theoretical and Practi-

wenty Baccalaureate Sermons, delivered at Williams-town, Mass., 1850-1872.

... Boston, n. d. [1872]. [Table of contents gives date of each sermon, but no page reference. Each sermon has its own paging, t. p., and copyright entry. The vol. seems to have been made up of the sermons in pamphlet form, bound together and provided with a general title-page, as above, and a table of contents. It has no copyright entry.]

an Outline Study of Man; or, The Body and Mind in one System. With illus-

trative diagrams, and a method for blackboard teaching. ... 1873. Lon-
don, 1873. New York, n. d. [1878].

trength and Beauty. Discussions for Young Men. ... n. d. [1874]. [Con-
tains 19 baccalaureate sermons. No prefatory matter; no reference to any earlier edition.]

he Law of Progress: A Centennial Discourse, before the Alumni of Williams Col-
lege. ... North Adams, Mass. ... 1875. [Pamphlet, 22 pp.]

he Scriptural Idea of Man. Six Lectures Given before the Theological Stu-
dents at Princeton. ... 1883.

eachings and Counsels. Twenty Baccalaureate Sermons with a Discourse on Presi-
dent Garfield. ... 1884. ([From the Preface.] "The following baccalaureate

sermons were originally published in pamphlets at the time they were de-

livered. With one exception, they were subsequently modified, their order was changed, and they were published in a volume entitled 'Strength and Beauty.' The exception was the discourse on 'Providence and Revelation,' delivered in 1864, containing my estimate of President Lincoln and some remarks on the war. The texts are now restored, the discourses are placed in the order in which they were delivered, and, though the more immediate address to the class is still in some instances abbreviated or modified, they are yet substantially as they were."

Contributions to Periodicals

1) The Moral Problem. The International Review. Vol. v. (1878), pp. 367-


(3) Professor Tyndall upon the Origin of the Cosmos. Princeton Revi-

ew, 55th year, Nov., 1879, pp. 471-492. (4) Personalism and Law—The


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arter, Franklin. Mark Hopkins. ... Boston and New York, 1892. (American

Religious Leaders.) [Pp. 367-370, "List of Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins's

Published Writings. Including, so far as ascertainment, Addresses, Sermons,

and Magazine Articles." (50 titles.)

erry, Arthur Latham. Williams-town and Williams College. ... 1899. [Passim; the index is inadequate.]
Bibliographies


. . . Vol. I, No. 4. [Pamphlet].


See also, Gladheim (op. cit.).

SAMUEL HOPKINS (1721-1803)

The Works of Samuel Hopkins. . . With a Memoir of his Life and Character [by Edwards A. Park]. . . Boston . . . 1832. 4 vols. [Does not include (see Memoir, p. 231) "his 'Animadversion on Mr. Hart's Late Dialogues,' . . . the larger part of his essays for the periodicals," or "his four Biographies"—viz. of Jonathan Edwards, Susanna Anthony, Sarah Osborn, and himself.]

The Life and Character of the late Reverend Mr. Jonathan Edwards, president of the College of New-Jersey. By Samuel Hopkins. Together with a number of his Sermons on various important subjects. Boston: Printed by S. Kneeland, M, DCC, LXV. [So in Evans: American Bibliography, vol. iv, p. 10, No. 9961. Park: Memoir, p. 213, gives for the first ed. a different t. p. and the date 1764. This has not been traced.]


The Life and Character of the late reverend, learned, and pious Mr. Jon- than Edwards, President of the College of New-Jersey. Together with Extracts from his Private Writings & Diary. And also seventeen Select Sermons On Various Important Subjects. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, Psal. cxviii. 6. Northampton: Printed by Andrew Wright, Por S. & E. Butler, and Sold at their Book Store. 1804. [Ed ed. (Park: Memoir, p. 213).]


Correspondence (1790) between Samuel Hopkins and Roger Sherman [with intro- duction, Hopkinsonism, by Andrew P. Peabody]. In American Antiquarian Society, Proceedings, New Series, vol. v. Worcester . . . 1859, pp. 442-461. (22 Oct., 1888.) ""there is not the slightest probability that these letters to Dr. Hopkins were ever printed till now. . . ."" Introduction, p. 441.


Sketches of the life of the late Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D. . . . written by himself; interspersed with marginal notes extracted from his private diary: to which is added; a Dialogue, by the same hand, on the nature and extent of true Christian submission [i.e. the Dialogue between a Calvinist and a Semi-Calvinist]; also, a Serious Address to Professing Christians: closed by Dr. Hart’s Sermon at his funeral: with an Introduction to the whole, by the Editor. Published by Stephen West, D.D. Pastor of the Church in Stockbridge . . . . Hartford: Printed by Hudson and Goodwin. 1805. [P. 104: “N. B. I finished writing the foregoing sketches of my life on the 21st day of July, 1796. This is an addition to the former sketches of my life finished July 21, 1796, having lived to this day December 16, 1799.”]

Biography and Criticism


See, also, various memoirs published with the works listed above, and Chadwick, Dexter [extensive bibliography]; Stokes, Walker, (op. cit.)

JAMES MCCOCH (1811-1894)

Dulles, Joseph Hessey]. McCosh Bibliography. A List of the Published Writings of The Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. by the Rev. Joseph H. Dulles, Librarian of Princeton Theological Seminary. Reprinted from The Princeton College Bulletin, vol. vi. No. 1, March, 1895. [Pamphlet, 9 pp. P. [1]: “The following list covers a period of sixty-one years, from the time that Doctor McCosh was twenty-two years old until the year of his death . . . The list does not include all of Dr. McCosh’s contributions to the religious press, but does contain the more important of these.”] Sloan, William Milligan [ed.]. The Life of James McCosh. A Record Chiefly Autobiographical . . . With portraits . . . 1897. [Pp. [295]-298: Bibliography by Joseph H. Dulles. A reprint of the pamphlet bibliography (1895)—see above—with one title added and one omitted.]

See, also, Addison (op. cit.) and Riley (American Thought).
ANDREW NORTON (1766-1853)

Separate Works


Inaugural discourse, delivered before the university in Cambridge, August 10, 1819. By Andrews Norton, Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature. Cambridge. . . . 1819.


Remarks on a report of a committee of the overseers of Harvard College, proposing certain changes, relating to the instruction and discipline of the college. . . . By one, lately a member of the immediate government of the college. Cambridge. . . . 1824. [Pamphlet, 12 pp.]


A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity; delivered at the request of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," on the 19th of July, 1839. With notes. . . . Cambridge. . . . 1839. [Pamphlet, 64 pp.] [Remarks on a pamphlet entitled, "The Latest Form of Infidelity Examined." . . . Cambridge . . . 1839. [As much of the substance of this as was not immediately controversial was embodied, with modifications, in Remarks on the Modern German School of Infidelity, in Tracts concerning Christianity, q. v.]

Tracts concerning Christianity. . . . Cambridge. . . . 1852. [Contains: A Defence of Liberal Christianity. (First published 1812 in The General Repository and Review; now reprinted with an Introductory Note which contains) Letter to George Ticknor on the Origin and Progress of Liberal Views of Christianity in New England, and on Mr. Buckminster's Relations to them; A Discourse on the Extent and Relations of Theology (his Inaugural Discourse); Thoughts on True and False Religion; Views of Calvinism; A Discourse
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on the Latest Form of Infidelity; Remarks on the Modern German School of Infidelity; On the Objection to Faith in Christianity, as resting on historical facts and critical learning. (The last two originally published as Notes to the Discourse.)


For further bibliographical material and suggestions, see: Allen, Our Liberal Movement, pp. 23-4, and Sequel to “Our Liberal Movement,” p. 16; Cooks, Unitarianism in America, pp. 391, 392 n.; [Newell], Biographical Notice in Norton, Statement of Reasons, as above, pp. xv-xvii, xxvii-xxx.

Biography and Criticism


See, also, Allen (Sequel), Chadwick (op. cit.).

Noah Porter (1811-1899)

See Addison and Stokes (op. cit.).

Princeton Theological Seminary

Historical Sketch of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. [ Pamphlet. 8 pp., no t. p., n. d.] [1816.]

Dulles, Joseph H[eadly]. Princeton Theological Seminary. . . . [Reprinted from The History of Education in New Jersey, 1899.]. [ Pamphlet, 28 pp.]


Ezra Stiles (1727-93)

(For extensive bibliography see Dexter, Biographical Sketches, ii, 95-97.)

Extracts from the Itineraries and other Miscellanies of Ezra Stiles. . . . 1735-1794 with a Selection from his Correspondence. Edited . . . by Franklin Bowditch Dexter. . . . New Haven. . . . 1916.


Biography and Criticism


See, also, Addison, Dexter, Sprague (Annals, i), Stokes (op. cit.).

Francis Wayland (1796-1865)

See Addison and Armitage (op. cit.).
CHAPTER XXIII

WRITERS OF FAMILIAR VERSE

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ives, George B. A Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York, 1907. [Detailed list of contributions to periodicals.]

I. Collected Works


Dr. Holmes's Boston. Ed. Caroline Ticknor. Boston and New York, 1915. [Consists of extracts.]

II. Separate Works

Poetical Illustrations of the Athenaeum Gallery of Paintings. . . . Boston, 1827. [With John O. Sargent and Park Benjamin.]

The Harbinger: A May-Gift. . . . Boston, 1833. [With Sargent and Benjamin.]


Boylston Prize Dissertations for the Years 1836 and 1837. . . . Boston, 1838.


The Position and Prospects of the Medical Student. . . . Boston, 1844.


Urania: A Rhymed Lesson. . . . Boston, 1846.


An Introductory Lecture, delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College. . . . Boston, 1847.


A Poem . . . delivered at the dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery. . . . Pittsfield, Mass., 1850.

The Benefactors of the Medical School of Harvard University; with a Biographical Sketch of the Late Dr. George Parkman. . . . Boston, 1850.

Response . . . to . . . Toast, proposed at the Entertainment given to the American Medical Association. . . . 1853.


Oration delivered before the New England Society. . . . 1855 [1856].

Valedictory Address, delivered to the Medical Graduates of Harvard University. . . . Boston, 1858.
Writers of Familiar Verse


he Promise . . . . Boston, 1859.
he Story of Iris . . . . Boston, 1877.

urrents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science . . . . Boston, 1860.

With Other Addresses and Essays . . . . 1861.

he Address of Mr. Everett and the Poem of Dr. O. W. Holmes at the Dinner given to H. I. H. Monseigneur The Prince Napoleon . . . . 1861. Cambridge, 1861.

sects in Many Keys . . . . Boston, 1862 [1861].

order Lines of Knowledge in some Provinces of Medical Science . . . . Bos
ton, 1862.

ration delivered before the City Authorities of Boston . . . . Boston, 1865.

ture . . . . 1865.


ucture . . . . 1865.


taching from the Chair and at the bedside. . . . . Boston, 1867.

he Medical Profession in Massachusetts . . . . Boston, 1869.

istory of the American Stereoscope . . . . Boston, 1869.

achanism in Thought and Morals . . . . Boston, 1871.

edictory Address . . . . Bellevue Hospital College . . . . 1871.

he Claims of Dentistry . . . . Boston, 1872.

he Poet at the Breakfast-Table . . . . Boston, 1872.

essor Jeffries Wyman. A Memorial Outline . . . . [Boston, 1874.]

aga of Many Seasons. 1862–1874 . . . . Boston, 1875 (1874). a grandmother’s Story of Bunker-Hill Battle as she saw it from the Belfry . . . .

[Boston, 1875.]

ime and Automatism . . . . [Boston, 1875.]

Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Boston Microscopical Society Cambridge, 1877.

Family Record . . . . Woodstock, Conn., 1877.

he Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes . . . . Boston, 1877. [With new poems.]

he Iron Gate, and Other Poems . . . . Boston, 1880.
etter to the Honorary Secretaries of the Rabelais Club . . . . [1880].


edical Highways and By-Ways . . . . Cambridge, 1882.

arwell Address . . . . to the Medical School of Harvard University . . . . Cambridge, 1882.

Bibliographies


Tribute to the Memory of Henry J. Bigelow, M.D. . . . University Press. [Boston], 1891.

Over the Teacups. Boston and New York, 1891 [1890].


Letter to William H. Baldwin, Esq., read at the Whittier Commemoration. . . . [Boston, 1892.]

III. Biography and Criticism


Ball, James. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and His Works. London, 1878.

Brown, Emma Elisabeth. Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston, [1884].


Literary Friends and Acquaintance. 1900.


Lowell, James Russell. A Fable for Critics. 1848.


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EDMUND CLARENCE STEHMAN (1833-1908)

See Bibliographies to Book III, Chaps. x and xiii

THOMAS BALDY ALDRECH (1836-1906)

See Bibliographies to Book III, Chaps. vi, x, and xi

FRANCIS BRET Harte (1839-1902)

See Bibliography to Book III, Chap. vi

JOHN GODFREY Saxe (1816-1887)

progress: a Satire. . . . 1846.

Humorous and Satirical Poems. . . . Boston, 1850.

Poems . . . . Boston, 1859.

Money-King and Other Poems. . . . Boston, 1859.

Flying Dutchman: or, The Wrath of Herr Vonstoppelrose. . . . 1862.

Leaver's Stories of Many Nations Rendered in Rhyme. . . . Boston, 1864.

Times, the Telegraph, and Other Poems. . . . London, 1865. [Boston's Companion Poets.]

Masquerade and Other Poems. Boston, 1866.

Allies and Legends of Many Countries, Rendered in Rhyme. Boston, 1872.


Saints-Day Rhymes. . . . Boston, 1875.

EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895)


New York, 1892.

world Book of Verse. . . . 1892.

7th Trumpet and Drum. . . . 1892.

eve-Songs of Childhood. . . . 1894.

Stgs, and Other Verse. . . . 1896.


See, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. ix.

Bibliographies


HENRY CUYLER BUNNER (1855-1896)

Air from Arcady, and Elsewhere. . . . . 1884.
Rowe's Second Crop Songs . . . . . . 1892.
Poems . . . . . 1896. 1899. 1912 [Ed. Brander Matthews.]
Three Operettas . . . . . . 1897.
See, also, Bibliography for Book III, Chap. vi.

—— Life and Work of H. C. Bunner. The Historical Novel and Other Essays. 1901.
Matthews, B. American Familiar Verse. 1904. [Selections from numerous writers, with an introductory essay.]

MARK VAN DOREN.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOWELL


Livingston, L. S. A Bibliography of the First Editions in Book Form of the Writings of James Russell Lowell compiled largely from the Collection formed by the late Jackob Chester Chamberlain. 1914. [Privately printed.] [Extraordinarily accurate.]

See, also, the following bibliographies cited below: Hale, E. E., Jr., Scudder, H. E., Underwood, F. H.

I. COLLECTED WORKS


Of the numerous collected eds. of Lowell's Poems the most important are: Blue and Gold Ed., Boston, 1856, 2 vols.; Complete Ed., Boston, 1869; New Revised Ed., Boston, 1877; Household Ed., Boston, 1905; Cambridge Ed., Boston and New York [1897], [ed. Scudder, H. E.; and the best ed. of the Poetical Works.] There are scores of vols. of selections.

II. SEPARATE WORKS

Class Poem . . . Cambridge, 1838. [Privately printed.]
A Year's Life . . . . Boston, 1841.

Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate A Fable for Critics; or Better—I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old fashioned title-page, such as presents a titular view of the volume's contents—A Glance At a Few of Our Literary Progenies (Mrs. Malaprop's Word) From The Tub of Diogenes; That is, a Series of Jokes By a Wonderful Quis, who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub. Set forth in October, the 21st day, in the year '48, By G. P. Putnam, Broadway. [This elaborate title-page varies slightly in later editions.] 5th ed., Boston, 1876. New York, 1891 [Oct., 1890]. Riverside Literature Series, No. M, Boston, n. d.


No. 16. The President's Policy.  .  . From the North American Review, [Philadelphia, 1864.] [The 16th of a series of pamphlets published by the Union League.]


Ode Recited at the Commemoration of The Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University, July 21, 1865. Cambridge, 1865. [Privately printed.]


The Cathedral.  .  . Boston, 1870 [1869]. With the Harvard Commemoration Ode, Boston, 1877.


Bibliographies

Democracy and Other Addresses. . . . Cambridge, 1887 [1886]. London, 1887. [The title essay appeared in various forms, alone and with other papers.]
The Independent in Politics. An Address delivered before the Reform Club of New York, April 13, 1888. 1888. Another ed. the same year.
Latest Literary Essays and Addresses. . . . Boston and New York, 1891.
The Old English Dramatists. . . . Boston and New York, 1892. Boston, 1892.
Early Prose Writings. . . . With a Prefatory Note by Dr. Hale, of Boston, and an Introduction by Walter Littlefield. . . . London and New York [1903].
The Round Table. Boston, 1913. London, 1913. [Reprinted critical essays.]

III. WORKS EDITED OR CONTRIBUTED TO BY LOWELL

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L. V. D.
BOOK III

CHAPTER I

WHITMAN

BY EMBURY HOLLOWAY AND HENRY S. SAUNDERS

The Whitman bibliography is now so voluminous that even in a selected list, such as is given here, compression is necessary. Accordingly, the following abbreviations for the longer and most frequently recurring titles will be employed:

A. M. = Atlantic Monthly
A. R. = American Review
B. = Bookman [New York]
B. E. = Brooklyn Daily Eagle
B. J. = Brother Jonathan
C. C. = Critic
Col. = Columbian Magazine
Cons. = Conservator
C. P. E. = Complete Prose Editions
Cy. = Century
D. R. = Democratic Review
G. = Galaxy
G. B. M. F. = Good-Bye My Fancy
H. M. = Harper's Monthly
In Re = In Re Walt Whitman, ed. Traubel
L. L. D. = Long Island Democrat Tribune
L. I. F. = Long Island Farmer and Queens County Register [Jamaica]
L. M. = Lippincott's Magazine
M. de F. = Mercure de France
N. A. R. = North American Review
N. B. = November Boughs
N. E. M. = New England Magazine
N. O. C. = New Orleans Daily Crescent
N. W. = New World
N. Y. D. G. = New York Daily Graphic
N. Y. E. P. = New York Evening Post
N. Y. H. = New York Herald
N. Y. T. = New York Times
Post-Lore
Pr.
S. D. C. = Specimen Days and Collect, 1882-'83
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II. SEPARATE WORKS


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Leaves of Grass. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge, Year 85 of The States. (1860-61.) [1860, pp. i-iv, 5-76. 3d ed. Portrait from painting by Charles Hine. Contains many new poems. Issued in both paper and cloth. A spurious reprint of this edition was issued for many years in New York; it may be distinguished by the absence of the following words on the back of title-page: “Electrotyped at the Boston stereotype Foundry. Printed by George C. Rand & Avery.”]

Leaves of Grass Impress. See post, Sect. VI, Thayer and Eldridge.


Incorporated here by kind permission of the publishers and the author.
Whitman


Massacre to India. Washington, D.C., 1871. [Pp. i-v, 5-120. Pamphlet containing 73 poems."


eas of Grass. Washington, D.C., 1871. [8vo, pp. i-vi, 8-384, 5th ed. New poems added. Some copies have as annexe Passage to India and After All Not to Create Only. Later copies are dated 1872."
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Complete Prose Works. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1896. [8vo, pp. 577. Portraits. 90 copies on hand-made paper, with additional portraits. This is the first ed. to contain the note Walt Whitman's Last, published in L. M., Aug., 1891. Subsequent ed. by D. Appleton & Co. and Mitchell Kennerley from the same plates.]


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[A reprint of 1873 ed., but recent issues, without indication on title page or elsewhere, contain 1876 poems.]

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Spanish


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[Including representative Southern poets whose work was done before the Civil War but who are not dealt with elsewhere in this history.]


--- Lectures on Art and Poems, 1840. [Ed. Dana, R. H., Jr.]
--- Plagg, J. B. The Life and Letters of Washington Allston. 1892.
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--- Lives of Robert Young Hayne and Hugh Swinton Legard. 1878.
--- [Biographical Sketch by Preston, Margaret J.]


Thompson, M. The Last Literary Cavalier. Critic, Apr., 1901.


Hope, James Barron (1839-97). Leoni di Monosta, and Other Poems. Phila-
delphia, 1857.

--- A Poem: pronounced by James Barron Hope, on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the English Settlement of Jamestown, May 13, 1877.

Richmond, 1877.

--- A Collection of Poems. Richmond, 1839. [Includes 3 memorial poems.]

--- An Elegiac Ode: recited by James Barron Hope, on the Occasion of com-
pleting the Monument erected by the Ladies of Warren County, N. C., over the Remains of Annie Carter Lee. Richmond, 1866.

--- Under the Empire; or, The Story of Maddon. Norfolk, Virginia, 1878.

Poets of the Civil War II: The South


— Hymns to the Gods, and Other Poems. [Washington J], 1873, 1882. 2 vols. [Privately printed.]


Pike was also a voluminous writer on Masonic matters.


— Beechenbrook; a Rhyme of the War. Richmond, 1865. Baltimore, 1866, 1867. [8 eds. are said to have appeared within a year.]

— Old Song and New. 1870.


— A Handful of Monographs, Continental and English. 1886.

— Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse. Boston and New York, 1897.

— Chimes for Church-Children. Philadelphia [1896].


— Aunt Dorothy; an Old Virginian Plantation-Story. [1889.]

Bibliographies

Randall, James Ryder (1839–1900). Maryland, My Maryland, and Other Poems. Baltimore and New York. [1908.]

— Poems, 1910. [Introduction and Notes by Andrews, M. P.]


— Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous . . containing his Posthu-

mos Poems. [1896.] [Memoir by Moran, John.]


Notice by Hayne, F. H.]


— Katis. 1884.


Routh, J. E. Some Pugitive Poems of Timrod. South Atlantic Quarter-

ly, Jan., 1903.


— Hesperia. Boston, 1867.


Koch, T. W. Dante in America. Boston, 1896. [Contains an account of Wilde's Italian studies.]

III. General Authorities

See Bibliography to Book III, Chap. IV.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW SOUTH

A. General Authorities

Alderman (Edwin Anderson) Harris (Joel Chandler) [and others]. Library of Southern Literature. Compiled under the direct supervision of Southern men of letters. Published under the approval and patronage of distinguished citizens of the South. Atlanta. [1909–15.]. 13 vols.

Baskervill, W. M. Southern Writers. Nashville, 1889–1903. 2 vols. [Vol. 1 by Professor Baskervill; vol. II by various authors.]

Bradybush, S. E. On Southern Poetry Prior to 1860. N. p. 1900. [University of Virginia dissertation.]


Henneman, John Bell. [Ed.] The South in the Building of the Nation. A his-
tory of the Southern states designed to record the South's part in the making of the American nation; to portray the character and genius, to chronicle the
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achievements and progress and to illustrate the life and traditions of the
Southern people. Richmond. [1909.] 12 vols. [In particular consult:
Volume vii, History of the Literary and Intellectual Life of the South;
volume ix, History of Southern Oratory.]

Holliday, Carl. A History of Southern Literature. New York and Washington,
1906.

Hubner, C. W. Representative Southern Poets. New York and Washington,
1906.

Manly, Louise. Southern Literature from 1579-1895. A comprehensive review,
with copious extracts and criticisms for the use of schools and the general
reader. Containing an appendix with a full list of Southern authors. . . .
Richmond, 1895.

Moses, Montrose J. The Literature of the South. [1910.]
Rutherford, Mildred Lewis. The South in History and Literature. A Handbook
of Southern authors from the settlement of Jamestown, 1607, to living
writers. [Atlanta, 1907.]

Stockard, Henry Jerome. A Study in Southern Poetry for Use in Schools, Col-

1905.

See Bibliography of Books and Special Articles on Southern Literature in

B. PARTICULAR AUTHORS

John Henry Boner (1845-1903)

I. Works

[The Introduction is a biographical sketch by Henry Jerome Stockard.]


Sparrows in the Snow. Washington. [1873.]


II. Biographical and Critical


— A Memorial of John Henry Boner. Compiled and edited by Marcus Ben-
jamin. Washington, 1905. [Reprinted from The South Atlantic Quarterly.]


Stockard, Henry Jerome. John Henry Boner. In Library of Southern Litera-
ture. [Consult also Poems above.]

John Lamar Muse Curry (1825-1903)

I. Separate Works

Address before the Va. State Agricultural Society. Delivered in the hall of the
House of Representatives on the 25th of October, 1874. Published by re-
quest of the society. Richmond, 1875.
Address . . . delivered before the Association of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Virginia, July 1, 1896. Richmond. [1896.]
Address . . . delivered before the General Assembly of Alabama, at Montgomery, December 1, 1881. Montgomery [n. d.].
Address . . . delivered before the General Assembly of Alabama, at Montgomery, December 1, 1882. Montgomery, 1883.
Address delivered February 6, 1885 . . . in response to an invitation extended in a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of Alabama. Montgomery, 1885.
Address delivered February 1, 1889 . . . in response to an invitation extended in a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of Alabama. Montgomery [n. d.].
Address of Congress to the People of the Confederate States. [Richmond, 1864.]
Admission of Kansas. Speech . . . in the House of Representatives, Feb. 23, 1858, on the admission of Kansas as a state under the Lecompton constitution. [Washington, 1858.]
The Alliance of Church and State. London, 1873. [Read before one of the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, New York, 9 Oct., 1873.]
A Brief Sketch of George Peabody, and a History of the Peabody Education Fund through Thirty Years. Cambridge, 1896.
Causes of the Power and Prosperity of the United States. An Address delivered at the annual commencement of the University of Michigan, Thursday, June 27, 1889. Ann Arbor, 1889.
The Constitutional Rights of the States. Speech in the House of Represen-
tatives, March 14, 1860. [Washington, 1860?]
Diplomatic Services of George William Erving. Communicated to the Massa-
chusettts Historical Society, with an introduction by Robert C. Winthrop. Cambridge, 1890. [Reprinted from the Proceedings.]
Education of the Negroes since 1860. The Trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, Occasional Papers No. 3. Baltimore, 1894. Reprinted in Report of Com-
Establishment and Disestablishment; or Progress of Soul Liberty in the United States. Philadelphia [1873?].
Hon. Francis Strother Lyon as Commissioner and Trustee of Alabama. A Sketch. [1886.]
Lessons of the Yorktown Centennial. Address delivered in Richmond, on 2nd October, 1881, by Request of the City Council. Richmond, 1881.
National Peril and Remedy. Addresses before the Interstate Educational Con-
vention, at Louisville, Ky., and before House Committee on Education in Washington. Richmond, 1883.
North American Colonisation, with particular reference to Virginia and the Carolinas. [Read before the District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at their January, 1896, Meeting. [No title-page.]


The Southern States of the American Union considered in their Relations to the Constitution of the United States and to the Resulting Union. 1904. Students' Edition, Richmond, 1893.

Speech on the Bill granting Pensions to the Soldiers of the War of 1812. Delivered in the House of Representatives, April 27, 1858. [Washington, 1858.]


Struggles and Triumphs of Virginia Baptists. Semi-centennial discourse before the Baptist General Association, 1873. [No title-page.]

Universal Education the Safety of the Commonwealth. Speech before the General Assembly of Alabama, December 2, 1896. [No title-page.]

William Ewart Gladstone. Richmond, 1891.

II. Contributions to Books and Periodicals


Citizenship and Education. [An Address delivered at Madison, Wisconsin, 1884.]


Civil Service Reform. Galaxy, 1873.

The Classes against the Masses. Baptist Quarterly Review, x, 141. 1888.


Education at the South. [An address before the National Baptist Educational Convention at Brooklyn, 20 Apr., 1870.]

Bibliographies

Geography of Alabama. Geography of the Gulf States. 1898.
Geography of Mississippi. Ibid.
Industrial Education for Everybody. Independent, i.ii, 357-8. 8 Feb., 1900.
Introduction. Whitle's (W. A.) A Baptist Abroad, 1890.
Washington, 1901.
The Late Constitutional Amendments Restricting Suffrage. The Southern Planter and Farmer, pp. 7-10, Jan. 1877.
Limitations of Taxation. Baptist Quarterly Review, vi, 155, 1884.
Parties and Policies. Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, i, 1 Jan., 1898.
The South, her Conditions and Needs. Galaxy, Apr., 1877.
The Struggle of the Confederacy. Ibid., 504-511.
Thoughts for Farmers upon Present Distress. Southern Planter and Farmer, Richmond, Sept., 1878.
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III. Biographical and Critical


The Father of the New Educational South. Review of Reviews, xxvii, 259-63, Mar., 1903.


John Brown Gordon (1832-1904)

I. Works

Antietam and Chancellorsville. Scribner’s, xxxiii, 683-99, June, 1903.

Gettysburg. Scribner’s, xxxiv, 3-24, July, 1903.

Letter on Finance. The heroic remedy a heroic ruin. Shall we have the people’s money or be taxed for national bank notes? [To Gen. A. H. Colquitt, President of the Georgia Agricultural Society.] [No title-page.]

My First Command and the Outbreak of the War. Scribner’s, xxxiii, 315-28, May, 1903.

The Old South: Addresses delivered before the Confederate Survivors’ Association in Augusta, Georgia . . . on Memorial Day, April 26, 1887. Augusta, 1887.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. 1903, 1905.

II. Biographical and Critical


Henry Woodfill Grady (1851-1889)

I. Works

The Complete Orations and Speeches. Edited by Edwin DuBois Shurter. Austin, Texas. [1910.]

Vol. ii-iv
Bibliographies

Joel Chandler Harris's Life of Henry W. Grady, including his writings and speeches. A memorial volume compiled by Mr. Henry W. Grady's co-workers on The Constitution and edited by Joel Chandler Harris (Unde Remiss). [1890.]

Life and Labors of Henry W. Grady, his Speeches, Writings, etc. Being, in addition to a graphic sketch of his life, a collection of his most remarkable speeches and such of his writings as best illustrate his character and show the wonderful brilliancy of his intellect. Also such letters, speeches, and newspaper articles in connection with his life and death as will be of general interest. Written and compiled under the immediate supervision of the publishers, from the most reliable sources. Atlanta, 1890.

The New South and Other Addresses; with biography, critical opinions, and explanatory note by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. [1904.]

The New South, with a Character-Sketch of Henry W. Grady by Oliver Dyer. 1890.


II. Biographical and Critical

The Atlanta Constitution, 21 Oct., 1891. Grady. The Story of a Great and Noble Life. A Symposium of memories which tell the early life and struggles, the triumphs and joys of a career which stands without its equal. [Includes:] Grady's Young Life, by Remsen Crawford; Grady as a Lover and a Husband, by Mrs. William H. King; Grady in the Rôle of King Hans, by I. W. Averey; Grady as a Force in State Politics, by Wallace P. Reed; Grady's Popular Enthusiasm, by P. J. Moran; Grady's News Prescience, by E. C. Bruffey; Grady's Last Trip to Boston, by Evan P. Howell; Atlanta's Saddest Christmas, by Maude Andrews; Grady's Influence in Washington, by E. W. Barrett; Grady's Place in Journalism, by John A. Cockrell; From one of Grady's Competitors, by Henry Watterson; Grady as an Orator, by Walter S. Cooper; Grady as a Friend, by W. T. Newman; Grady on "The Constitution," by W. A. Hemphill; Fragrant Memories of Grady, by Bill Arp; The Blessings on Grady, by T. DeWitt Talmage; Mr. Grady's Pastor Speaks, by H. C. Morrison.


See, also, I above.

John Bell Henneman (1844-1908)

I. Separate Papers

Barnfield's Ode, "As it fell upon a Day." An English Miscellany presented to Dr. Furnivall in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday. Oxford, 1901.
The New South


The Nineteenth Century Woman in Literature. [No title-page.] An address delivered before the Daughters of Virginia Literary Society of the State Female Normal School of Farmville, Virginia, June 7, 1892. Shakespearean and other Papers. Sewanee, Tenn., 1911. [Preface by W. P. Trent. Biographical Sketch by J. D. Bruce.]

II. Works Edited

The Best American Tales, chosen, with an introduction, by W. P. Trent and John B. Hennenman. [1907.]

The Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, with introductions by William P. Trent and John Bell Hennenman. [1904.]


Benjamin Harvey Hill (1833-1882)

I. Writings

Coinage of Silver Dollars. Speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, February 8, 1878. [Washington, 1878.]


Great Speech delivered before the Young Men's Democratic Union, Tuesday evening, October 6, 1868. [No title-page.]

Jefferson Davis—Amnesty. Speech in the House of Representatives, Tuesday, January 11, 1876. [Washington, 1876.]

Hill, Benjamin H., Jr. Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia. His Life, Speeches, and Writings. Written and Compiled by his son. Atlanta, 1891.


II. Biographical and Critical


Hill, Benjamin H., Jr. [See above.]

Aboriginal Structures in Georgia. Washington, 1878. [Reprinted from the Smithsonian Report for 1877.]

Address delivered at the Midway Meeting House in Liberty County, Georgia . . . on the occasion of relaying the corner-stone of a monument to be erected in honor of the founders of Midway church and congregation. Augusta, 1889.

An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association, in Augusta, Georgia, at its first annual meeting, on Memorial Day, April 26, 1879. Augusta, Ga. Printed by order of the Association, 1879.

An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association, in Augusta, Georgia, at its second annual meeting . . . . Augusta, 1880.

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An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association, in Augusta, Georgia, at its fourth annual meeting . . . . Augusta, 1882.


Ancient Tumuli on the Savannah River. [1868.]

Antiquities of the Southern Indians, particularly of the Georgia Tribes. 1873.

Antiquity of the North American Indians. 1874 [not seen by present compiler].

The Battle of Honey-Hill. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . at its seventh annual meeting. Augusta, 1885.


Biographical Sketches of the Delegates from Georgia to the Continental Congress. Boston, 1895.

The Bombardment and Capture of Fort McAllister. 1885 [not seen].


Also in Southern Historical Society Papers. Richmond [1885], xiv, 293-304.

Button Gwinnett. 1884 [not seen].

Casimir Pulaski. An Address delivered before the Georgia Historical Society, upon the occasion of the celebration of its thirty-second anniversary, February 13, 1871. Savannah, 1873.

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Centres of Primitive Manufacture in Georgia 1880 [not seen].

The Confederate Civil List. 1889 [not seen].

The Dead Towns of Georgia. Savannah, 1879.


Dr. Lyman Hall, Governor of Georgia in 1758-1793. [not seen].

The New South

The Evacuation of Battery Wagner, and the Battle of Ocean Pond. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors’ Association on the occasion of its tenth annual reunion. Augusta, 1883.

Funeral Oration pronounced in the Opera House in Augusta, Georgia, December 11, 1889, upon the occasion of the memorial services in honor of President Jefferson Davis. Augusta, 1889.

Funeral Oration upon the occasion of the obsequies of Governor Alexander H. Stephens, 1883 [not seen].

General Sherman’s March from Atlanta to the Coast. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors’ Association at its sixth annual reunion. Augusta, 1884.


Georgians during the War between the States. An address delivered before the Confederate Survivors’ Association on the occasion of its eleventh annual reunion. Augusta, 1889.

Hernando de Soto. The Adventures Encountered and the Route Pursued by the Adelanasto during his march through the territory embraced within the present geographical limits of the state of Georgia. Read before the Georgia Historical Society. Savannah, 1886.

Historical and Geographical Sketch of Georgia. 1884 [not seen].

Historical Sketch of the Chatham Artillery during the Confederate Struggle for Independence. Albany, 1867.

Historical Sketch of Tono-Chi-Chi, Mico of the Yamacraws. Albany, 1868.


History of Savannah, Georgia, from its settlement to the close of the eighteenth century. [From the close of the eighteenth century, by O. F. Vedder and Frank Waldron.] Syracuse, 1896.

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter [and] Pre-Bellum Mortality among Confederates. Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors’ Association at its quarterly meeting. Augusta, 1887.

Indian Remains in Southern Georgia. Address delivered before the Georgia Historical Society, on its twentieth anniversary. Savannah, 1885.

The Jews and their Connection with the Colony of Georgia. 1893 [not seen].

John McPherson Berrien. Address delivered before the Georgia Bar Association at its eighth annual meeting held at Columbus, Georgia. Atlanta, 1891.

Kings, Presidents, and Governors of Georgia, 1732-1889. 1889 [not seen].

The Life and Services of Commodore Josiah Tattnall. Savannah, 1874.

The Life and Services of Ex-Governor Charles Jones Jenkins. A Memorial Address. Delivered before the General Assembly of Georgia, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at the Capitol, in Atlanta, on the 23rd of July, 1883. Atlanta, 1884.


New York, 1911.

The Life, Literary Labors, and Neglected Grave of Richard Henry Wilde. [Augusta, 1885.]

Memorial History of Augusta, Georgia, from its settlement in 1735 to the close
of the eighteenth century. [From the close of the eighteenth century to the present time by Salem Dutcher.] Syracuse, 1890.
Memorial History of Savannah, Georgia, during the eighteenth century. 1890 [not seen].
Memorial with regard to a subscription on the part of the state to his history of Georgia. [Augusta, 1882.]
Military Lessons inculcated on the Coast of Georgia during the Confederate War. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . at its fifth annual reunion . . . Augusta, 1883.
Military Operations in Georgia during the War between the States. Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . upon the occasion of its fiftieth annual reunion . . . August, 1893.
Monument to Gwinnett, Hall, and Walton. Signers from Georgia of the Declaration of Independence. 1887 [not seen].
The Necessity for Increasing the Salaries of the Judicial Officers of Georgia. An Address delivered before the Georgia Bar Association at its annual meeting in Atlanta . . . Macon, 1884.
Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast told in the Vernacular. Boston and New York, 1888.
Negro Slaves and their Relations to the Confederate Government during the Civil War. 1886 [not seen].
Oglethorpe as a Landed Proprietor in Georgia. 1909 [not seen].
The Old South. Addresses delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . on the Occasion of its ninth annual reunion . . . Augusta, 1887.
Oration. Celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, May 1, 1861 . . . Savannah, 1861.
Oration pronounced on the 21st of October, 1878, upon the occasion of the unveiling and dedication of the Confederate monument erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta, in Broad Street . . . [Reprinted from the Augusta Evening Sentinel, of 21 Oct., 1878.]
A Piece of Secret History. 1876 [not seen].
A Primitive Storehouse of the Creek Indians. 1885 [not seen].
Promulgation of the Declaration of Independence in Savannah, Georgia, 1888 [not seen].
A Roster of the General Officers, Heads of Departments, Senators, Representatives, Military Organizations, &c., in Confederate service during the war between the states. Richmond, 1876. Also in Southern Historical Society Papers, vols. i, ii, iii, 1876-77.
The Seizure and Reduction of Fort Pulaski. 1885 [not seen].
Sepulture of Major-General Nathanael Greene, and of Brig.-Gen. Count Casimir Pulaski. [Augusta, 1884.]
Sergeant William Jasper. An Address delivered before the Georgia Historical Society . . . [Albany], 1876.
The New South

The Siege and Evacuation of Savannah, Georgia, in December, 1864. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . on the occasion of its twelfth annual reunion . . . Augusta, 1890.
The Siege of Savannah in December, 1864, and the Confederate Operations in Georgia and the Third Military District of South Carolina during General Sherman's March from Atlanta to the Sea. [Privately printed.] Albany, 1874.
Silver Crosses from an Indian Grave Mound at Coosaawattee Old Town in Murray County, Georgia. 1883 [not seen].
Sons of Confederate Veterans. An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . on the occasion of its thirteenth annual reunion . . . Augusta, 1891.
William Few, Lieutenant General of Georgia Militia in the Revolutionary Service. 1883 [not seen].

II. Works Edited

Acts passed by the General Assembly of the Colony of Georgia, 1755 to 1774.
Jones, Rev. Charles Colcock: The History of the Church of God during the Period of Revolution. 1807 [not seen].
Memorandum of the Route pursued by Colonel Campbell in 1779, from Savannah to Augusta, Georgia. 1887 [not seen].
Purry, Jean Pierre. Memorial presented to his Grace, my Lord the Duke of Newcastle . . . upon the present condition of Carolina, and the means of its amelioration. [Savannah] 1880.
The Siege of Savannah, in 1779, as described in two contemporaneous journals of French officers in the fleet of Count d'E斯塔ing. Albany, 1874.

III. Biographical and Critical

Cumming, Joseph B. Memorial Resolution at the sixteenth annual reunion of the Confederate Survivors' Association . . . in honor of its late president, Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., L.L.D., together with the speeches of Messrs. F. M. Stovall and Salem Dutcher seconding the resolution; the remarks of Capt. Charles E. Coffin; and the historian's report, submitted by Charles Edgeworth Jones. . . . Augusta, 1894.
Bibliographies

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar (1825-1893)

I. Works

Admission of Kansas. Speech in the House of Representatives, January 13, 1858, on the violation of the pledge of the government that Kansas shall be admitted with or without slavery as her constitution may prescribe at the time of such admission. [Washington, 1858].


Letter, in reply to Hon. P. P. Liddell, of Carrollton, Mississippi. [Washington, 1860] [Letter is dated Washington City, D. C., December 10, 1860.]


Speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, Friday, April 1, 1881 [on the election of officers of the Senate]. Washington, 1881.

Speech in the Senate of the United States, June 14, 1880 [on the negro problem]. Washington, 1880.


II. Biographical and Critical


Mayes, Edward. [See I above.]

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881)

I. Prose


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Letters. Selections from his Correspondence, 1866-1881. With Portraits. 1899, 1907. [Prefatory Note by Charles Day Lanier.]

Music and Poetry. Essays upon some aspects and interrelations of the two arts. 1898.

Retrospects and Prospects. Descriptive and Historical Essays. 1899. [Prefatory Note by Charles Day Lanier.]


II. Poetry


Hymns of the Marshes. Illustrated from Nature by Henry Troth. 1907.

Poem Outlines. 1908. [Note by Henry Wysaham Lanier.]


Selections from Prose and Verse. [See 1 above.]

Select Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by Morgan Calloway. 1925, 1899.

III. Works Edited


The Boy's King Arthur, being Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Edited for boys with an introduction.
Bibliographics


IV. Biographical and Critical

The list below contains but a selection of the most noteworthy of the books and articles dealing with Lanier and his poetry.

Carrell, Charles Chauncey. The Synthesis and Analysis of the Poetry of Sidney Lanier. [Published by the author, Owensboro, Kentucky, 1910.]
Clarke, George Herbert. Some Early Letters and Reminiscences of Sidney Lanier. [Independent, lii, 1925-1926; 6 Nov., 1906.]
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Sample, Patty B. Sidney Lanier. Southern Bivouac, ii, 661-667, Apr., 1887.
Spectator [London], ixx, pp. 828-829, 6 Dec., 1890.
Turnbull, Mrs. Lawrence [Frances Litchfield]. The Catholic Man. A Study. Boston [1890].
West, Charles N. A Brief Sketch of the Life and Writings of Sidney Lanier. An Address before the Georgia Historical Society, at Savannah, on the 5th of December, 1887. Savannah, 1888.
Wills, George S. Sidney Lanier—his Life and Writings. Publications of the Southern History Association, iii, 190-211, July, 1899. [Contains a bibliography to 1899.]

Frances Butler Leigh Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation since the War. London, 1883.
Carlyle McKinley (1847-1904)
I. Works

II. Biographical and Critical
— In Loving Memory of Carlyle McKinley. 1847-1904. Walhalla, S. C., 1904.
McVea, Emilie W. Susan Dabney Smedes. Library of Southern Literature.

John Banister Tabb (1845-1909)

I. Works

Bone Rules; or, Skeleton of English Grammar. 1897.
Later Poems. 1910.
Lyrics. Boston, 1897. [Four eds. of 500 each.]
Poems. [Baltimore, 1883.]
Quips and Quiddits, Ques for the Curious. Boston, 1907.
Two Lyrics. [Boston, 1900.]

II. Biographical and Critical

Poems of John B. Tabb. Living Age, cciv, 372-5. 9 Nov., 1907.
Poet and Priest. Outlook, xcvii, 807-8, 11 Dec., 1909.

Zebulon Baird Vance (1830-1894)

I. Works

Address . . at Atlanta, Georgia, October 5, 1881. [Not seen.]
Address at the Guilford Battle Ground, May 4, 1889. [Greensboro, N. C., 1889.]
The New South

Addresses of Hon. Z. B. Vance ... and Hon. D. W. Voorhees ... at the Opening of the International Cotton Exposition, at Atlanta, Georgia, Wednesday, October 5, 1881. Washington, 1881.

David L. Swain. Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians, with illustrations and speeches ... Raleigh, N. C., 1898.

The Last Days of the War in North Carolina. An Address delivered February 23, 1885, at the third annual reunion of the Association of the Maryland Line, at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. Baltimore, 1885.

The Scattered Nation, with an introductory sketch of the life of the author by Willis Bruce Dowd. [1904].


Speeches, in Life of Zebulon B. Vance, by Clement Dowd. 1897.


II. Biographical and Critical


Ward, Dallas T. The Last Flag of Truce. Franklinton, N. C. [1914].

Booker T. Washington (1859-1915)

I. Works


An Address on Abraham Lincoln delivered before the Republican Club of New York City on the night of February 12, 1900. [New York, 1900].

Address prepared by Mr. Booker T. Washington for delivery at a Dinner given by the Members of the Union League Club on February 12, 1899, in commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. [Philadelphia, 1899].

An Autobiography: the Story of my Life and Work, introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry ... 40th thousand; the original autobiography brought up-to-date with over half a hundred full-page photo and half-tone engravings and drawings by Frank Beard. Toronto, Ont., Napierville, Ill. ... [1901]. See Story of My Life, below.


Booker T. Washington's Own Story of his life and Work; including an authoritative sixty-four page supplement by Alton L. Halesey. ... The original
autobiography brought up to date with a complete account of Dr. Washing-
tons sickness and death. Containing the only photos of the funeral and
burial. The authentic edition. Atlanta, Ga., Napierville, Ill. [1915].
Character Building. Being addresses delivered on Sunday evenings to the stu-
dents of Tuskegee Institute. 1902, 1903.
The Educational and Industrial Emancipation of the Negro. An Address before
the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 21,
1903. [Tuskegee, 1903.]
The Future of the American Negro. Boston, 1899. [Contains a dedication to
printed for the Trustees of the John P. Slater Fund. [1902?]
The Man Parthest Down. A record of observations and study in Europe. With
the collaboration of Robert E. Park. 1912.
My Larger Education; being Chapters from my Experience. Illustrated from
photographs. Garden City, N. Y., 1911.
Negro Education not a Failure. Address in the Concert Hall of Madison Square
Garden, New York, February 22, 1904. [Tuskegee, 1904.]
The Negro in the South. His Economic Progress in Relation to his Moral and
Religious Development. Being the William Levi Bull Lectures for the Year
1907. Philadelphia [1907]. [W. E. Burghardt DuBois was joint author.
Washington contributed two chapters: The Economic Development of the
Negro Race in Slavery; The Economic Development of the Negro Race since
its Emancipation.]
Progress of the American Negro. Tuskegee [n. d.].
Putting the Most into Life. [1906.]
Some Results of the Armstrong Idea. [Hampton, Va.] 1909.
Sowing and Reaping. Boston, 1900.
The Story of My Life and Work, with an Introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry.
. . . Illustrated by Frank Beard. Toronto, Ont., Napierville, Ill. . . .
[1900]. Napierville, Ill., Chicago [1900]. 25th thousand . . . Revised
The Story of Slavery, with biographical sketch. Chicago [1913]. Danville,
N. Y. [1913].
a catedrático; autobiografia de Booker T. Washington; vertida del inglés al
español por Alfredo Elias y Pujol. Nueva York, 1902. Stereotyped and
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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS


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On the Plantation: a Story of a Georgia Boy’s Adventures during the War. 1892. [An autobiography.]

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Evening Tales, Translated from the French of Frederick Ortoli. 1893. [The joint work of Harris and his wife, formerly Miss Eusie La Rose, of French ancestry and Canadian birth.]

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Tales out of School. 1873, 1881.
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Constance Fenimore Woolson

Castle Nowhere; Lake Country Sketches. Boston, 1875.
Dorothy, and Other Italian Sketches. 1896.
Books for Children 631

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Halsey, Rosalie V. Forgotten Books of the American Nursery. 1911.
Hardy, G. E. Five Hundred Books for the Young. 1892.
Morse, Montrose J. Children's Books and Reading. 1907.
Okcott, Frances J. The Children's Reading. 1912.
—— Books and Men. 1888. [See Children Past and Present, What Children Read.]
—— Essays in Idleness. 1893. [See The Children's Poets.]
—— Essays in Miniature. 1892. [See Children in Fiction.]
—— In the Dozy Hours. 1894. [See the Children's Ages.]
Scudder, Horace E. Childhood in Literature and Art. 1894.
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—— Right Reading for Children in the School. 1902.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora A. Children's Rights. 1892.

II. MAGAZINE ARTICLES, FAPPELIELTS, AND BOOK LISTS

Board of Biblio., 1: 133. American Library Association Pub.
Reprinted Series, No. 9. Book Lists of the Public Libraries of many
American cities, some of which contain analyses; and their Reports on Chil-
ren's Books. [Some of the most valuable are as follows:]
1890. Reading for the Young. Sargent, J. P.
1895. Descriptive List of Books for the Young. Griswold, W. McC.
1897. Children, Schools, and Libraries. Dickinson, Marion. Revised in
1899 by Medlicott, Mary. Springfield [Mass.]. P. L.
1899. Children's Magazine. Matthews, H. L.
1900. Good Stories of Adventure for Boys. Clarke, E. P.
Bibliographies

1904. Recommended for a Children's Library. Moore, Annie C. N. Y. C. P. L.
1905. A Children's Library. Arnold, G. W.
1906. Books for Boys. Chicago P. L.
1917. Children's Catalog.

III. MAGAZINES

This chronological list makes no pretensions to being complete, even in respect to the earlier magazines. As for the later ones, the Tenth United States Census Report (1880) says that two hundred and seventeen children's periodicals were published in the United States at the date of issue, the greater part being Sunday-school papers. Towards the close of the century children's magazines greatly decreased in number.


IV. SELECTED AUTHORS

This list contains only the more important authors and their more important works. In many cases it has been impossible to ascertain the date of first edition; in some cases no date has been ascertained, the book being mentioned only. Abbott, Jacob. American History. 8 v. Fraxiniost Stories. 10 v. Gay Family. 6 v. Harper's Story Books. 36 v. Illustrated History. 30 v. [With his brother, Abbott, J. S. C.] Jonas books. 6 v. Judo books. 6 v. Lucy books. 6 v. Marco Paul books. 6 v. Rainbow books. 5 v. Rolo books. 24 v. 1830- . Science for the Young. 4 v. 1872- . Abbott, John S. C. American Pioneers and Patriots. 12 v. 1872-76. Child at Home. 1834. Mother at Home. 1835. School Boy. 1839. School Girl. 1840.

Onward series. 1870— Yacht Club series. 1872— Young America series. 1867— Young America Abroad series. 1898— Woodville series. 1861—


See, also, Bibliographies to Book III, Chaps. vi, x, and xi.


— Alice and Phoebe. Ballads for Little Folk. 1874.

See, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. x.

Champey, Elizabeth W. Paddy O'Leary and His Learned Fig. 1895. Six Boys. 1893. Three Vassar Girls. 11 v. 1883-95. Witch Winnie books. 9 v. 1889-97.

Child, Lydia Maria. Flowers for Children. 1st series, 1846; 2d, 1846; 3d, 1845.

Girls' Own Book. 1873.

See, also, Bibliography to Book II, Chap. viii.

Clarke, Rebecca S. [Sophie May]. Dotty Dimple series. 6 v. 1864— Flaxie Frizzle series. 6 v. 1864— Flyway series. 6 v. 1864— Little Prudy series. 6 v. 1864— Little Prudy's Children. 3 v. 1894— Quinnebaskett series. 6 v. 1871-81.
Bibliographies


Say, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. viii.


Dana, R. H. Two Years before the Mast. 1840. Adams, C. F. Richard Henry Dana. 1890. 2 vols.


Say, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. xi.


Say, also, Bibliographies to Book II, Chap. xxix and Book III, Chap. ix.

Finley, Martha Parquharrow. Elsie Dinsmore series. 28 v. 1861- . Mildred series. 7 v. 1875- .


Books for Children


Goodrich, Charles A. [Brother of Goodrich, S. G., and associated with him in
many of the Peter Parley books.] Child’s History of the United States.

Goodrich, Samuel Griswold. [Peter Parley.] Peter Parley’s Historical Compen-
dium. 9 v. 1837-53. Peter Parley’s Miscellanea, Biographical, Historical,
Scientific. 50 v. 1844-5. Peter Parley’s Tales. 37 v. 1827-57. Peter
Parley’s Tales about America. 1837. Peter Parley’s Pictorial Histories,
Readers, Geographies. 27 v. [About 170 volumes in all.]

Goulding, P. R. Frank Gordon. 1869. Na-noo-chee, or Boy Life from Home.
1871. Sal-oo-quaeh, or Boy Life among the Cherokees. 1870. Sapelo, or
Marooners’ Island. 1859.


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—— Edward Everett and Lucretia P. The New Harry and Lucy. 1892.

—— Edward Everett and Susan. Family Flight series. 5 v. 1861-6.

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—— Sarah J. Poems for Children. 1830.

Harris, Joel Chandler. Uncle Remus. 1880. Nights with Uncle Remus. 1883.

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Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Grandfather’s Chair. 1841. Tanglewood Tales. 1852.

Wonder Book. 1837. See also, Bibliography to Book II, Chap. xii.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic.
1848. Young Folks’ Book of American Explorers. 1877. Young Folks’
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Howells, William Dean. Christmas Every Day and Other Stories. 1893.

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Jackson, Helen Hunt. Letters from a Cat. 1879. Mammy Tittleback and
Her Family. 1881.

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1899. Play Days. 1870.

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Mr. Stubbs’ Brother. 1883. Signal Boys of ’75. 1897. Silent Pete.
1883. Toby Tyler. 1883. (About 90 titles.)


Good Old Times series. 1877-82. Pleasant Cove series. 1870-74. Whis-
pering Pine series. 1871-72.

Kleffer, H. M. Recollections of a Drummer Boy. 1883.


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Larcom, Lucy. Childhood Songs. 1877.
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Lothrop, H. M. S. [Margaret Sydney]. Five Little Pepper stories. 1881-.
See, also, Bibliography to Book I, Chap. iii.
Upon the Tree Tops. 1897.
Moore, Clement C. A Visit from St. Nicholas. Dec., 1823.
Norton, Charles Eliot [Ed.]. Heart of Oak books. 6 v. 1893-95. (Fairy tales, classic tales, masterpieces.)
See, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. xii.
— C. L. Jack Benson's Log. 1894.
Page, Thomas Nelson. Among the Camps. 1891. Two Little Confederates. 1888.
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Richards, Laura E. Captain January. 1891. Hildegarde books. 1889-
When I Was Your Age. 1894.
See, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. x.
Roosevelt, Theodore, and Lodge, Henry C. Hero Tales from American History, 1893.
See, also, Bibliography to Book II, Chap. vii.
Books for Children 657


The Sinless Child. 1843.


See, also, Bibliography to Book II, Chap. vi.


See, also, Bibliography to Book III, Chap. vi.


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Taylor, Bayard. Boys of Other Countries. 1876.

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Tales for the Young. 1840-50. [Ed.] Juvenile Library for Boys and Girls. 1840.


Anna B., and Susan. Ellen Montgomery’s Bookshelf. 5 v. 1853-59.

Say and Seal. 1860.


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