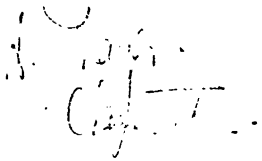
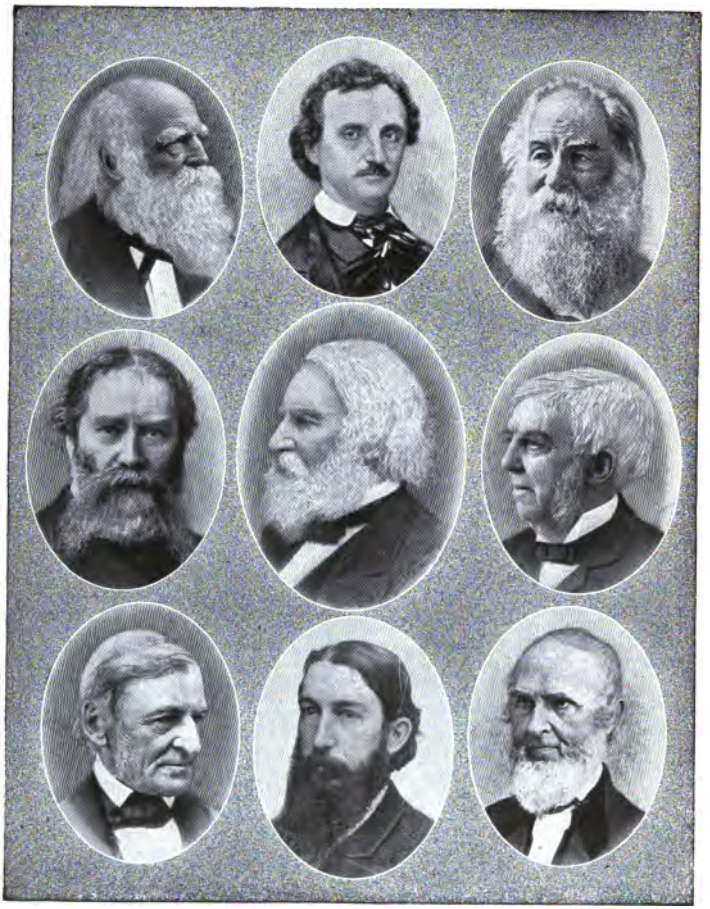


By Eva March Tappan

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
DIXIE KITTEN.
AN OLD, OLD STORY-BOOK.
THE CHAUCER STORY BOOK.
LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN.
AMERICAN HERO STORIES.
THE STORY OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.
THE STORY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE.
THE GOLDEN GOOSE AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.
THE CHRIST STORY.
OLD BALLADS IN PROSE.

All of the above are illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK



William Cullen Bryant — Edgar A. Poe. — Walt Whitman

J. R. Lowell — Henry W. Longfellow — Oliver Wendell Holmes

R. Waldo Emerson — Sidney Lanier — John G. Whittier

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICA'S LITERATURE

WITH SELECTIONS FROM COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN, PH. D.

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BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
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PREFACE

We are so near to even the beginning of our American literature that to write its history is an especially difficult undertaking. Too little time has passed to trace influences and tendencies, perhaps even to estimate justly the value of the work whose strongest appeal is not to the present. During the last century, our world has moved so swiftly that the light has flashed now upon one writer, now upon another. Who can foretell upon which the noontide of to-morrow will shine most brilliantly? Who can say whether our realism will not seem unworthy triviality, whether the closely connected sentences of our best prose may not present the repellent formality of conscious art? In every decade many writers have come forward whose names it seems ungracious to omit. Wherever the lines are drawn, they will appear to some one an arbitrary and unreasonable barrier. A single slender volume can make no pretensions to completeness; but if this one only leads its readers to feel a friendship for the authors mentioned on its pages, and a wish to know more of them and their writings, its object will have been accomplished.

A word must be said in regard to the second part of the book, the specimens of our earlier literature. Except to the fortunate student who is able to consult one of our larger historical libraries, most of these writings are inaccessible. Even if they are within reach for individual reading, it is seldom possible to put a copy of any specimen of an author's work into the hands of each pupil for class-room study and discussion. For this

reason, the extracts from the earlier American writings have been added.

Not only with a view to accuracy and the exhibition of personal peculiarities, but also with the object of illustrating the changes in manner of expression, I have copied the text, without change, from the earliest editions obtainable, many of the books being those precious little leather-bound "first editions" that are counted among the choicest of our literary treasures.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge my obligations to the libraries of Providence and Boston, and to express my special gratitude for the courteous helpfulness and continued interest shown by the librarians of the American Antiquarian Society and the Free Public Library of Worcester.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
March 5, 1907.

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1827. *The Youth's Companion* founded, the pioneer paper for young people.
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1840. *The Dial*, the organ of transcendentalism.
1848. *The Biglow Papers*, the first literary use of dialect in American literature.
1849. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, a strong influence toward the study of European literature.
1849. Thoreau's *Week*, the first American book of "nature literature."
1850. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, the greatest American novel.
1852. Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the first American novel of purpose.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICA'S LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE COLONIAL PERIOD

1607–1765

1. Literary work in England. In the early part of the seventeenth century England was all aglow with literary inspiration. Shakespeare was writing his noblest tragedies. Ben Jonson was writing plays, adoring his friend Shakespeare, and growling at him because he would not observe the rules of the classical drama. Francis Bacon was rising swiftly to the height of his glory as Chancellor of England and incidentally composing essays so keen and strong and brilliant that he seems to have said the last word on whatever subject he touches. There were many lesser lights, several of whom would have been counted great in any other age.

2. Early American histories. In all the blaze of this literary glory colonists began to sail away from the shores of England for the New World. They had to meet famine, cold, pestilence, hard work, and danger from the Indians. Nevertheless, our old friend, John Smith, wrote a book on Virginia, and George Sandys completed on Virginian soil his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. These men, however, were only visitors to America; and, important as their writings may be historically or poetically, they have small connection with American literature. It was on the rockbound coast of

Massachusetts that our literature made its real beginning. The earnest, serious Pilgrims and Puritans disapproved of the plays and masques that were flourishing in England; pastoral verse was to them a silly affectation; the delicate accuracy of the sonnet showed a sinful waste of time and thought. They were striving to make an abode for righteousness, and whatever did not manifestly conduce to that single aim, they counted as of evil. Writing their own history, however, was reckoned a most godly work. "We are the Lord's chosen people," they said to themselves with humble pride. "His hand is ever guiding us. Whatever happens to us then must be of importance, and for the glory of God it should be recorded." With this thought in mind, Governor William Bradford of Plymouth, the "Father of American History," wrote his *History of Plymouth Plantation*, "in a plaine stile," as he says, and "with singuler regard unto ye simple trueth in all things." He tells about the struggles and sufferings of his people in the Old World, about that famous scene in Holland when "their Revēd pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watri cheeks cōmended them with most fervent praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be ye last leave to many of them." Governor Bradford could picture well such a scene as this, and he could also write spicily of the lordly salt-maker who came among them. "He could not doe anything but boil salt in pans," says the Governor, "and yet would make them yt were joynd with him beleeve there was so great misterie in it as was not easie to be attained, and made them doe many unnecessary things to blind their eys, till they discerned his sutltie."

William Bradford, 1590-1657.

A second history, that of New England, was also written by a governor, John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Among his accounts of weightier matters he does not forget to tell of the little everyday occurrences, — of the chimney that took fire, of the calf that wandered away and was lost, of the two young men on shipboard who were punished for fighting by having their hands tied behind them and being ordered to walk up and down the deck all day, of the strange visions and lights that were seen and the strange voices that were heard. It is such details as these that carry us back to the lives of our ancestors, their fears and their troubles.

John Winthrop, 1588-1649.

3. The Bay Psalm Book, 1640. While these two histories were being written, three learned men in Massachusetts set to work to prepare a version of the *Psalms* to use in church. A momentous question arose: Would it be right to use a trivial and unnecessary ornament like rhyme? "There is sometimes rhyme in the original Hebrew," said one, "and therefore it must be right to use it." Thus established, they took their pens in hand, and in 1640 the famous *Bay Psalm Book* was published in America, the first book printed on American soil. This was the version of Psalm xxxv, 5: —

> As chaffe before the winde, let them
> be, & Gods Angell them driving.
> Let their way dark and slippery bee,
> and the Lords Angell them chasing.

The "Admonition to the Reader" at the end of the book declares that many of these psalms may be sung to "neere fourty common tunes," and indeed there seems no reason why a hymn like this should not be sung to one tune as well as another. Now these struggling poets were scholars; two of them were university grad-

uates. They had lived in England during the noblest age of English poetry. Why, then, did they make the *Psalms* into such doggerel? The reason was that they were in agonies of conscience lest they should allow the charm of some poetical expression to lure them away from the seriousness of truth; and they declared with artless complacency and somewhat unnecessary frankness that they had "attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry."

A generous amount of verse was written in the colonies even in the early days. Many of the settlers were educated men, fully accustomed to putting their thoughts on paper, and they seemed to feel that it dignified a thought to make it into verse. Religion was the all-absorbing subject, and therefore they have left us many thousand lines of religious hopes and fears. Unfortunately, it takes more than study to make a man a poet, and hardly a line of all the accumulation can be called poetry.

4. Michael Wigglesworth, 1631–1705. The most lengthy piece of this early colonial rhyme was produced by the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth of Malden. It was called *The Day of Doom, or, A Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment.* It painted with considerable imaginative power the Last Judgment as the Reverend Michael thought it ought to be. After the condemnation of the other sinners, the "reprobate infants," the children who had died in babyhood, appear at the bar of God and plead that they are not to blame for what Adam did. They say:—

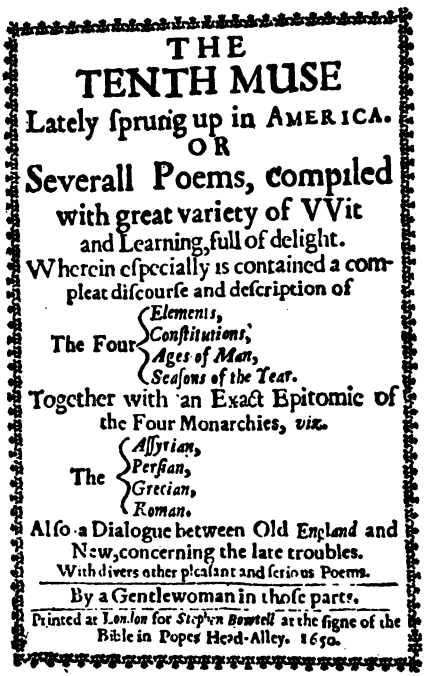
The Day of Doom, 1662.

> Not we, but he ate of the Tree
> whose fruit was interdicted:
> Yet on us all of his sad Fall,
> the punishment 's inflicted.

The answer is: —

A Crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell.

The early colonists bought this book in such numbers that it may be looked upon as America's first and greatest literary success. The first year 1800 copies were sold; and it is estimated that with our increased population this would be equivalent to a sale of 2,000,000 copies to-day.


THE
TENTH MUSE
Lately ſprung up in AMERICA.
OR
Severall Poems, compiled
with great variety of VVit
and Learning, full of delight.
Wherein eſpecially is contained a compleat diſcourſe and deſcription of
The Four { Elements, Conſtitutions, Ages of Man, Seaſons of the Year.
Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, viz.
The { Aſſyrian, Perſian, Grecian, Roman.
Alſo a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles.
With divers other pleaſant and ſerious Poems.
By a Gentlewoman in thoſe parts.
Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell at the ſigne of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF ANNE BRADSTREET'S BOOK OF POEMS

5. Anne Bradstreet, 1612 or 1613–1672. The praise of Michael Wigglesworth was as naught when compared with the glory of one Mistress Anne Bradstreet, who abode with her husband and eight children in the wilderness of Andover and therein did write much poetry. People were in ecstasies over her compositions, and they did not accuse her publisher of exaggeration when he wrote on the title-

page of her book, "Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight." She was called "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." Learned Cotton Mather declared that her work "would outlast the stateliest marble." However that may be, it was certainly the nearest approach to poetry that the colonies produced during their first century, and now and then we find a phrase with some little poetic merit. In her poem *Contemplations*, for instance, are the lines:—

Several Poems, &c. 1678.

> I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
> The black-clad cricket bear a second part;
> They kept one tune and played on the same string,
> *Seeming to glory in their little art.*

6. The children's book. One cannot help wondering a little what the children found to read in colonial days, for the youngest baby Pilgrim was an old man before it occurred to any one to write a child's book. Even then, it was a book that most of the boys and girls of to-day would think rather dull, for it was a serious little schoolbook called the *New England Primer*. No one knows who wrote it, but it was published by one Benjamin Harris at his coffee-house and bookstore in Boston, "by the Town-Pump near the Change," some time between 1687 and 1690. It contained such knowledge as was thought absolutely necessary for children. After the alphabet came a long list of two-letter combinations, "ab, eb, ib, ob, ub; ac, ec, ic, oc, uc," etc.; then a list of words of one syllable; and at last the child had worked his way triumphantly to "a-bom-i-na-tion" and "qual-i-fi-ca-tion." There were several short and simple prayers, and there was a picture of the martyr, John Rogers, standing composedly in the flames while his family wept

New England Primer, between 1687 and 1690.

around him, and the executioner grinned maliciously. There was a second alphabet with a rhyme and a picture for every letter. It began: —

In Adam's Fall
We sinnéd all.

In the course of countless reprints, many changes were made. It is said that in one edition or another the couplet for every letter in the alphabet was changed except that for A; but the Puritan never gave up his firm grasp upon the belief in original sin. For a century these two lines were a part of every orthodox child's moral equipment, and they were the keynote of the greater part of the prose and rhyme produced in America during the colonial period.

THE ALPHABET IN THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

7. Cotton Mather, 1663–1728. Even if almost all the colonial books were written for the grown folk, the children and their future were not forgotten. How to make sure of educated ministers for them and for their children's children was the question. It was settled by the founding of Harvard College in 1636, only sixteen years after the little band of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. One of its most famous graduates during the colonial days was the Reverend Cotton Mather. He took his degree at fifteen, and three years later he was already so famous for his learning that he received an urgent call to become a pastor in far-away New Haven. He refused, became his father's assistant at the North Church in Boston; and at the North Church he remained for more than forty years. Preaching, however, was but a small part of his work. He had the largest library in the colonies, and he knew it thoroughly. He could write in seven languages; he was deeply interested in science; he kept fasts and vigils innumerable. He was grave and somewhat stern in manner, and people were seldom quite at ease with him; but he had a tender spot in his heart for boys and girls, and whenever he passed through a village, he used to beg a holiday for the children of the place. He was horrified at the severity shown in the schools of the day; and among his own flock of fifteen there was rarely any punishment more severe than to be forbidden to enter his presence. One of his sons wrote that their father never rose from the table without first telling them some entertaining story, and that when a child had done some little deed that he knew would please the stately minister, he would run to him, and say, "Now, father, tell me some curious thing."

With all his other occupations, he did an immense amount of writing. Nearly four hundred books and pam-

phlets have been published, and there are still thousands of pages in manuscript. His best-known book is his *Magnalia Christi Americana*, or *The Ecclesiastical History of New England*. Like Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, it is much more entertaining than one would think from its ponderous title. Cotton Mather's aim was to record the dealings of God with his chosen people, and the character of those people. He followed the fashion of dropping in bits of Latin and Greek, and making intricate contrasts and comparisons that sometimes remind the reader of John Donne,— without Donne's genius. He begins the book with an imitation of the Æneid, which he and his early readers probably thought extremely effective. But there is much besides a Virgilian preface in his work. There are enthusiastic descriptions of the men whom he admired, written with many a touch of beauty and sincere tenderness. Then, too, the book is a perfect storehouse of all sorts of wonder-tales: the story of the "ship in the air" which Longfellow made into a rhyme, using often the very words of the old chronicler; that of the two-headed snake of Newbury, of which Whittier wrote; and many others. Among the pages that bristle with august phrases from the dead languages, we find here and there some simple story like the following, which is told of Winthrop, and which makes us feel that Mather in his wig and bands and Winthrop in his exasperatingly untumbled ruff are not so unlike men of to-day, and would be exceedingly interesting people to know:—

Magnalia Christi, 1702.

In a hard and long Winter, when Wood was very scarce at Boston, a Man gave him a private Information, that a needy Person in his Neighbourhood stole Wood sometimes from his Pile; whereupon the Governour in a seeming Anger did reply, Does he so? I 'll take a Course with him; go, call that Man to me, I 'll warrant

you I 'll cure him of stealing! When the Man came, the Governour considering that if he had Stoln, it was more out of Necessity than Disposition, said unto him, Friend, It is a severe Winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided for Wood; wherefore I would have you supply yourself at my Wood-Pile till this cold Season be over. And he then Merrily asked his Friends, Whether he had not effectually cured this Man of Stealing his Wood?

8. Samuel Sewall, 1652–1730. During the greater part of Cotton Mather's life an interesting diary was being written by Judge Samuel Sewall. He tells of being comfortable in the stoveless meeting-house, though his ink froze by a good fire at home; of whipping his little Joseph "pretty smartly" for "playing at Prayer-time and eating when Returne Thanks;" of the lady who cruelly refused to bestow her hand upon the eager widower, even though wooed with prodigal munificence by the gift of "one-half pound of sugar almonds, cost three shillings per pound." Though the writings of the honest old Judge cannot strictly be called literature, their frank revelation of everyday life presents too excellent a background for the writings of others to be entirely forgotten.

9. Jonathan Edwards, 1703–1758. In 1730 Judge Sewall died. In that year a young man of twenty-seven was preaching in Northampton who was to become famous for his original, clear, and logical thought and his power to move an audience. He had been a wonder all the days of his life. When he ought to have been playing marbles, he was reading Greek and Latin and Hebrew. He was deeply interested in natural philosophy, and even more deeply in theology. When he was fourteen, he read Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and declared that it inexpressibly entertained and pleased him.

Such was Jonathan Edwards. He was the greatest clergyman of the first half of the eighteenth century, and some have not feared to call him the "most original and acute thinker yet produced in America." He was quite different from the earlier colonial pastors like Cotton Mather, men who were gazed upon by their flocks with wonder and humble reverence as recognized leaders in religion, learning, and politics. His time was devoted to theology. After twenty-four years in Northampton he went to the little village of Stockbridge and became a missionary to the Indians. Then there was such poverty in the Edwards family that fresh, whole sheets of paper were a rare luxury, and the thoughts of the keenest mind in the land were jotted down on the backs of letters or the margins of pamphlets. By and by these thoughts were published in book form. This book was *The Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.* Then the modest missionary to the Indians became famous among metaphysicians the world over, for in acute, powerful reasoning he had no superior. It is small wonder that Princeton hastened to send a messenger to the little village in the wilderness to offer him the presidency of the college. He accepted the offer, but died after only one month's service.

JONATHAN EDWARDS
1703–1758

The Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will, 1754.

Unfortunately, the passage of Edwards's writings that is oftenest quoted is from his sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," wherein even his clearsightedness confuses God's pitying love for the sinner with his hatred of sin. More in harmony with Edwards's natural disposition is his simple, frank description of his boyhood happiness when after many struggles he first began to realize the love of God. He wrote:—

> The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things: in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

10. Minor writers. Such was the literature of our colonial days. Few names can be mentioned, but there were scores of minor writers. There was Roger Williams, that lover of peace and arouser of contention; John Eliot, one of the three manufacturers of the *Bay Psalm Book*, whose Indian Bible is a part of literature, if not of American literature. There was the witty grumbler, Nathaniel Ward, the "Simple Cobler of Agawam;" William Byrd, who described so graphically the dangers

and difficulties of running a surveyor's line across the Dismal Swamp. There was John Woolman, the Quaker, so tender of conscience that he believed it wasteful and therefore wrong to injure the wearing qualities of cloth by coloring it; and of such charming frankness that he confesses how uneasy he felt lest his fellow Friends should think he was "affecting singularity" in wearing a hat of the natural color of the fur. Some of the paragraphs of his journal might almost have come from the pen of Whittier, so full are they of the poet's sensitiveness and shyness and his boldness in doing right. There were newspapers, the *Boston News Letter* the first of all. There were almanacs, the first appearing at Cambridge almost as soon as Harvard College was founded.

The colonial days passed swiftly, and the time soon came when the country was aroused and thrilled by an event that changed the aim and purpose of all colonial writings. In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed; and after that date, when men took their pens in hand, their compositions did not belong to the Colonial Period; for, consciously or unconsciously, they had entered into the second period of American literature, the literature of the Revolution.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD

1607–1765

William Bradford
John Winthrop
The Bay Psalm Book
Michael Wigglesworth
Anne Bradstreet
The New England Primer
Cotton Mather
Samuel Sewall
Jonathan Edwards

SUMMARY

In the early part of the seventeenth century England was aglow with literary inspiration. American literature began in

Massachusetts, in the histories written by Bradford and Winthrop. The *Bay Psalm Book* was the first book published in America. Much verse of good motive but small merit was written, the longest piece being Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*. Anne Bradstreet wrote the best of the colonial verse. The only book for children was the *New England Primer*. Cotton Mather was the last of the typical colonial ministers. Sewall's diary pictures colonial days. Edwards was the greatest preacher of the first half of the eighteenth century. He won world-wide fame as a metaphysician. Among the minor writers were Williams, Eliot, Ward, Byrd, and Woolman. The passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 marked the beginning of the second period of American literature, the literature of the Revolution.

CHAPTER II

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

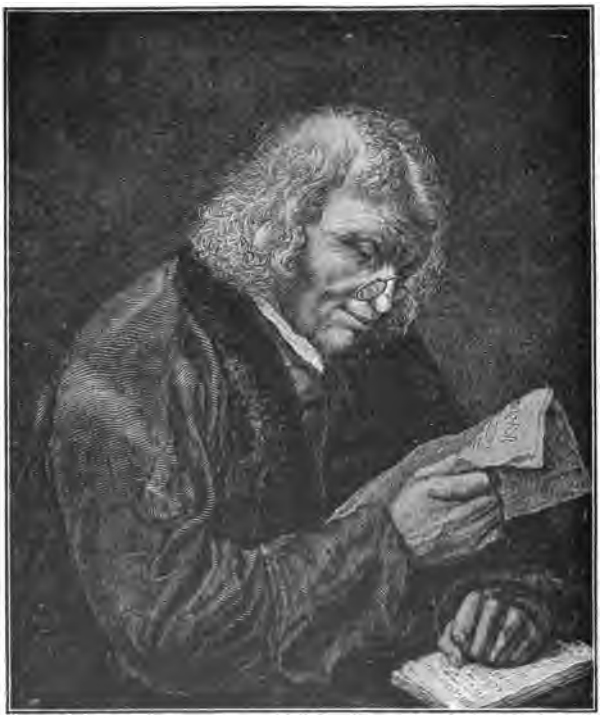
1765–1815

11. Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790. The Stamp Act was an electric shock to the colonists. They expected to be ruled for the benefit of the mother country, for that was the custom of the age; but this Act they believed to be illegal, and it aroused all their Anglo-Saxon wrath at injustice. There was small inclination now to write religious poems or histories of early days. Every one was talking about the present crisis. As time passed, orations and political writings flourished; and satires and war songs had their place, followed by lengthy poems on the assured greatness and glory of America.

At the first threat of a Stamp Act, Pennsylvania had sent one of her colonists to England to prevent its passage if possible. This emissary was Benjamin Franklin, a Boston boy who had run away to Philadelphia. There he had become printer and publisher, and was widely known as a shrewd, successful business man, full of public spirit. He spent in all nearly eighteen years in England as agent of Pennsylvania and other colonies. On one of his visits home he signed the Declaration of Independence. Almost immediately he was sent to France to secure French aid in our Revolutionary struggles. Then he returned to America, and spent the five years of life that remained to him in serving his country and the people about him in every way in his power.

Such a record as this is almost enough for one man's life, but it was only a part of Franklin's work. He specialized in everything. His studies of electricity gained him honors from France and England. Harvard, Yale, Edinburgh, and Oxford gave him

His versatility.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706–1790

honorary degrees. He invented, among other things, the lightning-rod and the Franklin stove. He founded the Philadelphia Library, the University of Pennsylvania, and the American Philosophical Society. He it was

who first suggested a union of colonies, and he was our first postmaster-general. His motto seems to have been, "I will do everything I can, and as well as I can."

When he was a boy in Boston, he wrote a ballad about a recent shipwreck, which sold in large numbers. "Verse-makers are usually beggars," declared his father; and the young poet wrote no more ballads, for he intended to "get on" in life. A little later, he came across an odd volume of *The Spectator*, and was delighted with its clear, agreeable style. "I will imitate that," he said to himself; so he took notes of some of the papers, rewrote the essays from these, and then compared his work with his model. After much of this practice, he concluded that he "might in time come to be a tolerable English writer." **His literary aims.**

The hardworking young printer had but a modest literary ambition, but it met with generous fulfilment; for if he had done nothing else, he would have won fame by his writings. These consist in great part of essays on historical, political, commercial, scientific, religious, and moral subjects. He had studied *The Spectator* to good purpose, for he rarely wrote a sentence that was not strong and vigorous, and, above all, clear. Whoever reads a paragraph of Franklin's writing knows exactly what the author meant to say. His first literary glory came from neither poem nor essay, but from *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a pamphlet which he published every autumn for twenty-five years. It was full of shrewd, practical advice on becoming well-to-do and respected and getting as much as possible out of life. The special charm of the book was that this advice was put in the form of proverbs or pithy rhymes, every one with a snap as well as a moral. "Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing." "Honesty is the best **Poor Richard's Almanac, 1732–1757.**

policy." "Great talkers are little doers." "Better slip with foot than tongue." "Doors and walls are fools' paper." Such was the tone of the famous little *Almanac*. Another of his writings, and one that is of interest to-day, is his *Autobiography*, which he wrote when he was sixty-five years of age. In it nothing is kept back. He tells us of his first arrival in Philadelphia, when he walked up Market Street, eating a great roll and carrying another under each arm; of his scheme for attaining moral perfection by cultivating one additional virtue each week, and of his surprise at finding himself more faulty than he had supposed! The self-revelation of the author is so honest and frank that the book could hardly help being charming, even if it had been written about an uninteresting person; but written, as it was, about a man so learned, so practical, so shrewd, so full of kindly humor as Benjamin Franklin, it is one of the most fascinating books of the century.

Autobiography, begun 1771.

12. **Revolutionary oratory.** Franklin's *Autobiography* was never finished, perhaps because the Revolution was at hand and there was little time for reminiscences. The minds of men were full of the struggles of the present and the hopes of the future. Most of the oratory of the time is lost. We can only imagine it from the chance words of appreciation of those who listened to it. There was Otis, whom John Adams called "a flame of fire." There was Richard Henry Lee, the quiet thinker who blazed into the eloquence of earnestness and sincerity, the man who dared to move in Congress, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." There was Patrick Henry, that other Virginian, who began to speak so shyly and stumblingly that a listener fancied

James Otis, 1725-1783.

Richard Henry Lee, 1732-1794.

Patrick Henry, 1736-1799.

him to be some country minister a little taken aback at addressing such an assembly. But soon that assembly

PATRICK HENRY MAKING HIS TARQUIN AND CÆSAR SPEECH

was thrilled with his ringing "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

13. Political writings. Those writers who favored peace and submission to England are no longer remem-

bered; those who urged resistance even unto war will, in the success of that war, never be forgotten. Prominent among them was Thomas Paine, an Englishman whom the wise Benjamin Franklin met in England and induced to go to America in 1774. Two years later he published the most famous of his writings, *Common Sense*. This pamphlet told why its author believed in a separation from the mother country. Its clear and logical arguments were a power in bringing on the war. And when the war had come, his *Crisis* gave renewed courage to many a disheartened patriot. Thomas Jefferson was the author not only of the *Declaration of Independence*, but of many strong pamphlets that aroused men's souls to the inevitable bloodshed. It was he who, only a few days after the adoption of the *Declaration of Independence*, suggested the motto for the seal of the United States, *E pluribus unum;* and it is hard to see how a better one could have been found. George Washington would have smiled gravely to see himself written down as one of the lights of literature; but his *Farewell Address*, his letters, and his journals are not without literary value in their clearness and strength and dignity, in their noble expression of ennobling thoughts.

Thomas Paine, 1737-1809.

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826.

George Washington, 1732-1799.

At the close of the Revolution, the question of the hour was how the Republic should be organized and governed. A number of political pamphlets had been written during the war; and now such writings became the main weapons of those into whose hands the formation of the Constitution had fallen. The best-known of these papers were written by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison. They were collected and pub-

The Federalist, 1788-1789.

Alexander Hamilton, 1757-1804.

lished as *The Federalist* in 1788–1789, the time when the country was hesitating to adopt the Constitution. Here is an example of the straightforward, dignified, self-respecting manner in which they laid before the young nation the advantages of the proposed method of electing a President:—

John Jay, 1745-1829. James Madison, 1751-1836.

The process of the election affords a moral certainty that the office of President will never fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualifications.

MADISON 1751–1836 | JAY 1745–1829 | HAMILTON 1757–1804

THE AUTHORS OF THE FEDERALIST

Talents for low intrigue, and the little arts of popularity, may alone suffice to elevate a man to the first honors in a single State; but it will require other talents, and a different kind of merit, to establish him in the esteem and confidence of the whole Union, or of so considerable a portion of it, as would be necessary to make him a successful candidate for the distinguished office of President of the United States. It will not be too strong to say, that there will be a constant probability of seeing the station filled by characters pre-eminent for ability and virtue.

14. The "Hartford Wits." The poets of Revolutionary times chose the same subject as the prose writers. The poem might be a ballad on some recent event of the war,

a satire, or a golden vision of the greatness which, in the imagination of the poet, his country had already attained; but in one form or another the theme was ever "Our Country." A piece of literary work that falls in with the spirit of the times wins a contemporary fame whose reflection often remains much longer than the quality of the work would warrant. Among the writers of such poetry were the "Hartford Wits," as they were called, a group of Connecticut authors whose principal members were Timothy Dwight, John Trumbull, and Joel Barlow.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817.

Timothy Dwight was a grandson — and a worthy one — of Jonathan Edwards. In 1777 he was studying law, but his patriotism, and perhaps his inherited tastes, turned him into a minister; for the army needed chaplains. He was licensed to preach, and joined the Connecticut troops. Then it was that he wrote his *Columbia*, a patriotic song which predicted in bold, swinging metre a magnificent future for the United States. He says: —

Columbia, 1777.

> As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
> And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow:
> While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
> Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

The Conquest of Canaan, 1785.

He wrote an epic, called *The Conquest of Canaan*, which is long, dull, and forgotten. He left many volumes and much manuscript; but the one piece of his work that has any real share in the life of to-day is his hymns, particularly his version of Psalm cxxxvii, beginning: —

> I love thy kingdom, Lord,
> The house of thine abode.

John Trumbull's merry, good-natured face does not seem at all the proper physiognomy for a man who be-

gan life as an infant prodigy and ended it as a judge of the superior court. When he was five years old, he listened to his father's lessons to a young man who was preparing for college, and then said to his mother, "I 'm going to study Latin, too." The result was that when he was seven, he passed his entrance examinations for Yale, sitting upon a man's knee, so the tradition says, because he was too little to reach the table. He was taken home, however, and did not enter college until he was thirteen. He wrote the best satire of the Revolutionary days, *M'Fingal.* His hero is a Tory.

John Trumbull, 1750-1831.

M'Fingal, 1775.

> From Boston in his best array
> Great Squire M'Fingal took his way.

The poem is a frank imitation of *Hudibras,* and, either luckily or unluckily for Trumbull's fame, some of his couplets are so good that they are often attributed to Butler. Among them are: —

> No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

> But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
> To see what is not to be seen.

The third of this group was Joel Barlow. In 1778 he graduated from Yale. His part in the Commencement programme was a poem, *The Prospect of Peace.* He was well qualified to write on such a subject, for he had had a fashion of slipping away to the army when his vacations came around, and doing a little fighting. Two years later, he followed the example of his friend Dwight, and became an army chaplain. After the war was over, he produced

Joel Barlow, 1754 or 1755-1812.

a poem, *The Vision of Columbus*, afterwards expanded into an epic, *The Columbiad*. People were so carried away with its patriotism and its sonorous phrases that they forgot to be critical, and the poem made its author famous. He is remembered now, however, by a merry little rhyme which he wrote on being served with hasty pudding in Savoy. He takes for the motto of his poem the dignified Latin sentiment, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci," and translates it delightfully, "He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses." He thus apostrophizes the delicacy: —

The Vision of Columbus, 1787. The Columbiad, 1807.

The Hasty Pudding, 1796.

> Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
> Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
> Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
> Each clime my country and each house my home,
> My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
> I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

Poor Barlow! aspiring to a national epic and remembered by nothing but a rhyme on hasty pudding!

15. Philip Freneau, 1752–1832. In the midst of these writers of unwieldy and long-forgotten epics was one man in whom there abode a real poetic talent, Philip Freneau, born in New York. His early poems were satires and songs, often of small literary merit, indeed, but with a ring and a swing that made them almost sing themselves. The boys in the streets, as well as the soldiers in the camps, must have enjoyed shouting: —

> When a certain great king, whose initial is G,
> Forces Stamps upon paper, and folks to drink Tea;
> When these folks burn his tea and stampt paper, like stubble —
> You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

When the war was over, verse that was neither epic,

war song, nor satire had a chance to win appreciation. Freneau then published, in 1786, a volume of poems. In some of them there is a sincere poetic tenderness and delicacy of touch; for instance, in his memorial to the soldiers who fell at Eutaw Springs, he says: — Poems, 1786.

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

The lyric music rings even more melodiously in his *Wild Honeysuckle*, which ends: —

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

This year 1786 was the one in which Burns published his first volume, and the year in which he wrote of his "Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower." Freneau was as free as Burns from the influence of Pope and his heroic couplet which had so dominated the poets of England for the greater part of the eighteenth century. He was no imitator; and he had another of the distinctive marks of a true poet, — he could find the poetic where others found nothing but the prosaic. Before his time, the American Indian, for instance, had hardly appeared in literature; Freneau was the first to see that there was something poetic in the pathos of a vanishing race. In all the rhyming of the two centuries immediately preceding 1800, there is nothing that gave such hope for the future of American poetry as some of the poems of Philip Freneau.

16. Charles Brockden Brown, 1771–1810. There was hope, too, for American prose, and in a new line, that of fiction; for the Philadelphia writer, Charles Brockden Brown, published in 1798 a novel entitled *Wieland.* It is full of mysterious voices, murders, and threatened murders, whose cause and explanation prove to be the power of a ventriloquist. The book was called "thrilling and exciting in the highest degree;" but the twentieth-century reader cannot help wondering why the afflicted family did not investigate matters and why the tormented heroine did not get a watch-dog. Then, too, comes the thought of what the genius of Poe could have done with such material. Nevertheless, there is undeniable talent in the book, and unmistakable promise for the future. Some of the scenes, especially the last meeting between the heroine and her half-maniac brother, are powerfully drawn. Brown published several other novels, one of which, *Arthur Mervyn,* is valued for its vivid descriptions of a visitation of the yellow fever to Philadelphia. Like Freneau, Brown saw in the Indian good material for literature; but to him the red man was neither pathetic nor romantic, — he was simply a terrible danger of the western wilderness.

Wieland, 1798.

Arthur Mervyn, 1799-1800.

During the fifty years of the Revolutionary period, the literary spirit had first manifested itself in the practical, utilitarian prose of Franklin and the writers of *The Federalist* and other political pamphlets; then in the patriotic satires and epics of the Hartford Wits. Finally, in the work of both Freneau and Brown there was manifest a looking forward to literature for literature's sake, to a poetry that dreamed of the beautiful, to a prose that reached out toward the imaginative and the creative.

The Revolutionary Period

1765-1815

Benjamin Franklin	Timothy Dwight
Thomas Paine	John Trumbull
Thomas Jefferson	Joel Barlow
George Washington	Philip Freneau
The Federalist	Charles Brockden Brown

SUMMARY

The passage of the Stamp Act turned the literary activity of the colonists from history and religious poetry toward oratory, political writings, satire, war songs, and patriotic poems. Franklin was the most versatile man of his times. His work in politics, science, and literature deserved the honor which it received. His most popular publication was *Poor Richard's Almanac*. His work of most interest to-day is his *Autobiography*. The leading orators were Otis, Lee, and Henry. Some of the political writers were Paine, Jefferson, and Washington. *The Federalist* contains many political essays by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison. Among the "Hartford Wits" were Dwight, the author of *The Conquest of Canaan*, but best known by his hymns; Trumbull, whose *M'Fingal* was the best satire of the Revolution; and Barlow, who wrote an epic, *The Columbiad*, but is best known by his rhyme, *The Hasty Pudding*. Freneau wrote poems that rank him above all other poets of the period. Brown's *Wieland* was the forerunner of the nineteenth-century novel.

CHAPTER III

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815—

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

A. THE KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL

17. National progress. The last fifteen years of the Revolutionary period, from 1800 to 1815, were marked by great events in America. New States were admitted to the Union; the Louisiana Purchase made the United States twice as large as before; the expedition of Lewis and Clark revealed the wonders and possibilities of the West; Fulton's invention of the steamboat brought the different parts of the country nearer together; the successes of the War of 1812, particularly the naval victories, increased the republic's self-respect and sense of independence. This feeling was no whit lessened by the conquest of the Barbary pirates, to whom for three hundred years other Christian nations had been forced to pay tribute. Just as the great events of the sixteenth century aroused and inspired the Elizabethans, so the growth of the country, the victories, discoveries, and inventions of the first years of the nineteenth century aroused and inspired the Americans. There was rapid progress in all directions, and no slender part in this progress fell to the share of literature.

18. The Knickerbocker School. During the Revolutionary period the literary centre had gradually moved from Massachusetts to Philadelphia. When the nineteenth century began, a boy of seventeen was just leaving school whose talents were to do much to make New York, his birthplace and home, a literary centre. Morr

over, the name of one of his characters, Diedrich Knickerbocker, has become a literary term; for just as three English authors have been classed together as the Lake Poets because they chanced to live in the Lake Country,

WASHINGTON IRVING
1783–1859

so the term Knickerbocker School has been found convenient to apply to Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and the lesser writers who were at that time more or less connected with New York.

19. Washington Irving, 1783–1859. This boy of seventeen was Washington Irving. He first distinguished himself by roaming about in the city and neighboring villages, while the town crier rang his bell and cried in-

dustriously, "Child lost! Child lost!" After leaving school, he studied law; but he must have rejoiced when his family decided that the best way to improve his somewhat feeble health was to send him to Europe, far more of a journey in 1800 than a trip around the world in 1900. He wandered through France, Italy, and England, and enjoyed himself everywhere. When he returned to New York, nearly two years later, he was admitted to the bar; but he spent all his leisure hours on literature. *The Spectator* had the same attraction for him that it had had for Franklin. When he was nineteen, he had written a few essays in a somewhat similar style; and now he set to work with his brother William and a friend, James K. Paulding, to publish a *Spectator* of their own. They named it *Salmagundi*, and in the first number they calmly announced: —

Salmagundi, 1807.

> Our purpose is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence.

The twenty numbers of this paper that appeared were bright, merry, and good-natured. Their wit had no sting, and they became popular in New York. The law practice must have suffered some neglect, for Irving had another plan in his mind. One day a notice appeared in the *Evening Post* under the head of "**Distressing.**" It spoke of the disappearance of one Diedrich Knickerbocker. Other notices followed. One said, "A very curious kind of a written book has been found in his room in his own handwriting." The way was thus prepared, and soon *Knickerbocker's History of New York* was on the market. It was the most fascinating mingling of fun and sober history that can be conceived of, and was mischievously

Knickerbocker's History of New York, 1809.

dedicated to the New York Historical Society. Everybody read it, and everybody laughed. Even the somewhat aggrieved descendants of the Dutch colonists managed to smile politely.

Knickerbocker's History brought its author three thousand dollars. His talent was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, but for ten years he wrote nothing more. Finally he went to England in behalf of the business in which he and his brother had engaged. The business was a failure, but still he lingered in London. A government position in Washington was offered him, but he refused it. Then his friends lost all patience. He had but slender means, he was thirty-five years old, and if he was ever to do any literary work, it was time that he made a beginning. Irving felt "cast down, blighted, and broken-spirited," as he said; but he roused himself to work, and soon he began to send manuscript to a New York publisher, to be brought out in numbers under the signature "Geoffrey Crayon." His friends no longer wished that he had taken the government position, for this work, the *Sketch Book*, was a glowing success. Everybody liked it, and with good reason, for among the essays and sketches, all of rare merit, were *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Praises were showered upon the author until he felt, as he wrote to a friend, "almost appalled by such success." Walter Scott, "that golden-hearted man," as Irving called him, brought about the publication of the book in England by Murray's famous publishing house. Its success there was as marked as in America, for at last a book had come from the New World that no one could refuse to accept as literature. The Americans had not forgotten the sneer of the English critic, "Who reads an American book?" and they gloried in

The Sketch Book, 1819-1820.

their countryman's glory. The sale was so great that the publisher honorably presented the author with more than a thousand dollars beyond the amount that had been agreed upon.

An enthusiastic welcome awaited Irving whenever he chose to cross the Atlantic, but he still lingered in Europe. In the next few years he published *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller*. The latter was not very warmly received, for the public were clamoring for something new. Just as serenely as Scott had turned to fiction when people were tired of his poetry, so Irving turned to history and biography. He spent three years in Spain, and the result of those years was his *Life of Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Companions of Columbus*, and, last and most charming of all, *The Alhambra*.

Bracebridge Hall, 1822. **Tales of a Traveller, 1824.** **Life of Columbus, 1828.** **The Conquest of Granada, 1829.** **The Companions of Columbus, 1831.** **The Alhambra, 1832.**

Irving had now not only fame but an assured income. He returned to America, and there he found himself the man whom his country most delighted to honor. Once more he left her shores, to become minister to Spain for four years; but, save for that absence, he spent the last twenty-seven years of his life in his charming cottage, Sunnyside, on the Hudson near Tarrytown. He was not idle by any means. Among his later works are his *Life of Goldsmith* and *Life of Washington*. In these biographies he had two aims: to write truly and to write interestingly. His style is always clear, marked by exquisite gleams of humor, and so polished that a word can rarely be changed without spoiling the sentence. To this charm of style he adds in the case of his *Life of Goldsmith* such an atmosphere of friendliness, of

Life of Goldsmith, 1849. **Life of Washington, 1855–1859.**

comradeship, of perfect sympathy, that one has to recall dates in order to realize that the two men were not companions. No man's last years were ever more full of

SUNNYSIDE

honors than Irving's. The whole country loved him. As Thackeray said, his gate was "forever swinging before visitors who came to him." Every one was welcomed, and every one carried away kindly thoughts of the magician of the Hudson.

20. James Fenimore Cooper, 1789–1851. About the time that the New York town crier was finding Irving's wanderings a source of income, a year-old baby, named James Fenimore Cooper, was taking a much longer journey. He travelled from his birthplace in Burlington, New Jersey, to what is now Cooperstown, New York, where his father owned several thousand acres of land and proposed to establish a village. The village was established, a handsome residence was built, and there, in the very heart of the wilderness, the boy

spent his early years. He was used to the free life of the forest; and it is small wonder that after he entered Yale, he found it rather difficult to obey orders and was sent home in disgrace.

His next step was to spend four years at sea. Then he married, left the navy, and became a country gentleman, with no more thought of writing novels than many

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
1789–1851

other country gentlemen. One day, after reading a story of English life, he exclaimed, "I believe I could write a better book myself." "Try it, then," retorted his wife playfully; and he tried it. The result was *Precaution.*

Unless the English novel was very poor, this book can hardly have been much of an improvement, for it is decidedly dull. Another fault is its lack of truth to life, for Cooper laid his scene in England in the midst of society that he knew nothing about. The book was anonymous. It was reprinted in England and was thought by some critics to be the work of an English writer. Americans of that day were so used to looking across the ocean for their literature that this mistake gave Cooper courage. Moreover, his friends stood by him generously. "Write another," they said, "and lay the scene in America." Cooper took up his pen again. *The Spy* was the result. Irving's *Sketch Book* had come out only a year or two earlier, and now American critics were indeed jubilant. A novel whose scene was laid in America and during the American Revolution had been written by an American and was a success in England. The bolder spirits began to whisper that American literature had really begun. Two years later, Cooper published *The Pioneers*, whose scene is laid in the forest, and also *The Pilot*, a sea tale.

Precaution, 1820.

The Spy, 1821.

The Pioneers, The Pilot, 1823.

There was little waiting for recognition. On both sides of the ocean his fame increased. He kept on writing, and his eager audience kept on reading and begged for more. His books were translated into French, German, Norwegian, even into Arabic and Persian. Among them was his *History of the United States Navy*, which is still an authority. Some of his books were very good, others were exceedingly poor. The *Leatherstocking Tales* are his best work. The best character is Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, the hunter and scout, whose achievements are traced through the five volumes of the series.

History of the United States Navy, 1839.

Cooper spent several years abroad. When he returned, he found that the good folk of Cooperstown had long been using a piece of his land as a pleasure ground. Cooper called them trespassers, and the courts agreed with him. The matter would have ended there had it not been a bad habit of Cooper's to criticise things and people as boldly as if he were the one person whose actions were above criticism. Of course he had not spared the newspapers, and now they did not spare him. He sued them for libel again and again. In one suit of this kind, the court had to hear his two-volume novel, *Home as Found,* read aloud in order to decide whether the criticisms in question were libellous or not. He often won his suits, but he lost far more than he gained; for, while Irving was loved by the whole country, Cooper made new enemies every day. Before his death he pledged his family to give no sight of his papers and no details of his home life to any future biographer who might ask for them. This is unfortunate, for Cooper was a man who always turned his rough side to the world; but at least we can fall back upon the knowledge that the people who knew him best loved him most.

Cooper and the courts.

Cooper's success was so immediate that he hardly realized the need of any thought or special preparation for a book; therefore he wrote carelessly, often with most shiftless inattention to style or plot or consistency. Mark Twain is scarcely more than just when he declares that the rules governing literary art require that "when a personage talks like an illustrated, gilt-edged, tree-calf, hand-tooled, seven-dollar Friendship's Offering in the beginning of a paragraph, he shall not talk like a negro minstrel in the end of it. But this rule is flung down and danced upon in the

Cooper's carelessness in writing.

Deerslayer tale." On the other hand, something must be pardoned to rapid composition, to the wish for an effect rather than accuracy of detail; and it is at best a most ungrateful task to pour out harsh criticism upon the man who has given us so many hours of downright pleasure, who has added to our literature two or three original characters, and who has brought into our libraries the salt breeze of the ocean and the rustling of the leaves of the forest.

21. William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878. America had now produced a writer of exquisite prose and a novelist of recognized ability, but had she a poet? The answer to this question lay in the portfolio of a young man of hardly eighteen years, who was named William Cullen Bryant.

He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, the son of a country doctor. He was brought up almost as strictly as if he had been born in Plymouth a century and a half earlier. Still, there was much to enjoy in the quiet village life. There were occasional huskings, barn-raisings, and maple-sugar parties; there were the woods and the fields and the brooks and the flowers. There were books, and there was a father who loved them. There was little money to spare in the simple country home, but good books had a habit of finding their way thither, and the boy was encouraged to read poetry and to write it. Some of this encouragement was perhaps hardly wise; for when he produced a satirical poem, *The Embargo*, the father straightway had it put into print.

The Embargo, 1808.

When Bryant was sixteen, he entered Williams College as a sophomore. His reputation went before him, and it was whispered among the boys, "He has written poetry and some of it has been printed." His college

course was short, for the money gave out. The boy was much disappointed, but he went home quietly and began to study law. He did not forget poetry, however, and then it was that *Thanatopsis*, the poem in the portfolio, was written. Six years later, Dr. Bryant came upon it by accident and recognized its greatness at a glance. Without a word to his son, the proud father set out for Boston and left the manuscript at the rooms of the *North American Review*, which had recently been established. Tradition says that the editor who read it dropped the work in hand and hurried away to Cambridge to show his colleagues what a "find" he had made; and that one of them, Richard Henry Dana, declared there was some fraud in the matter, for no one in America could write such verse. The least appreciative reader of the poem could hardly help feeling the solemn majesty, the organ-tone rhythm, the wide sweep of noble thought. *Thanatopsis* is a masterpiece. It went the country over; and wherever it went, even in its earlier and less perfect form, it was welcomed as America's first great poem. Meanwhile, its author was practising as a lawyer in a little Massachusetts village. He was working conscientiously at his profession; but fortunately he was not so fully employed as to have no spare hours for poetry, and it was about this time that he wrote his beautiful lines, *To a Waterfowl*. This poem came straight from his own heart, for he was troubled about his future, and, as he said, felt "very forlorn and desolate." The last stanza, —

Thanatopsis written, 1811; published, 1817.

To a Waterfowl, 1818

> He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright, —

gave to him the comfort that it has given to many others, and he went on bravely.

Dana soon brought it about that Bryant should be invited to read the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. The poem which he presented was *The Ages*. This, together with *Thanatopsis*, *To a Waterfowl*, and four other poems, was published in a slender little volume, in 1821.

The Ages, 1821.

Bryant was recognized as the first poet in the land, but even poets must buy bread and butter. Thus far, his poems had brought him a vast amount of praise and about two dollars apiece, and his law business had never given him a sufficient income. In 1825 he decided to accept a literary position that was offered him in New York. He soon became editor of *The Evening Post*, and this position he held for nearly fifty years. As an editor, he was absolutely independent, but always dignified and calm; and he held his paper to a high literary standard. It was during those years that he wrote *The Fringed Gentian*, *The Antiquity of Freedom*, *The Flood of Years*, and other poems that our literature could ill afford to lose. He said that he had little choice among his poems. Irving liked *The Rivulet;* Halleck, *The Apple Tree;* Dana, *The Past.* Bryant also translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. His life extended long after the lives of Irving and of Cooper had closed. Other poets had arisen in the land. They wrote on many themes; he wrote on few save death and nature. Their verses were often more warm-hearted, more passionate than Bryant's, and often they were easier reading; but Bryant never lost the place of honor and dignity that he had so fairly earned. He is the Father of American Poetry; and it is well for American poetry that it can look back to the calmness and strength and poise of such a founder. Lowell says:—

He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose.

22. The minor Knickerbocker poets. Among the crowd of minor poets of the Knickerbocker School were Halleck, Drake, and Willis. Fitz-Greene Halleck was a Connecticut boy who went to New York when he was twenty-one years old. He found work in the counting-room of John Jacob Astor. He also found a poet friend in a young man named Joseph Rodman Drake. Together they wrote *The Croakers*, satirical poems on the New York of the day. These are rather bright and witty, but it is hard to realize that they won intense admiration. The story has been handed down that when the editor of the paper in which they appeared first met his unknown contributors, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I had no idea that we had such talent in America." It was from the friendship between Halleck and Drake that Drake's best known poem arose, *The Culprit Fay*. If we may trust the tradition, the two poets, together with Cooper, were one day talking of America. Halleck and Cooper declared that it was impossible to find the poetry in American rivers that had been found in Scottish streams, but Drake took the contrary side. "I will prove it," he said to himself; and within the next three days he produced his *Culprit Fay*, as dainty a bit of slight, graceful, imaginative verse as can be found. The scene is laid in Fairyland, and Fairyland is somewhere among the Highlands of the Hudson. The fairy hero loves a beautiful mortal, and, as a punishment, is doomed to penances that give room for many poetic fancies and delicate pictures. Drake died only four years later. He left behind him at least one other poem, first published

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790–1867.

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820.

The Croakers, 1819.

The Culprit Fay, 1816.

The American Flag, 1819.

in *The Croakers*, that will hardly be forgotten, *The American Flag*, with its noble beginning: —

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air.

Halleck sorrowed deeply for the death of his friend. He himself lived for nearly half a century longer and wrote many poems, but nothing else as good as his loving tribute to Drake, which begins: —

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise!

One other poem of Halleck's, *Marco Bozzaris*, has always been a favorite because of its vigor and spirit. Bryant said, "The reading of Marco Bozzaris . . . stirs up my blood like the sound of martial music or the blast of a trumpet." Parts of it bring to mind the demand of King Olaf for a poem "with a sword in every line." Worn as these verses are by much declaiming, there is still a good old martial ring in such lines as: —

Marco Bozzaris, 1825.

Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God and your native land.

At the end of this rousing war-cry are two lines that are as familiar as anything in the language: —

One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

Another member of the Knickerbocker School was Nathaniel Parker Willis, a Maine boy who found his way to New York. He had hardly unpacked his trunk before it was decided that if he would go to Europe and send home a weekly

Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806-1867.

letter for publication, it would be greatly to the advantage of the journal with which he was connected. Europe was still so distant as to make letters of travel interesting. These sketches, afterwards published as *Pencillings by the Way*, were light and graceful, and they were copied by scores of papers. When Willis came home, five years later, he edited the *Home Journal*, wrote pretty, imaginative sketches and many poems. There was nothing deep or thoughtful in them, rarely anything strong; but they were easily and gracefully written and people liked to read them. A few of the poems, such as *The Belfry Pigeon*, *Unseen Spirits*, *Saturday Afternoon*, and *Parrhasius*, are still favorites.

Pencillings by the Way, London, 1835; America, 1836.

While in college, Willis wrote a number of sacred poems. Lowell wickedly said of them, "Nobody likes inspiration and water." But Lowell was wrong, for they found a large audience, and their author tasted all the sweets of popularity. He was not spoiled, however, and he was, as Halleck said, "one of the kindest of men." His own path to literary success had been smooth, but he was always ready to sympathize with the struggles of others and to aid them by every means in his power. He died in 1867; but many years before his death it was evident that the literary leadership had again fallen into the hands of New England.

Sacred poems.

A. The Knickerbocker School

Washington Irving	Fitz-Greene Halleck
James Fenimore Cooper	Joseph Rodman Drake
William Cullen Bryant	Nathaniel Parker Willis

SUMMARY

The progress of the country during the early years of the century inspired progress in literature. The literary centre

had moved from Massachusetts to Philadelphia, but now New York began to hold the place of honor. The authors belonging to the Knickerbocker School are Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, with the minor poets, Halleck, Drake, and Willis. *Knickerbocker's History of New York* made Irving somewhat known on both sides of the ocean, but his *Sketch Book* was the first American book to win a European reputation. He afterwards wrote much history and biography. Cooper attempted first an English novel, then wrote *The Spy*, which made him famous in both England and America. He wrote many other tales of the forest and the ocean. He was popular as a novelist, but unpopular as a man. The third great writer of the Knickerbocker School was Bryant. He wrote his masterpiece, *Thanatopsis*, before he was eighteen. His early poems were highly praised, but brought him little money. He was editor of *The Evening Post* for nearly fifty years, wrote many poems, and translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He was the Father of American Poetry. Among the minor Knickerbocker Poets were Halleck, Drake, and Willis. Long before the death of Willis, it was evident that the literary centre was again to be found in New England.

CHAPTER IV

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815—

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

B. THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

23. The Transcendentalists. Before the year 1840 had arrived, a remarkable group of writers of New England ancestry and birth had begun their work. They were fortunate in more than one way. They had the inspiration of knowing that good literature had already been written in America; and they had the stimulus arising from a movement, or manner of thought, known as transcendentalism. This movement began in Germany, was felt first in England and then in America, introduced by the works of Carlyle and Coleridge. Three of its "notes" were: (1) There are ideas in the human mind that were "born there" and were not acquired by experience; (2) Thought is the only reality; (3) Every one must do his own thinking. The Transcendental Club was formed, and the new movement had its literary organ, *The Dial*, whose first editor was the brilliant Margaret Fuller. It had also its representatives in the pulpit, for the persuasive charm of William Ellery Channing and the impassioned eloquence of Theodore Parker were employed to proclaim the new gospel. Another advocate was Amos Bronson Alcott, gentle, visionary, and immovable, who is so well pictured in the opening chapters of his daughter's *Little Women*.

The first thrill of all new movements leads to extremes, and transcendentalism was no exception. Freedom! Re-

form! was the war-cry; and to those who were inclined to act first and think afterwards, the new impulse was merely an incitement to tear down the fences. There were wild projects and fantastic schemes innumerable. A sense of humor would have guided and controlled much of this unbalanced enthusiasm; but it is only great men like Lincoln who can see any fellowship between humor and earnestness. The very people who were to profit by this movement were

Influence of transcendentalism.

CHANNING 1780–1842 | PARKER 1810–1860 | ALCOTT 1799–1888

THREE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

the loudest laughers at these dreamers who gazed in rapture upon the planets and sometimes stubbed their toes against the pebbles. Nevertheless, the ripened fruits of transcendentalism were in their degree like those of the Renaissance; it widened the horizon and it inspired men with courage to think for themselves and to live their own lives. This atmosphere of freedom had a noble effect upon literature. Two of the authors of the New England group, the poet-philosopher Emerson and the poet-naturalist Thoreau, were so imbued with its spirit that in literary classifications they are usually ranked as

the transcendentalists; and Hawthorne is often classed with them, partly by virtue of a few months' connection with a transcendental scheme, and even more because in his romances the thought and the spirit are so much more real than the deeds by which they are manifested and symbolized.

24. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803–1882. The poet-philosopher was one of five boys who lived with their widowed mother in Boston. They were poor, for clergymen do not amass fortunes, and their father had been no exception to the rule. The famous First Church, however, of which he had been in charge, did not forget the family of their beloved minister. Now and then other kind friends gave a bit of help. Once a cow was lent them, and every morning the boys drove her down Beacon Hill to pasture. In spite of their poverty it never entered the mind of any member of the family that the children could grow up without an education. Four of the boys graduated at Harvard. The oldest son, who was then a sedate gentleman of twenty, opened a school for young ladies; and his brother Ralph, two years younger, became his assistant. The evenings were free, and the young man of eighteen was even then jotting down the thoughts that he was to use many years later in his essay, *Compensation*. He was a descendant of eight generations of ministers, and there seems to have been in his mind hardly a thought of entering any other profession than the ministry. A minister he became; but a few years later he told his congregation frankly that his belief differed on one or two points from theirs and it seemed to him best to resign. They urged him to remain with them, but he did not think it wise to do so.

Enters the ministry.

A year later he went to Europe for his health. He

wanted to see three or four men rather than places, he said. He met Coleridge and Wordsworth; and then he sought out the lonely little farm of Craigenputtock, the home of Carlyle. His coming was "like the visit of an angel," said the Scotch philosopher to Longfellow. The two men became friends, and the friendship lasted as long as their lives.

Friendship with Carlyle.

When Emerson came back to America, he made his home in Concord, Massachusetts, but for a long while he was almost as much at home on railroad trains and in stages. Those were the times when people were eager to hear from the lecture platform what the best thinkers of the day could tell them. In 1837 Emerson delivered at Harvard his Phi Beta Kappa address entitled *The American Scholar;* and then for the first time the American people were told seriously and with dignity that they must no longer listen to "the courtly muses of Europe." "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds," said Emerson. These last words were the keynote of his message to the world. Whoever listens may hear the voice of God, he declared; and for that reason each person's individuality was sacred to him. Therefore it was that he met every man with a gently expectant deference that was far above the ordinary courtesy of society. A humble working woman once said that she did not understand his lectures, but she liked to go to them and see him look as if he thought everybody else just as good as he. On the lecture platform Emerson's manner was that of one who was trying to interpret what had been told to him, of one who was striving to put his thoughts into a language which had no words to express them fully.

The American Scholar, 1837.

Some parts of Emerson's writings are simple enough

for a little child to understand; other parts perhaps no one but their author has fully comprehended. It is not easy to make an outline of his essays. Every sentence, instead of opening the gate for the next, as in Macaulay's prose, seems to stand alone. Emerson said with truth, "I build my house of boulders." The connection is not in the words, but in a subtle undercurrent of thought. The best way to enjoy his writings is to turn the pages of some one of his simpler essays, *Compensation*, for instance, that he planned when a young man of eighteen, and read whatever strikes the eye. When one has read: "'What will you have?' quoth God; 'pay for it and take it,'" — "The borrower runs in his own debt," — "The thief steals from himself," — "A great man is always willing to be little;" — when one has read a few such sentences, he cannot help wishing to begin at the beginning to see how they come in. Then let him take from each essay that he reads the part that belongs to him, and leave the rest until its day and moment have fully come.

Literary style.

How to enjoy Emerson.

Among Emerson's poems, *Each and All*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble-Bee*, *The Snow-Storm*, *Forbearance*, *Woodnotes*, *Fable* ("The mountain and the squirrel"), *Concord Hymn*, and *Boston Hymn* are all easy and all well worth knowing by heart. He who has learned this handful of poems has met their author face to face, and can hardly fail to have gained a friendliness for him that will serve as his best interpreter.

Emerson's poems.

25. **Henry David Thoreau, 1817–1862.** In that same village of Concord was a young man named Thoreau who was a great puzzle to his neighbors. He had graduated at Harvard, but he did not become clergyman, lawyer, or physician. He taught for a while, he

wrote and sometimes he lectured; he read many books; and he spent a great deal of time out of doors. His father was a maker of lead pencils, and the son also learned the trade. Before long he made them better than the father; then he made them equal to the best that were imported. "There is a fortune for you in those pencils," declared his friends; but the young man made no more. "Why should I?" he queried. "I would not do again what I have done once."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
1817–1862

Thoreau loved his family, little children, and a few good friends; but not a straw did he care about people in the mass. Emerson said of him that his soul was made for the noblest society; but when he was about twenty-eight, he built himself a tiny cottage on the shore of Walden Pond, and there he lived for the greater part of two years and a half. He kept a journal, and in this he noted when the first bluebird appeared, how the little twigs changed in color at the coming of the spring, and many other "common sights." He knew every nook and cranny of the rocks, every bend of the stream, every curve of the shore. The little wild creatures had no fear of him; the red squirrels played about his feet as he wrote; the flowers seemed to hasten their blooming to meet the dates of his last year's diary. He

Home at Walden Pond.

told Emerson that if he waked up from a trance in his favorite swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of year it was within two days. He could find his way through the woods at night by the feeling of the ground to his feet. He saw everything around him. "Where can arrowheads be found?" he was asked. "Here," was his reply, as he stooped and picked one up. It is no wonder that he felt small patience with the blindness of other folk. "I have never yet met a man who was quite awake," he declared. He loved trees, and once, when the woodchoppers had done their worst, he exclaimed devoutly, "Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds."

He found so much to enjoy that he could not bear to give his time to any profession. To be free, to read, and to live with nature, — that was happiness. "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone," declared this philosopher of the wilderness. The few things that he could not "let alone," he supplied easily by the work of his hands. Emerson said that he himself could split a shingle four ways with one nail; but Thoreau could make a bookcase or a chest or a table or almost anything else. He knew more about gardening than any of the farmers around him. Six weeks of work as carpenter or surveyor supplied his needs for the rest of the year; then he was free.

In 1839 he made a boat, and in it he and his brother took a voyage on the Concord and Merrimac rivers. He was keeping a journal as usual, and he wrote in it an account of the trip. This, as published, is more than a guide-book, for on one page is a disquisition on the habits of the pickerel; on another a discourse on friendship or Chaucer or the ruins of Egypt, as it may

chance. Occasionally there is a poem, sometimes with such a fine bit of description as this, written of the effect of the clear light of sunset: —

> Mountains and trees
> Stand as they were on air graven.

Of a churlish man whom he met in the mountains he wrote serenely, "I suffered him to pass for what he was, — for why should I quarrel with nature? — and was even pleased at the discovery of such a singular natural phenomenon." Thoreau is always interesting. What he says has ever the charm of the straightforward thought of a wise, honest, widely read, and keenly observant man; but he is most delightful when his knowledge of nature and his tender, sympathetic humor are combined; as, for instance, in his little talk about the shad, that, "armed only with innocence and a just cause," are ever finding a "corporation with its dam" blocking the way to their old haunts. "Keep a stiff fin," he says cheerily, "and stem all the tides thou mayst meet."

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, 1849.

These quotations are from *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, his journal of the little voyage with many later additions. He prepared it for the press, and offered it to publisher after publisher; but no one was willing to run the financial risk of putting it into print. At last he published one thousand copies at his own expense. Four years later, 706 unsold volumes were returned to him. He wrote in his journal, "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself." Then he calmly went to work at surveying to finish paying the printer's bills.

Only one other volume of Thoreau's writings, *Walden*,

was published during his life; but critics discovered, one by one, that his wide reading, his minute knowledge of nature, his warm sympathy with every living creature, and his ability to put his knowledge and his thoughts on paper, were a rare combination of gifts.

Walden, 1854.

THOREAU'S HOUSE AT WALDEN

His thirty-nine volumes of manuscript journals were carefully read, and they were finally published; but not until Thoreau had been dead for many years.

26. Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804–1864. The connection of Hawthorne with the transcendentalists came about through his joining what was known as the Brook Farm project. A company of "dreamers" united in buying this farm in the expectation that it could be carried on with profit if they all worked a few

Brook Farm, 1841.

hours each day. The rest of the time they were to have for social enjoyment and intellectual pursuits. Hawthorne was engaged to a brilliant, charming woman, and he hoped to be able to make a home for them at Brook Farm. The project failed, but he married and went to live at the Old Manse in Concord, to find perfect happiness in his home, and to work his way toward literary fame.

He had led a singular life. When he was four years old, his father, a sea-captain, died in South America. His mother shut herself away from the outside world and almost from her own family. The little boy was sent to school; but soon a football injury confined him to the silent house for two years. There was little to do but read; and he read from morning till night. Froissart, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Spenser carried him away to the realms of the imagination, and made the long days a delight. At last he was well again; and then came one glorious year by Sebago Lake, where he wandered at his will in the grand old forests of Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the famous class of 1825. There were names among those college boys that their bearers were afterwards to make famous: Henry W. Longfellow, J. S. C. Abbott, George B. Cheever, and

Hawthorne's early life.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
1804–1864

Horatio Bridge; and in the preceding class was Franklin Pierce. The last two became Hawthorne's warmest friends.

Graduation separated him from his college companions; indeed, for twelve years he was isolated from almost every one. He had returned to his home in Salem. His older sister had become nearly as much of a recluse as her mother. Interruptions were almost unknown, and the young man wrote and read by day and by night. He published a novel which he was afterwards glad did not sell. He wrote many short stories. Most of them he burned; some he sent to various publishers. At the end of the twelve years, Bridge urged him to publish his stories in a volume, and offered to be responsible for the expense. This book was the *Twice-Told Tales*. Soon after his marriage he published the second series of *Tales*, and a few years later, *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Most people who read these stories were pleased with them, but few recognized in their author the promise of a great romancer. Meanwhile, the romancer needed an income, and he was glad to retain the Custom House position in Boston that George Bancroft had secured for him. After a while he was transferred to the Salem Custom House. Then came a change in political power, and one day he had to tell his wife that he had been thrown out of his position. "I am glad," she said, "for now you can write your book." She produced a sum of money which she had been quietly saving for some such emergency, and her husband took up his pen with all good cheer. Not many months later, "a big man with brown beard and shining eyes, who bubbled over with enthusiasm and fun," knocked at the door. He was

Twice-Told Tales, 1837.

Tales, second series, 1842.

Mosses from an Old Manse, 1846.

James T. Fields, the publisher. He had read the manuscript, and he had come to tell its author what a magnificent piece of work it was. "It is the greatest book of the age," he declared. Even Fields, however, did not know what appreciation it would meet, and he did not stereotype it. The result was that, two weeks after its publication, the type had to be reset, for the whole edition had been sold. This book was *The Scarlet Letter*, that marvellous picture of the stern old Puritan days, softened and illumined by the touch of a genius. One need not fear to say that it is still the greatest American book.

The Scarlet Letter, 1850.

Hawthorne had now come to the atmosphere of appreciation that inspired him to do his best work. Within three short years he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*, a book of weird, pathetic humor and flashes of everyday sunshine. Then came *The Wonder-Book*, the little volume that is so dear to the hearts of children. The *Blithedale Romance* followed, whose suggestion arose from the months at Brook Farm. The life of his dear friend, Franklin Pierce, and *Tanglewood Tales* came next, — a glorious record for less than three years.

The House of the Seven Gables, 1851.
The Wonder-Book, 1851.
Blithedale Romance, 1852.
Life of Pierce, 1852.
Tanglewood Tales, 1853.

Franklin Pierce had become President, and he appointed his old friend consul at Liverpool. Four years of the consulship and three years of travel resulted in the *Note-Books* and *The Marble Faun*, the fourth of his great romances. Four years after its publication, Hawthorne died.

The Marble Faun, 1860.

It is as difficult to compare Hawthorne's romances with the novels of other writers of fiction as to compare a strain of music with a painting, for their aims are entirely different. Novelists strive to make their characters life-

like, to surround them with difficulties, and to keep the reader in suspense as to the outcome of the struggle. Hawthorne's characters are clearly outlined, but they seem to belong to a different world. We could talk freely with Rip Van Winkle, but we should hardly know what to say to Clifford or Hepzibah, or even to Phebe. Nor are the endings of Hawthorne's books of supreme interest. The fact that four people in *The House of the Seven Gables* finally come to their own is not the most impressive fact of the story.

Difference between Hawthorne and other novelists.

Hawthorne's power lies primarily in his knowledge of the human heart and in his ability to trace step by step the effect upon it of a single action. His charm comes from a humor so delicate that sometimes we hardly realize its presence; from a style so artistic that it is almost without flaw; from a manner of treating the supernatural that is purely his own. He has no clumsy ventriloquistic trickery like Brown; he gives the suggestive hint that sets our own fancy to work, then with a half smile he quietly offers us the choice of a matter-of-fact explanation, — which, of course, we refuse to accept. But the magic that removes Hawthorne's stories farthest from everyday life is the different atmosphere in which they seem to exist. The characters are real people, but they are seen through the thought of the romancer. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, Hawthorne ponders on how "the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones;" and everything is seen through the medium of that thought. No other American author has shown such profound knowledge of the human heart or has put that knowledge into words with so accurate and delicate a touch. No one else has treated the supernatural in so fascinating a

Hawthorne's power.

manner or has mingled so gracefully the prosaic and the ideal. No one else has manifested such perfection of literary style. Longfellow has well said: —

> Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And the lost clew regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain!

B. THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Henry David Thoreau
Nathaniel Hawthorne

SUMMARY

Transcendentalism had a strong effect upon New England literature. Its literary organ was *The Dial.* Among its special advocates were Channing, Parker, and Alcott. It aroused at first much unbalanced enthusiasm; but later it led toward freedom of thought and of life. Emerson and Thoreau are counted as *the* transcendentalists of American literature. Hawthorne is often classed with them.

Emerson became a minister, but resigned because of disagreement with the belief of his church. He delivered many lectures. His Phi Beta Kappa oration in 1837 was an "intellectual Declaration of Independence." Respect for one's own individuality was the keynote of his teaching.

Thoreau cared little for people in the mass, but loved his friends and nature. His *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and *Walden* were published during his lifetime. The value of his work as author and naturalist was not fully appreciated until long after his death.

Hawthorne was connected with the transcendentalists through the Brook Farm project and the spirit of his writings. His early life was singularly lonely, though he made warm friends in college. For twelve years after graduation, he was a literary recluse. Losing his position in the Salem Custom House, he produced *The Scarlet Letter*, which made him

famous. Other works followed. Seven years abroad as consul resulted in the *Note-Books* and *The Marble Faun.* In American literature he is unequalled for knowledge of the human heart, for fascinating treatment of the supernatural, for graceful mingling of the prosaic and the ideal, and for perfection of literary style.

CHAPTER V

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815–

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

C. THE ANTI-SLAVERY WRITERS

27. The Anti-slavery movement. Side by side with the transcendental movement was a second which strongly affected literature, the anti-slavery movement. The second was the logical companion of the first. "Let every man be free to live his own life," proclaimed the transcendentalists. "How can a man be free to live his own life if he is held in bondage?" retorted the anti-slavery advocates. After the struggle concerning the extension of slavery which resulted in the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the subject had been gradually dropped. To be sure, the Quakers were still unmoved in their opposition, but the masses of the people in the free States had come to feel that to attempt to break up slavery was to threaten the very existence of the Union. The revival of the question was due to William Lloyd Garrison, who took this ground. Slavery is wrong; therefore every slave should be freed at once, and God will take care of the consequences. This was a direct challenge to the conscience of every man in the nation. It was complicated by questions of social safety and of business and financial interests as well as by sympathetic and sectional feelings. There was no dearth of material for thought, discussion, and literature.

Among the many New England writers whose names will ever be associated with the emancipation of the

slave are the poet Whittier and the novelist Harriet Beecher Stowe.

28. John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892. In a quiet Quaker farmhouse in the town of Haverhill, there lived a boy who longed for books and school, but had to stay at home and work on the farm. The family library consisted of about thirty volumes, chiefly the lives of prominent Quakers. The boy read these over and over and even made a catalogue of them in rhyme. One day the schoolmaster came to the house with a copy of Burns's poems in his pocket. He read aloud poem after poem, and the bright-eyed boy listened as if his mind had been starved. "Shall I lend it to you?" the master asked, and the boy took the book gratefully. After a while he paid a visit to Boston and came home happy but a little conscience-smitten, for he had bought a copy of Shakespeare, and he knew that Quakers did not approve of plays.

One day when the boy and his father were mending a stone wall, a man rode by distributing Garrison's *Free Press* to its subscribers. He tossed a paper to the boy, who glanced from page to page, looking especially, as was his wont, at the corner where the poetry was usually printed. He read there "The Exile's Departure." "Thee had better put up the paper and go to work," said his father; but still the boy gazed, for the poem was signed "W.," and it was his own! His older sister Mary had quietly sent it to the editor without saying anything to her brother. The next scene was like a fairy story. Not long afterwards a carriage stopped at the door. A young man, well dressed and with the easy manner of one used to society, inquired for his new contributor. "I can't go in," declared the shy poet. "Thee must," said the sister Mary. Mr. Garrison

First printed poem.

told the family that the son had "true poetic genius," and that he ought to have an education. "Don't thee put such notions into the boy's head," said the father, for he saw no way to afford even a single term at school. A way was arranged, however, by which the young man could pay his board; and he had one year at an academy. This was almost his only schooling, but he was an eager student all the days of his life.

Through Garrison's influence an opportunity to do editorial work was offered him. He became deeply interested in public matters. The very air was tingling with the question: Slavery or no slavery? He threw the whole force of his thought and his pen against slavery. From the peace-loving Quaker came lyrics that were like the clashing of swords.

Editorial work.

The years passed swiftly, and Whittier gained reputation as a poet slowly. He published several early volumes of poems, but it was not until 1866 that he really touched the heart of the country, for then he published *Snow-Bound.* There are poems by scores that portray passing moods or tell interesting stories or describe beautiful scenes; but, save for *The Cotter's Saturday Night,* there is hardly another that gives so vivid a picture of home life. We almost feel the chill in the air before the coming storm; we fancy that we are with the group who sit "the clean-winged hearth about:" we listen to the "tales of witchcraft old," the stories of Indian attacks, of life in the logging camps; we see the schoolmaster, the Dartmouth boy who is teasing "the mitten-blinded cat" and telling of college pranks. The mother turns her wheel, and the days pass till the storm is over and the roads are open. The poem is true, simple, and vivid, and it is full of such phrases as "the sun, a snow-blown traveller;" "the great throat of the chimney

Snow-Bound, 1866.

laughed;" "between the andirons' straddling feet," — phrases that outline a picture with the sure and certain touch of a master. The poem is "real," but with the reality given by the brush of an artist. *Snow-Bound* is Whittier's masterpiece; but *The Eternal Goodness* and

THE KITCHEN OF "SNOW-BOUND"

some of his ballads, *The Barefoot Boy, In School-Days, Among the Hills, Telling the Bees*, and a few other poems, come so close to the heart that they can never be forgotten.

Whittier was always fond of children. The story is told that he came from the pine woods one day with his pet, Phebe, and said merrily, "Phebe is seventy, I am seven, and we both act like sixty." He lived to see his eighty-fifth birthday in the midst of love and honors. One who was near him when the end came tells us that among his last whispered words were "Love to the world."

29. Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811–1896. When the future novelist was a child in school in Litchfield, Con-

necticut, her father, Dr. Beecher, one day went to visit the academy. Classes were called up to recite; then compositions were read. One of these was on this subject: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved from the Light of Nature?" It was remarkably well written, and Dr. Beecher asked quickly, "Who wrote that?" "Your daughter, sir," was the reply of the teacher. This daughter was then a girl of only twelve; and it is hardly surprising that when she was fourteen she was teaching a class in Butler's *Analogy* in her sister's school in Hartford. She taught and studied until she was twenty-four. She compiled a small geography, but the idea of writing a novel seems not to have entered her mind.

At twenty-four Harriet Beecher became Harriet Beecher Stowe by her marriage to Prof. C. E. Stowe. In their Cincinnati home they heard many stories from runaway slaves who had crossed the Ohio River to escape to a free State. After some years her husband was called to Bowdoin College, but the stories lingered in her mind; and in 1852 her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published in book form. It had received no special attention in coming out as a serial, but its sale as a book was astounding, — half a million copies in the United States alone within five years. The sale in other countries was enormous, and the work has been translated into more than twenty languages.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1852.

There were several reasons for this remarkable sale. To be sure, the book was carelessly written and is of unequal excellence; its plot is of small interest and is loosely connected. On the other hand, its humor is irresistible; its pathos is really pathetic; and some of its characters are so vividly painted that the names of two or three have become a part of everyday speech. Moreover, it came straight from the au-

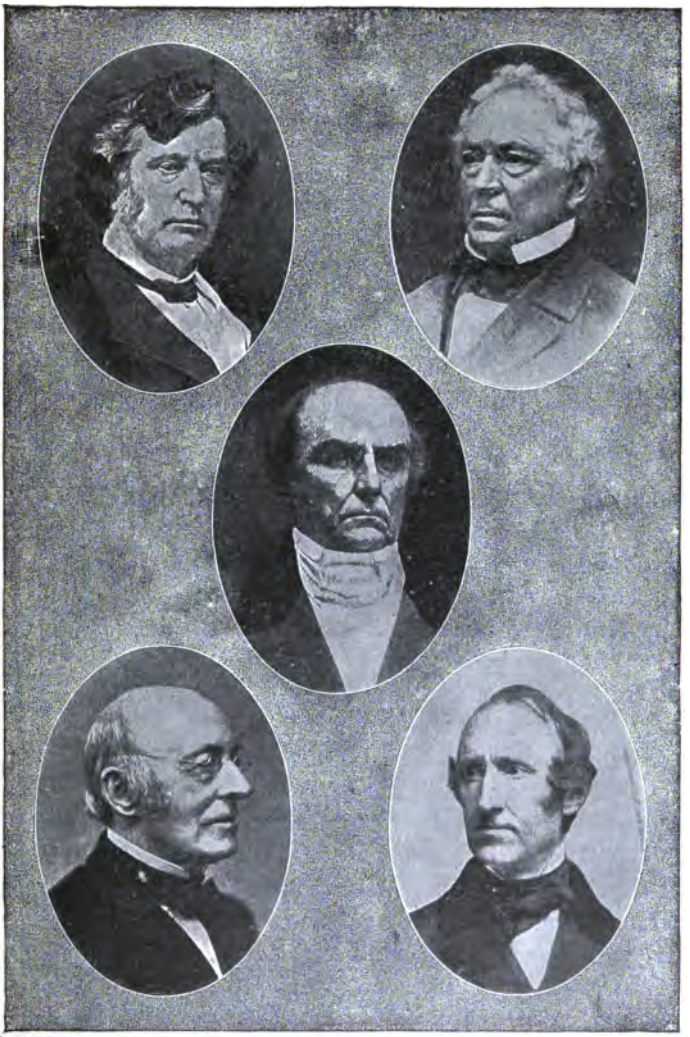
Cause of its large sale.

thor's heart, for she believed every word that she wrote. Another reason, and the strongest reason, for its large immediate sales, was the condition of affairs in the United States at the time when it was issued. It was only nine years before the opening of the Civil War. The South protested, "This book is an utterly false representation of the life of the Southern States." The North retorted, "We believe that it is true." And meanwhile, every one wanted to read it. The feeling on both sides grew more and more intense. When President Lincoln met Mrs. Stowe, he said, "Is this the little woman who made this great war?"

Mrs. Stowe wrote a number of other books. Her best literary success was in her New England stories, *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, and *Oldtown Folks*. She wrote in the midst of difficulties. One of her friends has given us an amusing account of her dictating a story in the kitchen, with the inkstand on the teakettle, the latest baby in the clothes basket, the table loaded with all the paraphernalia of cooking, and an unskilled servant making constant appeals for direction in her work. More than one of Mrs. Stowe's books were written in surroundings much like these. It is no wonder that she left punctuation to the printer.

The Minister's Wooing, 1859. The Pearl of Orr's Island, 1862. Oldtown Folks, 1869.

30. Oratory. It was in great degree the question of slavery that made the New England of this period so rich in orators. Feeling became more and more intense. The printed page could not express it; the man must come face to face with the people whom he was burning to convince. The power to move an audience is eloquence, and eloquence there was in the land in liberal measure. There was William Lloyd Garrison, with his scathing earnestness of conviction; there was Edward



CHARLES SUMNER EDWARD EVERETT

DANIEL WEBSTER

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON WENDELL PHILLIPS

Everett, who used words as a painter uses his colors; there was Wendell Phillips, whose magnetism almost won over those who were scorched by his invective; there was Charles Sumner, brilliant, polished, logical, sometimes reaching the sublime; there was Rufus Choate, with his richness of vocabulary, his enchanting splendor of description, his thrilling appeals to the imagination; and there was Daniel Webster, greatest of them all in the impression that he gave of exhaustless power ever lying behind his sonorous phrases. Such was the oratory of New England. Eloquence, however, makes its appeal not only by words, but by voice, gesture, manner, — by personality. Its rewards are those of the moment. An hour after the delivery of the most brilliant oration, its glory is but a memory; in a few years it is but a tradition. Literature recognizes no tools but printed words. It often lacks immediate recognition, but whatever there is in it of merit cannot fail to win appreciation sooner or later. Oratory is not necessarily literature; but the orations of Webster lose little of their power when transferred to the printed page; they not only *hear well* but *read well.*

Daniel Webster, 1782-1852.

Webster was a New Hampshire boy whose later home was Massachusetts. He won early fame as a lawyer and speaker, but his first great oratorical success was his oration delivered at Plymouth in 1820. He spoke at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument, and again at its completion. As a man in public life, as a member of Congress, and as Secretary of State, many of his orations were of a political nature, the greatest of these being his reply to Hayne. His law practice was continued, and even some of his legal speeches have become classics. Perhaps the most noted among them is the

one on the murder of Captain Joseph White, with its thrilling account of the deed of the assassin, of the horror of the possession of the "fatal secret," on to the famous climax, "It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, — and suicide is confession!"

Webster's words, spoken with his sonorous, melodious voice, and strengthened by the impression of power and immeasurable reserved force, might easily sway an audience; but what is it that has made them literature? How is it that while most speeches pale and fade in the reading, and lose the life and glow bestowed by the personality of the orator, Webster's are as mighty in the domain of literature as in that of oratory? It is because his thought is so clear, his argument so irresistible and so logical in arrangement, his style so dignified and vigorous and finished, and above all so perfectly adapted to the subject. When we read his words, we forget speaker, audience, and style, we forget to notice how he has spoken and think only on what he has spoken, — and such writings are literature.

C. The Anti-Slavery Writers

John Greenleaf Whittier.
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ORATORS

William Lloyd Garrison	Charles Sumner
Edward Everett	Rufus Choate
Wendell Phillips	Daniel Webster.

SUMMARY

The anti-slavery movement strongly affected literature. It was aroused by Garrison. Among the many names associated with its literature are those of Whittier and Mrs.

Stowe. Whittier's first published poem was in Garrison's *Free Press*. By Garrison's influence he was sent to school and later entered upon editorial work. He wrote many ringing anti-slavery poems. In 1866 his *Snow-Bound* touched the heart of the country. Many of his ballads are of rare excellence.

Mrs. Stowe founded *Uncle Tom's Cabin* upon the stories of escaped slaves. Its enormous sale was due to its humor, pathos, and earnestness, and to the time of its publication. Her best literary success was in her New England stories.

During this period New England was also rich in orators. Among them were Garrison, Everett, Phillips, Sumner, Choate, and Webster. Not all oratory is literature, but many of Webster's orations are also literature. He was equally eloquent in occasional addresses and in legal and political speeches.

CHAPTER VI

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815–

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

D. THE CAMBRIDGE POETS

31. The Cambridge Poets. To this period belongs the greater part of the work of the three New England poets, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. In the early lives of

CAMBRIDGE IN 1824

these three there was a somewhat remarkable similarity. They were all descendants of New England families of culture and standing. They grew up in homes of plenty, but not of undignified display. They were surrounded by people of education and intellectual ability. They

came to feel, as Holmes puts it, as much at ease among books as a stable boy feels among horses. Each held a professorship at Harvard. Here the resemblance ends, for never were three poets more unlike in work and disposition than the three who are known as the Cambridge Poets.

32. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807–1882. The birthplace of Longfellow was Portland, Maine, which he calls "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." He had all the advantages of books, college, and home culture; and he made such good use of them that while he was journeying homeward from Bowdoin College with his diploma in his trunk, the trustees were meditating upon offering the young man of nineteen the professorship of modern languages in his Alma Mater. He accepted gladly, spent three years in Europe preparing for the position, and returned to Bowdoin, where he remained for six years. Then came a call to become professor at Harvard; and a welcome professor he was, for his fame had gone before him. The boys were proud to be in the classes of a teacher who, with the exception of George Ticknor, a much older man, was the best American scholar of the languages and literature of modern Europe. He was a poet, too; his *Summer Shower* had been in their reading-books. Some of them had read his *Outre Mer*, a graceful and poetical mingling of bits of travel, stories, and translations. Moreover, he was a somewhat new kind of professor to the Harvard students of 1836, for he persisted in treating them as if they were gentlemen; and, whatever they might be with others, they always were gentlemen with him.

Up to 1839, the mass of Longfellow's work was in prose; but in that year he published first *Hyperion* and

then *Voices of the Night.* In the latter volume were translations from six or seven languages. There were also *A Psalm of Life* and *The Reaper and the Flowers.* These have had nearly seventy years of hard wear; but read them as if no one had ever read them before, and think what courage and inspiration there is in —

Hyperion, Voices of the Night, 1839.

> Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait.

The lovers of poetry were watching the young professor at Harvard. What would be his next work? When his next volume came out, it contained, among other poems, *The Skeleton in Armor.* Thus far, his writings had been thoughtful and beautiful, but in this there was something more; there was a stronger flight of the imagination, there was life, action, a story to tell, and generous promise for the future.

The Skeleton in Armor, 1840.

So Longfellow's work went on. He lived in the charming old Craigie House in Cambridge, where, as he wrote,

> Once, ah, once, within these walls,
> One whom memory oft recalls,
> The Father of his Country, dwelt.

His longest narrative poems are *Evangeline, The Courtship of Miles Standish,* and *The Song of Hiawatha,* which have been favorites from the first. He translated Dante's *Divine Comedy* and wrote several dramas. His translations are much more literal than those of most writers; but they are never bald and prosy, for he gives to every phrase the master touch that makes it glow with poetry. Few, if any, poems are more American and more patriotic than his *Building of the Ship,* with its impassioned apostrophe:—

Translations.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Nevertheless, Longfellow loved the Old World and the literatures of many peoples. In his translations he brought to his own country the culture of the lands across the sea. In so doing he not only enabled others

CRAIGIE HOUSE

to share in his enjoyment, but did much to prove to the youthful literature of the New World that there were still heights for it to ascend.

Literary style.

Longfellow knew how to beautify his verse with exquisite imagery, but this imagery was never used merely for ornament; it invariably flashed a light upon the thought, as in —

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

He had the ability to produce beauty from the simplest materials. Once, for instance, he chose a time-worn subject, he made a time-worn comparison, he used in his fifteen lines of verse but fifty-six different words, all everyday words and five sixths of them monosyllables; and with such materials he composed his *Rainy Day!* His writings are so smooth and graceful that one sometimes overlooks their strength. *Evangeline*, for instance, is "A Tale of Love in Acadie," but it is also a picture of indomitable purpose and unfaltering resolution. *Miles Standish* is more than a charming Puritan idyl, centring in an archly demure, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" It is a maiden's fearless obedience to the voice of her heart, and a strong man's noble conquest of himself. The keynote of much of Longfellow's lyric verse is his sympathy. When sorrow came to him, his pity did not centre in himself, but went out into the world to all who suffered. In the midst of his own grief, he wrote:—

> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.

"Read me that poem," said a bereaved mother, "for Longfellow understood." That is why Longfellow is great. In his *Hiawatha* he introduced a Finnish metre; in *Evangeline* he first succeeded in using the classic hexameter in English. Thus he gave new tools to the wrights of English verse; but it was a far greater glory to be able to speak directly to the hearts of the people. This gift, together with his pure and blameless life, won for him an affection so peculiarly reverent that, even while he lived, thousands of his readers spoke his name with the tenderness of accent oftenest given to those who are no longer among us. Happy is the man who wins both fame and love!

33. James Russell Lowell, 1819–1891. A big, roomy house, fields, woods, pastures, libraries, a college at hand, older brothers and sisters, a father and mother of education and refinement, — such were the surroundings of Lowell's early life. *The Vision of Sir Launfal*

ELMWOOD

shows how well he learned the out-of-door world; his essays prove on every page how familiar he became with the world of books.

When the time for college had come, there were difficulties. The boy was ready to read every volume not required by the curriculum, and to keep every rule except those invented by the faculty. When graduation time drew near, his parents were in Rome. Some one hastened to tell them that their son had been rusticated to Concord for six weeks and had also been chosen class poet. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the despairing father,

"James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and go to work."

Fortunately for the lovers of good poetry, "James" did not keep his word. He struggled manfully to become a lawyer, but he could not help being a poet. Just ten years after graduating, he brought out in one short twelvemonth three significant poems. The first was *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, with its loving outburst of sympathy with nature. He knew well how the clod —

> Groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Sir Launfal, too, climbs to a soul, for the poem is the story of a life. The second poem was *A Fable for Critics*. The fable proper is as dull as the preposterous rhymes and unthinkable puns of Lowell will permit; but its pithy criticisms of various authors have well endured the wear and tear of half a century. The third was *The Biglow Papers*. Here was an entirely new vein. Here the Yankee dialect — which is so often only a survival of the English of Shakespeare's day — became a literary language. Lowell could have easily put his thoughts into the polished sentences of the scholar; but the homely wording which he chose to employ gives them a certain everyday strength and vigor that a smoother phrasing would have weakened. When he writes, —

The Vision of Sir Launfal, A Fable for Critics, The Biglow Papers, 1848.

> Ez fer war, I call it murder;
> There you hev it plain an' flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testyment fer that, —

he strikes a blow that has something of the keenness of the sword and the weight of the cudgel.

These three poems indicate the three directions in

which Lowell did his best work; for he was poet, critic, and reformer,—sometimes all three in one. In such poems as *The Present Crisis*, that stern and solemn arraignment of his countrymen, there is as much of earnest protest as of poetry. So in *The Dandelion*, his "dear, common flower" reveals to him not only its own beauty, but the thought that every human heart is sacred.

Lowell's lyrics are only a small part of his work; for he took the place of Longfellow at Harvard, he edited the *Atlantic* and the *North American Review*; he wrote many magazine articles on literary and political subjects; he delivered addresses and poems, the noble *Commemoration Ode* ranking highest of all; and he was minister, first to Spain, and then to England. In his prose writings one is almost overwhelmed with the wideness of his knowledge, yet there is never a touch of pedantry. He always writes as if his readers were as much at home in the world of books as himself. The serious thought is ever brightened by gleams of humor, flashes of wit. When we take up one of his writings, it will "perchance turn out a song, perchance turn out a sermon." It may be full of strong and manly thought, and it may be all a-whirl with rollicking merriment; but whatever else it is, it will be sincere and honest and interesting. It is easier to label and classify the man who writes in but one manner, and it may be that he wins a surer fame; but we should be sorry indeed to miss either scholar, critic, wit, or reformer from the work of the poet Lowell.

Scope of his work.

34. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894. On the page for August in a copy of the old *Massachusetts Register* for 1809, the twenty-ninth day is marked, and at the bottom of the page is a foot-note, "Son b." In

this laconic fashion was noted the advent of the physician-novelist-poet. He had also a chance of becoming a clergyman and a lawyer; for his father favored the one profession, and he himself gave a year's study to the other. It was while he was poring over Blackstone that the order was given to break up the old battleship *Constitution.* Then it was that he wrote *Old Ironsides.* The poem was printed on handbills. They were showered about the streets of Washington, and the Secretary of the Navy revoked his order. Holmes was twenty-one. The question of a profession was still unsettled. Finally he decided to be a physician; but, as he said, "The man or woman who has tasted type is sure to return to his old indulgence sooner or later." In Holmes's case, it was sooner, for he had hardly taken his degree before the publishers were advertising a volume of his poems. Here were *My Aunt, The September Gale,* and best of all, *The Last Leaf,* the verses that one reads with a smile on the lips and tears in the eyes.

Old Ironsides, 1830.

Poems, 1836.

The young physician's practice did not occupy much of his time, chiefly because he wrote poetry and made witty remarks. These were a delight to the well folk, but the sick people were a little afraid of a doctor whose interest and knowledge were not limited to pills and powders. Moreover, the man who lay ill of a fever could not forget that the brilliant young M. D. had said jauntily of his slender practice, "Even the smallest fevers thankfully received." Soon an invitation came to teach anatomy at Dartmouth; and, a few years later, to teach the same subject at Harvard. Holmes was successful in both places; for with all his love of literature, he had a genuine devotion to his profession. He wrote much on medical subjects, and three times his essays

gained the famous Boylston prize, offered annually by Harvard College for the best dissertations on questions in medical science.

In 1857, the publishers, Phillips, Sampson and Co., decided to establish a new magazine. "Will you be its editor?" they asked Lowell; and he finally replied

THE AUTOCRAT LEAVING HIS BOSTON HOME FOR A MORNING WALK

"I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)."

"Yes, if Dr. Holmes can be the first contributor to be engaged." Dr. Holmes became not only the first contributor, but he named the magazine *The Atlantic*. Some twenty-five years earlier he had

The Atlantic, 1857.

written two papers called *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* He now continued them, beginning, "I was just going to say when I was interrupted." The scene is laid at the table of a boarding-house. The Autocrat carries on a brilliant monologue, broken from time to time by a word from the lady who asks for original poetry for her album, from the theological student, the old gentleman, or the young man John; or by an anxious look on the face of the landlady, to whom some paradoxical speech of the Autocrat's suggests insanity and the loss of a boarder. Howells calls *The Autocrat* a "dramatized essay;" but, whatever it is called, it will bear many readings and seem brighter and fresher at each one. Among the paragraphs of *The Autocrat* and *The Professor,* which followed, a number of poems are interspersed. Three of them are *The One-Hoss Shay,* with its irrefutable logic; *Contentment,* with its modest —

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, 1857.

> I only wish a hut of stone
> (A very plain brown stone will do), —

and the exquisite lines of *The Chambered Nautilus,* with its superb appeal, —

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!

Holmes was also a novelist; for he produced *Elsie Venner* and two other works of fiction, all showing power of characterization, and all finding their chief interest in some study of the mysterious connection between mind and body. "Medicated novels," a friend mischievously called them, somewhat to the wrath of their author.

Elsie Venner, 1861.

Nearly half of Holmes's poems were written for some special occasion, — some anniversary, or class reunion, or reception of a famous guest. At

Occasional verse.

such times he was at his best; for the demand for occasional verse, which freezes most wielders of the pen, was to him a breath of inspiration.

Holmes's wit is ever fascinating, his pathos is ever sincere; but the charm that will perhaps be even more powerful to hold his readers is his delightful personality, which is revealed in every sentence. A book of his never stands alone, for the beloved Autocrat is ever peeping through it. His tender heart first feels the pathos that he reveals to us; his kindly spirit is behind every flash of wit, every sword-thrust of satire.

Holmes's charm.

D. The Cambridge Poets

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
James Russell Lowell
Oliver Wendell Holmes

SUMMARY

The Cambridge Poets were all descendants of cultivated New England families and grew up among intellectual surroundings. All held professorships at Harvard.

Longfellow graduated at Bowdoin, and became professor of modern languages, first at Bowdoin and then at Harvard. Until 1839, when he published *Voices of the Night*, he wrote chiefly prose. *The Skeleton in Armor* established his reputation as a poet. His longest narrative poems are *Evangeline*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, and *The Song of Hiawatha*. His translations are both literal and poetic, and were of great value to the young American literature. He can beautify his work with figures, or he can make a poem with the simplest materials. His sympathy was the keynote of much of his lyric verse. He introduced a Finnish metre, and was the first to succeed in English hexameter.

Lowell's serious work began in 1848, when he brought out *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *A Fable for Critics*, and *The Big-*

low Papers. He succeeded Longfellow at Harvard, edited *The Atlantic*, wrote many magazine articles and addresses, was foreign minister to Spain and England. His writings show broad scholarship, love of nature, and much humor. He was scholar, wit, critic, reformer, and poet.

Holmes's *Old Ironsides* was his first prominent poem. He studied medicine, became professor of anatomy, first at Dartmouth, then at Harvard. In 1857 he named *The Atlantic*, and wrote *The Autocrat* for it. He wrote three novels, and was especially successful as an occasional poet.

CHAPTER VII

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815—

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

E. THE HISTORIANS

35. Historical writing. In the midst of this composition of poetry and novels and philosophy, the early New England tendency toward the historical had by no means disappeared. Here, two opposing influences were at work. On the one hand, the Spanish studies of Irving, the *History of Spanish Literature* of Ticknor, and the translations of Longfellow, had turned men's minds toward European countries. On the other hand, the War of 1812 and the rapid development of the United States had stimulated patriotism. Moreover, with the passing of the heroes of the Revolution, Americans began to realize that the childhood of the United States had vanished, that the youthful country had already a history to be recorded. The proper method of historical composition was pointed out to his countrymen by Jared Sparks, first a professor and then president of Harvard College.

Before the days of Sparks, few writers had felt the responsibility of historical writing. It was enough if a history was made interesting and romantic; there was little attempt to make it accurate. Even if original sources were at hand and the author took pains to examine them, he paid little attention to any study of causes or results, he made

Jared Sparks, 1789-1866.

no careful comparison of conflicting accounts. One manuscript was as good as another, and any so-called fact was welcome if it filled a vacant niche in the story. Sparks followed a different method. To gather his information, he consulted not only the records stored in the dignified archives of the great libraries of Europe and America, but also the family papers stuffed away into the corners of ancient garrets. He examined old newspapers and pamphlets and diaries. He traced legends and traditions back to their origins. It was in this way that his *Life and Writings of George Washington*, his partially completed *History of the American Revolution*, and his other works were produced. Unfortunately, Sparks lacked the good fairy gift of the power to make his work interesting; that was left for other writers; but in thoroughness in collecting materials he was the pioneer. During this period, there were at least four historians whose fame is far greater than his; but to Sparks they owe the gratitude that is ever due to him who has pointed out the way. These four are Bancroft and Parkman, who wrote on American themes; and Prescott and Motley, who chose for their subjects different phases of European history.

36. George Bancroft, 1800–1891. On a hill in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, stands a tower of massive stone. It was erected in honor of George Bancroft, who as a boy roamed over the hills and valleys of what is now a part of the city. He graduated at Harvard, and then went to Germany, where he studied with various scholars branches of learning which ranged from French literature to Scriptural interpretation. At twenty he had chosen his lifework, — to become a historian. Fourteen years later the first volume of his *History of the United States* came

History of the United States, 1834–1882.

out, a scholarly record of the progress of our country from the discovery of America to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789.

Bancroft's historical work extended over nearly fifty years; but during that time he did much other writing, he was minister to England and to Berlin, and he was Secretary of the Navy. While holding this last office he decided that the United States ought to have a naval school. Congress did not agree, but Mr. Bancroft went quietly to work. He found that he had a right to choose a place where midshipmen should remain while waiting for orders, also that he could direct that the lessons given them at sea should be continued on land. He obtained the use of some military buildings at Annapolis, put the boys into them, and set them to work. Then he said to Congress, "We have a naval school in operation; will you not adopt it?" Congress adopted it, and thus the United States Naval Academy was founded.

Founding of the Naval Academy.

37. William Hickling Prescott, 1796–1859. A crust of bread thrown in a students' frolic at Harvard made Prescott nearly blind, and prevented him from becoming a lawyer as he had planned. With what little eyesight remained to him, and with an inexhaustible fund of courage and cheerfulness, he set to work to become a historian. He made a generous preparation. For ten years he read by the eyes of others scores of volumes on ancient and modern literature. He had chosen for the title of his first book *The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.* He must learn Spanish, of course; and he describes with a gentle humor the weeks spent under the trees of his country residence, listening to the reading of a man who understood not a word of the language. As the differ-

The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, 1837.

ent authorities were read aloud, many of them conflicting, Prescott dictated notes. When he had completed his reading for one chapter, he had these notes read to him. Then he thought over all that he meant to say in the chapter, — thought so exactly, and so many times, that when he took up his noctograph, he could write as rapidly as the contrivance would permit.

It was under such discouragements that Prescott wrote; but he said bravely that these difficulties were no excuse for "not doing well what it was not necessary to do at all." His work needs small excuse. He had chosen the Spanish field; he wrote *The Conquest of Mexico*, then *The Conquest of Peru*. Three volumes he completed of *The History of the Reign of Philip the Second;* then came death.

The Conquest of Mexico, 1843. The Conquest of Peru, 1847. The History of the Reign of Philip the Second, 1855-1858.

Prescott was most painstaking in collecting facts and comparing statements, but the popularity of his books is due in part to their subject and in even greater part to their style. He wrote of the days of romance and wild adventure, it is true; but yet the most thrilling subject will not make a thrilling writer out of a dull one. Prescott has written in a style that is strong, absolutely clear, and often poetic. He describes a battle or a procession or a banquet or even a wedding costume as if he loved to do it. Few writers have combined as successfully as he the accuracy of the historian and the marvellous picturing of the poet and novelist.

38. John Lothrop Motley, 1814–1877. When Bancroft was a young man, he taught for a year at Northampton. One of his pupils was a handsome, bright-eyed boy named Motley. This boy's especial delight was reading poetry and novels, and a few years after he graduated from Harvard he wrote a novel which was fairly

good. He wrote another, which was better; but by this time he had become so deeply interested in the Dutch Republic that he determined to write its history. Ten years later he sent a manuscript to the English publisher, Murray. It was promptly declined, and the author published it at his own expense. Then Murray was a sorry man, for *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* was a decided success.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic, 1856.

The lavish amount of work that had been bestowed upon it ought to have brought success. Motley could not obtain the needed documents in America, therefore he and his family crossed the ocean. When he had exhausted the library in one place, they went to another. He had a hard-working secretary, and in two or three countries he had men engaged to copy rare papers for his use. When his material was well in hand, he had the critical ability to select and arrange his facts, the literary instinct to present them in telling fashion, and the artistic talent to make vivid pictures of famous persons and dramatic scenes.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY
1814–1877

One of the pleasantest facts about our greater authors is the almost invariable absence of envy among them. This book could hardly fail to trench upon the field of Prescott; yet the blind historian was ready with the warmest commendations, as were Irving and Bancroft. Prescott, indeed, in the first volume of his *Philip the Second*, published a year earlier, had inserted a cordial note in regard to the forthcoming *Dutch Republic*.

Motley's next book was *The United Netherlands*. One more work would have completed the history of the whole struggle of the Dutch for liberty. He postponed preparing this until he should have written *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*. Then came the long illness which ended his life, and the story of the epoch was never completed.

The United Netherlands, 1860-1868.

The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, 1874.

39. Francis Parkman, 1823–1893. Some years before Longfellow wrote, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," Francis Parkman was proving the truth of the line; for he, a young man of eighteen, had already planned his lifework. He would be an historian, and he would write on the subject that appealed to him most strongly, — the contest between France and England for the possession of a continent. The preparation for such a work required more than the reading of papers — though an enormous quantity of these demanded careful attention. The Indians must be known. Their way of living and thinking must be as familiar to the historian as his own. The only way to gain this knowledge was to share their life; and this Parkman did for several months. His health failed, his eyesight was impaired, but he did not give up the work that he had planned. Before beginning it, however, he tried his hand by writing *The Oregon Trail*, an account

The Oregon Trail, 1847.

of his western journeyings and his life among the red men.

His health was so completely broken down that for some time he could not listen to his secretary's reading for more than half an hour a day; but he had no thought of yielding. He visited the places that he intended to describe; he wrote when he could; when writing was impossible, he cultivated roses and lilies; but whatever he did, and even when he could do nothing, he was always cheerful and courageous.

FRANCIS PARKMAN
1823-1893

So it was that Parkman's work was done; but he writes so easily, so gracefully, and with such apparent pleasure that the mere style of his composition would make it of value. He seldom stops to consider motives and determine remote causes, but he gives us a clear narrative, with dramatic and picturesque descriptions of such verisimilitude that we should hardly be surprised to see a foot-note saying, "I was present. F. P." He lived to carry out his plan, comprising twelve volumes which cover the ground from *Pioneers of France in the New World* to *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.* Higginson's summary of the characteristics of the four historians is as follows: "George Bancroft, with a style in that day thought eloquent, but now felt to be overstrained and inflated;

Literary Style.

William H. Prescott, with attractive but colorless style and rather superficial interpretation. . . . John Lothrop Motley, laborious, but delightful; and Francis Parkman, more original in his work and probably more permanent in his fame than any of these."

40. Minor authors. These last four chapters have been devoted to the authors of highest rank during the early part of New England's second period of literary leadership; but there are many others whose names it is not easy to omit from even so brief a sketch. In history, there are not only John Gorham Palfrey, whose *History of New England*, and Jeremy Belknap, whose *History of New Hampshire* are still standards; but there is Richard Hildreth, whose *History of the United States*, written from a political point of view opposed to Bancroft's, lacks only an interesting style to win the popularity which its research and scholarship deserve. In criticism, there is Edwin Percy Whipple, who reviewed literary work with sympathetic good sense and expressed his opinions in so vigorous and interesting a style that his own writings became literature. He and Richard Henry Dana ought to have worked hand in hand: Whipple, to criticise completed writings; Dana, to cultivate the public taste to demand the best. Dana wrote poetry also, but it lacked the warmth of feeling that makes a poem live. *The Little Beach-Bird* is now his best-known poem. Whipple calls it "delicious, but slightly morbid;" and it certainly has neither the tenderness of Henry Vaughan's *The Bird* nor the joyous comradeship of Mrs. Thaxter's *The Sandpiper*. Among essayists, there are two whose names first became well known during this period, Donald Grant Mitchell and George

John G. Palfrey, 1796-1881.
Jeremy Belknap, 1744-1798.
Richard Hildreth, 1807-1865.
Edwin Percy Whipple, 1819-1886.
Richard Henry Dana, 1787-1879.

William Curtis. The story is told of Mitchell that to make sure of a winding, picturesque pathway from the road to his house, he had a heavy load of stone brought to the gate and bade the driver make his way up the hill by the easiest grades. It is "by the easiest grades" that his *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*, his earliest books, roam on gently and smoothly. They are full of sentiment; but it is a good, clean sentiment that should be not without honor, even in a book. His latest work, *English Lands, Letters, and Kings*, has not quite the winsome charm of his earlier writings, but it is vigorous and picturesque. Here is his description of William the Conqueror: "It was as if a new, sharp, eager man of business had on a sudden come to the handling of some old sleepily conducted counting-room: he cuts off the useless heads; he squares the books: he stops waste; pity or tenderness have no hearing in his shop." He says of Elizabeth: "She would have been great if she had been a shoemaker's daughter, . . . she would have bound more shoes, and bound them better, and looked sharper after the affairs of her household than any cobbler's wife of the land."

Donald Grant Mitchell, 1822-

George William Curtis spent some of his schooldays at Brook Farm among the transcendentalists. Graceful sketches of travel were in vogue, and he wrote *Nile Notes of a Howadji;* dreamy sentiment was in fashion, and he wrote his ever-charming *Prue and I.* Then he became an editor, a lecturer, a political speaker. Meanwhile he had entered upon a long and honored career in the *Easy Chair* department of *Harper's Magazine.* For nearly forty years the readers of *Harper's* cut open the *Easy Chair* pages expectantly, for there they were sure to find some pleasant

George William Curtis, 1824-1892.

chat on topics of the day, —on The American Girl, or The Game of Newport, or Honor, or The New England Sabbath, or on some man who was in the public eye. Grave or satirical, they were always marked by a liquid, graceful style, a gentle, kindly humor, and sound thought. Then there were two books, a big one and a little one, written by Noah Webster. They were not literature, and they did not have any special "inspiring influence" toward the making of literature; but they were exceedingly useful tools. The big book was Webster's *Dictionary*, and the little one was the thin, blue-covered Webster's *Spelling-book*. Long ago it went far beyond copyrights and publishers' reports; but it is estimated that sufficient copies have been printed to put one into the hand of every child in the nation.

Noah Webster, 1758–1843.

Taking this literature of New England, or almost of Massachusetts, as a whole, we cannot fail to note its atmosphere of conscientious work. It is not enough for the poet that an inspiring thought has flashed into his mind; he feels a responsibility to interpret it to the best of his power. In Longfellow's work, for instance, there is no poem that we would strike out as unworthy of his pen. Hawthorne's slightest sketch is as carefully finished as his *Scarlet Letter*. Nothing is done heedlessly. The Puritan conscience had been enriched with two centuries of culture; but it was as much of a power in the literature of New England as in the lonely little settlements that clung to her inhospitable coast.

E. The Historians

Jared Sparks
George Bancroft
William Hickling Prescott
John Lothrop Motley
Francis Parkman

SUMMARY

The Spanish studies of Irving and Ticknor and the translations of Longfellow drew men's minds toward the Old World; the War of 1812 and the rapid development of the United States stimulated patriotism. Sparks first pointed out the thorough and accurate method of historical writing. The four leading historians of the period were: (1) Bancroft, who wrote the *History of the United States;* (2) Prescott, who wrote clearly and attractively on Spanish themes, and whose last book, the *History of the Reign of Philip the Second,* was left incomplete; (3) Motley, who wrote "laboriously but picturesquely" of the Dutch Republic, but died without completing its history; (4) Parkman, who chose for his subject the contest between France and England for the possession of North America, and lived to carry out his plan so excellently as to win permanent fame.

Among the many minor authors of this period were the historians, Palfrey, Belknap, and Hildreth; the critic, Whipple; the critic and poet, Dana; the essayists, Mitchell, and Curtis of the *Easy Chair;* while Noah Webster of the *Dictionary* and *Spelling-book* must not be forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815–

I. EARLIER YEARS, 1815–1865

F. THE SOUTHERN WRITERS

41. Why there was little writing in the South. Thus it was that literature centred about the great cities of the North. There were several reasons why it could hardly be expected to flourish in the South. In the first place, there were no large towns where publishing houses had been established and where men of talent might gain inspiration from one another. Again, there was small home market for the wares of the author. There were libraries in many of the stately homes of the South, but their shelves were filled with the English classics of the eighteenth century. There was no lack of intellectual power; but plantation life called for executive ability and led naturally to statesmanship and oratory rather than to the printed page. There were orators, such

WILLIAM WIRT
1772–1834

men as Henry Clay, "the great leader;" the ardent, brilliant Patrick Henry of earlier times; Robert Young Hayne, equally eloquent in address and in debate; and John Caldwell Calhoun, whom Webster called "a senator of Rome." There was almost from the beginning a poem written in one place and a history or a biography in another. The most famous of these scattered writings were produced by William Wirt, a Maryland lawyer. Early in the century he wrote his *Letters of a British Spy*, which contains his touching description of *The Blind Preacher*. In 1817 his eminence as a lawyer was proved by his being chosen Attorney-General of the United States, and his ability as an author by the publication of his *Life of Patrick Henry*. This book is rather doubtful as to some of its facts, and rather flowery as to its rhetoric, but so vivid that the picture which it draws of the great orator has held its own for nearly a century. Charleston was the nearest approach to a literary centre, for it was the home of Simms, Hayne, and Timrod.

William Wirt, 1772-1834.

42. William Gilmore Simms, 1806–1870. In 1827, when the Knickerbocker writers had already brought forth some of their most valuable productions, Simms published a little volume of poems. He published a second, a third, and many others; but his best work was in prose. He wrote novel after novel, as hastily and carelessly as Cooper, but with a certain dash and vigor. *The Yemassee* is ranked as his best work. It has no adequate plot, but contains many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes. Simms is often called the "Cooper of the South;" and in one important detail he is Cooper's superior, namely, his women are real women. They are not introduced merely as pretty dummies whose rescue will exhibit the

The Yemassee, 1835.

prowess of the hero: they are thoughtful and intelligent, and, in time of need, they can take a hand in their own rescue. In *The Yemassee*, for instance, "Grayson's wife" has a terrible struggle with an Indian at her window. She faints, but — like a real woman — not until she has won the victory. In one respect Simms did work that is of increasing value; he laid his scenes in the country about his own home, he studied the best historical records, he learned the traditions of the South. The result is that in his novels there is a wealth of information about Southern colonial life that can hardly be found elsewhere.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS
1806–1870

43. Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1830–1886. Simms was of value to the world of literature in another way than by wielding his own pen. He was a kind and helpful friend to the younger authors who gathered around him. The chief of these was Hayne, who is often called "the poet-laureate of the South." Hayne had a comfortable fortune and a troop of friends, and there was only one reason why his life should not have flowed on easily and pleasantly. That reason was the Civil War. He enlisted in the Confederate Army, and, even after he was sent home too ill for service, his pen was ever busied with ringing lyrics of warfare. When peace came,

he found himself almost penniless. Many a man has taken up such a struggle with life bravely; Hayne did more, for he took it up cheerfully. He built himself a tiny cottage and "persisted in being happy." Before the war, he had published three volumes of verse, and now from that little home came forth many graceful, beautiful lyrics. This is part of his description of the song of the mocking-bird at night: —

It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

He wrote narrative verse, but was especially successful in the sonnet, with its harassing restrictions and limitations. Hayne's writings have one charm that those of greater poets often lack; his personality gleams through them. He trusts us with his sorrows and his joys. He writes of the father whom he never saw, of the dear son "Will," of whom he says: —

We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I.

He writes of his wife's "bonny brown hand," —

The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy hearth.

He writes of the majestic pine against which his poet friend laid his weary head. In whatever he writes, he shows himself not only a poet, but also a sincere and lovable man.

44. Henry Timrod, 1829–1867. The friend who leaned against the pine was Henry Timrod. Their friendship began in the days when "Harry" passed under his desk a slate full of his own verses. Life was hard for the young poet. Lack of funds broke off his college course, and for many years he acted as tutor in various families. In 1860 a little volume of his poems was brought out in Boston by Ticknor and Fields. It was spoken of kindly — and that was all. Then came the war, and such poverty that he wrote of his verse, "I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion, for — one hundred dollars in hand!"

Timrod writes in many tones. He is sometimes strong, as in *The Cotton Boll;* sometimes light and graceful, as in *Baby's Age,* wherein the age is counted by flowers, a different flower for each week. This ends: —

> But soon — so grave, and deep, and wise
> The meaning grows in Baby's eyes,
> So *very* deep for Baby's age —
> We think to date a week with sage.

Sometimes he rises to noble heights, as in his description of the poet, at least one stanza of which is not unworthy of Tennyson: —

> And he must be as armèd warrior strong,
> And he must be as gentle as a girl,
> And he must front, and sometimes suffer wrong,
> With brow unbent, and lip untaught to curl;
> For wrath, and scorn, and pride, however just,
> Fill the clear spirit's eyes with earthly dust.

In whatever tone he writes, there is sincerity, true love of nature, and a frequent flash of poetic expression, that make us dream pleasant dreams of what a little money and a little leisure might have brought from his pen.

45. Edgar Allan Poe, 1809–1849. Another Southern writer, in some respects the greatest of all, was Edgar Allan Poe. He was left an orphan, and was taken into the family of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore named Allan. He was somewhat wild in college, and was brought home and put to work in Mr. Allan's office. He ran away, joined the army under an assumed name, was received at West Point through Mr. Allan's influence, but later discharged for neglect of his duties. Mr. Allan refused any further assistance, and Poe set to work to support himself by his pen. In the midst of poverty he married a beautiful young cousin whom he loved devotedly. He wrote a few poems and much prose. He held various editorial positions; he filled them most acceptably, but usually lost them through either his extreme sensitiveness or his use of stimulants. His child-wife died, and two years later Poe himself died.

These are the facts in the life of Poe; but his various biographers have put widely varying interpretations upon them. One pictures him, for instance, as a worthless drunkard; another, probably more truly, as of a sensitive, poetic organization that was thrown into confusion by a single glass of liquor.

Poe's criticism. As a literary man, Poe was first known by his prose, and especially by his reviews. He had a keen sense of literary excellence, and recognized it at a glance. He was utterly fearless — and fearlessness was a new and badly needed quality in American criticism. On the other hand, he had not the foundation of wide reading and study necessary for criticism that is

to abide; and, worse than that, he was not great enough to be fair to the man whom he disliked or of whom he was jealous. His most valuable prose is his tales, for here he is a master. They are well constructed and the plot is well developed; every sentence, every word, counts toward the climax. That is the more mechanical part of the work; but Poe's power goes much further. He has a marvellous ability to make a story "real." He brings this about sometimes in Defoe's fashion, by throwing himself into the place of the character in hand and thinking what *he* would do in such a position; sometimes by noting and emphasizing some significant detail, as, for instance, in *The Cask of Amontillado.* Here he mentions three times the web-work of nitre on the walls that proves their fearful depth below the river bed, and the victim's consequent hopelessness of rescue. Sometimes the opening sentence puts us into the mood of the story, so that, before it is fairly begun, an atmosphere has been provided that lends its own coloring to every detail. For instance, the first sentence of *The Fall of the House of Usher* is: — Poe's Tales.

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher."

Here is the keynote of the story, and we are prepared for sadness and gloom. The unusual expressions, "soundless day" and "singularly dreary," hint at some mystery. The second sentence increases these feelings; and with each additional phrase the gloom and sadness become more dense.

No one knows better than Poe how to work up to a

climax of horror, and then to intensify its awfulness by dropping in some contrasting detail. In *The Cask of Amontillado*, for instance, the false friend, in his carnival dress of motley with cap and bells, is chained and then walled up in the masonry that is to become his living tomb. A single aperture remains. Through this the avenger thrusts his torch and lets it fall. Poe says, "There came forth in return only a jingling of bells." The awful death that lies before the false friend grows doubly horrible at this suggestion of the merriment of the carnival.

Poe's Poetry.

Poe's poetry is on the fascinating borderland where poetry and music meet. His poems are not fifty in number, and many of them are but a few lines in length. The two that are best known are *The Bells*, a wonderfully beautiful expression of feeling through the mere sound of words, and *The Raven*. Poe has left a cold-blooded account of the "manufacture" of this latter poem. He declares that he chose beauty for the atmosphere, and that beauty excites the sensitive to tears; therefore he decided to write of melancholy. The most beautiful thing is a beautiful woman, the most melancholy is death; therefore he writes of the death of a beautiful woman. So with the refrain. *O* is the most sonorous vowel, and when joined with *r* is capable of "protracted emphasis;" therefore he fixes upon "Nevermore." He may be believed or disbelieved; but in *The Raven*, as in whatever else he writes, there is a weird and marvellous music. To him, everything poetical could be interpreted by sound; he said he "could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon." He has a way of repeating a phrase with some slight change, as if he could not bear to leave it. Thus in *Annabel Lee* he writes:—

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

This repetition is even more marked in *Ulalume:* —

The leaves they were crispéd and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere.

These phrases cling to the memory of the reader as if they were strains of music. We find ourselves saying them over and over. It is not easy to analyze the fascination of such verse, but it has fascination. Many years ago, when Poe was a young man, Higginson heard him read his mystic *Al Aaraaf.* He says, "In walking back to Cambridge my comrades and I felt that we had been under the spell of some wizard." When we look in the poems of Poe for the "high seriousness" that Matthew Arnold names as one of the marks of the best poetry, it cannot be found; but in the power to express a mood, a feeling, by the mere sound of words, Poe has no rival.

46. Sidney Lanier, 1842–1881. A few years after the death of Poe, a Southern college boy was earnestly demanding of himself, "What am I fit for?" He had musical genius, not merely the facility that can tinkle out tunes on various instruments, but deep, strong love of music and rare ability to produce music. His father, a lawyer of Macon, Georgia, felt that to be a musician was rather small business; and his son had yielded to this belief so far as the genius within him would permit. Another talent had this rarely gifted boy, — for poetry.

The Civil War was a harsh master for such a spirit, but in its first days he enlisted in the Confederate army, and saw some terrible fighting. More than three years later he was taken prisoner — he and his flute. After five months they were released. For sixteen years he taught, he read, he wrote, he lectured at Johns Hopkins University and elsewhere, and for several winters he played first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore. All those years he was in a constant struggle with consumption and poverty. Sometimes for many months he could do nothing but suffer. Between the attacks of illness he did a large amount of literary work. It was not always the kind of writing that he was longing to do, — some of it would in other hands have been nothing but hack work; but with a spirit like Lanier's there could be no such thing as hack work, for he threw such talent into it, such pleasure in using the pen, that at his touch it became literature. He edited Froissart and other chronicles of long ago, and he wrote a novel. He wrote also on the development of the novel, on the science of English verse, on the relations of poetry and music, and on Shakespeare and his forerunners. He was always a student, and always original.

Lanier's Prose.

Lanier had the lofty conscientiousness of a great poet. Some truth underlies each of his poems, whether it is the simple — and profound — *Ballad of the Trees and the Master*, —

> Into the woods my Master went,
> Clean forspent, forspent.
> Into the woods my Master came,
> Forspent with love and shame.
> But the olives they were not blind to Him;
> The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
> The thorn tree had a mind to Him
> When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'T was on a tree they slew Him — last
When out of the woods He came, —

the nobly rhythmical *Marshes of Glynn*, or *The Song of the Chattahoochee*, —

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The willful water weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little weeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

Poe had a melody of unearthly sweetness, but little basis of thought; Lanier had a richer, if less bewitching melody, *and* thought. He had the balance, the self-control, in which Poe was lacking. It is almost a sure test of any kind of greatness if its achievements carry with them an overtone that murmurs, "The man is greater than his deed. He could do more than he has ever done." We do not feel this in Poe; we do feel it in Lanier. In his rare combination of Southern richness with Northern restraint, he will ever be an inspiration to the poetry that must arise from the luxuriant land of the South. He is not only the greatest Southern poet; he is one of the greatest poets that our country has produced. "How I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me unsung!" he wrote;

Lanier's Poetry.

and no lover of poetry can turn the last leaf of his single volume of verse without an earnest wish that a longer life had permitted his desire to be gratified.

F. The Southern Writers

William Wirt	Henry Timrod
William Gilmore Simms	Edgar Allan Poe
Paul Hamilton Hayne	Sidney Lanier

SUMMARY

There was little writing in the South, because of the lack of large cities, the small home market for modern books, and the tendencies of plantation life toward statesmanship and oratory rather than literary composition. The best of this scattered writing was done by Wirt. Later, Simms, the "Cooper of the South," published many volumes of poems and many novels. *The Yemassee* is regarded as his best novel. He is Cooper's superior in the delineation of women. His novels give much information about colonial life in the South. Hayne, the "poet-laureate of the South," lost his property by the war. He wrote many beautiful poems, and was especially successful in the sonnet. His personality gleams through his writings. Henry Timrod had a hard struggle with poverty. He writes in many tones with sincerity, love of nature, and frequent flashes of poetic expression. The facts in Poe's life have been variously interpreted. He first became known through his reviews. His tales are his most valuable prose. They are well constructed and remarkably realistic. His poetry is on the borderland of poetry and music. He wrote fewer than fifty poems. He has left a doubtfully true account of his manufacture of *The Raven*. There is a fascinating music in whatever he writes. He has not the "high seriousness" of the great poet, but in the power to express feeling by the mere sound of the words he has no rival. Lanier had musical and poetical genius.

He enlisted in the Confederate army. At the close of the war, he taught, lectured, read, wrote, played first flute in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. He struggled with ill health and narrow means. He did much editing, wrote on the development of the novel, on the science of English verse, on the relations of poetry and music, and on Shakespeare and his forerunners. His poems are rarely without a rich melody, and never without underlying truth. It proves his genius that he ever seemed greater than his writings. He is one of our greatest poets.

CHAPTER IX

THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1815—

II. LATER YEARS, 1865—

47. Present literary activity. Since the war an enormous amount of printed matter has been produced. We can hardly be said to have a literary centre, for no sooner has one place begun to manifest its right to the title than, behold, some remarkably good work appears in quite another quarter. The whole country seems to have taken its pen in hand. Statesman, financier, farmer, general, lawyer, minister, actor, city girl, country girl, college boy, — everybody is writing. The result of this literary activity is entirely too near us for a final decision as to its merits, and any criticism pronounced upon it ought to have the foot-note, "At least, so it seems at present."

48. Fiction. The lion's share of this printed matter, in bulk, at any rate, falls under the heading of fiction. Its distinguishing trait is realism, and the apostles of realism are William Dean Howells (1837–) and Henry James (1843–). What they write is not thrilling, but the way they write it has charmed thousands of readers. Wit, humor, and grace of style are the qualities of their productions that are seldom lacking. They write of commonplace people; but there is a certain restful charm in reading of the behavior of ordinary mortals under ordinary circumstances. Howells lays the scenes of most of his novels on this side of the ocean; James generally lays his scenes abroad.

American realism.

Francis Marion Crawford (1854–1909) sometimes brings his characters into America, but the scenes of his best novels are laid elsewhere. Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909) is such a master of realism that his *Man without a Country* persuaded thousands that it was the chronicle of an actual and unjustifiable proceeding. And there is Frank Richard Stockton (1834–1902), whose realism-with-a-screw-loose has given us most inimitable absurdities. Our country is so large and manners of life vary so widely in its different regions that an American novel may have all the advantages of realism and yet be as truly romantic to three fourths of its readers as the wildest dreams of the romanticists. George Washington Cable (1844–) has painted in *The Grandissimes* and other works a fascinating picture of Creole life in New Orleans. Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822–1898) tells us of the "Crackers" of Georgia; John Esten Cooke (1830–1866), most of whose work belongs to a somewhat earlier period, has written of the days when chivalry was in flower in the Old Dominion; Thomas Nelson Page (1853–) brings before us the negro slave of Virginia, with his picturesque dialect, his devotion to "the fambly," and his notions of things visible and invisible; Joel Chandler Harris (1848–1908) has the honor of contributing a new character, *Uncle Remus*, to the world of literature; Mary Noailles Murfree (1850–), whose very publishers long believed her to be "Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock," has almost the literary monopoly of the mountainous regions of Tennessee. In this the regions are fortunate, for no gleam of beauty, no trait of character, escapes her keen eye. James Lane Allen (1850–) has taken as his field his own state of Kentucky. He is as realistic as Henry James, but his

Local color in American fiction.

realism is softened and beautified by a delicate and poetic grace. Edward Eggleston's (1837–1902) *Hoosier Schoolmaster* revealed the literary possibilities of southern Indiana in pioneer days. Several writers have pictured life in New England. Among them is John Townsend Trowbridge (1827–) with his *Neighbor Jackwood* and other stories. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (1862–) writes interesting stories, but almost invariably of the exceptional characters. Sarah Orne Jewett, (1849–1909), with rare grace and humor and finer delicacy of touch, has gone far beyond surface peculiarities, and has found in the most everyday people some gleam of poetry, some shadow of pathos.

Women story-writers.

Alice Brown (1857–) writes frequently and charmingly of the unusual; but with her the unusual is the natural manifestation of some typical quality. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward (1844–) in 1866 ventured to treat our notions of heaven in somewhat realistic fashion in *Gates Ajar*. She has proved in many volumes her knowledge of the New England woman. Some of her best later work has been in the line of the short story, as, for instance, her *Jonathan and David*. Rose Terry Cooke (1827–1892) has found the humor which is thinly veiled by the New England austerity. The stories of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs (1857–) are marked by a keen sense of humor and sparkle with vivid bits of description. The early days of California have been pictured by Helen Hunt Jackson (1831–1885) in *Ramona*, a novel which voiced the author's righteous indignation at the harshness and injustice shown to the Indians by the United States government. Her earlier work was poetry; and in this, too, she has taken no humble place. Mary Hallock Foote (1847–) has sympathetically interpreted with both brush and pen

LOUISA M. ALCOTT
SARAH ORNE JEWETT
ALICE BROWN

HELEN HUNT JACKSON
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN RIGGS

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD
AGNES REPPLIER

the life of the mining camp of what used to be the "far West." Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849–) won her first popularity by *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, which pictures life in the Lancashire districts of England. During the last few years the popular favor has swung between the historical novel and the one-character tale; but the fiction, whether of the one class or the other, that has had the largest sale has laid its scenes in America and has been written by American authors.

American fiction has become especially strong in the short story; not merely the story which is short, but the story which differs from the tale in somewhat the same way as the farce differs from the play, namely, that its interest centres in the situation rather than in a series of incidents which usually develop a plot. *Cranford*, for instance, is a tale. It pictures the life of a whole village, and is full of incidents. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger* is a short story; it gives no incidents, and no more detail than is necessary to explain the peculiar situation of the princess. It is a single series of links picked out of a broad network. A tale is a field; a short story is a narrow path running through the field. The short story, with its single aim, its determination to make every word count toward that aim, its rigid economy of materials, its sure and rapid progress, has proved most acceptable to our time-saving and swiftly-moving nation.

The short story.

49. Poetry. The writers of the last fifty years have had an immense advantage in the existence of the four monthlies, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century*, for these magazines have provided what was so needed in earlier days, — a generous opportunity to find one's audience. They have been of special value to the poets, and the last half-century has given us much

poetry. Not all of it is of the kind that makes its author's name immortal; but it would not be difficult to count at least a score of Americans who in these latter days have written poems that are of real merit. So far as a poetic centre now exists, New York, with its many publishing houses and its favorable geographical position, holds the honor.

50. Bayard Taylor, 1825–1878. Eight years after Bryant published *Thanatopsis*, two of these later poets, Taylor and Stoddard, were born. Bayard Taylor began life as a country boy who wanted to travel. He wandered over Europe, paying his way sometimes by a letter to some New York paper, sometimes by a morning in the hayfield. His account of these wanderings, *Views Afoot*, was so boyish, so honest, enthusiastic, and appreciative, that it was a delight to look at the world through his eyes; and the young man of twenty-one found that he had secured his audience. He continued to wander and to write about his wanderings. He wrote novels also; but, save for the money that this work brought him, he put little value upon it. Poetic fame was his ambition, and he won it in generous measure. His *Poems of the Orient* is wonderfully fervid and intense. Some of these poems contain lines that are as haunting as Poe's. Such is the refrain to his *Bedouin Song*:—

Views Afoot, 1846.

Poems of the Orient, 1854.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,

And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Another favorite is his *Song of the Camp*, with its famous lines, —

Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

He wrote *Home Pastorals* (1875), ballads of home life in Pennsylvania; several dramatic poems; and a most valuable translation of Faust (1870–1871). Bayard Taylor seems likely to attain his dearest wish, — to be remembered by his poetry rather than his prose.

51. Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825–1903. One of Taylor's oldest and best beloved friends was Richard Henry Stoddard, a young ironworker. He had hard labor and long hours; but he managed to do a vast amount of reading and thinking, and he had much to contribute to this friendship. He held no college degree, but he knew the best English poetry and was an excellent critic. He, too, was a poet. In a few years he published a volume of poems; but poetry brought little gold, and by Hawthorne's aid he secured a position in the Custom House. He did much reviewing and editing; but poetry was nearest to his heart. There is a certain simplicity and finish about his poems that is most winning. The following is a special favorite: —

The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old;
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

52. Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1833–1908. Another poet and critic is Edmund Clarence Stedman. He reversed the usual order, and, instead of going from business to poetry, he went from poetry to business, and became a broker. When he had won success in Wall Street, he returned to poetry with an easy mind. He has a wide knowledge of literature, and is a keen and appreciative critic. Moreover, he can criticise his own work as well as that of other people. He has written many New England idylls, many war lyrics, and many occasional poems. Everything is well proportioned and exquisitely finished, but sometimes we miss warmth and fire. It is like being struck by a cool wind to come from Taylor's *Bedouin Song* to Stedman's *Song from a Drama:* —

Thou art mine, thou hast given thy word;
Close, close in my arms thou art clinging;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger has heard:
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul, in some region unstirred,
On its mystical circuit is winging.

One of his poems that no one who has read it can forget is *The Discoverer;* graceful, tender, with somewhat of Matthew Arnold's Greek restraint, and so carefully polished that it seems simple and natural. This begins: —

I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither

A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

53. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1836–1907. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is counted with the New York group of poets by virtue of his fifteen years' residence in the metropolis. His tender little poem on the death of a child, *Baby Bell*, beginning, —

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?

touched the sympathetic American heart and won him the name of poet. If he had been a sculptor, he would have engraved cameos, so exquisitely finished is everything that he touches. The thought that some writers would expand into a volume of philosophy or a romance of mysticism, he is satisfied to condense into a lyric, as in his *Identity*: —

Somewhere — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's-land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

In 1870 Aldrich returned to Boston. He then edited *Every Saturday*, and later *The Atlantic Monthly*. He published several volumes of poems and some charming stories. The most original of the latter is the delicious *Marjorie Daw*, which won such popularity as to verify the favorite dictum of Barnum, "People like to be humbugged." This story is

Marjorie Daw, 1873.

marked by the same artistic workmanship and nicety of finish that beautifies whatever Aldrich touches. One cannot imagine him allowing a line to go into print that is in any degree less perfect than he can make it.

54. Francis Bret Harte, 1839–1902. In 1868 a new voice came from the Pacific coast. *The Overland Monthly* had been founded, and Francis Bret Harte had become its editor. He had gone from Albany to California, had tried teaching and mining, had written a few poems, and also *Condensed Novels*, an irreverent and wisely critical parody on the works of various authors whom he had been taught to admire. In his second month of office he published *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. This was followed by other stories and poems, and in a twinkling he was a famous man. The flush of novelty has passed, and he is no longer hailed as the American laureate; but no one can help seeing that within his own limits he is a master. When he takes his pen, the life of the mining camp stands before us in bold outline. He is a very missionary of light to those who think there is no goodness beyond their own little circle. In *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar*, for instance, the dirty little boy with "fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," gets out of bed to show to the rough men who are his visitors a hospitality which is genuine if somewhat soiled; and the roughest of them all gallops away on a dare-devil ride over ragged mountains and through swollen rivers to find a city and a toy-shop, because he has overheard the sick child asking his father what "Chrismiss" is, and the question has touched some childhood memories of his own. Harte's one text in both prose and poetry is that in every child there is some bit of simple faith, and that in the wildest, rough-

Condensed Novels, 1867.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, 1868.

est, most desperate of men there is some good. Several of his poems are exceedingly beautiful lyrics; those that are called "characteristic," because written in the line wherein he made his first fame, are vivid pictures of the mining camp, — coarse, but hardly vulgar, and with a never-failing touch of human sympathy and warm confidence in human nature.

55. Walt Whitman, 1819–1892. A few years ago, an old man with long white hair and beard, gray vest, gray coat, and a broad white collar well opened in front, walked slowly and with some difficulty to an armchair that stood on a lecture platform in Camden, New Jersey. He spoke of Lincoln, and at the end of the address he said half shyly: "My hour is nearly gone, but I frequently close such remarks by reading a little piece I have written — a little piece, it takes only two or three minutes — it is a little poem, 'O Captain! My Captain!'" This is what he read:—

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
  But O heart! heart! heart!
    But O the bleeding drops of red,
      Where on the deck my Captain lies,
        Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
  Here Captain! dear father!
    This arm beneath your head!
      It is some dream that on the deck
        You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

This speaker was Walt Whitman. In 1855 he brought out his first volume of poems, *Leaves of Grass*. Seven years later he became the good angel of the army hospitals, writing a letter for one sufferer, cheering another by a hearty greeting, leaving an orange or a piece of bright new scrip or a package of candy at bed after bed. Northerner or Southerner, it was the same to him as he went around, carrying out the little wishes that are so great in a sick man's eyes. A few years later he suffered from a partial paralysis. His last days were spent in a simple home near the Delaware, in Camden.

Leaves of Grass, 1855.

The place of Walt Whitman as a poet is in dispute. Some look upon him as a "literary freak;" others as the mightiest poetical genius of America. He is capable of writing such a gem as *O Captain! my Captain!* and also of foisting upon us such stuff as the following and calling it poetry: —

The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors old and new,
My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues.

Whitman believed that a poet might write on all subjects, and that poetic form and rhythm should be avoided. Unfortunately for his theories, when he has most of real poetic passion, he is most inclined to use poetic rhythm. He writes some lists of details that are no more poetic than the catalogue of an auctioneer;

but he is capable of painting a vivid picture with the same despised tools, as in his *Cavalry Crossing a Ford*: —

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun, — hark to the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person, a picture, the negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford — while
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

This is hardly more than an enumeration of details; but he has chosen and arranged them so well that he brings the moving picture before us better than even paint and canvas could do. When he persists in telling us uninteresting facts that we do not care to be told, he is a writer of prose printed somewhat like poetry; but when he allows a poetic thought to sweep him onward to a glory of poetic expression, he is a poet, and a poet of lofty rank.

56. Minor poets. It is especially difficult to select a few names from the long list of our minor poets, for the work of almost every one of them is marked by some appealing excellence of subject or of treatment. Celia Thaxter (1835–1894) is ever associated with the Isles of Shoals, and, as Stedman says, "Her sprayey stanzas give us the dip of the sea-bird's wing, the foam and tangle of ocean." Lucy Larcom (1826–1893), too, was one of those who love the sea. The one of her poems that has perhaps touched the greatest number of hearts is *Hannah Binding Shoes*, that glimpse into the life of the lonely woman of Marblehead with her pathetic question: —

Is there from the fishers any news?

John Hay (1838–1905) forsook literature for the triumphs

of a noble diplomacy, but not until he had shown his ability as biographer and as poet. The first readers of his *Pike County Ballads* were not quite certain that he was not a bit irreverent; but they soon recognized the manliness of his sentiment, however audacious its expression might appear. Jones Very (1813–1880) is still winning an increasing number of friends by his graceful, delicate thought and crystalline clearness of expression. Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887), though with few years of life and scanty leisure, made himself such an one as the king's son of his own *Opportunity*, who with the broken sword

Saved a great cause that heroic day.

His poems are marked by the insight which sees the difficulties of life and also the simple faith which bestows the courage to meet them and to look beyond them. Richard Watson Gilder (1844–1909), greatest of the New York group, ever charms us by the delicate music of his verse. His finish is so artistic, so flawless, that sometimes the first reading of one of his poems does not reveal to us the strength of feeling half hidden by the bewitching gleams of its beauty. Although we can boast of no poet of the first rank among these later writers, yet poetic ability is so widely distributed among American authors and so much of its product is of excellence that we certainly have reason to expect a rapid progress to some worthy manifestation before many years of the twentieth century shall have passed.

57. Humorous writings. There is no lack of humor in the writings of Americans. Indeed, we are a little inclined to look askance at an author who manifests no sense of the humorous, and to feel that something is lacking in his mental make-up. The works of Irving, Holmes, Lowell, the charming essays of Warner, Mitchell, and Cur-

Charles Dudley Warner, 1829-1900.

tis, and the stories of Frank Stockton and others, are lighted up by humor on every page, sometimes keen and swift, sometimes graceful and poetic. These are humorists that make us smile. There are lesser humorists who make us laugh. Such was Charles Farrar Browne (1834–1867), "Artemus Ward," who wrote over his show, "You cannot expect to go in without paying your money, but you can pay your money without going in." Such was Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber (1814–1890), "Mrs. Partington," who "could desecrate a turkey better" if she "understood its anathema," and who thought "Men ought not to go to war, but admit their disputes to agitation." His fun depended almost entirely upon the misuse of words, Sheridan's old device in "Mrs. Malaprop" of *The Rivals*. Such was David Ross Locke (1833–1888), "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby," who was a political power in the years immediately following the Civil War. Henry Wheeler Shaw (1818–1885), "Josh Billings," gave plenty of good, substantial advice. "Blessed is he who kan pocket abuse, and feel that it iz no disgrace tew be bit bi a dog." — "Most everyone seems tew be willing to be a phool himself, but he cant bear to have enny boddy else one." — "It is better to kno less, than to kno so mutch that ain't so." These are bits of the philosopher's wisdom. He, as well as Browne and Locke, depended in part upon absurdities of spelling to attract attention, a questionable resort save where, as in the *Biglow Papers*, it helps to bring a character before us. American humor is accused, and sometimes with justice, of depending upon exaggeration and irreverence. This humor has, nevertheless, a solid basis of shrewdness and good sense; and, however crooked its spelling may be, it always goes straight to the point. Another characteristic quality is that in the "good stories" that are copied

Lesser humorists.

from one end of the land to the other, the hero does not get the better of the "other man" because the other man is a fool, but because he himself is bright.

Our most famous humorist is Samuel Langhorne Clemens, or "Mark Twain." He was born in Missouri, and became printer, pilot, miner, reporter, editor, lecturer, and author. His *Innocents Abroad*, the record of his first European trip, set the whole country laughing. The "Innocents" wander through Europe. They distress guides and cicerones by refusing to make the ecstatic responses to which these tyrants are accustomed. When they are led to the bust of Columbus, they inquire with mock eagerness, "Is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?" The one place where they deign to show "tumultuous emotion" is at the tomb of Adam, whom they call tearfully a "blood relation," "a distant one, but still a relation." The book is a witty satire on sham enthusiasm; but it is more than a satire, for Mark Twain is not only a wit but a literary man. He can describe a scene like a poet if he chooses; he can paint a picture and he can make a character live. Among his many books are two that show close historical study, *The Personal Memoirs of Joan of Arc*, and his ever delightful *The Prince and the Pauper*. The latter is a tale for children, wherein the prince exchanges clothes with the pauper, is put out of the palace grounds, and has many troubles before he comes to his own again. Mark Twain abominates shams of all sorts and looks upon them as proper targets for his artillery. His reputation as a humorist does not depend upon vagaries in spelling, or amusing deportment on the lecture platform. He is a clear-sighted, original, honest man, and his fun has a solid foundation of good sense.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 1835-1910.

Innocents Abroad, 1869.

58. History and biography. Our later historians have found their field in American chronicles. John Fiske (1842–1901) has made scholarly interpretations of our colonial records. Henry Adams (1838–), James Schouler (1839–), Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823–), Justin Winsor (1831–1897), Edward Eggleston, and others have written of various periods in the history of our country. John Bach McMaster's (1852–) work is so full of vivid details that any stray paragraph is interesting reading. Hubert Howe Bancroft's (1832–) *History of the Pacific Coast* is a monumental work. Besides histories, we have many volumes of reminiscences, and biographies without number. Surely, the future student of American life and manners will not be without plentiful material. Among the biographers, James Parton (1822–1891) and Horace Elisha Scudder (1838–1902) are of specially high rank. Scudder and Higginson deserve lasting gratitude, not only for the quality of their own work, but for their resolute opposition to all that is not of the best. The biography of the beasts and birds has not been forgotten. Many writers on nature are following in the footsteps of John Burroughs (1837–), a worthy disciple of Thoreau, who sees nature like a camera and describes her like a poet. Among these writers is Olive Thorne Miller (1831–), whose tender friendliness for animals is shown even in the titles of her books, *Little Brothers of the Air* and *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur.*

59. The magazine article. In American prose there has been of late a somewhat remarkable development of the magazine article, which is in many respects the successor of the lecture platform of some years ago. Its aim is to present information. The subject may be an invention, a discovery, literary criticism, reminiscence,

biography, a study of nature, an account of a war, — what you will ; but it must give information. It must be brief and readable. Technicalities must be translated into common terms, and necessarily it must be the work of an expert. Written with care and signed with the name of the author, these articles become a progressive encyclopædia of the advancement and thought of the age.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Bird in Sight

Another type of magazine article is that written by Agnes Repplier, Samuel McChord Crothers, and others, which does not apparently aim at giving information but seems rather to be the familiar, half-confidential talk of a widely read person with a gift for delightful monologue.

The scope of our magazine articles suggests the breadth and diversity of pure scholarship in America.

Among our best-known scholars are Charles Eliot Norton (1827–1908), biographer and translator of Dante as well as critic of art; Francis James Child (1825–1896), editor of *English and Scottish Ballads;* Francis Andrew March (1825–1911), our greatest Anglo-Saxon scholar; Felix Emanuel Schelling (1858–), our best authority on the literature of the Elizabethan Age; Horace Howard Furness (1833–), the Shakespeare scholar; and Cornelius Felton (1807–1862), president of Harvard College, with his profound knowledge of Greek and the Greeks.

60. Juvenile literature. Books for children have been published in enormous numbers. Even in the thirties they came out by scores in half a dozen cities of New England, in Cooperstown, Baltimore, New York, and elsewhere. In 1833 there was a "Juvenile Book-Store" in New York city. Many authors, Hawthorne, Mrs. Ward, Mark Twain, Trowbridge, and others have written books for children, but few have written for children alone. Among these latter, the principal ones are Jacob Abbott and Louisa May Alcott.

Jacob Abbott, 1803-1879.

More than two hundred books came from Abbott's pen, — the *Rollo Books*, the *Lucy Books*, and scores of simple histories and biographies. He is always interesting, for he always makes us want to know what is coming next. When, for instance, Rollo and Jennie and the kitten in the cage are left by mistake to cross the ocean by themselves, even a grown-up will turn the page with considerable interest to see how they manage matters. Abbott never "writes down" to children. Even when he is giving them substantial moral advice, he writes as if he were talking with equals; and few childish readers of his books ever skip the little lectures.

Louisa May Alcott was a Philadelphia girl who grew up in Concord. She wrote for twenty years without

any special success. Then she published *Little Women*, and this proved to be exactly what the young folk wanted. It is a clean, fresh, "homey" book about young people who are not too good or too bright to be possible. They are not so angelic as Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy; but they are lovable and thoroughly human. A number of other books followed *Little Women*, all about sensible, healthy-minded boys and girls. Within the last fifty years or more many papers and magazines have been published for young people; such as *Merry's Museum*, *Our Young Folks*, *Wide Awake*, and *St. Nicholas*. The patriarch of them all is *The Youth's Companion*, whose rather priggish name suggests its antiquity. It was founded in 1827 by the father of N. P. Willis. In its fourscore years of life it has kept so perfectly in touch with the spirit of the age that to read its files is an interesting literary study. It seems a long way back from its realistic stories of to-day to the times when, for instance, a beggar — in a book — petitioned some children, "Please to bestow your charity on a poor blind man, who has no other means of subsistence but from your beneficence." *The Youth's Companion* has followed literary fashions; but throughout its long career its aim to be clean, wholesome, and interesting has never varied.

Louisa May Alcott, 1832-1888. Little Women, 1868.

61. Literary progress. Counting from the very beginning, our literature is not yet three hundred years old. The American colonists landed on the shores of a new country. They had famine and sickness to endure, the savages and the wilderness to subdue. It is little wonder that for many decades the pen was rarely taken in hand save for what was regarded as necessity. What literary progress has been made may be seen by compar-

ing Anne Bradstreet with Longfellow and Lanier, Cotton Mather with Parkman and Fiske, the *New England Primer* with the best of the scores of books for children that flood the market every autumn. We have little drama, but in fiction, poetry, humorous writings, essays, biography, history, and juvenile books, we produce an immense amount of composition. The pessimist wails that the motto of this composition is the old cry, "Bread and the games!" — that we demand only what will give us a working knowledge of a subject, or something that will amuse us. The optimist points to the high average of this writing, and to the fact that everybody reads. Many influences are at work; who shall say what their resultant will be? One thing, however, is certain, — he who reads second-rate books is helping to lower the literary standard of his country, while he who lays down a poor book to read a good one is not only doing a thing that is for his own advantage, but is increasing the demand for good literature that almost invariably results in its production.

The National Period

II. Later Years

Writers of Fiction

William Dean Howells
Henry James
Francis Marion Crawford
Edward Everett Hale
Frank Richard Stockton
George Washington Cable
Richard Malcolm Johnston
John Esten Cooke
Thomas Nelson Page
Joel Chandler Harris
Mary Noailles Murfree
Edward Eggleston
John TownsendTrowbridge
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman
Sarah Orne Jewett
Alice Brown
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward
Rose Terry Cooke
Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs
Helen Hunt Jackson
Frances Hodgson Burnett
Mary Hallock Foote
James Lane Allen

Poets.

Bayard Taylor	Celia Thaxter
Richard Henry Stoddard	Lucy Larcom
Edmund Clarence Stedman	John Hay
Thomas Bailey Aldrich	Jones Very
Francis Bret Harte	Edward Rowland Sill
Walt Whitman	Richard Watson Gilder

Humorists

Oliver Wendell Holmes	Frank Richard Stockton
James Russell Lowell	Charles Farrar Browne
Charles Dudley Warner	Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber
Donald Grant Mitchell	David Ross Locke
George William Curtis	Henry Wheeler Shaw

Samuel Langhorne Clemens

Historians and Biographers

John Fiske	John Bach McMaster
Henry Adams	Hubert Howe Bancroft
James Schouler	James Parton
Thomas Wentworth Higginson	Horace Elisha Scudder

Justin Winsor

Naturalists.	**Writers for Children.**
John Burroughs	Jacob Abbott
Olive Thorne Miller	Louisa May Alcott

SUMMARY

Much literature has been produced since the war. The greater part of it is fiction. This is marked by realism, whose apostles are Howells and James. Many authors have revealed the literary possibilities of different parts of our country. The short story has been successfully developed. Historical novels and also the one-character novel are in favor. To the poets especially, the monthly magazines have been of much advantage. New York stands at present as our poetic centre. Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, and Aldrich are counted as part of the New York group. In 1868 Bret Harte was made famous by his stories and poems of the mining camp. Walt Whitman is a poet of no humble rank. He believed in writing on all subjects and in avoiding poetic form and rhythm,

but is at his best when he forgets his theories. There is much humor in American writings. Of the lesser humorists, Browne, Locke, and Shaw depended in part upon incorrect spelling, and Shillaber upon a comical misuse of words. Our best humorist is Clemens. He is not only a wit, but also a man of much literary talent. His fun is always founded upon common sense. Most of our historians have chosen American history as their theme. Many volumes of biographies and reminiscences have been published. The magazine article has taken the place of the lecture platform and the magazines form a progressive encyclopædia of the advancement of the world. Great numbers of children's books have appeared. Among those authors that have written for children alone are Abbott and Miss Alcott. Many juvenile magazines and papers have been founded. *The Youth's Companion* is the oldest of all. Many literary influences are at work. What the resultant will be is still unknown.

Writers who are remembered by a single work:

Ethelinda Beers,
All quiet along the Potomac
David Everett,
You'd scarce expect one of my age
Albert G. Greene,
Old Grimes
James Fenno Hoffman,
Sparkling and Bright
Francis Hopkinson,
The Battle of the Kegs
Joseph Hopkinson,
Hail Columbia
Julia Ward Howe,
The Battle-Hymn of the Republic
Francis Scott Key,
The Star-Spangled Banner
Guy Humphrey McMaster,
Carmen Bellicosum
Clement C. Moore,
'T was the night before Christmas
George Perkins Morris,
Woodman, spare that tree
William Augustus Muhlenberg,
I would not live alway
Theodore O'Hara,
The Bivouac of the Dead
John Howard Payne,
Home, Sweet Home
Albert Pike,
Dixie
James Rider Randall,
Maryland, My Maryland
Thomas Buchanan Read,
Sheridan's Ride
Abraham Joseph Ryan,
The Conquered Banner

Epes Sargent,
A Life on the Ocean Wave
Samuel Francis Smith,
My Country, 't is of thee
Frank O. Ticknor,
Virginians of the Valley
Samuel Woodworth,
The Old Oaken Bucket

SELECTIONS FROM COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS

GEORGE SANDYS, COLONIAL TREASURER OF VIRGINIA

1577–1644

STRICTLY speaking, both Sandys and Smith are entitled to rank among the builders of American colonies rather than of American literature. Americans, however, cannot well help feeling a claim to Sandys's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* as being the first piece of literary English written in what is now the United States.

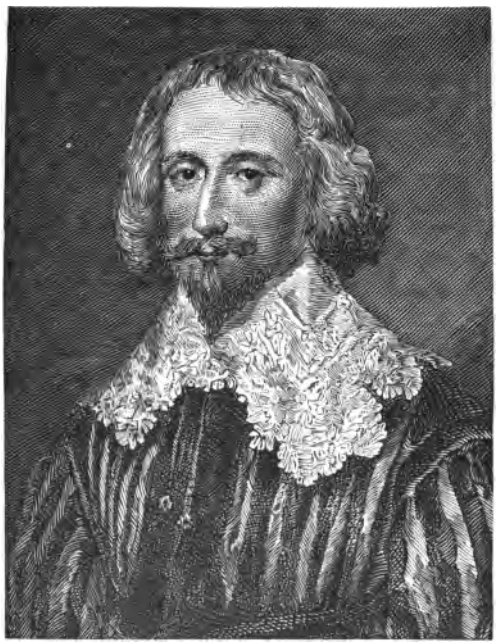
From "Ovid's Metamorphosis, Englished by G. S." London, 1626. Book VIII.

Baucis and Philemon

On *Phrygian* hils there growes
An Oke by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;
By *Pittheus* sent: where erst his father swaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground:
Where Coots and fishing Cormorants abound.
Ioue, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie;*
(His heeles vnwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand Houses craue;
A thousand shut their doores: One only gaue.
A small thatch'd Cottage: where, a pious wife
Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;
In this grew old: rich onely in content.
Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind:
And made it easie with a chearfull mind.
None Master, nor none Seruant, could you call:
They who command, obay; for two were all.

Ioue hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate;
And stooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
While busie Baucis straw-stuft cushions layd:
Who stir'd abroad the glowing coles, that lay
In smothering ashes; rak't vp yester-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaues, thereon she throwes:
Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And ouer all a little kettle sets.
Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues;
Which from his gratefull garden he receiues:
Tooke down a flitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smokie chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantitie he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This seething; they the time beguile with speech:
Vnsensible of stay. A bowle of beech,
There, by the handle hung vpon a pin:
This fils he with warme water; and therein
Washes their feete. A mosse-stuft bed and pillow
Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow:
A couerlet, onely vs'd at feasts, they spred:
Though course, and old; yet fit for such a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
And shorter than the rest, a pot-share reares:
This, now made leuell, with green mint she cleares.
Whereon they party-colour'd oliues set,
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
Coole endiffe, radish, new egs rosted reare,
And late-prest cheese; which earthen dishes beare.
A goblet, of the self same siluer wrought;
And bowles of beech, with waxe well varnisht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.
This ta'ne away; the second Course now comes:

Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-smelling apples, disht in osier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines
I' th' midst a hony combe. Aboue all these;
A chearfull looke, and ready will to please.
Meane-while, the maple cup itself doth fill:
And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.
Astonish't at the miracle; with feare
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis* reare



GEORGE SANDYS

Their trembling hands in prayer: and pardon craue,
For that poor entertainment which they gaue.
One Goose they had, their cottages chief guard;
Which they to hospitable Gods award:

Who long their slowe persuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter;* so sau'd from sacrifice.
W' are Gods, said they; Reuenge shall all vndoe:
Alone immunitie we grant to you.
Together leaue your house; and to yon' hill
Follow our steps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both ascend;
Their staues, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-shot from the top, reuiew they take;
And see all swallowed by a mightie lake:
Their house excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and exquire
Their holy cottage, which doth onely keepe
Its place, while for the places fate they weepe;
That little shed, commanded late by two,
Became a Fane. To colums crotches grew;
The roofe now shines with burnisht gold; the doores
Diuinely carued; the pauement marble floores.
Thou iust old man, *Saturnius* said, and thou
Iust woman, worthy such a husband; how
Stand your desires? They talke a while alone;
Then thus to *Ioue* their common wish make knowne.
We craue to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our liues we neuer iarr'd;
Let one houre both dissolue: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
Their sute is sign'd. The Temple they possest,
As long as life. With time and age opprest;
As now they stood before the sacred gate,
And call to memorie that places fate;
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout:
And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaues thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring Crownets grew.
While they could speake, they spake: at once, adieu
Wife, Husband, said: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their shapes resigne.
They of *Tyana* to this present show

These neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, not like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,
This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said; Who Gods before
Receiv'd are such: adorers, we adore.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA COLONY

1579–1632

John Smith was so closely connected with our country, and wrote of it with such enthusiasm, that by right of sentiment, if not of fact, he can hardly be omitted from the list of American authors.

From "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, & the Summer Isles." Liber III, Chapter 2, edition of 1624.

The Story of Pocohontas

At last they brought him to *Meronocomoco*, where was *Powhatan* their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till *Powhatan* and his trayne had put themselues in their greatest braveries. Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Rarowcun* skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something; and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before *Powhatan:* then as many as could layd

hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, *Pocahontas* the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented

SMITH RESCUED BY POCAHONTAS

After the engraving in Smith's Generall Historie of Virginia, London, 1624.

he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him aswell of all occupations as themselues. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad,
For who can pleasant be, and rest
That liues in feare and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

From "A Description of New England," edition of 1616.

The "Content" of the Colonists

Who can desire more content, that hath small meanes; or but only his merit to aduance his fortune, then to tread, and plant that ground hee hath purchased by the hazard of his life? If he haue but the taste of virtue, and magnanimitie, what to such a minde can bee more pleasant, then planting and building a foundation for his Posteritie, gotte from the rude earth, by Gods blessing & his owne industrie, without prejudice to any? If hee haue any graine of faith or zeale in Religion, what can hee doe lesse hurtfull to any; or more agreeable to God, then to seeke to conuert those poore Saluages to know Christ, and humanitie, whose labors with discretion will triple requite thy charge and paines? What so truely sutes with honour and honestie, as the discouering things vnknowne? erecting Townes, peopling Countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things vniust, teaching virtue; & gaine to our Natiue mother-countrie a kingdom to attend her; finde imployment for those that are idle, because they know not what to doe: so farre from wronging any, as to cause Posteritie to remember thee; and remembring thee, euer honour that remembrance with praise? . . .

Then seeing we are not borne for our selues, but each to helpe other, and our abilities are much alike at the houre of our birth, and the minute of our death: Seeing our good deedes, or our badde, by faith in Christs merits, is all we haue to carrie our soules to heauen, or hell: Seeing honour is our liues ambition; and our ambition after death, to haue an honorable memorie of our life: and seeing by noe meanes wee would bee abated of the dignities and glories of our Predecessors; let vs imitate their vertues to bee worthily their successors.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD OF PLYMOUTH

1590–1657

During the Revolution the manuscript of Bradford's *Of Plimoth Plantation* made its way from Boston to England. Through the efforts of Senator Hoar the precious volume was returned. With graceful courtesy and warm expressions of friendliness, England sent it across the Atlantic and presented it to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

From "Of Plimoth Plantation." From the edition issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1898.

The Pilgrims Depart from Leyden

Chapter VII [1620]

At length, after much travell and these debats, all things were got ready and provided. A smale ship was bought, & fitted in Holand, which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in y^e^ cuntrie and atend upon fishing and shuch other affairs as might be for y^e^ good & benefite of y^e^ colonie when they came ther. Another was hired at London, of burden about 9. score; and all other things gott in readines. So being ready to departe, they had a day of solleme humiliation, their pastor taking his texte from Ezra 8. 21. *And ther at y^e^ river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before our God, and seeke of him a right way for us, and for our children, and for all our substance.* Upon which he spente a good parte of y^e^ day very profitably, and suitable to their presente occasion. The rest of the time was spente in powering out prairs to y^e^ Lord with great fervencie, mixed with abundance of tears. And y^e^ time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of y^e^ citie, unto a towne sundrie miles of called Delfes-Haven, wher the ship lay ready to receive them. So they lefte y^t^ goodly & pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near 12. years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to y^e^ heavens,

their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits. When they came to y^e^ place they found y^e^ ship and all things ready; and shuch of their freinds as could not come with them followed after them, and sundrie also came from Amsterdame to see them shipte and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with litle sleepe by y^e^ most, but with freindly entertainmente & christian discourse and other reall expressions of true christian love. The next day, the wind being faire, they wente aborde, and their freinds with them, where truly dolfull was y^e^ sight of that sade and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, & pithy speeches peirst each harte; that sundry of y^e^ Dutch strangers y^t^ stood on y^e^ key as spectators, could not refraine from tears. Yet comfortable & sweete it was to see shuch lively and true expressions of dear & unfained love. But y^e^ tide (which stays for no man) caling them away y^t^ were thus loath to departe, their R$\tilde{v}\tilde{e}^{d}$: pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watrie cheeks co$\bar{m}$ended them with most fervente praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be y^e^ last leave to many of them.

The Exploring Party

Chapter X [1620]

It was conceived ther might be some danger in y^e^ attempte, yet seeing them resolute, they were permited to goe, being 16. of them well armed, under y^e^ conduct of Captain Standish, having shuch instructions given them as was thought meete. They sett forth y^e^ 15. of Nove^br^: and when they had marched aboute y^e^ space of a mile by y^e^ sea side, they espied 5. or 6. persons with a dogg coming towards them, who were salvages; but they fled from them, & ra$\tilde{n}$e up into y^e^ woods, and y^e^ English followed them, partly to see if they could speake with them, and partly to discover if ther might not be more of them lying inambush. But y^e^ Indeans seeing them selves thus followed,

they againe forsooke the woods, & rane away on y^e^ sands as hard as they could, so as they could not come near them, but followed them by y^e^ tracte of their feet sundrie miles, and saw that they had come the same way. So, night coming on, they made their randevous & set out their sentinels, and rested in quiete y^t^ night, and the next morning followed their tracte till they had headed a great creake, & so left the sands, & turned an other way into y^e^ woods. But they still followed them by geuss, hopeing to find their dwellings; but they soone lost both them & them selves, falling into shuch thickets as were ready to tear their cloaths & armore in peeces, but were most distresed for wante of drinke. But at length they found water & refreshed them selves, being y^e^ first New-England water they drunke of, and was now in thir great thirste as pleasante unto them as wine or bear had been in for-times. Afterwards they directed their course to come to y^e^ other shore, for they knew it was a necke of land they were to crosse over, and so at length gott to y^e^ sea-side, and marched to this supposed river, & by y^e^ way found a pond of clear fresh water, and shortly after a good quantity of clear ground wher y^e^ Indeans had formerly set corne, and some of their graves. And proceeding furder they saw new-stuble wher corne had been set y^e^ same year, also they found wher latly a house had been, where some planks and a great ketl was remaining, and heaps of sand newly padled with their hands, which they, digging up, found in them diverce faire Indean baskets filled with corne, and some in eares, faire and good, of diverce collours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight, (haveing never seen any shuch before). This was near y^e^ place of that supposed river they came to seeck; unto which they wente and found it to open it selfe into 2. armes with a high cliffe of sand in y^e^ enterance, but more like to be crikes of salte water then any fresh, for ought they saw; and that ther was good harborige for their shalope; leaving it further to be discovered by their shalop when she was ready. So their time limeted them being expired, they returned to y^e^ ship, least they should be in fear of their saftie; and tooke with them parte of y^e^ corne, and buried up y^e^ rest, and so like y^e^ men from

Eshcoll carried with them of y^e^ fruits of y^e^ land, & showed their breethren; of which, & their returne, they were marvelusly glad, and their harts incouraged.

JOHN WINTHROP, FIRST GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

1588–1649

The manuscript of Winthrop's *History* had almost as many adventures before finding its way into print as did that of Bradford's *Of Plimoth Plantation*. At the beginning of the Revolution, its three volumes were in the library of the Old South Church in Boston. Some time after the close of the war, two volumes were found in Connecticut, in the hands of a branch of the Winthrop family. The third volume was lost for more than a score of years, but was finally discovered in the church.

From "The History of New England from 1630 to 1649," by John Winthrop, Esq., First Governour of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay; edited by James Savage. Edition of 1853.

The First Visit of White Men to the White Mountains

Vol. II, 1642

One Darby Field, an Irishman, living about Pascataquack, being accompanied with two Indians, went to the top of the white hill. He made his journey in 18 days. His relation at his return was, that it was about one hundred miles from Saco, that after 40 miles travel he did, for the most part, ascend, and within 12 miles of the top was neither tree nor grass, but low savins, which they went upon the top of sometimes, but a continual ascent upon rocks, on a ridge between two valleys filled with snow, out of which came two branches of Saco river, which met at the foot of the hill where was an Indian town of some 200 people. Some of them accompanied him within 8 miles of the top, but durst go no further, telling him that no Indian ever dared to go higher, and that he would die if he went. So they staid there till his return, and his two Indians

took courage by his example and went with him. They went divers times through the thick clouds for a good space, and within 4 miles of the top they had no clouds, but very cold.

By the way, among the rocks, there were two ponds, one a blackish water and the other reddish. The top of all was plain about 60 feet square. On the north side there was such a precipice, as they could scarce discern to the bottom. They had neither cloud nor wind on the top, and moderate heat. All the country about him seemed a level, except here and there a hill rising above the rest, but far beneath them. He saw to the north a great water which he judged to be about 100 miles broad, but could see no land beyond it. The sea by Saco seemed as if it had been within 20 miles. He saw also a sea to the eastward, which he judged to be the gulf of Canada: he saw some great waters in parts to the westward, which he judged to be the great lake which Canada river comes out of. He found there much muscovy glass, they could rive out pieces of 40 feet long and 7 or 8 broad. When he came back to the Indians, he found them drying themselves by the fire, for they had a great tempest of wind and rain. About a month after he went again with five or six in his company, then they had some wind on the top, and some clouds above them which hid the sun. They brought some stones which they supposed had been diamonds, but they were most crystal.

A Letter to his Son John at College

Vol. I, Appendix A, 8

MY DEAR SON, — The Lord bless thee, and multiply his graces in thee, to the building up of that good work, which (I well hope) is truly begun in thee, and wherein I rejoice daily, and bless God, who hath pleased to call thee and keep thee in that good course, which yields hope to all the friends of thy future happiness. Be watchful, good son, and remember that, though it be true, in some cases, that principium est dimidium totius, yet, in divinity, he who hath attained beyond the middest, must still think himself to have but new begun; for, through the continual instigation of Satan, and our own proneness to evil, we are always in danger of being turned out of our course; but God will preserve us to the end, if we trust in him, and be guided by his will.

I received no letters from you since that in Latin, wherein you wrote for Cooper's Dictionary, which I sent you since by London; and I have wrote twice since. I purpose to send you by this bearer, Samuel Gostlin, a piece of Turkey grogram, about ten yards, to make you a suit; and I shall have a piece of good cloth against winter, to make you a gown; all my care is how to get it well conveyed. I would have sent you some other things, with some remembrancers to your aunt and cousins, but that the occasion of sending this messenger was so sudden as I could not provide them. If your uncle come over to Chester, you may come with him, and there I hope to see you. Be directed by him and your tutor; for, though I much desire to see you, yet I had rather hear of your welfare than hazard it. And if your uncle mean to come further than Chester, I would wish you not to come over now, for I am not willing you should come to Groton this year, except your uncle shall much desire your company. Remember my kind love to your good tutor, and to Mr. Downes, and excuse me to your aunt, that I write not to her, for I have not leisure. . . . . What remains, this bearer can inform you of all our affairs. Put him in mind (as from me) to be sober, and beware of company. Your

grandmother and mother salute and bless you; your uncle Gostlin and aunt salute you; your master at Bury, (to whom I wish you to write at leisure,) your good host and hostess, salute you also. — Vale.

JOHN WINTHROP.

GROTON, August 12, 1623.

You shall receive by Samuel a twenty-two shilling piece, if he have not occasion to spend it by the way.

Views on the Education of Women

Vol. II, 1645

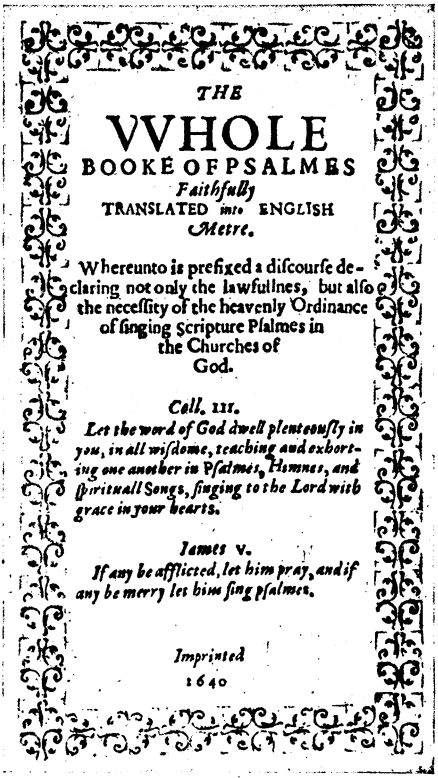
Mr. Hopkins, the governour of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston, and brought his wife with him, (a godly young woman, and of special parts,) who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For, if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her. He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her. But no help could be had.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK

1640

The key of the *Bay Psalm Book* is a phrase in the preface, "that soe wee may sing in Sion the Lords songs of praise according to his owne will." Imagine with what reverence the Pilgrims must have looked upon the little book, the only hymn-book in the world that they believed acceptable to God! With what awe and humble pride

they must have joined in the singing, gathered together in the chilly little meeting-house! There is little poetry in the *Bay Psalm Book*, but it is easier to find many books of poems than to discover one that is as rich as this in strong and tender associations.



THE
VVHOLE
BOOKE OF PSALMES
Faithfully
TRANSLATED *into* ENGLISH
Metre.

Whereunto is prefixed a diſcourſe declaring not only the lawfullnes, but alſo the neceſſity of the heavenly Ordinance of ſinging Scripture Pſalmes in the Churches of God.

Coll. III.
Let the word of God dwell plenteouſly in you, in all wiſdome, teaching and exhorting one another in Pſalmes, Hymnes, and ſpirituall Songs, ſinging to the Lord with grace in your hearts.

Iames V.
If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be merry let him ſing pſalmes.

Imprinted
1640

FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF THE BAY PSALM BOOK

From the Preface

If therefore the verses are not alwayes so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that Gods Altar

needs not our pollishings: Ex. 20. for wee have respected rather a plaine translation, then to smooth our verses with the sweetnes of any paraphrase, and soe have attended Conscience rather then Elegance, fidelity rather then poetry, in translating the hebrew words into english language, and Davids poetry into english meetre; that soe wee may sing in Sion the Lords songs of praise according to his owne will; untill hee take us from hence, and wipe away all our teares, & bid us enter into our masters ioye to sing eternall Halleluiahs.

23 *A Psalm of David*

THe Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
2 Hee in the folds of tender-grasse,
doth cause mee downe to lie:
To waters calme me gently leads
3 Restore my soule doth hee:
he doth in paths of righteousnes:
for his names sake leade mee.
4 Yea though in valley of deaths shad
I walk, none ill I'le feare:
because thou art with mee, thy rod,
and staffe my comfort are.
5 For mee a table thou hast spread,
in presence of my foes:
thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flowes.
6 Goodnes & mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee:
and in the Lords house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee.

Psalme 100

A Psalm of Prayse

MAke yee a joyfull sounding noyse
unto Iehovah, all the earth:
2 Serve yee Iehovah with gladnes:
before his presence come with mirth.
3 Know, that Iehovah he is God,
who hath us formed it is hee,
& not our selves: his owne people
& sheepe of his pasture are wee.
4 Enter into his gates with prayse,
into his Courts with thankfullnes:
make yee confession unto him,
& his name reverently blesse.
5 Because Iehovah he is good,
for evermore is his mercy:
& unto generations all
continue doth his verity.

Psalme 137

THe rivers on of Babilon
there when wee did sit downe:
yea even then wee mourned, when
wee remembred Sion.
2 Our Harps wee did hang it amid,
upon the willow tree.
3 Because there they that us away
led in captivitee,
Requir'd of us a song, & thus
askt mirth: us waste who laid;
sing us among a Sions song,
unto us then they said.
4 The lords song sing can wee? being
5 in strangers land. Then let
loose her skill my right hand, if I
Ierusalem forget.

6 Let cleave my tongue my pallate on,
if minde thee doe not I:
if chiefe joyes or'e I prize not more.
Ierusalem my joy.
7 Remember Lord, Edoms sons word,
unto the ground said they,
it rase, it rase, when as it was
Ierusalem her day.
8 Blest shall hee bee, that payeth thee,
daughter of Babilon,
who must be waste: that which thou hast
rewarded us upon.
9 O happie hee shall surely bee
that taketh up, that eke
thy little ones against the stones
doth into pieces breake.

On the last page of the *Bay Psalm Book* is a list of "Faults escaped in printing," and the little volume closes in most independent fashion: —

"The rest, which have escaped through oversight, you may amend, as you finde them obvious."

REV. MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH

1631–1705

With all his imaginative power, the learned minister was a most practical man. Cotton Mather said of him: —

"It was a surprize unto us, to see a Little, Feeble *Shadow of a Man*, beyond *Seventy*, *Preaching* usually Twice or Thrice in a Week; Visiting and Comforting the *Afflicted;* Encouraging the *Private Meetings; Catechising* the Children of the Flock; and managing the *Government* of the Church; and attending the *Sick*, not only as a *Pastor*, but as a *Physician* too; and this not only in his own Town, but also in all those of the Vicinity." — From *A Faithful Man Described and Rewarded*, 1705.

From "The Day of Doom," edition of 1673.

The Coming of the Day of Judgment

Still was the night, serene and bright,
when all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
thought so 'twould last for ay.
Soul, take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
much good thou hast in store;
This was their song, their cups among,
the evening before.

Wallowing in all kind of Sin,
vile Wretches lay secure;
The best of men had scarcely then
their Lamps kept in good ure.
Virgins unwise, who through disguise
amongst the best were number'd,
Had clos'd their eyes; yea, and the Wise
through sloth and frailty slumber'd.

Like as of old, when men grew bold
God's threatnings to contemn,
Who stopt their ear, and would not hear,
when mercy warned them:
But took their course, without remorse,
till God began to pour
Destruction the World upon
in a tempestuous shower.

They put away the evil day,
and drown'd their cares and fears,
Till drown'd were they, and swept away
by vengeance unawares:
So at the last, whilst men sleep fast
in their security,
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as cometh suddenly.

For at midnight brake forth a light,
which turn'd the night to day:
And speedily an hideous cry
did all the World dismay.
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,
trembling their loyns surprizeth;
Amaz'd with fear, by what they hear,
each one of them ariseth.

They rush from beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this Light, which shines more bright
then doth the noon-day Sun.
Straightway appears (they see't with tears)
the Son of God most dread;
Who with his Train comes on amain
to judge both Quick and Dead.

Before his Face the Heav'ns give place,
and Skies are rent asunder,
With mighty voice, and hideous noise,
more terrible than Thunder.
His brightness damps Heav'ns glorious lamps,
and makes them hide their heads,
As if afraid and quite dismaid,
they quit their wonted steads.

Ye sons of men that durst contemn
the threatnings of gods Word.
How cheer you now? your hearts, (I trow)
are thrill'd as with a sword.
Now Atheist blind, whose brutish mind
a God could never see;
Dost thou perceive, dost now believe
that Christ thy Judge shall be?

Stout courages (whose hardiness
could Death and Hell out-face)
Are you as bold now you behold
your Judge draw near apace?
They cry No, no: Alas and wo!
our courage all is gone:
Our hardiness, (fool-hardiness)
hath us undone, undone.

No heart so bold but now grows cold,
and almost dead with fear:
No eye so dry, but now can cry,
and pour out many a tear.
Earths Potentates and pow'rful States,
Captains and men of Might
Are quite abasht, their courage dasht
at this most dreadful sight.

Mean men lament, great men do rent
their robes, and tear their hair:
They do not spare there flesh to tear
through horrible despair.
All kindreds wail: their hearts do fail:
horrour the world doth fill
With weeping eyes, and loud out-cries,
yet knows not how to kill.

Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves,
in places under ground:
Some rashly leap into the deep,
to 'scape by being drown'd:
Some to the Rocks (O sensless blocks!)
and woody Mountains run,
That there they might this fearful sight,
and dreadful Presence shun.

ANNE BRADSTREET

1612 or 1613–1672

Our first Massachusetts poetess did not, like the Connecticut lady of whom John Winthrop wrote, lose "her understanding and reason" by literary composition. Indeed, many of Mistress Bradstreet's poems were quite too carefully reasoned out to be called poetry. A sense of humor would have saved her from choosing such prosaic subjects as "The Four Monarchies," "The Four Humours in Man's Constitution," and the like; but even if she had possessed any such power, she would not have dreamed of using it, for the somewhat pompous and affected Du Bartas was her adored model. Anagrams were in fashion in those days, and doubtless she read and reread one that was written in the first of her book, on "Anna Bradstreate," "Deer neat An Bartas."

From her poem "Contemplations." This and the following poems are from the second American edition, entitled "Severall Poems, etc., Boston, 1678."

Onward

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder ought but still augment its force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone mayst slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
Oh, could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest!

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry;
So nature taught and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,
Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,
Eftsoon to *Neptun's* glassie Hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield;
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm,

Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past, not whats to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old begins anew.
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

In Memory of my Dear Grandchild Anne Bradstreet, who deceased June 20, 1669, *being Three Years and Seven Months Old*

WIth troubled heart & trembling hand I write,
The Heavens have chang'd to sorrow my delight.
How oft with disappointment have I met,
When I on fading things my hopes have set?
Experience might 'fore this have made me wise,
To value things according to their price:
Was ever stable joy yet found below?
Or perfect bliss without mixture of woe?
I knew she was but as a withering flour,
That's here to-day, perhaps gone in an hour;
Like as a bubble, or the brittle glass,
Or like a shadow turning, as it was.
More fool then I to look on that was lent,
As if mine own, when thus impermanent.
Farewel dear child, thou ne'er shall come to me,
But yet a while and I shall go to thee;
Mean time my throbbing heart's cheared up with this
Thou with thy Saviour art in endless bliss.

To my Dear and Loving Husband

IF ever wife was happy in a man,
If ever two were one, then surely we.

If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love lets so persever,
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

First printed in Boston between 1687 and 1690

More than one hundred years after the publication of the Primer, it was still held in such esteem that many schools devoted to it a generous share of the Saturday morning's session. We can imagine the little children answering eagerly the questions, "Who was the first man?" "Who was the first woman?" and so on down the page; while the older boys and girls were perhaps saying over to themselves nervously the definition of "justification," or "adoption," or "sanctification," in the Shorter Catechism. From a literary point of view, the DIALOGUE *between* CHRIST, YOUTH, *and the* Devil is of special interest, in that it recalls so unmistakably the morality plays of more than a century earlier.

From The New England Primer, reprint of the edition of 1777.

Good children must,

Fear God all day, Love Christ alway,
Parents obey, In secret pray,
No false things say, Mind little play,
By no sin stray, Make no delay,
In doing good.

. . . . . .

I in the burying place may see
Graves shorter there than I,
From death's arrest no age is free,
Young children too must die.
My God may such an awful sight,
Awakening be to me!
Oh! that by early grace I might
For death prepared be.

. . . . . .

NOW I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

. . . . . .

Our Saviour's Golden Rule

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you:
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

. . . . . .

A DIALOGUE *between* CHRIST, YOUTH, *and the* Devil.

YOUTH.

THose days which God to me doth send,
In pleasure I'm resolved to spend;
Like as the birds in th' lovely spring,
Sit chirping on the bough and sing;
Who straining forth those warbling notes,
Do make sweet music in their throats,
So I resolve in this my prime,
In sports and plays to spend my time,
Sorrow and grief I'll put away,
Such things agree not with my day:

From clouds my morning shall be free,
And nought on earth shall trouble me.
I will embrace each sweet delight,
This earth affords me day and night:
Though parents grieve and me correct,
Yet I their counsel will reject.

Devil.

The resolution which you take,
Sweet youth it doth me merry make.
If thou my counsel wilt embrace,
And shun the ways of truth and grace,
And learn to lie and curse and swear,
And be as proud as any are;
And with thy brothers wilt fall out,
And sisters with vile language flout,
Yea, fight and scratch, and also bite,
Then in thee I will take delight.
If thou wilt but be ruled by me,
An artist thou shalt quickly be,
In all my ways which lovely are,
Th' are few with thee who shall compare.
Thy parents always disobey;
Don't mind at all what they do say:
And thou shalt be a child for me.
When others read, be thou at play,
And also pout and sullen be.
Think not on God, don't sigh nor pray,
Nor be thou such a silly fool,
To mind thy book or go to school;
But play the truant; fear not I
Will straitway help you to lie,
Which will excuse thee from the same,
From being whipp'd and from all blame;
Come bow to me, uphold my crown,
And I'll thee raise to high renown.

YOUTH.

These motions I will cleave unto,
And let all other counsels go;
My heart against my parents now,
Shall harden'd be, and will not bow:
I won't submit at all to them,
But all good counsels will condemn,
And what I list that do will I,
And stubborn be continually.

CHRIST.

Wilt thou, O youth, make such a choice,
And thus obey the devil's voice!
Curst sinful ways wilt thou embrace,
And hate the ways of truth and grace?
Wilt thou to me a rebel prove?
And from thy parents quite remove
Thy heart also? Then shalt thou see,
What will e'er become of thee.
Come, think on God who did thee make,
And at his presence dread and quake.
Remember him now in thy youth,
And let thy soul take hold of truth:
The Devil and his ways defy,
Believe him not, he doth but lie:
His ways seem sweet, but youth beware,
He for thy soul hath laid a snare.
His sweet will into bitter turn,
If in those ways thou still wilt run,
He will thee into pieces tear,
Like lions which most hungry are.
Grant me thy heart, thy folly leave,
And from this lion I'll thee save;
And thou shalt have sweet joy from me
Which shall last to eternity.

[Youth decides to follow the Devil. Soon comes Death, who says:]

Youth, I am come to fetch thy breath,
And carry thee to th' shades of death,
No pity on thee can I show,
Thou hast thy God offended so.
Thy soul and body I'll divide,
Thy body in the grave I'll hide,
And thy dear soul in hell must lie
With Devils to eternity.

The conclusion.

Thus end the days of woful youth,
Who won't obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey,
They in their youth go down to hell,
Under eternal wrath to dwell.
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways.

REV. COTTON MATHER, D.D., OF BOSTON

1663–1728

Whittier describes Cotton Mather as,

"Galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he told and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?"

Cotton Mather was treated with no such disrespect as this in colonial times. It was the custom to write "commendatory verses" in

Latin and in English to be printed on the first pages of new books, and the minister of Salem was hardly more flattering than several other would-be poets when he wrote of the learned author, —

> "*Play* is his Toyl, and *Work* his Recreation,
> And his *Inventions* next to Inspiration."

From "Magnalia Christi," 1702, Book VII, Article IV, Mantissa.

An Adventure with the Indians

Mrs. *Elizabeth Heard*, a Widow of a good Estate, a Mother of many Children, and a Daughter of Mr. *Hull*, a Reverend Minister formerly Living at *Piscataqua*, now lived at *Quochecho;* happening to be at *Portsmouth* on the Day before *Quochecho* was cut off, she returned thither in the Night with One Daughter and Three Sons, all Masters of Families. When they came near *Quochecho* they were astonished with a prodigious Noise of *Indians*. Howling, Shooting, Shouting, and Roaring, according to their manner in making an Assault. Their Distress for their Families carried them still further up the River, till they secretly and silently passed by some Numbers of the Raging Salvages. They Landed about an Hundred Rods from Major *Waldern's* Garrison, and running up the Hill, they saw many Lights in the Windows of

C. Mather

the Garrison, which they concluded the *English* within had set up for the Direction of those who might seek a Refuge there. Coming to the Gate, they desired Entrance; which not being readily granted, they called earnestly, and bounced, and knocked, and cried out of their unkindness within, that they would not open to them in this Extremity. No Answer being yet made, they began to doubt whether all was well; and one of the young Men then climbing up the Wall, saw a horrible Tawny in the Entry, with a Gun in his Hand. A grievous Consternation seiz'd now upon them; and Mrs. *Heard*, sitting down without the Gate through Despair and Faintness, unable to stir any further, charg'd her Children to shift for themselves, for she must unavoidably *there* End her Days. They finding it impossible to carry her with them, with heavy Hearts forsook her; but then coming better to her self, she fled and hid among the *Barberry-Bushes* in the Garden: And then hastning from thence, because the Daylight advanced, she sheltered her self (though seen by Two of the *Indians*) in a Thicket of other Bushes, about Thirty Rods from the House. Here she had not been long before an *Indian* came towards her, with a Pistol in his Hand: The Fellow came up to her, and stared her in the Face, but said nothing to her, nor she to him. He went a little way back, and came again, and stared upon her as before, but said nothing; whereupon she asked him, *What he would have?* He still said nothing, but went away to the House Cohooping, and returned unto her no more. Being thus unaccountably preserved, she made several Essays to pass the River; but found herself unable to do it; and finding all Places on that side the River fill'd with Blood, and Fire, and Hideous Outcries, thereupon she returned to her old *Bush*, and there poured out her ardent Prayers to God for help in this Distress. She continued in the *Bush* until the Garrison was Burnt, and the Enemy was gone; and then she stole along by the River side, until she came to a Boom, where she passed over. Many sad Effects of Cruelty she saw left by the *Indians* in her way; until arriving at Captain Gerrish's Garrison, she there found a Refuge from the Storm; and here she soon had the Satis-

faction to understand that her own Garrison, though one of the first that was assaulted, had been bravely Defended and Maintained against the Adversary. This Gentlewoman's Garrison was the most Extream Frontier of the Province, and more Obnoxious than any other, and more uncapable of Relief; nevertheless, by her Presence and Courage it held out all the *War*, even for *Ten Years* together; and the Persons in it have enjoy'd very Eminent Preservations. The Garrison had been deserted, if *she* had accepted Offers that were made her by her Friends, of Living in more safety at *Portsmouth;* which would have been a Damage to the Town and Land: But by her Encouragement this Post was thus kept; and she is yet Living in much Esteem among her Neighbours.

From "Magnalia Christi," 1702, Book III, Chapter II.

The Death of Mr. John Avery

The Divine Oracles have told us, *That the Judgments of God are a Great Deep:* And indeed it is *in the Deep*, that we have seen some of those *Judgments* executed.

It has been Remarked, that there miscarried but *One Vessel* of all those Great Fleets which brought Passengers unto *New-England* upon the Pious and Holy Designs of the First Settlement; which Vessel also was but a *Pinnace;* nevertheless richly laden, as having in it Mr. *Avery*.

Mr. *Avery*, a Worthy Minister, coming into *New-England*, was invited unto *Marble-head;* but there being no *Church* there, and the *Fishermen* being there generally too remiss to form a *Church*, he went rather to *Newberry*, intending there to settle.

Nevertheless, both the Magistrates and the Ministers of the Country urging the Common Good, that would arise from his being at *Marble-head*, he embarked in a Pinnace, with Two Families, his own and his Cousin Mr. *Anthony Thacher's*, which, with some others then aboard, made in all Twenty Three Souls; designing in a few Hours to have reached the Port.

But on *August* 14. 1635. in the Night, there came on as

mighty a Storm as perhaps was ever known in these Parts of the World; a Storm which drove the Vessel upon a Rock, and so tore it, that the poor People sat presently up to the middle in Water, expecting every moment the *Waves of Death* to be rolling over them.

The Vessel was quickly broken all to pieces, and almost the whole Company drowned, by being successively washed off the Rock; only Mr. *Thacher*, having been a considerable while tossed thither, by the Violent Seas, was at last very strangely cast alive upon the Shore; where much wounded, he found his *Wife* a Sharer with him in the like Deliverance.

While these distressed Servants of God were hanging about the Rock, and Mr. *Thacher* had Mr. *Avery* by the Hand, resolving to die together, and expecting by the Stroke of the next Wave to die, Mr. *Avery* lift up his Eyes to Heaven, saying, *We know not what the Pleasure of God is; I fear we have been too unmindful of former Deliverances: Lord, I cannot challenge a Promise of the Preservation of my Life; but thou hast promised to deliver us from Sin and Condemnation, and to bring us safe to Heaven, through the All-sufficient Satisfaction of Jesus Christ; this therefore I do challenge of thee.* Which he had no sooner spoken, but he was by a *Wave* sweeping him off, immediately wafted away to Heaven indeed: being well furnished with those *unperishable Things:* Whereto refers the Advice of the famous Duke of *Bavaria, Hujusmodi comparandae sunt opes, quae nobiscum possunt simul evatare* [evitare] *in Naufragio.*

The next Island was therefore called *Thacher's Woe*, and that Rock *Avery's Fall.*

JUDGE SAMUEL SEWALL OF BOSTON

1652–1730

Judge Sewall was always as frank and honest as he is in his diary. He was a "witchcraft judge;" but afterwards he so regretted his error that he confessed it publicly, and for thirty-one years he spent one day in each year fasting and praying in sorrowful memory of his offence.

The following extract is from the *Sewall Papers*, Vol. III, year 1720. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 5th Series, Vol. VII, 1882.

The Ending of an Unsuccessful Courtship

8ᵇʳ 21. Friday, My Son, the Minister, came to me p. m̄. by apointment and we pray one for another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my Courtship. About 6. a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon

SAMUEL SEWALL

out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's *Bowels* with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in: at last about 9. a-clock Mr. Jnº. Eyre came in; I took the opor-tunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When twas after 9. a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good

while and Claping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mention'd somthing of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat, She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came hôm by Star-light as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five Shillings. I writ Mr. Eyre his Name in his book with the date Octob^{r} 21. 1720. It cost me 8^{s} Jehovah jireh! Madam told me she had visited M. Mico, Wendell, and W^{m} Clark of the South [Church].

Octob^{r} 22. Dâter Cooper visited me before my going out of Town, staid till about Sun set. I brought her going near as far as the Orange Tree. Coming back, near Leg's Corner, Little David Jeffries saw me, and looking upon me very lovingly, ask'd me if I was going to see his Grandmother? I said, Not to-night. Gave him a peny, and bid him present my Service to his Grandmother.

Octob^{r} 24. I went in the Hackny Coach through the Common, stop'd at Madam Winthrop's (had told her I would take my departure from thence). Sarah came to the door with Katee in her Arms: but I did not think to take notice of the Child. Call'd her Mistress. I told her, being encourag'd by David Jeffries loving eyes, and sweet Words, I was come to enquire whether she could find in her heart to leave that House and Neighbourhood, and go and dwell with me at the South-end; I think she said softly, Not yet. I told her It did not ly in my Lands to keep a Coach. If I should, I should be in danger to be brought to keep company with her Neighbour Brooker, (he was a little before sent to prison for Debt). Told her I had an Antipathy against those who would pretend to give themselves; but nothing of their Estate. I would a proportion of my Estate with my self. And I supposed she would do so. As to a Perriwig, My best and greatest Friend, I could not pos-

sibly have a greater, began to find me with Hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find it in my heart to go to another. She cōmended the book I gave her, Dr. Preston, the Church Marriage; quoted him saying 'twas inconvenient keeping out of a Fashion cōmonly used. I said the Time and Tide did circumscribe my Visit. She gave me a Dram of Black-Cherry Brandy, and gave me a lump of the Sugar that was in it. She wish'd me a good Journy. I pray'd God to keep her, and came away. Had a very pleasant Journy to Salem. . . .

31. 2. At night I visited Madam Winthrop about 6. p. m̄. They told me she was gon to Madam Mico's. I went thither and found she was gon; so return'd to her house, read the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians in Mr. Eyre's Latin Bible. After the clock struck 8. I began to read the 103. Psalm. Mr. Wendell came in from his Warehouse. Ask'd me if I were alone? Spake very kindly to me, offer'd me to call Madam Winthrop. I told him, She would be angry, had been at Mrs. Mico's; he help'd me on with my Coat and I came home; left the Gazett in the Bible, which told Sarah of, bid her present my Service to Mrs. Winthrop, and tell her I had been to wait on her if she had been at home.

Novr. 1. I was so taken up that I could not go if I would.

Novr. 2. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3s per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per anum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. I told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine &c. That in England I own'd, my Father's desire was that it should go to my eldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seemed to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary.

Novr. 4th. Friday, Went again, about 7. a-clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's [an Indian] Writing. Madam W. served Comfeits to us. After a-while a Table was spread, and Supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to Crave a Blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned Neck-lace I should present her with, She said, None at all. I ask'd her Whereabout we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her; Ask'd her what she would give me; She said she could not Change her Condition: She had said so from the beginning; could not be so far from her Children, the Lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single Life was better than a Married. I answer'd That was for the present Distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly: I said, you are the fitter to make me a Wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. However, considering the Supēr, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long. Assented. She charg'd me with saying, that she must put away Juno, if she came to me: I utterly deny'd it, it never came in my heart; yet she insisted upon it; saying it came in upon discourse about the Indian woman that obtained her Freedom this Court. About 10. I said I would not disturb the good orders of her House, and came away. She not seeming pleas'd with my Coming away. Spake to her about David Jeffries, had not seen him.

Monday, Novr. 7th. My Son pray'd in the Old Chamber. Our time had been taken up by Son and Daughter Cooper's Visit; so that I only read the 130th. and 143. Psalm. Twas on the Account of my Courtship. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. I excus'd my Coming so late (near Eight). She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my Almonds; She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told

her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me: she said had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that twas an hindrance. The Fire was come to one short Brand besides the Block, which Brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces, and no Recruit was made: She gave me a Glass of Wine. I think I repeated again that I would go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to sollicit her to do that which she could not Consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a Care. Treated me Courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her Widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before: I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as somtime it had been. Jehovah jireh!

Midweek, 9^{r} 9th. Dine at Bro^{r}' Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M^{rs} Winthrop; I answer'd No.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, A. M., PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE

1703–1758

Imagine a tall, thin, delicate man with a pure and saintly face, ascending into the lofty pulpit of the colonial days. He reads his sermon in a clear voice, keeping his eyes fixed upon his notes. He makes no gestures, he pays small attention to the harmony of his sentences, repetitions are of little matter to him, awkward phrasings are an insignificant detail. One thing only is of importance to his mind, and that is the doctrine which he believes himself called by the eternal God to proclaim. Edwards's power lay in his logical reasoning, in his forgetfulness of himself, and above all in the earnest, solemn manner which was the token of his conviction of the absolute truth of his utterance. He preached one hour, two hours. His hearers listened spellbound, or, as once happened with an audience thought to be especially trivial and irreverent, broke into such wails and moans of sorrow for their sinfulness that he was obliged to beg them to be silent that his voice might be heard.

The extracts chosen are from the edition of his works edited by his great-grandson, Sereno E. Dwight, 1871.

Of Sarah Pierrepont, who afterward became his Wife

Written on a blank leaf, in 1723

They say there is a young lady [in New Haven] who is loved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him — that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

From "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

The God that holds you over the pit of hell much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect, over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his

sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince: and yet, it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given, why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down into hell.

From "The Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will."

Section VI, 2

There is no great difficulty in showing . . . that the mind must be influenced in its choice by something that has a preponderating influence upon it, but also *how it is so*. A little attention to our own experience, and a distinct consideration of the acts of our own minds, in such cases, will be sufficient to clear up the matter.

Thus, supposing I have a chess-board before me; and because I am required by a superior, or desired by a friend, or on some other consideration, I am determined to touch some one of the spots or squares on the board with my finger. Not being limited or directed, in the first proposal, to any one in particular; and there being nothing in the squares, in themselves considered, that recommends any one of all the sixty-four more than another; in this case, my mind determines to give itself up to what is vulgarly called *accident*, by determining to touch that square which happens to be most in view, which my eye is especially upon at that moment, or which happens to be then most in my mind, or which I shall be directed to by some other

such like accident. Here are several *steps* of the mind proceeding (though all may be done, as it were, in a moment). The *first* step is its *general* determination that it will touch one of the squares. The *next* step is another *general* determination to give itself up to accident, in some certain way; as to touch that which shall be most in the eye or mind at that time, or to some other such like accident. The *third* and last step is a *particular* determination to touch a certain individual spot, even that square, which, by that sort of accident the mind has pitched upon, has actually offered itself beyond others. Now it is apparent that in none of these several steps does the mind proceed in absolute indifference, but in each of them is influenced by a preponderating inducement. So it is in the *first* step, the mind's general determination to touch one of the sixty-four spots: the mind is not absolutely indifferent whether it does so or no; it is induced to it, for the sake of making some experiment, or by the desire of a friend, or some other motive that prevails. So it is in the *second* step, the mind determining to give itself up to accident, by touching that which shall be most in the eye, or the idea of which shall be most prevalent in the mind, &c. The mind is not absolutely indifferent whether it proceeds by this rule or no; but chooses it, because it appears at that time a convenient and requisite expedient in order to fulfil the general purpose. And so it is in the *third* and last step, which is determining to touch that individual spot which actually does prevail in the mind's view. The mind is not indifferent concerning this; but is influenced by a prevailing inducement and reason; which is, that this is a prosecution of the preceding determination, which appeared requisite, and was fixed before in the second step.

ROGER WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF PROVIDENCE

1599–1683

Entirely aside from the question of literary merit, the following letter by Roger Williams is of value in showing the character of the writer and the patience with which he bore his troubles.

His *Key* is a phrase-book of the language of the Massachusetts Indians, probably the only interesting phrase-book ever written. For each chapter he chooses a subject, gives the words and phrases pertaining to it, describes the customs of the Indians that would naturally come to mind in that connection, and often, as in the case of the chapter from which quotation is made, closes with some original verses on the subject.

From a letter written by Roger Williams from Providence, June 22, 1670, to Major Mason. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. I, for the year 1792.

When Roger Williams Founded Providence

When I was unkindly and unchristianly, as I believe, driven from my house and land and wife and children (in the midst of New-England winter, now about 35 years past) at Salem, that ever honoured Governour Mr. Winthrop privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Nahigonset-Bay and Indians for many high and heavenly and publike ends, incouraging me from the freenes of the place from any English claims or pattents. I took his prudent motion as an hint and voice from God, and waving all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course from Salem (though in winter snow which I feel yet) unto these parts, wherein I may say *Peniel*, that is, I have seene the face of God.

I first pitch't and begun to build and plant at Secunk, now Rehoboth, but I received a letter from my antient friend, Mr. Winslow, then Governour of Plymmouth, professing his oune and others love and respect to me, yet lovingly advising me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds and they were loth to displease the Bay, to remove but to the other side of the water, and then he said I had the country free before me, and might be as free as themselves, and wee should be loving neighbours togeather. These were the joynt understandings of these two eminently wise and christian Governours and others, in their day, togeather with their councell and advice as to the freedome and vacancie of this place, which in this respect and many other

Providences of the most holy and only wise, I called *Providence.*

Sometime after Plymmouth great Sachim (Ousamaquin) [Massasoit] upon occasion affirming that Providence was his land and therefore Plymmouth's land, and some resenting it, the then prudent and godly Governour Mr. Bradford and others of his godly councell answered, that if after due examination it should be found true what the barbarian said, yet having, to my loss of a harvest that yeare, been now (though by their gentle advice) as good as banished from Plymmouth as from the Massachusetts; and I had quietly and patiently departed from them, at their motion, to the place where now I was, I should not be molested and tost up and down againe, while they had breath in their bodies; and surely betweene those my friends of the Bay and Plymmouth, I was sorely tost for one fourteen weekes, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did meane; beside the yearly losse of no small matter in my trading with English and natives, being debarred from Boston, the chiefe mart and port of New England. God knows that many thousand pounds cannot repay the very temporary losses I have sustained. It lies upon the Massachusetts and me, yea and other colonies joining with them to examine, with feare and trembling before the eyes of flaming fire, the true cause of all my sorrows and sufferings.

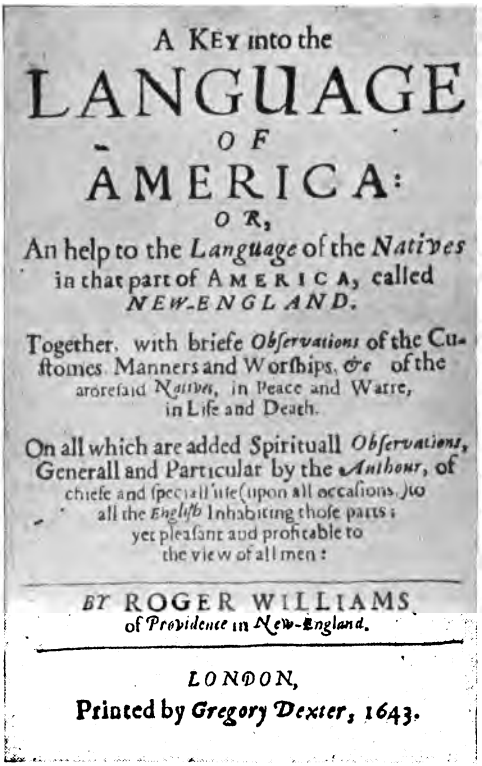
From "A Key into the Language of America," Chap. II, edition of 1643.

Hospitality among the Indians

Whomsoever commeth in when they are eating, they offer them to eat of that which they have, though but little enough prepar'd for themselves. If any provision of *fish* or *flesh* come in, they make their neighbours partakers with them.

If any stranger come in, they presently give him to eate of what they have; many a time, and at all times of the night (as I have fallen in travell upon their houses) when nothing hath been ready, have themselves and their wives, risen to prepare me some refreshing. . . .

It is a strange *truth* that a man shall generally finde more free entertainment and refreshing amongst these *Barbarians*, then amongst thousands that call themselves *Christians*.



A KEY into the

LANGUAGE

OF

AMERICA:

OR,

An help to the *Language* of the *Natives* in that part of AMERICA, called *NEW-ENGLAND*.

Together, with briefe *Observations* of the Customes, Manners and Worships, &c of the aforesaid *Natives*, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death.

On all which are added Spirituall *Observations*, Generall and Particular by the *Author*, of chiefe and speciall use (upon all occasions) to all the *English* Inhabiting those parts: yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men:

BY ROGER WILLIAMS of *Providence* in *New-England*.

LONDON,

Printed by *Gregory Dexter*, 1643.

FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF ROGER WILLIAMS'S "KEY"

More particular:

1. *Course* bread *and* water's *most their fare*.
O Englands *diet fine;*
Thy cup *runs ore with plenteous store*
Of wholesome beare *and* wine.

2. *Sometimes* God *gives them* Fish *or* Flesh,
Yet they're content *without;*
And what comes in, they part *to* friends
and strangers *round about.*
3. *Gods* providence *is rich to his,*
Let none distrustfull *be;*
In wildernesse, *in great* distresse,
These Ravens *have fed me.*

JOHN ELIOT OF ROXBURY, THE "APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS"

1604–1690

The one thing that John Eliot longed to do was to "gospelize" the Indians. He learned their language, he showed them better ways of living, he organized churches among them, and he watched over them as though they were his beloved children. His great literary work was the translation of the Bible into the language of the Massachusetts tribes. Of this language Cotton Mather says: "If their *Alphabat* be *short*, I am sure the *Words* composed of it are long enough to tire the Patience of any Scholar in the World; they are *Sesquipedalia Verba*, of which their *Linguo* is composed; one would think, they had been growing ever since *Babel*, unto the Dimensions to which they are now extended." As an illustration, he quotes the word Kummogkodonattoottummooetiteaongannunnonash, signifying Our Question.

From a letter written by John Eliot to Hon. Robert Boyle, Roxbury, April 22, 1684. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. III, for the year 1794.

How the "Praying Indians" Kept the Sabbath

Your honour's intimation hath the force of a command upon me, and therefore I shall briefly relate the religious walking and ways of the praying Indians. They do diligently observe and keep the sabbath, in all the places of their public meetings to worship God. The example of the English churches, and the authority of the English laws, which major Gookin doth

declare unto them, together with such mulcts, as are inflicted upon transgressors; as also and especially, the clear and express command of God, which they and their children learn and rehearse daily in their catechisms; these all together have fully possessed and convinced them of their duty, to keep holy the sabbath day. So that the sanctifying of the sabbath is a

John Eliot

great and eminent part of their religion. And though some of the vain and carnal sort among them are not so girt to it, as were to be desired, yet the grave and religious sort do constantly worship God, every sabbath day, both morning and evening, as the English do.

The acts of worship, which they perform in their publick meetings, are as followeth.

The officer beginneth with prayer, and prayeth for all men, rulers, ministers, people, young, old, sick, well, English or Indians, &c. according to that word, I Tim. ii. 12. *I will that first of all prayers be made*, &c. I say, the officer beginneth with prayer, *viz.* where they have an officer ordained, as it is almost in all the churches. But we have more public assemblies, that meet every Lord's day, to worship God, than we have churches. There is not yet a church gathered in every place, where they meet to worship God and keep the sabbath; but where it is so, they choose some able godly man (the best they can) to manage the worship among them: him they call their teacher, and he beginneth with prayer, &c. When prayer is ended, they call forth such as are to answer the catechism; and though this is sometimes omitted in some places, yet that is the way they walk in, and it is often practised. When catechism is ended, a chapter is read, sometimes in the old testament, and sometimes in the new; and sundry of the young men are trained up, and called forth to this service, sometimes one, sometimes another.

When the chapter is read, a psalm is sung, which service sundry are able to manage well.

That finished, the preacher first prayeth, then preacheth, and then prayeth again. If it be the day for the Lord's supper to be celebrated, the church address themselves unto it, and the minister doth exactly perform it, according to the scriptures. When that service is done, they sing a psalm, according to the pattern of Christ; then he blesseth the church, and so finisheth the morning service.

In the afternoon they meet again, and perform all the parts of worship, as they did in the morning; which done, if there be any infant to be baptised, they perform that service according to the scriptures; which done, the deacon calleth for contributions; which done, if there be any act of publick discipline (as divers times there is, there being many failures among us) then the offender is called forth (being with care and diligence prepared) and is exhorted to give glory to God, and confess his sin; which being penitent, they gladly accept

him, forgive him, and receive him. If it be not a satisfactory confession, they shew him his defect, they admonish and exhort him to a more full confession; and so he is left to some other time. This finished, he blesseth the church, and so dismisseth the assembly.

NATHANIEL WARD OF IPSWICH

c. 1578–1652

The following extracts are from the first edition of *The Simple Cobler of Aggawam in America*, published in London in 1647. The author sometimes wrote in even more headlong fashion than in the first selections. If English words did not seem to him forcible enough, he produced most remarkable verbal creations from his ever ready Latin and Greek. One of his phrases was, "To compolitize such multimonstrous maufrey of heteroclytes and quicquidlibets." He was capable, however, of writing in quite different vein, as is shown by his noble address to the English people, who were contending with Charles I for freedom and observance of the laws.

Concerning the Fashions of Women

I honour the woman that can honour her self with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair Margent: I am not much offended, if I see a trimme, far trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* measure: but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dresse the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; I mean the very newest: with egge to be in it in all haste, what ever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to ke kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honoured or humoured.

To speak moderately, I truely confesse, it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not

onely dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen-shotten shell-fish, Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heeles: it is no marvell they weare drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few Squirrills brains, to help them frisk from one ill-favor'd fashion to another.

To the English People

Goe on brave Englishmen, in the name of God, go on prosperously, because of Truth and Righteousness: Yee that have the Cause of Religion, the life of your Kingdom and of all the good that is in it in your hands: Goe on undauntedly: As you are Called and Chosen, so be faithfull: Yee fight the battells of the Lord, bee neither desidious nor perfidious: You serve the King of Kings, who stiles you his heavenly Regiments; Consider well, what impregnable fighting it is in heaven, where the Lord of Hosts is your Generall, his Angells your Colonells, the Stars your fellow-souldiers, his Saints your Oratours, his Promises your victuallers, his Truth, your Trenches; where Drums are Harps; Trumpets, joyfull sounds; your Ensignes, Christs Banners; where your weapons and armour are spirituall, therefore irresistable, therefore impier[c]eable; where Sunne and Wind cannot disadvantage you, you are above them; where hell it selfe cannot hurt you, where your swords are furbushed and sharpened, by him that made their metall, where your wounds, are bound up with the oyle of a good Cause, where your blood runnes into the veynes of Christ, where sudden death is present martyrdome and life; your funerals resurrections; your honour, glory; where your widows and babes are received into perpetuall pensions; your names listed among *Davids* Worthies; where your greatest losses are greatest gains; and where you leave the troubles of Warre, to lye downe in downy beds of eternall rest.

What good will it doe you, deare Countrymen, to live without lives, to enjoy *England* without the God of *England*, your

Kingdome without a Parliament, your Parliament without power, your Liberties without stability, your Lawes without Justice, your honours without vertue, your beings without tranquility, your wives without honesty, your children without morality, your servants without civility, your lands without propriety, your goods without immunity, the Gospel without salvation, your Churches without Ministery, your Ministers without piety, and all you have or can have, with more teares and bitternesse of heart, than all you have and shall have will sweeten or wipe away?

Goe on therefore Renowned Gentlemen, fall on resolvedly, till your hands cleave to your swords, your swords to your enemies hearts, your hearts to victory, your victories to triumph, your triumphs to the everlasting praise of him that hath given you Spirits to offer your selves willingly, and to jeopard your lives in high perills, for his Name and service sake.

And Wee your Brethren, though we necessarily abide beyond *Jordan*, and remaine on the American Sea-coasts, will send up Armies of prayers to the Throne of Grace, that the God of power and goodnesse, would incourage your hearts, cover your heads, strengthen your arms, pardon your sinnes, save your soules, and blesse your families, in the day of Battell. Wee will also pray, that the same Lord of Hosts would discover the Counsels, defeat the Enterprizes, deride the hopes, disdaine the insolencies, and would the hairy scalpes of your obstinate Enemies, and yet pardon all that are unwillingly misled. Wee will likewise helpe you beleeve that God will be seene on the Mount, that it is all one with him to save by many or few, and that he doth but humble and try you for the present, that he may doe you good at the latter end. All which hee bring to passe who is able to doe exceeding abundantly, above all we can aske or thinke, for his Truth and mercy sake in Jesus Christ.

Amen. Amen.

COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, VIRGINIA

1674–1744

Colonel Byrd was one of the great landowners of Virginia. He did not take himself quite so seriously as Franklin, but he thought clearly and sturdily on the questions of the day, and was not at all afraid to express his opinions. He held many public offices. It is to his being appointed one of the commissioners for marking out the "dividing line" between Virginia and North Carolina that we owe

WESTOVER, THE BYRD MANSION

the journal from which the first of the following extracts is taken. Even if we had no other means of information, this journal would show that its author was an intelligent, well-educated man, with a love for the woods and a keen sense of humor.

From "The Dividing Line" [March, 1728].

A Night in the Dismal Swamp

They first coverd the Ground with Square Pieces of Cypress bark, which now, in the Spring, they cou'd easily Slip off the Tree for that purpose. On this they Spread their Bedding; but unhappily the Weight and Warmth of their Bodies made the Water rise up betwixt the Joints of the Bark, to their great

Inconvenience. Thus they lay not only moist, but also exceedingly cold, because their Fires were continually going out. For no sooner was the Trash upon the Surface burnt away, but immediately the Fire was extinguisht by the Moisture of the Soil, Insomuch that it was great part of the Centinel's Business to rekindle it again in a Fresh Place, every Quarter of an Hour. Nor cou'd they indeed do their duty better, because Cold was the only Enemy they had to Guard against in a miserable Morass, where nothing can inhabit.

From a letter written by Colonel William Byrd in 1736. "American Historical Review," October, 1895.

On Slavery in Virginia

They import so many Negros hither, that I fear this Colony will some time or other be confirmd by the Name of New Guinea. I am sensible of many bad consequences of multiplying these Ethiopians amongst us. They blow up the pride, and ruin the Industry of our White People, who seing a Rank of poor Creatures below them, detest work for fear it shoud make them look like Slaves. Then that poverty which will ever attend upon Idleness, disposes them as much to pilfer as it dos the Portuguese, who account it much more like a Gentleman to steal, than to dirty their hands with Labour of any kind.

Another unhappy effect of Many Negros is the necessity of being severe. Numbers make them insolent, and then foul Means must do what fair will not. We have however nothing like the Inhumanity here that is practiced in the Islands, and God forbid we ever shoud. But these base Tempers require to be rid with a tort Rein, or they will be apt to throw their Rider. Yet even this is terrible to a good naturd Man, who must submit to be either a Fool or a Fury. And this will be more our unhappy case, the more Negros are increast amongst us.

But these private mischeifs are nothing if compard to the publick danger. We have already at least 10,000 Men of these

descendants of Ham fit to bear Arms, and their Numbers increase every day as well by birth as Importation. And in case there shoud arise a Man of desperate courage amongst us, exasperated by a desperate fortune, he might with more advantage than Cataline kindle a Servile War. Such a man might be dreadfully mischeivous before any opposition could be formd against him, and tinge our Rivers as wide as they are with blood. Besides the Calamitys which woud be brought upon us by such an Attempt, it woud cost our Mother Country many a fair Million to make us as profitable as we are at present.

It were therefore worth the consideration of a British Parliament, My Lord, to put an end to this unchristian Traffick of makeing Merchandize of Our Fellow Creatures. At least the farthar Importation of them into our Our Colonys shoud be prohibited lest they prove as troublesome and dangerous everywhere, as they have been lately in Jamaica, where besides a vast expence of Mony, they have cost the lives of many of his Majesty's Subjects. We have mountains in Virginia too, to which they may retire as safely, and do as much mischeif as they do in Jamaica. All these matters duly considerd, I wonder the Legislature will Indulge a few ravenous Traders to the danger of the Publick safety, and such Traders as woud freely sell their Fathers, their Elder Brothers, and even the Wives of their bosomes, if they coud black their faces and get anything by them.

FRIEND JOHN WOOLMAN OF MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY

1720–1772

Of Woolman's *Journal* Whittier writes, "The style is that of a man unlettered, but with natural refinement and delicate sense of fitness, the purity of whose heart enters into his language." Charles Lamb says, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."

The following extracts are from *The Journal of John Woolman*, 1871.

Chapter VIII

Why John Woolman Wore Undyed Clothing

The use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful, grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure wisdom. The apprehension of being singular from my beloved friends was a strait upon me, and thus I continued in the use of some things contrary to my judgment.

On the 31th of fifth month, 1761, I was taken ill of a fever and after it had continued near a week I was in great distress of body. One day there was a cry raised in me that I might understand the cause of my affliction, and improve under it, and my conformity to some customs which I believed were not right was brought to my remembrance. In the continuance of this exercise I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being, and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisements. Feeling the necessity of further purifying, there was now no desire in me for health until the design of my correction was answered. Thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit, and as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature; and from that time forward I grew better.

Though my mind was thus settled in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy to wear my garments heretofore made, and continued to do so about nine months. Then I thought of getting a hat the natural color of the fur, but the apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity felt uneasy to me. Here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, become great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, so long as singularity was only for his sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind in the time of our General Spring Meeting,

1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me, and when I returned home got a hat of the natural color of the fur.

In attending meetings this singularity was a trial to me, and more especially at this time, as white hats were used by some who were fond of following the changeable modes of dress, and as some Friends who knew not from what motives I wore it grew shy of me, I felt my way for a time shut up in the exercise of the ministry. In this condition, my mind being turned toward my Heavenly Father with fervent cries that I might be preserved to walk before him in the meekness of wisdom, my heart was often tender in meetings, and I felt an inward consolation which to me was very precious under these difficulties.

I had several dyed garments fit for use which I believed it best to wear till I had occasion for new ones. Some Friends were apprehensive that my wearing such a hat savored of an affected singularity; those who spoke with me in a friendly way I generally informed, in a few words, that I believed my wearing it was not in my own will. I had at times been sensible that a superficial friendship had been dangerous to me; and many Friends being now uneasy with me, I had an inclination to acquaint some with the manner of my being led into these things; yet upon a deeper thought I was for a time most easy to omit it, believing the present dispensation was profitable, and trusting that if I kept my place the Lord in his own time would open the hearts of Friends towards me.

Chapter IV

A Conscientious Guest

We crossed the river Susquehannah, and lodged at William Cox's in Maryland. Soon after I entered this province, a deep and painful exercise came upon me, which I often had some feeling of, since my mind was drawn toward these parts, and with which I had acquainted my brother before we agreed to join as companions. As the people in this and the Southern

Provinces live much on the labour of slaves, many of whom are used hardly, my concern was that I might attend with singleness of heart to the voice of the true Shepherd, and be so supported as to remain unmoved at the faces of men.

As it is common for Friends on such a visit to have entertainment free of cost, a difficulty arose in my mind with respect to saving my money by kindness received, from what appeared to me to be the gain of oppression. Receiving a gift, considered as a gift, brings the receiver under obligations to the benefactor, and has a natural tendency to draw the obliged into a party with the giver. To prevent difficulties of this kind, and to preserve the minds of judges from any bias, was that divine prohibition: "Thou shalt not receive any gift; for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." Exod. xxiii. 8. As the disciples were sent forth without any provision for their journey, and our Lord said the workman is worthy of his meat, their labour in the gospel was considered as a reward for their entertainment, and therefore not received as a gift; yet, in regard to my present journey, I could not see my way clear in that respect. The difference appeared thus: the entertainment the disciples met with, was from them whose hearts God had opened to receive them, from a love to them and the truth they published; but we considered as members of the same religious society, look upon it as a piece of civility to receive each other in such visits; and such reception, at times, is partly in regard to reputation, and not from an inward unity of heart and spirit. Conduct is more convincing than language; and where people, by their actions, manifest that the slave-trade is not so disagreeable to their principles but that it may be encouraged, there is not a sound uniting with some friends who visit them.

The prospect of so weighty a work, and of being so distinguished from many whom I esteemed before myself, brought me very low; and such were the conflicts of my soul, that I had a near sympathy with the prophet, in the time of his weakness, when he said, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thy sight." Num. xi. 15. But I soon saw that this proceeded from the want of a full resignation to

the divine will. Many were the afflictions which attended me; and in great abasement, with many tears, my cries were to the Almighty for his gracious and fatherly assistance; and after a time of deep trial, I was favoured to understand the state mentioned by the psalmist, more clearly than ever I had done before; to wit; "My soul is even as a weaned child." Psalm cxxxi. 2. Being thus helped to sink down into resignation, I felt a deliverance from that tempest in which I had been sorely exercised, and in calmness of mind went forward, trusting that the Lord Jesus Christ, as I faithfully attended to him, would be a counsellor to me in all difficulties; and that by his strength I should be enabled, even to leave money with the members of society where I had entertainment, when I found that omitting it, would obstruct that work to which I believed he had called me. As I copy this after my return, I may here add, that oftentimes I did so, under a sense of duty. The way in which I did it was thus; when I expected soon to leave a friend's house where I had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of those pieces of silver, and give them to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of them: and at other times, I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose; and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people, was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them.

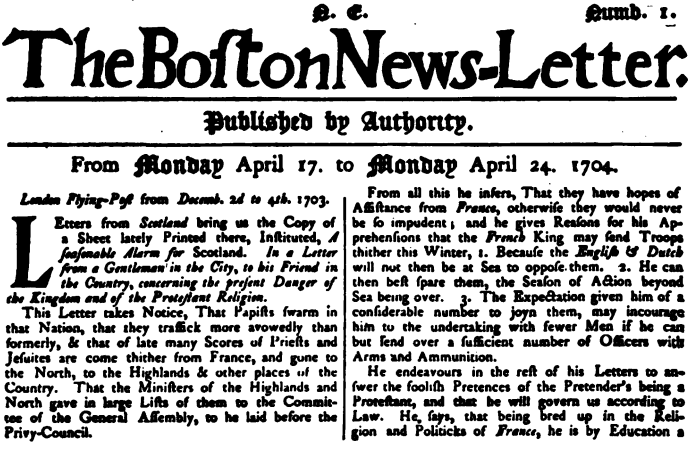
THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER

The following extracts are from the first number of the *Boston News-Letter*, "From Monday April 17. to Monday April 24. 1704." It is a tiny sheet, about twelve inches long and seven inches wide, and printed on both sides. Three of the four little columns are

devoted to the danger of the Pretender's gaining the English throne. The greater part of the fourth column is given to marine news, the latest being only three days old!

A False Alarm

The 18 Currant, came in a Sloop to the Port from *Virginia*, the Master informed Governour *Cranston* Esq. he was Chased by a Topsail Shallop off of *Block-Island*, which he judged to be a



B. C. Numb. 1.

The Boston News-Letter.

Published by Authority.

From Monday April 17. to Monday April 24. 1704.

London Flying-Post from Decemb. 2d to 4th. 1703.

LEtters from *Scotland* bring us the Copy of a Sheet lately Printed there, Instituted, *A seasonable Alarm for* Scotland. *In a Letter from a Gentleman in the City, to his Friend in the Country, concerning the present Danger of the Kingdom and of the Protestant Religion.*

This Letter takes Notice, That Papists swarm in that Nation, that they traffick more avowedly than formerly, & that of late many Scores of Priests and Jesuites are come thither from France, and gone to the North, to the Highlands & other places of the Country. That the Ministers of the Highlands and North gave in large Lists of them to the Committee of the General Assembly, to be laid before the Privy-Council.

From all this he infers, That they have hopes of Assistance from *France*, otherwise they would never be so impudent; and he gives Reasons for his Apprehensions that the *French* King may send Troops thither this Winter, 1. Because the *English & Dutch* will not then be at Sea to oppose them. 2. He can then best spare them, the Season of Action beyond Sea being over. 3. The Expectation given him of a considerable number to joyn them, may incourage him to the undertaking with fewer Men if he can but send over a sufficient number of Officers with Arms and Ammunition.

He endeavours in the rest of his Letters to answer the foolish Pretences of the Pretender's being a Protestant, and that he will govern us according to Law. He says, that being bred up in the Religion and Politicks of *France*, he is by Education a

FACSIMILE OF BOSTON NEWS-LETTER

French Privateer, and that there was two other Vessels in her Company, which he judged to be her Prizes. Whereupon his Honour being concerned for the Publick Weal and Safety of Her Majesties good Subjects, immediately caused the Drum to beat for Voluntiers, under the Command of Capt. *Wanton*, and in 3 or four hours time, Fitted and Man'd a Brigantine, with 70 brisk young men well Arm'd, who Sail'd the following Night, returned last Evening, and gave his Honour an Account that they found the aforesaid Shallop, with one other, and a Ketch at *Tarpolian* Cove, who were all Fishing Vessels belonging to *Marblehead* or *Salem*, who were Fishing off *Block Island*, one

of them was a *French* built Shallop with a Topsail, which gave the great suspicion that they were Enemies.

Advertisement

This News-Letter is to be continued Weekly; and all Persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farmes, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares or Merchandizes, &c. to be sold or Lett; or Servants Run away; or Goods Stoll or Lost, may have the same Inserted at a Reasonable Rate; from Twelve Pence to Five Shillings, and not to exceed: Who may agree with *Nicholas Boone* for the same at his Shop, next door to Major Davis's, Apothecary in *Boston*, near the Old Meeting-House.

All Persons in Town and Country may have said News-Letter Weekly upon reasonable tearms, agreeing with *John Campbell* Post-Master for the same.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OF BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA, STATESMAN AND PHILOSOPHER

1706–1790

Whoever reads Franklin's writings can hardly fail to be struck by two facts: first, that he wrote on a great variety of subjects; and, second, that whatever he said is interesting. He wrote on uniting the colonies, on "Toads found enclosed in solid stone," on getting possession of Niagara Falls, on brotherly love, electricity, and the morals of chess; and always on economy of time, money, and labor. The special charm of his writings is that they are so frankly himself. To read them gives one the feeling that he has not been poring over printed pages, but has been listening to an interesting person who has talked of what he himself has seen and thought.

Written in Paris, February 8, 1777, to Mrs. Thompson at Lille.

Franklin in Paris: his own Description of Himself

I know you wish you could see me; but, as you can't, I will describe myself to you. Figure me in your mind as jolly as

formerly, and as strong and hearty, only a few years older; very plainly dress'd, wearing my thin gray strait hair, that peeps out under my only *Coiffure*, a fine Fur Cap, which comes down my Forehead almost to my Spectacles. Think how this must appear among the Powder'd Heads of Paris! I wish every gentleman and lady in France would only be so obliging as to follow my Fashion, comb their own Heads as I do mine, dismiss their *Friseurs*, and pay me half the Money they paid to them. You see, the gentry might well afford this, and I could then enlist those *Friseurs*, who are at least 100,000, and with the Money I would maintain them, make a Visit with them to England, and dress the Heads of your Ministers and Privy Counsellors; which I conceive to be at present *un peu dérangées*. Adieu, Madcap; and believe me ever, your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

A letter to Peter Collinson, read at the Royal Society, December 21, 1752.

Franklin's Electric Kite

[PHILADELPHIA,] 19 October, 1752.

SIR,

As frequent mention is made in public papers from *Europe*, of the success of the *Philadelphia* experiment for drawing the electric fire from clouds by means of pointed rods of iron erected on high buildings, &c., it may be agreeable to the curious to be informed, that the same experiment has succeeded in *Philadelphia*, though made in a different and more easy manner, which is as follows:

Make a small cross of two light strips of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large thin silk handkerchief when extended; tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite; which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop, and string, will rise in the air, like those made of paper; but this being of silk is fitter to bear the wet and wind of a thunder-gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is

to be fixed a very sharp-pointed wire, rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine, next the hand, is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join, a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder-gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet; and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as any of the thunder-clouds come over the kite, the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified, and the loose filaments of the twine will stand out every way, and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wet the kite and twine, so that it can conduct the electric fire freely, you will find it stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle. At this key the phial may be charged; and from electric fire thus obtained, spirits may be kindled, and all the other electric experiments be performed, which are usually done by the help of a rubbed glass globe or tube, and thereby the sameness of the electric matter with that of lightning completely demonstrated.

B. FRANKLIN.

From "Poor Richard Improved," 1757.

A Striking Sun Dial

How to make a STRIKING SUN DIAL, by which not only a Man's own Family, but all his Neighbours for ten Miles round, may know what a Clock it is, when the Sun shines, without seeing the Dial.

Chuse an open Place in your Yard or Garden, on which the Sun may shine all Day without any Impediment from Trees or Buildings.

On the Ground mark out your Hour Lines, as for a horizontal Dial, according to Art, taking Room enough for the Guns. On the Line for One o'Clock, place one Gun; on the Two o'Clock Line two Guns, and so of the rest. The Guns must all be charged with Powder, but Ball is unnecessary. Your

Gnomon or Style must have twelve burning Glasses annex't to it, and be so placed that the Sun shining through the Glasses, one after the other, shall cause the Focus or burning Spot to fall on the Hour Line of One, for Example, at One a Clock, and there kindle a Train of Gunpowder that shall fire one Gun. At Two a Clock, a Focus shall fall on the Hour Line of Two, and kindle another Train that shall discharge two Guns successively: and so of the rest.

Note, there must be 78 Guns in all. Thirty-two Pounders will be best for this Use; but 18 Pounders may do, and will cost less, as well as use less Powder, for nine Pounds of Powder will do for one Charge of each eighteen Pounder, whereas the Thirty-two Pounders would require for each Gun 16 Pounds.

Note also, That the chief Expense will be the Powder, for the Cannon once bought, will with Care, last 100 Years.

Note, moreover, that there will be a great Saving of Powder in Cloudy Days.

Kind Reader, Methinks I hear thee say, That is indeed a good Thing to know how the Time passes, but this Kind of Dial, notwithstanding the mentioned Savings, would be very Expensive; and the Cost greater than the Advantage. Thou art wise, my Friend, to be so considerate beforehand; some Fools would not have found out so much, till they had made the Dial and try'd it. . . . Let all such learn that many a private and many a publick Project, are like this Striking Dial, great Cost for little Profit.

A letter to Joseph Priestley.

The Mathematics of the Revolution

PHILADELPHIA, Octob. 3, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I am to set out to-morrow for the camp, and, having but just heard of this opportunity, can only write a line to say that I am well, and hearty. Tell our dear good friend, [Dr. Price,] who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous;

a very few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these *data* his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory. My sincere respects to ——, and to the club of honest whigs at ——. Adieu. I am ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

JAMES OTIS OF BOSTON

1725–1783

When the Writs of Assistance were decreed, Otis was advocate-general under the crown, and he was therefore called upon to uphold the action of the government. He resigned his well-salaried position, and, refusing a fee, used all his eloquence against the Writs. John Adams took notes of the first part of this speech, and made a summary of the chief points of the remainder. The opening paragraphs were published in the *Massachusetts Spy* for April 29, 1773, from which the following extract is taken.

From Otis's speech "Against Writs of Assistance," delivered before the Superior Court in Boston, February, 1761.

My engaging in this and another popular cause has raised much resentment. But I think I can sincerely declare that I cheerfully submit myself to every odious name for conscience' sake; and from my soul I despise all those whose guilt, malice, or folly has made them my foes. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man are to sacrifice estate, ease, health, and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country.

These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citi-

zen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say that when brought to the test, I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial; but if ever I should, it will be then known how far I can reduce to practice, principles which I know to be founded in truth.

From "The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved," 1764.

On America's Right to Representation

A state has no right to make slaves of the conquered. Even when the subordinate right of legislature is forfeited and so declared, this cannot affect the natural persons either of those who were invested with it, or the inhabitants, so far as to deprive them of the rights of subjects and of men. — The colonists will have an equitable right notwithstanding any such forfeiture of charter, to be represented in Parliament, or to have some new subordinate legislature among themselves. It would be best if they had both. Deprived, however, of their common rights as subjects, they cannot lawfully be while they remain such. A representation in Parliament from the several colonies, since they are become so large and numerous, as to be called on not only to maintain provincial government, civil and military among themselves, for this they have chearfully done, but to contribute towards the support of a national standing army, by reason of the heavy national debt, when they themselves owe a large one, contracted in the common cause, can't be tho't an unreasonable thing, nor if asked could it be called an immodest request. *Qui sentit commodum sentire debet et onus*, has been tho't a maxim of equity. But that a man should bear a burthen for other people, as well as himself, without a return, never long found a place in any law-book or decrees, but those of the most despotic princes. Besides the equity of an American representation in parliament, a thousand advantages would result from it. It would be the most effectual means of giving those of both countries a thorough knowledge of each others interests; as well as that of the whole, which are inseparable.

Were this representation allowed; instead of the scandalous memorials and depositions that have been sometimes, in days of old, privately cooked up in an inquisitorial manner, by persons of bad minds and wicked views, and sent from America to the several boards, persons of the first reputation among their countrymen, might be on the spot, from the several colonies, truly to represent them. Future ministers need not, like some of their predecessors, have recourse for information in American affairs, to every vagabond stroller, that has run or rid post thro' America, from his creditors, or to people of no kind of reputation from the colonies; some of whom, at the time of administring their sage advice, have been as ignorant of the state of this country, as of the regions in Jupiter and Saturn. . . . We all think ourselves happy under Great-Britain. We love, esteem and reverence our mother country, and adore our King. And could the choice of independency be offered the colonies, or subjection to Great-Britain upon any terms above absolute slavery, I am convinced they would accept the latter. The ministry, in all future generations may rely on it, that British America will never prove undutiful, till driven to it, as the last fatal resort against ministerial oppression, which will make the wisest mad, and the weakest strong.

RICHARD HENRY LEE OF VIRGINIA

1732–1794

The *Address* was read to the delegates of the colonies at the Second Continental Congress, July 8, 1775. A month later, William Penn's son Richard carried it to England together with a last Petition to the King and other documents. It was of these papers that Lord Chatham said: "When you consider their decency, firm ness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own."

The second extract is from a letter to a friend in London, written by Lee, May 31, 1764. The third is from his famous speech

introducing his motion, "that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

The three selections are taken from the *Memoir of the Life of Richard Henry Lee*, 1825, by his grandson, Richard Henry Lee. Of the third the author says: "Memory has preserved a faint outline of his first speech, and pronounces the following, as the concluding sentences, with which he introduced his memorable motion."

From "The Address of the Colonies to the Inhabitants of Great Britain."

Your ministers (equal foes to British and American freedom) have added to their former oppressions an attempt to reduce us by the sword to a base and abject submission. On the sword, therefore, we are compelled to rely for protection. Should victory declare in your favor, yet men trained to arms from their infancy and animated by the love of liberty will afford neither a cheap nor easy conquest. Of this, at least, we are assured, that our struggle will be glorious, our success certain; since even in death we shall find that freedom which in life you forbid us to enjoy.

Let us now ask what advantages are to attend our reduction? The trade of a ruined and desolate country is always inconsiderable, its revenue trifling; the expense of subjecting and retaining it in subjection certain and inevitable. What then remains but the gratification of an ill-judged pride or the hope of rendering us subservient to designs on your liberty?

Soldiers who have sheathed their swords in the bowels of their American brethren will not draw them with more reluctance against you. When too late you may lament the loss of that freedom which we exhort you, while still in your power, to preserve.

On the other hand, should you prove unsuccessful; should that connection which we most ardently wish to maintain be dissolved; should your ministers exhaust your treasures and waste the blood of your countrymen in vain attempts on our

liberty; do they not deliver you, weak and defenceless, to your natural enemies?

Since, then, your liberty must be the price of your victories; your ruin, of your defeat; what blind fatality can urge you to a pursuit destructive of all that Britons hold dear?

If you have no regard to the connexion that has for ages subsisted between us; if you have forgot the wounds we have received fighting by your side for the extension of the empire; if our commerce is not an object below your consideration; if justice and humanity have lost their influence on your hearts; still motives are not wanting to excite your indignation at the measures now pursued; your wealth, your honor, your liberty are at stake.

Notwithstanding the distress to which we are reduced, we sometimes forget our own afflictions to anticipate and sympathize in yours. We grieve that rash and inconsiderate councils should precipitate the destruction of an empire which has been the envy and admiration of ages; and call God to witness that we would part with our property, endanger our lives, and sacrifice everything but liberty, to redeem you from ruin.

A cloud hangs over your heads and ours; e'er this reaches you, it may probably burst upon us; let us then (before the remembrance of former kindness is obliterated) once more repeat those appellations which are ever grateful in our ears; let us entreat heaven to avert our ruin, and the destruction that threatens our friends, brethren, and countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic.

From a letter to a friend in London.

Can it be supposed that those brave adventurous Britons, who originally conquered and settled these countries through great dangers to themselves and benefit to the mother country, meant thereby to deprive themselves of the blessings of that free government of which they were members, and to which they had an unquestionable right? or can it be imagined that

those they left behind them in Britain, regarded those worthy adventurers, by whose distress and enterprise they saw their country so much enlarged in territory and increased in wealth, as aliens to their society, and meriting to be enslaved by their superior power? No, my dear sir, neither one nor the other of these can be true, because reason, justice, and the particular nature of the British constitution, nay, of all government, cry out against such opinions! Surely no reasonable being would at the apparent hazard of his life, quit liberty for slavery; nor could it be just in the benefited, to repay their benefactors with chains instead of the most grateful acknowledgments. And as certain it is, that "the free possession of property, the right to be governed by laws made by our representatives, and the illegality of taxation without consent," are such essential principles of the British constitution that it is a matter of wonder how men, who have almost imbibed them in their mothers' milk, whose very atmosphere is charged with them, should be of opinion that the people of America were to be taxed without consulting their representatives!

For Independence

Why, then, sir, do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to an American republic! Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and of law! The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may exhibit a contrast, in the felicity of the citizen, to the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators of '76 will

be placed by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and for ever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens!

PATRICK HENRY OF VIRGINIA

1736–1799

One month before the battle of Lexington, the Virginia Convention met in the old church in Richmond. Patrick Henry moved that preparations be made for defence, but others believed there was still hope of peace. Then Henry made his famous speech on resistance to England.

From "Resistance to England," William Wirt's "Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry," Section 5, 1817.

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir! it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition

comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long

contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat — but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; — and let it come! I repeat it, sir; let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace! peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price

of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THOMAS PAINE OF PENNSYLVANIA

1737–1809

In December, 1776, the first of Paine's *Crisis* papers was published. The American troops had lost battle after battle. Washington had been driven across the Delaware. His men were gloomy and discouraged. "Read them *The Crisis*," bade the commander. Its ringing sentences gave them new courage. A few days later they recrossed the river in storm and darkness and made the brilliant capture of Trenton.

On the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Paine wrote his *Thoughts on the Peace.*

From "The American Crisis," 1777.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as *freedom* should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to tax*) but "to *bind us in all cases whatsoever*," and if being *bound in that manner*, is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God. . . .

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that GOD Almighty

will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house breaker has as good a pretence as he.

OTIS JEFFERSON PAINE

From "Thoughts on the Peace, and the Probable Advantages Thereof."

"The times that tried men's souls" are over — and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished.

But to pass from the extremes of danger to safety — from the tumult of war to the tranquillity of peace, though sweet in contemplation, requires a gradual composure of the senses to receive it. Even calmness has the power of stunning, when it opens too instantly upon us. The long and raging hurricane that should cease in a moment, would leave us in a state rather of wonder than enjoyment; and some moments of recollection must pass, before we could be capable of tasting the felicity of repose. There are but few instances, in which the mind is fitted for sudden transitions: it takes in its pleasures by

reflection and comparison and those must have time to act, before the relish for new scenes is complete.

In the present case — the mighty magnitude of the object — the various uncertainties of fate it has undergone — the numerous and complicated dangers we have suffered or escaped — the eminence we now stand on, and the vast prospect before us, must all conspire to impress us with contemplation.

To see it in our power to make a world happy — to teach mankind the art of being so — to exhibit, on the theatre of the universe a character hitherto unknown — and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection and can neither be too highly estimated, nor too gratefully received.

In this pause then of recollection — while the storm is ceasing and the long agitated mind vibrating to a rest, let us look back on the scenes we have passed, and learn from experience what is yet to be done.

Never, I say, had a country so many openings to happiness as this. Her setting out in life, like the rising of a fair morning, was unclouded and promising. Her cause was good. Her principles just and liberal. Her temper serene and firm. Her conduct regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honour. It is not every country (perhaps there is not another in the world) that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire. The remembrance, then, of what is past, if it operates rightly, must inspire her with the most laudable of all ambition, that of adding to the fair fame she began with. The world has seen her great in adversity; struggling, without a thought of yielding, beneath accumulated difficulties, bravely, nay proudly, encountering distress, and rising in resolution as the storm increased. All this is justly due to her, for her fortitude

has merited the character. Let, then, the world see that she can bear prosperity: and that her honest virtue in time of peace, is equal to the bravest virtue in time of war.

She is now descending to the scenes of quiet and domestic life. Not beneath the cypress shade of disappointment, but to enjoy in her own land, and under her own vine, the sweet of her labours, and the reward of her toil. — In this situation, may she never forget that a fair national reputation is of as much importance as independence. That it possesses a charm that wins upon the world, and makes even enemies civil. That it gives a dignity which is often superior to power, and commands reverence where pomp and splendour fail.

. . . With the blessings of peace, independence, and an universal commerce, the states, individually and collectively, will have leisure and opportunity to regulate and establish their domestic concerns, and to put it beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on their honor. Character is much easier kept than recovered, and that man, if any such there be, who, from sinister views, or littleness of soul, lends unseen his hand to injure it, contrives a wound it will never be in his power to heal.

As we have established an inheritance for posterity, let that inheritance descend, with every mark of an honourable conveyance. The little it will cost, compared with the worth of the states, the greatness of the object, and the value of the national character, will be a profitable exchange.

THOMAS JEFFERSON OF VIRGINIA, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

1743–1826

The object of Jefferson's First Inaugural was to show that, however true Americans might differ in opinion, they were one in principle. The first sentence in the selection given was the key-note of the address and also of the administration.

The selection is taken from *The Inaugural Speeches of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson*, printed by H. Sprague, 1802.

The Principles of Our Government

Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them;

enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens — a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvements, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its luminations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state of persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the

military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith; the text of civic instruction; the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preëminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it

in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your goodwill, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732–1799

The *Farewell Address* was prepared a few months before the close of Washington's second administration. He was as careful as the author of the *Ormulum* to have his work copied correctly. To the copyist who was to record it in the letter-book he said: "Let it be written with a letter larger and fuller than the common recording hand. And where words are printed with capital letters, it is to be done so in recording. And those other words that are printed in italics, must be scored underneath and straight by a ruler."

The second selection is part of a letter written by Washington two days before Christmas, during the terrible winter at Valley Forge. Both are from Sparks's *Writings of George Washington*, 1834–38.

From the "Farewell Address."

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under cir-

cumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amid appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it. . . .

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a

free government, the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

When Washington was Indignant

Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general, and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add, that, notwithstanding it is a standing order, and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days' provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call; yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered, of taking an advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed, or greatly impeded, on this account. And this, the great and crying evil, is not all. The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers, (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. By the same return it appears, that our whole strength in Continental troops, including the eastern brigades, which have joined us since the surrender of General Burgoyne, exclusive of the Maryland troops sent to Wilmington, amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty; notwithstanding which, and that since the 4th instant, our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, particularly on account of blankets (numbers having been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking com-

fortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near two thousand men.

We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not (for I am sure no resolution of mine would warrant the Remonstrance), reprobating the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow; and moreover, as if they conceived it easily practicable for an inferior army, under the disadvantages I have described ours to be, which are by no means exaggerated, to confine a superior one, in all respects well-appointed and provided for a winter's campaign, within the city of Philadelphia, and to cover from depredation and waste the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But what makes this matter still more extraordinary in my eye is, that these very gentlemen, — who were well apprized of the nakedness of the troops from ocular demonstration, who thought their own soldiers worse clad than others, and who advised me a month ago to postpone the execution of a plan I was about to adopt, in consequence of a resolve of Congress for seizing clothes, under strong assurances that an ample supply would be collected in ten days agreeably to a decree of the State (not one article of which, by the by, is yet come to hand), — should think a winter's campaign, and the covering of these States from the invasion of an enemy, so easy and practicable a business. I can assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and, from my soul, I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON OF NEW YORK

1757–1804

JOHN JAY OF NEW YORK

1745–1829

JAMES MADISON OF VIRGINIA

1751–1836

The general subject of the following selections from *The Federalist* is the meaning of the Constitution and the advantages of adopting it. These essays, coming from the pens of three of the eminent statesmen of the times, are among our highest authorities on the interpretation of the Constitution.

From "The Federalist," No. LXIX, by Alexander Hamilton.

A Comparison between the President and the King of Great Britain

There is no pretence for the parallel which has been attempted between him [the President] and the king of Great Britain. But to render the contrast in this respect still more striking, it may be of use to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the people for *four* years; the king of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace; the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the acts of the legislative body; the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the nation; the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the legislature in the formation of treaties; the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would

have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices; the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever: the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners; can erect corporations with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the nation; the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction; the other is the supreme head and governor of the national church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the people, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

From "The Federalist," No. XXIX, by Alexander Hamilton.

Concerning the Militia

There is something so far fetched and so extravagant in the idea of danger to liberty from the militia, that one is at a loss whether to treat it with gravity or with raillery; whether to consider it as a mere trial of skill, like the paradoxes of rhetoricians; as a disingenuous artifice to instil prejudices at any price; or as the serious offspring of political fanaticism. Where, in the name of common sense, are our fears to end if we may not trust our sons, our brothers, our neighbors, our fellow-citizens? What shadow of danger can there be from men who are daily mingling with the rest of their countrymen, and who participate with them in the same feelings, sentiments, habits, and interests? What reasonable cause of apprehension can be inferred from a power in the Union to prescribe regulations for the militia, and to command its services when necessary, while the particular States are to have the *sole and exclusive appointment*

of the officers? If it were possible seriously to indulge a jealousy of the militia upon any conceivable establishment under the federal government, the circumstances of the officers being in the appointment of the states ought at once to extinguish it. There can be no doubt that this circumstance will always secure to them a preponderating influence over the militia.

In reading many of the publications against the constitution, a man is apt to imagine that he is perusing some ill-written tale or romance, which, instead of natural and agreeable images, exhibits to the mind nothing but frightful and distorted shapes —

"Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimeras dire;"

discoloring and disfiguring whatever it represents, and transforming everything it touches into a monster.

A sample of this is to be observed in the exaggerated and improbable suggestions which have taken place respecting the power of calling for the services of the militia. That of New Hampshire is to be marched to Georgia, of Georgia to New Hampshire, of New York to Kentucky, and of Kentucky to Lake Champlain. Nay, the debts due to the French and Dutch are to be paid in militiamen instead of louis d'ors and ducats. At one moment there is to be a large army to lay prostrate the liberties of the people; at another moment the militia of Virginia are to be dragged from their homes five or six hundred miles, to tame the republican contumacy of Massachusetts; and that of Massachusetts is to be transported an equal distance to subdue the refractory haughtiness of the aristocratic Virginians. Do the persons who rave at this rate imagine that their art or their eloquence can impose any conceits or absurdities upon the people of America for infallible truths?

If there should be an army to be made use of as the engine of despotism, what need of the militia? If there should be no army, whither would the militia, irritated by being called upon to undertake a distant and distressing expedition, for the purpose of riveting the chains of slavery upon a part of their countrymen, direct their course, but to the seat of the tyrants, who

had meditated so foolish as well as so wicked a project, to crush them in their imagined intrenchments of power, and to make them an example of the just vengeance of an abused and incensed people? Is this the way in which usurpers stride to dominion over a numerous and enlightened nation? Do they begin by exciting the detestation of the very instruments of their intended usurpations? Do they usually commence their career by wanton and disgustful acts of power, calculated to answer no end, but to draw upon themselves universal hatred and execration? Are suppositions of this sort the sober admonitions of discerning patriots to a discerning people? Or are they the inflammatory ravings of chagrined incendiaries or distempered enthusiasts? If we were even to suppose the national rulers actuated by the most ungovernable ambition, it is impossible to believe that they would employ such preposterous means to accomplish their designs.

In times of insurrection, or invasion, it would be natural and proper that the militia of a neighboring State should be marched into another, to resist a common enemy, or to guard the republic against the violence of faction or sedition. This was frequently the case, in respect to the first object, in the course of the late war; and this mutual succor is, indeed, a principal end of our political association. If the power of affording it be placed under the direction of the Union, there will be no danger of a supine and listless inattention to the dangers of a neighbor, till its near approach had superadded the incitements of self-preservation to the too feeble impulses of duty and sympathy.

From "The Federalist," No. IV, by John Jay.

Safety Demands Union

As the safety of the whole is the interest of the whole, and cannot be provided for without government, either one or more or many, let us inquire whether one good government is not, relative to the object in question, more competent than any other given number whatever.

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men, in whatever part of the Union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimilate, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties, it will regard the interest of the whole, and the particular interests of the parts as connected with that of the whole. It can apply the resources and power of the whole to the defence of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments or separate confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one plan of discipline, and, by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will, as it were, consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen or into three or four distinct independent companies.

What would the militia of Britain be if the English militia obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland, and if the Welsh militia obeyed the government of Wales? Suppose an invasion; would those three governments (if they agreed at all) be able, with all their respective forces, to operate against the enemy so effectually as the single government of Great Britain would?

We have heard much of the fleets of Britain, and, if we are wise, the time may come when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one national government had not so regulated the navigation of Britain as to make it a nursery for seamen — if one national government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet — let Scotland have its navigation and fleet — let Wales have its navigation and fleet — let Ireland have its navigation and fleet — let those four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen, or, if you please, into three or four independent governments — what armies could they raise and pay — what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked, would the others fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defence? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too great fondness for peace to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors, of whom perhaps they have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would, nevertheless, be natural. The history of the states of Greece, and of other countries, abound with such instances, and it is not improbable that what has so often happened, would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded State or confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion shall aids of men and money be afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace, and in case of disputes what umpire shall decide between them and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniences would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, and combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation, whether firmly united under one national government, or split into a number of confederacies, certain it is, that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is; and they will act towards us accordingly. If they see that our national government is efficient and well administered, our trade prudently regulated, our militia properly organized and disciplined, our resources and finances discreetly managed, our credit reëstablished, our people free, contented, and united, they will be much more disposed to

cultivate our friendship than provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong, as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent and probably discordant republics or confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain, and perhaps played off against each other by the three, what a poor, pitiful figure will America make in their eyes! How liable would she become not only to their contempt, but to their outrage; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves!

From "The Federalist," No. XIV, by James Madison.

Will a Closer Union Cause Discord?

Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their Union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be re-

jected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered, no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils, must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

From "The Federalist," No. XLV, by James Madison.

The Union is for the People, not the People for the Union

The adversaries to the plan of the convention, instead of considering in the first place what degree of power was absolutely necessary for the purposes of the federal government, have exhausted themselves in a secondary inquiry into

the possible consequences of the proposed degree of power to the governments of the particular States. But if the union, as has been shown, be essential to the security of the people of America against foreign danger; if it be essential to their security against contentions and wars among the different states; if it be essential to guard them against those violent and oppressive factions which embitter the blessings of liberty, and against those military establishments which must gradually poison its very fountain; if, in a word, the union be essential to the happiness of the people of America, is it not preposterous, to urge as an objection to a government, without which the objects of the union cannot be attained, that such a government may derogate from the importance of the governments of the individual States? Was, then, the American Revolution effected, was the American Confederacy formed, was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard-earned substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, but that the governments of the individual states, that particular municipal establishments, might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty? We have heard of the impious doctrine in the old world, that the people were made for kings, not kings for the people. Is the same doctrine to be revived in the new, in another shape — that the solid happiness of the people is to be sacrificed to the views of political institutions of a different form? It is too early for politicians to presume on our forgetting that the public good, the real welfare of the great body of the people, is the supreme object to be pursued; and that no form of government whatever has any other value than as it may be fitted for the attainment of this object. Were the plan of the convention adverse to the public happiness, my voice would be, Reject the plan. Were the union itself inconsistent with the public happiness, it would be, Abolish the union. In like manner, as far as the sovereignty of the States cannot be reconciled to the happiness of the people, the voice of every good citizen must be, Let the former be sacrificed to the latter.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S. T. D., OF NEW HAVEN, PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE

1752–1817

It was Dr. Dwight's misfortune rarely to be able to come close to his readers. He almost invariably leaves out what he himself calls "those little circumstances of particularity . . . which give light and shade a living reality." The result is that he never seems to be speaking to *us*, but rather to be addressing some distant audience. Nevertheless, let no one underestimate the literary work of a man who wrote thoughtful sermons by the score, an epic showing at least a vivid imagination, and a hymn that has been sung by millions; and who could deliver a noble address, like that on Washington, with a touch of the dignity and sonorousness of America's greatest orator.

From "The Conquest of Canaan," Book X, 145–160. Hartford, 1785.

David and Goliath

Proud from the southern hill a giant strode,
Dar'd his pale foes, and brav'd the arm of God.
Vast were his limbs, for war and ruin made;
His towering stature cast a long, dark shade;
His eye glar'd fury, and his buckler's gleam,
Flam'd, like a cloud before the setting beam.
A youth, in nature's prime, oppos'd his arm,
To the dire threatenings of the lowering storm;
Soft round his aspect rosy beauty smil'd,
Bold but not rash, and without terror mild.
By his strong hand, like rapid lightening, flung,
Full on the giant's front a pebble sung;
Like some tall oak, the mighty warrior fell,
And with shrill thunders rang his clashing steel.
At once the heathens fled; their foes pursued,
And boundless death the crimson fields bestrew'd.

From "A Discourse on the Character of George Washington, Esq., delivered at New Haven at the request of the citizens, February 22, 1800." Published 1800.

Let them [the youth of our country] particularly remember, that greatness is not the result of mere chance, or genius; that it is not the flash of brilliancy, nor the desperate sally of ambition; that it is, on the contrary, the combined result of strong mental endowments, vigorous cultivation, honourable design, and wise direction. It is not the glare of a meteor; glittering, dazzling, consuming, and vanishing; but the steady and exalted splendour of the sun; a splendour which, while it shines with preëminent brightness, warms also, enlivens, adorns, improves, and perfects, the objects on which it shines: glorious indeed by its lustre; but still more glorious in the useful effects produced by its power. Of this great truth the transcendent example before us is a most dignified exhibition. Let them imitate, therefore, the incessant attention, the exact observation, the unwearied industry, the scrupulous regard to advice, the slowness of decision, the cautious prudence, the nice punctuality, the strict propriety, the independence of thought and feeling, the unwavering firmness, the unbiassed impartiality, the steady moderation, the exact justice, the unveering truth, the universal humanity, and the high veneration for religion, and for God, always manifested by this great man. Thus will future Washingtons arise to bless our happy country.

From "American Poems," Vol. I. Litchfield, 1793.

Columbia

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall soar
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant then odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd
And virtue's bright image, instamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd —
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung;
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies."

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D., OF HARTFORD

1750–1831

The first two cantos of *M'Fingal* came out before the Revolution. They were thought to be the work of some Englishman; and, though they made fun of British as well as American customs, they were enjoyed in England as much as in America. One year after the surrender of Cornwallis, the remainder of the satire was published. The extract from Canto IV will show why the English, especially those who had favored the war, no longer found the poem entertaining. Both extracts are taken from the first complete edition, published in Hartford in 1782.

From "M'Fingal," Canto I.

'Squire M'Fingal in Town Meeting

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centers
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some musquets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over:
So far'd our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'ments he apply'd;

As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle
Than less and ordinary cattle.
Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,
And, as he motioned, all by rote
Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

SQUIRE M'FINGAL IN TOWN MEETING
From the Hartford Edition of 1820

The town, our Hero's scene of action,
Had long been torn by feuds of faction;
And as each party's strength prevails,
It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails;
With constant ratt'ling, in a trice
Show'd various sides as oft as dice:
As that fam'd weaver, wife t' Ulysses,
By night each day's-work pick'd in pieces;
And tho' she stoutly did bestir her,

Its finishing was ne'er the nearer:
So did this town with stedfast zeal
Weave cob-webs for the public weal,
Which when compleated, or before,
A second vote in pieces tore.
They met, made speeches full long-winded,
Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded;
Addresses sign'd, then chose Committees,
To stop all drinking of Bohea-teas;
With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all Whig-Committees out.
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire should please,
Successive on, like files of geese.

From "M'Fingal," Canto IV.

General Clinton's Moonlight March

I look'd, and now by magic lore,
Faint rose to view the Jersey shore;
But dimly seen, in glooms array'd,
For Night had pour'd her sable shade,
And ev'ry star, with glimm'rings pale,
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil:
Scarce visible in dusky night,
Advancing redcoats rose to fight;
The lengthen'd train in gleaming rows
Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes,
Slow moved the baggage and the train,
Like snail crept noiseless o'er the plain;
No trembling soldier dared to speak,
And not a wheel presum'd to creak.
My looks my new surprize confess'd,
Till by great Malcome thus address'd:
"Spend not thy wits in vain researches;
'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches.

From Philadelphia now retreating,
To save his anxious troops a beating,
With hasty stride he flies in vain,
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
With various chance the mortal fray
Is lengthen'd to the close of day,
When his tired bands o'ermatched in fight,
Are rescued by descending night;
He forms his camp with vain parade,
Till ev'ning spreads the world with shade,
Then still, like some endanger'd spark,
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
Yet writes his king in boasting tone,
How grand he march'd by light of moon.
I see him; but thou canst not; proud
He leads in front the trembling crowd,
And wisely knows, if danger's near,
'Twill fall the heaviest on his rear.
Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard
The scoffs of every scribling Bard,
Who sing how Gods that fatal night
Aided by miracles your flight,
As once they used, in Homer's day,
To help weak heroes run away;
Tell how the hours at awful trial,
Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,
While British Joshua stay'd the moon,
On Monmouth plains for Ajalon:
Heed not their sneers and gibes so arch,
Because she set before your march.
A small mistake, your meaning right,
You take her influence for her light;
Her influence, which shall be your guide,
And o'er your Gen'ralship preside."

JOEL BARLOW OF HARTFORD

1754 or 1755–1812

The Hasty Pudding seems like a gay little rhyme written purely for the pleasure of writing it; but in his preface the author declares with apparent seriousness, "I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many rhymes together."

It is a pity that Barlow did not follow Jefferson's advice to write a history of the Revolution; but the wish of his heart was to compose a patriotic epic, and unfortunately he mistook the desire for the ability. Both *The Vision of Columbus* and *The Columbiad* contain passages far less prosaic than the one quoted; but the fact that a man of Barlow's undoubted literary gifts could do no better with such a subject as the surrender of Quebec is proof that his talent lay in other forms of composition.

From "The Hasty Pudding," New Haven, 1796.

The First Hasty Pudding

Ye Alps audacious, thro' the heav'ns that rise
To cramp the day, and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I chuse,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye Bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense and my evening meal,
The sweets of *Hasty-pudding*. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.

The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,

J. Barlow

Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the Muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to th' accustom'd ear,
All Bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Thro' wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;

Declare what lovely squaw in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have liv'd indeed, but liv'd without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well dry'd maize,
Thro' the rough seive to shake the golden show'r,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour;
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.

From "The Columbiad," Book V. Philadelphia, 1807.

The Capture of Quebec

Wolfe, now detacht and bent on bolder deeds,
A sail-borne host up sealike Laurence leads,
Stems the long lessening tide; till Abraham's height
And famed Quebec rise frowning into sight.
Swift bounding on the bank, the foe they claim,
Climb the tall mountain like a rolling flame,
Push wide their wings, high bannering bright the air,
And move to fight as comets cope in war.
The smoke falls folding thro the downward sky,
And shrouds the mountain from the Patriarch's eye;
While on the towering top, in glare of day,
The flashing swords in fiery arches play,
As on a side-seen storm, adistance driven,
The flames fork round the semivault of heaven.
Thick thunders roll, descending torrents flow,
Dash down the clouds and whelm the hills below:

Or as on plains of light when Michael strove,
The swords of cherubim to combat move,
Ten thousand fiery forms together fray,
And flash new lightning on empyreal day.

Long raged promiscuous combat, half conceal'd,
When sudden parle suspended all the field;
Then roar the shouts, the smoke forsakes the plain
And the huge hill is topt with heaps of slain.
Stretch'd high in air Britannia's standard waved,
And good Columbus hail'd his country saved;
While calm and silent, where the ranks retire,
He saw brave Wolfe in victory's arms expire.
So the pale moon, when morning beams arise,
Veils her lone visage in her midway skies;
She needs no longer drive the shades away,
Nor waits to view the glories of the day.

PHILIP FRENEAU OF NEW JERSEY

1752–1832

The following selections are from *Poems Written between the Years 1768 and 1794*, which was "Printed at the Press of the Author, at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, M,DCC,XCV: and of American Independence XIX."

Freneau's poems are marked by a charming tone of sincerity. They are not always poetic from beginning to end; for instance, in *The Indian Burying-Ground* the poetry is all in the last five stanzas; but there is a truly poetic atmosphere about them, and here and there is a line that might well have come from the pen of some one holding a loftier rank in the realms of poesy.

The Wish of Diogenes

A Hermit's house beside a stream
With forests planted round,
Whatever it to you may seem

More real happiness I deem
Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I could call my own
Remote from domes of care,
A little garden wall'd with stone,
The wall with ivy overgrown,
A limpid fountain near,

Philip Freneau

Would more substantial joys afford,
More real bliss impart
Than all the wealth that misers hoard,
Than vanquish'd worlds, or worlds restor'd —
Mere cankers of the heart!

From "The Pictures of Columbus."

Columbus in Chains

Are these the honours they reserve for me,
Chains for the man that gave new worlds to Spain!

Rest here, my swelling heart! — O kings, O queens,
Patrons of monsters, and their progeny,
Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!
Why was I seated at my prince's side
Honour'd, caress'd like some first peer of Spain.
Was it, that I might fall most suddenly
From honour's summit to the sink of scandal!
'Tis done, 'tis done! — what madness is ambition;
What is there in that little breath of men,
Which they call *Fame*, that should induce the brave,
To forfeit ease, and that domestic bliss,
Which is the lot of happy ignorance,
Less glorious aims, and dull humility. —
Whoe'er thou art, that shalt aspire to honour
And on the strength and vigour of the mind
Vainly depending, court a monarch's favour,
Pointing the way to vast extended empire;
First count your pay to be ingratitude,
Then chains, and prisons, and disgrace like mine!
Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails,
And treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,
Which, but for me, had still been empty visions.

The Wild Honey Suckle

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers less gay
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

The Indian Burying-Ground

In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep:
The *posture* that *we* give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands —
The Indian, when from life releas'd,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imag'd birds, and painted bowl,
And ven'son, for a journey dress'd,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
ACTIVITY, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit —
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chace array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN OF PHILADELPHIA

1771–1810

It is easy to criticise the older writers, to find fault with their repetitions, their erratic punctuation, their loose sentences, and especially a certain primness and stiffness of style. One almost feels as if they were not fully accustomed to the use of the pen, or as if they stood in

some little awe of the printed page, and thought they must maintain an air of distance and dignity. All the more praise to an author who, in spite of these handicaps, can succeed in painting a scene as vividly as Brown has done in the following description of the fever-stricken city.

From "Arthur Mervyn," Chap. XV. Philadelphia, 1799.

Philadelphia in Time of Yellow Fever

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants; fugitives from home; and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already over-stocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

C. B. Brown

Families of weeping mothers, and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were

carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some moveable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighbouring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbours, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing, seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panick crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harboured not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded, was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers, contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High-street after night-fall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghost-like, wrapt in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and

suspicion; and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar; and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and shewed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panicks. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. . . . My joints trembled and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behoved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs*, but many were without inhabitants. At length, I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open, and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such; and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomforted and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length, I reached a spacious building, in Fourth-street, which the sign-post shewed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length, a female opened the window of the second story, and, in a tone of peevishness, demanded what I wanted? I told her that I wanted lodging.

Go hunt for it somewhere else, said she; you'll find none

here. I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

. . . . . .

As I approached the door of which I was in search, a vapour, infectious and deadly, assailed my senses. It resembled nothing of which I had ever before been sensible. Many odours had been met with, even since my arrival in the city, less supportable than this. I seemed not so much to smell as to taste the element that now encompassed me. I felt as if I had inhaled a poisonous and subtle fluid, whose power instantly bereft my stomach of all vigour. Some fatal influence appeared to seize upon my vitals; and the work of corrosion and decomposition to be busily begun.

For a moment, I doubted whether imagination had not some share in producing my sensation; but I had not been previously panick-struck; and even now I attended to my own sensations without mental discomposure. That I had imbibed this disease was not to be questioned. So far the chances in my favour were annihilated. The lot of sickness was drawn.

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