SIDNEY LANIER.

The LITERATURE *of* THE SOUTH

By

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To the memory of my Father

FOREWORD

The title selected for this book is one wherein a policy of exclusion could be systematically adopted; for, while there is a distinctive literature *of* the South, there is and has been much literary activity *in* the South which has contributed little or nothing to the sectional development. Many of the Southern manuals and estimates reveal too generous an inclination to include within their pages the names of those whom sentiment conjured up beyond the real measure of their importance. A local notoriety, a limited influence, an occasional inspiration, a sporadic paper—all these tend to swell into misguiding proportions a conscientious list of Southern writers. Many there have been of pleasing talents, and of exceptional powers as far as they have gone—but somewhere the amateur spirit soon reveals their momentary character.

The greatest enemies of any literary movement are those who carry adulation in criticism to an excess. Southern literature has, until recently, found itself handicapped through a deplorable lack of any discriminating standards by which to judge it. However unified the fundamental interests of this country may be, the South—as well as any other section—has had a growth peculiarly its own. We would not deny the individuality of New England, even though that individuality be recognized as an element only in the evolution of the nation. So it is with the South—a section wherein the social forces have conserved a distinct type of people upon its soil—one which, temperamentally as well as geographically, claims for itself a difference from its neighbors which is deeper

than dialects or superficial prejudices, and which is coincident with the life that fostered it.

By the literature of the South, the idea to be conveyed is, that certain conditions have conduced to develop a species of writing which is born directly of these social conditions. The civilization of the Old South—the re-forming into a New South upon the basis of a large inheritance—these two civilizations, different from their neighbors in temperament, in certain problems of vital moment, in the structure of their social fabric, have produced an unmistakable literature, duly reflecting the mental, moral, and emotional view-points of time and place.

In the following pages an attempt has been made to indicate this close connection existing between the Southern life and its literature. Only those dominant figures are dwelt upon who had it within them to sound a sustained note—if they were poets; to stem or to encourage the tide of public or sectional feeling—if they were public men; to create or to reflect the true atmosphere of locality—if they were novelists. To apply a rigorous critical standard is the only just way of approaching an extensive subject. And there is no denying that the field of Southern literature is a large one. Yet if we discard that body of writing which, though sincere, is beset by the stupendous sin of mediocrity, if we remain persistent in dwelling only upon that writing which affects or has influenced Southern thought and culture, we shall find, perhaps in some cases to our surprise, that the development of Southern letters has not been insignificant. The greatest hindrance to a clear understanding of this fact has been, undoubtedly, the provincial manner in which that literature has been regarded by the people of the South in general. Only within very recent years has a comparative method been adopted, wherewith the South has been made to recognize that its literature, as an

expression of life, possessed an organism distinctly its own. The culture of the North has always been vigorous because of its plastic nature; it was influenced by forces outside of itself—by coming into greater contact with diverse people, whether in this country or abroad. The culture of the South was, during the old régime, well-nigh fixed by the conservative lines of a classical education. But the new outlook changed all this; to that culture which the South has always had, a larger interest is now added, which transcends sectional barriers.

It is to be hoped that the following studies will emphasize this close contact of letters with the life of the South. The aim has been throughout, however, to escape the stigma of sectionalism. The South, *per se,* retains its individuality—but its significance, as part of the nation, should have a wider understanding. For it will be found that the South *has* contributed to American literature, both by example and by accomplishment; that it *has* been original, even though much of its writing is imitative. The literature of the South is the literature of a people, and those people—after an evolution from the aristocrat to the democrat, taken in a wider sense—are themselves Americans as well as Southerners.

The bibliographies contained in the Appendix will bespeak my indebtedness to the many sources of an historical and social nature. It is a pleasure here to express my deep appreciation of the unfailing courtesy given to me by the authorities of Columbia University Library, who have placed at my disposal every facility; in especial, I would thank Mr. Frederic W. Erb, whose personal interest and watchfulness have done much to enrich my bibliographies. To the St. Agnes Branch of the New York Public Library I also wish to extend my grateful acknowledgment.

In a work of this nature, the student is necessarily

dependent upon that encouragement which comes from correspondence and consultation. It is a privilege to indicate in this manner the many services rendered me in the preparation of this work by Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, Professor W. P. Trent, Mr. Henry Lanier, Mrs. Frank Jordan, Judge J. B. Gaston, of Montgomery, Ala., and Mr. J. Walker McSpadden. Finally, I cannot pass by the constant advice and unfailing interest of the members of my family, whose unswerving loyalty to the South is not to be questioned.

M. J. M.

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I

COLONIAL PERIOD

TABLE OF AUTHORS

1579-1632	John Smith	Virginia
1586-1632	George Percy	Virginia
1610	William Strachey	Virginia
1585-1613	Alexander Whitaker	Virginia
1570-1635	John Pory	Virginia
1577-1644	*George Sandys	Virginia
	Father Andrew White	Maryland
1656	John Hammond	Maryland
1666	George Alsop	Maryland
1676	†Nathaniel Bacon	Virginia
1708	Ebenezer Cook	Maryland
1656	James Blair	Virginia
1675-1716	Robert Beverley	Virginia
1724	Hugh Jones	Virginia
1674-1744	William Byrd	Virginia
1689-1755	William Stith	Virginia
1714	John Lawson	North Carolina
1740	Alexander Garden	South Carolina
1740	Patrick Tailfer	Georgia

*Here also one must consider the minor work of R. Rich, J. Rolfe, and Col. Henry Norwood.

†In connection with Bacon, the Burwell papers should be examined carefully.

CHAPTER I

SOCIAL FORCES

The Character of the Southern Pioneers; Class Distinctions; the Cavalier and the Puritan Spirits in the South; Geographical Distribution of the People.

The South has ever been bound up in its economic, political, and social interests. Conditions have molded character, environment has fused varied elements, climate has affected temperament, until the type, the tradition, the mental attitude and the verbal expression have become products of the soil on one hand and dutiful servants of the civilization on the other. The social forces as they apply to the South particularly, rather than to America at large, are such that they stretch far back into colonial beginnings; during this early period, it is true, the observation was purely an external one, but if the chronicles, reports, and letters of the adventurers, colonizers, and royal representatives be examined closely, a distinct economic consciousness will be traced, no longer measured in terms of dependency upon a foreign influence, but in terms of local interest and independent development.

Nearly every feature typical of Southern life and distinctive of Southern history becomes evident during the colonial existence; the cohesive substance later seems to have been political sanction. No historian can define the boundaries of the human stream of

life; the adventurous spirit of the explorer passes imperceptibly into the practical spirit of the settler. The Anglo-Saxon blood surged through the veins of the pioneer; the Teuton checked the spread of the Latin, and with a wonderful power of absorption added unto himself new blood and ever-increasing energy. By their fruits shall they be known, and so the economic indications which were accentuated, even in the colonial era, drew the first line of distinction between the North and the South. In part, this was due to climatic differences, to political unlikeness; but it was equally as much the result of the different motives of colonization, and the dissimilarity of social institutions brought over from the mother country. It is hard to say where the colonial writer first sounds the American note; it is still more difficult to tabulate those social forces which gave rise to a distinctively Southern Literature.

For that reason, the critic, while resorting to the historical method, must be wary for fear of losing the literature in the life. The Southerner as a type is very much greater than the Southerner as a literary artist; in fact, nowhere can we afford to lose the man in the writer, so strong is his inheritance, so individual his personality, so typical his action, so peculiar his cast of thought. The art value is in no way to be compared with the life value of Southern Literature.

Considering the limitations placed upon the South by time and circumstance, limitations which at first were not strong enough to prevent the development of the constructive statesman, but which later changed the constructive into a destructive statesman; considering the fact that the incubus of slavery, at first *only* an economic factor, affected the whole life of a people from *within,* likewise modifying the dominant practical interest of that life, agriculture— the life, one must confess, exceeded its limitations by

a very superior, a very rare type of manhood and womanhood. Its culture was distinctively Old World; its law, its religion, its social demarcations, were British long after the political severance which Virginians did so much to bring about. Slavery helped to keep the South in a feudal state.

The fusion of peoples is one of the mysteries of nature; it is the dominant force which kept the South of colonial times from being no more nor less than a checkerboard upon which the moves of English, French, and Spanish colonizers were prompted by the state of European politics. There were two facts about England's territorial acquisition: first, there was a determination to keep the French of Louisiana and the French of Canada from meeting across the Ohio and Illinois territory; and second, there was the Anglo-Saxon spirit of the pioneers, of whom none were greater than the English traders who pushed across the Allegheny ridge, almost to the very picket fences of the French trading posts. The Teuton spirit persisted for a long while with the Latin, but the English were not content with the territory between the mountains and the sea. Colonial history indicates the manner in which the French and Spaniards left their impress upon Southern soil; to-day, New Orleans, Mobile, and St. Augustine bear visible traces; the Creoles have developed an independent literature which has never been adequately valued, though the life has afforded picturesque opportunity to Cable.

The presence of the Latin did not materially enhance the fusion of which we speak; it occurred in the unifying of the various elements of the Teutonic race. This fusion hardly involved the Latins at all; as a nation our foreign diplomacy in its first years was concerned with ridding the country of continental ownership; consciousness of an economic demand opened, however unconstitutionally, the vast stretch

of the Mississippi Valley; the Spanish possessions involved us in war, and our final acquisition did not reflect credit on our transaction, though it gave us undisputed possession from ocean to ocean. It is rather significant that up to the period of the Civil War, the South in its territorial boundaries was very unsettled. The Southern states carved from the original colonies were born only after a travail which involved the political protection of slavery through a political distribution of the balance of power, and which also impressed the South with the need for more land to satisfy the extravagant demand of one absorbing product—cotton. "The Civil War," writes Dr. Ballagh, "was but a logical sequel to the economic development of the 18th century."

From the very outset, the South was pledged to an agricultural life; the easy cultivation of the land, the beneficent, almost prodigal influence of the climate, together with the commercial policy of England tended to make it the only course. It was likewise in consonance with the natural inclinations of a landed gentry, whose large estates and plantations encouraged a wide dispersion of population and a consequent lack of city life. The rural character of the people, therefore, had much to do with the general measure of culture which flourished, despite the land system and the labor system, but which, in its classical character, in its unprogressive character, was not hospitable to experiments in thought, any more than its economics welcomed time-saving devices to compete with its slave labor which represented, *per se,* not only labor but invested capital.

In all these things which the South was, New England was not; thus early we can see how unevenly the future exactions and benefits of tariff, of any protection of things outside of the raw material, would fall on the Southern trader—an inequality which was one

of the chief causes of irritation in ante-bellum congressional debate. The land system encouraged extravagance and lavishness on a broad scale. The Southern planter was a center unto himself; owning large tracts in the tidewater district, he most generally had his own wharf from which his product was shipped, to which his English purchases were sent. This neither encouraged road building, nor intercourse, nor consequent exchange of ideas; he would cultivate perhaps fifty acres out of a probable fifty thousand acres comprising his estate.

The colonial South is very largely the early history of Virginia; here were not only rooted English traditions, social, economic, and religious, but likewise there emanated from her those streams of emigrants which were to enrich the land, even as she gave of her own accord from her grants to make other territories. Unlike New England, she came to the western world, not in dissent from the Established Church; but, in turn, around her and within her were to be found those other sects which later helped, through a less rigid aristocratic society, to differentiate the Upper from the Lower South. In Virginia were defined those gradations of land values which made the tidewater ownership a mark of social distinction, even as, to a lesser degree, they so became in the Black Belt district after the invention of the cotton gin.*

A study of the several forms of colonial establishment, of the distinctive characteristics of "home rule" during this initial period which distinguished France from Spain, and both from England, and finally of the Indian difficulties which beset the pioneers, may be dispensed with as belonging to the historian. We need to concern ourselves chiefly with the migration and fusion of peoples, which affected the character of the

* See my article, "The Social Life in the Lower South," in "The South in the Building of the Nation."

Southern pioneers, raising class distinction on a transplanted feudal system—a system which inculcated those narrow prejudices of a merely external nature, and which put upon the mind certain formal strictures inimical to freedom of thought and to originality of view-point. The Southerner was great despite his environment; he was great even though oligarchical tendencies, inherent in slavery and in isolation, were a constant source of temptation, as well as a personal menace.

Emigration in colonial times was prompted by the adventurous spirit in part, but chiefly because of the political difficulties besetting nations on the Continent and because of the religious dissensions which fluctuated between Protestantism and Catholicism. Every change among the nations which affected the map and history of Europe, had its consequent effect upon the colonies. Escaping persecution, the colonists were far from reaching a land of religious toleration, and many a bitter experience had to be gone through before Patrick Henry's plea for religious liberty in the 16th article of the Declaration of Rights (1776), or Jefferson's more far-reaching efforts in the same cause.

The South was peopled through pioneer restlessness, through economic necessity, through lack of religious toleration. In broad statement, the dispersion took three courses: into North Carolina from Virginia, thence in a southwesterly direction; across the Appalachian mountains, opening the Middle West; and again to the southwest through the Mississippi Valley. The movement into Kentucky was the beginning of the march to the Pacific slope.

The comparative historian will say that one of the fundamental differences between early Virginia and Massachusetts was "the greater homogeneity of the English stock in New England," due to the predominance of a middle class. Indeed, it would seem at first

as though the aristocratic South would allow of no intermediate life; but not only did the migration from the tidewater district take away from the inherent strength of, although not at first affecting, the landed prestige, but it likewise afforded opportunity for energy which otherwise would have become stagnant. With the trend of population toward the southwest, even though social and economic traditions were carried from Virginia, there began that democratization of character, if not of political structure, which Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy analyzes so carefully.

The tidewater aristocracy was pledged to the Established Church; so assured was this fact in the minds both of the people at home and abroad, that the Virginia clergy grew lax in their morals and careless in their practice of doctrine. Perhaps the earnestness and fervor of the Dissenters, who sought entrance into Virginia and so obtained strong foothold in the Lower South, found advantage in this deplorable condition. In the over-accentuation of Cavalier romanticism, the modern reader is prone to lose sight of the fact that Puritanism was a strong factor in the formation of Southern civilization.

The struggle for religious liberty in Virginia was a long and bitter one. At the same time that we treasure the remark of Governor Berkeley concerning free schools and printing, as a measure of educational encouragement in 1650, it were as well to bear in mind the reasoning of Governor Gooch (1738) who, while welcoming Presbyterians and Quakers into the Shenandoah Valley in his desire to people the territory west of the Blue Ridge, was none the less calculating upon placing a defense between himself and the Indians. As one authority claims, the Presbyterians were a "buffer" sect, who had to pay toll to the Church of England.

The sectarian movement has been a strong one in

the South; it was not only one of the prime impulses of colonial diffusion, but it likewise was one of the chief sources, later, for the extension of educational matters. The Scotch-Irish strain which to-day persists in the Shenandoah Valley was not confined alone to that section, and Presbyterianism itself soon became somewhat of a formidable proposition for the Established Church to consider. Virginia history is full of pre-Revolutionary petitions to eliminate legislation against sect, and to prohibit the persecutions which were of common occurrence. As late as April, 1774, Monroe wrote to Bradford, of Philadelphia: "The sentiments of our people of fortune and fashion on this subject are vastly different from what you have been used to. That liberal, catholic, and equitable way of thinking, as to the rights of conscience, which is one of the characteristics of a free people, and so strongly marks the people of your province, is little known among the zealous adherents to our hierarchy." We shall see later from what type of mind emanated the tendency to criticise the South from within her very civilization.

"While in breadth," writes Mr. Hamilton, "the Southern character may owe more to Virginia, in intensity it looks to Carolina. The later commonwealth of Georgia had an independent English origin, while Kentucky and Tennessee were the second growth, the new start beyond the mountains, of the new Americans." Across the borders of Virginia, cutting through virgin forest, came those who, on one hand, were unwelcome dissenters, and who, on the other hand, were pushed away from the tidewater district because of inability to obtain land holding. There were in the South three ranks of peoples described in terms of their economic location: the large plantation owners; the men either dependent in a feudal manner upon an overlord, or else relegated to

soil upon which it was a struggle to raise plentifully; and the scrub settler, who either took to the mountains or was pent up in mind and body among the pine barrens. The North Carolinian therefore was tempered more democratically, a rougher element of civilization in comparison with the South Carolinian below, or the Virginian above; nor did he possess the flavor that existed to the immediate South, brought by the Huguenots, who arrived after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685).

The wave of population pulsed South along the Atlantic coast, injecting strains of the Scotch-Irish, the German Protestant, the French Huguenot into the web and woof of Southern life. This power of assimilation is the vital force of Anglo-Saxon inheritance. The Lutheran Swiss, preserving their German tongue, persisted in Carolina; the Presbyterians, some of whom were known as backwoods Virginians, moved with the current; redemptioners increased the flow. It was a mixture of social, economic, and religious causes that populated the South. Georgia, asylum for dissenters and for the social outcast, received likewise Salzburgers, Lutherans, and Moravians, and first nurtured the propagators of Methodism. Wherever the Spaniard touched, wherever the French, with their effective methods of colonization, blazed a trail, there were left permanent and salient evidences of Catholicism. The Jesuit as explorer, as pioneer, is a most important figure.

The establishment of a Catholic community to the north of Virginia did much to raise suspicion of the Protestant English, who often brought forward accusations against Maryland's sympathy with the French. Probably this opposition was due equally as much to the jealous realization of a lack of political privileges which were extended to the Calverts by the Crown. Writing of this palatinate, the historian calls attention

to the preservation therein of ancient Teutonic customs.

It is not to be inferred that this migratory activity occurred at concerted times in the colonial period alone; after the Revolution, after cotton in its way offered through the cotton gin the same extensive opportunity for trade that tobacco had offered in Virginia, the stream percolated southward from Tennessee. To repeat, the South geographically during the initial period, when its extension or restriction meant either the maintenance or curtailment of its political influence, when the strength of its social system depended upon the conviction that slavery had a right to spread, was not a fixed quantity. In the South, territorial adjustment began at a critical national moment.

It has been pointed out by social students that the Calvinism of colonial New England was more conducive to originality of mental attitude than adherence to an already established form; that the Northerner came to a virgin land to make a different law rather than to uphold traditional law which in the South was one of the requirements of colonization. The Puritan with his Protestant spirit, was, according to Professor Shaler, "leading a great body of men out of this castellated state of mind toward more modern ways of thought. The feudal system, although it had noble qualities, was essentially hedonistic; it was based on an elevated savagery; under its dominion, men were forced to shape their lives mainly on personal considerations." It will be seen, when the time comes to discuss the state of colonial culture, as typified in the establishment of schools and the publication of newspapers, how the laws of economics thus practiced, of society thus founded, and of religion thus transplanted and thus imposed, reacted upon the character of the Southern colonist who was to become

the Revolutionist. The contest for religious liberty, the demand for just representation, while actuated by the increase of local interest, were nevertheless representative of the basic characteristics of Englishmen, rather than of typical Southerners or Americans. It was not a difficult matter, under the social system, for city life—the little that existed—to be predominantly aristocratic; Charleston very early surpassed Williamsburg in that respect. It was most logical, in the face of the wastefulness of natural advantages, that the planter, early imbued with the mistaken idea that labor was not for the gentry, should grow proud, conservative, aloof: content with a primitive neighborhood, improvident in his trading method, unfriendly toward the idea of colonial commerce, and more dependent—because of his isolation and his disregard for the artisan, the small farmer—upon English supplies.

No weakness of character encouraged the conditions which mark the colonial South; neither did the colonists themselves premeditatedly determine the trend of emigration. The myriad forces of life, the immediate necessities of existence shaped the course. However speculative one may regard the statement, it is very probable that had the Puritan, as Professor Shaler believes, settled in the South he would have fallen into the same channels—the soil, climate, and physical demarcations determining the line of least resistance. Slavery was marked for the South simply because New England conditions were unfriendly to its firm establishment. As an adventurer, as a representative of English interests, the first settler came more in the spirit of visitor, of observer, of speculator, than of resident; his literary expression was wholly practical, wholly external; his spiritual requirements were secondary to his physical needs. His conscience was not disturbed like that of his far-off neighbor in

Massachusetts, who gathered with his fellows in meeting houses, and upheld the rigorous life rather than ease and comfort. The New Englander did for himself; the Virginian relied on his agent for transactions, never certain whether the value of tobacco would cover the expense of his needs, and wasting much more because of his dependency on others than he would have had to pay for his dependency on himself.

The colonial writer was hardly literary in his product; he saw with a keen eye, sometimes a vivid eye; if he showed feeling, it was the accident of the occasion rather than the art instinct. He was an English observer, until he became established and until his personal interests were bound up in the soil around him. Then his writing exhibited an interpretation of affairs in terms, not of English advantage, but of colonial advantage; then he sounded a note which indicated clearly that he was identifying the rights of Englishmen closely with the rights of the colonists, while gradually the political gulf widened.

Colonial literature in the South is of more historical value than of literary excellence; it is rich in fact and attitude, it is warm in personality. Occasionally, the English culture of the 17th century predominates over the inventory style, and the reason is usually found in the life, the education of the authors. As a general rule, each represented a particular phase of colonial life; none of them typified any great expression of life or art; their imagination hardly went beyond their immediate vision, but their humor was often of quaint and human quality, debarring a coarseness characteristic of the age. Some of the literature was purely the transplanted commodity, here and there tempered probably by the environment, as in the case of Sandys.

The student must take this period in bulk as an

English beginning, on new soil, of some literary expression; to brush it aside would be a loss to social estimate, for in Blair there is the epitome of the best colonial activity in the direction of culture; in Byrd, the symbol of the landed gentry, one detects, from his biography and from his personal manuscripts, all the charm and all the evil underlying colonial life. The men who are discussed in the following section, in their several ways, represent expression in different fields, and, what is more, indicate a certain local difference. Never intended for literature, such writing is of value because being English it is part of the American inheritance. Until the Civil War laid the country in devastation, this English stamp was evident visually; even to-day the Southerner has not lost his Anglo-Saxon bearing.

A source book of American Literature cannot ignore these men, even though, in the realization that France plays small part in American character, the historical writer gives but small consideration to the body of French material produced by the French explorer and settler, especially the letters of La Salle and Iberville, and the numberless French histories and memoirs. These records, these diaries, these "relations" are not dull reading, though they often repeat; they present the land attitude, the slave attitude, the plantation attitude in all their diverse elements. In its incipiency you will detect the Southern attitude, in so far as social forces molded the Southern life. It is not strange that the practical account should dominate over fanciful imagination; nor is it hard to determine why the intensity of spiritual expression was greater in Massachusetts than in Virginia. The Bible influenced whatever style existed in New England; literature was there handed out with direct injunction and personal effect.

Professor Tyler has epitomized the incentives to

writing in the colonies, incentives which in themselves suggest a legitimate reason why in the primeval forest there was scarcely reflected any of the literary brilliancy and spontaneity at home. The colonist was as yet not acclimatized; he needed to communicate across seas; the terms of his crown privileges attached him legally to the mother country; he had to defend the new land against evil report; he had to satisfy English curiosity as to the strange customs of the Indians; he had to describe the natural benefits close at hand. He was an observer on the surface, and did not immediately take root. As I have said, a study of the colonial life in the South, economically, socially, and spiritually, will clearly indicate the ingredients of Southern civilization as they developed up to the Civil War. With a sufficient historical knowledge, one will instantly detect how these forces are further reflected even in a body of literature which professed to be nothing more than it was—a record of beginnings.

CHAPTER II

EARLY COLONIAL AUTHORS

From Captain John Smith to Ebenezer Cook

The colonial author, evolved from the social conditions and social changes thus traced, cannot be said to present a very prepossessing figure as far as originality of thought or imaginative scope are concerned. He was as much an Englishman in his manner of expression, as though he had never left his home. It was only when the adventurer, seeking treasure in an unknown land, finally became fixed to the soil; when observation of the natural richness and of the strange character of the natives had given way to a species of economic and social writing—when, in other words, sentiment itself became attached to locality in the new world, that the colonial author might with impunity be considered a native product.

The literary value of much of this early material is a very negative one, if taken by itself. But if taken as a supplement to the conditions out of which it grew, the reasons for an extensive consideration will become apparent. For there is as much difference between the view-point of Captain John Smith or William Strachey and of the Reverend James Blair or Colonel William Byrd, as there is between the first adventurer and the landed proprietor; and there is a corresponding difference in the writings of each.

What we must chiefly seek in the literature of this period are the freshness of attitude, the naïve childishness with which impressions were taken in and recorded; we must not hope to detect any special striv-

ing after art, for in most cases we will find the author making excuses that his pen is so devoid of all the grace and subtlety which marked the Elizabethan writers. And yet, though the colonial author was not so very different from the Englishman at home, he was placed in the midst of an environment whose possibilities were yet unsounded; he was practically alone in a land of natural beauty and of lurking mystery. He had come—unlike the Northern colonist—for adventurous reasons only, and at first with no idea of making a home. His writing was not prompted by any great religious fervor, nor did his conscience tinge the tenor of his thoughts. But in the main, the channels through which he expressed himself are seen to be not so far removed from those of the New Englanders. Like them, he was away from home; like them, he was dependent upon English rule; like them, he soon realized that he was growing to regard his settlement with a degree of pride, defending it against maligners at home and abroad. He was not a religious dissenter, therefore his faith need not trouble him, except in so far as he soon found it necessary to provide ministers from England. The intolerance affecting Virginia was, however, not cast aside heedlessly by what so many historians call the Cavalier spirit of the South; it *did* have its effect upon the people, and as we have already shown, Puritanism was one of the strong elements, though not the dominant one, molding the Southern character.

Therefore, the forms of expression fell naturally into the channels of practical interest rather than of creative imagination—expression founded upon observation and action, not upon contemplation. These men were travelers, hence letters and reports must necessarily be sent home; their laws had their sources across seas, hence recommendations had to be penned. As to that local pride already noted, Professor Moses

Coit Tyler finds that in defending his land against evil reports, the colonial author developed the one distinct class of colonial writing—American Apologetics. He may, in his descriptions, in his records, in his histories, have written with some facility, and in his sermons have revealed some spiritual intensity. In his poetry, poor as it is in quantity and quality, he may have shown some slight native color, feeling and humor,—but he sounded no original note. In fact, the sum total of all this literary activity might just as well have been done in any other land—he still would have remained the English adventurer of the sixteenth century. It is in the defense of himself that we detect, for the first time, a new note which might be called American.

The commencements of our Southern literature and our colonial history are simultaneous. In both instances, the first definite figure to be met with is Captain John Smith (1579-1632), a hardy, rough, weather-beaten soldier of extensive experience, who was no less proud of his campaigns than he was of his authorship. With a warrior's freedom, he has colored his narratives, yet, withal, there is a sincerity that lends charm, and a directness that is simple and effective. The reason he did so much for the colony that began its struggle in 1607 was because he himself had been subject to hard labor, even to slavery in the Far East; he understood what work could accomplish; and, if sloth intervened, he also knew what work under the yoke would do. Smith's experience before he came to Virginia was what saved the colonists at Jamestown. He was practical, and was proud of it. Herein, therefore, is the large value of his work as a writer; he himself claims as much. And because Smith, in all he narrates, has been "a reall Actor," such early historians as Strachey and Stith have relied chiefly upon him.

As an author, Smith may be considered almost voluminous. In reality, there are but three pieces that need occupy us in our consideration; his writings dealing with observations in New England, Europe, Asia, and Africa, do not differ, except in detail, from his other accounts. What standard to apply to his authorship has been set by himself in his dedication to "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," addressed to the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox: "This history . . . might and ought to haue beene clad in better robes then my rude military hand can cut out in Paper Ornaments. But because, of the most things therein, I am no Compiler by hearsay, but haue beene a reall Actor; I take my selfe to haue a propertie in them: and therefore haue beene bold to challenge them to come vnder the reach of my owne rough pen. . . . I am so bold as to call so piercing, and so glorious an Eye, as your Grace, to view those poore ragged lines."

Such a book written by Smith, after he had been removed from the scenes of his adventures, presents a picture in many aspects. There is the author seeking patronage—the same patronage which Shakespeare himself felt he could not do without; there is the gallant knight beneath the hale exterior, praising the women who had come to his aid at parlous times; there is the experienced colonist, bold in his criticism of the "covetousnes, ielousies, and idlenes" in Virginia,—direct in his statements as to where the opportunities of James I. lay in this new realm of his, urgent in his plea to have the colony encouraged, and unconsciously earnest in the statements of how much he had accomplished in his efforts to preserve peace and justice.

The first of Smith's books dealing with the South was: "A True Relation of Such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapnd in Virginia Since the

first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence. Written by Captaine Smith, Coronell of the said collony, to a worshipfull friend of his in England. London: Printed by Iohn Tappe, and are to bee solde at the Grey-hound in Paules Church-yard, by W. W. 1608."

"The bluff Captain just stabbed his paper with inken words," writes Professor Tyler; indeed it is very evident that Smith did not intend his account to be published, but only to serve as a document of information for the heads of the adventurous companies. The manuscript was written before he was forced to return to England; it was carried, with the ink hardly dry, on the return trip of Captain Nelson. When it found its way into print, its authorship was attributed to "Thomas Watson, Gent., one of the said Collony," although Smith's name was later substituted, with apologies by an editor who probably mutilated many of Smith's personal comments. Signing himself I. H., this same editor refers to the author, "whose paines in my iudgement deserueth commendations; somewhat more was by him written, which being as I thought (fit to be priuate) I would not aduenture to make it publicke."

This long epistle, for Smith begins his narrative, "Kinde Sir," most likely awakened in him the pride of authorship. It is the one of his works least conscious as a literary production, however much he might strive thereafter to give easy expression to his thought.

He did not overestimate his own composition; he tried to be direct, yet he was continually framing excuses for this excellent quality in all style. His letter addressed to Lord Bacon, and accompanying his manuscript book on New England Trials, expresses admiration for letters, an art which in some "fewe

leaves" could compress his experience of nineteen years.

Having thus seen that Smith, the author, was no less dear a title to him than Smith, the soldier, let us turn to the spirit of his work. It is of interest only to those for whom historic sources have a significance; quaint customs, minute details, are mingled with large wonder and picturesque statements. To us the Indians may not now hold a unique position; to the London reader of 1608, they did.

But as a man of action, John Smith, even in his writing, soon showed the power of his word. He might describe Powhatan, he might tell how the Indians were brought to Christianity; there was in him also the spirit of retort. As President of the Virginia colony, having won his place by right of excellence, and being surrounded by faction and jealousy, he never hesitated to let the Treasurer and Council of Virginia know wherein they themselves were deficient, and how their narrow and selfish policy was limiting the improvement of conditions.

About the same time that this letter was penned (1612), Smith sent back "A Map of Virginia; vvith a Description of the Country, the Commodities, People, Government, and Religion." It must have been compiled from numerous notes. Smith's observation was alert and keen; his interest in man and woman, in details trivial and large, mark him as an analyst of energetic character; he is quaint, he is humorous, ofttimes tender; he possesses a discriminating eye, a poetic manner of expression that takes away from the dullness of trivial things. His estimate of the Indian's nature, his delineation of Powhatan are done with no lack of skill.

A close study of Captain John Smith's writings is not necessary to grasp the essentials of his authorship. Should we read through Edward Arber's excellent

edition of his works, we could not do more than claim for him what we have already done. A Lincolnshire man, he reached this country when he was but twenty-four years of age; in that short time he had become an uncommon warrior by right of uncommon deed. By the time he returned in 1609 from Virginia, his executive ability had become so apparent as to gain for him more than the mere title of "planter," as he was listed on board ship. What befell him is fraught with romance; his encounters, his escapes, his love for Pocahontas, so appealingly however unhistorically treated by John Esten Cooke and by himself when he described her as the Nonpareil of her father's country, have tended to create around him an atmosphere of fable and invention. If he colored his descriptions, he did so with untrammeled spirit. We have claimed for Smith a direct, simple expression of unusual merit; at times his choice of words is surprisingly apt, indicating a genuine art. One poem, "The Sea Marke," has been credited to him. Altogether, he is no mean colonial author; upon his own method others were to model theirs; it was not a new form of literature but the details he sought, we find others seeking; he pointed the way, others followed. Though he returned to America in 1614 and identified his name with the New England coast, it is with the South that he is wholly connected.

Smith's immediate contemporaries were not slow to send forth their own impressions of their doings in the new world. Worthy of mention are George Percy's "Obseruations," Newport's (1565?-1617) "Discoveries in America," and Edward Maria Wingfield's "A Discourse of Virginia." Even John Rolfe (1585-1622), who put an end to Smith's love affair by marrying Pocahontas, has left his letters and his scattered bits of a "Relation," while R. Rich's (fl. 1610) "Newes from Virginia" may be taken as the first

poem to receive attention. The full title was "Nevves from Virginia. The lost Flocke-Triumphant. With the happy Arriual of that famous and Worthy Knight S[r] Thomas Gates; and the well reputed and valiant captaine Mr. Christopher Newporte, and others, into England. With the manner of their distresse in the Iland of Deuils (otherwise called Bermoothawes), where they remained 42 weekes, and builded two Pynaces, in which they returned into Virginia, by R. Rich, Gent., one of the voyage. London. Printed by Edw. Allde, and are to be solde by John Wright, at Christ Church dore. 1610." Whether Rich or Strachey may lay claim to having supplied Shakespeare with data for "The Tempest," is of small consequence. The severe storm and its treatment by the several writers on board the *Sea-Venture,* indicate how strongly the natural surroundings, the apparent savage wildness of the scene affected these men.

Rich was an illegitimate son of a nobleman, yet it is more likely he came to America for adventure than to escape the stigma of birth. Smith often complained of the overabundance of the young soldiers of fortune who largely composed the worthless part of the struggling colonies. But George Percy (1586-1632), a son of the Earl of Northumberland, was different. He rapidly rose to favor in the new settlement, was perhaps arrogant in his position as enemy to Smith, and was made Deputy-Governor after Smith was deposed and until Gates arrived. He is the author of "A True Relation of the Proceedings and Occurrents of moment which have happened in Virginia from the time Sir Thomas Gates was shipwrecked upon the Bermudas, 1609, until my Departure out of the country, 1612." Not only does he show a partisan spirit in his ill-treatment of Smith's character, but there is a disparity between facts showing him to be an unscrupulous enemy. He does not

mention Smith at all to blame him in his other manuscript, "Observations gathered out of a Discourse of the Plantation of the Southerne Colonie in Virginia, 1606. Written by that Honorable Gentleman, Master George Percy." He observes with the same fresh eye that we have noted in Smith, and often his astonishment tends to assume proportions that will overdo the event or occurrence. Things are "faire" to these adventurers or they are "terrible"; there is no intermediate compromise. Their choice of words is definite: "the Trees full of Sweet and good Smels." Percy was a depicter of nature; once landed in Virginia, he was quick to discover "faire meddowes and goodly tall trees, with such fresh waters running through the woods, as I was almost rauished at the first sight thereof." The savages interest him—their customs, manners, religions, how they make bread, in what manner the women plait their hair to distinguish the married from the unmarried. When he selects an event to describe at length, we feel he has selected the one most picturesque, and at the same time most typical. Curious and new as are all these things to him, Percy is alert for the variations from the usual type. He expresses surprise at finding a yellow-haired Virginian among the Indians; he possesses a simple faith easily satisfied with the setting up of crosses along the route, and when famine beset them, and the savages came to their aid, it was not the doing of Smith or Pocahontas, but the unseen guiding hand of God. Unembellished some may call these descriptions, a mere inventory of landscape, but Smith's interest, the interest of all colonial writers in the commonplace, is indicative of how ready they were to gather impressions, and how thoroughly they imbibed, as travelers, the strangeness of their environment. Many of these impressions are sketched in nervously, as an artist would map out a picture, yet

each stroke is telling, even though it may not be finished. Percy paints one chieftain who came to meet them at the water-side, arriving "with all his traine, as goodly men as any I haue Seene of Sauages or Christians; the Werowance comming before them playing on a Flute made of a Reed, with a Crown of Deares hair colloured red, in fashion of a Rose fastened about his knot of haire, and a great Plate of Copper on the other Side of his head, with two long Feathers in fashion of a paire of Hornes placed in the midst of his Crowne. . . . He entertained vs in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had beene a Prince of ciuill gouernment. . . ."

That Percy was indebted to Smith is evident from the fact that his book contains the Virginia map and other emendations. Purchas, in his wonderful source compilation, ends this account with an entry in September, 1607; "the rest is omitted," he says, "being more fully set downe in Captain Smith's Relations."

There is much that might be laid to the credit of William Strachey (fl. 1609-18) to stamp him as more than an ordinary chronicler of events. His account of the storm-tossed *Sea-Venture,* in the form of a letter, "A true Reportery of the wrack and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas, his coming to Virginia, and the estate of that colony, then and after under the government of the Lord La Ware," has already been mentioned in connection with that of Rich; it contains motion, increasing force, and a certain beauty of gloom that is rare in this early period. As an eye-witness, a participator, he was impelled to handle the event with a graphic and sympathetic surety. It may be, too, that he possessed a certain amount of culture that rose to the occasion of depicting a perilous moment with pathos and breathless suspense.

For "Four and twenty hours," runs the description, "the storm, in a restless tumult, had blown so exceedingly, as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence, yet did we find it, not only more terrible, but more constant, fury added to fury, and one storm urging a second, more outrageous than the former, whether it so wrought upon our fears, or indeed met with new forces. Sometimes strikes in our ship amongst women, and passengers not used to such hurly and discomforts, made us look one upon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosoms, our clamors drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder."

Having arrived at Jamestown, Strachey, in his official capacity as first secretary of the colony, was active with his pen. Not only did he write several accounts of the adventures of De la Warre and Gates, which are thought to have served Sir Edwin Sandys for his own written view of a colony he never visited, but likewise there may be classed as a state document, "For the colony in Virginia Britannia, Lavves Diuine, Morall and Martiall," which Strachey dedicated to the Lords of the Councell of Virginia. His chief desire in this seems to have been to point a way for "such young souldiers in the Colony who are desirous to learne and performe their duties." He may have shown some of his cunning and wisdom in believing that probably his manuscript would be read by those in authority who should know the truth. The duties, civil, military, and religious, are enumerated; laws to be read by the captain before his men; prayers to be delivered to the guards of the watch; the thirty-seven orders to be pondered over by the minister every Sabbath, in default of which he will be deprived for seven days of his calling. Such writing, with its legal bearing, is of more interest to the historian than to the critic of letters.

Strachey was back in England by the time this compilation was published in 1612, and he appears to have been busy editing Smith's "Map of Virginia," as well as planning a book of his own. His interests were now largely centered in the colony, though he never returned. The entire scope of his thoroughly dignified treatise is: "The History of Travaile into Virginia Britannia; expressing the Cosmographie and Comodities of the Country, togither with the manners and Customes of the People. Gathered and observed as well by those who went first thither as collected by William Strachey, Gent, the first Secretary of the Colony." The manuscript, as far as he progressed with it, was not published until the Hakluyt Society issued it in 1849.

Smith and Strachey were associated in the expedition up the Chesapeake; hence many things in common came under their observation, and the fact that Strachey was a reader of Smith's writings is sufficient evidence that he used Smith as a chief source.

The historical method employed by Strachey denotes forethought and some elementary research. His reasoning arises from the popular misconceptions of the day, but it is not so wholly at variance with the scholasticism of the time as to challenge his explanation of the origin of Indians, springing from the family of Cham. If, on the one hand he is willing to accept that theory, on the other he is puzzled by a practical doubt as to how the vagabond race of Cham ever did land in the new world, without "shipping, and means to tempt the sea." His measure of justice when describing the savages is full to overflowing, for he recognizes the white man's indiscretions and follies, and, on his part, there is a willingness to emphasize the noble qualities of the red man. The analysis of Indian subtlety, the realism displayed in his descrip-

tions of Indian punishment, the discrimination between what they foster as custom and what is ingrained as Indian nature, are couched in phrases of unusual clearness and distinction. Historians to-day, in search for graphic details of religious rites, tribal theories as to the "ymmortality of the sowle," as to dancing and singing, regard these documents in the light of stenographic reports from an eye-witness. Strachey is æsthetically inclined; besides being analytic, he is speculative. He prefers men to natural scenery; his impression of Powhatan, the "goodly old man, not yet shrincking, though well beaten with many cold and stormye winters," is strong in outline. He brings to his work a degree of musical appreciation where he describes the savage singing:

"They have base, tenor, counter tenor, mean and treble; these myngled with their voices, sometymes twenty or thirty togither, make such a terrible howling as would rather affright then give pleasure to any man. They have likewise their *errotica carmina,* or amorous dittyes."

This passage is based on no mere literal record; it is fraught with a personal tinge of humor, observation, and understanding. The author was a man of learning, who attempted to combine description with correlation, for though early forms of literature abound in similes and metaphors, the contrast of theories does not indicate an elemental intellect. The one arises from a close contact with nature; the other founds itself upon education. We are not surprised then to read into Strachey's history something of the author's culture.

He writes that the Indians "suppose that the common people shall not live after death; but they thinck that their weroances and priests, indeed, whom they esteem half quioughcosughes, when their bodyes are laied in the earth, that that which is within shall goe

beyond the mountaynes, and travell as farr as where the sun setts into most pleasant fields, growndes, and pastures, where yt shall doe no labour . . . till that waxe old there, as the body did on earth, and then yt shall dissolve and die, and come into a woman's womb again, and so be a new borne unto the world; not unlike the heathen Pythagoras his opinyon, and fable of metempsychosis; nor is this opinion more ridiculous or savage then was the Epicures."

Although he did not complete this work, Strachey undertook to write it in a truly creditable manner. He possessed much of the data necessary, to which he added his own personal investigation. He did not remain in the colony, but from a distance, perhaps, he was better able to balance his data and to see events in proper proportions; he regarded his duties seriously and his interest was something more than external.

It is doubtful whether a chronicle of colonial names will do much more than convince one that there was not as significant a literature in the South as in New England, because of the very fact that there was no dominant meeting-house and because the population segregated rather than congregated. But the value of recollecting the name of the Rev. Alexander Whitaker (1585-1613) rests in the emphasis his endeavors place on the existence of a strong Puritan feeling in the South—not perhaps as ascetic as in the North, but equally as zealous. In him we contemplate what Professor Tyler claimed to be "a man of apostolic sorrow," one who, in the fervor of his spiritual desire, left a comfortable living to do missionary work in Virginia. He was the son of a famous father—William Whitaker, master of St. John's College, Oxford, and himself took a degree. It is claimed that Strachey's history turned his mind

toward the new land, but certain it is that his determination was made up when, in 1611, Sir Thomas Dale started for Virginia. The "Good News from Virginia," when it was published in 1613, carried an "Epistle Dedicatory" by Whitaker's friend, Crashawe, who in a few words epitomized this "apostolic impulse"; he "did voluntarily leave his warm nest," so runs the text, "and to the wonder of his kindred and amazement of them that knew him, undertook this . . . heroical resolution to go to Virginia, and help to bear the name of God unto the heathen."

Settled in the "City of Henrico," Whitaker, during his sojourn of six years, among his many duties brought Pocahontas to salvation through conversion. What he wrote was not exactly literature; it was a cross between sermonic exhortation, "pithy and godly" claims Crashawe, and the usual descriptions without, as Tyler claims, "any shining superiorities in thought or style."

Whatever writing Whitaker did was framed in the missionary tone; it stretched beyond the limits of text, although permeated with unswerving spiritual intention which was his by inheritance. Yet there was an added tone of national appeal to Englishmen, couched in such words as "Let the miserable condition of these naked slaves of the devil move you to compassion toward them." Whitaker's belief was strong; he was firm in his surety that in him was the perfect minister, by right of his knowledge of scriptural doctrine. He was exacting toward his meager congregation. "Every Sabbath day," he wrote to a friend, "we preach in the forenoon and catechize in the afternoon. Every Saturday, at night, I exercise in Sir Thomas Dale's house."

Whitaker was an unceasing worker, a fearless yet simple man. He was not so tied to custom as to adhere to the surplice in the colony; he was exacting

in the spirit, and withal a loving, gentle friend. His letters breathe such a tone.

Interest in John Pory (1570?-1635) centers chiefly in the epistolatory character of his writings. He was an adventurer seeking impressions, but his nature was not one long to be kept away from civilization; we find him often bemoaning the state of his loneliness, and yet he was by no means lethargic. With a B. A. and a M. A. degree from Cambridge and Oxford, he became a pupil of Hakluyt, and from him received encouragement to translate from the Arabic and Italian, a History of Africa, written by John Leo Moore. He was held in high esteem by Hakluyt, who referred to him as "my very honest, industrious and learned friend"; he was acquainted with the poet Donne, and with Sir Robert Cotton. Unfortunately for his scholarship, he was possessed of a conviviality that well nigh proved his ruin. Soon after leaving Oxford, Pory, already talked of in many channels for his translated history, won a seat in Parliament, and gained the favor of the King, who used him in diplomatic negotiations. He had seen something of the world, trying with much ingenuity to introduce a silk-loom stocking weave into England, an idea gained while traveling through France and the Low Countries. He was a restive person, not content to remain in a place for any length of time, and Parliament soon gave him leave to travel for three years. It maybe was this fitful humor which lost him the secretaryship to Virginia at the time the poet Donne tried for it and failed. Had the latter come over, historians in their zealousness might have regarded him as an American writer. Such an attitude is humorous, as much so, we shall see, as for us to claim Sandys and his poetical ventures.

Pory hastened to Ireland, then turned to Paris; by 1613 he was going from Turin to Venice, and then

received a halt at Constantinople, where he remained until 1616. It would seem that the adventurer fell into financial straits, and was extricated therefrom by Sir Dudley Carleton; he traveled with the latter in Zealand, and though racked with the weakness of drink, he appears to have been endowed with the easy good-nature of a courtier.

By the end of 1618, Pory sailed to Virginia as secretary to Yeardley. The colony had been in peril through the evil doings of Argall. Naturally, with his parliamentary experience, Pory was soon required in the deliberations of the Council, and it was this same advantage which made him by 1621 Speaker of the General Assembly. When Yeardley was succeeded by Wyatt, in 1621, the secretary lost his post and therefore returned to England. His life from this time became picturesque; he was soon on the road, and by the summer of 1622, with a Captain Jones, reputed to have once commanded the *Mayflower,* he sailed across seas to investigate all harbors between Plymouth and Virginia. While in the former place, he became friendly with Bradford durink the short time he remained North. No sooner upon the highway, than he fell into the hands of some Portuguese who would thereupon have hanged him for a Protestant knave if a royal marriage involving Spanish and English interests had not been at issue. In the end, Pory felt himself ill treated by the London company, and charges of various kinds were brought against him. By 1624, he had settled down in London.

Many of Pory's letters are extant; they are colored largely by his temperament; no doubt, the one addressed to his friend, Sir Dudley Carleton, is as typical as any other. He has great faith in colonial possibilities; in spite of the Spaniards and the Indians, he prophesies vast growth for the new estate.

Having come from the civilized world, to a country uncouth, here was a colonist who found the transition hardly bearable. Aloof from the general current of life, surrounded mostly by ignorance, for the vessels were laden with those who lacked common sense, he forced himself to become indifferent, and turned to his pen and a good book for consolation; thus he found himself his best company. Is it so strange that endearment should be the dominant note in this letter destined to one in the land of life? Is is not almost a cry in the wilderness that escapes from Pory when he ends by asking for pamphlets and with a desire to see his lordship soon again?

The manner in which environment played upon the nature of the colonist, has not as yet affected the thought of the colonial writer any more than it would any stranger in a strange land. So that overcarefulness in claiming colonial writing as native product is the wisest course. Yet we are prone to turn to George Sandys (1577-1644) as our first professional literary man, who in the midst of primeval forests sat him down to cast into artistic mold, expression for the sake of its own beauty. Sandys had come from a line of literary people, all of them alike known for their studiousness and for their prominence in affairs. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, was noted for his irritable disposition, his duplicity in the murder of Mary Queen of Scots, and his skill in the translation of the Bishop's Bible; his second son, Edwin, was treasurer of Virginia, but never came to this country. Sufficient to note that after George left Oxford, the first we hear of him is on his travels East in 1610; through influence, he had gained him friends of enviable rank.

Sandys was a man of scholarly attainments; he spoke many languages, he had spiritual feeling and artistic grace; he loved adventure, and what he had

done and seen fired his fancy. When, in 1606, the Charter for the Colony in Virginia was obtained, the Sandys family turned their eyes westward. Sir Edwin became Treasurer of the Corporation. By 1621, when Wyatt was detailed as Governor, and sailed with his official household, his uncle George followed him as Treasurer. Little is said of the administration of his duties; everything is lost in the ideal picture of this courtier, this colonist, escaping from his labors to finish his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Stith, the later historian, marveled that such creation could be consummated in so wild a land. The poet himself, in his dedication to Charles, claims that his lines "sprung from the stock of the ancient Romans, but bred in the New-World, of the rudeness of which it cannot but participate."

So popular did his version become that by 1690 it had reached its eighth edition, and had won the praise of all his literary contemporaries. When Sandys returned to England in 1625 or 1626, honors were bestowed upon him and he was made a Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber. He continued to dedicate his work to the King, and inheriting some of the inclination of his father, the Archbishop, he paraphrased the Psalms in 1636, published his five-act tragedy, "Christ's Passion," in 1640, and the "Song of Solomon" in 1641. Having now reached an age when retirement was most fitting, the poet went to dwell with his niece, Margaret, whose husband, Sir Francis Wyatt, was the grandson of Thomas Wyatt, of literary fame. There he abandoned himself wholly to contemplation and poetry, and died on March 4, 1644.

There is little that might be called original in the productions of George Sandys, although his translations and paraphrases show a frank desire to depart from the usual paths of servility and literalness. Cer-

tainly they were admired by many generations, though not sufficiently to warrant the "Metamorphoses" being printed in America. That Sandys must have written independent of conventions is evident by the fact that he did not attempt to set his metres to the measure of church music. A man of pious inclination, he was loved and lauded in countless verse. Except for the rare example of a writer in the backwoods devoting himself to literature, Sandys may hardly be claimed as a Southerner. But he was so regarded by his associates.

Among the adventurous writers who might be named along with Richard Rolfe, is Col. Henry Norwood, who, a veritable soldier of fortune, set sail for America on September 23, 1649, with the strong belief that it was somewhat incumbent upon him, inasmuch as he was "nearly related" to Sir William Berkeley. His narration of "A Voyage to Virginia" is crisp with color and adventure; it is a chronicle with strong fictional interest, being told with some spirit and with some eye for the melodramatic occurrences on the trip. Indeed, the narrative would please many a boy of to-day; there is a story of heroic proportions, demanding endurance, bravery, and sacrifices as strong as one finds in the usual books of adventure.

Norwood was a hearty sailor, one to stare death in the face, to cope with starvation, to feel the picturesqueness of storm and moonlight. His descriptions are vivid, and the day and night aboard his vessel gave him a stock of dangers upon which he was not loath to discant. He approached hardship with a fund of natural humor that is fair indication of his true sportsman's spirit. If he thirsted, his "dreams were all of cellars, and taps running down my throat, which made my waking much the worse by that tantalizing fancy."

Most of these adventurous experiences were set down from memory; therefore, it is necessary to discount some of the enthusiasm, one might almost claim zest, with which the romantic and gruesome details were described. To shoot fowl by moonlight is a pretty idea, but to feed on dead companions through the dire straits into which they fell is another thing. Norwood is a glib narrator. He depicts the Indians with a touch lighter than that of the purposeful chronicler; therefore, wherever he sketches the person of an Indian king, queen or princess, his pencil is deft in the depiction, based on more than mere observation and evidence of a warm appreciation of the childish humor to be found in the Indian character. Norwood is fresh and that is a characteristic not easily to be discounted.

For the first time, we now come to a change in locality, and an alteration in the outlook of the writer. As a Marylander, and as a Catholic priest, the view-point shifts in the case of Father Andrew White (1579-1656), who was sent to the New World in 1633. As a missionary, he received banishment from England in 1606, having suffered imprisonment and insult. He was a man of deep learning, having been professor of Scriptures, dogmatic theology, Hebrew, and Greek at various places from Valladolid and Seville to Liège. Once arrived in the Maryland colony, his mission was soon begun, and he remained eleven years, when once more he was subjected to indignity, and forced back to England, where he was just saved from death, but was sentenced to banishment for life. The remainder of his days was spent in diverse wanderings, and minor duties, such as chaplain to a family of some wealth. His work among the Indians in America was earnest and persistent; alive to the difficult problem of appealing to them, of continuing in direct intercourse with

them, he set to work mastering their language. There is a picture in Shea's "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," which portrays White in the act of baptizing the natives.

White's book is written in the spirit of a report; it bears the title, "A Relation of the Colony of the Lord Baron of Baltimore, in Maryland, near Virginia; a Narrative of the Voyage to Maryland, by Father Andrew White. And Sundry reports, from Fathers Andrew White, John Altham, John Brock, and other Jesuit Fathers of the Colony, to the Superior General at Rome."

Knowing upon what basis the colony was founded, and understanding the full significance of the priest's calling, it is readily determined how far White would look in his investigations; his is not a secular view of colony planting: the grain and the fruit trees are to spring from the seeds of the Gospel. Nature may be extravagant in her massiveness and density, yet the light of God must penetrate the darkness. On the voyage over, prayers assuage the waves; the deck becomes the beginning of a Catholic stronghold which was to bring salvation to a savage land. Protestant Virginia might look askance and unfavorably at the new colony, it mattered not, for faith was the mastering passion. In 1634, places in the newly assigned territory were receiving the sanctified names of St. Gregory and St. Michael. As to the rivers, the Thames seemed a mere rivulet. Father White, with face to the shore, had wafted to him the freshness of the forest. "It is not rendered impure by marshes," he writes, "but on each bank of solid earth rise beautiful groves of trees, not choked up with an undergrowth of brambles and bushes, but as if laid out by the hand, in a manner so open, that you might freely drive a four-horse chariot in the midst of the trees."

The picturesque writer is primarily a dogmatic ob-

server; faith was so far uppermost in mind, that nought could withstay its influence, its irresistible power. A snake bite was cured by divine grace; dreams came to his aid in converting to Catholicism. These colonists mistrusted Protestant interpreters who were detailed to find out the religious views of the Indians. Yet despite this certain narrowness, White's narrative is manly and sincere in its object. He was not an Englishman so much as a Catholic; he would better conditions in America, not for the sake of personal pride, but for the glory of Rome and the Pope.

The next figure in our literary survey possesses something of a cosmopolitan character. John Hammond arrived in Virginia in 1635, and after a residence of nineteen years, crossed over to Maryland where he remained for two years, deep in his investigations of conditions. When, in 1656, he found himself once again in England, and realized in what a quandary people were who, about to sail for America, were torn between doubt and hope by conflicting reports, he set himself the task of stating the true conditions. The necessity of the work and the recentness of his experience account for the rapidity with which the book was completed. The same year of his return, there was published "Leah and Rachel; or, The Two Fruitfull Sisters Virginia and Mary-Land: Their Present Condition, Impartially stated and related With A Removall of such Imputations as are scandalously cast on those Countries, whereby many deceived Souls, chose rather to Beg, Steal, rot in Prison, and come to Shamefull deaths, then to better their being by going thither, wherein is plenty of all things necessary for Humane subsistance. By John Hammond. . . . London. Printed by T. Mabb, and are to be sold by Nich. Bourn, neer the Royall Exchange."

Its very scope suggests something unusual in the

nature of its purpose. The tone is native, based on satisfaction and a love of the new home. It is colonial and its significance lies in the youthful challenge which might be classed as American. Upon reading a few pages, Hammond will be recognized as a writer on the aggressive as well as on the defensive; his main object is to infuse enthusiasm without concealing facts.

Hammond's intention was to be practical, not theoretical. He has watched for himself, and he is safe to follow in his advice. He has seen indentured servants sign themselves thoughtlessly into the hands of Merchant and Mariner, and thus shackled, cross the seas to an unknown Master. His voice is strong for their sakes in his warning them to know somewhat of their destination, to attend carefully to their contracts, and once settled in these points, to remain undaunted, even though at first all high hopes are dashed to pieces. America has found a champion in Hammond; he is much less an Englishman, and much more a native. He is certain in his mind that he prefers Virginia to London. How could any one ever desire to live in England, he suggests, even though he own landed estates? For the husbandmen or the handscraftmen there are worse off than the commonest laborer in the colony. Hammond would have all reports disbelieved that picture the workman without recreation, with no bed but a couple of bare boards. There is plenty for the industrious; and the stranger soon finds friends where hospitality is the rule rather than the exception.

And so, he passes to a new land which is unknown simply because overclouded by the greatness of Virginia. "I casting my eye on Mary-land the younger, grew inamoured on her beauty, resolving like Jacob when he had first served for Leah, to begin a fresh service for Rachel."

Hammond's tone is serious throughout; he is plain

and vigorous, enthusiastic but not given to false flattery; nor has he much confidence in himself as a writer. His name is affixed because he wishes his criticisms to have a sponsor, in case they be considered libels. He knows he has enemies in England, and since the Claiborne affair, that "pestilent enemie," he can expect nought from Virginia. He had to flee for his life, condemned to die "by the rebells of the Bay." This production must not be taken as a piece of literature; but it is removed from that class of writing termed report, by the impulse which prompted Hammond to produce it. The motive shows an advance over all others so far mentioned as being classed among colonial writers. It can but be regarded as an expression which shifts its ground from a simple record to a personal opinion.

The serving people thus described and championed by Hammond, had another supporter in one who belonged to their class, and who follows and corroborates much outlined in "Leah and Rachel." George Alsop (fl. 1638) has been called a roisterer of the Restoration period; he was a staunch opponent to Cromwell; he was also one to sing in verse of the Stuarts' return to the throne. But his royalist habits no doubt drove him from England when the Roundheads gained the ascendency. Perhaps it was then that his servitude began when, about 1658, he set sail for America and most likely attached himself on board ship to his future master, bound for Maryland. Since he appears to have been fortunate in his attachment, we have some cause to discount part of his optimism regarding apprenticeship. We may rely on his description of the redemption system, however, which enters fully into the terms and gives the exact form of procedure commonly followed. Like Hammond's book, this new one was framed to encourage emigration, to dispel the evil reports about untrue conditions.

It is a propagandist pamphlet, couched in broad, plain, coarse English, yet given at times to fall into heightened language far and away above the heads of those to whom his words were addressed. It is an admixture of prose and verse which, when it appeared in 1665 (?), was awarded praise from all who proclaimed the author no mean manipulator of "plain, yet pithy and concise description."

The pages were addressed to Lord Baltimore; they were further introduced by forewords to all merchant adventurers, with a preface to the Reader, and one to the book attached. All this preamble is served up in a jocular vein, well nigh witty in its familiarity. "This dish of Discourse was intended for you at first," he proclaims to the aforementioned adventurers, "but it was manners to let my Lord have the first cut, the Pye being his own." The intention, the object was clearly outlined in the mind of Alsop; this is very evident from the analytic form of the title page: "A Character of the Province of Mary-land, wherein is Described in four distinct Parts, (Viz.) I. The Scituation, and plenty of the Province. II. The Laws, Customs, and Natural Demeanor of the Inhabitants. III. The worst and best Vsage of a Mary-land Servant, opened in view. IV. The Traffique, and Vendable Commodities of the Countrey. Also A small Treatise on the Wilde and Naked Indians (or Susquehanokes) of Mary-land, their Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion. Together with a Collection of Historical Letters. By George Alsop. London. Printed by T. J. for Peter Dring, at the Sign of the Sun in the Poultrey; 1666."

How far this treatise can claim originality over whatever had already been written is not so very evident; it takes note of all the essential points that any traveler would be impressed with—the navigable rivers, the pleasant prospect of swells of rich land.

There is an inclination to stretch the truth, but it throws light on conditions in Maryland that escaped Hammond, who thereby proclaimed himself more a Virginian. License of expression, unrefined innuendoes are ever before the eyes of this Stuart cavalier. In this respect, in his flashes of wit, he is different from our first view of the colonial writer. Some have claimed for him a simple mode of expression, but in this very matter of style, Alsop differs materially from his predecessors; he is no longer direct, but his prose is heightened by long-sounding terms. The polish of imitation which deprived the Restoration writer of freshness and made him bold, quickly laid hold on Alsop. He speaks of trees, plants, fruits and flowers as "the only Emblems or Hieroglyphicks of an Adamitical or Primitive situation"; on nearly every page we are confronted by such euphemistic phrases as "odoriferous smells," "effigies of Innocency," "vegetable oratory," and the wind that whispers "softly in the auditual."

For the sake of picturesqueness, Alsop is willing to stretch the truth; there was not the religious harmony existent between Catholic and Protestant which he so persistently emphasizes; there was not the quiet existence all the time that he suggests, neither the reserve nor morality. He leaves much for us to picture of himself when he shows how futile the cause of a man who attempts to win a damsel by complimental and critical rarities. Who could resist the fair picture Alsop paints of indenture and the four or five years' servitude? And after it was done, he found himself richer, not only because of the training he had received, but because of the law which allotted him fifty acres of land, a year's supply of corn, wearing apparel and tools.

Alsop left the colony in 1662, returning to London, but though he spent much time in writing loyal verse,

rough hewn and faulty, the adventurous spirit would not be stilled, and so he next sailed for Maryland, despondent over the welfare of England, though rejoicing in the death of Cromwell. He was unremitting in his correspondence, and continued on the new soil to be a devoted follower of the Stuarts. Meanwhile, Alsop failed in strength and was sent by his cousin Ellinor Evins some herbs which made him whole again; so he dispatched to her a set of furs, and penned an acrostic declaiming his unending love and gratitude. When the bands of servitude were lifted, Alsop deplored the loss; used to routine and command, he was loath to call himself free, for "Liberty without money," he declares, "is like a man opprest with the gout." In this strain, he writes to his brother P. A. who, about the same time, had ended his period of apprenticeship. George, always free and easy, always willing to obey the dictates of his heart, likewise possessed an open generosity; his verses he sent away by every ship, but hardly ever without some token of another kind. To his brother, with this letter, he forwarded a supply of tobacco and some ornate verses "On a Purple Cap."

But soon, the old illness crept upon him again and then his thoughts were turned upon spiritual matters; he is fain to have his reckoning of good account. The disease left him shaken to the core; the shadow of death had well-nigh touched him, and with returning strength, we do not find entirely the rollicking royalist. The flesh has been chastened by the spirit.

It was now very evident that some public temper had arisen among the colonists; they showed themselves capable of holding opinions as to the full significance of public affairs. The records contain mention of all local events bearing upon the general welfare, and apart from the documents best described as of a political nature, there are a few instances where a popular

action resulted in some definite literary production. Such distinction may be claimed for Bacon's Rebellion, a popular manifestation encouraged by a general love for liberty. The historical incident is dramatic in its situation where such a personality as Bacon is pitted against that of Governor William Berkeley, whose irascibility of temper, and whose prayer of thanks that there were no schools or presses in Virginia, have helped accentuate him as a typical colonial governor. The manuscripts known as the Burwell Papers were not discovered until some years after the Revolution; then chance brought them to light in the house of a Virginia family of Burwells, living on Northern Neck. There are many pamphlets extant, records of the Ingram proceedings, the Bacon campaign, a list of executions compiled by Berkeley himself, and finally two productions which have special value of their own. One is in the form of "An Account of Our Late Troubles in Virginia, written in 1676 by Mrs. An. Cotton of Q. Creeke, published from the original MS. in the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer,* of 12 Sept. 1804." The lady traces acutely the Indian difficulties and Berkeley's high-handed refusal to protect the country, which led "the Gent:man (without any scruple) [to] accept[s] of a commission from the people's affections." She addresses herself to a man abroad and displays a sympathy that rises to allegorical heights. For Bacon pursues the wolves who are descending upon innocent lambs, and in return, he and his men are being undeservedly attacked in the rear. Thus does she outline "wordishly" the unsettled matters in the colony.

A companion epistle to "A. C. my Wife" indicates how warmly engaged the husband's interest was. He would lead you to understand the martyrdom of Bacon; his attitude is as strong as that of Berkeley who would hang all of Bacon's "parasytes."

Tyler would have it believed that this same husband who wrote from Jamestown to An. Cotton on June 9, 1676, was also the one to pen the excellent epitaph which was made by Bacon's man. There is some small evidence to strengthen this claim —a similar classicism, and an equal amount of feeling. The verses are undoubtedly excellent in construction and dramatic in appeal. There is an active force at work in them, a mold of expression that has an art effect. It indicates passion; it breathes forth subtlety of moral meaning. There is more finish in its manner of expression. The epitaph is one of the rare results of an art based upon individual emotion rather than upon visual reproduction. In technique it is one of the high literary points in colonial writing.

The mystery which stamps this man with poetic ability, likewise spreads and becomes much more baffling in the case of Ebenezer Cook, Gentleman, a being of jocular breadth, who after leaving his manuscript, "The Sot-weed Factor," for the world to enjoy, disappeared as completely from Maryland as Diedrich Knickerbocker is supposed to have done from New York. He had the forethought, and the critical insight to term his lines, burlesque verse. But despite the humorous character of the jingles, there is a substratum of seriousness that shows Ebenezer Cook, Gentleman, to have been a keen observer beneath the outward masquerading of his *nom de plume*.

Yet he has not quite succeeded in hiding himself entirely. There cannot be ignored the fact that by his very coarseness, his allusions, and ribald tavern manners, this Gentleman had descended in the social scale by his fast living; had, as one of his editors remarks, "very soon discovered that Lord Baltimore's Colony was not the court of her Majesty Queen Anne, or its taverns frequented by Addison and the wits."

And it seems that this versifier was intent on add-

ing mystery unto mystery, for Ebenezer Cook, Gentleman, becomes simply E. C. Gent. in the "Sot-weed Redivivus," which followed the former book. There is small direct evidence that this E. C. is the same man, save that which connects the titles, and associates the forms of verse. And yet it is very evident, on first reading, that Professor Tyler's discrimination is fine and just, when he claims that they resemble each other in coarseness, though the latter is wholly devoid of the former's saving wit.

The first book is resplendent with a descriptive title page—"The Sot-weed Factor: or, A Voyage to Maryland. A Satyr. In which is describ'd The Laws, Government, Courts, and Constitutions of the Country, and also the Buildings, Feasts, Frolicks, Entertainments and Drunken Humours of the Inhabitants of that Part of America. In Burlesque Verse. By Eben. Cook, Gent. London: Printed and Sold by D. Bragg, at the Raven in Pater-Noster-Row. 1708 (Price 6d.)."

In a "wavering boat," he braved the "Surley Ocean," to the shores of Maryland:

> Intending there to open Store,
> I put myself and Goods a-Shoar:
> Where Soon repair'd a numerous Crew . . .
> With neither Stockings, Hat, nor Shooe.

In this metre, akin in its monotonous regularity to the nursery books, he tells how, as a strange conceit, he imagined this the land of Nod, how he crossed in a canoe, which statement is told in a skillful rhyme hinting at Browningesque dexterity in rhyme endings:

> The Indians call this wattery Waggon
> Canoo, a Vessel none can brag on.

And so he lands, and finds himself regarded as a runaway; with his sword lifted in air he brings many to his way of believing, and he is greeted by a planter's

household, where entertainment is for the asking without payment, "syder," "pon," "milk," "mush," "homine," and "mollossus." Mine host is cordial, warns him to train his taste to crudeness, but for to-night, they will drink good rum. Here is the picture: the old planter smoking the "weed" out of his Indian gun, and Cook, guzzling and wild. The indecency of the scenes which follow would be disgusting did they not throw a spark of character light on one who passed as chambermaid, and who was forced to see him to his room; she was representative of a type—women who sold themselves in Maryland, and excused the act by claiming that bondage in this way saved them from a hated nuptial at home.

In Annapolis his description, which Green, the printer, challenged, is fully tinged by unfortunate events which befell him; in such a place, where there is scarcely a roof whole enough to keep out the rain, where the judge is called from his glass and bottle by the beat of drum, prejudice never grants a favorable verdict to a stranger. So he hastily leaves, cursing everyone save English gentlemen like himself:

> May wrath Divine then lay those Region's wast
> Where no Man's Faithful, nor a Woman Chast.

This closes the piece and it is safe to call the author an exaggerator, whose wit reflects much more of himself than of his environment. He was manifestly an adventurer seeking wealth through barter; he evidently knew how to haggle, but in his desire to get the advantage, was himself overtaken by the same tricks. He was not attune to America, nor did he come over for any other reason than to trade. His sense of the incongruous, his peculiarly free manner, together with his aptness in verse-making, emphasize him as a critic who obtains effect through cartoon exaggerations.

His second piece is more in the nature of a treatise: "Sot-weed Redivivus; or, The Planters Looking-Glass. In Burlesque Verse. Calculated for the Meridian of Maryland, by E. C. Gent: Annapolis; William Parks, for the Author. 1730." Tyler might have fortified his doubt that E. C. and Ebenezer Cook, who dwelt in St. Mary's City in 1693, were one and the same person, by one more striking evidence. There are certain lines in the one, similar in sense and wording to lines in the other. History always emphasizes the royal character of the proprietary form of colonial Maryland. The "Redivivus" has an Elegy on the Honorable Nicholas Lowe, one of the 5th Lord Baltimore's Council. The fact that this same Elegy is signed by the initials E. C. with the addition of "Laureat" suggests a curious possibility that the Lord Proprietor, living almost in independent royalty, employed an official Poet-Laureate of Maryland to sing his praises. The Elegy shows no mean ability on E. C.'s part to sing the praises lustily.

The great doubt, however, as to the authenticity of Cook's right to the "Redivivus," lies in the completeness with which he ignored or distorted conditions in the first, and the clearness with which he realized the actual need of the colony in the last piece. In this, he notes the desire for a money standard, he discusses Parliamentary acts to limit the growth of tobacco, he is eager over the knowledge that a press has been established, he advises the proper care of drains in marshes and swamps, he pleads for the shipping interests. In other words, the second author, E. C. as opposed to Ebenezer Cook, Gent., is more a colonist than an adventurer, and he does not fail, in his discussions, to speak of Maryland as "my country." This much we can believe and assert: if he were not the author of both burlesques, the laureate was a very close student of his model.

CHAPTER III

LATER COLONIAL AUTHORS

From James Blair to Patrick Tailfer

It is always a rare satisfaction to pass from shadowy conjectures to substantial and healthy actualities, and in the case of Commissary James Blair (1656-1743), we find one of the few distinct and prepossessing personalities in our colonial literary history. For with his exceptional strength of bearing and earnestness of purpose, he may be placed perhaps in as prominent a light as Jefferson, for being the first to further the cultural element in Southern life.

The many-sidedness of character marks him at once as a man of large view-point; his Scotch blood helps us to understand his stanch practical efforts, and his spiritual seriousness impresses us with his dauntless courage and unerring effort for the good of the Virginia Colony. In 1673, he obtained his Master's degree from Cambridge; by the time he was sent to America, he had served in an Edinburgh parish, and had won favor because of his unswerving faithfulness. Then he had been forced, in 1679, to hasten to England because of the Scotch feeling toward the Episcopal Church. And he turned to the new field with great hope, despite the fact that clergymen were not then in high repute, and the living was by no means assured.

However, in 1685, he cheerfully submitted to the duty imposed upon him, and his destination was Henrico City, which afterwards became Richmond. He put to his work the energy of determination, encouraged partly by the good-will of the Bishop of

London who had urged his mission. Therefore, until 1694, Blair preached, winning the respect of the colonists to such a degree that there was some demur when, during that year, he was called to Jamestown, a little nearer to what was known as the Middle Plantation, where the College was eventually to be established. By 1710, the demand forced him to Williamsburg itself, where he was somewhat loath to go, at the same time realizing the convenience attendant upon the move. For, on December 4, 1710, he wrote: "It is true, I have so many obligations to ye Parish of James City, that nothing but the urgent necessity of health, often impaired by such long winter journeys, and a fear that as age and infirmaties increase, I shall not be able to attend that service (being at such a distance) so punctually as I have hitherto done, could have induced me to entertain anything as of leaving them."

By the time he moved there, he was wed to the daughter of Benjamin Harrison of "Wakefield," Surry County, and what with his own reputation as a preacher, and his popularity as a man, it is easy to imagine that his church became the center for all the well-to-do folks dwelling between the James and the York rivers. John Esten Cooke has given us a fair glimpse of the life of the then capital of Virginia, where the governor dwelt, where the Burgesses met, where soon, the college commencements became a feature of the social season. All classes were assembled there—the refined, the unrefined; the aristocrat, the servant, and the slave. But also, there was destined to arise a middle class which was to be the back-bone, the stamina, of Revolutionary action.

Blair's parish was Bruton, an aggregate of smaller groups, held firmly together by a new church which was soon begun. In this building crowded the élite to hear the unfailing eloquence and earnestness of

the preacher. Whatever his duties might be, whether political or otherwise, James Blair was first, last and always the minister of the Gospel. It was his primary duty to attend to the needs of his flock, and to his assistance he brought the Reverend Hugh Jones, who for an entire year gave Sunday evening sermons. Were Blair to be called away, he was always sure to appoint someone in his stead, and so scrupulous was he, that he always refused the salary due him in spite of his absence.

He was popular, because it appears that he preached a practical Christianity; his texts were usually brought to bear upon immediate problems. He was a type of man who held power because he sought it by just and simple means. He had in him indomitable will to do, and dignity to suffer. He worked sedulously to revive the true spirit of Christianity. His was not to consider morals in theory, but to arouse in others a determination to put into practice what he preached. His sermons, printed in 1722, and brought out in another edition during 1740, number one hundred and seventeen, and are bound together by a unity of interpretation clearly defined in the title: "Our Saviour's Divine Sermon on the Mount contain'd in the Vth, VIth, and VIIth Chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, explained: And the Practice of it Recommended in divers Sermons and Discourses. In four volumes. To which is prefix'd A Paraphrase on the whole Sermon on the Mount: And Two Copious Indexes annex'd; one of the Scriptures explain'd, the other of the particular Heads treated of in the work. By James Blair, M. A. Commissary of Virginia, President of William and Mary College, and Rector of Williamsburgh in that Colony."

The general tone of such an ambitious survey as this might have been purely doctrinal; the pulpit gen-

erally, then as now, could not be tempted to go far beyond the letter. Blair's idea was to interpret the spirit, to apply as he went along, to form a running commentary of useful worth as well as of scholarly value. His interpretation has been widely regarded as a faithful guide to the New Testament. In his prefatory word, Blair reveals his open mind, his balance of the theologian with the man. He expresses his desire, in his sermons, " to adapt them properly to Times, Persons, and Circumstances; to guard them against latent Prejudices, and Secret Subterfuges; and lastly, to enforce them with a becoming Earnestness, and with all the prudent Ways of Insinuation and Addrese." Blair knew that knowledge of the world . . . must be possessed by a minister.

He strove unabatingly to fill the vacancies everywhere found in Virginia; such an out-of-the-way place as this colony was no incentive to London divines, and, wrongly, no efforts were exerted to send over men other than of ordinary ability. Blair rectified all this, and out of his effort to improve conditions, and out of the immediate necessity to supply this want, grew one of the strong incentives for the establishment of William and Mary College.

High authority has ever been the source of extensive jealousy, and Blair soon found himself occupying a position where he was open to unjust censure. He had ever been looked on askance, since he was a Scotchman, but now, in those very conventions which he called together, he found it necessary to offer a stern front to an opposition of large proportions. The scene presented in church meeting must have been striking, and the satire and intellectual contests revealed considerable ability of a brilliant character. Throughout, Blair retained a dignified position, marked by a thorough self-control. Sometimes these assemblies lasted two days.

As the head of such a gathering, no one but a diplomat could have averted open rupture, and all the while clerical conditions were actually improving. By 1733, there were only two vacancies which needed immediate attention.

How far the establishment of William and Mary College remedied these conditions need not occupy our present attention. Blair had begun his efforts as early as 1690. Before then George Sandys, with others, had obtained from his brother a special grant of 10,000 acres for a university at Henrico, and money was contributed as well as public interest secured. But an Indian massacre destroyed the impetus thus started, and it was not until 1660 that the colonial Assembly thought of the means for founding a college and free schools. If the colonists were not of the same mind as Governor Berkeley, they at least were hardly over-enthusiastic in their desire for education on a large scale, any more than they were anxious to settle in cities. The common education was slow to begin; the individual needs were satisfied by tutors sent from abroad. Blair realized this lethargic indifference, and his energy was of the exact kind to cope with the situation. It mattered little if there were a privately endowed school, and a few scattered log cabins devoted to teaching the elements of learning, he determined to develop a realization of the need for something higher.

So he took the campaign right into the House of Burgesses, and in earnest phrases urged the petitions, until he saw general approval gaining ground. What was most desired were charter, land-grants, and part of the quit-rents to begin with. Was this much to ask when the heathens would be more quickly Christianized, and ministers more quickly secured?

In the end, the Assembly of 1691 voted to send Blair to England in the interests of his scheme. He

went over in June, but arrived at an inopportune time, since the King was off to the wars, the Bishop of London ill, and the Archbishop of Canterbury away. With war in Flanders, Parliament had other things than colonial education to bear in mind. Blair exhibited his usual undaunted hopefulness. He was successful in obtaining private funds, and by the wisdom of his talk and the clearness of his views, he won over in the Fall the support of the Bishop and of the Queen; the King and Archbishop followed suit. The charter was granted on February 19, 1693, and with it land and revenue, part of which was collected on export tobacco from Maryland and Virginia. The only opposition he had met with was from the Attorney-General, who, of practical bent, laughed boldly at Blair's statement that the colonists "had souls to be saved as well as their English countrymen." "Souls, damn your souls! Make tobacco!" came the startling reply. The colonists were now beginning to realize that England looked to her possessions for nothing more than material returns.

The history of the college now passes into the active intellectual forces of Virginia life, until it was met by a much larger force in the University of Virginia, when it began to decrease in influence. Its faculty was largely drawn from Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge, and its scholarship produced men of such stamp as Jefferson, Monroe, Marshall and Tyler. It has a right to be regarded as the pioneer force in Southern culture.

Its early life is thus seen to have been protected and encouraged by the careful maneuvers of Blair; both here and abroad he wielded his executive ability wisely, all the more remarkable since he was in constant friction with the executive. We may construct an excellent portrait of the man as a diplomat, whether as one of the Council or as judge of the highest court

in the colony. In these positions, he was brought into relations with Andros, Nicholson, and Spotswood.

Domineering in character, Andros watched zealously every move that such a prominent man as Blair would make. When he struck at the Commissary, he did so by aiming a blow at his efforts to establish the college; probably he also did not hesitate to usurp the prerogatives of the church. Fearlessly, Blair weighed the actual situation, and spoke of the Governor's obstructive policy, thus making a direct statement before the Council. For this action, he was suspended from further meetings, but soon had the satisfaction of learning that the King was surprised at the Governor's unwarranted action.

As Deputy-Governor, Nicholson began by acknowledging the friendship of Blair, but it was not long before his disposition, vain and self-willed, obtained complete mastery over his feelings and his attitude. His assertiveness took the form of vituperation; he swore at his councilors, his actions became immoral, and in every way he made himself obnoxious. This was not to pass unnoticed by Blair, who warned the Governor of his tyranny, and awaited calmly the machinations he was assured would quickly follow. Nicholson at the time was in love, and his paying court was received with no evident encouragement; in consequence, his wrath knew no bounds when he was told that Blair's brother, Archibald, was his supposed rival.

By far the most weighty figure of the three was Governor Spotswood (1710), whose nobility of character was none the less admired because of his overkeen guarding of royal power. This it was that blinded him and became the barrier between himself and Blair. For the two in many details sympathized one with the other, and the Governor's support of the educational policy was balanced by Blair's approval

of Spotswood's desire to penetrate the Blue Ridge mountains, and to settle the valley which lay beyond. We have already seen under what circumstances this was accomplished.

The Church and State were now in juxtaposition; the close policy of the Governor was regarded with ill-favor by the House of Burgesses, inclined to be open in its expression. On the other hand, as willing as Blair was to abide strictly by the letter of the ecclesiastical law, and as wisely as he had shifted his viewpoint from one civil law to the other, in order to keep them separate, he would brook no interference with his own prerogatives. Herein, the policies of Blair and Spotswood clashed, and in consequence misunderstandings arose, during which Byrd and Blair found themselves pitted against each other in the preferred charges. The spirit of protest was assuming vital proportions.

Historically, Blair is a character to be reckoned with; his efforts embrace a large part of colonial history; few have a record to place by his in comparison. The startling figures, first noted by Professor Tyler, should not be overlooked in an estimate: fifty-eight years as a missionary of the Church of England; fifty-four years as Commissary of the Bishop of London; fifty years as President of William and Mary; and fifty years as a member of the King's Council, in which he likewise served as President. He was a true colonial force, a reformer typical of the healthy tissue of Southern life; not vitiated or limited by old conservative ideas, but endeavoring to interpret all actions, all policies, for the good of the greatest numbers.

No one during this time, it may be truly said, had shown a distinctively historical sense, had indeed started out to write an authoritative account of colonization, based as much on sources as on observation. There were now sufficient documentary data and per-

sonal records upon which to draw for a systematic narrative, and no one felt more suited for the self-appointed task than Robert Beverley (*circa* 1675-1716, although other authorities say 1670-1735), who had succeeded his father, in 1697, as clerk of the Council of Virginia, with Andros as Governor, and who, until 1705, when "The History and Present State of Virginia" was issued, became a close student of colonial ways and policies.

I have used a copy of the second edition, embellished with plates graphically described in the text,—illustrations which had first appeared in a French translation. In general it may be claimed for Beverley that he was an extensive reader, and that with due credit to his sources, he drew upon them, quoting passages of salient significance. Besides which, historical fact did not seem to detract from the sense of human value, of poetic feeling with which he coped with natural environment. Show me your adjective and I will tell you how true a part of man the love of Nature is.

Beverley had learned, nevertheless, that not only would the sequence of events which marked the progress of Virginia, be insufficient to indicate its essential value, but that the initial spirit contained in the early colonial colonization tract must be raised to the standard of historical accuracy. Akin to his age in the efflorescent manner of style, his attempt was to reach a comprehensive view of his subject. Therefore, he divided his book into four parts: "(1.) The History of the First Settlement of Virginia, and the Government thereof, to the year 1706. (2.) The natural Productions and Conveniencies of the Country, Suited to Trade and Improvement. (3.) The Native Indians, their Religion, Laws, and Customs, in War and Peace. (4.) The present State of the Country, as to the Polity of the Government, and the Improvements

of the Land, the 10th of June. [By a Native and Inhabitant of the Place. 2nd ed., 1722.]"

In scope, this may not appear to be greater in purpose than what others had already accomplished, but whereas all previous efforts had been more or less casual, this new work had behind it considerable experience. Beverley, as he avers, had from early youth taken notes on government and administration, "With no other Design than the Gratification of my own inquisitive Mind." He was all the more prepared to detect instantly the faulty enthusiasms and the very sweeping claims of other travelers, who not even coming as closely in contact with conditions as himself, yet returned to the mother country with seemingly authoritative accounts full of false exaggeration. This he found to be the case when he came to London in 1703, after service in the colony. A bookseller gave him a manuscript to read—Virginia and Carolina described in six sheets of paper. With innocent unconcern, Beverley began his task, noting the while those corrections which seemed to him desirable as well as imperative. But the author of these inadequate pages was not only faulty, had not only abridged the work of others, but had chosen with almost malicious intent those very passages for quotation which were most untrue. Beverley's report to the bookseller was relentless, and there dawned upon him the necessity of setting to the task himself. He felt himself equipped for the work, but there was a greater motive than this actuating him:

"I should the rather undertake in Justice to So fine a Country; because it has been So misrepresented to the Common People of England, as to make them believe, that the Servants in Virginia are made to draw in Cart and Plow, as Horses and Oxen do in England, and that the Country turns all People black, who go to live there, with other Such prodigious

Phantasms." Nor was it his intention, once the book was written, to have it included with any other person's compilation, such as Oldmixon, who, hearing of this opposition, let spleen against Beverley trickle from his pen point. The new historian, therefore, set to his work with consuming regard for accuracy; his penetration was keen, his mind logical, his examination analytical. He did not refrain from detecting faults in the country he was describing, although in the main his accounts are favorable; he was quick to correct the statements of others, when they did not correspond with what came under his immediate intelligence or observation. He was never caustic, but his humor was dry, incisive, and telling. Quoting one authority, Beverley adds: "He tells of Camels brought by Some Guinea Ships to Virginia; but had not then heard how they throve with us;—I don't know how he should, for there never was any such thing done."

Thus, he sets the standard for historical statement according to his own investigations or observations; he would not accept data second hand; and the bold assertions which he read were regarded by him with suspicion. It is well to hear his own intention: "The Account that I have given in the following Sheets is plain and true, and if it be not written with So much Judgment, or in So good a Method and Stile as I could wish, yet in the Truth of it I rest fully Satisfied. In this Edition I have also retrench'd Such Particulars as related only to private Transactions and Characters in the Historical Part; as being too diminutive to be transmitted to Posterity, and Set down the Succession of the Governors, with the more general Incidents of their Government, without Reflection upon the private Conduct of any Person."

This history of Virginia is a direct document, but it has as well the advantage of being a simple narrative of some picturesqueness. These early chroniclers

because of their nearness to the scene are not obscure, nor does their humanity become imbedded in subtle motives; they describe what they see and their comment is to the point,—naïve in expression but sharply outlined; this is true whether it relate to commerce, religion, or immediate social condition. With considerable skill, Beverley's narrative paints the improvements and deficiencies. His style is in some respects a fair indication of the telling art of the man, for Beverley was often lost in the mere human value of the scene. He writes:

"Sir Edmund Andros being upon a Progress one Summer, call'd at a poor Man's House in Stafford County for Water. There came out to him an ancient Woman, and with her, a lively brisk Lad about twelve Years old. The Lad was So ruddy, and fair, that his Complection gave the Governor a Curiosity to ask Some Questions concerning him; and to his great Surprise was told, that he was the Son of that Woman, at 76 Years of Age. His Excellency, Smiling at this Improbability, enquir'd what Sort of Man had been his Father? To this the good Woman made no reply, but instantly ran, and led her Husband to the Door, who was then above 100 Years old. He confirmed all that the Woman had Said about the Lad, and, notwithstanding his great Age, was Strong in his Limbs, and Voice; but had lost his Sight. The Woman for her part was without Complaint and Seem'd to retain a Vigor very uncommon at her Years. Sir Edmund was So pleas'd with this extraordinary Account, that, after having made himself known to them, he offer'd to take care of the Lad. But they would by no means be persuaded to part with him. However, he gave them 20 Pounds."

This is an agreeable picture, excellently well painted. Beverley was always keen for this warmth of native life; he was equally as intent when it came to obtaining

information from others. Incongruous as it might seem, he describes how, in order to unloose the tongue of an Indian sufficiently to make him talk freely of the redman's conception of God, he plied him with strong cider. Sometimes, nevertheless, his enthusiasm became slightly over-emphasized, but not for any length of time. And however much he tried to counteract the reports which were being spread to the detriment of the colony, and to the discouragement of those wishing to become indentured servants, Beverley did not pass by unnoticed the besetting failing of the whole Southern country. For his history closes with these ominous words of criticism and warning:

"They depend altogether upon the Liberality of Nature, without endeavoring to improve its Gifts by Art or Industry. They Spunge upon the Blessings of a warm Sun, and a Fruitful Soil, and almost grutch the Pains of gathering in the Bounties of the Earth. I should be ashamed to publish this Slothful Indolence of my Countrymen, but that I hope it will Some time or other rouse them out of their Lethargy, and excite them to make the most of all those happy Advantages which Nature has given them; and if it does this, I am Sure they will have the Goodness to forgive me."

The establishment of a center of learning in Virginia attracted several worthy men to the faculties, among whom the Reverend Hugh Jones stands distinct for his literary accomplishment. Holding the position of Rector of Jamestown, he likewise presided as professor of mathematics in the college. Having the distinction of being chaplain of the colonial Assembly, he is just as unique for being the first to write text-books in this country—an English grammar, an Accidence to Christianity, and an Accidence to Mathematics. But the work by which he is known is his critical treatise on Virginia, wherein he shows a power to be picturesque, to be active, to be analytic in reaching the

crux of any situation, to be synthetic when any new scheme is unfolded. His book bears the title: "The Present State of Virginia, giving a particular and Short Account of the Indian, English and Negro Inhabitants of the Colony, Shewing their Religion, Manners, Government, Trading, Way of Living, &c., with a description of the Country. From whence is inferred a Short view of Maryland and North Carolina. To which is added, Schemes and Propositions for the better Promotion of Learning, Religion, Inventions, Manufactures, and Trade in Virginia and the other Plantations. For the Information of the Curious, and for the Service of Such as are engaged in the Propagation of the Gospel and Advancement of Learning, and for the Use of all Persons concerned in the Virginia Trade and Plantation." (1724.)

This very clearly indicates that Jones has in the major part of his book simply retraced the ground covered by others; the advantage in examining somewhat closely the different divisions of the work lies in the point of view, which is more critical, and more keen in its insight into the future effect of present evils. "I have industriously avoided the ornamental Dress of Rhetorical Flourishes, esteeming them unfit for the naked Truth of historical Relations, and improper for the Purpose of General Propositions." The life of the colony has interest for him; also the native capacity for doing things, the public participation in the Governor's balls. He recognizes a transplanted English gentry in the first families that roll in Coach or Chaise toward Virginia's capital; he has sensed the economic reasons for the disinclination of the Virginia gentleman to live in towns. With an almost prophetic attitude, he points out the evils of slavery; and thus in the midst of a civilization which Jones has unconsciously indicated as peculiar to soil and climate, he tries to reckon with the free and easy

manners of a patriarchal form of life. By taste and inclination, the Southern planter is a business man; he does not read, but talks and appeals by word; Jones knew his limitations, his style. Through his text-books he tried to counteract this book indolence. He was used to being waited on; he did not regard labor as worthy of notice by a gentleman, and more willingly embraced horse-racing or cock-fighting. The details are minute appertaining to the country life of the hospitable planter. There is a tone which deplores the waste of energy and the overlavishness of Nature. In other words, to this writer, the Southern people were epicures who were wasteful in their hospitality and plentiful in all things pertaining to their palates.

The white servants were particularly considered by him—the three classes of wage, indentured and criminal folk, the latter of whom they could have very well dispensed with. Jones shows practical economic insight and is unfailing in his observation of the condition of the comparatively few poor, and of the factors who managed and directed the business of the stores and warehouses. He seemed to be fully aware of the activity all about him; was a reader of Smith and of Beverley; was naturally keenly alive to the energy and responsibility of Blair; and from his knowledge, he began a species of constructive reasoning that took shape in various schemes for the betterment of the higher life of the colony.

In regard to the churches, Jones comments on the isolation of meeting-houses, the great distances compelling rich families to have their own rector, and making the head of a parish practically an independent minister, who could develop moral customs of his own. The parish schools were rudimentary and a crying need to him was the baptizing of Indians and Negroes; this latter desire was not to improve their

chances in a world spiritual, but to turn them into better servants, "for Christianity encourages and orders them to become more humble." Approaching the subject from the ultra-critical standpoint, it is understood how Jones's thoughts were centered on the Accidence of Christianity.

The views expressed, whether economic, religious, or educational, are not narrow; they are characterized by some reading, by wide investigations which included the States of Maryland and North Carolina; they are not overlavish in praise, they are bold and direct in condemnation. In fact, as Jones says, "I deliver my Sentiments in as free and plain a manner as I can, Specifying what Redundancies or Deficiencies occur to my Opinion." His schemes are manifold, not pertaining to one interest, but well apportioned in all directions. He would have a more definite educational system, to be run on a financial basis which was practical as well as just. He had watched closely the difficulties under which Blair had labored, and he learned the hampering influences besetting a college. When he proposes improvements in the direction of the religious welfare in Virginia, he again speaks from experience. His conviction is that nowhere more than in the colonies is an efficient clergy needed; and though there was a rooted prejudice against such a thing as an ecclesiastical court, the morals and practices should be submitted to the rigor of constant visitation and searching examination. Thus determined in his opinions, he was no less firm in regard to the arts, inventions, manufactures, and trade schemes which would conduce to the betterment of Virginia.

These men who wrote in this manner were distinctive for the attention which they paid to all the activities of their immediate life; they were truly citizens in the sense that they tried to express themselves on

the questions of the day. They were not literary men; they were dealing with facts, with immediate conditions. They were all more or less economists; in this field they received their important stimulus. They did not chant from the shadow of the meeting-house, but stood in the midst of their plantations, reckoning how best to profit by their acres. Still, though this material criticism is the one generally taken by planters, it must not be forgotten that already a college had been founded and the clergy were becoming better prepared for the work before them. The cultural element was strong, if not austere. Because of this latter characteristic, New England has always held dominance as being more conservative.

A figure rising head and shoulders above the colonial men of his time was Colonel William Byrd, of Westover (1674-1744), an interesting contrast to the thorough, disinterested and earnest James Blair. He is the typical landed proprietor; his family the romantic exponents of that aristocratic society which has blinded so many to the other current of Southern life upon which the present life has risen. Without our old aristocracy, we would have been so much the poorer; they developed that courage, that independence, that respect for honor, that sense of duty, that adherence to locality, which sustained us in the hour of carnage, and in the after silence, when the land lay in ruins. The Byrds were all possessors of charming personalities; the romance of Evelyn, so constantly the source for novels, and the regal largeness of Westover are not, however, sufficient to disguise certain phases which bear upon the fundamental peculiarities of Southern life. For this reason alone it is desirous to enter upon some lengthy account of the Byrds, their holdings and their social state.

Writers lay much stress upon the fact that the land

W Byrd.

From a painting owned by Miss Stewart, of Brook Hill. Autograph from the Virginia Historical Society. Illustration and autograph used by courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

holdings of the country gentleman, possible only where a system of servitude was maintained, aided in the creation of an aristocratic class of Southern people. The Stuarts, after the Restoration, encouraged this exclusiveness and in their political appointments favored those who were most comfortably circumstanced. These men possessed certain ideals, and developed a domineering family pride that assumed the right to govern. The laws regulating the distribution of land were easily evaded; the first rule allotting fifty acres to a colonist expanded, and by 1699, the Council conceded the right to buy importation privileges for the insignificant sum of five shillings. Naturally, estates increased at a rapid rate and so likewise did slavery, for white labor had proven a failure under conditions which allowed the indenture to expire and the servant, after a few years, to become a land holder. The economic condition thus forced a social state, and the immediate result was that servitude increased and the white servant or wage earner, encumbered by the restrictions of the Virginia law, hastened to North Carolina. Virginia might receive, as she did, an influx of Cavaliers boasting good blood, but what was gained at the top was naught in comparison with what was lost at the bottom. The Cavalier was soon assimilated; the debtor after serving his time was still looked down upon in Virginia, so he found it easier to face life anew in North Carolina; the servant, freed from bondage, and wanting land to till, found the tidewater district already overcrowded and so had to choose between the rocky and unproductive land, for which a large price was asked, or else had to move away. The Virginian therefore moved, land being comparatively cheap in North Carolina; the migration assumed such proportions that the Board of Trade gave the matter serious consideration in 1708. With the appearance of the Byrd family in 1670, the popula-

tion of Virginia was a fixed quantity and received no infusion from the outside until 1730, when the Scotch-Irish overran the Valley of the Shenandoah.

Unfortunately, the immediate members of the Byrd family were too imbued with gentry ideals, were too much of the squire class, ever to become independent of the mother country. In their instance, we may follow the growth of the line through three generations, just as in the case of the Lords Baltimore, and we may trace the effect of a system of living that created its highest point of brilliancy in William Byrd[II], and, between 1670 and 1777—a little more than a century, which marked the arrival of Byrd[I] and the decadence of Byrd[III] (who was with Braddock and Washington, whose son was an English captain in the Revolution, and who came to an ignominious end by killing himself)—showed the defects of Virginia life.

The position of William Byrd[I] was defined by his maternal grandfather, Thomas Stegg, and further bettered by his uncle, the second Thomas Stegg. Both men had wealth and colonial standing, which served their young descendant well. When Byrd was called to assume his social responsibilities, he took unto himself a wife—daughter of a Cavalier soldier, who had hied to Virginia to escape Puritan rule, —and settled upon his uncle's estate of 1800 acres. He immediately began to manifest that keenness for trade which made him not only a powerful merchant, but also a shrewd bargainer with the Indians. He may have been limited in his view by the demands of his environment, but there was an innate sense of the practical in his dealings, evident in the orders he sent to the Barbadoes for commodities, slaves, and special laborers.

In public life, he rapidly rose to distinction. But it seems that he never allowed civic events to inter-

fere with his own interests. Despite the fact that Berkeley had benefited by Stegg's will,—being a friend of the family,—the Governor was not zealous in his desire to leave good enough alone as to the trade with Indians. In interfering, he thus stirred up, or rather hastened, Bacon's Rebellion, which enlisted the sympathies of Byrd, because, no doubt, he saw future curtailment of his trading privileges. But no sooner did the uprising take on a more revolutionary aspect than he hastened to resign, in no way harmed, as far as public opinion was concerned.

He had the instincts of the monopolist, as was soon after evident when he proposed to take over all the privileges of trade with the Indians, assuring satisfactory relations, prompt payment of tribute, and thorough surveying of unexplored land. In this respect, he was much more an interested party than his son, who later, while accumulating properties, did not do so with quite the same selfish grasp. Notwithstanding his bid, however, Byrd was defeated, and he saw the opportunity of curtailing free trade once more disappear from his view.

Always alert to social rank and pecuniary benefit, he next sought the post of Auditor, and sailed for England to bring influence to bear on his appointment. The title was not free, but nothing daunted, Byrd speculated and made a deal with the incumbent, whereby he was to share the post, collecting quit-rents as well as taxes, which were paid in tobacco. The constant fluctuation in the value of this last commodity resulted in difficulties with the Parson's salaries, which, as history indicates, enlisted the initial powers of Patrick Henry.

Once collected, this tobacco was sold, the contention between King and Council resting on whether the disposal should be public or private. Byrd's natural trading inclination may have led him into

some subtle dealings which kept his accounts from balancing, but notwithstanding, his general character frees him from any grave accusation. Besides which, he continued to rise in position, the height of his ambition—to be President of the Council—becoming realized shortly before his death. He was active in all public matters, and we notice further his keen interest in the contract for building the Chapel of William and Mary College.

Wealth in the colony meant a corresponding increase of social prestige. Byrd bettered his home with every betterment of his business interests, finally moving to Westover, where he had sent from abroad the necessary comforts of life. When he ordered his wine, he likewise saw to it that he was commissioned to supply the Council with the same, thereby gaining in the whole transaction. Through all trade, he moved with dignity—the pride of a land-owner, aware of the primitiveness of the country, inasmuch as his daughters were educated in England. One of these girls became the wife of Robert Beverley, the colonial historian.

Byrd's mind was always fixed on increasing his estate, which finally grew to large proportions, beginning as we have noted, with 1800 acres, and totaling 26,231 acres. Much of this represented investment on trading profits, despite the difficulties experienced in importing and in exporting, as well as the difficulties of storing and the losses consequent thereon. As one historian has written concerning colonial commerce: "It was more frequent to find competition among the Virginians to get shipping facilities than among the ships to get freight." The land system was so ingrained in Virginia, that any move to give the middle man a chance was instantly handicapped. It is well, as a suggestion of Southern deficiency, to note that in 1691, when there was an evident desire on the

part of some to encourage the building of cities, the rich planter ardently opposed any legislation to that effect.

In character, Byrd was genial, which added a certain grace to his business proclivities. It is necessary thus to record his life, so as to explain the inherited traits as well as the inherited responsibilities which add to the picture of the next representative. When the father's death took place, after a number of sorrowful years (bereft of daughters and wife, and with only a housekeeper by), every worldly possession was bequeathed to the son, even to certain local posts. The difference between the two was one of degree rather than of kind; they both possessed a certain culture, and a certain practical turn. The son was by far more devoted to culture, studying both in London and in Holland, where he was a purchaser of books, which afterwards formed part of the valuable Westover library, famed as the most extensive library at the time in the colonies. Evidently, with his mind on eventually returning to Virginia (where he was born on March 28, 1674), he paid some attention to the conditions of trade, finally entering Middle Temple to study law. He was a sociable young fellow, a quality which never deserted him. As evidence of his tenacity of spirit, it is told how, when a student, in 1696, he became close friend of Benjamin Lynde, who was to be Chief Justice of Massachusetts. In 1736, he wrote to the latter in jaunty manner: "If I could persuade our captain of the guard-ship to take a cruise to Boston at a proper season, I would come and beat up your quarters at Salem. I want to see what alterations forty years have wrought in you since we used to intrigue together in the Temple." He never lost his English outlook.

When Byrd returned to the colonies in 1696, he found his position practically fixed for him, and a

few months after his arrival he was seated as member of the Assembly. The next year he sailed for England to represent Andros against Blair, a circumstance which has already been commented upon, and evidently his transactions were pleasing to his factions, inasmuch as, in 1698, he received the further appointment of agent for the colony, a post which he retained until 1702. There was an amount of delicacy attached to the office which Byrd met with seeming tact and grace; but on the other hand, in spite of the fact that the King was brought into opposition with him, his life was not without its attractions which his genial temper made the most of. It is an agreeable picture we obtain of his social and literary life. We know that as a Fellow of the Royal Society, he read a paper in 1697, being "An Account of a Negro Boy that is dappled in Several Places of his Body with White Spots."

In 1706, Byrd married Lucy, daughter of General Daniel Park, inheriting thereby more worldly goods. Four years afterwards, when Spotswood reached Virginia as Lieutenant-General, there began a régime which showed the representative of the Crown to be a tenacious advocate of royal prerogative, and hence brought this power in conflict with the rights of the Council. For the latter had developed within them the spirit of self-government, and Spotswood's tight rein only served to make more evident the unity of colony sentiment which grew later into a force prompting the Revolution.

Byrd was deeply involved in the struggle with the Lieutenant-General, who assailed the manner in which accounts were rendered him of the quit-rent collections. Perhaps there was an increasing feeling, on the part of the colonists, that the Crown was unduly anxious to gather unto itself the moneys which should have benefited the growing community, for, in 1715,

Byrd was in England, emphasizing the necessity for using the quit-rents to make "home-improvements."

It is not our province to record the bitter antagonism that increased between Byrd and Spotswood, in which the former exhibited his tendency to sarcasm. He opposed another attempt to monopolize Indian trade, a condition which his father would have welcomed, having himself sought; he opposed any entertainment of the prerogative of the general court by the acknowledgment of the priority of the King's prerogative. In all of this opposition we recognize in Byrd no loss of English sentiment, but only the emphasis of a feeling which has always actuated the English since the days of the Magna Charta. But during all this feud, the personal relations between the two men were not wholly opposed, although they must have been modified somewhat by Spotswood's attempt to remove Byrd and Blair. Indeed, it was because the latter feared this step on the part of the Board of Trade, that he eventually gave way before the persistent assertion of the Lieutenant-General.

Byrd was absent from the colony for a number of years, stretching over different periods. He himself acknowledged that his country life partly destroyed the zest which London had formerly conveyed to him. His daughters, the famous beauty Evelyn, and Wilhelmina, were being educated abroad and in 1716, his wife, suddenly seized with smallpox, died of the plague. When finally, having married again in 1724, he returned to his Virginia estate, he settled down to the regular life of an English country gentleman.

Byrd never quite relinquished his civic activity, and moreover, his brain was too plastic, too sensitive in its flow of human sympathy to remain isolated from the general movement of life. It was after 1726 that

his literary career began, for it must be remembered that, historically, the boundary disputes between Virginia and the Carolinas arose in 1727. Byrd's usefulness in this survey kept him in public demand until 1736, when, at the age of sixty-two, he did his last official work for the colony.

It is well to note the characteristics of Byrd which made him popular in England and in Virginia. His delicacy of taste was seen in the well-ordered slope of his grounds to the river, in the individual interest he gave to book-buying, and in his liking for pictures. He was a product of his age, cursed with the prevalent desire for land. From his father, he inherited an inclination to speculate, and he purchased from North Carolina 20,000 acres which he called "The Land of Eden"; he later increased his estate of 26,231 acres to 179,440 acres. This enormous acquisition was partly obtained, it must be added in justice to Byrd, for the purpose of distributing it to desirable emigrants. When he died on August 26, 1744, he was nevertheless a disappointed man, for the Crown had not adequately recognized his services. In some ways, he was in advance of his time, for he congratulated Oglethorpe when he heard that negroes and rum had been excluded from Georgia. Perhaps he uttered a Southern sentiment when he warned Oglethorpe to beware of the "Saints of New England."

It is an agreeable task to record Byrd's activity as a writer. In observation, he correlates a practical consideration of the immediate needs with an acutely live interest in the humor of conditions. Some critics apply the term "sprightly" to his style, a quality very dominant in his work. But there was something more than that. Let us acknowledge that his manner is somewhat fraught with the characteristics marking Addison and Steele, who were his contemporaries; let us also claim that had he lived wholly in

England, this sprightliness, which at times partakes of the quaint nothing of Pepys in the observation of small manners, might have turned to the same literary form. Nevertheless, however English in feeling, however contemporary in style, his form of thought, his cast of observation, his reasoning tendencies, actuated by the environment rather than by the time,—in other words, his activity from the Virginian, rather than from the English, point of view entitle him to be regarded as much of a Southerner, considering the initial formative force of colonial individuality, as Franklin was an American.

Byrd's idealism was fraught with a full realization of practical conditions. It was his very ability to reveal the truth in human fashion that enriched his humor, making it quaint, naïve, piquant. His matter-of-fact records are permeated with the elements of a pure comic spirit which do not hide but enhance the essential details. His humor is never unreasonable, is never gross; if any defect is to be found in it at all—a defect which is none the less a charm—it rests in a childish credence which is shown in the superstitions and countless marvels reported to him.

Byrd's chief literary contributions comprise: (1) "History of the Dividing Line" (1728), written from manuscript notes taken during the expedition; (2) "A Progress to the Mines" (1732); and (3) "A Journey to the Land of Eden" (1733); to these may be added miscellaneous letters of a business, social, and family character, contained in the "Westover Manuscripts." In all of these he exhibits a wonderful understanding of the relation which existed, and which should exist, between the people and the soil. He comprehended the defects of the Southern system, he was aware of the benefits of husbandry, he possessed an accurate discrimination; he was indeed a political economist, as were most colonial writers.

But he, likewise, was thoroughly seasoned with the real literary sense, while the value, the permanency of his good-natured gibing is not without its deeper intention to serve as a moral and social corrective. He had an imagination also, one which could carry an event beyond its immediate occurrence, which could endow incidents with a human potency; that is why at times I am almost tempted to say that, in his treatment of animals, he may be considered as the first American Ernest Thompson Seton. Certainly he is a greater lover of animals than Seton, in this respect, perhaps, being closer to La Fontaine.

As an observer during the North Carolina expedition, Byrd became fully aware of the slothfulness of his neighbors; unlike Smith, he did not show a ready wit in suggesting a way to alter this indifference, but it is evident throughout his narrative that he was aware of the danger which lay in the easy response of the land; sometimes the people would "take more pains to Seek for Wild Fruit in the Woods, than they would have taken in tilling the ground." Again, we hear him saying that to fell a tree rather than to climb it, is "the Shortest Way (which in this country is always the best)." His eye was ever quick to see the lack of initiative around him, the desire to escape work as well as debts. One cannot but detect in Byrd a certain contemptuous attitude toward North Carolina colonists, but his enthusiasm rose to poetic heights, drawing from his ready source of literary similes and metaphors in describing the natural surroundings.

A few pages of Byrd's text will convince the reader that he had a remarkably feeling response to the value of words in description; this only comes through a certain cultural refinement, and through innate sensitiveness to beauty which proclaims to a degree the artist. We meet with such phrases as the "ex-

quisitely soft" down of geese, the "fear of growing too tender," "a clear sky, spangled with stars," the "charming river," "the trees grow very kindly," "the purling stream," trees with "vines marry'd to them, if I may be allow'd to speak so poetically." At one time, they passed a "limpid stream, and the Murmur it made, in tumbling over the Rocks, caus'd the Situation to appear very Romantick, and had almost made some of the Company Poetical, tho' they drank nothing but Water."

Another characteristic of Byrd is that, while in many respects he was a thorough-going believer in caste, and while his aristocratic bearing was quite fitted to the comforts of a coach, as a surveyor or a commissioner of survey he proved himself democratic, at the same time that he was a lover of the open. It is not surprising, in view of this, to find him regarding natural obstacles as an excellent means of proving one's horsemanship.

These, we believe, represent fairly Byrd's claim to be regarded as one of the chief colonial writers in the South. Not only does he paint his scene agreeably, but vividly; he does not bore one with too much technical enumeration, and when he has to be prosaic, his style is too unctuous to pall. One says, after dipping here and there—and in most colonial writing, a reader might dip with advantage—that the writer has the ability to hold attention through charm, through a love and relish for life itself. But throughout, though it is American soil he praises, Byrd is still the Englishman, however much an English colonist. When he sees the Southern mountains, his thoughts are that here the government has awaiting it "Natural Fortifications before the French." And surely no more patriotic Fourth of July could have been celebrated than the King's birthday, observed in the wilderness!

In no sense ought we to lose sight of the fact that this colonial period in Southern Literature affords us no opportunity of placing a direct value upon the writing done as an artistic product; the spirit prompting the narrative was not that which is characterized as love of adventure; it was purely a spirit prompted by utilitarian needs. But whereas we have been led to believe the Southern colonist an adventurer only, it is of significance to note that these early chronicles were nearly always prompted by a definite desire to encourage colonizers on the one hand, and to counteract ill reports on the other. In view of such object or aim, it is of profit to measure the spontaneous feeling which permeates the colonial attitude —an attitude that developed a love of soil, a realization of what was best for those attached to the soil, and a gradual pride in the life established to accord with the economic and social life fostered by the soil. These colonial writers were ardent defenders of their locality, and they were often pushed into their literary undertakings through moral recognition of their duty to their environment.

William Stith, the historian (1689-1755), was such a man; in him we note strongly defined an independence which actuated him to speak openly, in an attempted detached manner—as a colonist rather than as an Englishman. Of worthy family, his uncle being Sir John Randolph, he himself attained the honored position of President of William and Mary College, after which, retiring and having upon his hands much leisure, he bethought him to further aid his public with the service of penning "The History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia (1753)." His critical sense likewise had been sufficiently sharpened to see the weakness of his contemporary sources, and in all of his work, whether it be in running narrative or in quoting, he exhibits

a particular care and an excellent independence of view. For he writes, to take a typical statement:

"As for King James I, I think & Speak of him, with the Same Freedom & Indifferency, that I would think & Speak of any other Man, long Since dead; & therefore, I have no way restrained my Stile, in freely exposing his weak and injurious Proceedings."

His zealous care to reproduce only accuracy, led him to desire the inclusion of numberless papers of curious worth, besides original excerpts from the records. But on account of the possibilities of his work exceeding one volume, when the danger was that his countrymen might have to pay "above half a Pistole," the book was brought to a close. Notwithstanding, his tone was sufficiently outspoken to note the spirit of revolution. He declares in his preface:

"If we have a Right to all the Liberties, Franchises, and Immunities of Englishmen, . . . what Liberty, Franchise, or Immunity is dearer or more essential to Englishmen, than to be Subject to Such Laws, as are enacted, and to be liable to no Taxes, but what are laid upon them, by their own Consent, in a Parliamentary way?"

When we discoursed upon William Byrd's point of view as regards the province of North Carolina, we mentioned John Lawson as one of the Commission which encountered the hardships in the Dividing Line Survey. It is very natural that the following should stand to his credit: "A New Voyage to Carolina; Containing the Exact Description & Natural History of that Country; Together with the Present State thereof. And a Journal of a Thousand Miles, Travel'd thro' Several Nations of Indians, Giving a particular Account of their Customs, Manners, etc. By John Lawson, Gent. Surveyor-General of

North Carolina (London. Printed in the year 1709)." As an address to the Lords Proprietors of the colony, he recommends it for its Truth, "A Gift," he adds, with naïveté, "which every Author may be Master of, if he will." It is worth noting that he bemoans the type of colonists peopling his land, for the traders are possessors of "slender education," while the French show their wisdom by shipping over Clergymen and Gentlemen, who, with a larger intellectual equipment, are better able to judge of the true colonial conditions.

Like all early writers, there is an easy confidence in Lawson's statements, backed as they were by a traveling experience of eight years. There is no attempt made by him other than plain statement, which to him is "preferable to a Smooth Stile, accompany'd with Falsities & Hyperboles." He was also markedly disinterested in his observation, for he had only been in this country since 1700, during which year, while in Rome, he had been persuaded to turn his face to the West. In his description, in the minute recording of details, he in no wise surpasses others who have practically covered the same ground. Yet there is a decided contrast between Byrd's condescending view of North Carolina inferiority and the bright, hopeful and luxuriant picture sketched by Lawson. The colonists had trained eyes; through necessity, through interest, they observed everything of physical and social import; that is why the work, though seeking to be unified, is largely fragmentary, and as typical on one page as on another. The writers viewed things with a freshness that was quite as much due to their newness as to their nearness. Lawson's narrative is largely favorable; he pictures the lands fruitful, the planters easy and hospitable, the rivers spacious and running through "noble Prospect." His enthusiasm,

perhaps too colored, often reached poetic fervor, as in his description of Sapona River:

"This most pleasant River may be something broader than the Thames at Kingston, keeping a continual pleasant warbling Noise, with its reverberating on the bright Marble Rocks. It is beautified with a numerous Train of Swans, and other sorts of Water-Fowl, not common, though extraordinary pleasing to the Eye. The forward Spring welcom'd us with her innumerable Train of small Choristers, which inhabit those fair Banks; the Hills redoubling, and adding Sweetness to their melodious Tunes by their Shrill Echoes. One side of the River is hemm'd in with mountaing Ground, the other Side proving as rich a Soil to the Eye of a knowing Person with us, as any this Western World can afford."

The historical student will discern throughout the colonial writings a feeling of local pride that often overflowed into a most pronounced form of criticism. Byrd did not hesitate to offer his opinion of the state of North Carolina, and in the case of Georgia and South Carolina, Alexander Garden did not hesitate to condemn the proceedings of George Whitefield, who from the moment of his arrival in the province of Oglethorpe, upset the established canons of religion, and himself opposed the restrictions placed upon negro slave employment. The physical condition of the soil demanded black labor in Georgia; pressure was brought to bear upon the subject, with the idea, as Whitefield himself wrote to the Trustees, December 6, 1748, "that Georgia never can or will be a flourishing province without negroes are allowed." It was a case of proving to the Trustees that black labor was superior to white, especially as the time service of the whites was either expiring or not being fulfilled. Therefore, in 1741, Whitefield se-

cured land in Carolina which he called "Providence," and worked it with negro labor, announcing his intention of supporting his Orphan House at Bethesda, Georgia, with the proceeds; in this establishment he did some of his most striking charitable work.

Alexander Garden (1685-1756) figures in the opposition against Whitefield; he was a man of pronounced learning and piety, and his literary activity was purely of a religious trend. Reaching America as rector of St. Philip's, Charleston, he likewise assumed the position of Commissary of the Bishop of London for the two Carolinas, Georgia, and the Bahama Islands. This was in 1720, so that by 1740, when he haled Whitefield before the ecclesiastical court in Charleston for violations of the canons of the church, he was sufficiently established in public favor, as well as in church power, to urge Whitefield's suspension. During 1740, he wrote six letters against Methodism, and his sermons likewise were aimed in the same direction. From the literary point of view, the contents of these writings can largely be passed over; it is only necessary to glance cursorily through one as an indication of the spirit moving the South Carolina divine. The South in its religious history was more overwrought by the sectarian movement than the North, which was predominantly under the influence of Puritanism. One of the essential differences between the Upper and the Lower South is found in the solidarity of the Church of England throughout the former and the disintegrating forces of sectarianism in the latter, which resulted in a diversity of sectarian schools, and in a consequent weakening of general education.

But to return to Garden, who may well be characterized by a letter written to a third party, concerning Whitefield and his Orphan House. Naturally his view is a prejudiced one and likewise an incensed one;

it represents fairly well the alarm caused by the advent of Methodism* in the South, a movement contemptuously styled "Franticks" by its opposers. The value of Garden to us is that by his temper he measures one of the social forces which marked the development of the colonial South. Indeed, as he says, there were bitterness and virulency in abundance, and if Whitefield hurled denunciations upon the Church of England, finding Garden in his way, he must have used all the energy in his power to set public opinion against him.

Garden may have repented the strong flavor of his anathemas against Methodism, but his conscience upheld him in his ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the worldly position of Whitefield. If he turned the court upon the offender, it was not the first time recalcitrant clergymen had been brought before him on far lesser charges. Garden's tone is sufficiently exemplified in the following quotation:

"As to the State of Religion in this Province, it is bad enough, God knows. Rome and the Devil have contrived to crucify her 'twixt two Thieves, Infidelity and Enthusiasm. The former, alas! too much still prevails; but as to the latter, thanks to God, it is greatly subsided, & even on the Point of vanishing away. We had here Trances, Visions, & Revelations, both 'mong Blacks & Whites, in abundance. . . . Bad also is the present State of the Poor Orphan

* The Methodist movement in the South may here be traced, since the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, together with Whitefield, settled in Georgia, Savannah being, as the historian Stevens says, "one of the birthplaces of Methodism." He sailed for Georgia on December 28, 1737, with his friend, James Habersham, the latter name preserved in the Lanier family. The Orphan House is described, with illustration, in Stevens' "History of Georgia" (vol. i, p. 309 *seq.*, ed., 1847); see Whitefield's "Journals and Letters," also Philip's "Life and Times of the Reverend George Whitefield."

House in Georgia; that Land of Lies, & from w[ch] we have no Truth, but what they can neither disguise nor conceal. The whole Colony is accounted here one great L—e from the beginning to this Day; & the Orphan House, you know, is a Part of the whole—A scandalous *Bubble !"*

This local sense of criticism is more pointed and more splenetically seen in the case of Patrick Tailfer and his associates, who set up a strong opposition to the mandates of Oglethorpe, and who poured upon the latter the sarcasm of a bitter pen. The indelible impress of a man of violent temper has stamped the private character of Tailfer; he was once convicted of murdering a servant, the coroner proving his case, but the law was not rigorous, and so he escaped. In all matters pertaining to civic life he was a disturbing element, acting at times independently of authority. On such an initiative, he brought upon him the opposition of Oglethorpe. For when Tailfer, during 1739, raised a company of militia apart from the colonial forces, yet thereafter demanded that he and his men be recognized officially, the authorities failed, in fact refused, to do so.

General Oglethorpe's refusal to meet this demand led to Tailfer's departure from Savannah for Charleston, where he became associated with Anderson and Douglas,—all three Scotchmen,—and likewise became involved in the disputes which were soon manifest between Georgia and South Carolina. Such irritation, due to the uneven bestowal of colonial authority, was just the opportunity Tailfer wanted, and if his biographer is correct—a biographer, it is to be noted, who relies on the journals of Stephens who was, together with Oglethorpe, the target for his shafts of dissatisfaction—he set himself pointedly "to cater to popular feeling."

We thus have no agreeable figure to deal with in

Patrick Tailfer, nor was he one to base his arguments or his spirit on any sound evidence; rather was he one to resort to sarcasm as a means of misrepresentation. In fact, it has been truly written of his published account that "the veiled personalities which it tolerates, but evince the cowardice and the meanness of the detractor." His dedication was addressed to Oglethorpe, in itself a deeply thought-out scheme to make more poignant the force of his scarcely hidden innuendoes; the tone is mean and the matter is hardly new, although its aggressiveness is interesting because of its combativeness; it likewise is local, and territorial differences in the colonies were marked. The whole title runs: "A True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia in America, from the first Settlement thereof until this present period: containing the most authentic facts, matters and transactions therein: together with his Majesty's charter, representations of the people, letters, and a dedication to his excellency General Oglethorpe. By Pat. Tailfer, M. D., Hugh Anderson, M. A., Da. Douglas, and others, Landowners in Georgia, at present in Charleston, South Carolina."

The treatise is conceived from the angle of vision that reveals the sore spots in the colonial development of Georgia; it is a view of conditions in a fair land that would be fair indeed, were there, at the head, men who could grapple with things, men who, unlike Oglethorpe, were not satisfied with their own mismanagement. The contention was chiefly that the General was denying his colony those liberties which bring with them rapid and healthy growth. "You have afforded us the opportunity of arriving at the integrity of the primitive times, by entailing a more than primitive poverty on us." Such is a fair example of the recriminations and accusations.

As his subject progresses, Tailfer confesses that

indignation swells within him; Oglethorpe is not, to him, the strong man of the hour, but the weak man of the irrelevant hour, a politician who confuses the full significance of his prerogative. Tailfer is very particular not openly to be brazen, but his attitude is that of the apologist on the floor of Parliament or the Senate; he is bitter, vindictive, and only for that reason is he particularly interesting. The literary student of Tailfer must satisfy himself with the tone of the written work generally; not establish the measure of his correctness from the historical view-point. As a pure matter of local color, it interests him to measure by the historical fact, how much cause there was for indignation. When a man persistently attacks the illegal methods of the magistrates, when he is confident of the betterment of the colony after the people are allowed their rightful privileges, it is hard for the historian to ignore the popular feeling which underlies the motive, the initiative.

Tailfer was an agitator in colonial letters; he was a muck-raker, if you will, but more in the spirit of pique than of whole-souled investigation. He was against Oglethorpe and showed no willingness to do aught but prove the situation "melancholy." Treaties were made only with worthless Indians; while the restrictions on negro labor, the prohibition of rum, the unwise division of land—all these only increased colonial limitations.

Literarily, the Colonial Period produced nothing large in the South; it did not even establish the literary tone which might have marked the Southern spirit, as Puritanism undoubtedly marked New England and gripped it in fact till after the Civil War. In the North, the pulpit produced a mass of material, practical in part, but chiefly directed toward the spiritual welfare. The Southern writers were largely land exploiters, whose aim was somewhat akin to that

adopted by commercial organizations eager to open up and develop an unfrequented region. The generations of writers we have thus far dealt with, were in no intensive way attached to the soil; their minds were not molded under the influence of new environment. As Englishmen they came to see, and as Englishmen they wrote.

But no man can resist judging of acts, of events, by their effect upon a narrowed territory; slowly there crept into the make-up of the colonial Englishman, the attitude of the community man who would govern at home rather than be governed from a distance. This note comes in flashes in the so-called literature of the period; so does the spirit of resistance. The type of Southern writing, the type of Southern man, had not as yet become clearly defined. But notwithstanding, the Southern conditions were growing more marked, socially, sociologically, and economically, as we have seen in our preliminary survey of early social forces.

II

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

*TABLE OF AUTHORS

ORATORS, STATESMEN, BIOGRAPHERS, HISTORIANS, PAMPHLETEERS, POETS

1724-1761	REV. SAMUEL DAVIES	Virginia
1724-1792	HENRY LAURENS	South Carolina
1732-1794	RICHARD HENRY LEE	Virginia
1732-1799	GEORGE WASHINGTON	Virginia
1736-1799	PATRICK HENRY	Virginia
1740-1792	ARTHUR LEE	Virginia
1742-1779	WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON	South Carolina
1743-1826	THOMAS JEFFERSON	Virginia
1749-1815	DAVID RAMSAY	South Carolina
1751-1836	JAMES MADISON	Virginia
1755-1835	JOHN MARSHALL	Virginia
1756-1818	HENRY LEE	Virginia
1758-1824	CHARLES PINCKNEY	South Carolina
1760-1825	PARSON MASON WEEMS	Virginia
1766-1827	JOHN DRAYTON. (S.)	South Carolina
1772-1834	WILLIAM WIRT	Virginia
1773-1833	JOHN RANDOLPH	Virginia
1787-1837	HENRY LEE	Virginia
	† POETRY	
1747-1825	JAMES MCCLURG	Virginia
1748-1816	HUGH HENRY BRACKENRIDGE	Maryland
1752-1828	ST. GEORGE TUCKER	Virginia
1793	J. W. HEWLINGS	Virginia
1775-1825	WILLIAM MUNFORD	Virginia
1787-1825	RICHARD DABNEY	Virginia

* Incidental mention is made of John Rutledge, Edmund Randolph, George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, Christopher Gadsden, George Wythe, Peyton Randolph, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, William Pinkney, Theodore Bland (1732-1792). Other names that should be considered are Joseph Galloway, Joachin Zubly, Jonathan Boucher, Daniel Dulany; in connection with this section, *vide* John Dickinson.

† Note other minor poets, such as Giles Julap, Mrs. Ritson, Paul Henkel, Judith Lomax, Daniel Bryan, Dr. John Wharton, Col. Robert Munford, Redrap Howell.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL FORCES

Life in the South; a Consideration of the Plantation; a Picture of the Landed Proprietor and the State of His Culture.

The civilization of the South is stamped indelibly upon the character of the Southern people. However in the future it may be changed by the substitution of newer forces, which point to broader economic and social conditions, that civilization will always be a fact which it were useless to ignore. The people are as distinctive as the soil which first made them an agricultural section; their individual isolation was encouraged by the isolation of the landed estates, of the large plantations; their social bearing which measured the bearing of the English gentry was not a severance, but a continuation of English tradition; their church, their justice, their laws of inheritance—the right of primogeniture—their manners, their habits of mind were simply transplanted. The Southern plantation, it would not be too much to claim, was a suburb of the city of London, with the Atlantic as a tedious thoroughfare connecting the wharves of Liverpool or London with the wharves along the Chesapeake—a suburb without the activity which is induced by proximity.

The examination of original documents and state papers will indicate to a full degree the slow growth of the Englishman's estimate of liberty into the American's idea of independence. Virginia alone, long be-

fore ever Patrick Henry's voice was heard, had zealous regard for the rights of the subject throughout her colonial history. The literature of the settlers is marked by two attitudes: that of the observer, noting the advantages and disadvantages, the familiar and unfamiliar marks of mere external environment, and that of the settler, commenting upon himself in relation with the soil, and planning a policy for the betterment of his status as a permanent resident away from home. The Revolution, among its many beneficent effects, had two prime results: it turned America from colonial dependencies into the potential nation; it awakened England to the necessity for a democratization of her colonial system whereby Australia is now in possession of Home Rule. It likewise made a corresponding impress upon the minds of the people, and produced a literature of restiveness, of exhortation, of passionate expression called forth by the fire of the moment. It was a war literature, wherein the art was secondary to the human force that prompted it. The orator is the transitory, meteoric genius of the South; his written word, full of dignity and force—whether of soundness or of narrow vision, whether prophetic or false—afterwards lost the quickening fire of delivery, of personal contact. A large body of this literature, therefore, rich in value for the historian, may be summed up generally for its artistic worth.

By the time of the Revolution, the South was well defined in its civilization, although cotton had not yet claimed the land, or raised the economic value of the slave. We shall see what concentrating effect the political cast of Southern economic history had upon the mind of the orator, after the Lower South began to be defined, and after the admission of states threatened to upset the equilibrium of congressional representation. But the distinction of class, the home life, the isolated instances of brilliant city life, centered

around, and in accordance with the customary brilliancy of the royal governor, the intellectual limitations, the educational difficulties, are all to be found recorded in the literary attempts of the day.

The life in the South, no matter from what point of view we approach it, was homogeneous in all, save population; the history of a church, of a family, of a plantation, of a parish, of a county, exhibits the selfsame features that on one hand gave it richness and on the other proclaimed its weakness. The atmosphere of such a life pervades every institution fostered by Southern conditions; Thomas Nelson Page insists upon much of the charm of this past in his novels, stories and papers, but the weakness of his stories represents the weakness of that life he depicts, the lack of contrasts, the sentiment that thrives on languor where the mind is classic rather than progressive. We could approach that colonial life as he does in his volume, "The Old South," by gathering all the antique references and fusing them together with a sufficient stream of historical facts. Such travelers as he quotes from freely,—the Reverend Andrew Burnaby and M. Le Chevalier de Chastellux, for example—call attention to those features known to all of us under the inclusive expressions of Southern manners, Southern hospitality, Southern charm. It is easy to state in set terms the pride of the first families of Virginia, their graces, extravagances, and excesses, but these are only units of a larger whole which, to be grasped, must be viewed from within the life itself.

Speaking of "Two Old Colonial Places," Mr. Page mentions the receptions held in the home of the Nelsons "at which have gathered Grymeses, Digges, Custises, Carys, Blands, Lees, Carters, Randolphs, Burwells, Pages, Byrds, Spotswoods, Harrisons and all the gay gentry of the Old Dominion." This tendency to treasure with a big and generous heart the contact

of family with family, of name with locality, has persisted from earliest times; it is distinctive of the gentry feeling, detected not only in the social life, but in the direct activity of the church. And it was not without some cause that the Southern gentleman treasured the traditions of his household; any of the Virginia names we take with an idea of tracing the lineal descent, of recording the intellectual activity, will present a massive canvas of political learning and aristocratic individualism. The social life offered every opportunity to become despotic rather than paternalistic. The Southern statesman of Revolutionary days framed his ideas within the shadow of Roman law and classic tradition. Nearly every name meant service of superior merit in the interests of the commonwealth; there were generous impulses, keen analytical judgment, obstinacy based on earnest persuasion—above all, force of character, and determinate characteristics which in themselves would have won the right to command even if the social régime had not made the leadership inevitable. One has to read only in a casual manner to wonder at the rich constructive mind that emanated from Virginia, the solid figures of leaders, who, as the pastor of Bruton Church pointed out, sat within range of the Governor's pew, indeed served as vestrymen. These men who represented the life of the South were to become endorsers of declarations and adopters of constitutions, national and state.

It would not be very sweeping to assert that the South, until the period of Reconstruction, was determined by tobacco, cotton, and slavery; this means that one needs must reckon with the physical advantages which hastened these forces in their several directions. Virginia dominated over North Carolina because, geographically, she was so situated with her navigable streams as to reap the natural benefits. It was in

Virginia that the political cast of the Southern people was determined, adhering at first to that local self-government which was to a considerable extent interwoven with the official aspect of the church. The parish had a territorial distinction as well as a spiritual one, clearly distinguished in the case of the warden's duties during the colonial days in Virginia. For Dr. Channing has shown that the parish with vestry and wardens was the commencement of government in the tidewater district. As we have already suggested at some length in our discussion of the land system, in which are to be traced the seeds of Civil War, "the great result of colonial evolution," to use the words of Dr. Ballagh, "was economic sectionalism" which determined the later political inclination of the people.

The fundamental ideas of the law among the early statesmen were based on English precedence. The political privilege was valued according to the necessity for holding that privilege to insure the protection of landed interests. In this distinction lay the reversal of types. The constructive statesman, with his philosophical ideas concerning the rights of the individual state, in a confederation of states, was turned into a destructive statesman whose policy was determined by immediate protection of the economic life founded on a weakness which, in his heart of hearts, the Southerner knew was a hindrance to any commercial enterprise.

The land system determined the produce and the labor; the caste system marked the grades of social life. The lack of any commercial activity resulted in a consequent lack of the trading class, and of the centers which in New York and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania encouraged the intellectual and scientific interests. Whatever connection there was between the Virginia planter and his London merchant resulted in extravagance, waste, and material loss to

the plantation; for the transporting was expensive and precarious, the tobacco fluctuating in value, the planters' accounts never balanced and most generally overran. In 1695, one planter wrote to his factor: "I desire you Sr. to send my Account Currant by the first ships and send me two or three duplicates for fear of miscarriage, for not knowing how my Account stands, I dare not send for goods though my wants are very great and pressing." This credit system hung over the Southern plantation for many years; it fostered in the minds of an aristocratic society a contempt for trade which found an outlet in a contempt for the New England trader. They did not realize, in their aloof stronghold, that such pride in the individual was consequent upon the rural community in which he lived. Try as he might to frame laws whereby towns could be created, he did not at first see that town life meant a compact civilization which his was not, and could not be while he persisted in his economic methods.

For an instant, let us imagine the life in the South at the time of the Revolution. The planter, with his inherited position of country squire, in whom was vested some of the jurisdiction of the land—a picturesque figure at the county court-house—was possessor of large tracts of land, and was dependent upon slaves. The black man, in his capacity as worker, was apportioned in two classes, the field "hand" being under the direct supervision of the overseer, the domestic servant attending to the personal wants of the household. Whatever the evils of slavery, its restrictive influence over the negro did much to make it possible on the one hand for him to become attached to the soil, and on the other hand for him to improve in his general welfare.

The system of paternalism had its immediate effect on the domestic servant. The early Southern novelists descant upon the "gray-haired coachman," the old

major-domo, or "body servant," and the corpulent black mammy in the same vein of endearment; they are depicted as types of a life rather than as human beings; they are artificially described. Indeed, it is astonishing to note how recent has been the ability of the Southern writer to grasp the real characteristics of the negro, giving him human qualities rather than mere distinctive characteristics. Mrs. Eliza Wilkinson in Revolutionary days, Poe in a later period, attempted negro dialect with humorous results. It was only after the Civil War that the darkey took his natural place in literature; till then his portrait was sure to be stagy, however sentimentally treated.

It is true that the negro was thrust upon a civilization unconsciously ready to receive him. He did not become a fixture without elements of opposition interfering, and it is essential to note thus early the feeling of race integrity which demanded the ascendency of the whites. As the negroes increased in numbers, the laws applying to them were more stringent; protection became essential, for bondage was the only safety against the black man whose savage instincts were not yet curbed, who knew not the meaning of honor, of right, of justice, of the inviolable law of sex. In the preservation of race integrity, the barriers were so strong as to prevent any radical rectification of race deficiencies. The negro's word before the law, as evidence against the white man, was discounted; his own trials were often done in haste and at a time when he could best be spared from the fields; his marriages, in the colony of North Carolina for example, were consummated with little ceremony, oftentimes without a priest; and, in rare instances, the sacredness of the bond was ignored by the master, in his desire to raise the child-birth on his plantation and to increase his slave stock.

The negro practically filled the needs of the labor

problem; the Indians were a source of menace to the colonists, not a channel of help; the indentured white servants filled only the letter of their papers, escaping the yoke as soon as possible. Slavery was the one prime source of labor for the planter, and the slave's bondage was made more secure, notwithstanding the religious sects that believed in his freedom. The time was not far distant when the pulpit would proclaim, in the face of the negro's legal disqualifications, the Bible basis for his social rank.

There were three other classes below the planter, which economically looked to the large plantation. The poor white with his truck patch, through the necessities of his living and the barrenness of his association as well as through his removal from any contact with the opulence and refinement of the aristocracy, was distinguished by a rough, uncouth exterior which even affected the manner of his speech. This may have been due in part to the character of the emigrant class pushed from the fertile land of the tidewater districts.

The life presented great contrasts of class; in that respect, the population was neither compact nor homogeneous, but on the other hand it was picturesque to a high degree. Wherever a throng gathered, it was a motley crowd, presenting no middle point of contact, no average community of interest. The aristocrat, even in his excesses, remained still the aristocrat. A biographer of John Randolph, exhibiting the narrow prejudices of his education, in speaking of his subject's hard drinking, found a saving grace in the fact that Randolph "scarcely ever drank with the illiterate or vulgar at all," adding, in a tone that impressed one with the doubtful instincts of the gentleman, that this reticence was observed "even during the highest electioneering times."

The old-fashioned novelist has "fixed" the atmosphere of that period; if it be a church scene, one

knows that the squire will doze under the influence of the parson's brawl; that in all places of high standing, whether in court, at the governor's ball, at the tavern, in his house, where, using the stereotyped phrase, "the table groaned," he was the dominant figure by right of his family connections as well as of his holdings. Cooke, in describing him, speaks of "the generous, dogmatic, prejudiced, courteous, imposing old worthy" whose "opinions upon political, religious, and social subjects have long since been made up." Around such a figure, the whole significance of plantation life whirled; upon him rested the care of dependent people, from the slaves of his fields to worthless relatives who, in their indolence, were unfailingly ready to impose upon his proverbial hospitality through an appeal to his family pride.

Such a life was doomed to create a certain placid, somnolent, intellectual satisfaction; it was an established life, impervious to innovations. The parson, with his fixed ritual, railed against the dissenting voices of Wesley, Fletcher, and Whitefield; these sects that sprung up outside the barrier of episcopacy, sounded bold and daring. In the person, for example, of the Rev. Samuel Davies (1724-1761), the intensity of the dissenting voice became a symbol of the danger which threatened the majority, in the presence of "the new light." Indeed, it was such a character as this parson which was instrumental in pressing the Toleration Act. The occasion of preaching was a terrible responsibility in the hands of Davies; he was an orator, a master of speech with full knowledge of law, civic and ecclesiastical. He possessed the intrepidity of a James Blair, with none of the special limitations of the Established Church; his intellect was restive and fearless; he stood in awe of God only, refusing "to talk nonsense in the name of the Lord," rebuking George II. openly to that monarch's face, preaching

religion and patriotism to the soldiers. He was a keen estimator of ability, and perhaps was one of the first to forecast the greatness of Washington.

Church service in colonial days was a point of contact for the people of isolated homes. Sundays and court days brought them together. John Davis, traveling through the country around 1798-1802, wrote: "A Virginian churchyard on a Sunday resembles rather a race ground than a sepulchral ground; the ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the Virginian churches were designed, not for utility but ornament; for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church."

The social life of the plantation was not meager; the talk ranged from Addison to thoroughbreds and fox hunting; with the old English idea, the holiday seasons were festive occasions for lavish hospitality, in which all the servants shared, for the child of the white man played freely with the darkey, practicing upon him, without demur from him, certain miniature authority which was based on imitation of a deeper thing. The squire's coach rolled from estate to estate, usually flanked by some gallant attendant upon some belle of the Dominion, whose heart was as vivacious as the slipper that gaily tripped the reel.

But as regards society at the capital, so fairly estimated in Cooke's "Virginia Comedians," there must have been considerable incongruity between the imitation of court splendors, represented in the noble ambitions of the King's representative, the royal governor—and the ordinary dwellings which graced the main streets of Williamsburg. The South was rural, but to the capital there flocked the wealthy families in accordance with the most approved entrance into London. Yet, according to authorities, the dwellings

were ordinary and not commensurate in splendor with the dressing of the ladies and gentlemen. To some extent, the general spirit of existence was romantic, for around these little centers there still reigned the mystery of the unknown forest. It was possible, under such conditions, for Spotswood, in 1716, to enter the valley of the Shenandoah, after the manner of a new King Arthur, and establish among his horsemen an order of the Golden Horseshoe. Here, in this little town of Williamsburg, concentrated the culture of Virginian life—the college, the theater, the governor's palace, all after the manner of a transplanted civilization. They read Wycherley and Congreve in those days, they upheld the eminence of Addison, Pope and Dryden. The play induced the youthful dandy to flirt with and ogle the players, himself seated, as at home, upon the elementary stage. The Virginian was a gay theatergoer in Williamsburg; the students of William and Mary College presented pastorals, and gave commendably a performance of "Cato," even reciting on occasions in the presence of the Governor. Crusty Sir William Berkeley turned playwright himself in the seventeenth century, long before the first professional players made their appearance in the colonies. Washington kept up the traditions of his ancestors in his liking for the theater.

One might pass over the educational system with a slight reference to its English bearing on one hand, and to its aristocratic appeal on the other. But its early evidences are interwoven with the social, economic, and spiritual aspects of the life. While it is true, as far as statistical and fact accuracy are concerned, that the South has always been heedlessly misrepresented, the mere fact of the numbers of schools, libraries, and newspapers in the South is no great evidence that they in any way measured the true culture of the period. South Carolina had a free school as

early as 1710; bequests were being made in 1721 for educational purposes; in 1733 the parish was maintaining its school-house, and legislative acts were attempting to encourage the spread of schools in isolated districts. But despite the schools and academies, in the face of private instruction either from the parson who most generally became attached to the household, or from the pedagogue, the education found in early Charleston was of foreign cast; such men as Pinckney, Drayton, and Gadsden, who dominate the pages of Revolutionary history in South Carolina, went abroad to be educated. The Virginians even found it advisable to desert William and Mary College and go to Princeton into a brisker atmosphere, almost invariably returning to see whether they could not have their legal training under the profound guidance of Chancellor George Wythe, who trained Marshall, who had Clay as his helper, who, according to Wirt, could bestow upon one "the crown of legal preparation." This was a time when America's great men, largely Virginians, were in the bud.

But, in truth, a decided advantage is to be had in laying stress upon certain cultural features which indicate clearly that the colonial Southerner or the prerevolutionary Southerner was not wanting in a literary taste or in an art instinct. There was a pronounced atmosphere of mental refinement in the city of Charleston where, as an English traveler of the time recorded, the genteeler sort of people are pretty well bred, especially the men, for this same agreeable flatterer of his feminine readers in England adds: "The ladies in general (very few excepted) are not tolerably handsome, for most of them have Pale, Sickish, Languid Complections, and are commonly ill-shaped, their shoulders seeming to have a longing desire to rise high enough to hide their ears, and in their Conversation they have a disagreeable drawling way

of speaking, which is no Advantage to help make up for their Persons." In such manner was the Southern accent, distinctive of the Carolinas, summarily rejected. One detects in such irritability the attitude of an English traveler who fully realized the spirit of determined opposition which actuated the war.

Hugh S. Legaré makes a statement in his "Essay on Classical Learning," which, put by the side of the early system of education as pursued in William and Mary College, points to the necessity of a sound education being sought for outside of the rural communities; he claimed that, due to English schooling, Charleston excelled in its polite literature and its standards of taste; the religion of the Church of England, Latin and Greek constituted the backbone of local instruction; this was practically all the colonial schoolmaster had at his command. In 1712, some seven years after the employment of the first teacher in North Carolina, a school was established, in which the children soon showed they could read and write and speak intelligently upon the principles of Christian doctrine. But, try as they would, the schools in the Southern states could not compass the requirements of a general education, in addition to which, the aristocratic barrier was so raised, the economic discrimination was so apparent, as to prevent, save in exceptional cases, any but the wealthier classes from preparing for the higher walks of life. As compared with the North, the South in number of schools, in the distribution of newspapers, in the establishment of libraries, was not so wanting as the historian would make believe.

But where one labors under the disadvantages of such a social system as that out of which the South of ante-bellum days was evolved, one is liable to find even the newspapers cutting aloof from the world at large, and local in interest unless sectional in demand.

The editor of the next era was more anxious to support his opinion than to bring to his readers news regarding the activity of the outside world. The orator therefore, despite the presence of the newspaper, was the real disseminator of opinion. A study of educational beginnings involves a consideration again of the migration of religious sects in the South, for the Church, both established and dissenting, supported school-houses, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was instrumental in starting the library system in North Carolina. As early as 1676, the evidence of wills attests the existence of valuable books among the colonists, one of which could boast the possession of a Geneva Bible. In Charleston, the inhabitants were forming clubs for the exchange of literature received from home. The founder of the Society just mentioned established thirty-nine libraries, a veritable colonial Carnegie, with a parochial influence in mind. The religious missionaries did much in this way to disseminate a desire to read; they were constantly applying for new books to be sent them, and by their example others followed in their wake.

Even as Byrd at Westover gathered together volumes which measured the extent of his contact with the world of belles lettres, so a companion of his in the North Carolina Boundary dispute, one Mr. Moseley, who did much to advance education and religion, gathered together a rich collection which he bequeathed for public benefit. Other libraries were begun as early as 1673 in North Carolina, the list of books clearly indicating the gentry taste, and a familiarity with English literature which showed men more closely in touch with book culture, as Mr. Weeks so aptly states, than the average politician of to-day, with all his educational and social opportuni-

ties. The Southern colonist when he read, and I cite the example of James Iredell as instance, took up his "Tristram Shandy," his "Clarissa Harlowe," his Fielding, as though he were still near London, and he had his preferences, his literary prejudices, feasting upon "The Rambler," "The Tatler," Rowe, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, as well as quoting Pope and Cowper. He was a devotee of essays, history and politics; he had pronounced opinions on the classics and Massinger, Otway, and the Restoration literature. When the Strolling Players in 1768 entered North Carolina, "The Spanish Friar" was found by one colonial dame at least to be too strong for her feminine taste.

Not only was the settler among the wealthy classes far from ignorant, his mental scope being solid, but investigation has brought to light the character of the portraits that hung upon his walls. Canvases by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, and Stuart were in possession of many a Carolina family. Thus, imagination has much to work upon in picturing the state of the landed proprietor's culture. Yet notwithstanding the fair comparison of the South with New England in this matter of the establishment of the vehicles of education, there was a lack of vital impetus throughout the vast territory that lay between such rare centers as Charleston and Williamsburg. The mental capacity of the Southerner was concerned with something far different from imaginative graces; in fact, the literature of the pre-Revolutionary period throughout the country partook of the same character. In New England, as in Virginia and Carolina, the same species of writing was done. The genius of the time was not the poet, although poetry was published, not the novelist, not the traveler, but the orator, awakened to a new destiny.

The literature was born of the times, and in the South it went beyond the limitations of its environment, for as yet there was naught outside to jeopardize the civilization within, to impose upon whatever literary expression might exist, the necessity of protecting the local institutions peculiar to its soil.

CHAPTER V

THE CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMAN

From Washington and Jefferson to Marshall

I

The Revolutionary writer was an orator and a statesman, an orator in that through his appeal and remonstration he developed in men's minds the necessity for political separation from England, a statesman for the reason that he foresaw the necessity for a close affiliation of states which at first resulted in Confederation and afterwards in Union. If, during the crucial period, there was any opposition to the idea of a closer bond between the separate communities, it came from New England rather than from the South.

The literature of the Revolution assumed many forms, all actuated by the same spirit of protest, opposition, and appeal. Man's energy was directed toward preserving the rights of Englishmen, bequeathed him by the Magna Charta. In extenuation of Jefferson as a conservative statesman, in defense of his Declaration which has so often been discounted because of its generalizations and its suggested French idealism, Fiske emphasizes an evident distinction between the Rousseau doctrine of the natural rights of man, and the political rights of yeomen and gentry, as yet more British than American. Whatever precedent was cited by the colonist found root in the mother country.

The body of our political writing, therefore, divides itself into two main classes: separation and union. If, as Dr. Sears seems to think, "the resources of argument, persuasion, and appeal in political and state papers, had been well nigh exhausted" by the time of actual resort to arms, an epoch of interpretation, of construction, was soon to follow. In vain might one desire some political adjustment which would overcome the estrangement, but a community sense had been developed in the struggle which no arbitration could satisfy. It was the very necessity for an indigenous body of precedents that added to the greatness of Marshall, and enlisted his very keenest legal analysis. But it is significant that even thus early there was a type of old lawyer in Virginia, who looked somewhat askance at the headstrong actions of a Patrick Henry, such men as Wythe, Pendleton and Peyton Randolph. An estimator of the character of the statesman of this epoch will perhaps, in his analysis, account for deviations from the individual types with the change in political conditions and problems. No doubt the rise of the Lower South did much to effect this change, but there is small room for speculation that, traditionally, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Yancey founded their positions, however widely removed, upon this more philosophical statesmanship. How, in the midst of an ultra-aristocratic community, such broad attitudes should be foremost, where the planter possessed what Professor Trent terms the agricultural and bourgeois cast of mind, is probably due to the fact that in the cases of Washington, Jefferson, and Henry, they were slightly removed westward from the extreme tidewater region, and exercised a freer mind by very right of their pioneer positions.

Most of the writings of these men belong to history, not to literature; they are essentially products of active men who, under pressure of state affairs, wrote

as they thought, with little time for grace, but speaking with force and authority. These men wrote of things occurring, hardly of things in the past; their perspective, therefore, is all the more wonderful, giving to their imagination, which in this respect is closely allied with the historic sense, a large value. In fact, such a mind is to be estimated not as part of literary record, except in so far as enriching the mental character of the man, and as modifying his taste.

The Revolutionary statesman in most cases left a large body of letters, state papers, and orations; in them one is able to detect the myriad facets of his personality. As a man, he is to be taken in relation with his staid training, his culture, and his private life; as a public servant, he is to be judged by his attitude, his acts, and thus the author becomes simply a means toward an end of adequate expression. Of all the so-called statesmen, Jefferson is the one who may be said to have striven for literary renown; this was in part due to the fact that nature had not fitted him for an orator, and so his pen pursued its facile way, given to extravagancies of expression. It is the personal note that lends charm to the letters and documents preserved, wherein is unfolded the fullness of men coming in touch with young life, and having a new world to move in. They were all human, with a deep love of the domestic, which phase always brings forward dominant features in the estimate of the men themselves—the religious intensity of Henry, the practical surety and providence of Washington, the natural love of Jefferson, even the paternalistic courtesy of the impetuous Randolph.

These men were trained on a solid basis; they dealt with present things; they ordained for the future. Having dragged the colonial neck from a parliamentary noose, each commonwealth, independent, though weak in numbers, and though sympathetic

in proximity and in similar political imminency with its neighbor, was not in a mood to foster another government whose strength would overshadow the rights of an individual state, which it soon declared itself to be. The statesmen, therefore, developed in an atmosphere of intense conviction, based on small if any precedence. The rural life of the separate counties added to their leadership and recognized the strength of the strong men. When these figures, solid in proportion, and rich in the color of their portraiture, were not guiding events, they were estimating the men who were their associates, and the biographies which they wrote, valuable because of first-hand impressions and of sympathy with environment and subject, ring with conviction, and in the instance of Marshall's "Life of Washington," become, unconsciously, political autobiographies of themselves.

The recalcitrant mood, the persuasive intensity, left little room for the æsthetic impulse; the cast of mind was judicial, the education began with the classics and ended with the law. In the case of Henry, the intensifying of legal knowledge came after his general grasp of the subject—a grasp astounding for its variety rather than convincing because of its intensive solidity; in after years, his dramatic instinct, ripened by an absorptive method which put him mentally into possession of every essential of a needed subject. Men concentrated on law in those days; even in the social life they never escaped the atmosphere; the forensic contests had some element of the theatrical in them, force pitted against force, and attractive on both sides because vital to the people on both sides.

The Southern statesmen were generally subjected to the same training; they were associates in conventions, and together they broke bonds, made laws, revised statutes, and then retired to their separate estates, drawing upon their memories for reminis-

cences. The American historian has not yet escaped the small misstatement due to some superficial feeling, but which nevertheless tended to distort motive. This similar training serves to place the Revolutionary constructive statesmen on the same plane of general culture. Before any Constitution became the parent of Federalist and anti-Federalist parties, the angle of primal vision alone was determining the difference between one orator and the other. Some were slow in their progress; others, like John Rutledge, were meteoric. They graduated from school into law offices, from there into the army, called afterwards to their state legislatures, and afterwards to be sent to the Continental Congress, and to the Convention for the Federal Constitution. They became Governors of their infant states, were re-elected, assumed the dignity of Chief Justices. To whatever post they were called, they overflowed the limits of the office, and accomplished distinctive work.

There is a legitimate doubt in the minds of most critics as to how far this statesmanship may be called distinctively Southern, it was so general in its bearing. In the matter of religious freedom, of negro slavery, of constitution framing, they are to be accounted national. The wisdom of Washington which was the genius of Washington, born of the time rather than of the locality, at least ripened and mellowed under Southern conditions; the force of individualism fostered by a graded society developed the quickening elements of leadership. In Henry one detects certain opposition to a nationalistic move, which was precaution rather than prejudice, a sentiment which later brought about the amendments to the Constitution.

However brilliant, however sound, oratory, literarily, was the drawback of the Southern author. Nearly all expression was measured in terms of eloquence, and while the printed speeches afterwards

bore evidence of conviction and reasoning, none of them should now be read without a running commentary from eye-witnesses as to the manner in which it was delivered. The æsthetics all centered in the art of the orator, the bearing, gesture, tone. Henry's magnetism was tremendous; his power of feeling the psychology of the crowd, of determining the greatest point of vantage, of directing, and of then following the emotions in the court-room, constituted his dramatic excellence. The Virginians looked upon him as their Henry, even as the South Carolinians, according to Ramsay, showed pride in their John Rutledge.

The mantle of oratory passed from shoulder to shoulder; the new generation boasted of having been near the older generation on the occasion of a last speech or law case. Thus John Randolph followed upon the footsteps of Henry, on that memorable occasion when a whole state streamed to hear the veteran, when even a college suspended work to attend the historical event.

These men of the South were great pleaders; in that respect their art had much of the evanescence of the actor's art; but they sent ringing down the years phrases which represent not themselves so much as the people whose spirit they officially stood for, phrases which penetrated the core of the matter. Our schools have made these extracts trite because they have separated the wording from the vigor of the moment; yet none the less was the first utterance fraught with the beauty of genius and the dignity of manhood. Their brilliancy made their profundity popular; their manner added a golden luster to their minds. Edmund Pendleton was famed for his mellifluous voice, while Henry, standing in the early morning on his grounds overlooking the Staunton River, used in moderate tones to give orders to his field hands half

a mile away. George Wythe, as legal professor in William and Mary College, was known to cure many students of wild manner by the courtesy of his bow. Randolph was over-particular regarding the small details of bearing, his sarcasm, his ungovernable rage, suddenly giving way to the most surprising deference.

When these orators went to conventions, they did not go empty-handed or empty-minded; they did not wait for the chance moment. Charles Pinckney was sent from South Carolina to the Federal Convention with a plan of government fully drafted in a speech. By the tenor of their argument, based largely on their philosophical distinctions as to the centralizing of power, they declared themselves either Virginians or Americans; thus no one could confound Randolph's claims with those of Washington. In his "Party Leaders," a book deserving of wider recognition to-day, J. G. Baldwin offers some suggestive reasoning as to the caliber of these orators, a "breed" he truly calls them, rare by virtue of the times and by value of the civilization. These men were indeed transfigured, and they were possessed of the golden oratory.

When a man in other walks of life exhibited a rare gift of speech, his friends brought him forward as special pleader for their cause; even in the pulpit, matters spiritual gave way before issues of more burning moment. The force of Samuel Davies, while recognized, was considered as partially lost, for the people said, in the face of his intrepidity: "What a lawyer was spoiled when Davies took the pulpit." We are inclined, before the glamor of the aristocracy of birth, to lay no stress upon the enormous energy in these men, which helped to win them their positions; Edmund Pendleton, for example, is a striking instance of the self-made man, gifted by nature with a musical voice, a sweet disposition, and picturesque mien,

whose progress is representative of truest democracy, from the plow to the highest offices of public trust. The classical training which Pendleton did not have, but which was possessed by most professional men of that day, was a grace, not a vital acquisition; the really important matter to Southerners was law;—it was then as Mr. Page says, "that the real power of their intellects was shown." Their greatest reading was in the path of Littleton and Coke and Blackstone. While St. George Tucker, step-father of Randolph, could turn such feeling verses as "Resignation," his pen was almost wholly employed in legal writing. His edition of Blackstone, his suggestions regarding the abolition of slavery in Virginia, his active work as judge and professor, these facts at once show his inclination. The law is part of the intellectual make-up of the South; the individual lawyer may hardly be accounted a literary man.

This professional aptitude, partly expected in a family, was perhaps inherited, but largely a matter of atmospheric contagion, of local tradition—the primogeniture of law! The long line of Tuckers is an interesting example of successive generations and gathering tradition, varying slightly in such contrasts as Beverley Tucker's "Partisan Leader" and a later St. George Tucker's "Hanford." Southern life admitted of small variation of professions.

The literature distinctive of this period, critical in its revolutionary and evolutionary aspects, was a war literature chiefly. The writers were also soldiers; we obtain a near view of history, a personal narrative of men and events. It was a period of adjustment, where the Tory element had not been quite stamped out, where wavering minds had to be won over by plain facts, where enthusiastic colonists had to ponder the necessity of close connection. The heroes of the court-house were counterbalanced by the heroes of the

field. At the beginning of the war, Massachusetts looked to Virginia for moral support and practical advice. Virginia's initiative strengthened the initiative of the Northern colony. Then Great Britain, disheartened over the lack of progress in the North, transferred operations to the South, and Bloody Tarleton, apart from the deeper historical significance of his position, served to put zest into the feminine writings of Mrs. Eliza Wilkinson. Marion and Sumter and Henry Lee became household names; Morgan's riflemen furnished material for romance. The actual fortunes of war affected Jefferson's popularity as Governor of Virginia. As first President of South Carolina, John Rutledge affords another instance of the spirit of American Independence, during the attack on Charleston. Lee suggested that Moultrie evacuate Sullivan's Island; the latter was relieved of all decision by the firm message of Rutledge: "You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." This spirit, this terseness, is not typical of the South; it is the natural speech of war.

For many years to come, Southern literature was to hark back to this period of revolution. It was to consist of history, biography and romance; great names typified great events, and the idea became lost in an overgrowth of sentiment. The novels of the period before the Civil War were historical, always narrative, oftentimes partisan, but hardly endowed with any critical spirit. The Revolution handicapped literature as the Civil War handicapped it. The Southern writer kept looking back.

Yet the South was not far behind the North in the different phases of Revolutionary literature, as suggested by Professor Tyler. The tractarian movement was not so general, the newspaper not so accessible. But the poetry, except in the case of Freneau, the

drama, letters, political essays, diaries, and journals were just as distinctive, while in the matter of state papers and orations, the South was in the ascendent.

II

The men of this time were human; they had their prejudices, their jealousies, their differences, but their initial vision was clear and disinterested. In viewing Patrick Henry (1736-1799), the mantle of genius covers a homely figure which first presented itself to the people of Virginia—a personality which boldly declared itself against compromise, which held aloft the idea of independence, seeming thus to emanate from an unthinking, uncouth person, gifted only with a glow of words. But his phrases took on meaning, throbbed with a new significance. The ungainly country fellow stood forth as an American, and usurped the foremost place held by such men as Peyton Randolph, Wythe, and Bland. These men of the older generation were cautious; they would much rather patch up the difficulties, a view held generally by a considerable number of the conservative colonists. But even Peyton Randolph, as representative of the King, began to understand what parliamentary encroachments would lead to in the end; Henry fearlessly declared the outcome. Of all his acts, the Bill of Rights, written by him, is the one of which in after years he was most proud. Like all of his contemporaries who became authors of state papers, the originality of his document was disputed; a doubt was cast over what on the death of Henry was found to be authentic. Jefferson, likewise, was discredited with the ideas underlying the Declaration. Even to-day, critics claim that William Henry Drayton was the source of his inspiration. Thoughts were in the air;

free discussion between men developed a species of community of opinion; intellects were placed upon the same anvil; the same force drew sparks from personality. It was the final tone of the finished product which stamped the genius of the individual statesman. But Henry was slightly different from the Constitution makers when he opposed the Stamp Act openly, when he refused to accept any design for a readjustment of the colonies as colonies; his was an original attitude.

Like most of the public men of the time, Henry was often doubted; petty jealousies misrepresented him, yet, like Washington, he was open and frank, outspoken in his desire to disarm suspicion. Jefferson did much in later years to lend a false color to Henry's intellect, to his manner of speech which, even though tinged with rude excrescences, only points to local associations, and not to illiteracy. Though some of his opposition to measures was based on a certain obstinacy in his character, Henry, nevertheless, was usually wise if not profound; he was essentially the representative of liberty, and as such, one may at least understand how he came to oppose the adoption of a new constitution. Intrepid over the gaining of freedom, he was cautious about relinquishing any hold on what was so dearly bought. As the historian avers, Henry was a good fighter, never a good hater; he believed in adjustment after the point he fought for had been gained. The successful issue of the Revolution found him supporting measures which might lead to some renewed relations with Great Britain.

Henry had much against him in appearance; it was his earnest manner, his magnetic speech, his generous attitude—even while arraying every means of opposition against his adversary—that courted trust and wonder. His was not the art of composition; the orators

of those times gave forth the genius of first utterance; their style, indeed, was inherent in the utterance; the state paper contained the orator's foresight and impulse, modified by a sound knowledge of law. That is what surprised Chatham, when he faced the House of Lords and praised the written terms which represented colonial measures.

Henry and Washington both suffered from the machinations of hidden factions. Although in Virginia the prime force, not only in the declaration of war measures but in seeing the measures through, centered in Henry, although the conservative elders concealed their personal animosity beneath a feeling that the younger man was "premature," Henry, nevertheless, became the leader. His was the positive assertion of war, nor was his speech tinged with any of the lost hope of peace. His temper, his sentiment, his experience—all conduced to make his arguments ring with the sincerity of conviction. He was not equivocal; he called for war in the spirit of the old Hebrew leaders; the minds before him constituted soil ready to receive him. He was not incendiary, the war spirit in him was prompted by the holiness of the cause; you could see it in his burning eye, in his features akindle with intense emotion, in the physical strain upon his body, in the sonorous music of the voice of the leader. His dramatic delivery was in itself literature; words of those days, save for the general, fundamental ideas which they contain, have lost the shades of meaning which the living inflection bestowed; an editor in the future must come to take our significant state papers and to prepare them dramatically for the press; the essence of the thought must not be isolated from the essence of the man in whom the thought originated. The genius of American democracy is symbolized by the modesty of Henry. When Jefferson rode to the

Capitol on the morning of his inauguration, tying his own horse to the post, his modesty was partly usurped by his determined desire to do away with the so-called panoply of Federalism. But as Henry turned away after delivering his Virginia Resolutions, with the consciousness of having angered Randolph, yet with no conceit over being on a footing with his superiors by priority of time, with Pendleton, Wythe, and Bland, he represented the pioneer in thought as well as in costume.

There are many who would credit Henry with no claims to learning, but facts will point to his early education in the fundamental branches, and in some special understanding of Latin, Greek, and mathematics; he was not college bred, and in general literature he was ill equipped, but Jefferson was wrong in his claim that Henry read nothing. Yet even he was obliged to confess that his "illiterate" associate on occasions would exhibit the widest knowledge, couched in the most proper language. In after years, Henry's grandson narrated how, when at college, he feared to face the quiz in the classics which his grandfather gave him. Patrick, early in life, was a man in trade, yet despite his attendance upon a shop, and even his occasional rôle as a publican, he made time, in the words of Wirt, to procure "a few light and elegant authors," besides practicing on the violin and the flute.

We are told by authorities that he read his Livy regularly, that from Beverley and Stith he received the historical background of Virginia, and that Butler's "Analogy" was one of his favorites. In after years, when in retirement, Henry's mind largely became centered on spiritual matters; he assailed the skepticism of the younger generation,—a disbelief in the fundamentals of Christianity, which welcomed such literature as Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason";

he even wrote a protest against the latter. Then at his own expense, while holding the office of Governor, he caused to be printed Jenyns's "View of the Internal Evidence of Christianity," as well as a new edition of the "Analogy." After his years of activity, he settled down upon his estates, intent on the Bible, and reading the discourses of English divines. For his younger children he had engaged the services of the poet, Campbell, whose desire to come to America was checked by an older brother. Henry, in private life, enjoying the luxury of his grandchildren, attracted toward him the keen interest of a rising nation. Washington offered him every post of honor in his power, but his public days were over; Sunday evenings he would read to his family, join them in sacred music, at times accompanying with his violin. At other times, his public concern was as keen as ever. Such a man must needs be a force unto the end; Washington knew it, and felt that Henry was needed at the moment, in 1799, when French influence and the Republicanism of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, carrying with them the nullification and separatist theories, to his mind threatened the country. The result was the dramatic scene of Henry's final speech, an infirm old man facing a multitude; age seemed to drop from him as his voice mounted in picturesque periods to its customary eloquence,—a power which gripped in such telling, emotional clauses: "You dare not do it. . . . The steel would drop from your nerveless arms!" "United we stand, divided we fall." This style is melodramatic; its conciseness, its vividness, its sting, are more than if it were expanded. "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute," cried John Marshall, compressing into an epigram the essence of a nation's life.

Henry was gifted with deep discernment; he was always concerned with the human life before him; he

could work upon the emotions of the people because he had studied them. But though at times this power seemed almost intuitive, it was, as Wirt emphasizes, due as much to his habit of seeking for information outside of himself, of learning from others, especially from the average citizen; he placed a certain distrust in the aristocracy; he sensed life. This ability comes to men whose knowledge is obtained from other sources than books; who after action give themselves up to intense revery. Professor Trent called him a "Shakespeare and Garrick combined," echoing the words of John Randolph.

Metaphysics requires little of the exact knowledge which the modern historian must have before he begins to generalize. Although Henry's arguments against the Constitution were metaphysical, they were nevertheless the outcome of practical experience; he attained his views through common sense, and in the end it was his common sense that made him give in to the superior weight of others; he never, however, rid himself of an inborn distrust of the centralizing power of government. Possibly, in his sincere desire for a perfect document, he could not see, with Franklin, that at this moment it was the best that could be done. No more brilliant body was to be had than that which attended the Virginia Convention in order to ratify the Constitution; in the assemblage Henry stood as the one determined representative of the people. Judge St. George Tucker wrote of him: "If he soared at times like the eagle, and seemed, like the bird of Jove, to be armed with his thunder, he did not disdain to stoop like the hawk to seize his prey, but the instant he had done it, rose in pursuit of another quarry."

As usual, Henry found his strength pitted in opposition against Madison, Randolph, Pendleton, Henry Lee, Marshall, and Wythe. His chief objection was a

matter of states' rights as opposed to national powers drawn directly from the states to be used upon the states; he believed in the separate sovereignty, he believed in confederation. During the debates, his power of ridicule was constantly brought into effective use. What the document needed was amendments, and Henry's influence in bringing about the adoption of the first ten was enormous.

This sketch somewhat vaguely suggests the activity of Patrick Henry as a Revolutionary orator; it likewise suggests some interesting speculations as to his statesmanship, for in this respect he was more of the state than of the nation. Having reached beyond the colonial idea, he feared for the national; his own Virginia had accused him of usurping power, and, as representative of the people, he was determined to protect any state's rights which might be assumed by the Constitution.

Henry's speeches did not have polish, they were not highly colored, they did not depend upon citation from others. He made appeal to men's judgments, he drew upon experience, he exhausted historical sources only where they were essential to his purpose. In expression he was not florid; his speech was that of a plain man whose ripened intellect was fostered by himself through acute observation, through keen searching, through particular rather than general reading. Characteristic of the orator, his emotion was in control for effect, his eloquence had its ebb and flow; his imagination, in no way extravagant, and not often in evidence, gave, however, a certain power to his wording. In delivery he was courteous, often reserved, always dignified, even when Randolph as Governor turned his accustomed ire upon Henry's Constitution opposition. The correspondence, mostly official, is direct, although with a peculiar mixture of tautology, and hasty expression; "yet upon the

whole," writes Wirt, "it was pure and perspicuous, . . . free from affectation and frequently beautiful."

Historically, Henry's position after the Revolution was based upon pronounced Southern characteristics—Southern because they persisted and became more fraught with sectional meaning. On close analysis, one might detect in them a persistence of colonial distrust. The great point to bear in mind, however, is that sectional differences had not yet become sufficiently differentiated to require special legislation. We might claim that the isolated community interest in the Southern colonies, which was the cause of Southern individualism, had something to do thus early with the adherence to states' rights. But Henry did not, in opposing the Constitution, argue for secession; he was fighting to prevent an excess of power as applied to a union, and was perfectly willing to further any movement which might strengthen the confederation. Do we not here detect a metaphysical quibbling, partly justified by the absence of amendment, which was later to become the channel through which Calhoun was to be drawn? It was a question of implied rights *versus* stated rights—the chief cause of the Civil War. This opposition of Henry's was shared in the North as well.

III

Unlike Henry, George Washington (1732-1799) was essentially the sound and silent leader—a cautious general on the field, a sane guide through the critical period of constitutional adjustment. Tradition has encrusted his true proportions, idolization has taken from him his large humanity, and only now, after years of half-superstitious belief in the sensational fabrications of the parson-biographer, "Weems, turned book

agent," have the historian, the essayist, even the novelist, ventured to depict his essential greatness in the midst of his practical every-day existence. Some would take from him his generalship because his successes, paradoxically, were either defeats or retreats; others would overshadow his statesmanship, not recognizing his genius for detecting in others that which would satisfy fully the moment or the hour.

Washington was not the flabby saint, in boyhood or manhood, that Weems depicts. This ambulatory author, as Lodge states, was sincere perhaps in his adulation, but atrophied in his historical sense; the rector of popular appeal, boasting of his Mount Vernon parish, aimed for widespread acceptance, and his "Life of Washington; with Curious Anecdotes equally honorable to himself, and exemplary to his young countrymen," was circulated broadcast. By 1816, it had reached its seventeenth edition. It is false in its moral sentimentality, having, nevertheless, certain foundation facts. The Reverend Jacob Abbott could not have drawn Rollo so devoid of shading, so priggish in bearing as Weems drew Washington. Little did Henry Lee, when he delivered his famed funeral oration, famed largely for the oft-quoted "First in war," realize that this phrasing would inevitably contribute toward creating what Wister calls "a frozen image." The author of "The Virginian," therefore, in his "Seven Ages of Washington," proceeds to quote with zest Washington's characterization of Randolph, and it does strike the ear with a warmth that brings a thaw in its track: "A damned scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity."

Washington's mind was essentially practical; his whole training was practical, his early cultivation of imagination was sacrificed to the logarithmic exactitude of higher mathematics. Sparks would lead us to believe that Washington sedulously strove to curb an

over-emotional nature; if so, then he willfully destroyed what might have enriched his culture. Precision is the consuming characteristic of his life, it is the underlying virtue of his style; nevertheless, there is a certain grace to his expression at times which is innate rather than acquired, which is a natural indication of personal worth rather than the product of conscious art. When Sparks, in unwarranted manner, edited the actual wording of Washington's manuscripts, he in part was continuing what the writer himself in early years had begun to do. Washington was not a man of set education; he was strictly an unerring student of life, whether his gaze turned across the western frontier, or whether details came close and directly under his observation. It is partly true that a man of such a nature imbibes unknowingly what others gain through set effort. Washington was never indifferent to education; he felt deeply the deficiency in himself, and he did not pretend that which he did not possess. When he read, it was hardly in the humanities, but rather in the more masculine literature which corresponded with the life he lived. Yet he was one given to the appreciation of what might be called recreative writing; he was a theatergoer of considerable extent, and Mr. Ford, in his monograph, has shown what a deprivation it was to the soldier when the Continental Congress ordered places of amusement closed.

If history be read aright, Washington's greatness is all the more great because its silent total is due to the high seriousness of a definite personality, rather than wholly to the calm virtues of a peaceable man. He was such a personality as an untried government needed; self-control of a romantic inclination, of an unbounded temper, had made him wary of trusting first impressions based on passing emotion; circumstances had early put upon his shoulders responsibili-

ties far exceeding his years. With excellent tradition, in the midst of an aristocratic life, he was forced to labor with his hands; he was given at an early age glimpses beyond the Allegheny—a view which later ripened into his profound opinions on the necessity for territorial expansion, a growth of large moment to the South.

In intellectual progression, Washington logically follows Henry, for he carried the colonies beyond the colonial idea, besides aiding in freeing them. Henry was the inspiration of the word *liberty,* the prime mover in the initial impulse toward freedom. As general, Washington was the man of action; as statesman, the man of far-reaching national vision, too practical if you will, to be experimental—too serious to be moved by ulterior design. Trained from youth to form his own judgments, his mental balance, a perfect example of sanity, became more acute as the demands on his statecraft grew more urgent. It is clearly evident, through his correspondence, that Washington's outward reserve was no measure of his firm decisions formed through acute observation and through judicious reaching out for advice. The future humanitarian, who incidentally has the historical sense, will unearth much in the published writings of Washington, to place him back within the ranks of his fellowmen, differentiating him from them through the force, dignity and kindliness of his actions among men. It is not enough that the historian master his facts in their relation with leaders; he should draw character in the light of these facts. Mr. Lodge's estimate of Washington, in the final summary to his biography, is adequate considering the limits of his space. Coupled with Professor Trent's appreciative essay, it should suggest a portraiture, well rounded and of full proportion. When Fiske spoke of the "unparalleled grandeur" of the general, he put the

words *noble* and *sensible* in juxtaposition. Washington's circular letter to the heads of the states at the time of the disbandment of the Revolutionary army, and his farewell address, were not mere preachments turned for effect; they were the far-sighted opinions of a constructive mind working on personal knowledge and experience.

Washington was indeed the first American; events raised him out of the narrow confines of sectionalism. His efforts were engaged quite as much in the direction of impressing an independent people with their sovereign power, as of changing the foreign attitude toward America from colonial tolerance to sovereign recognition. In the last analysis, he and Lincoln, as Mr. Lodge states, did come from the same stock, but they were not brought up in the same atmosphere. I picture Washington following a straight course, on one hand intent on his agricultural pursuits and living the active life of a country squire, on the other intent upon his chief concern as a statesman, to further every detail, no matter what the opposition, which would secure the power of the Union, and insure the development of the nation, untrammeled by foreign entanglement. He possessed the rare faculty of noting the limitations on both sides of a difficulty; he calculated that there would be differences in demands North and South, but to him, as he often stated in his letters, differences were as likely to arise between the northern and southern sections of states, because of unequal distribution of advantages.

Some writers, in speaking of Washington as a party man, lose sight of the fact that he was a Federalist by force of circumstances, and because the party represented the views which he had already formulated when it came into existence. In very definite terms he has left on record his belief that party lines only led to "baleful effects"—to dissensions which inevi-

tably distracted and enfeebled public councils and public administrations. Washington was obsessed by the consuming desire to weld a nation out of the thirteen separate colonies. It is human nature that, in establishing the dignity of the executive, he should be accused of monarchical tendencies; yet such was never his idea; he believed in checks upon the government, but only as a means of balance, not as a hindrance to accomplishment. His one idea was national; the westward progress was national to his mind, for he saw that so long as the Spaniards or the French retained a hold upon American soil, there would be complications to hinder expansion, and to limit internal transportation. When he proposed supporting a national university, there was a certain personal pride in his effort to insure that to the young men of the country which he had been denied; but also one must not omit his prime object, to keep American youth from foreign universities where they were in danger of imbibing sentiments inimical to the idea of republican government.

Had Washington been a literary man in the true sense of the word, he would have avoided a certain didactic strain, both in his papers and in his letters, which brought upon him certain irritable censure. He felt himself constrained to point out on public occasions the dangers which beset the nation; he saw clearly where the ship of state was tending. He was not accustomed to speak in gilded phrases; even his farewell address was smoothed over by Hamilton; but he possessed a quaint dignity of expression which is usually developed in one to whom, in private life, details are referred for judgment. His letter to Nellie Custis, on the subject of love, is typical of his parental attitude, and to stretch the figure, the nation was to him his largest child. His policy toward England and France was measured in accord with what he thought

best for the nation. When Kentucky, in whose men flowed the pioneer blood which pulsed to a large extent in his veins, demanded the Mississippi as their right, Washington interpreted their attitude as the natural expansion of national life. In all questions that in after years served to disturb the South, he was certain to measure the consequences in terms of national advantage. So persistent was he in this idea that he lent color to the party which claimed him. It is only in temperament and personal character that Washington was Southern.

But even this is claiming a great deal. For a civilization to develop such manhood speaks well for the social heritage of the people. Virginia was pouring forth her very life blood, her whole strength, in constructive leadership; territorially, she was shriveling through her own disinterested desire to be the mother of states, as well as of statesmen. In manner, bearing, speech, Washington was a Virginia gentleman of the early eighteenth century; a gentleman by right of deed, not by right of position, unless, as in his case, the position was strengthened by action. In the light of a farmer, he was thrifty, and not wasteful of his land; had the Southern planters heeded the care with which the crops on his acres were alternated, they would have done well; had the South listened to his views on slavery—his, and Henry's, and Jefferson's—it would have been saved the inevitable calculation of the slave as an economic asset, and as a political question. There was gravity in his speech, in his humor of which he was not devoid, even in the social amenities in which he was not lacking. Thackeray's "The Virginians" partly portrays his poise; the intensity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, bespoke the deep force of his nature.

The man, in high seriousness, in human bearing, in judicial mood, in healthy sport, in sound humor, in

practical calculation, is evident in his writing; his style has no claim to æsthetics, yet in the analysis of character, in the description of scenes, in graceful compliment which sounds strange to-day simply because the old-fashioned courteous art is disappearing or in transition, in the decisive calculations of good and evil, his excellence is pronounced. His estimates of events and of men at close range are to be valued historically, in the same manner that Poe's estimates of his literary contemporaries show in him the genuine critic. The men of that period were thus endowed with a quality of detachment; especially in the case of Washington, there were moments when events could be handled in the pure spirit of exact rather than of human justice. Before Marshall's gaze, the picture of national development moved in historical order; take his estimate of Washington and contrast it with Jefferson's varying opinions which fluctuated according to his feelings, his momentary prejudices, and one will hardly deny that the judicial quality of Jefferson's authorship was marred, not only by an extravagance of style at times, but as well by a party narrowness which Washington so continually deplored.

But Jefferson carried the idea of statesmanship another step—a step nearer the Southern soil; he likewise was a logical outcome of Washington, developing the political character which in the South was later to be limited by a necessity for the defense of social institutions.

IV

Jefferson was essentially a man of the future; he was one in whom a consuming faith was larger than the fact. His mind was elastic; his enthusiasm was splendid even though his wisdom was not always sound. He was the type of man to whom the vision

of an ample end came before he had thoroughly looked into the limiting means. He was a statesman because in those days statesmanship was in the air, but his speculative tendency, his wide interests, betokened the dreamer. An abiding trust in human nature among the rank and file was the chief richness of his democratic principles, and his inconsistencies, which are seen to exist between his utterance and his act, are due largely to his zealous intent to win for the people what was best for them; he hardly swerved from his fundamental beliefs.

Such a mind is attractive, on one hand because of its catholicity of interests, and on the other because of its surprising theories of large originality. The ardent manner in which he approached a new topic was measure of his personality. Unlike Henry, his idea of liberty was philosophical; unlike Washington, his conception of the nation was based on an intense belief in the freedom of the individual; unlike most of his contemporaries, he was the idealist whose generalities were beyond immediate accomplishment. Such a man assuredly tests all conditions, all requirements, not according to the condition, but according to the future need. Washington was safe; Jefferson, through observation and rich power of projection, risked consequences, imagining the ultimate effect. Without such characteristics, he never would have been able to overleap the Constitution and purchase Louisiana.

An estimate of such a man is difficult to reach; if you indicate his official life, you realize that to him the greatest fact was not his presidency, or his vice-presidency; not his foreign ministry or his other varied public offices: but his Declaration of Independence, his Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and his position as Father of the University of Virginia. His attitude toward the people was that of the romanticist whose simple faith in life, in human motive, overcame

any doubt of accomplishment. This simple faith was another cause for his inconsistencies; he swerved from side to side as he thought it best for the interests of the people rather than of the government; according to this view, he interpreted the Constitution narrowly or broadly, as the case might be.

It is easy to gain a one-sided picture of any of these men of constructive days; but Jefferson's many facets send forth fascinating rays. Like most Southerners of the time, his home life was full of rich charm in its rural beauty, in the warmth of its social intercourse, in its easy industry upon an ample estate. Monticello became a Mecca for pilgrims, and he in truth its very sage. This position, in retirement after years of varied work, was due to a popularity gained through daring, but also through his democratic views.

In his boyhood, sprung from Welsh stock, and the patrician blood of the Randolphs, he first developed that application which in after years served him to such an excellent purpose. He studied fifteen hours a day at William and Mary College, which concentration embraced extensive reading in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English literature, and later, while torn in a love affair, he read law with Wythe, and wished Coke to the Devil. He was a believer in precept, in routine, in the theory of the simple life; he was constantly questioning himself, measuring his attitude and actions by what he imagined his friends would do under similar circumstances, such men as Prof. Small of the Departments of Mathematics and Philosophy, "who probably fixed the destinies of my life," Peyton Randolph, and Wythe, with whom he labored for democratic reforms in Virginia.

At an early age, Jefferson was given to weighty company and intense beliefs; also his personal habits and tastes became early accentuated, and his love for farming particularly helped to increase his income, be-

sides impressing him with the importance of agriculture and the healthy advantages of rural life, as opposed to the dangers of concentrated population in cities. At the age of fifty-seven, when trying to sum up the several benefits given through his endeavors to the world, he placed his experiments with the olive plant and with rice alongside of his efforts for religious freedom, for the abolition of the slave trade, for putting an end to entails, primogeniture, and other legislation, which, as Morse says, often forced his imagination in riotous channels for the benefit of mankind. It is a natural coincidence that his dreams of love, his liking for Ossian, and his experimental agriculture should mark the same period.

As a Revolutionary leader, the Virginians began to consider him too radical, perhaps because his tendency to sweeping expression, his desire for reformation, and his energy against all conservative institutions dear to aristocratic conservatism were coming into decided conflict with the old colonial precedence. He soon became noted as a document writer of skill, dash, and daring, and his drawing of the Declaration was a notable instance of creative work, if emphasis is laid, where Ford places it, upon the skill with which the spirit of America is caught in expression. The sensitiveness of Jefferson was not regarded by a cautious Congress, which in many ways corrected the overfullness of his phrasing. But as I have already pointed out as being clearly analyzed by Fiske, Jefferson's idealism, his sweeping phrase, were hardly due to French influence, even though he was familiar with the Voltaire and Rousseau schools of philosophy.

His work in the Virginia legislature was ably reinforced by George Mason and Monroe; there was a strong feeling within him that now, freed of monarchical subjection, governmental ideas must be made to conform with growing republican ideals. His activity in

the House was reactionary; the laws of inheritance, the courts of justice, the Established Church, all came under his disfavor; he was intent upon satisfying the needs of the lower classes with justice, and had his school system been supported, he would have done much to counteract the isolation of Virginia rural life. At this moment also he was intent upon a plan of abolishing slavery, which, although it may not have been practical, at least pointed to his realization of a future difficulty, and to his typical feeling, which is not Southern but white feeling, that even the negro is an inferior being and that race integrity must be preserved.

His unpopularity as Governor of Virginia during the Revolution was largely due to his inability to meet the situation because the State lacked the necessary equipment for defense, but also to his unwisdom in executive work. Much more suited to his talents was his originality in drawing up constitutions, in constructing territories, and, when he became a member of the Congress of Confederation, he not only was entrusted with the presentation of Virginia's ceded northwest territory to the states, but he likewise drew up a governmental régime which, among its strictures, abandoned slavery and suggested such fantastic names for the new region as Michigania, Metropotamia, and Pelisipia.

When he went as Minister to France, his interest was naturally involved in the Revolution, and his standing as the writer of the Declaration of Independence made the National Assembly seek his advice. But instead of being materially affected by events abroad, they only served to make him more American; his "Notes on Virginia," in some way his most discriminating work of the pen, had won for him a commendable reputation, published in a French edition in 1784. The Conservatives began again to bewail his

radicalism, he who, when Shays' Rebellion was reported to him, wrote of his approval of rebellion under special conditions, as conducing to prevent stagnation. This was characteristic of Jefferson, who was always restive, experimental, progressive. At the time of adjustment, of establishment, his species of mind was essential; in some ways it was a safeguard against over and sudden crystallization.

Jefferson's first stand against the Constitution was indicative of his rooted objection to any fast limitation of the people; a document fixed in detail would naturally be difficult to change with the variation of existing condition. Such was Henry's fear when he insisted upon the adoption of amendments.

The historical importance of the juxtaposition of Jefferson and Hamilton in Washington's cabinet is foreign to our immediate purpose, except in so far as in the adjustment of states, and in the drawing of party lines, the sectional distinctions became more and more marked. For historians emphasize that Jefferson's policies were more nearly in accord with agricultural demands, while Hamilton's far-reaching financial schemes were framed with commercial and manufacturing needs in mind—a concentration of power which harmonized with the demands of concentrated population. "All American history," writes Fiske, "has since run along the lines marked out by the antagonism between Jefferson and Hamilton." Jefferson's personal animosity in these disputes ended in attacks which do not fairly represent him as a statesman, but rather reveal that sensitiveness of feeling which colored his views of men's motives, and deceived him into believing the worst of his adversaries. In such spirit, he penned the unfortunate "Anas."

But the conflict of party views continued to increase, and Jefferson's opposition to the Alien and Sedition Laws, which took shape in his Kentucky Resolutions,

based on the sovereign right of states from which the general government drew its life, paved the way for Calhoun's principles of nullification. What in theory Jefferson took to be a safeguard against the usurpation of centralized power, later became a cause for secession, a move which he so deplored, but the possibility of which he clearly foresaw in 1820.

Jefferson was a most inconsistent Southerner, and yet his writings are replete with just those ideas which harmonize with the feelings of the Southern people. He foresaw the Monroe doctrine which was a necessary protection for the dignity of the nation; he detected the radical sectional differences which underlay the party lines; he early showed an antipathy toward New England, partly because of its predominant Federal policy. But in the territorial expansion which he did so much to hasten, his view was wholly national, nor did he thoroughly realize the effect this would have upon the territorial readjustment of the South. In the same breath in which he wrote: "Our peculiar security is in the possession of a written constitution," he also was involved in the most unconstitutional of negotiations. It was such acts of inconsistency which conflicted with his attitudes and statements in other directions, and which often made him hedge. As President, his rashness, his unfitness in certain practical details relating to finance and commerce, drew upon him censure which was justified; but much of the distorted impression we gain of him is had through too close an adherence to the disputes and imputations which clustered around pure motive. The best way to regard these men of Revolutionary times is in perspective, a perspective which, as Morse says, consists of "large lines of . . . purposes and policy held with much steadiness in the noble direction of a perfect humanitarianism."

In retirement, Jefferson still exerted his influence

and continued his active correspondence; he was now safe in imagining the future in this country, which looked toward the acquirement of Florida and of Cuba. His one desire seemed to be an harmonious balance of the forces of society; on paper this is easy to contemplate, shorn of its human spirit of aggrandizement which brought the tariff within reach of grasping politicians, shorn likewise of the unfailing principle of compensation which is as dominant in the affairs of commerce as in the affairs of the spirit. He little knew how prophetic was his review of the 1820 Compromise when he wrote, "I considered it at once as the knell of the Union."

Monticello became the center of social interest; in fact, Jefferson's hospitality was shamefully imposed upon; yet, notwithstanding outside distractions, he followed the politics of the day, planned his university, and put his papers in order, entrusting his future to Madison, to whom he wrote: "You have been a pillar of support through life. Take care of me when dead." This effort at self-protection was largely the result of his dislike of Marshall's "Life of Washington," in his opinion a partisan estimate.

It is no easy matter to sum up the many-sided nature revealed in a correspondence of such enormous scope as Jefferson's; he was affectionate and attractive, *sensitive* and *sentimental, shrewd* and *sincere,* to quote Morse; his radicalism of mind went farther than his actual radical action, while his motives were usually sound and disinterested. It is quite natural that a man of such temperament should pose, but his popular concern was fundamentally great, while his opposition to a concentration of power, as well as his hatred for New England business methods, fitted in with the tenor of Southern thought. His opposition to internal improvement carried on by the general government indicated his regard for states' rights, and even sug-

gested his belief in disunion on this account. Yet he did not reject the idea of internal improvements, *per se.*

Jefferson was a healthy combination of qualities, mental and physical; he was born to theory, his interests were so widespread as to seem almost incongruous. This framer of state documents, this man of public trust—even though at heart he was more given to retirement—was also a writer on Anglo-Saxon, and on the "Art of Poesy." If the financial schemes of Hamilton were muddled in his brain, he was a constant investigator of religious matters, not for the sake of answering any charges of atheism brought against him, but because he was personally concerned with the problems of philosophy.

By innate inclination Jefferson was the scholar; his mental scope was more vigorous than Lanier's, whose type of mind was not restive but chivalric; yet it is not far-stretched to connect the names of these two as typifying the forecast of the university function on one hand, and of the university scholar on the other. I say, Jefferson was primarily the scholar, with a streak of the practical, a great strain of the prophetical, and the decided inclination of the dreamer. In some respects his educational activity—a blend of the utilitarian and the theorist—foreshadowed the modern educator—a President Eliot of Harvard founding the University of Virginia.

Jefferson left a political impress upon the South, and likewise influenced to a large extent the cultural phase of its civilization; but, as in so many of his plans, he was far beyond his times. Perhaps it is unfair to lay to his discredit the whole of the ill-will heaped upon William and Mary College after the Revolution; nevertheless, Jefferson's interest was soon deflected from his *alma mater,* and once involved in this other institution which was to be, in his mind, an intellectual

capital to offset Washington, the political center, his every act drained the strength of the older college, which from that time declined. But William and Mary College occupied a big place in the making of the Union. H. A. Adams writes: "In Virginia the historic process began with English traditions of family culture; it developed through the personal administration of rural estates, through vestry meetings and county courts, and the House of Burgesses. The evolution of a higher class of politicians, professional men and cultivated gentlemen, was first accomplished at Williamsburg, that school of citizens, churchmen, and statesmen." There is no detracting from its initial position as an object lesson in government,—"a unique seminary of history and politics—of history in the very making, of politics in the praxis."

No doubt, the Episcopal preponderance at William and Mary looked askance at Jefferson's scheme of education, which also drew distrust from the dissenters. But as Jefferson himself declared, he disapproved of the Gothic idea which clung to the past; in learning, religion, government, he would trust to the future. General education in Virginia would have profited by heeding some of Jefferson's democratic notions, if not by adoption of his principles, at least in emulation of his activity.

It was Washington's one idea to keep American youth from seeking foreign instruction; however broad Jefferson's idea was, in which he liberally balanced the practical with the ideal, in which he generously sought the advice of outsiders upon the matter of a curriculum, he, nevertheless, had a political fear which was only a hair line separated from a sectional fear of Harvard and the North—in those days included in the one opprobrious term of Federalism. In 1821, he wrote: "How many of our youths she now has, learning the lessons of anti-Missourianism, I know

not; but a gentleman, lately from Princeton, told me he saw there the list of the students at that place, and that more than half were Virginians. These will return home, no doubt, deeply impressed with the sacred principles of our holy alliance of restrictionists."

After the Revolution, William and Mary College, as a state institution, lost the larger part of its revenue; then events seemed to be pitted against its rehabiliment, by the removal of the capital from Williamsburg to Richmond. Had it accepted Jefferson's proffer, it might have become a state university of some large importance, but rejecting his approach in 1779, its rival came into being, drawing from it a considerable proportion of its student body. It is significant to note that though Southern men flocked North, no Northern men to speak of flocked South to this institution, famed as the home of statesmen. This may have been because in the North, the people had universities of their own, and they disliked to adapt themselves to a climate not so vigorous; and also because before the extensive building of railroads, travel between sections was tedious. But there were in addition sectional differences, evident thus early, differences largely social, inasmuch as they affected the mental quickness of the people; differences denominational, influencing the mental daring and breadth of vision; differences political, which aggravated the spirit of the Civil War.

William and Mary boasts of being the first college in America with a complete faculty; it established the honor system, characteristic of Southern life, and which Southern men, coming North, engrafted on Princeton. In political economy, in municipal law, in history, in modern languages, it gave its energy to the initial impulse in this country. But lack of a concentrated effort and a concentrated population had effect upon the culture of the people, making it formal; to

which may be added that the mental attitude was one of imperviousness to new ideas.

The test of any educational system is to be found, not in its effect upon a particular type of mind, but in how far it satisfies the democratic level of society. Jefferson not only foresaw the modern university, but he realized the need of general instruction. "I do most anxiously wish to see the highest degrees of education given to the higher degrees of genius, and to all degrees of it, so much as may enable them to read and understand what is going on in the world, and to keep it right. . . ." But in an aristocratic society where there were such distinctions between classes, where the denominational idea struggled with the scientific fact, education could not gain widespread acceptance where community interest was still of a feudal nature.

Riding from Monticello to the university, Jefferson's keen superintendence of the executive details stamped him in act, if not in name, as the first president of the institution, but in reality, not until Dr. Alderman was installed in 1905 was the Board of Visitors dominated by an official head. Yet notwithstanding, Jefferson's spirit stamped the university from the very outset. His plans were utopian; restive himself under any intellectual restraint, we find him supporting the elective system; himself free from religious dogma, his chief concern in establishing a faculty was to discard the chair of divinity, but if possible to establish a professorship for each tenet of faith. Those were the days when America, not quite sure of the existence of its American character, opposed the appointment of foreign professors; when, after procuring a man for an intellectual post, his pure knowledge was tested, not by its general service but by its spiritual background. Jefferson's correspondence indicates his struggle to circumvent opposition on these points.

Thus, the importance of such a personality as we have attempted to compass in these few pages stands self-evident. We glean of Jefferson's position through his own writing, through the opinions of others. The character of the literature he created was of the statesman's type without the orator's eloquence; it was not æsthetic, though more than any other man of his period, Jefferson's pliability of spirit, his catholicity of taste, gave a certain light grace and flowing ease to his style. The substance of his idea showed imagination; the expression of that idea, sometimes close in treatment, at other times general in statement, was never florid, after he had passed the period of youthful love and Ossianic admiration. What is most significant about these men born of the South is the fact that out of a civilization, rural and paternalistic, emanated constructive minds of such different expression as are to be found in Henry, Washington, and Jefferson. The importance of Madison, though individually distinctive and different, is traditionally of the same caliber.

CHAPTER VI

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE

Poetry and Poets

I

It is impossible to separate the men of the Revolution from the Constitutional Statesmen of the early national period. We pass from one to the other with the flow of events, and reach the conclusion that very largely the distinction between types must be measured by the sociological, economic transference of emphasis from one factor to another. We have dwelt upon three distinct phases of the constructive mind, and while it is true that what we might say regarding some of the equally distinctive contemporaries would add but little to the general conception, still the individual energy of Marshall and Madison—statesmen of the most solid caliber—is of the first importance.

In studying certain features of Madison's career, the steady development of sectional differences, the accentuation of the political presence of the negro, the variation of economic interests which colored the debates on imposts for the support of the young government—all of these elements conduced to draw the lines of political estrangement further than were already drawn in the philosophical division of Federalists and Republicans.

Through all this imminent period, Madison, with his vast command of constitutional law, was necessary to the adjustment which was taking place slowly, and amidst ominous threats of civil war and disunion. The state papers gathered together in " The Federal-

ist" formed solid argument, and what is true of Madison as a writer here, is true of him as a stylist in his letters and other documents. "If there was no play of fancy," writes his biographer, Gay, "there was no forgetfulness of facts. If there was lack of imagination, there was none of historical illustration. . . . If manner was forgotten, method was not." In a literature where proof was the essential object, where persuasion, close logic, interpretation, represented the chief end, one hardly need look for æsthetics.

Yet the solid reasoning of the Revolutionary statesmen was not without its magnificence as literature—the classic of legal interpretation is symbolized to this day in the name of Marshall. In them, as yet, the fundamental was not obscured by sectional legislation. The historical figures of the next period were brought up in close contact with this broad type of citizen. It was the mysterious destiny of peoples that resulted in the defection of John C. Calhoun, some would even say of the political apostasy of Madison himself.

In passing from the social forces of this initial epoch of a nation's life to those of a later time, we are able to carry with us all the incipient elements leading to an eventual civil war. In fact, Randolph, whose life was a peculiar mixture of consuming egotism and arrogance, with brilliancy and momentary sanity, had in his views on the Constitution, suggested the possible erection of a Southern Confederacy. Events which led to territorial expansion, to political and economic adjustment, must necessarily be considered in connection with the rise of the Lower South—a condition which characterizes the ante-bellum period and marks the statesmen of the time. Every Southern man of public life left his opinion as to the ultimate meaning of the Constitution. The Revolutionary leaders passed readily from the field to Congress; they possessed the ease of adaptability; they could sign Declarations and

interpret new laws; they could discard unwise imposition and interpret for themselves. The pen was a *ready* instrument, unconscious of beauty, but aglow with the idea. George Mason, David Ramsay and others uttered their opinions with the conviction that resulted in action. This was a moving literature, though it may not now be of vast æsthetic worth—its value being permanently historical in its broadest sense. But if the test of writing lies in its effect, then the pamphleteers, beginning with Richard Bland; the orators, beginning with Henry; and the statesmen, beginning with Washington, are types of power, dynamically measured in their voluminous papers. Such literature won an eternal principle of liberty and established a Union on that principle. This is not a little to claim for any species of authorship. And, as compared with the same species just before the Civil War, we shall note philosophy passing into expediency.

II

It is wrong, however, to regard literally the statement of Mr. Sears that the literary energy which had in the colonial period been largely engaged in "theological athletics," was now to be wholly centered on a discussion of political *rights*. There were other intellectual activities in the South; the historian on one hand, the doctor on the other, were both working in the local spirit. Besides which, the scientific tendency was manifest in the societies which, for instance, were organized in Charleston, South Carolina, even as in Philadelphia. If in the North, Franklin was framing his rules of life, Jefferson in the South was doing the same. If Franklin was engaged in scientific investigation and experiment, Madison, at least, was concerned in paleontology. The mental and the commercial states, strange as the connection may seem, had to

contend with much the same drawbacks. When Madison was fighting for Southern ports of entry, as much to encourage commerce in the South as to raise a revenue for the government, he did not realize that slavery, the land system, the class distinction, the isolated population, the discouragement of cities, were serving to affect the Southern temperament, which was already colored to some extent by conditions of climate. The literature of the South was limited in just the way in which the civilization itself was restricted. Hence, while expression may reflect the life, it does not adequately measure the richness of that life or the full activity of the people. The literary romanticism of the South was but a faint reflex of the deep sentiment prompting action and directing domestic relationship.

Henry Laurens may be taken as representative of one kind of writer. Preceding the Revolution, he was a non-conformist as far as aggressiveness was concerned, living up to his neutral policy and showing a determined loyalty to the King. He was of Huguenot strain, and held in South Carolina a position of equal importance with Rutledge and Drayton. In all his dealings, his honesty was scrupulous, his judgment careful, so careful indeed that, during the strenuous moments of the Stamp Act, when violence came close upon petition, he was accused of being the King's man.

But Laurens only reflected the caution of many colonists of similar mind; he sought adjustment, not contenting himself to wait for the issue. In London, during 1774, he petitioned Parliament, warning individual members of England's impolitic attitude, himself sincerely eager for reconciliation. Yet he did not advocate the unwise taxation, however much personally he was willing to submit to it, as his correspondence will indicate. His position was not easy nor was it

agreeable to have his house searched, as it was by suspecting citizens during 1765. Only an exemplary nature could view the incident in light manner. "Is it not amazing," he wrote afterward with naïveté, "that such a number of men, many of them, heated with liquor & all armed with Cutlasses & Clubs did not do one penny damage to my Garden, not even to walk over a bed?"

Laurens, however, despite his slow determination, was gradually brought around to the support of the colonies; he succeeded Hancock as President of the Continental Congress, and in 1779 was on his way to Holland with papers from the new government, when he was captured by the English and imprisoned in the Tower for two years.

Again we find an instance here of Southern abhorrence of slavery. Laurens declared to his son in 1776 that were it not for laws preventing, he would manumit many of the so-called "Chattel" (a term which figured in the apportionment of population, when Madison proposed the 3-5 ratio between black and white) and do away with the entail of slavery.

The historian's point of view is discovered in most of what Laurens wrote; he was accurate, logical, penetrative. Not only that, but his style had the commendable quality of lucidity. He was tolerant, and a most worthy father, anxious for his son, residing in London, to reach his own conclusions as to the right or wrong of the colonies. His motive was strong and pure, his observation keen. His correspondence was carried on with such men as Morris, Washington, and Adams; he could be matter-of-fact, kind, sarcastic, picturesque and vivid. His mind was full of dignity, and often his expressions were sprightly. The while he was held in the Tower, with insults heaped upon him, with the pressure of bribery brought to bear upon him, he never lost either his high seriousness, or his

interest in affairs of state. Even as a student, his time in prison was spent, first in reading Gibbon, and afterwards in penning reflections on what he had read —which worthy occupation brought him the praise of Edmund Burke. To the latter belongs the credit of seeking Laurens's release, which was effected in an exchange with Cornwallis.

Two qualities about the writing of Laurens are evident at once; first, turning to his description after the battle of Brandywine, sprightliness is heightened by dramatic crispness, by short sentences not jerky in effect, but essentially active, panoramic. But as a balance, he was also sane, governed by common sense and farsightedness. In an official capacity, during 1781, he wrote a descriptive résumé of the chief characteristics of South Carolina, dwelling upon the South's politeness of manner, her hospitality, her comfortable homes, her pride in agriculture. He did not see the extravagance of her trading and credit system, and in accordance with the Southern view, he was convinced that though forced to manufacture necessities during the Revolution, the states in that section would soon return to their rural occupations.

We may regard Laurens as a typical colonial conservatist, whose non-conformist policy drew upon him the distrust, in the beginning, of his neighbors, and likewise helped to formulate English opinion of him, fairly represented in such phrases as "Whatever an American may be in private life, honor and good faith enter not into his ideas of a politician."

In many ways, it would not be difficult to sum up this literature in a few words, but while we might thus fix, in chart fashion, the trend of Revolutionary letters, we would far from succeed in gaining the spirit behind it. For the volumes are pregnant with fresh memories, with a charm of personal narrative and close contact, filled with expressions whose very quaint-

ness is fraught with the essence of a personal life. A pretty monograph might be written, connecting the names of Evelyn Byrd, Eliza Wilkinson, and Dolly Madison—one the striking belle of colonial manners, the other a vivacious widow of parlous war times, and the last, young even at four score years, a graceful diplomat of the early national period.

Little is known of the young Mrs. Wilkinson, of Charleston, whose twelve letters have been saved from the "damps" of time; but enough of the woman saturates these yellow pages to give us no mean opinion of her intellect, and to impress us with her cleverness in the use of the pen. She did not wish to hide her feminine qualities, she was naïvely proud of her ability to discuss matters of importance. It is this rapid shifting between these two points that lends permanent value to her dialogue.

The style of these letters bears all the marks of gentle courtesy, of gay humor, of surface prejudice, and of social pride, that stamped the Southern matron of the day. Given to moralizing, she resorts to apostrophes at all times, in accordance with the accepted attitude of the period; in attending those beneath her in rank, she condescended with an inborn grace that enriched her possession of refinement, even though proclaiming in the same breath the falsity of her standard.

One might almost claim for Mrs. Wilkinson in these letters the first attempt to fix the peculiar dialect of the negro, an experiment which succeeded about as well as Poe's conventional attempts in "The Gold Bug." She very well expressed the general distrust of the negro by the white man, a fact which, in part, she attributed to the calculating plans of the British.

Mrs. Wilkinson, as a widow, cannot escape being called gay; oftentimes she was wholly consumed by reflection, but whether thus or in the midst of epis-

tolary chat, she still retains a pleasant banter which is deeper than style, and at the basis of character. The picture of her under all circumstances is attractive, whether she is losing her slipper while escaping the approaching British, or whether she is actually under examination, evading the cross-questions of a pursuing body of redcoats. She quotes verse from Young and others, she is ready with her Bible, and familiar with her Ovid and Homer. She is affected lightly by external condition, all the while mentally aware of the actual perspective; in this lies the poignancy of her humor.

Of course, one must estimate these letters from their letter value; they are girlish confidences, tinged with some of the experience that shows a woman possessed of an eternally youthful heart—grace shot through with the humanity that is the only true culture. The personal tension of the Southern campaign is couched in these few pages with suggestions as to all the serious topics filling the minds of the emancipated colonists. But sweet and tender though she was, Mrs. Wilkinson nevertheless would not bend to the feminine yoke of "domestic concerns" alone. She was against those authors who regarded the feminine sex as "contemptible *earth worms*"; what she wanted was liberty of thought! Dolly Madison was to hear further on this subject when Harriet Martineau came to America.

And so, this "merry widow" with her girlish delight in men, her sentiment of heart, her feminine dislike of the *horrid* war of cannon, her quick response to the lights and shadows of victory and defeat, proves delightful reading and conveys a good measure of the weight of war which fell upon the Southern home.

Another woman of different temperament is worthy of our consideration for three special reasons: first, as Martha Laurens (1759-1811), she serves as a

literary link between her father, Henry Laurens, and her husband, Dr. David Ramsay; second, because in her spiritual fervor she represents the spirit of the age which fostered such literature as was written by Mrs. Trimmer and Isaac Watts, which approved of such educational methods as Rousseau framed on naturalistic tendencies; and third, her literary reliques being carefully and tenderly overlooked and edited by her husband, present a phase of Dr. Ramsay's character, other than his medical and historical tastes.

The little volume of "Memories," seared in leaf, and leather-worn in binding, exudes religious fervor, contemning the flesh, and dedicating the soul to God. Diary confessions, religious programs, long private meditations in the vein of Mrs. Trimmer,—these are the motives of the pages, though the faint aroma of domestic care, of practical Christianity, of external intercourse, is evident. In the letters from Laurens, we note the excellent father, and a family devotion which is charming to contemplate. But in women of such avowed religiosity as Mrs. Ramsay, it is difficult to grasp the intellectual strength save in the record of duties actually performed. Mrs. Ramsay was an exceptional mother—truly a Mrs. Trimmer transplanted, whose sweetness sometimes dimmed the light, but whose presence made the world a better place.

Now and then in these letters we catch a tiny vein of loving humor, of poetic feeling. As literature, which they were never intended to be, they must be treated with a kindly imagination; thousands have written as she, but she stands in old-fashioned contrast with Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Madison, and as such, represents a side-light on Southern character. Temperament of this kind stands the test of the heart which speaks the same language all the time, despite the want of vigorous style.

The old-fashioned reticence of Ramsay in editing

these letters of his second wife is fair indication of his manly nature and conjugal devotion; he attempts no more than a commentary in his notes which comprise a large part of the interest in this small book. He was a person of wide activity; as fighter, as surgeon, as historian and medical writer, his conscientiousness and retentive mind, his method and thoroughness gave him distinction.

The historical method according to modern scholarship was not the method of the early Southern historian; he was too near the event not to allow imagination and, in some instances, personal participation to humanize fact. History was often written as recreation from political duties; thus Ramsay, in preparing his volumes on the Revolution and on Washington, took advantage of his congressional duties to be near the state papers which he most needed. The historian's manner was easy in those days; it was full of philosophical side distinctions; it was framed in courtesy that fain would keep from wounding ears by the recital of disagreeable details. As a physician, Ramsay was careful to study the physical requirements of Southern climate; as a student, his comparative attempts revealed to him certain limitations of the Southern life; but so thoroughly imbued was he with the Southern *habit* of life, that he placed extra emphasis upon the unbounded advantages of agriculture.

He was a man who pleaded for enlightenment because of the evil effects of mental density—truly a proper soil for the craftiness of a possible Catiline. He spoke in terms of lessons to be drawn from the past; he wrote as though events of the present must contain lessons for the future. The historical style was closely allied to narrative; what it lost in exactitude, it gained in ease and picturesqueness; it held just a little of the orator's appeal, but it did not sacrifice the

source for the sake of invention, which was the chief historical weakness of Weems, that Southern jack-of-all-trades.

But as men of practical legislative experience, Ramsay, Drayton, and Wirt recognized the importance of public documents in the preparation of history and of biography. Men with such minds as Madison and Marshall could retain the necessary reference equipment, but even as Jefferson realized the necessity for public libraries in order to spread enlightenment among the people, so it was soon found necessary, on Southern initiative, to agitate the establishment of a Congressional library.

Yet, as Mr. Page so well declares in his essay on "The Want of a History of the Southern People," up to the time of the establishment of the Southern and State Historical Societies, the South had been lax in the preservation of records. The value of the history written in the days of Ramsay, Drayton, and Wirt is due only in part to accuracy, but also to the fact that to a less degree such records may be taken by the present-day historian as documentary evidence on one hand, and as representing the advance in mental attitude on the other. We shall have something to say later of the awakening of the critical conscience in the South, of the extended attention being given to that life of the South which is being based on documentary evidence as well as on native feeling.

No one can ignore Ramsay in the study of South Carolina or in the contemplation of early colonial and Revolutionary America. From 1801, when he issued his "Life of Washington," till his death in 1815, he alternated between medicine and history. Born in Pennsylvania, educated at Princeton, yet all his interests were identified with the South. He delivered many orations, wrote on religious topics and was foremost in philanthropic and social schemes.

And, even as Ramsay in the practice of the historical method, so William Henry Drayton drew upon experience—a full life of rapidly shifting responsibility from 1742-1779. Both he and Ramsay were pamphleteers; they were in like sense gatherers of historical data, recorders of personal impressions, utterers of personal opinion—which constitute only one part of the historian's duty. Drayton and his son, John, rose to high office in their native State, and the latter it was who made use of his father's papers in a book on the Revolution in South Carolina. Once more, in this matter of the historian in the early South, we find public life ascendant over the life of letters. Men were pamphleteers because it was all essential to be so; they were orators because the people required direct appeal; they were letter writers because no other means so convenient were known by which they could convey ideas,—a difficulty, later, partly surmounted by the widespread reporting of the modern newspaper. The times required statesmen, for only by such may a nation be permanently established. Literature was secondary in the South during Revolutionary days. I am omitting extended reference to Wirt here, for the reason that his attitude in "The British Spy" was outside the war spirit, was indeed created with an art perspective more nearly akin to Irving in its artistic impulse. It is not strange, therefore, in reaching the last form of expression—poetry—to find the songs and ballads saturated with the fire of the moment, popular with the ring of determination,—a poetry which jingles, snaps, bites, but does not lilt.

III

It is difficult to find Southern characteristics in the poetry of this period; the Civil War was productive of more real sectional feeling and musical fervor,

wherever the poet dealt with purely local sentiment; but in the American nation, the national or the sectional verse has never been of high quality, yet notwithstanding, it has represented intense feeling. In the South there was no man to compete in magnitude or in originality with Freneau, and as a matter of fact there was none in the North. Otherwise, we find the same character of verse in both sections—stanzas dealing distinctly with the revolutionary attitude, and naturally epitomizing some local activity. We do not find the jinglers in New England penning lines about the Belles of Williamsburg, but rather extolling the homespun declarations of their own maids. On the other hand the poets, North and South, made lively use of the universal topics of tea, taxation, and Toryism. Both sections confronted a delicate problem of loyal sympathies in the face of patriotic enthusiasms; they interchanged meters, parodied the same English ballad pieces, as well as parodying themselves.

Poetry was the means of mental relief; other forms had demanded serious thought, weighty wording, but here one could be gay, reckless, and grotesquely humorous. The feelings ran riot, either in grandiose expression of patriotism, burlesque innuendoes, or satiric broadsides. The commendable feature of such composition is its sincerity, its childlike impulsiveness, which, as Moore writes, quoting an authority, " just set . . . poetical lathes a-turning and twisted out ballads and songs for the good of the cause." The personal attitude in the stanzas only served to give these crude ballads a more human snap; it made no difference whether or not the rhyme endings were correct, or whether the separate lines could not stand the test of good rhythm; the whole effect was there, represented a big impulse; it was easily memorized, and sung to some old and familiar melody.

The first impression of this type of poetry in the

South is had from the pen of two graduates of William and Mary College, St. George Tucker (1752-1828) and Dr. James McClurg (1747-1825), who, as physician, could claim authorship of a treatise on the human bile, but who in off hours attempted graceful turns after the manner of Suckling and Cowley, nor was his associate far behind, either in his sentiment or in his *vers de société*. An attractive phase of Southern literature is obtained in the wide contrasts existing between vocation and avocation; to one who reads "The Belles of Williamsburg," it is difficult to reconcile the authorship with the annotator of Blackstone. The piece is descriptive of the virtues of many damsels whose spirit, beauty, and vivacity have sported through the veins of hot youth, and sport still, for the qualities of wit, of flashing eye, of well-turned tapering form and the like, are elements in Nature's eternal scheme of things. So successful were the stanzas extolling the rarities of Laura, Aspasia, and Delia that a sequel was soon forthcoming in deference to Isidora, Leonella, Brunetta, and Belinda, warm in beauty though fantastical in name. The composite picture may be seen in one stanza which runs:

> . . . The polished cheek that glows,
> And her's the velvet lip,
> To which the cherry yields its hue,
> Its plumpness and ambrosial dew
> Which even Gods might sip.

"Virginia Heart of Oaks," penned about the time of the repeal of the Stamp Act (1766) and based on a sailor's song by Garrick, rings with disquietude; it is incongruous in its wording and its simile, but unchangeable in its patriotic intention; even in its bombastic phraseology it is big with large daring. This poem, if it may be so called, with its spirit, well-typified in the couplet

"On our brow while we laurel-crown'd Liberty wear,
What Englishmen ought we Americans dare"—

was inspiration for many more of similar meter and sentiment. When the Virginian, J. W. Hewlings, wrote (1775) his "American Hearts of Oak," he must have had by him the *Virginia Gazette* of May 2, 1766.

Already these colonies in their verse could flaunt a tradition created on the new land. "Maryland's Resolve" (1774) to prepare for the fray held aloft the memory of Calvert. On the one hand, we find extant verses on Sullivan Island (1776), a humorous jingly account of an "Affair of Honor" (1778) between Gen. Robert Howe and Lieut. Gov. Christopher Gadsden, which the ambitious muse claimed to be too good a story for simple prose, sir! The swing of the lines is thus:

Quoth H. to G.—'Sir, please to fire!'
Quoth G.—'No, pray begin, Sir;'
And truly one must needs admire,
The temper they were in, sir.

The campaign in the South was productive of purely local verse, dealing with incidents like the "Siege of Savannah" (1779) and "Charleston" (1780) and "The Battle of King's Mountain" (1780), but though of historical bearing, they are not, as Wegelin declares, of distinctive Southern tenor. We need but note that here, as in the North, there were party songs, army songs, ballads and hymns—poems whose humor was rough but good-natured, crude but determined and healthily reflective of the temper of a roused people. Ladies added their voices to the cause, diffident in their apparent forwardness in entering public affairs.

The one piece which has any claim to real value as poetry is a tribute to Washington, written by Charles

Henry Wharton (1779), breathing a deep reverential love through the eighteenth century formal style. No Southern poet had the initiative of Freneau to break from thorough artificiality; in fact the verse of this section, while true in sentiment, oftentimes limps through carelessness. Such was the consuming fault of Richard Dabney (1787-1825), the rhythm of whose nature was jogged sadly out of tune through opium and mint julep. In its poetry, the South showed a pretty feeling, but not always the strongest strains of her Cavalier bearing.

A full study of Revolutionary poetry would place the South no inferior to the North in productiveness, but in no way would a thorough examination change the ultimate conclusion made after a cursory glance—that the doggerel was rich in impulse but poor in quality. Those interested in the drama might read "Female Patriotism; or, the Death of Joan d'Arc," a play in four acts by John Burk, or the same author's drama on "Bunker Hill; or, the Death of Warren," and would advance not further than John Adams's exclamation after seeing the latter piece: "Sir," he blurted out, "my friend General Warren was a scholar and a gentleman, but your author has made him a bully and blackguard." One might spend considerable time in the analysis of Hugh Henry Brackenridge's drama in heroic measure, called "The Battle of Bunker's Hill," or the same author's tragedy on "The Death of General Montgomery at the Siege of Quebec," and brush aside the weakness of scenes as acted drama, but extol the pure spirit of patriotism in its heroic and imitative verse. As the feeling ran, so the characterization ran, but the moral object, the heroic intent, the contrast of humor and dignity at least point to art expression. Yet here even, we have a war drama as we had a war poetry and a war oratory. In a way, one finds expressed the manners of

the times, as in Col. Robert Munford's electioneering play, "The Candidates," but on the whole the literature of this period and of this section was more reflective of the general revolutionary spirit than of the South. Yet, notwithstanding, from the Southern soil and civilization was evolved a political leadership far greater than the literature of the time.

III

ANTE-BELLUM PERIOD

1764-1822	William Pinckney	Maryland
1765-1825	Robert Goodloe Harper	Virginia
1775-1825	William Munford	Virginia
1775-1861	George Tucker	Virginia
1776-1825	Ninian Pinkney	Maryland
1777-1852	Henry Clay	Kentucky
1778-1809	John Shaw	Maryland
1779-1843	Washington Allston	South Carolina
1780-1843	Francis Scott Key	Maryland
1780-1851	John J. Audubon	Louisiana
1780-1865	George M. Troup	Georgia
1782-1850	John C. Calhoun	South Carolina
1782-1858	Thomas Hart Benton	North Carolina
1784-1851	Nathaniel Beverley Tucker	Virginia
1784-1857	William Maxwell	Virginia
1786-1836	David Crockett	Tennessee
1787-1825	Richard Dabney	Virginia
1788-1863	William J. Grayson	South Carolina
1789-1847	Richard Henry Wilde	Georgia
1789-1863	James Louis Petigru	South Carolina
1790-1870	Augustus B. Longstreet	Georgia
1791-1839	Robert Y. Hayne	South Carolina
1793-1863	Sam Houston	Texas
1794-1860	William C. Preston	South Carolina
1795-1870	John Pendleton Kennedy	Maryland
1797-1843	Hugh Swinton Legaré	South Carolina
1798-1859	Mirabeau B. Lamar	Georgia
1798-1866	Francis Lister Hawks	North Carolina
1802-1828	Edward Coate Pinkney	Maryland
1802-1870	George D. Prentice	Kentucky
1805-1895	Charles E. A. Gayarré	Louisiana
1806-1870	William Gilmore Simms	South Carolina
1806-1872	William Carruthers	Virginia
1806-1873	Matthew F. Maury	Virginia
1809-1849	Edgar Allan Poe	Virginia
1809-1891	Albert Pike	Arkansas
1810-1870	Mme. Octavia Le Vert	Alabama
1811-1864	Joseph G. Baldwin	Alabama
1812-1882	William Tappan Thompson	Georgia
1814-1865	Alexander B. Meek	Alabama
1814-1868	George W. Harris	Tennessee
1815-1863	Johnson Jones Hooper	Alabama
1816-1850	Philip Pendleton Cooke	Virginia
1816-1894	Severn Teackle Wallis	Maryland
1819-1852	Amelia Welby	Maryland
1820-1898	Henry Root Jackson	Georgia
1822-1898	William Henry Trescott	South Carolina
1823-1859	James M. Legaré	South Carolina
1823-1862	Thomas R. R. Cobb	Georgia
1823-1903	Charles H. Smith	Georgia
1825-1893	L. Q. C. Lamar	Mississippi

CHAPTER VII

SOCIAL FORCES

The Gentleman of the Black Stock and His Culture; His Politics; the Menace of Slavery; the Rise of States; the Aristocracy and the "Poor Whites"; the Era of Agriculture.

I

The history of the South is easily divisible into periods dominated by particular mental attitudes toward national questions. It was almost inevitable that, having adopted a constitution, sections differing so widely in economic practice and in social tradition should be suspicious of the unequal favors of a Union, whose sympathies as a young nation were more quickly concerned with development than with perpetuation.

At the outset of the national period, the South was shackled with an institution and with a product, both of which required an extension of territory, and both of which assisted in the migration which depleted Virginia, and opened up the region of the Lower South. One must know wherein the difference lay, distinguishing the Upper from the Lower South, and why it was necessary for the latter to procure and to maintain at all hazards ascendency in the legislative body at Washington.

The migration of which we speak resulted in the beginning of that spirit which now comprises such a hopeful aspect in the present South. The trend of democratization is to be traced toward the southwest;

there arose upon the plantations of the cotton belt a compact upper class, which did not possess the tidewater prejudice against allowing other than the "first families" to participate in the affairs of state. But this shifting of attitude in the Lower South only made room for another compact body of a different order—a dominant slave-owning minority which completely overshadowed and overruled the non-slaveholding population.

Slavery and agriculture, likewise, in their demand for more territory, necessitated negotiation and conflict with the French and the Spanish and the Indians. There was also the local economic situation regarding the cultivation of cotton and its increase through slave labor, which involved national diplomacy and political calculation.

The Federal party, so it is said, passed away because it was unable to adapt itself to new conditions; its purpose was to establish a constitution, and it did what it set out to do. The group of Southerners who were instrumental in framing national law, as well as the laws of their native states, closed an era which has here been designated as the Revolutionary Period, because the national idea was born in revolution. Immediately, these same men entertained new ideas of construing what had been constructed; it is therefore an almost impossible operation to draw definite lines separating the Southern Revolutionary author from the author of the national period. One can but view the periods in terms of the dominant problems with which the people were concerned. Until the outbreak of the Civil War, the Southern mind passed from strict construction to a construction based entirely upon protection of an institution which, part of the web and woof of the social fabric, was at the same time its curse, its protection, and its economic creed. Slavery and cotton were at the bottom of tariff dis-

quietude; they accentuated the unequal legislation which brought about the defiant South Carolina policy of Nullification; and the irritation of attacks from the outside awakened a further view of constitutional construction leading to states' rights, and to the eventual arguments in favor of secession. So closely do slavery and cotton bind together every mental attitude of the Southern people from 1800 until 1854, that it is well to embrace the elements in one ante-bellum consideration. Freedom of thought was simply the right to acknowledge the necessity of thinking for the defense of slavery. Sectional feeling only accentuated sectional peculiarities, and these in turn colored the literature of all *genres*. The pulpit was involved, the school, the press—all culture reaped the narrowing effects of slavery and cotton. Social forces, affecting the mind and character of the Southern people, measure the philosophic, intensive view of life as reflected in the written record.

The geographical distribution of the Southern people is fairly well marked in the dialect peculiarities which distinguish states and even sections of states; one might analyze the distinctive pronunciations of regions, in the manner of Dr. Primer, and be able thus to determine the constituent parts, the characteristic make-up, of the streams of emigrants in their pioneer trail across the Appalachian, down the Mississippi Valley from Tennessee and Kentucky, and into Texas. Adopting a literary method, based on an acquaintance with historical fact, one might follow Mr. Brown's intensive and at the same time human policy of taking types of men as indicating the value of stock and the qualities of inheritance. He speaks of "men of the physical mold" of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun—the Scotch-Irish contribution to American history; of Western energy and idea, plus Southern charm, as seen in Clay. Such state-

ments, while easily made, in this case represent a certain close-hand knowledge of the South from within the civilization, which, until recent years, has been a rare phenomenon among the critics of the South.

If one should take state by state and study the dominant peculiarities of speech and temperament, historical reasons could be furnished for every social, political, and economic point of view actuating the pioneer in his westward and southwestward march from Virginia after the Revolution. Virginia and South Carolina, ranged on the side of aristocracy, are balanced by North Carolina and Georgia, poorer and more democratic. The aristocratic English tradition, pushing through the mountains into Alabama, reached the Gulf, and, as Professor Trent has pointed out, planted an aristocracy in Mobile and New Orleans—he might have added as regards the latter, a distinct life within the Southern life, for the French and Spanish influences are still evident, and are not wholly absorbed.

The time had now come when Virginia, having contributed to the Lower South, was to turn toward that section as the chief market for its slave labor. Over the mountains, pioneers carried their English traits and a certain prejudice toward slavery which found such pronounced utterance in 1832, when the Virginia legislature debated so energetically the way to rid the state of its curse. Virginia might have withstood its weakness through constant drain had it responded to the economic creed. Therein lay the policy of South Carolina, more dogmatically aristocratic, and more unlikely to accept the democracy which increased with the increase in popularity of Jackson after the War of 1812 and the Seminole conflicts, the latter of which freed the Florida territory from the grip of the Spaniard. But South Carolina, overrun by the negro, rose upon the tide of feeling which

looked toward slave labor to supply cotton for the newly invented gin, which, in 1793, emanated from the mind of Eli Whitney, a Yankee, who was visiting Savannah.

Thus, another stream from Georgia, westward through the black belt, is to be noted, as well as one from North Carolina, westward into Tennessee. As slavery modified character, so we shall find the mountains giving a certain touch of democracy, akin to lawlessness, but with a certain unwritten code of justice. Yet, as seen in the stories of Charles Egbert Craddock and John Fox, the unfailing pride—whether Scotch-Irish or not—which wells up in the Cumberland Valley, is a fact, however anomalous it may be. The truth is that Southern democracy in principle, rather than in political or party differences, became a slave party just as soon as slavery became the large political issue.

Ingle writes: "What the South was to be territorially had been determined in 1836." This statement involves much historical activity, embracing the opening of the Louisiana territory and Florida, besides indicating the necessity of disentangling the Southwest from foreign control. But more than that, by 1836, the sectional differences had also become fully determined. The opening of the Mississippi River, the questions of tariff and internal improvement, the consideration of a congressional balance which was necessary, inasmuch as the South was forced to assume the defensive—these sectional interests enlisted the political talent as well as colored the literary sentiment.

For the first time in the literature of the South, there appears a conscious recognition of sectional peculiarities, the use of local character, of local experience, and of pride in local endeavor. While the critical acumen of Wirt's "Letters of the British Spy" exceeds

that of Alexander B. Meek's "Romantic Passages in Southwestern History," it nevertheless marks a certain intellectual habit of Southern writers which might have been rare had it not become pledged in directions requiring laudation and flowery eloquence, rather than discriminating judgment. In this respect, Wirt was nearer the Revolution—more national than ante-bellum, yet withal possessed of poetic feeling, and full of sentiment, rather than sentimental.

The local sense was born directly of the soil, perhaps striking because of the very marked outward idiosyncrasies which did not so utterly involve the soul as did the New England conscience. The Southern mind assumed almost a unified attitude toward Southern qualities, a formal code of expression in dealing with moral questions. Because of the narrow richness of his life, the writer within the South became slave of his excellent bequeathment. Barring a few examples, the most noteworthy being Simms, authorship was an accomplishment rather than a profession; it was secondary to the larger field of politics. That is why one finds long discursive passages in the novels of the early period—romances now grouped in a *genre* spoken of as *old-fashioned;* there was no balance in the use of life and romance; it had either to be one or the other. The romantic formula exacted a rigid adherence to prescribed rules or conventions of manhood and womanhood, which were interpreted as inviolable symbols of life.

Hence it is that characterization became statuesque, action painfully melodramatic, and social consideration oratorical. Let the writer touch upon a point in Southern life, and he was willing to halt his story so as to debate the question and settle it at once according to his personal point of view. There was no justice done to his characters; they must obey his code of honor, they must hold his convictions. Otherwise,

they must act in the manner of Scott's heroes and fulfill the destinies of Hannah More's heroines.

It is very true that the course of events forced the Southern writer into a position of actually deceiving himself. He loved his life; the very paternalism of the fields became the part of him which was bequeathed to the next generation. But his sensitiveness was confession of a weakness in that life which he dared not whisper to himself, much less utter in his literature; upon his confidence rested the equilibrium of his civilization. So he argued, even though large numbers of his associates, in legislature, in *De Bow*, and elsewhere, expressed disbelief in the advantages of slavery.

The culture of the South in this period is more than ever dependent upon social forces in the life. Political unrest was everywhere further aggravated by an observational criticism, passed upon the civilization from without by those avowedly inimical to the economic system. In Governor Hammond's pro-slavery argument, he refers to Miss Martineau's Boccaccio pen; his attitude was that the Southerners would not dare broach certain subjects—a statement which marks a distinct dissociation of morality from social condition. Southern literature sounds two persistent notes during this time—political aggressiveness and sectional pride.

One has, moreover, to examine into another literature of bulky proportion, but none the less essential to an understanding of the South. In a criticism of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*, Mr. Allen truly states that the South did not object to the character *per se*, but to "the category of events" that befell the character. It is exactly in this respect that the English and Northern travelers who went through the South were unfair to the total value of that life; they possessed neither time nor desire to estimate the people in terms of

other than the worse conditions which came under their observation.

The Southern critic has justly protested against an overmarked confidence in details gathered by the stranger, and shorn of all sympathetic insight into any of the rich results emanating from such a civilization. Rhodes, the historian, starting out in the customary fault-commenting vein, was forced, through the exceptional fairness of his historical sense, to offset arraignment with justification. The early critic of slavery was extravagant, and so was the defender. They were both culpable in the same way, though not as rabid as the abolitionist and fire-eater, whom Mr. Brown distinguished, one from the other, in the terse statement that the former would have sacrificed the Union to free the slave, while the latter would have sacrificed the Union rather than see the slave free. The Northerner approached the problem abstractly; the Southerner looked upon the immediate fact. The masterfulness of the white was essential if the section was to advance with other sections. South Carolina, then as now, saw the ascendent race in the minority as far as numbers were concerned.

And so we may apply Mr. Allen's statement to more than Mrs. Stowe's book—to Fannie Kemble's "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839," agreeable with a certain languid tone and feeling response to the beauty of scene; to Frederick Law Olmsted's rambling travels; and to J. Elliot Cairnes' consideration of "The Slave Power," and the laws governing it. The student cannot disregard these books; they are rich with unsystematized material, or rather with detail arranged according to a one-sided argument. Olmsted's narratives, leisurely gathered, and agreeably written in journalistic fashion, are data placed for the purpose of conviction; they never assume the impersonal because, as a scientific agricul-

turist, as an enemy to slave labor, he was continually challenging. One does not have to go far in the numberless books to realize that the aristocratic life, overworked in romance and biography, was not of as much importance to Olmsted, as the poorer classes whom Helper appealed to when he wrote his "Impending Crisis."

Professor Trent's view is thoroughly sound when he suggests that Olmsted is valuable to-day in measuring the progress of the New South, for the very reason that the plain man is coming to mean something more to the South in its social, political, and economic awakening. The plain man is likewise a part of Southern literature.

We are not expected to argue again the case of slavery; that it has ceased is an incontrovertible fact for which the South is thankful; we must approach the records to extract therefrom the influence such an institution, such a life, had upon the mental activity of the people. Olmsted did not carry with him to the South a broad knowledge of the South; he was receptive and paid small heed to the activity within the South, along the lines of systematized agriculture, so earnestly exerted by Lieutenant Maury, so zealously suggested in the face of his support of slavery by De Bow, so pledged to pioneer experiment by Ruffin.

The student is just beginning to understand the part played by the poor white in the ante-bellum South; that he was overshadowed is largely due to the importance of the landed gentry in the whole economic machinery which slavery raised and strengthened. The mental attitude of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, his culture, his tradition, his rights, were not challenged because cotton was king. The irritation, the vehement logic that carried by force of its rhetoric, the old-world dignity, the warm protecting condescension of his manner, stamped the type,

molded by forces which he realized and was struggling to conserve. But he felt the inevitable restlessness which results from fear of going forward lest the old charm be sacrificed. He would incommode himself rather than relinquish a superfluous manner which was useless, and which the laws of progress claimed to be waste of time and energy. It was thus that his thought assumed an aspect as formal as his person; they were both forceful, magnetic, picturesque, but of the old order, and pledged to the old order.

While the chief charm of the Old Gentleman of the Black Stock rests in his romantic possibilities, well-nigh overworked in a conventional sentiment by Mr. Page in his novel bearing that name, he was at the same time an economic factor, inasmuch as upon him fell the responsibilities and the results of the agricultural life. Indeed, in his use of the term "Southern People," as applied to the population before the war, Mr. Page draws this distinction; for he claims that a Southern literature could have come from no other class than that which supported the slave-holding interests; nothing was to be expected of the poor white, much less of the negro.

The old-time courtesy was born of the gentry habits of home life; the paternal position the "Old Gentleman" was placed in by the presence of the slave, developed his power of self-control, and accentuated a decisiveness which was hardly amenable to the reasoning of others, and which, held patiently in leash, might be interpreted as condescension. He advanced with his head turned longingly to the past. Everywhere, life exhibits that strong love for what has been, and in the South this was longest in ruling the mind, because a conservative society, especially a homogeneous group which has not been molded from widely

divergent stock, did not recognize or give heed to progress apart from its sectional demands. The philosophic views of the statesmen who built the nation were no longer possible.

The Gentleman of the Black Stock was generally a lawyer; if his prominence won him large political honors, he was compared with his predecessors at the bar,—Randolph, Marshall, even Henry. He was as consumed with the fire of legal ingenuity and energy, as the modern business man is with Wall Street. And to his credit it must be said that in his reach for high posts, his civic sense was stronger than his realization of personal benefits. His rectitude, his high seriousness whenever his mind was engaged in affairs of moment, are indication of what Southern literature might have been, had it not been overruled by a profession which genius seemed particularly to have favored.

In his literature, the Gentleman of the Black Stock reveled leisurely; his tastes were inherited with the library of previous generations. Early in life, he lisped the letters from his Plutarch, and toward the close of his life he might have been persuaded to open Wordsworth, perhaps because of the poet's associative faculty and religious conservatism.

Now, what was his mental attitude toward the humanities? He believed in leisure for the exercise of thought, and he was firm in the conviction that through slavery, which in addition to its being "naturally, morally and politically right and beneficial," likewise "saved the planter from the necessity of labor," the section would be led to opulence, and the arts and sciences would naturally follow. He adopted a pronounced classic cultivation of letters; he spoke of history as the preserving page; he applied to the pen of Livy a picturesque term, "luminous," which critically

might mean anything, but which to him meant aphoristic wisdom inherited from Solon. In his imagination he could not conceive of the plastic nature of literature; he could not accept the evanescent value of news. The times should be improved in accordance with ancient example; a classical foundation was essential because of the wisdom it reflected; the future was to be regulated by the past; reëstablishment was more to be sought after than innovation.

In an address before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, delivered as early as December 7, 1839, Meek, in his plea for intellectual activity, gave to the students this sophistry: "In proportion as individuals of different qualities enter into the composition of society,—so it becomes, in its general tone, less pure and elevated." And yet, though every speaker in the South lauded the "peculiar institution," they were beginning to see that the agricultural character of their lives was not entirely idyllic for the fostering of the fine arts, despite the fact that they pointed to ancient examples of primal originality, springing from soil opulent under slave rule. To the Gentleman of the Black Stock there was only one large factor preventing the full enjoyment of national advancement, and that was governmental discrimination in favor of a section not agricultural. He was only partially right.

Meek held such opinions, yet he also placed himself in an anomalous position when he claimed for the "humble and industrious" dotting the "neighborhood roads," the camp meetings and county court, some share in the awakening he invoked from the students of Alabama. The Southerner at such moments of appeal fell into vacuous expressions which gilded the lily but weakened the force of his argument, and often ignored the statement of ways and means by which the accomplishment might be reached.

II

In defining the term *romance,* the Southern writer confounded two traits of the material used by him; recognizing the fact that the incidents, the actions, the emotions employed were of a peculiar character, he also was aware that their veracity was always doubted. He possessed a certain desire to establish the realistic existence of his data, but he sacrificed any claim to truth that romance might have, by the illogical, violent ordering of his story, and by the emotional verboseness of his style. His analytical insight was not as personal as the power he displayed of self-expression.

The permanence of culture was his much-coveted ideal, but it was a culture based on class distinction and on social opportunity, through which flowed no strength of new blood. Utilitarian practice was thought to tarnish his higher accomplishments, nor could he express his ideas tersely, inasmuch as his reading public had been trained in a school of rounded sentences and effulgent adjectives. He was not necessarily self-deceived; it was due to his traditions that his speech became over-exaggerated, a quixotic exaltation of common things. This may have added charm to the manners of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, but it grew wearisome in his literature. His thought was often direct, his expression mostly oblique and long-winded.

The attendant circumstances of slavery fostered Southern punctiliousness of conversation. Meek claims for the "Southron" "a spirit of superiority"; his speech was necessarily a measure of this position; his "self-esteem" gave unshakable confidence to his assertion; his "aristocratic feeling" at once limited his view; his "chivalry of character" accentuated his honesty of purpose, more simple than calculating.

Because of the unpractical and decorative accomplishment of literature, Southerners placed small value upon it as a profession; the reason probably was to be found in the facts that there were no large centers, no literary circles outside of Simms, and no publishing impetus save in the North. But concentration, according to the critics of the day, would not have bettered the situation in the South; Irving and Cooper and those who came after were as strong in their cry against the domination of English books, to the detriment of American literature generally, as later the South became, in its opposition to Northern monopoly, especially in the case of schoolbooks.

It was this justified unrest as to the state of American letters, which prompted both Meek and Simms to write on the subject; but there was, in addition, that ever-present historical sense in the Southerner, which developed in him the desire to know his country and to make use of its romance and luxuriance. Simms believed in a compact minority; he even went further than Meek in his dislike of shifting population; he considered it a drawback to the development of any national characteristics to wander, to become cosmopolitan, to mix with foreign stock; he saw the result to be a "moral loss" in which "standards of judgment fluctuate, sensibilities become blunted, principles impaired, with increasing insecurity at each additional move." This effort to stem what was considered a destructive tide of denationalization was prompted by the same desire which was evident on the part of manufacturers to build up home industry. English thought *versus* English woolens!

The Gentleman of the Black Stock had a vague conception as to nationalism in literature; he understood that racial habits grew out of racial life; that no one nation could live upon the laws of another without vital, inherent connection between law and the people

to be governed; that the process must be inward necessity acted upon by outward condition; that a nation's art cannot be superimposed from without itself. But yet, his expansive attitude toward a national literature gradually narrowed, assuming a local aspect, because of the conservative interpretation of his idea that "as we adapt our warfare to the peculiarities of the country, and our industry to our climate . . . so the operations of the national mind must be suited to our characteristics." The much-flaunted and oft-repeated expression, "the genius of our people," was applied particularly to a section. The Southern historian mostly wrote of Southern Revolutionary generals, of Southern colonization; even in his treatment of the Indians, he was not as successful in creating the *typal* traits as he was in noting the *tribal* peculiarities. In the latter respect, we may draw one of the distinctions between Cooper and Simms.

The modern conception of history did not develop until there was a severance of romance from record. It is strange to take the statistics of De Bow and measure them in comparison with the sentiment of expression accompanying them. Having defined to his own satisfaction the distinctive functions of the historian and the romancer, Simms claimed for both artistic positions, different in degree rather than in kind—a philosophic variance that rests upon the subtle distinction between *grandeur* and *delicacy*. But whether the one or the other, the American author needed to deal with American soil. This catholic statement coming from a South Carolinian was accompanied by Southern claims and inclinations.

But the voice of the Lower South was democratic despite this, especially in comparison with the Upper South; even in its intellectual outlook it tried to be so. One instinctively feels this if, after reading the aristocratic "Partisan Leader" of Beverley Tucker,

he should pick up Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes" or Baldwin's "Flush Times in Alabama." In 1844, when Meek again reviewed the discussion of Americanism in literature, he had learned that the "quiet bowers" and the "turbulent fields" had to have some connection if the literature was to be *live*. If the song of the Georgian poet was to be drawn from the red hills of Georgia, why might not some Cædmon of the fields be worthy to receive the inspiration? The Southern gentleman had only a vague idea of democracy in literature; it was little more to him than an ideal goal shut out by social discrimination and discouragement. But there was hope even in the presence of a desire like this; the social organism did not provide sufficiently for free schools, and kept under an arrested mentality, which is only now beginning to stir, but which was once a menace because of inanition.

"We must have a literature congenial to our institutions," writes Meek, and as though fearing lest national encouragement might lead to national encroachment, he allowed his political state individualism to demand for art, sectional encouragement and national protection. Thus, literature becomes a tangible commodity, regulated, encouraged, influenced by patronage, rather than reflecting, as Southern oratory always did, the state of mind of which it was the necessary expression. He might point with pride to Bancroft offsetting Livy, to Prescott offsetting Hume, yet he overlooked questioning methods and processes.

But, while the student of Southern conditions is forced to lay stress on all the factors which tended to retard the intellectual and practical advancement of the South, he has likewise the satisfaction of calling attention to those voices within the civilization, and a part of the civilization, which had the courage to place an unerring emphasis on those very weaknesses which were most detrimental to its welfare. Despite the

concerted legislation which sought to preserve slavery, there was equally as strong a cry raised for its abolition; the question that stared the Southerner in the face was—how was this to be accomplished? For it would mean free labor and a shifting of agricultural base, and it would mean the loosening of bonds from a large shiftless, ignorant black population whose only education—and the moral control which comes therefrom—had been slavery. It was not until much later, when the negro's position imposed a deep obligation upon the white man, and when education, escaping the pronounced denominational cast of early years, was extended in popular scope, that the Southerner began to realize that the ignorance of a class was the one great menace to his civilization. The best thought of the South to-day has profited by the narrow results of the past.

The other fault in the South was the degradation of labor, a general attitude directly the result of slavery —an attitude which made the lowest poor white draw back and sink lower because of his refusal to compete with or to work with the black man. The Southerner was not ignorant of the evil which lay in this false pride; he was continually, in legislative halls and in print, seeking to do away with this prejudice which economically represented a waste and prevented him from personally superintending his crop. But the yeoman pride has not yet been overcome; it is a relic which education, not poverty and the factory, will finally change.

Between labor and the fine arts there was no intermediate stage—no effort to see wherein a liberal art might affect the practical advancement of the South; the want of this spirit made the planter conservative, even to the extent of using out-of-date implements in the fields, when elsewhere an improved patent was time-saving and also more thorough. Hence, during this

period, the Gentleman of the Black Stock, a devotee of ancient tongues, regarded askance any suggestion that education alone might not be intended for the cultivation of the higher faculties, but as well for the strengthening of what he was accustomed to term "the grosser faculties of the mind." To the Southerner, not yet alive to the value of the sociologist's point of view, manual training, other than that afforded by slavery, was hardly worthy of wide consideration. As Meek asserted, "There might be a nation of men highly educated upon the utilitarian plan, who would all be villains." When one realizes what this position meant in the Southern make-up, the democratic spirit assumes insignificant proportions. And while it is difficult to see where, in such mental narrowness, there was any hope for a Whitman of the future, the Southern literary critic has the privilege of commenting upon Lanier's close sympathy with the broader life.

The Southern mind struggled beneath its social limitation. In 1824, Professor Thomas Cooper, recommending the study of political economy to the students of South Carolina University, delivered a series of lectures on the subject, based on Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations." To the latter, which in English literature represented an interesting break from the moral sentimentality begun by Rousseau, Cooper added a clear-cut understanding of fundamental principles and a sound, if not broad, learning. When his "Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy" were published in 1831, his evident desire for free discussion, his generous views regarding population—in fact, all economic doctrines—were measured in terms of the South and slavery. Turning to Adam Smith, he emphasized the statement that it was sound policy "to leave individuals to pursue their own interests in their own way,"—a statement which had particular

appeal for him because the tariff legislation was foremost in his mind. He was narrow in spite of his broadness, because he was a Southerner! By the next year, his professional dignity was cast aside in the cause of Nullification. From Columbia, S. C., in 1832, there emanated anonymously a curious fiction entitled "The Memoirs of a Nullifier," of which he was the author. Literarily, it is of small value; there is an attempt at cartoon portraiture, but with no success in characterization; temperamentally it typifies something of the Gentleman of the Black Stock's humor, born of the immediate occasion.

The little book, nevertheless, contained no graciousness; it was more of broadside spirit than of subtle sarcasm, in which the Yankee was the peg on which to hang wit. It assumed the attitude in the jingles of one's childhood, about "What are little girls made of?—and little boys?" The association of the Devil with Henry Clay and Webster emanated from the South Carolinian distrust of compromise in national issues; the sarcastic framing of a congressional enactment forcing all schools and houses to buy Noah Webster's spelling book reflected the many debates as to sectional differences and states' rights. The hero, having been ruined by a Yankee, Faust-like sells his soul to the Devil, and in his adventures meets with some of the latter's victims. While Southerners are not debarred, they are captive for minor offenses, indicating that the states were already marked by local distinctions; the worst a Virginian might do was to fish on Sunday, while Kentucky horse-stealing and Georgia swearing might be overlooked. But the Carolinian who, during the tariff acts of 1832, dared take stand with the general government against his State, was worthy the worst hell-fire. The acme of sin and wickedness was the Yankee!

In the midst of these diverse elements, marked in

1832 by Virginia's efforts to rid herself of slavery, and by South Carolina's fiery pronouncement of her policy of Nullification, the Gentleman of the Black Stock read his journals and magazines, and took part in debates which widened the sectional breach. "If slavery can be eradicated," cried Charles James Faulkner of Virginia, "in God's name, let us get rid of it." At that moment, Virginia would have been glad of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, at the risk of negro insurrection; the white man's indolence was due to the presence of the slave—or shall we say rather to the absence of the artisan?—an absence which denoted the sacrifice of most Southern interests for the sake of one. On the other hand, Dr. Cooper was debating against "the manifest encroachments of the general government." The tone of the statesman was aggressive, betokening a restiveness, a personal dissatisfaction beneath. Hence his energies were all the more concerned, being placed on the defensive with a determination to protect his constitutional rights and to preserve his civilization.

Southern magazine literature was materially impressed by the mental conservatism of the times; there was a solidity about it as oppressive as the ancient store of learning, which constituted ante-bellum culture; it was speculative in abstruse detail, it was descriptive of unusual foreign travel, and its philosophy considered ancient law and order. In the one topic by which it could make direct appeal to the Southern people, it was obscured beneath the immediate and more brilliant fire of legislative debate on the same topic. Besides which, except in a limited manner, the Southerner never figured as a purchaser of books. This is one of the reasons why Southern magazines had to struggle for existence, and never survived; but another reason goes further and deeper: Southern people have never looked to their authors

to represent them in any direction. The time will come, and is indeed foreshadowed, when from the utilization in literature of Southern tradition, too valuable to forget, will grow the message of the South as coming from herself. Miss Glasgow has touched the border of such a valuable method, but so far, no one in fiction has sounded the vital chord which Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy has sounded in his sane, practical exposition of Southern activities and of Southern policies, from the standpoint of Southern initiative.

Because letters had no official position in the life of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, because he was in the habit of reading either English or Northern books rather than his own, *The Southern Review, The Literary Messenger,* and others shared a similar fate, due to causes which shall receive separate treatment, but likewise illustrating another evil of agricultural life, regulated in the interests of slavery. Meek looked toward the rehabilitation of the fine arts through concerted governmental action—a view which he held despite his belonging "to the straitest sect of our Political Pharisees." In his arguments against Jack Cadeism, he turned to Congress, which was in 1841 debating the future fate of the Smithsonian Institution, endowed through foreign bequeathment. Once more the Southern mind believed that a university, as a means of cultivation, could dominate a social condition, and stand aloof as guardian of a petted rather than of an essential art.

III

The *Southern Literary Messenger* was founded in 1834 ; *De Bow's Commercial Review* in 1846 ; one is tempted to claim that literarily and economically these two journals represent fairly well the ante-bellum South, but the material is either too scattered or too

ponderous for convenient use. Some discerning librarian of the South, actuated by the great enthusiasm of Dr. Thomas M. Owen of Alabama, whose bibliographical researches are excellent and thorough, should systematize this wealth of data by making an index practicable. Ingle, in "Southern Side-lights," has with earnest endeavors compressed much of these statistics in a handy volume. De Bow, in "The Industrial Resources of the South," has summarized a considerable amount of information, while Minor, in a narrative amounting to a confused cataloguing of titles, has traced the history of the *Messenger*. Still, the rich material is as yet inaccessible.

But certain it is that the student of Southern conditions must resort to these two magazines as typifying the mental attitude and the outward state of the South—both under the spell of slavery. While, as mere foreign impressions, Tyrone Power (1833), Trollope (1827), Harriet Martineau (1834), De Tocqueville (1831) and other travelers, who wrote volumes based on hearsay and observation, are entitled to consideration as testimony against a peculiar social institution, the activity emanating from the people themselves must be weighed,—an activity which strove to establish a commercial independence in the South—not, said Albert Pike in the Charleston Convention of 1854, "by tearing the national flag asunder, and breaking up the glorious union of the States, but independent as God in His providence intended we should be, when He conferred upon the South all the natural advantages she possesses."

The reports in *De Bow* describing these Southern conventions which dealt with the topics of navigation, transportation, and public roads, illustrate the social unrest of the Southern people. The meetings in Macon, Augusta and Memphis between 1837 and 1845 sounded every aggravated point which marked

governmental discrimination, and accentuated sectional difference. The Union was certainly not anxious to appease the Southerner, did not immediately hasten to secure the navigation of the Mississippi, did not encourage the commercial importance of Southern ports, or recognize, as many would have desired, the naval strategic value of the Southern coast. With no incentive, therefore, save that which came from within itself, with hope in the West, a section which—like the South—accused the Government of neglecting its interests also, the South was thrust into the position of protecting its characteristic employment, which needed no governmental protection, but which showed resentment against outside interference. The development of sectional feeling is in no way better measured than by comparing the spirit of the convention held in Savannah (1857), with that held in Macon (1845). The change noticeable is not unlike that in Calhoun, who typifies its extreme form.

Consider for a moment the suspicion in the Southern mind, created by Northern energy directed against all that constituted Southern business. This suspicion attributed Northern prosperity to slavery, and claimed that the South was being retarded simply that the neighbor might flourish. What would happen, the planter exclaimed, should slavery be immediately abolished? New England would go bankrupt, and English mills go empty. Yancey, when he saw the wharves of Boston crowded with cotton bales, no longer wondered at Northern prosperity, while the Southerners, in convention assembled, strove earnestly to establish a direct line of communication between Liverpool and Southern ports. The South smarted under neglect, claiming that if it lacked luxuries, and *savoir vivre,* if it were wanting "in associated industry, in energy, and in seaport cities," it was because

in the North alone, enterprise was being stimulated "by the outpouring of revenue."

This grievance was not wholly devoid of the South's recognition of those vital forces which made the North quickly respond to and profit by the money thus spent; public spirit and enterprise, no less than associated labor and capital, were not as strongly developed in the South. But, in the other scale as balance, the men of the slave states turned to the gentle aspects of their sectional life—the refined quiescence of the rural community. Said Forsyth, "The South . . . claims equality, if not precedence, in the republic of morals and intellect, in freedom from crime, in freedom from pauperism, and from that most fearful of God's judgments on man, and the immediate fruit of pauperism and crime—insanity."

In condensed form, here is the essence of more than half the arguments in favor of slavery—points that are strongest links in the armor of the Southerner's defense. But such arguments have now ceased to have significance, save as they intensify the portrait of the Gentleman of the Black Stock. The South is freed of slavery, has profited by terrible experience, and has suffered the drawbacks of an institution that held in abeyance the full freedom of the white. The South has, as Alderman says, experienced the educative force of defeat, and would hardly hold to-day, thinking as it does, that its slave arguments were logical, even though they might have been necessary.

For half a century, the Gentleman of the Black Stock did not change ; he intensified. His bitter dislike of the abolitionists in the North obscured any charity he might have had toward the Yankees, had abolition not existed, or had it been content to work within the limits of its own territory. Moral enthusiasm is self-consuming; it is as unreasonable in its

demands and means, as the spirit of persistent opposition it begets. If the Southerner regarded the abolitionist as a malignant hater of all that constituted his life, and as one who on all occasions strove to misrepresent the South and to incite the slaves, it was only natural that teachers, preachers, merchants and drummers—termed alike Yankees—should soon come under popular aversion.

The North showed no willingness to arbitrate, and the South fast reached that view where arbitration would have been refused had it been offered. But the Gentleman of the Black Stock, in his appeal to the South for unification in sectional action, revealed wherein there was unrest and doubt within the South, as to the inviolable rights of slavery to exist. In fact, the more tenable position of states' rights was at first overclouded and somewhat tainted by the monotonous arguments hurled in favor of slavery, more impassioned than true.

Therefore, if they were to take an extreme position, the Southerners saw clearly that they must not patronize the North; that they must not employ Northern teachers or Northern mechanics. These must come from the South. The clan spirit was apostrophized; one writer in his appeal cried: "Is the spirit of the Habershams, the McIntoshes, the Tatnalls, the Troups, and all that gallant host, whose name is legion, extinct?"

The Southerners expended much energy in repeating weakly what some of their best men had said ably; their speeches, dissertations, reviews, are all verbose, and far from resembling that remarkable example of the one man from Mississippi, who in assembly begged to be heard, inasmuch as his speech was only forty-six words long. They argued in a circle; they could not break from the chain that held them, though they might shift their position.

They therefore examined the state attitude toward popular education as their most progressive outlet, and began recommending instruction for the masses; the aristocratic feeling sought to recognize common humanity. Still, even here, the Southerner miscalculated. Trescott, of South Carolina, failed to discover the restless spirit among the people, because he failed to give proper position to the middle class which was so strong in New England. "Fortunately for us," he wrote, "our institutions are free from this fundamental difficulty [of possible revolution]. The great mass of coarse and unintellectual labor which the necessities of the country require, is performed by a race not only especially fitted for its performance, but especially unfitted and disqualified for that mental improvement which is generally understood by the term education."

This very statement, especially in the logical weakness of its latter part, is indicative of the false culture of the Southerner, a culture that could not identify the mind with the soil. He was likewise inclined to juggle with terms, to speak of slavery as an institution rather than an investment, and hence as being removed from the immediate necessity of overwork in order to obtain proper returns on employed capital; even his scheme for education became pledged to slavery. He argued that the State was not bound to provide learning "for the bulk of the laboring class," but that it was of the utmost importance to the State that every white citizen should be sufficiently educated to "enable him intelligently and actively to control and direct the slave labor of the State." Apart from this, Trescott voiced the South in his firm belief that abstract studies, the finer and more delicate types of literature, would come in the wake of wealth and leisure. The identification of labor with the black alone—a labor requiring no inventiveness, but only

strict obedience—was a curse which added another false element to the interpretation of Southern aristocracy.

There is small doubt of the existence in the South of a strong feeling that culture, save that which came from the habits and manners of social intercourse, was not as immediate in importance as cotton, sugar-cane, and negroes ; instructors were not regarded with that high deference which only comes where the community believes strongly in the old adage, "Knowledge is power." In fact, the sectarian establishments of the Lower South, many of them more intent on religious wrangling than on practical instruction, constituted the larger part of the school system. The clergy, therefore, was left chiefly in control of instruction; outside of this body, the Southerners did not object to anyone turning his hand to teaching, notwithstanding the fact he might be wholly untrained for the purpose. What they were most particular about, however, was to prevent the schools from using books inimical to their social and their agricultural institutions.

The Gentleman of the Black Stock was thoroughly convinced that the South was irretrievably different from the North,—in "life, habits, thoughts, and aims"; he was indignant over the fact that Southern booksellers were in a "state of peonage" to the "barons of Cliff-Street," who merely "manufactured" schoolbooks, disregarding the requirements of the different sections. The only constant factor in education for the whole country rested in the classics ; the Southerner granted the universality in Greek and Latin; but history and geography, and all references relating to climate, productions, politics, and society, demanded modification in the light of sectional interests. "What is to be done with geographies," asks a writer in *De Bow,* "that tell pupils 'states are divided into *towns* and counties'? as if, out of New

England, the use of town, as synonymous with parish, district, or township, was usual; that devote *two* pages to Connecticut onions and broom corn, and ten lines to Louisiana and sugar? of histories that are silent about Texas? of first readers that declare all spelling but Noah Webster's 'vulgar' and 'not used in good society'? and of 'speakers' that abound in selections for Southern declamation, made almost exclusively from Northern debates in Congress, and from abolition poets?"

While it was the general belief that both brain and hands should be called into service, it was only in the interests of the South that they should be trained. "Give us," cried the Honorable Gentleman from Louisiana, "such excellent examples of schoolbooks as Fitzhugh's 'Sociology for the South.'" On the other hand, the Gentleman of the Black Stock pointed to Calhoun as a believer in Southern education for Southern people, a sentiment uttered in a different manner, but with as much political significance, by Jefferson at an earlier period.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VOICE OF THE OLD SOUTH

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE LITERARY CLAIMS OF ORATORS—TYPIFIED IN CALHOUN, CLAY, AND HAYNE.

IN "Letters of the British Spy," Wirt deplores the preponderance of volubility over eloquence in national and state legislatures. There is no doubt that, literarily, the majority of speeches are not only repetition, but discursive without strength; they are either dependent upon their intrinsic weight, which is in turn dependent upon the individual force of the statesman, or else they fall into one of the three divisions which Wirt designated as being the defects of American oratory. Many of the speeches were lacking wholly in general knowledge; in close, logical thinking; in ornament. We reach a period in American history where the vision is limited by sectional demands, where logic is molded to suit conditions, where false premises are sincerely believed for the sake of the desired conclusions.

Wirt stood on the border between the Revolutionary and the National Statesman; he lived until 1834, being allowed sufficient time to come in touch with the slavery agitation in its compromise form. Although of judicial weight, he was not a statesman; he was a man in whom the humanities claimed a large part of his taste, who possessed some of the qualities of a Washington Irving, with a large share of the casual reflection of Addison. One finds him the Southern

gentleman with a classical culture, with certain grace, a large amount of charm, and a responsive appreciation.

Kennedy's memoirs of Wirt are full of agreeable incident, indicative of the peculiar culture of the man, which in itself was typical of many men in the South. Wirt was neither deep nor original in his thinking; his education was desultory, his interests wide rather than concentrated. He was conscious of literary aspiration as an outlet for a certain pliable imagination, rather than as a means of forceful expression; at times his letters are spirited and overflowing with quaint comments on persons and things, more external than penetrating, more in the manner of the poet than of the statesman with a consuming point of view. His expression, as well as his ordering of detail, was not spontaneous.

While preparing the biography of Henry, he wrote to Judge Carr (Richmond, August 20, 1815): "I can tell you, sir, that it is much the most oppressive literary enterprise that ever I embarked in; . . . this . . . business of stating facts with rigid precision, not one jot more or less than the truth—what the deuce has a lawyer to do with truth!" Such impatience is largely characteristic of Southern writers; the concise arrangement of facts is in a measure dependent upon mental habit, and this in turn draws strength from precision of outward habit. Plantation environment was ample and extravagant; expansiveness of nature, which found its most marked channel in hospitality, resulted in expansiveness of expression. This often developed in a plethora of high-sounding phrases, colored by excess of feeling, without any particular reference to proportion. The Southerner read poetry leisurely, regarding it as born of an inspiration which directed all form, and removed it from technical construction. Therefore, the Southerner wrote his poetry

after the same fashion; when he was metrical, he never troubled to prune halting lines, weak endings or the like; he sent the poem to the local column as he first conceived it.

So with the other writers in their particular lines; if they were contemplative, their work became a solid and sedate exposition of personal views and personal tastes; they were not prejudiced in that particular; they were affirmative and fell back upon ancient precedence for support. In Wirt's instance, the current of events must contain elements of beauty to gain his deep sympathy; he was not the true literary man, but the Southern gentleman who had literary tastes which accorded with his temperament. It is small wonder, therefore, that there should have crept into his biography of Henry certain fiction which, transcending fact, gave satisfaction to himself. For we find him writing in this same letter: "I have sometimes a notion of trying the plan of Botta, who has written an account of the American war, and made speeches himself for his prominent characters, imitating, in this, the historians of Greece and Rome."

In other words, Wirt was a devotee of the imagination; his philosophy took the shape of precepts which he scattered among the rising generation as all Southerners were accustomed to do; but freed from legal analyses, he was now concerned with fancy. "What kind of writings," he asks, "embrace the widest circle of readers, and bid the fairest to flourish in never-fading bloom?" His reasoning is that of the time, indicative of Southern culture, of what was common to the country gentleman. "If," he continues, "you say political works, count the readers of Locke and Sidney, and compare them with those of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope. If you choose to come down to the present day, compare the readers of Hamilton and Madison with those of Walter Scott and

Lord Byron." Thus he uttered his personal opinions, and to him they became dicta. He believed in the weight of personal conviction.

Wirt's prominence as a national figure had its limits; although attaining nearness to the highest posts, he was not destined to reach much beyond the Attorney-Generalship under Monroe and J. Q. Adams, yet he could claim a nomination for the Presidency. Such men as William C. Preston and Hugh Swinton Legaré turned to him for legal training. We may place Wirt, therefore, on a line commanding a view backward into the Revolution, and forward to the first ominous threats of secession, which came with the pronouncement of South Carolina's nullification policy. He was not prophetic, but still possessed the power to deal with the abstract idea separated from the practical and sectional demands. He was legally safe and sure, hardly given to partisan warfare. He was a Gentleman of the Black Stock, knowing his Coke and his Shakespeare, his Greek and his Latin. That he was close to Addison and Steele, "The Old Bachelor" (1810) affords full evidence, and it furthermore brings together a coterie of literary tastes, among whom were Dabney Carr, Judge Tucker, and George Tucker, who was afterwards the professor of moral philosophy in the University of Virginia.

The absolute correctness of Kennedy's life of Wirt has been questioned, inasmuch as verbal changes were made by him in some of the letters, but the two volumes form most interesting reading, marked largely by a narrative and human quality rather than by critical insight. One obtains portraits of men from the ample side rather than from the close analytical side. Not only does such a personage bring one in touch with Jefferson, but also with Calhoun of the extreme party. Had Wirt not owed much to the old school, he might have seen more clearly where the

sections were tending, where the politicians were leading the South.

The voice of the Old South increased in volume by bequeathment; it became louder but not richer; it turned everything to its own account. In its training it was steeped in its economic creed, which worked slowly in undermining principles in order to save an institution. In New England, during August, 1837, Emerson, speaking on "The American Scholar," was saying: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds." But in none of these respects was the South accomplishing much; its every energy was spent in holding fast where it was, with only one ambition—to extend the territory of slavery; all whites were ashamed to work with their hands, and, moreover, with the slavocracy in charge of legislation, the Southern non-slaveholder was afraid to speak his mind. Statesmanship was powerful and persistent, but it was not far-seeing.

The literary claim of the orators of this period is handicapped by the historical sequence of events; had the elements of success, of truth, been in what they uttered—truth to its fullest, its purest depth—then these men might have stood higher in the final estimate. Hayne, Calhoun, and Clay represent phases of sectional aggravation; they vary in intensity, and their earnestness carried them above the tenability of their positions. Calhoun looms upon the horizon—a great man whose perspective keeps him from being among the greatest; he lacked one of the essential graces—humor; he was inclined at times to be ponderous. Certainly, his speeches, pointing to an apostasy which was sincere, however much it might be due to distortion, were full of inconsistencies.

The voice of the Old South was involved in issues, not in principles; but it is only fair to be particular in

noting that though the period saw the slaveholder in the ascendent, the whole voice of the Old South was not sounded in one direction. The political demarkations of the country flowed into party factions kept alive by no fundamental ideas, but by shifting requirements. Even the parties lost their sharp distinctions by a general acceptance of the undeniable fact that legislation, whatever the party support, was being made in the interest of either one of two sections—North or South. Webster and Hayne were types.

Take each historical move in the struggle for slavery, and you will find around it ringing the voice of the Old South, with some of its constructive richness pledged to perpetuate that upon which its very commercial existence depended. Peculiar as it may seem, Calhoun's love for the Union was very great; he believed, with all the force of his Southern being, that to save the Union, one must save slavery; when he foretold the coming struggle, his grief was for the Union which must go in order that slavery might stay.

The voice of the Old South, however, had not as yet relinquished the Union; it based its arguments as to states' rights upon the strict construction of the Constitution. When Nullification blazed through South Carolina, Legaré, Grimké, Petigru, Drayton, and Huger opposed it by identifying themselves with the Union and States' Rights Party. Men separated on the merest shades of interpretations, and it was not until war itself commenced, that party differences faded before the undeniable fact that one section was fighting another. Then it was that the fire-eater and the abolitionist—two mischief-makers, one dangerous because lacking in moral idea, the other dangerous because ignorant how to adjust a moral idea to actual conditions—these two were lost in the love of the Southerner for his soil—a love which brought Lee to

the head of the Confederate army. Character is above intellect, says Emerson; history needs to take cognizance of the national value of sectional defeat. The voice of the Old South, therefore, must be estimated as a phase in national development; its literary quality is enriched only by personality, and the peculiar civilization from which it emanated.

There was little difference in the education of the orator of this régime from that of the constructive statesman; the ultimate test of its value, measured by the manner in which conditions were met, could not fairly represent its true worth. The spirit of the times was sectionalism; the orator was representative of the trust imposed upon him by the people; the strict construction of the Constitution was argued in terms of state sovereignty, and this latter theory—only half right—was aggravated by the demands of slavery.

The balance of power shifted from Virginia to the Lower South, and with it came families from the Old Dominion, bringing with them much of the tradition and charm of a somewhat different life. It was Gladstone who wisely averred that a system, however justly condemned in one respect, had not the force to undermine the character of the individual or class brought in touch with it. This was exemplified in the career of Dabney, the ideal Southern planter, whose memoirs are so well worth perusing. His home was on the water's edge of the Chesapeake—a large red brick house, set in the midst of groves and fields, with an approach through a lane more than a mile and three-quarters long.

Dabney's attitude toward his negro slaves was that they were his people, a trust imposed upon him by economic conditions. When the Southampton insurrection took place in Virginia, he entrusted his entire family to the care of his house servants; when, in 1835, the exodus from Virginia to the Lower South began,

and he determined to locate in Mississippi, Dabney took care that in his transfer no negro ties should be disrespected, and the three months' pioneer travel through the Cotton States called forth an amount of duty from the blacks in return for his consideration. Flashes of this life are evident throughout "Don Miff," a novel by Dabney's son, Virginius.

In this relationship, we note one of the arguments offered in favor of slavery; the struggle for existence did not worry the negro; he was much nearer the white than he could ever hope to be in freedom. Dabney, an ideal example of master, regarded his slaves as more than chattels; he considered their hours of work and recreation; he taught them the varied uses of the rich soil; he had half-Saturdays for rest, and offered prizes as incentive for cotton picking. Yet, despite this, the Mississippians regarded him askance, because he was aristocratic in feeling and believed in going to the fields mounted, rather than afoot.

Excellent glimpses of life in the Lower South are given in "A Southern Planter"; the romancer could do no better than deal with Jack Cotton, a highwayman who robbed planters on the road between Vicksburg and Memphis; the painter could procure no more agreeable picture than the buxom negro woman walking squarely down between cotton rows, picking with both hands from either side, and crooning some darkey melody. In those days it took a week to travel from Dabney's place in Burleigh to Pass Christian, the center of summer gayety for the Gulf planter, as White Sulphur Springs was for the Virginian. Thither he would go, passing squatters, one of whom had framed the only letter he had ever received by post, slowly onward, passing families from Mobile, meeting with planters from New Orleans, all intent on yachting and racing, all owners of country-seats amidst live-oaks and magnolias.

Now, the voice of the Old South was nurtured in such an atmosphere; from the standpoint of character, the son of the older generation was bequeathed on all hands traditional views, as regards home, women, rank, politics; he was given no incentive to supplant this conservative order by a new and democratic one; nor could he have found, if he had looked elsewhere, a richer field for his talents. Early in life he was brought in contact with his future associates; as formerly, his ancestry could boast of the influence of Wythe, so now, they might turn with pride to Moses Waddell (1770-1840) as a teacher of wide reputation. In his "Life of Petigru," Grayson writes: "The Willington school was a sort of Eton or Rugby of American manufacture, and the doctor at its head, the Carolina Dr. Arnold." William H. Crawford, George McDuffie and Petigru held memories of these primitive school days, when, beneath an open sky, the blast of a horn assembled the pupils. Waddell's career includes teaching in Georgia and South Carolina; he filled the presidency of the University of Georgia, and was the brother-in-law of Calhoun.

There was also another way for the Old South to receive education, a way typified by Philip Henry Gosse's experience in Alabama during 1838, where, reduced in circumstances, and more interested in his own future as a naturalist than in the society around him, he was impressed with a fragmentary view, somewhat dependent upon his personal moods and conveniences.

He went to Dallas, Alabama, as tutor for the sons of the Hon. Chief Justice Reuben, passing through neglected pastures, where the buzzard did duty as scavenger, but where he found the wild raspberry and strawberry plentiful. In contrast with this primitiveness, was the hospitality that met him, where, in the North, he had suffered indignity because of the cir-

cumstance that he was British. Here, amidst Southern creepers, lilacs, and the trumpets of the scarlet cypress vine, amidst honeysuckle, and sweetbriar, "that made the hot air ache with perfume," he held his rough-and-ready school.

As a naturalist, Gosse treasured some agreeable descriptions of the lavishness of Alabama vegetation, in this respect being impressed, as Fanny Kemble was in Georgia, with the picture of the country. But Gosse's impressions were a strange mixture of adverse criticism and admiration, based on chance observation. In an undeveloped country, a traveler is always held under suspicion; coming among strangers directly from the North, Gosse was sensitive to a certain scrutiny which he attributed to a spirit of lawlessness among an easy-going rural population. So mistrustful were they that, according to his statement, his letters were opened, the better to be assured that they contained naught in disparagement of the "domestic institution."

He lived much in the open, and saw crude plows used in the field, and sometimes witnessed cruel treatment among the cotton-pickers. After he had dismissed his pupils from their split pine-log desks, he would wander the forests in search of specimens, with ear atune to the mocking-bird, with eye noting the chinaberry tree and its lilac bloom. Life came in flashes to him, and the beetle was the incident of the moment. Occasionally he gave himself up to the pleasure of the hour—miniature glimpses of distinctively Southern attributes—pronunciations of speech, enthusiastic comment on Southern waffles, humorous references to the negro who stood guard at table with the fly brush, impressionistic descriptions of a 'possum hunt, with a Major wearing a broad Panama hat and a pink shirt; and, finally, a snap-shot view of the manner in which cotton was shipped on flat-boats

down the Alabama River—these points are the local color which the English tutor could not fail to carry home with him.

And it was in this atmosphere, and largely under these conditions, that the orators of the Lower South were reared; they grew up in practically a pioneer country; their legislative interest was pledged toward opening up the cotton region, and defining the territory bordering the Gulf—a strange mixture of Spanish claim, of Indian contention, of Mexican demand, and of trading aggrandizement. When the voice of the Old South was not concerned in the national assembly, it was involved in establishing more clearly the sovereign rights of the State it had represented as senator and now represented as governor. The history of George M. Troup (1780-1856) of Georgia is practically the history of that State from 1800 to the Civil War. And curiously at first, until the adjustment of border lines, Georgia was largely the history of the Lower South, since from its original grant Alabama and Mississippi were carved.

Georgia's early history was characterized by lawlessness, which found outlet in political duels, William H. Crawford being an adept in that method of satisfaction, and George McDuffie of Carolina bearing the outward marks of conflict. A corrupt legislature early acquitted itself (1794) in the Yazoo transactions, which filled the pockets of land speculators, and furnished channels for neat points of argument, when the State of Georgia and the good citizens repudiated the sale. The spirit of speculation, wild trading, obscure title deeds, the Yankee sharpness of a mixed population, the peculiar class demarkations, conduced to make the region one in which legal practice was profitable, and in which legal decisions became precedence. It was the period of partisan leaders and "flush times."

These orators of the Old South were the mainstay of nationalism at a time when New England was more intent on commercial development than on union. It was the genius of Calhoun, before he became obsessed by a theory which made him a special pleader, that welded patriotic forces together sufficiently to meet the War of 1812. New England opposed the Embargo acts as vigorously as ever the South did the tariff. The War Congress was largely moved by Southern sentiment, by Southern patriotism. In 1809, Troup's voice was raised in warning to Massachusetts—that the Embargo was a matter of national interest and not of sectional discrimination ; that it was false for the North to believe that the South supported the Embargo simply because it had no commercial interests at stake. "Sir," he cried prophetically, "in this sentiment . . . is to be sought that jealousy which has given rise to so many evils, and from which such serious evils are yet to be apprehended."

The voice of the Old South, until 1850, was divided in its devotion to the Union and to slavery; then it declared itself emphatically for the sentiment of secession. There is no doubt that at every point it was goaded in the national assembly, and often its protest against neglect was a warning rather than an opposition. Such men as Troup were of high integrity and true civic devotion; they saw the South neglected, even as they witnessed how the West was made a means toward commercial ends.

Troup was an interesting combination of Southern elements of culture; his speech was vigorous and inclusive, his letters easy and graphic. The men of his generation were less brilliant than their predecessors because of their special interests, but they were bequeathed a large share of administrative ability, which they exerted under all circumstances. Occa-

sionally an apostrophe was measure of the feeling, but always it took the customary form, reflective of stereotyped comparison. The call to arms, the appeal to patriotism, could have no worthier similes than Rome's greatness and Greece's glory; the Battle of New Orleans was fit subject for no less a genius than Homer or Ossian or Milton. From the standpoint of legal grasp, picturesque and powerful by reason of the solid manner in which they approached problems, these men were original, but their embellishment was laid on and did not grow from the material itself. Troup was recognized for his mental vigor, not for the greatness of his intellect. In this respect, likewise, Calhoun was kept from becoming a statesman of the first magnitude.

The state history in the Lower South shows a pronounced interest in territorial development of resources; Troup's administration as Governor of Georgia was concerned with internal improvements which, with the fine distinctions drawn between government and sovereignty, were necessarily to come in conflict with the whole system of national discrimination. The Federal authorities were not alive to Southern interests; they did not see the necessity for ably abetting state activity, and the Southern people began to grow suspicious that, as members of a compact, they were being subjected to a vacillating will. But the men of the South, born to leadership, possessed a more iron determination; wrong though they might be in principle, their ultimate object was prompted by no mean motive. Troup was exact, but, like a true Southerner, he was alert to the interest of his section, since New England would have it so. In his first message of 1824, he called attention to the fact that between state and nation the relations were constantly shifting. The Missouri Compromise had threatened sovereignty as well as slavery.

During these times, the Lower South was concerned with the Creek Indians, who, in 1802, owned nearly twenty-six million acres of Georgia, which meant Alabama as well. The history of the dividing line between these States would form as interesting a chronicle as Byrd's record of the North Carolina survey. Troup met the situation with dignity and with force; the Northern papers, because of his insistence that the powers at Washington recognize his request, began to speak of him as the "mad Governor of Georgia"; but he was set in purpose and above party interests in the accomplishment of his duty. The Southerner in his actions was not ruled by personal interest, he was not measured by ambitions which made him neglect his duty. However much Calhoun might covet the Presidency, or Crawford and Clay work toward the same goal, the Southern statesman was no politician in the sense that he would sell conviction for position.

It will thus be seen that Troup's determined stand in the matter of Georgia's development pointed toward his being a typical states' rights man; unlike Calhoun or McDuffie who, when they uttered decisions which analyzed the principles of government, made their utterance well-nigh final in exposition, if not in the essential truth of the argument, Troup's writing, while determined and exact, was not brilliant and terse. He left no doubt in the minds of people, however, that Georgia was independent and knew best what was most needed. His first message forcibly denied the right of "official intermeddling of abolition societies"; the South alone understood the negro. The voice of the Old South was embarrassed by conflicting interests which centered upon two set purposes —to preserve slavery and to extend its boundaries. Slave labor was killing free labor, and state interest invariably conflicted with national power.

This feeling grew with the years and gained adherents; during 1833, Troup was presidential candidate for the States' Rights men; in 1852, he was again in the arena under the banner of the Southern Rights Party of Alabama. But call it by any name you please, it was all the same. Partisan warfare was to weaken the political strength of the whole nation, however much it might strengthen the political sway of Southern men. When slavery and states' rights terminated in secession, party warfare unified according to sectional sympathies.

Unlike the great compromiser, Clay, the voice of the Old South asked no half-way measures; the Gentleman of the Black Stock foresaw the evil of playing with edged tools. Compromise would hardly gain one his leadership in Congress. Yet though that was the attitude, history shows that mainly through compromise was open disruption periodically averted—disruption of New England at one moment and of the South at another. "If I have not right on my side," was Governor Troup's motto, "I will surrender, but not compromise."

The pioneer movement was southwest as well as west. Charleston had a literary circle around Simms; Augusta could boast of a coterie with Richard Henry Wilde as the founder; Mobile and New Orleans contained the color of foreign taste. The very condition of the planter afforded him the only opportunity of being the active member of society; for him the government was worked, and rich and poor necessarily drifted apart—a barrier of class on one side and of color on the other. A Georgia historian writes: "The estates had become very large [by 1812] and the oneness of conditions had unified society, and whether the low-country rice or sea-island planters descended from the English, the Scotch, or the Huguenots, they had much the same features, and formed a

society of their own." The yeoman of the Lower South was born to sloth. But in 1806, the up-country folk of South Carolina lodged a demand that their presence be recognized as a political factor, and the State was brought to acknowledge their claims to representation.

It was to this middle class—a voiceless unit in the midst of slave interests—that such a book as Helper's "Impending Crisis" was addressed; among them were to be found the dissenters, when the fire-eater blazed his way through the Cotton Belt.

The Dearborn wagon with its cattle trail is characteristic of the Lower South during all this period; there are Daniel Boones and Davy Crocketts of the Southwest as well as of Kentucky; there are Sam Houstons, and Indian traders of the caliber of Alexander McGillivray, who had business connections with all Southern Indians from Mobile to Pensacola, and as representative of Panton, Leslie & Co. (subsequently John Forbes & Co.), had influence sufficient to make treaties with the Alabamas, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws; there were Mexican intrigue, Cuban filibustering, and Creole interest in the development of New Orleans.

Amidst such tendencies, John Randolph's figure towered in shadow; here we have the touch of three generations. The keen-tempered Virginian who recognized no other sovereign power than his State, who fought all along the line, past-master of sarcasm and invective, crossed swords with Henry, and in his last days opened his vial of wrath upon Clay in unjust accusation. He opposed everything national, and was always on the *qui vive* to demand satisfaction. Baldwin, in "Party Leaders," sketches the picture graphically, thereby exemplifying the marked agreeableness of his own style: "It cannot be denied that, at this time, John Randolph's merciless sarcasm [to-

gether with the shaking of his long forefinger] was the expression of a general sentiment; that he occupied the place in politics assigned to Captain Riley in private life, or to Overreach in the characters of fiction; and that sentence of virulent satire, condensing the venom of a whole brood of cobra capellos, 'the union of the Puritan and the blackleg, of Blifil and Black George' [the form of anathema thrown by Randolph at Clay when the latter was accused of bargaining with Adams for the Presidency], spoken as Junius would have uttered it, conveyed the general sense at once of his conduct and his character. No wonder Clay called the sardonic satyr to the field, and essayed the keen marksmanship of splitting a bullet on him; the edge of his shadowy outline being nearly as sharp as his wit."

Calhoun represented the embodiment of an idea; his logical powers were wonderfully keen, but they were not sound in constructive progress. When he was not ruled by the demands of the local institution, he could be masterly in the acuteness of his intellect, the same Calhoun who, while a student at Yale, engaged President Dwight in argumentation; fearless, upright, risking with an iron grip that knew no temporizing—such was the force of Calhoun. Apart from slavery, say some, he is entitled to just deserts as no mean statesman, but if one look closely, it will be seen that to separate him from slavery would be to deprive Calhoun of his defining marks; his evolution typifies the effect of slavery upon a mind at first intent on the nation's interests. He was no mean statesman, in spite of slavery, but it was slavery that militated against his ever becoming one of the nation's greatest statesmen—that, together with defects in education.

Southern legislation, as it referred to slavery, was much more aggressive than its application; the fight

was principally an economic one, and a social one only in so far as it related to the preservation of the integrity of the white race; there was no personal animosity against the black man as such. Clay, during his initial days in Kentucky, where slavery existed in small proportion, strove to abolish the institution, but the sentiment of the agricultural class was against him. The South was intent on the preservation of slavery.

Calhoun wielded the art of logic; Clay was the genius of compromise, and cared little for close reasoning; neither was safe, for both worked within too narrow limits. Whenever the southwestward trend of slavery was impeded, there came threats from South Carolina; very largely, Calhoun represented their desire, even though he might curb their impetuosity; they might publish such papers as "The Crisis" in the Charleston *Mercury*, reflective of the Revolutionary broadside, and they might cry "Texas or Disunion," but he worked persistently, occupying posts where, most advantageously, he might see his intentions consummated. His progression toward the extreme constitutional attitude was inevitable, but he was inconsistent in his steps away from Union sentiment, and thereby representative of a certain aspect of Southern mind.

From the standpoint of history, we must turn to Calhoun's speech of August 28, 1832, for what Von Holst calls "the classical exposition of the theory of state sovereignty"; it was his high-water-mark argument. Thereafter, his bold front resulted in a series of assertions of exceptional power, and as remarkable as his essays analyzing the Government and the Constitution; throughout, we have fitful flashes of the man's innate honesty and firm conviction. At a time when he was national, he might have denied the advocacy of refined arguments on the Constitution, but later this attitude was to alter. At one moment, he

could utter his theory of nullification, which grew out of the Tariff of 1828 and brought forth the defense of the minority; at another moment, after the nullification sentiment had subsided, he could stand forth against the spoils system under Jackson, a stand foreshadowing the Civil Service of to-day, even as Clay, by his American system of protection, pointed the way to tariff legislation.

Clay and Calhoun were representatives of people rather than of deep-founded governmental principles; they knew men rather than books; they attracted constituents by the genius of their manner, by the intentness and direct earnestness of their attack. It is claimed for Clay that he was a compromiser, because by nature, in spite of his support in the War of 1812, during which he narrowly escaped service in the field, and, despite his record as a duelist, he was a peaceable man, with womanly intuition. In establishing for Clay a position of superiority over Webster, Schurz asserts that the former "possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament—that force of nervous exaltation" which transforms the orator into a superior being and impresses him—thought, passion, and will—upon the hearts of his listeners. In this respect, the orators of the old régime, apart from the historical import of their views, were creative artists—speaking with almost a prophetic touch of inspiration that rises above close analysis, and plays upon feeling.

The democratic strength of these leaders in the party warfare of the period was an anomaly, in view of the conservative institution for which they were fighting. But their greatness was not wholly dependent upon a special cause; there were character, determination, large enthusiasm, behind them. It was not an epoch when it was necessary to ask how much do you know, but the man was a popular figure when

with deeds he could answer the question,—how much can you do? Upon such a tide rose Andrew Jackson, hero of New Orleans; with such a victory behind him, it mattered little whether he had no literary polish. To be a partisan leader one must lead, and Jackson, from the battlefield, with command upon his lips, brought his military methods into politics; his mind was untutored but keen, not facile yet alert. Though his writing was sadly wanting in correctness, it was marked by terseness. "His faculties did not sweep a large circle," commented Baldwin, "but they worked like a steam-engine within that circle." The supremacy of the Lower South at Washington was gained through unremitting energy. The intensity was of different degrees; the volume about the same. Oratory, to have appeal, must have a preponderance of common sense; it must reach the multitude. Jackson and Clay were alike in this respect—the one was a popular idol; the other, despite his personal shortcomings, was loved by the American people. Still, though more is known of these men than of Calhoun, the latter will be more distinct in the future, because in his person he represents a large slice—a crucial segment—of history, which terminated in civil war.

These men came into the national councils early in life. Clay was under the age requirement when he went to the Senate; he was thirty-four when, as Speaker of the House in the Twelfth Congress, he had as associates, Lowndes of South Carolina, who was twenty-nine, and Langdon Cheves of South Carolina, who was thirty-five. Though young and prone to impetuosity, they exercised the deliberateness of mature character. Possibly the Revolutionary tradition had not yet been dimmed; Lowndes, unlike most representatives from his State, exhibited a calm courtesy that only added surety to his analysis. He argued for the Union, and so did Calhoun, but in different ways;

he constructively, the other destructively. The Southerner was not always headstrong; he sometimes repressed his sectional feeling for the good of the republic, though he foresaw that it would react on economic advance. As Clay realized the necessity for protection, so Lowndes drew aside from the opposition to the 1816 tariff. Most of these partisan leaders, whatever their attitude—just so it was strong—usually received the presidential nomination, which weakened the character of the general elections. They were all fighting over different aspects of the same subject—slavery and its extension.

The Southern orator possessed seriousness, but being on the defensive, he either sedulously restrained his humor, or lacked it altogether. Hayne and Calhoun might both be accused of an acute want of such saving grace in debate; the former showed this in certain irritation, the latter in the precise punctiliousness of his manner. But their flow of language made up for their want of elasticity of mind. William Pinckney was noted for the clear structure of his meaning while on the floor, for the exact intent of his words; he never seemed to lack ideas, never appeared to falter. Lowndes not only was careful to observe parliamentary rules, but went out of his way to re-state his opponents' arguments with such clearness that often his hearers wondered whether his refutation could possibly be as strong. The Southern orators were simple, almost naïve.

They were all thrown together more or less intimately; their prestige gave them opportunity to maneuver for their particular needs, but not to maneuver in a corrupt sense. Their zeal sometimes overstepped their wisdom, as when Wise contrived to assist Calhoun to the State Secretaryship under Tyler, for the sake of Texas annexation and Mexican control. Clay first showed his daring in his attitude toward the ac-

quiring of West Florida. Hugh S. Legaré was the avowed classical devotee among these orators, though Mrs. Ravenel claims that Trescott was "the most perfect of Carolinian writers." They may not have been flexible in style, but they were ever ready in energy. What Benton says of Crawford may truly be said of many of his contemporaries,—"he . . . aggrandized on the approach."

The party leaders and the party editors were the figures of the day; the latter had to stand by their editorials as strictly as a soldier by his gun. And sometimes they fell in duel, as in the case of John Hampden Pleasants (1797-1846) of the Richmond *Whig*, and of William R. Taber of the Charleston *Mercury*. The Southern spirit was fiery, made oversensitive by being placed in direct line for attack.

It is not incumbent upon us to draw attention to the individual richness of these men's careers. One figure succeeded the other on the platform in quick succession, then returned to his home, having run the gamut of civic service, having stated the South's intent in different degrees of intensity. In South Carolina, Hayne rose upon the greatness of Judge Cheves; Petigru assumed the rôle that Hayne relinquished. Then, after their fame was established, they repaired to whatever estate they owned. Clay's "Ashland" became a center, even as Jefferson's "Monticello" was before it; the darkness around his weak habits cannot dim the fame of Clay's country place outside of Lexington, Kentucky, with its ample acres and its thoroughbreds. Calhoun's personal character, his home life, the attractiveness of his official residence in Washington, bespeak the charm of his character. These Southerners of the old régime were magnetic; they dominated with a forceful courtesy in the presence of women; they fired the hearts and minds of the younger generation. They were, as well, ex-

cellent sportsmen; Clay's race-horses must be offset by John Randolph's appearing as his own jockey during a social contest in Charleston.

A close study of this period will indicate the South divided against itself; the Union sentiment must not be identified with that consolidating process which resulted in Republicanism, soon to become a distinct war party. On the other hand, the opposition in the South to "States' Rights politics," with a tinge of secession attached, was pronounced. Such a man as Petigru regarded the discord between sections as a miserable condition, "odious to the best men on either side"; he laid the cause of nullification and secession sentiment to the credit of barbecue and stump orators whose clamors were due to "a disordered imagination, or to the fumes of a dinner's excitement." Grayson's sketch of this man suggests the typical lawyer of the period, in whom was a strong tinge of literary taste which was further cultivated by a considerable acquaintance with books. Looking from his office window in Charleston upon a garden plot which he himself had made, because of his passion for trees and shrubbery, he represents the conservative temper in the South during the actual throes of civil war.

One must not forget, however, that the political aspect, as measured by the influence of party leaders, was aggravated by the economic condition and by the economic demand. Helper's "Impending Crisis" did not go unheeded in Congress, though the average Southerner was more ready to listen to the views of De Bow. If we take from his arguments a certain class hatred, and regard the matter sanely, his appeal to a middle-class citizen, in whom he recognized a force which, with proper incentive, might arrest the domination of the slavocracy, is certainly not so very false. Olmsted by his writing gives, as we have heretofore noted, a faint view of Southern population

apart from the slave-holding class; in the voiceless South, in the middle class, Helper saw the seeds of future solution.

Heated discussion generally produces humorous assertion; even truth may be cartooned by over-statement and over-coloring. Helper vies with Jaques' "Seven Ages of Man," in his picture of Slave State dependence upon the staple products of Free State labor; he writes:

"In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humored with Northern gewgaws; in youth we are instructed out of Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our 'wild oats' on Northern soil; in middle life we exhaust our wealth, our energies, and talents in the dishonorable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children's children, and, to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and succor to every department of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eye-sight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and, finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern cambric, are stretched upon the bier, borne to the grave in a Northern carriage, entombed with a Northern spade, and memorialized with a Northern slab!"

Reduced to its barest arguments, Helper's conviction was that slavery was not only expensive but unprofitable, that the South was in need of manufactures, and that the much-flaunted prowess in agriculture was not great; that the non-slaveholder had no right to be quiescent while a limited class governed the section for its own interests; that the South should wake up to the industrial condition which realized only a small profit on large investments. We will not go into his discussion of the methods by which slavery

might have been abolished; conditions were such that had the Southern mind universally been prepared for it, and had the labor problem been thoughtfully systematized, a time might have arrived when the black man would have gained his freedom through evolution rather than through revolution. The pseudo-sentiment of Washington, Jefferson, Henry and such slaveholders, regarding abolition, could not have brought any far-reaching results. But the whole cause of the inanition which marked the middle-class population was due to the fact that the voice of the Old South made no direct appeal to them. C. C. Clay of Alabama deplored the tendency to drive the industrious freeman away from the state before the southwestward sweep of the rice-planter; he referred to the danger of land exhaustion, which always follows a one-class interest. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, pointing his finger at the Southern sedge patches which outshone the sun, cried against the domination of slavocracy. While he was running for Governor, just before the war, he exclaimed:

"Commerce has long ago spread her sails, and sailed away from you. You have not, as yet, dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in your iron-foundries; you have not spun more than coarse cotton enough, in the way of manufactures, to clothe your own slaves."

This then was another voice of the Old South which had in it the ring of the New. Helper was right after a passionate fashion, but his remedy was aggressive. His book was met by a characteristic rejoinder; he was answered, "dissected," in a treatise of equal contempt and accusation. But anger is not argument, though the point of view is reflective of a certain temper in the South. Lamar might offset Wise in the support of slavery, and Helper's suggestions for aboli-

tion might be counterbalanced by eleven Biblical sanctions for slavery,* but the South at large was hardly affected by such appeal.

Pro-slavery arguments were philosophically stated by Harper, Hammond, Simms, Bledsoe, and Dew; their voices were lifted in answer to the sentiment against the institution; Dew, with all the knowledge of history, metaphysics and political law that his post at William and Mary College afforded him, took stand in opposition to the strong feeling actuating the Virginia legislature, when it debated the abolition problem during 1831-32. The arguments of these men for the preservation of the slave were far more puerile than their arguments against abolition; it might seem that the latter would satisfy the former, but the want of compensation is excellent indication that the South knew of no other way than slavery to hold the black man in check, and naturally feared his freedom, while the North wanted the freedom, unthinking as to what the result might be without economic and social preparation. For emancipation and political suffrage and abolition sentiment resulted in all the evils of the reconstruction period.

The whole structure of Southern society was regulated by the demands of cotton, and its dependence upon slave labor; as the author of "Cotton is King" asserted, in answer to his critics, the two factors were not indivisible; he did not claim "that free labor is incapable of producing cotton, but that it does not produce it so as to affect the interests of slave labor." He stood upon clear ground in the claim that so far abolition, and the efforts toward colonization, had failed to solve the problem, and that so far conditions

* See, for example: Levit. xxv.44; Rom. i.29; Gal. v.19; 1 Cor. v.11; 1 Cor. vi.9; 2 Tim. iii.2; 1 Cor. vii.22; Gal. vi.17: Matt. xv.19; 1 Tim. i.9; Mark vii.21; Eph. v.5; Col. iii.8; Rev. xxi.8; Rev. xxii.15; 2 Peter i.1; Jude i.

of poverty in the North were harder than conditions of slavery in the South.

Thus, in brief epitome, we have sketched the atmosphere in which the voice of the Old South was cultivated; mentally it was not conducive to varied thinking, and socially it did not encourage independent thinking. But the full-length portrait of the orator is one of tremendous color, of solid frame; even in the shadow of perspective view, it retains its nobility of pose. Upon his face are marked the firm lines of command, of conviction, of set purpose; within his eyes shine beneficence, kindliness, intelligence, deep sentiment, humor. His pose is stately and is measure of his solid stand in life; it is essentially one of action prompted by intellectual impetus. His head is raised fearlessly, not in defiance of law, but in determination and in spirited enthusiasm. The portrait is an old master of a human sort; no study of technique may emulate it. The countenance shines from the limbo of dead issues, and what we cherish is the type of manhood that rose above, though still a part of, the Old Régime.

CHAPTER IX

LOCAL SENSE AND NATIVE HUMOR

I

In his essay on "The Want of a History," Mr. Page deplores the lack of a full record of the Southern people, in which the truth is spoken fearlessly—the measure of their activity in the light of unbiased fact. This plea of his was written some years ago, before critics within the South became imbued with the necessity for self-examination and for the correction or modification of their institutions in the light of the future and in the experience of the past. The historical viewpoint in the South to-day is broad, is national ; out of it has come such a philosophical grasp of the situation as Mr. Murphy displays in his book on "The Basis of Ascendency," and as Mr. Brown exhibits in his volume on "The Lower South in American History." Inclusiveness is not the all-essential need in our "want of a history," but incisiveness is more necessary ; it is this point that shall be taken up in a discussion of the development of the Historic Sense in the South.

As a means of associating names with the periods in which their views were formulated as well as effected, we are safe in identifying the historian of this ante-bellum era with the writer whose local sense was more developed along the line of picturesque narrative and easy record, than in the spirit of constructive reasoning and criticism. C. C. Jones was identified with Georgia, Albert J. Pickett with Alabama, C. E. A. Gayarré with Louisiana, especially in his defense

of the Creoles against Mr. Cable. When the mind of the South was concerned analytically, it was concerned polemically and was on the defensive; the historians dared not be as energetic as the politicians; the statesmen were concerned with development, but soon found themselves pledged to special interests; they ceased to see with the sweeping vision of the founders; political maneuvering was the game. The historian became a partisan on one hand, a romancer on the other. The province of the historic view was not clearly defined. The colonial author kept a record based upon observation; his text smacked of adventure because his life was adventure and the environment was new. The ante-bellum author, still in a sense the pioneer, had traditions to respect and institutions to preserve; his intellectual connection with Europe was of the seventeenth century; he could not say how far contemporary Europe affected him. In that direction, he knew that the South hoped to gain the sympathy of England through commercial relationship rather than through moral suasion, through kinship and similar traditions rather than through similar views on the slave question.

Because of a vague notion of history as a social evolution,—because, more than in any other section, the vision was close to the condition which formed the materials of history, the historian turned to the past with the romancer's zest; from the invaluable data he gathered comes the knowledge we have of the social life of the period—sometimes they are first-hand gatherings, otherwise traditions passed down through generations. The historian and the romancer knew their ground; the topographical knowledge was minute; it was used in the spirit of attachment.

This leads us to the statement that Southern fiction was in large proportion Southern history;

Gayarré was criticised for being too much of the romancer, while Simms and Kennedy and Tucker were often too much of the historian. Perhaps this was because, as was characteristic of most writers in the South, they attempted every form of literature. Gayarré was not only a novelist but a dramatist as well. Yet despite a certain tendency of these writers to fall into philosophy on one hand and romance on the other, it is surprising to find them imbued with a high standard of research. The establishment of state historical societies in the South has counteracted the indifference once found as regards the preservation of documents, but the modern methods of scholarship will not succeed any more fully than these in preserving the true spirit of the civilization. They were men of the old order, given to high conviction in political doctrine, and, as Dr. Alderman so graciously asserts, this genius for intensity of conviction often compensates in one way for a loss in liberalism. "They become idealists," he writes, "possibly martyrs to an idea. . . . It is plain to me that by the very tragedy of its history, the South is the most idealistic section in America to-day [1903]. . . . No other people except the French will as quickly rally around a phrase, or a doctrine, or a song, or an attractive personality like the American of those Southern States." The great difference between the ante-bellum historian and the critic within the South to-day rests in the application of that idealism to problems immediately before the South and as affecting the entire nation. Neither Mr. Murphy nor Mr. Brown nor J. L. M. Curry could be accused of a lack of the historic sense; their attempts, economic, social and intellectual, have all been along the line of broad, national significance, but they wisely insist that the historian of a civilization, so peculiar as that in the South of the past, may not judge in aloof-

ness, however deep, minute and accurate his scholarship.

The weight of the old-time Southern reviews is indicative of the tendency of the Southern writer to speculate on the past, and to draw from the past only that which would suffice to support his present belief; essays were written in grand style and in aristocratic indifference to popular appeal. To be a contributor to the *Southern Review* was sufficient guarantee of excellence in *belles lettres;* but though many of these men of the South possessed the scholar's fervor, they were limited in research by their social restrictions. It was called erudition in those days; men had a passion for ancient learning, and Legaré, with his marvelous range of reading, his natural bent for languages, his over-education which detracted somewhat from his popularity, had a literary style which was oppressive. He was the classicist among the Charleston legal profession, and his wit in conversation, his pungency in apt illustration, made him agreeable company; in intellect, people called him the compeer of Professor Thomas Cooper. In a city where there were marked pretensions to literary supremacy, Legaré had no rival, unless we consider Crafts as such; they both were impediments in the advance of Simms, who smarted under the aristocratic opposition shown toward him.

In view of this rivalry, Legaré's opinion of Crafts is all the more filled with meaning, though his irritation is none the less partly justifiable; for Crafts played high in the hope of gaining reputation. As sound character went in those days, no one thought of producing effect superficially ; there was a genius in the mere attitude of men. Legaré himself, early stricken with disease that distorted his figure, rose above it through possession of fluency of speech and easy gesture and close logic of debate.

He was conscientious and thorough ; when he went to Brussels as United States Minister, his official correspondence was painstaking, but everywhere he moved, Legaré was aloof, retiring. His journals are measure of the man ; they are not lightened with any sprightliness of description, but show the care of the close observer; comments on society are made with a shyness that betokens distaste for such an existence. His biographer notes that after passing the bar and attending Edinburgh University, and after remaining abroad for two years, Legaré returned to Charleston no "traveled exquisite." His diary of 1833 is interspersed with classical quotation; he fluctuated easily between the Spanish of "Gil Blas" and the "Philosophie du Droit" within an afternoon's reading, but his foreign surroundings drew from him no graphic account and no deep personal concern, despite the fact that he was constantly in the midst of the most noted gatherings.

The literature of Legaré's record suggests by contrast the sprightliness of Mme. Octavia Walton Le Vert (1810-1870), of Mobile, who traveled abroad in 1853 and 1855 ; she was gifted with a little more than the tourist's appreciation, but her response to external conditions was typically feminine, excelling in the small knowledge that betokens an active intellect, if not a distinctive one. Were it not for the personal flavor which mingled old-world impressions with social descriptions, the account would be nothing more than a guide book, but Madame Le Vert carried influential introductions with her which placed her in high circles, and her impressions of Queen Victoria and the Court possess distinctive color, though they do not contain the excellent weight of Madame de Genlis's Journals.

Mingled with her varied impressions, one notes the constant reference to American statesmen in com-

parison with European diplomats. Madame Le Vert, like Mrs. Clopton, who was formerly the wife of Senator C. C. Clay of Alabama, enjoyed popularity in Washington when Calhoun, Webster, and Clay held the Senate in thrall; there is no vital permanence to her expression; her feeling gave only momentary weight to her adjectives, and her friendships moved her to plethoric enthusiasms. She is the casual though quickly appreciative observer.

Yet in an easy manner, she could mount to passages of facile grace and vividness. Her gondola apostrophe in Italy where Byron's poetry held her appreciation, her contrast of Italian rice fields with Southern scenes and the dirt-eater, her witness of Cuban bullfights, her isolated descriptions of foreign women, of the theater, and especially of the Spanish Passion Play, are not dull reading. The large fault in her writing is the over-domination of vivacious personality and the absence of any coherent atmosphere and perspective. These latter qualities, so rare in "Impressions," are the distinguishing marks of Fanny Kemble's "Journal of a Resident on a Georgia Plantation," and of Tyrone Power's travels in America during 1833, '34, '35.

Nevertheless, to omit the name of Madame Le Vert from a narrative of Southern literature would be to neglect a distinguishing mark of Mobile society, where she held high position socially, as her husband did professionally as a physician. The historian may not have lost much by the failure, on the part of the Le Vert family, to publish her sketches of the men in the nation's capital at the time she could boast of the firm regard of Mr. Clay, but Madame Le Vert's quick observation would have produced valuable social color in small matters. She had a certain provincial point of view, but in intellect she was sufficiently independent, and in spirit she was full of kindliness;

she did not aspire to authorship, but was encouraged therein by that species of admiring friend which is responsible for a great part of the mediocre literature in the South.

Literary activity in the varied professions was not wanting in the South ; the scientific mind cannot be chained to locality, though one speaks of the Charleston botanist, Stephen Elliott, whose son became famous as Bishop of Georgia, and of the Le Contes, identified with South Carolina College. From the South, Audubon grew into wide prominence, after the manner of Washington Allston, while Dr. J. Marion Simms of South Carolina and Alabama left in his agreeable narrative, "The Story of My Life," an account of his distinctive professional advance in New York and abroad.

While it is hard to measure scientific activity in terms of sectional influence, one is able, in the case of Lieut. Matthew Fontaine Maury (1806-1873), to lay stress upon the Southern interest exhibited by him in the application of science to sectional improvement. He was thoroughly practical in the use of dry material, due no doubt to an imaginative power which added great attractiveness to his style as it did to that of Huxley. His physical and geographical examinations were brought to bear upon Southern advancement, and he was constant in his plea for navy-yards in the South as a protection to Southern harbors. Agriculture and commerce were carefully watched by him, and to the farmers of Alabama he outlined a system of weather reports which was later carried into effect. His brilliant mind received recognition everywhere, and honors were offered him from abroad; but he had his personal difficulties, even coming into conflict with the Navy Board, which retired him without just cause; the decision was later

set aside by Congress, and Maury was made a commander.

As a scientist in a limited sense, Maury's outlook was broad, and his activity many-sided; he was concerned in the laying of the cable ; he often advocated the building of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama ; and he was also of an inventive turn. His life, marked by his exceptional capacity for application, was likewise graced with a charm wholly personal. Maury's sense of humor was keen, his literary taste pronounced ; he was not aloof ; even his written technical matter was submitted to criticism in family conclave. His science only served to show him a clearer view of progress in all channels of human need; coupled with his close knowledge of the Bible, he also recognized fully the harmony which existed "between science and revealed religion." In his home life he was typically Southern, in his public life he was earnest and firm. Weak men would have succumbed to the flattery which was heaped upon Maury by Russia, France and England. He entered the Confederate Army and went abroad in the interests of his section, but he was a man of peace, and tried to hasten the cessation of conflict. Through it all, his practical vein was uppermost, though he had many dreams which marked him as an idealist—dreams that stretched to Mexico and to the borders of the Amazon. Praised by Humboldt, he was honored by the Royal Geographical Society of England, and given an LL. D. by Cambridge, with Tennyson and Max Müller. The South knew his worth, and in 1868 Sewanee offered him a post. In the South he was a figure of large proportions, but, save in the strength of his manhood, he was an unusual type. His family connections, however, afford a rare opportunity of tracing the rich strain of Huguenot blood,

seen in such a book as Ann Maury's "Memories of a Huguenot Family."

Among the ministers, a strong sense of locality developed along the line of their sectarian interests. Religion and science were not on friendly terms in the South, and the former was as much an obstacle in the way of physical research, as slavery was in the way of social investigation. James Woodrow, teacher of Science in the Presbyterian institution, Oglethorpe University of Georgia, suffered condemnation by the Southern Presbyterian Church because, though still professing Christianity, he dared adhere to the theory of evolution. Woodrow was not of the South, but his example serves to illustrate another handicap to mental progress. His influence on Lanier was great.

Under the impetus of denominational pride, the minister became, in an indirect way, a local historian of some scope. Bishop Hawks (1798-1866), whose reputation stretched from Mississippi to New York, was the author of invaluable records of ecclesiastical history in Maryland and Virginia, besides being founder of the New York *Review,* to which Poe and Legaré were contributors; Bishop Meade (1789-1862) left behind him a suggestive compilation, "Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia." When civil war was declared, the former, though opposed to slavery, returned to his section—much to the regret of his Northern admirers,—while the latter, in the debates preceding the struggle, was involved on the side of slavery. It is useless to add much more to this type of literature; biographical data and incident form their chief value. The Virginia Baptists, immortalized by Semple, were counterbalanced by the Methodists in Bishop Fitzgerald's book; the Episcopal Church in Virginia was not more important in the eyes of Dr. Frederick Dalcho than the Episcopal

Church in South Carolina. Religion was not only denominational but local—history prescribed. It was the active and intimate intercourse of the men of each State among themselves, their similar training, habits, and practical interests, that drew them together; though endowed with characteristics typical of the South generally, their civic bearing and duty gave them differences in political temper, for example, nowhere better seen than when the Southern senators withdrew from the Senate Chamber on the eve of the Civil War. Viewed in this light, as well as valued for their biographical convenience, such volumes as Reuben Davis's "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians," and Miller's "Bench and Bar of Georgia" have significance.

The historian has only indirectly touched upon the influence of New England on the Southern mind. Von Holst suggests the effect upon Calhoun at the outset of his political career. On the other hand, the position occupied in Kentucky by George D. Prentice, with his Northern training and his Whig sympathies, opens a rich field for the consideration of those deep social workings which have effect upon the general temper of the state. Prentice went South on a political mission—to write for his party a life of Clay which would serve as a partisan pamphlet. He had hardly completed his task when he set in motion the Louisville *Journal;* through this medium, from 1840-1860, he wielded powerful influence for the Whigs in the South and Southwest, thus showing determined opposition to Jacksonian Democracy. Prentice had been editor before this and had exemplified how well he could make the *New England Review* serve as a political organ and as a literary influence. Indeed, one of his biographers says with truth that this first venture was "the Louisville *Journal* born in Connecticut."

Prentice's life was a peculiarly constituted one; we might designate him as the lonely man; for even during the life-time of his wife and sons, he found himself separated from them with regard to Southern sympathy. For Prentice was in ardent opposition to the war, and often visited Washington in the cause of the Union, while his son met death in the Confederate ranks. One sees, in the volume of poems which Prentice left, the soft side of his nature which might be entirely lost by judging of the man through his pointed views, paper paragraphs and epigrams. But in those poems, it is clearly evident that locality had in turn its influence upon the New England temper; as serious art efforts, the verses may not have been highly valued by Prentice; Col. Watterson notes that he treated them lightly. Nevertheless, they bear many of the distinguishing defects of Southern poetry.

In his memorial address before the Kentucky legislature (1870), Col. Watterson called attention to Prentice's chief claim to distinction in the South. Like Greeley in the North, he was one of the last exponents of "personal journalism," where news was made subservient to the personality of the editor. Undoubtedly, it was Prentice's distinctive style which saved him in the untutored country of Kentucky on his arrival. Yankees were not graciously considered, and men settled differences of opinion with the gun. Bullets had no deterring effect on Prentice; he disapproved of dueling and said so fearlessly in print, but still his brilliant wit, his sarcastic thrusts, his quick utilization of the moment went on.

His paper was opposed by Shadrach Penn, of the Democratic party, who edited the Louisville *Advertiser*; for twelve years, these two men bandied words, and whatever Penn wrote in his paragraph column was certain to come back on him threefold, with boomerang results. Finally Penn quitted the state,

Henry Watterson

not however, without the good-will of Prentice, who won for himself a distinguished place in Louisville. In 1859, he printed "Prenticeana" with some misgivings. Wit loses its freshness when detached from the occasion giving it birth, and Prentice's wit was not entirely removed from a personal liking for many of the figures he lampooned; but his humor was more general and fraught with more character than the ordinary newspaper paragraph. Despite the fact that his points were dependent upon what he called "partisan partiality," Prentice, like Lamb, had rich comprehension of the rare use of wit.

As a writer, he was rapid and continuously busy, keeping up a constant flow and retaining a surprising balance. He prepared large quantities of matter, as the mood prompted him; on the other hand, he looked elsewhere for notable literary contributions, and the *Journal* columns contained the names of Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, John Howard Payne, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Amelia Welby, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and W. D. Howells. This distinguished tone was retained by Col. Watterson, who succeeded Prentice, and who, despite the fact that the "personal journalism" had been superseded by the modern machinery of news-gathering, continued to stamp the editorial page with character, though its political influence waned.

Whatever the mental activity, the pioneer local sense is uppermost; history is permeated with it in the adventurous record of David Crockett, and in the evolution of Texas as followed in the career of Sam Houston. In the Lower South, aristocratic traditions, brought into a free atmosphere, reacted upon crude environment in a genial manner, and the social status afforded rich material for a group of humorists who painted the scenes with no mean skill, using a species of fiction which was not very far removed from fact.

It was a humor based wholly upon a full realization of locality; it was the sane element in an isolated and newly-opened territory, where, as Professor Shaler pointed out, the "common law" had a struggle for existence with "the motives of the individual man." Such a fight was carried on until recent times, and is still heard of, between civil authority and the unwritten law or primitive justice of the mountain people.

II

There are some grades of Southern humor in this ante-bellum period that are founded upon the truest sense of proportion, while others sink into low wit based upon rough, uncouth falsification of incident and character. Humor should mean sane balance; it rests upon a complete understanding of the normal life. Irving possessed that genial quality and so did Kennedy; but the former was unctuous in a broad degree, while the latter, in close kinship, was natural by reason of himself rather than because of reflected English qualities. But Joseph G. Baldwin (1815-1864) added to his innate humor a sound comprehension of locality; he brought to Alabama from Virginia certain preconceived notions which might have cut him aloof from the crude life of the state, had not his mind been flexible and his will yielding to new conditions. He was in the midst of that stream of emigration flowing southwest—Virginians, Carolinians, Georgians, and Tennesseeans on the move across the upper part of Alabama; in fact, Virginia gripped Alabama until the Civil War, leaving evidence of her influence in the names of counties.

Huntsville and Tuscaloosa were the towns with some pretensions to culture. G. F. Mellen, examining the status of this society, notes the pioneer element that mixed with the Virginia planter and lawyer who

dined, wined and played cards together. The public square was the rendezvous for Indian fighters, for lawyers more tuned to business than to law during "flush times," for astute men and profligates. It was not an easy field for jurisprudence, so mixed were the land claims, so uncontrollable the daring attitude of the settlers. Out of this state of things, nevertheless, grew a high type of judiciary, whose decisions were accounted of eminence.

Baldwin came to Alabama in the typical style—on horseback through three states, with his possessions weighing down his saddle bags. From Mississippi, where he first encamped, he trailed to Gainesville, Georgia, where evidences of Yankee activity were to be seen. Sumter County was the rich center of Alabama, and Baldwin remained there from 1838 to 1854, enjoying the political prestige the place maintained. From his associates, he drew material which now is stored away in "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." They were a genial set of lawmakers who would adjourn from court to "The Choctaw House" for jest and exchange of news. In the midst of democratic principles, Baldwin adhered to his Whig convictions, which destroyed his chances for political preferment, however popular he might otherwise have been.

Baldwin's days ended in California (1864), where he had served as Judge of the Supreme Court; this change of residence may have been due to his disappointment over not receiving office, but more likely the gold fever of '49 had quite a little to do with his seeking another "flush time" experience.

If one analyzes Baldwin's humor, which mostly relates to law, its fundamental note is kindliness, based on thorough sympathy; even though it is comical, it is also true; even though it is rollicking, it is not irreverent. Mr. Mellen comments on one essential fac-

tor in it—the absence of the denominational joke which was common in the Lower South—the cheap fun at the expense of Methodists and Baptists. "Flush Times" is a document full of vivid pictures; not only has it the fresh sparkle of perennial character, but its local atmosphere is invaluable, now the civilization is gone.

We have already commented on "Party Leaders" and on its keen discrimination and unusual fairness of judgment. Baldwin was the historian with a deep sense of literary values; at times his attitude was based on personal preference, but all the more valuable is this as data, in determining the political status of the period. His style often became efflorescent, his method picturesque, but always his approach was dignified. He did not give up these qualities when he turned humorist; he simply heightened them, adding those peculiarities which mark men as individual, welding small incident and small weakness together and giving them wide application.

Time and place are the two elements in the soil of Southern humor; the weaknesses of lawyers are nowhere better seen than when placed where they can least resist circumstances; "flush times" in Alabama acted like a shower of rain to a parched field; idiosyncrasies sprang up on all sides. The strange blend of pioneer poverty with spendthrift bravado is what makes this type of literature worthy as human evidence. "Ovid Bolus, Esq.," is a sketch equal to Mark Twain at his best; it is redolent of the most delicate spirit of fine distinctions. Molière could not have better placed *Bolus* than in these words: his "lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him." Irving's *Knickerbocker* is not more vivid, though as a general historical figure he is of more importance. *Bolus* stands as the quintessence of the attractive

scamp; like *Don Quixote,* "all ideas were facts to him." Is there not meat for the imagination in such a flash as "his recklessness was, for the most part, lingual"? His failings were those of the people of Sumter County, simply through timely allusion saturating the dialogue; otherwise the conception touches humanity at large,—wherever humanity is weak.

Baldwin's characterizations were exceptional; they bear no second-hand repetition; after reading them, one has a portrait and a sweep of local condition. The historian will never impress the "shinplaster" craze upon the mind as indelibly as Baldwin, in "How the Times Served the Virginians"; as a basis for thorough social understanding, I can find nothing to excel it in Southern literature; it represents diverse struggles of social interests—the conservative element through it all, opposing "paper fortunes"—the conservative element that has always existed in the South. Here, commercial fact is clad in human attractiveness; Baldwin's scoundrel lawyers, typified in *Col. Simon Suggs,* were always kept within the pale of reason; one has ever a silent admiration for a smart scamp endowed with wit. As for the value of the humor, it is impossible to dismiss Baldwin's "oddities" lightly; beneath the crust of external peculiarity lies the rich substratum of social history. He saw fully and he laughed with effect; he was true in whole result, however broad the detail; his psychology was subtle, his method creative; situation grew out of character, and comment emanated from the clear-cut conception. *Bolus* suggests an actor; he is not cartoonish, like Florence's *Bardwell Slote* or Raymond's *Mulberry Sellers,* but he is more typical of the rich vein of character which marks American life.

Here is the point of greatest difference between Baldwin and Judge Augustus B. Longstreet (1790-1870): The latter dealt with the humor of situation,

of local transaction, of common life and of common habit. "Georgia Scenes" enjoyed a widespread popularity, even though its author lived to regret its existence, when, after having passed through a varied career as lawyer, judge, politician, planter, lecturer, editor, and college president, his interest became deeply concerned in the ministry and in serious writing. He is the true parent of later Georgian work from the pens of Richard Malcolm Johnston and Joel Chandler Harris, whose art became more polished, largely the reflection of a modification in the moral conditions of local life itself. For the chief value of "Georgia Scenes" is to be found in the vanished custom it represents, the rough kindness, the crude pleasure it depicts.

Longstreet's preface contains the usual apology of the newspaper humorist—that his sketches were too dependent upon the element of timeliness ever to obtain attention from later readers; he claims for them that they are "nothing more than *fanciful combinations* of *real* incidents and characters," based upon personal experience. They came to light in the usual manner, through his own gazette, the Augusta *Sentinel,* in 1835; their excellence lies in the pungent minuteness of their detail, dealing as they do with men and women of the lower and louder order. Longstreet attempted to be real; he warned his readers that if at times his language became "coarse, inelegant, and sometimes ungrammatical," "it is language accommodated to the capacity of the person to whom he represents himself as speaking."

In "Georgia Scenes" one is transplanted to a primitive community, childish in thought and action. These separate sketches were signed in different manner, Hall being responsible for masculine delineation, Baldwin for feminine—and both showing about the same amount of rustic spirit, relieved of conventions and

prompted by the *camaraderie* of children. Here one obtains local color in quantity; not merely in the type of mind, but in the habit and custom of economic, social, and political life. Each sketch is typical, couched in language that has flavor of the open; occasionally there are flashes of sentiment after the manner of Thackeray, and sometimes the faithful accuracy in recording outward detail results in a brutal quality that is common among rustic folk; "The Gander Pulling" exemplifies this last quality. The psychology of these "Georgia Scenes" is more violent than that to which Baldwin was accustomed, but it is kept in proportion by the exactitude with which the outward facts are recorded. In the future, anyone who would have a faithful portraiture of the Georgia Cracker will have to turn to "Georgia Scenes"; the style is not distinctive, but the material is significant, for the old order changes, giving place to new.

Still, Southern humor could not escape the special "funny man." Such writing flourishes upon newspaper support, yet not quite in the same manner as the comic sheet which satisfies a popular demand; for though Thompson's *Major Jones* performs the most absurd deeds, they are not wholly irreconcilable with his character; they are not violently distorted. When there is coarseness or vulgarity, the reason is either rough character or primitive condition; it was as natural for the Georgia Cracker to be uncouth, as it was customary for him at the same time to show himself possessed of fine feeling and loyalty.

These writers who delineated special types were forerunners of the present local author. They were usually engaged in the legal profession or in duty apart from their humorous talent. They were men closely in touch with their time, founding newspapers, and accomplishing an infinite variety of things. Authorship again became a side issue. William Tappan

Thompson (1812-1882) did not concentrate his energies; in the midst of his varied efforts in politics, in law, in a Philadelphia newspaper office, he would probably never have turned his attention to such writing as he began to do, had he not associated himself with Judge Longstreet on the Augusta *Sentinel.* Never stationary, he dropped the seeds of journalism in many small Georgia towns, meanwhile winning reputation with *Major Jones,* who afterwards filled three volumes with his adventures. Thompson was a soldier, a dramatist, an editor of law books. In view of this, *Major Jones* is all the more remarkable as a type created under special conditions. The broad humor is genial, its one great fault being a lack of contrast in the fun. As an index of the moment, the sketches deserve closer acquaintance; the art of the author lay in the power of appreciation he developed for the minor notes in thought and action.

Johnson Jones Hooper (1815-1862) won renown by developing the son of *Simon Suggs,* whom Baldwin sketched in "Flush Times"; a rascal around whom circulated a large part of the lowly life of Alabama. G. W. Harris (1814-1868) created *Sut Lovengood* of Tennessee; Charles H. Smith (1823-1903), a Georgian of a little later period, identified himself with *Bill Arp,* even as closely as Mr. Dunne has with *Mr. Dooley,* for the definite purpose, as he said in the preface, of detracting the mind "from the momentous and absorbing interests of the war." The very value of all this local humor, as Smith claims, lies in the fact that though "sideshows," the incidents form "an index to our feelings and sentiments." It is of interest to note here how these men painfully practiced the art of dialect which marked the poor white of the South, leaving, until the advent of Joel Chandler Harris, the true tone and color of the negro speech. When he came to gathering together the war wisdom of *Sut*

Lovengood, Smith found it necessary to prune the peculiarity of his "unlettered countryman," to remodel the orthography, believing that his humor would be better understood, even though the outward marks of his person were thus changed. Certainly his writing, if not generally typical of high humor, displays a temper, the measure of Southern strain.

As there was the humor of "flush times," so there was the nervous humor of camp life; the pioneer, represented by Davy Crockett, possessed a quaintness comparable in some respects to the kindliness of the colonial author, Colonel William Byrd, though not seasoned with any of Byrd's aristocratic grace. The geniality of the Lower South did not over-shadow the *Mozis Addums* of the Virginian, Dr. George William Bagby (1828-1883), who had newspaper and magazine experience, which gave him an opportunity of developing a local slang as marked in a way as that of George Ade, or of others of the Indiana school. Bagby gives a view of life in Virginia which, coupled with the studies of Mr. Page, preserves some of the rare characteristics of the State. Like his contemporaries, he mixes the incongruous with sage philosophy.

To-day, these ante-bellum humorists are hardly known; their books, out of print, no longer circulate in libraries, and we let slip a deal of true humanity because the timely event is passed. If Bagby is known at all to the general reader, it is because his famous "Jud Brownin's Account of Rubinstein's Playing" graces some recitation book. And even though the name of Hooper's hero, *Simon Suggs* of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, is familiar to Southern ears, the reader is more likely to remember this author's farcical description of "Taking the Census," apart from who took it.

The timeliness of this humor has an earlier example in Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry," which, re-

counting the adventures of a Captain and *Teague O'Regan,* after the manner of "Don Quixote," contained many social touches typical of the period of Clay and Crawford.

This particular species of literature in the South is strictly of the soil, marking the condition. It is spontaneous, the outward expression of an innate realization of local need; it is framed in the light of political occurrence, of social condition, mental and economic. It is strictly American in the broader sense of national flexibility of character; it is strictly Southern in its use of temperament and environment.

CHAPTER X

PIONEER NOVELISTS

SIMMS, KENNEDY, TUCKER, AND CARRUTHERS

THE pioneer novelists in the South present interesting contrasts, even though their sentiment is of the same color, and their delineation of character is after the same manner. From the historical viewpoint, in their opinions they are indicative of how far conditions affected the imagination of the author; from the social viewpoint, they represent a stereotyped formality which gave charm to bearing, however much it prompted inconsistency of action; from the standpoint of literary species, they exemplify the influence of their restricted culture and of their particular tastes.

The vitality of any biography is to be found in the vividness with which the subject lives; the study of literature should, after all, be made a broad, active field of association; Cooper, the novelist, cannot be separated from Cooper, the man. If you reduce the consideration to a physical plane, the vigor of a man's style depends upon his outlook; his whole nature is a product of the very air he breathes, of the very trail he follows, of the very events which confront him.

These pioneer novelists lived in the formative period of American life; when Cooper first made the trip to Detroit, people considered the venture an unusual undertaking, for beyond that place all was primeval forest. William Gilmore Simms, in the South, possessed the same scope of vision; he did for the South and Southwest what Cooper did for the North—that is,

caught the evanescent atmosphere of an unfrequented country, recorded the rough, simple customs of isolated people, and impressed upon a canvas, redolent with savage uncouthness, the spirit of heroic sentiment.

Yet in the contrast of Cooper and Simms, it is remarkable that the latter fails to rise to the height of the former, though his work, taken in detail, exhibits him equally as inventive, as observant, and as conscious of historical development. Simms had large faults; the rapidity with which he worked made him careless, forced him into contradictory statement and conflicting description. He was more violent than Cooper, more prone to make use of the melodramatic. But, on the other hand, his lights and shades were more evenly distributed, and his middle-class "pioneer," so to speak, more typical and unusual. His Indians were marked with more of the savage qualities—a characteristic which often forced Simms, in a graphic style, to resort to the revolting, typical examples of which are to be found in "The Yemassee."

Professor Trent's life of William Gilmore Simms is far more than a mere record of biographical events; it follows the course of Southern civilization through his career (1806-1870), adding a commentary, the whole of which results in a vivid and just view of Southern limitations. Nothing can be more tempting for a biographer of Simms than to lay stress upon the consuming aristocratic prejudice in Charleston, which made the social life falsely conservative, and against which Simms struggled bravely for recognition.

The many events in his life are not so varied—the usual struggles and reaching out for a vocation; the usual mistaken estimates of his own powers, seen in his disappointment that as a novelist he overshadowed himself as a poet, and also in his regret that political

preferment was denied him. Notwithstanding his numerous contentions with prejudice and with men who stood in his way, like Crafts and Legaré, Simms won his place in a fair fight, and familiarized himself with South Carolina so thoroughly that few could excel him in his grasp of history. Like most of his contemporaries, his career in authorship is somewhat identified with the rise and fall of those Southern periodicals which never took root in Southern soil, since the soil was never prepared for them. Were we to examine closely enough, we might be able to show how Simms, at first ardently opposing nullification while he was editor of the *City Gazette,* later, to use Professor Trent's expression, "squinted strongly in Calhoun's direction." In truth, Simms was distinctively Southern, despite the fact that his visits to the North and his friendships there aided him in his literary progress. He began as a Union supporter, with a firm belief in states' rights; one must know the political status to understand how this seemingly contradictory civic faith could be in 1832. But by 1849, Simms was no longer a Union man, and his reason for change is a part of the history of secession in South Carolina. In his arguments on the subject of slavery, Simms is rather an average example of the average opinion held, than a brilliant supporter of the cause; he fell into many absurdities, but was not alone in this respect. A very excellent gauge of his political temper is found in his correspondence with Beverley Tucker, who lent him assistance on the *Southern Quarterly,* and who in his person symbolized the extreme support of states' rights.

And so, having once determined that secession was inevitable, that a confederacy already existed in spirit, if not in name, Simms threw himself energetically into the coming storm. Though not as keen a conspirator as Tucker, who always sought to "shatter the Union,"

yet Simms ardently longed for conformity of sentiment in the South. South Carolina had once tried secession, and the South had not stood by her in 1833; what would she do in 1850? "Were South Carolina to secede," he wrote, "her ports would be blocked up, her trade would pass to Georgia, and the appeal to Georgia cupidity, filled as that State is with Yankee traders, would be fatal to her patriotism." This interstate jealousy, as well as the political differences among the Southern people themselves, was a weakness the Southern Confederacy did not count upon. As Simms became more and more keen on the subject, unrelieved by any humor, his eye grew jaundiced, and he could see no good in Northern activity, damning the whole New England school of writers, and denying them the capacity for art since they had shown such a capacity for abolitionism.

So deeply concerned was Simms in the issue, that he personally was changed by the whole trend of events; in a sense he became the successor of Tucker in public influence, and when he went to New York to lecture, he reaped the full effect of his outspoken defiance of the North. Sometimes, in the preface to his novels, he rated his critics soundly, though not as terribly as Cooper did through his life. But now, Simms, super-sensitive, began to imagine the North wholly antagonistic to him; he was too heated to summon before him the countless advantages his literary career had reaped from that section; he did not wholly see that in the Savannah Convention of 1856, when Southern educational books were being discussed, and when he was ignored as a member of the committee on literature, the South had often before shown him neglect, where the North had given him recognition. During this period of tension, Simms barely escaped being a fire-eater.

Professor Lounsbury, having reached the reaction-

ary period in his "Life" of Cooper, claimed that the author of *Leatherstocking* did not keep up with the rapid growth of the country. Some may claim that a man reaches the crest of his nature and advances no farther, but either remains stationary, seeing the horizon further and further off, or else relinquishes his position with the weakening of his powers. This is partly true of the whole ante-bellum South; having reached a point, mentally and socially, the people stood still, the only unstable position being the economic problem, which was threatened from outside. But when actual war devastated the land, it was no longer time for political hesitation; it was a matter of loyalty to home that brought the Southerner to the ranks. Simms could not fight—his physical weakness prevented that; but with his pen he displayed a directive genius that was exceptional, and he gave suggestions which, though often ignored, were none the less measure of his excitement, and of his keen observation. Cooper's accounts of the navy are not more distinctive than Simms' data relating to the Civil War, especially his pamphlet on the "Sack and Destruction of the City of Columbia, S. C." He was in the midst of fire and conflagration, and, during the ordeal, his own "Woodlands," scene of many a literary conclave and of much family peace, was burned to the ground. There came a time in the war when the best element of the South tried to put a stop to the charred trail of razed homesteads, and to the mounds with the unknown dead; when every family could point to its vacant place, and realize that, after all, the cause was not sufficiently strong for such sacrifice. For the far horizon was moving further away, and the nations of the earth were advancing, while the South remained behind. Simms' feelings were not in any way appeased when he saw around him the suffering of his literary friends—Timrod, Hayne, and others in

the midst of reconstruction. With Hayne, particularly, he was most in correspondence during these last years.

A detailed account of Simms' activity is out of the question here; an examination of Professor Trent's partial bibliography will not only convey some idea of the variety of his activity in the various departments of literature, but also of his interest in the widely separate territorial places described. For in his romances he has touched every one of the Southern States, and while the local colors are all uneven, there are passages of historical and of natural force, however much they may lack true atmosphere. Simms was skillful in invention; he could not escape being dull at times, for he wrote too persistently to maintain an even style. Yet we must confess that the activity of his plots oftentimes is a means of disguising the slovenliness of his style.

No doubt, being so prolific, he watched the literary market and often followed in the footsteps of literary success, but he was never a servile imitator. Though there is no denying his closeness to Cooper in many respects, his treatment is individual and more varied; "The Partisan" was suggested by the reception given to Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson." Simms was lacking in repression; not only was he prone to descant upon the disagreeable, but he often made use of the newspaper sensationalism which takes as its proper province the exploitation of relentless immorality. "Beauchampe" and "Charlemont" are of such character.

Much that Simms did is well worth considering. Biographer, historian, poet, dramatist, essayist, reviewer, editor—he was one of the first examples of the professional literary man in the South; the necessity for looking toward the future made him plan scenes of romances, which, though complete in them-

selves, carried the characters forward from one book to the other. Distracting interests often intervened between the writing of these, and to this lack of succession may be due some of the careless discrepancies in detail. But, in estimating Simms, the student needs to consider his work in bulk—no mean record—and to note the descriptions of custom and the autobiographical flashes. For, even as Simms claimed that the defeat of his political aspirations drove him to literature and away from law, where he only earned a pittance, so his struggles in Charleston developed in his writing those democratic sentiments which were always uppermost when he described a backwoods crowd, or a forest congregation listening to a circuit rider.

There are small expressions dotting every page of "Guy Rivers," one of the "border romances," indicative of time and place; the trial of a Yankee peddler, the stump orator, a hold-up in the "wilds," an account of the regulators, pictures of squatter settlements—these are the details in which Simms excelled. He made use of them in a realistic manner, stepping aside from his conscious rôle of novelist to narrate vividly some incident of minor worth, and then resuming his task by using such phrases as "with the recognized privilege of the romancer."

After the manner of the time, Simms often resorted to the moral lecture, to the admonitory tone; his method of creating suspense was to force a pause in the narrative and to argue philosophically while fate hung in the balance, an old device—and only a device after all. He made frequent use of the archaic form, and so easily could he manufacture startling situations that he lost control of probability, and, as in the case of *Bess Matthews,* heroine of "The Yemassee," showered startling incident heavily upon her. His stories hang loosely, though they are none the less entertain-

ing; the romancer of the day was stilted in phraseology —words which represent broad outward expression rather than inward subtle distinction; that is strictly the melodramatist's prerogative. Man is humbled 'neath a woman's scorn on one page, while, on the next, the same maiden's lips might tremble because of some advantage taken of her woman's weakness.

The local sense in Simms was strong; his tendency to report faithfully what he had seen detracted from the inspirational quality in his romances; he was rough, hasty, but none the less observant, turning to excellent account the luxuriance of nature; his natural history was gleaned from direct association, his gathering of tradition was successful through personal effort, his knowledge of border life came through border travel. As Professor Trent has emphasized, Simms appeared at a moment when something new was wanted in the American novel, among readers who had tired of Paulding and of Bird; he adopted the traditions of Scott and of Cooper; he was influenced by Godwin; his preface to "Martin Faber" (1834) placed him at once in that class of authors who resented the average reviewer. His friendships, with Forrest, the actor, on one hand, helped further to increase his attachment to the theater, and with Bryant and Duyckinck on the other, increased his prominence as the leading Southern author. Simms possessed the strength of the story-teller, tinged with the morbid, which is an essential characteristic of melodrama. For that reason, Poe was partly attracted to him. Even though, when the "Partisan" first appeared, he spent much space in indicating the artistic blunders of the new author, Poe unerringly caught some of Simms' chief excellences: his graphic historical detail, the exquisite descriptions of swamp scenery, the effective eye of the painter. He sounded likewise the chief defect of the Southern historical novelist: more surety in

the "sober truth" than in "constructive imagination"—no doubt a chief element in the historic sense. But his eye as a painter did not prevent him from often committing mistakes which, to Poe's mind, fell little short of bad taste, even though he rated Simms next to Cooper among American novelists.

Kennedy was the senior of Simms by eleven years (1795-1870), though their active literary lives may be said to have embraced the same period. The one had much of the geniality of Irving; the other, as we have said, much of the masculinity and irritability of Cooper; they both did much for the history of the South in preserving data of social value. Kennedy gained that political recognition which Simms most desired; Simms lived in part the literary life which Kennedy's public services prevented him from doing. The latter was not handicapped at the outset by the necessity of combating class prejudice, since the Pendletons were a long line, distinguished in Virginia history. With this advantage, with a keen sense of humor inherited from his father, with a good education had from Baltimore College, and with a fairly easy road to travel, circumstances put much in Kennedy's way to hasten his quick rise.

There was left among his papers an excellently told story of his early life, as genially written as his narrative of the career of Wirt; in it, one notes a characteristic of the pioneer,—a topographical knowledge of the country which the convenience of the railroad has now obliterated; it was rarely that Kennedy and his horse were parted. These youthful explorations of his, serving him later in his writing, and in his wanderings with Washington Irving, likewise accustomed him to various hardships which he hoped for in a romantic vein, when the War of 1812 began.

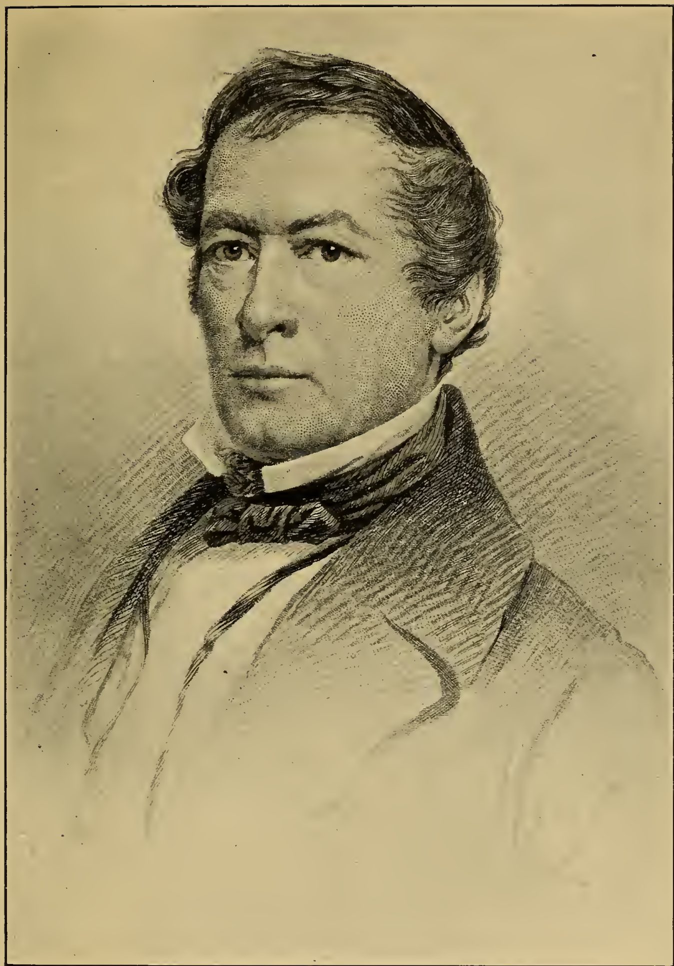
But though he saw service just after he graduated, it was a light enough affair, and the description is re-

plete with excellent good nature. After this excitement subsided, Kennedy settled down to the existence which Baltimore afforded; it was not a markedly literary center like Charleston; its people were more concerned about manufactures and trade than about culture; the bar and the press were the centers for any spirit pertaining to the cultivation of letters. With Kennedy's growth in influence, there was a like increase in the direction which always elicited his deepest concern; he was regarded by the older men as part of that infusion of new blood of which the community was most in need; he gained confidence much beyond his years in weight and dignity; largely this was granted him through charm of personality, but as well through assiduous application.

His first literary attempt was "The Red Book," which he and a friend conceived in the spirit of Irving's and Paulding's "Salmagundi." A bright, youthful mixture was this of essay and verse, but the publication soon ceased, and Kennedy found himself, in 1820, elected to the legislature of Maryland. Thereafter, his interest in public matters consumed a large proportion of his energies.

Shortly after his first marriage in 1824, Kennedy's wife died, and five years later he was married to a Miss Gray, whose father was owner of Ellicott's Mills, which figure so prominently in Kennedy's life. Political activity kept the latter away from home much of his time, but presented him with the opportunity of a correspondence fraught with good sense, keen sentiment, and unctuous appreciation of events. During this period he was enjoying the confidence of Henry Clay.

In the midst of his official activity, Kennedy found time to write "Swallow Barn," a series of sketches after the manner of the Queen Anne essayists, and flavored with the same quaintness found in Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall." The fact



John P. Kennedy

is, the pages are fairly saturated with the rare charm of Virginia life, and there is small wonder that the time should come when Thackeray, in the midst of writing "The Virginians," would ask Kennedy to prepare a chapter of that novel for him; there is no direct evidence that this was done, but nevertheless it shows how closely Kennedy's sympathy lay to the quiet environment of his early days. Tuckerman claims with much truth that "the artistic process of minute and patient delineation adopted by Mr. Kennedy in 'Swallow Barn,' is identical with that which preserves to us so vividly the country life of England in Jane Austen's day, and the ecclesiastical of our own as photographed by Trollope."

In some respects, we may say that Mr. Page is Kennedy's successor in the presentation of a passing atmosphere, but he does not saturate his scenes so thoroughly with the essence of external peace and quiet. The reviews of "Swallow Barn" greeted cordially its unknown author, yclept Mark Littleton; they saw in the book genuine feeling, though they realized that its originality consisted in the quietness and human manner of treatment, rather than in uniqueness of subject. For life in Virginia had been the first thought of most of her sons, even from Jefferson in his "Notes" and Wirt in his "Letters," to Northern travelers and foreign visitors. Indeed, the attraction held out by such a life to the contemplative style, has handicapped all progressive movement among Virginia writers, even making them loath to rise above conventional phrases by which that life is recognized.

"Swallow Barn" is not a novel in the unified sense; it is replete with minute observation, tempered by a philosophical desire to indicate the value of that humanity threatened by the changes of advancing time. The text is warm with the beauty of Southern

life, but there is a fairness in Kennedy's view that recognizes the limitations as well as the excellences; the author was too much of the cosmopolitan to lose sight of this. Kennedy's style is attractive and full of the personal element that is friendly and genial; in the deep sense he is humorous, and as his richness comes from the root of character rather than from distortion of motive and falsification of situation, he is never tiresome. Had he been content with the straight essay form, he might have equaled Irving, and been more thoroughly suggestive of Lamb. He was largely affected by the literary fashions of the day, and could not escape the just accusation that he was imitative; in his "fable" he reflects Scott, particularly in the heroine of "Swallow Barn," *Bel Tracy,* whose hoydenish manner smacks somewhat of *Diana Vernon.* In his subjects, as well as in the method of treatment, the comparison between Irving and himself is striking. He was imitative, much more so than Simms, but his distinctive excellence was his sane outlook, largely a matter of personal disposition.

"Horse-Shoe Robinson" (1836) was the next work from Kennedy's pen; in it were combined two qualities which marked his life—his love of nature and his historic sense. In a way, the story bears evidence of a familiarity with Cooper as well as with Scott; its hero had a counterpart in real life, a method the early novelists had of drawing fully upon the actual. *Horse-Shoe Robinson,* the backwoodsman, is as remarkable in a way as *Leatherstocking,* but he is little known to the present generation. Twenty years after his appearance, when the American stage was filled with crude attempts at the portrayal of American character, Kennedy's hero was acted by James H. Hackett, who had at various times brought the work of James K. Paulding and Washington Irving to the theater. On witnessing the first performance,

Kennedy's verdict was: "It is amazingly noisy, and full of battles, and amuses the gallery hugely."

"Horse-Shoe Robinson" is a type of book that is full of incident and of South Carolina history; it is not sustained in interest, but has definite sections where the action is spirited and where the style is vivid. One may understand the frequency with which the reviewers applied the word "study" to these ante-bellum novels, with their intimate knowledge of the ground covered, and with their historic sense. Time having changed the novelist in a reaction against romanticism, these authors are remembered by certain passages rather than by the force of the whole work. Note, for example, Kennedy's oft-quoted description of the Revolutionary battle of King's Mountain in North Carolina.

Save for the "Life of Wirt" (1849), which is an excellent narrative with many autobiographical touches, the other writings of Kennedy are not distinctive. "Rob of the Bowl" (1838) describes graphically the ancient capital of Maryland; "The Annals of Quodlibet" (1840) is indicative of the author's political tastes and of his realization of party weaknesses, but is lacking in his characteristic charm; "The Ambrose Letters on the Rebellion" (1865), read in connection with the war record arranged in Tuckerman's life, evinces Kennedy's strong Union sympathies, and his desire to end the conflict; his political and official papers gathered together show his thoroughness and conscientiousness in official matters. But the lovableness of the man himself is nowhere better seen than in his diaries and letters upon which Tuckerman amply draws—those varying lights and shades that are a combination of a youthful heart and a sound brain.

Literary history does not emphasize Kennedy's aid given to Morse's telegraphic experiments, or, during

his tenure of office as Secretary of the Navy under Fillmore, his encouragement of the Kane expedition (1852-3). Of more importance still, sufficient stress is not put upon his efforts to improve Baltimore by the establishment of a free library, of a museum of art, and of free lectures. An interesting chapter might alone be devoted to his energetic efforts in behalf of the Peabody Institute, which serve to add his name to the list of Southerners, beginning with James Blair, who held a broad view of education, which had to struggle against social restrictions and economic claims. Kennedy was President of the Institute in 1870, and his last report rings with that progressive energy which we are to note in Lanier—the first Southern research worker in a national sense.

In Kennedy, there was no sectional narrowness, though in all he did he exhibited his Southern training; his manner, his bearing, his attitude toward the deeper problems of life, his kindliness and gentle adaptability in social circles, were shaped by environment. He was in no way a *poseur* or a dictator; he led by force of personality.

Yet despite his wide intercourse, and his intimacy with Thackeray, Cooper, and Irving, the one name that will help to identify Kennedy in a popular way is Poe.

In the case of Simms and Kennedy, there is much in the lives to explain the literature; the conclusion is again reached that the life is greater than the product —a product which, as Woodberry declares of Simms, is "raw material which has both historical and human worth." This is the chief claim that Nathaniel Beverley Tucker's (1784-1851) "The Partisan Leader" has upon the present, as indicating by its being "secretly printed in Washington (in the year 1836) . . . for circulation in the Southern States—but afterwards suppressed," how clearly the

Rebellion was forecast in a moment when Secession leaders were not strong enough to rush the South into war. But Tucker wrote with a purpose; the italicized portions of his story, breathing defiance, hate, and suspicion, clearly indicate that his novel was a text-book of rebellion in disguise, prompted in the spirit of Calhoun—with none of his genius. From such a hot-bed, the fire-eater of the South was born.

But though "The Partisan Leader" looks forward, its manner looks backward; courtesy and ferocity are curiously blended; the author attempts at moments to codify surface conventions. The tone of the book is prompted by blind prejudice, and while it is natural that its model should be Cooper, it is curious that a Virginia lawyer, a professor of law, about the time that his State was most anxious to do away with the institution of slavery, should reflect the violent temper of South Carolina.

The book is an historical document crudely told, but manifesting Southern temper with exceptional energy. Its author belonged to a long line of literary devotees.

A study of the ante-bellum novel will show it to be largely devoid of original idea, but full of the historical and local quality. The authors, with the exception of Simms and Poe, wrote leisurely, and did not have the incentive which tends to produce the best work. Beverley Tucker was more the lawyer than the novelist; William Carruthers (1806-1872) was chiefly the Virginia physician. The historical field was untilled from the very beginning, and when the Civil War broke forth, the novelist was still working among colonial remains, which in the different states afforded ample local phases. Wherever the author traveled, there he was sure of experiences which he made the basis of a romance. Tucker was judge in Missouri from 1815 till 1830; hence his novel "George

Balcombe." Always the life explains the Southern author.

The local sense and the historical sense were not balanced in the ante-bellum novel, but they were ever present. Carruthers's "Cavaliers of Virginia" and "Knights of the Horseshoe" are typical examples of the average appreciation of local history in the times of Berkeley and Spotswood.

CHAPTER XI

SOUTHERN POETRY AND THE CAVALIER SPIRIT

In order to be seen advantageously, the verse of the ante-bellum Southern school must be considered in the bulk, as being built upon Southern tradition, and as being limited by the economic, social, and spiritual life of the Southern people. All that has been said of the restricting influences upon the character and mental attitude of the section, served to affect the poetry. The importance attached to the local singer was a consistent outcome of the individualism of the Southern planter—an individualism brought more prominently into being by the "peculiar institution," and by that territorial isolation which was encouraged through the increasing cultivation of cotton. As the Southern orator had his classical models, so the Southern poet, passionate and romantic, reflected Goldsmith, Byron and Moore. Southern poetasters sharpened their appetites upon "Lalla Rookh" as keenly as they did later upon "Lucile."

Population not being compact, the centers of literary activity worked apart; one finds compilations known as "The Baltimore Book," "The Charleston Book," and "The New Orleans Book," a species which was as plentiful in the South as the "Garlands" became in the North. The early period of our American letters was marked by efforts to enforce the recognition of the American author. Griswold, Duyckinck, Keese, and others of like character, attempted, with commendable literary autocracy, to measure the

worth of the product. Their discrimination is of historical value, and also of indirect creative value in drawing fire from Poe, one of our most interesting early critics, whose genius dealt unerringly with his contemporaries, whenever he could free himself from fitful moods.

The secondary consideration paid to literature in the South was one of the reasons for this lack of creative expression which we find in the field of poetry. It has been said, and not unwisely, that had the New England school been placed in a similar environment, it would have responded to conditions in the same manner. To be a poet, one has to consecrate the better part of one's life to the task, and not alone wait until the spirit moves to utter a personal feeling or to give a personal impression. One has to serve apprenticeship, and this the Southerner, true to his economic training, would not do, even in art matters. Whenever his mind was involved, he was concerned with practical problems; his religion did not disturb him because it was largely a bequeathment; he was not free to utter his belief in the broadening principles of life, since the spirit of slavery overshadowed all activity around him. Though he might give stray impressions of the effect of nature upon himself; though he might, with the romancer's love of legend, preserve in verse a local incident, there was little left for him to do spontaneously than to sing, and even in his lyrics he was not creative, but rather reflective of Lovelace, Suckling, and Herrick.

Mr. Stedman's theory regarding Poe is original; he claims, in his "Poets of America," that this man whose one mood dominated all his work, whose whole being was sensitive to sound, "caught the music of 'Annabel Lee' and 'Eulalie,' if not their special quality, from the plaintive, melodious negro songs utilized by those early writers of 'minstrelsy,' who have been denomi-

nated the only composers of a genuine American school." The plantation melody shall be considered later, the true song which was turned to such excellent effect by the early minstrel impersonators on the American stage; tribal chants which are back of Stephen C. Foster's "Uncle Ned," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Old Black Joe." There are three stages of the negro minstrelsy: the primitive inheritance, the simple song which has drawn inspiration from the early form, and the imitation which is a perversion, falling into mawkish sentiment. It is difficult to believe unreservedly that Poe was indebted to such sources for his melody; at least, not consciously, for what he did with forethought, found record in his written analyses of his own poetic theory.

It is one of the graces of literary criticism to say that though the Southerner may have lacked control of his art method, he was at least a *natural* singer; this opinion is based on the fallacy that the South was dominated by the Cavalier Spirit. The lack of any pronounced æsthetic excellence during the so-called National Era was due to the purely practical trend of public life, and to the purely rural and provincial character of plantation routine. In all directions, save that which involved the whole safety of the economic system, life flowed in unchangeable channels; the surface was not ruffled by competition, for Southern life had become an agreeable habit. A casual literature is not lasting; strength—mental, moral, and physical—is dependent upon activity. The Southern writers, who stand above the mediocre level of the literary output, were those who had to turn North for a market; there they were subject to the same difficulties that confronted the publishers of the day; Simms and Kennedy fought for the copyright protection as persistently as did Cooper and Irving.

From the historical viewpoint, between the Revolu-

tionary poets and the larger galaxy of the Civil War, very few balladists rose upon the wave of struggle in 1812, or composed verses on the annexation of Texas and the difficulties with Mexico. The Marylander, Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), met the occasion at an imminent crisis of public anxiety, and penned, in an overflow of patriotic zeal, "The Star-spangled Banner," which is hallowed because of its acceptance as the national anthem, but which, notwithstanding, is less poetry than it is the expression of a large poetic impulse, and the accumulation of a very broad national sentiment. In comparison with Randall's "Maryland," or Pike's "Dixie," there is little in Key's verses to identify them as Southern.

In fact, one must be careful to discriminate between extraneous creation which takes color from events of national importance occurring in the South, and spontaneous feeling due to an inherited habit of mind, to a constitutional observation based upon close contact with environment, and to an expression unoriginal but generally accepted as the classical form of poetry. Not that we need, even in the poorest examples of Southern verse, adopt the tone that the impulse was counterfeit. If an anthology were at hand, dealing with the mocking-bird, it would become evident that here is a native topic for poetic treatment, to which Audubon, Meek, Hayne, Pike, Lanier, and countless others bent their energies. This similarity of observational choice or response does not necessarily indicate imitation; the whole significance and value lies in how far the true essence of the subject was caught, how close the poet came to the inevitable word, how vitally he expressed his environment, making it sufficiently worthy to be carried outside.

Until the time of the school of Lanier, Southern poetry as an art will not stand the test of the highest comparison; it were futile, as literary criticism, to at-

tempt an extensive estimate in such manner. Largely these writers were lyrists of one song; it were safe to say that the romance and the passion they expressed were nearer Southern temperament than Southern condition; this is well exemplified in Pinkney's "A Health," Wilde's "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," and Cooke's "Florence Vane." Their sentiment is pure, not deep and lasting; they are not perfect either in conception or in execution; they are so full of feeling as to overflow the slender form, and to overdo the grace, the chivalric spirit and personal application. In this respect, Wilde falls short of the highest lyricism, his spontaneity lost in an artificial variation of a melancholy refrain. In Southern poetry, the unity of feeling is scarcely broken; its continuity is wearing; what is weak is the unity of imagery and conception; in the space of a lyric, the sweetness ran riot, instead of inevitably concentrating in one line of rich emotion.

Hence, the lyrics mentioned might hardly stand measurement with Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or Herrick's "Bid me to live, and I will live," or Browning's "Evelyn Hope." There is a spiritual tremor in the perfection of lyricism which is hard to express above the overflow of feeling, and which is lacking in most Southern poetry. Yet such small pieces as those mentioned will have a place in every American anthology because they are true, graceful, easy, and affluent. Such art can never be even or sustained for any length of time; it is too much dependent upon the variation of custom, and is not anchored to a spiritual center.

One naturally turns to Poe as the largest exponent of Southern poetry during this period, but on close examination, this claim is hardly tenable, since Poe's genius was an emotional accident rather than a native product, and he may hardly be said to have had any appreciable effect poetically upon his section, certainly

not as much as he exerted on Verlaine in France. His verse haunts by reason of its melody; no variety marks the slim volume; only variation of personal moods, dependent upon distorted imagination. There is no point of rest in Poe's poetry; no locality for identification; it is all aberration due to a morbid reaction against true feeling or to a brooding sense of a world distinctly his own.

Yet, to anyone taking the trouble to search through the collected works of Poe, a strong vein of contemporaneousness will be detected in his writing—not in his poetry, which seeks for beauty as a reality and which here and there suggests the spirit of pantheism; not in his æsthetic expression, which is indicative of a peculiar passion; but in the *rationale* side of his poetic theory and in his critical boldness and verity. Not only that, but, even though Poe was detached from the soil, yet a careful examination will disclose him as being fully aware of the literary activity in the South. Poe's constructive theories were not innately born of sound convictions; they were more properly dependent for their growth upon his aggravations. Perhaps the unmoral character of his work was constitutional, and resulted in his attacks upon the didacticism of Wordsworth; perhaps his early antagonism to Boston and his thorough aloofness from the New England tradition encouraged his dislike of Emerson and of the Brook Farm phalanx; whatever the causes for his critical irritation, here lay the defect of his opinion. His other weakness was the variableness of his reviewing style.

Poe has been called an exotic. "The Gold Bug" has for its *locale,* Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, and the description is impressionistic rather than Southern; it is too permeated with the brooding spirit of imagination to be any nearer the actual than Legrand's *Jupiter* was like a darkey. If, therefore, his poetry lacked the warm, external sentiment of South-

ern verse; if it, as well as his prose, was wanting in the luxuriant color of Southern environment, wherein may we claim that Southern influence was manifest? We are conscious that Poe was a man without a country; his contact with America was as a critic, and we may further add that in his criticism are to be found evidences of his Southern environment.

Poe's pride, sensitiveness, and individualism were undoubtedly fostered by his training in Virginia; had he possessed a little of the didactic restraint which he so fervently despised in Wordsworth, he might not have later lacked the will which constituted the large weakness in his character. Where Poe comments on Southern literature, he is almost aloof, judging it apart from the culture out of which it sprung, but applying to it the test of his own personal taste. It is well for the critic to approach a literary work upon its own merit as an isolated product; yet in this ignorance of the local significance, much of its vitality is lost. Slavery is not entirely a local institution to Poe; it is a phenomenon of society; we claim this, despite the fact that in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* he refers to "our" domestic slavery in a vague way, thus identifying himself expressively with the soil. But his slavery convictions stamp him unmistakably as of the South; he is willing, because of the personal indignation raised in him by abolition attacks, to believe "that society in the South [considering the moral relation between master and slave] will derive much more of good than of evil from this much-abused and partially-considered institution."

Poe, as reviewer, had a stereotyped way of approaching a book, whether prose or poetry, but he always expressed faith in the future of Southern letters. He was more unerring in his estimate of style and in his psychology of temperament as seen in his curious "Autography," than in his clever valuation of content;

what he read did not have permanent effect upon him; his outward consideration was never based upon any inward concern; one might say that Poe was self-sufficient. If he read a story, he liked it upon certain lines; if he praised a poem, it was because of its haunting character, colored by sound. His knowledge was always to be doubted, his originality to be admired.

As poets, Simms and Poe were direct opposites; we might stretch Mr. Mabie's opinion, and say that Simms possessed the vitality that Poe needed, while the latter was more the genius of the two. In his verse activity, Simms was typical of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, who cultivated the lighter graces and accomplishments in a sedate manner; but though he was modest enough to designate his poetical works as "occasional effusions," he was prolific, and somewhat disturbed that, as a poet, he did not receive wider recognition. As he himself declared, his other labors were more deliberate and more demanding of his serious energies; in this confession he suggests his poetic errors; his verse shows an untutored carelessness that marked a vigorous conception distinguishing him as a romancer, and a masculine feeling that painted in large strokes and rough sincerity. His poems measure personal fancies, emotions, affections; he was strictly associative. As for his range, he passed from the moral and didactic to the dramatic and what he called the "essayical"; when he touched the lyrical, whatever delicacy the lines contained was mixed with a constitutional robustness which Poe lacked altogether, a lack which Simms drew to his attention in correspondence.

The Southerner regarded poetry as the natural expression of any heightened emotion, whether or not one was endowed with the technical talent to express it. Much that Simms preserved of his verse was prompted by this dependence for inspiration on the moment, on the local occasion, as when, for instance,

the Charleston regiment in the Mexican War inspired the individual poems in "Lays of the Palmetto"; these embodied fleeting impressions and momentary moods.

Simms' poetic vehicle often sank into mere prose, without the excellent quality of good rhythmic prose; his impulse was generally of a higher excellence and reticence than his expression; at times he assumed the gallant air that betokened the versifier of *camaraderie;* again, his seriousness suggested the gloom of over-mellow romance. He was careless in his execution and in the details of his verse, as he was in his novels; this indifference to appropriateness was best seen in his apparent lack of feeling for word values and sound variations. Note where he draws upon history, how impatient he becomes of the restraint and compression which poetic description requires. Of Calhoun, he says:

> His lips spoke lightnings! His immaculate thought,
> From seraph source, divinest fervors caught;
> His fiery argument, with eagle rush,
> Spell'd mightiest Senates into trembling hush.

This was one of Simms' numerous occasional pieces; he was always alive to the event—the return of a regiment, a theater benefit for a monument fund, the dedication of a cemetery. Southern oratory and poetry alike marked the hour and the minute.

Curiously, Simms was too primitive in his imagination to deal much in the decorativeness of classic allusion; in the woods, he was more likely to see the Choctaw than the Greek nymph. His poetry, in sentiment, in religious fervor, in imagination, was natural; the expression was artificial. His interest in Shakespeare found echo in his verse, but his large appreciation swallowed up the fine valuation of detail. Take Simms' ballad, "'Twas on a night like this," and try to

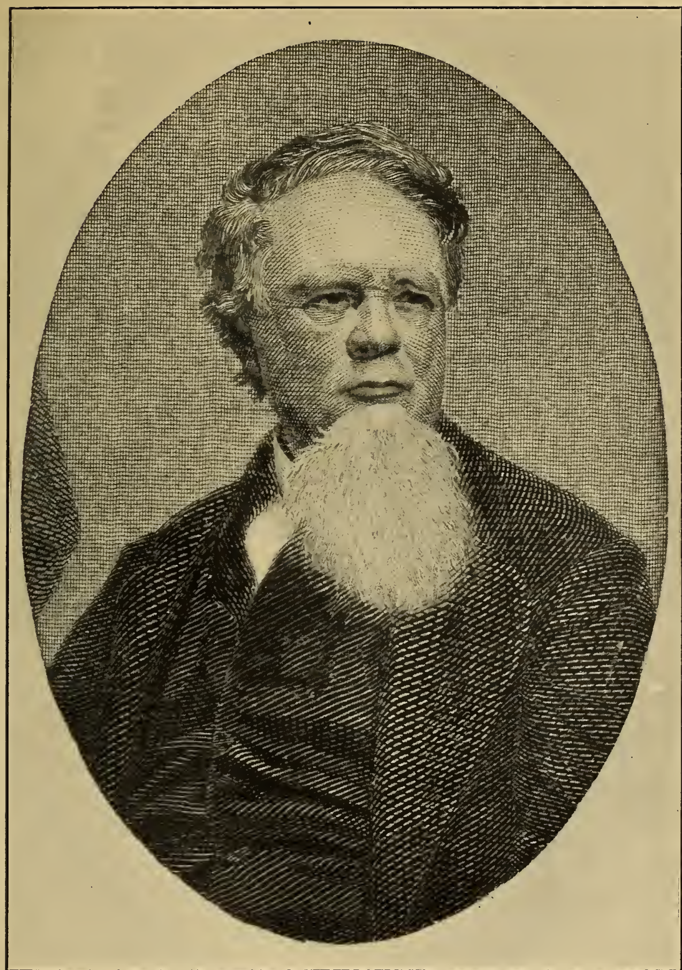
span the gulf between it and Lorenzo's and Jessica's night at Belmont!

The variety of his themes, his sensitive response to the various relations of life, to the changes in seasons and years and days, suggest big ranges of fancy and thought, but Simms was predominantly literal in his verse. For this reason, were it not for the inevitable temptation to compare, it were useless to measure Simms on a level with the best; for as Arnold says: "If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior." Yet, Simms invites the method; by it we find him, along with a host of his contemporaries, feeling sincerely, but not clearly. His poem on "Moral Change" suggests Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" in all but beautiful appropriateness and reserve of expression; his lines on "Silence," beginning, "The desert hath its pyramid, and there, Silence is sovereign," lack all the spacious transmutation of the finite in infinity, so well enriching Shelley's "Ozymandias"; his "Vasco Nunez," consciously or otherwise, in its line, "Triumphant on a peak of Darien," echoes rightly the classic mistake of Keats in his "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Strangely enough, in his sonnets on "Despondency and Self-Reproach," which have the lines:

> 'Oh, friend, but thou art come to see me die!
> I parted from thee as I think in tears,--

Simms suggests the more vital and vivid treatment of Browning's "Confessions," only accentuating thereby the lack in himself of the former's dramatic quality, which is so often confounded with vigorous narrative style.

Altogether, Simms cannot stand Matthew Arnold's



W. Gilmore Simms

"touchstone" process with the best; even his religious fervor, containing all the solidity of tradition, is lacking in a universal vitality that should escape the narrowness of personal significance. Like Wordsworth, he, too, had his ecclesiastical sonnet period, as seen in such titles as "Objects Which Influence the Ambitious Nature," "Popular Misdirection," "Progress in Denial," "The Soul in Imaginative Art," "Recompense," "Caprice of the Sensibilities," and musings of like character. In his robustness, in a certain democratic enthusiasm which he possessed, Simms might have appreciated Whitman; had he not been a Southerner, and contemptuous of the Abolition group with which Emerson was identified, he might have sympathized with transcendentalism in its stark philosophy. He had all this potentiality, but lacked the genius to go beyond his sectional limits. The uses to which he put poetry were often inappropriate; even his dramas, a mixture of melodrama and romantic fustian, of history and local politics, indicate how loosely he conceived their province.

Altogether, we have bulk, proportion, massiveness, an average excellence of purpose, a commonplace recording of fancies, but no high, sustained seriousness. In a way, Simms was a pioneer, and, in consequence, he lacked outward delicacy and refinement, often, however, approaching the verge of extreme daintiness; but it was the daintiness of a large man with a strong, rather than with a subtle, stroke. When we came to consider Simms as a prose-writer, we found the same pioneer attitude,—a product of distinctively Southern environment and tradition.

There was a large willingness on the part of the Southern authors to keep in communication; not only through the medium of the magazines edited at various times by Poe and Simms, or through the coteries gathered in Augusta by Wilde, and in Charleston

by Crafts, Legaré, and Simms; not only by travel, exemplified in Poe, Simms, Kennedy, Legaré, Meek, and others, but likewise by correspondence. And, to a certain extent, the same veneration was seen in the poetical and literary circles, as occurred among orators. Simms sat in the midst of younger devotees, a group which included Hayne, Timrod, Porcher, and Michel, and discoursed to his heart's content, a prophet to another generation.

The career of Meek is an excellent example of the Southern literary existence which was a pleasure and not a necessity, and which was subservient to activity along the lines of civic usefulness. His rank was high as a lawyer, and he filled prominent places, as Attorney-General of Alabama at twenty-two, and as Federal Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, a post given him after he had served, in 1845, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. His political career did not materially affect his literary product, although his influence in Alabama, while residing in Tuscaloosa and in Mobile, afforded him opportunity to enrich his historical studies of the State. The result was a voluminous manuscript, comprising a history of Alabama, which was unfortunately forestalled by Pickett's admirable work. This, however, did not prevent Meek from gaining considerable reputation as an historian of the South and of the Southwest, a position we have already noted.

Although literature was a side stream in his life, although he enjoyed to a greater extent both judicial reputation and the distinction of having established Alabama's public school system, Meek by innate taste was a literary man. The correspondence between him and Simms, brought to light by Mr. Ross, is illuminating. Meek's association with the press of the South began early, while he was living in Tuscaloosa; he edited the *Flag of the Union* and the *Southron;*

then, when he moved to Mobile, he became associated with the staff of the *Register.* He contributed to Simms' *Magnolia,* and watched closely the literary needs of the South. A deep analysis of the conditions of the day points to constant irritation on the part of progressive Southern men; intellectually they were held in leash, and in personal intercourse they did not hesitate to utter complaint whenever their section failed to support them in their efforts to develop the literary incentive. But there was no denying the indisputable fact that the South was not a reading community.

The man of letters longed for close communication. Meek is representative of that literary aloofness which would not be cut off entirely from the life he loved. Amidst the routine of Washington affairs, he wrote to Simms, deploring the ill-luck of missing him when he passed through the capital; his Bohemian dreams, coupled with his thirst for association, overflowed in warm feeling; this is not the tone of plantation life, but the reaction:

" A bottle of Lillary Mousseaux and a beef-steak at Coleman's," he said, " as delicate as a zephyr, could have made a Nox Ambrosiana which Christopher North might have envied. In the 'short hours,' I could have administered, by way of 'night cap,' a few passages from the Red Eagle [his long poem], which would have sent you wandering through what Shelley calls 'the tangled wilderness' of sleep. 'Clinton' would have sung, ''Tis said that absence conquers love,' and you could have given us a few of those 'Southern Passages and Pictures,' which Guido or Petrarch would have loved to look upon."

This, then, is the partial spirit of culture which time and circumstances nipped in the bud; the lack of incentive was the blighting frost which kept the flower from attaining full perfection. Fate likewise seems to have turned Poe, the critic, from the channel of

great influence in the South; he might have done much to improve the general standard of the product. On hearing of a new literary work by Simms, Meek sent him the hope that he would "safely pass the *Poe,* that most unnavigable of critical rivers for slender barques; indeed, a very salt river of the most Attic flavor."

But a lack of the critical spirit in the South was due to a fear of it, and to the fact that in all practical existence, the South was on the defensive; the progressive literary man, as well as the wise and sane statesman, found benefit in close touch with the North,—Kennedy and Irving, Simms and Bryant, Bancroft and Meek, who wrote of his acquaintance in a tone measuring his admiration for the historian, despite his "Yankee heart and Yankee manners."

Yet the critical spirit was not lacking in the artists themselves; they received suggestions willingly in correspondence, resenting them only when Northern journals made public attack. Yet, to the credit of the latter, their blame was not generally unjust, while their praise was unusually gracious. The wheel of history marks the almost inevitable advance of civil war during this time, but the estimate of the best intellect, North and South, indicates a willingness, a desire, to circumvent the imminent danger. The potential genius of the Southern mind could not flourish in the soil as it was then furrowed; living and manners were alike easy, due to the over-luxuriance of climate; thinking was unnecessary where the most of life was established by custom; luxuriant feeling overflowed in careless manner and ceased, not in the completeness of thought, but because the outward cause for emotion had been removed.

Despite this, the Southern poet, for example, gave thought to the poetic principle; men like Poe and Lanier and Timrod framed their own dicta, Poe irre-

spective of Aristotle, Lanier in the light of the then recent science, Timrod prompted by a closer literary appreciation. Poe's theory regarding the non-existence of such a phenomenon as a long poem, finds a similar tone of personal preference in Meek's under-valuation of the sonnet, which he termed "poetry in the pillory." Admiring Simms' lyrics, he declared the sonnets stiff, which undoubtedly they were,—not a fault of the form, but a lack of proper use and sufficient training. For, though we may agree with Meek that Wordsworth often wrote dull sonnets, he was a very prince among sonnet writers; coming to Meek's own Southland, Timrod's practice in the form surely justifies another and a different opinion. What is worth noting, nevertheless, is the presence, among these men, of independent technical thinking, which only needed the proper coördinating of cultural elements and a closer contact to develop.

The Southern literary man was imbued with a strong feeling of sectional love; the intercourse which he wanted in the North was not one of identification with the North. While this feeling was partly innate, it was further aggravated by outside under-valuation of Southern mentality; association provoked in the Southerner a fear that his originality might smack somewhat of imitation. Yet, magazines in the South failed because Northern literature was preferred whenever literature was wanted. Meek, realizing this, hailed Simms as editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*, the one man, to his way of thinking, who might add *individuality* to a Southern journal, "without which it might as well be printed at Cape Cod as Charleston." The literary man chafed under the constant attention paid to landed interest; as the investments of the plantation owners demanded legislation for the small proportion of slaveholders, stamping out for the time being all consideration of the non-slaveholding class,

so the intellect was likewise made subservient, in its channels of grace and high seriousness, to the more practical needs of the moment. Meek was right in his belief that all the while Southern politicians were striving in Congress for sectional independence in commerce, manufactures and politics, the one necessary element in Southern life was independence of mind. Meek cried out against the curse of cotton.

There was much in Simms and Meek to be stamped as American in the primitive sense. True to the individualism of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, they grew in their old age to be monopolists of conversation, in which no one of the younger generation dared controvert their opinions.

Southern poetry exhibits the pure devotion for the simplest aspects of nature; feeling is prompted by the elemental joyances of life; when freed from restraint, ethical or technical, the poet wells forth from springs of native beauty. When Meek refers to the mocking-bird as the "winged Anacreon of the South," we gain a flash of his peculiar culture, but the sentiment which lilts through his "Poems of the South" is as indigenous to the soil as the magnolia which scents his verse. Take Albert Pike's "Mocking-Bird," which lacks a certain polish, a certain classic beauty; it nevertheless has an enviable quality of the richest sincerity, almost pastoral in its enjoyment and in its appreciation of beauty. In the minor notes which have to do with the heart, is found the best Southern poetry. Wordsworth could not hope for more simple spontaneity than underlies such stanzas in Pike, as

> I cannot love the man who doth not love,
> As men love light, the song of happy birds.

If again we resort to comparison and put this ode "To the Mocking-Bird" by the side of Keats' "Ode to the

Nightingale," the former lacks a certain *texture* possessed by the latter; it does not give the spirit of the bird, though it tells of the bird's existence. Southern poetry of this period wants the vitality of purpose beneath its beauty; it confounds the unity of spiritual meaning with the sensitive response of feeling. But here again we find interests divided; Pike was a lawyer and a soldier, incidentally a poet, though later in life he gave himself seriously to literature.

Certain characteristics mark the individual Southern poet. There was Philip Pendleton Cooke, whose name connects John Esten Cooke with John P. Kennedy, and whose "fever-fits of composition" produced some notable lyrics, and whose love for hunting in the Shenandoah Valley gave him as enviable a reputation as the Knights of the Horse-Shoe possessed. Willis speaks of his "delicious bundle of heart-touching passages, peculiar and invaluable more especially to lovers, whose sweetest and best interpreter Pinkney was. Every man or woman who has occasion to embroider a love-letter with the very essence-flowers of passionate verse, should pay a shilling for Pinkney's Poems." There was M. B. Lamar, whose active career in the history of Texas did not prevent him from writing what Professor Trent calls "the most extraordinary repository of extempore effusions addressed by a gallant gentleman to lovely ladies to be found in the whole range of our literature." Legaré, Wallis, and Mrs. Welby, who was fortunate in Poe's praise,—these are a few of the worthy singers whose record, literarily, is of small individual importance. Legaré's prose, dull though it be, will better gauge his worth, while on the other hand, Wilde's Italian studies cannot overcloud his lyricism. Pinkney's genius was handicapped by poverty and by a pessimism which is not characteristic of the South. Griswold attacked his "prostitution of true poetical genius to un-

worthy purposes." Some of his poetry was printed anonymously, and also was rapidly written.

A mere cataloguing of names will not suffice our purpose; we are in search of conditions, and can afford to lose the poets in a general survey. They were all lyrists, most of them imitators in feeling of Scott or Byron, or Moore, some of them attempting exotic subjects in which they failed. They were none of them students in a deep sense; Wilde with his Tasso could not be put on the same plane as Lanier in this respect. While there is a sin in mediocrity, one must not forget to value the initial impulse. Pike, O'Hara, and others, rose to occasions as balladists; their immortality is bound up as part of the epic swing of internecine warfare. The critic, in his sedulous desire to swell the bulk of Southern literature, might turn to Allston and Prentice, with some rightful claim to territorial inclusion, but the spirit of what we seek does not make it necessary.

These casual literary devotees touched the whole realm of poetry; their drama was bombastic, inactive, imitative; their philosophy not deeply understood, though their morality was governed by a set idea of social relationship. It was a grace for any member of a well-founded family to do a sentiment to a rare turn; but to cultivate the talent seriously was a disgrace. Much was written of foreign caste, after the manner of Byron; William Crafts, of Charleston, modeled "The Raciads" on Pope. The wit of the court-room crept into verse whenever the statesman changed his oratory for song, or his brief for a manuscript; were he a lawyer, his poetry smacked of history; were he a priest, naturally he turned to devotional subjects. Wherever there was an occasion and a poet, there was usually an ode; time and place were undoubtedly the prime incentives for the local singer. As a Gentleman of the Black Stock, the poet, turned

dramatist, harked back to ancient days, or imitated Sheridan Knowles, as in the case of Isaac Harby. Encouraged by friends, a casual writer would sweep together his scraps in a wretchedly printed and bound booklet, whose paper, like the poems thereon, dried up as pressed flowers, indicative of some personal and far-away gratification. The expanse of country, the opening of the Far West, the settling of the Mexican claim, were sufficient to suggest an ample field for legend and imagination; the latter quality was weak, though the flesh was willing. The Catholic priest, the Quaker, the Creole, the emigrant, the soldier, the law-maker, all turned poets, because all of them were endowed with the gift of feeling—a feeling which some call the Chivalric Spirit.

This condition was not typical of the South alone, but it was the general condition under which poetry was written in the South; the unfortunate circumstance was that those who cultivated the Muse lacked a rich sense of humor. Though they were full of daring and ambition, sometimes outstretching Milton in their reach, if they touched religion, it was with a feeling that from them must come the brooding sense of ages; they sought to impose upon you their philosophy, and they did so obscurely. With their local importance, they sought the larger world in the same provincial manner as they approached their local and "generous public."

In prefaces, these poets made excuses for their unfitness, but this was merely a stereotyped modesty that was not indicative of any realization of their mediocrity; they were self-satisfied in their environment. I find one singer of Petersburg writing, "Born and reared in the Old Dominion, I wish never to go permanently beyond its boundaries. Breathing with delight its mild salubrious atmosphere, I wish to inhale that of no other clime. Treading on its hallowed soil

in life, let me rest beneath it in death." Out of their obscurity they would often come with the reputation of being the first to immortalize a locality in song; the one distinction which lay in such claim—usually accompanied also by the statement that without classical pretensions, the author was merely a common man, —was to be found in the lyric simplicity, which, despite the conscious and awkward embellishment, contained a certain democratic feeling.

These minor singers were intrepid, often rough; they sometimes boasted of common-sense above delicacy and ornament and learning, qualities which were usually identified with the aristocracy. Poetry to some was merely a commentary, to others merely a fleeting song. Whatever they did was conceived as original, however imitative of what they admired most. They had the sad consolation of knowing that if the world pronounced them lacking in imagination, dull and long-winded in execution, there were others duller and more lacking. To most, poetry was a trick, and the sheets had to be dashed aside, denoting inspiration. The chief excuse for weakness was that no time was allowed by clamoring friends for that polish which would have given the rough-hewn gems a greater value. They went through locality with a lyre strung on their hearts; undoubtedly they were humble in their approach, in their reverence, in their chivalry. Occasionally, turning their music to practical ends, even as Lowell did in his "Biglow Papers," they sang in the spirit of political inclination, but always with sentiment uppermost and with no abiding humor. *The Literary Messenger* did much to encourage the minor poets, and its pages were the sepulcher of many an inglorious Milton. Poe, likewise, on his own initiative, was prone to overpraise the inferior galaxy, whenever their vocabulary pleased his mournful mood.

It was the natural impulse divorced from the art

reserve which hurt Southern poetry. The Gentleman of the Black Stock turned to literature for certain quiet enjoyment, but though he considered the highest art to be created only under propitious circumstances of quiet and repose, nevertheless, active service on the field and in public administration did not prevent him from giving expression to his feeling, his emotion, his passion. These, with his quick eye for passing beauty, served him instead of rich imagination. There are hosts of such singers, North and South, but conditions, social, economic, and political, made the average Southern poetry fall far below the standard of the New England school. There was a democratic impulse, even in Lanier, but never a Whitman; there was a philosophic questioning, but never an Emerson; there was a native lyricism, but never a Bryant or a Longfellow. Had society been organized differently, the Southern poetry of this period would have been different.

CHAPTER XII

A SOUTHERN MYSTERY

An Author with and without a Country: Poe

If it should be asked, what is Poe's claim to be called either Southern or American? it might well be stated that no poet, no fiction writer, has less claim to the title than he. His imaginative faculty was not native to the soil; even as a book reviewer, he judged by old-world standards. Nor was Poe a man of the world, though he was constantly in it; he was not alive to the public issues of the day. His critical work was the only part of his writing that showed any great interest in the growth of something American. He did not possess the love of country that so often prompted Cooper and Hawthorne; he was relentless in his attacks upon transcendentalism as typified in Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was one of our rare original philosophers. As far as his Southern inclinations were concerned, he had no picturesque appreciation of local scene, such as permeates the "Border Tales" of Simms, nor any of the healthy realization of the distinguishing marks of Southern life, such as stamped the work of Kennedy. But he had more of the inevitable art of expression.

When we reach bed-rock, we find that Poe is an isolated figure, and for that reason he is the best known American author abroad; but there is another and a far deeper reason for this. Poe's temperament was of foreign cast. In the forty-nine years of his life,—

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From painting by Samuel S. Osgood, owned by the New York Historical Society.

perhaps, to be more exact, counting from his university days,—Poe's nature did not grow larger; he was born old; his humor was dark at the beginning, and it became more intensified with the advance of years. Buffeted from city to city, from office to office, Poe was not a humanitarian; meeting man after man, and woman after woman, Poe was not a socialist; he was an individualist. And though he infused into American literature one of the few streams of originality it may lay claim to, yet Poe was not a citizen,—he was purely an artist, a lover of the beautiful. For him there was even beauty in the grotesque.

Still, the stock from which he sprung was such as to foster patriotic feelings. When John Poe came to America in 1745, it was said that Norman-French blood flowed in his veins, as well as Irish. No braver soldier fought in the Revolutionary War than David Poe, Edgar's grandfather, who attained the rank of assistant quartermaster-general. History mentions him again upon the battle-field in 1814, despite his seventy-two years, fighting with all the ardor of patriotic pride. If biographers are to emphasize the influence of heredity upon character, here is a point in question: one of the most worthy periods of Edgar Allan Poe's life was that in which he served as a private in the United States Army. Once he was captain in a boys' military company, when Lafayette visited Richmond; perhaps he heard the great Frenchman reiterate what he had feelingly uttered over David Poe's grave: "Here rests a noble heart." Later on, and after his army experience, Poe was to enter West Point, yet despite all this, he was totally un-American, though possessing the pride of the Southern aristocrat.

Edgar Poe, the son of strolling players, was born in Boston, on January 19, 1809, but always contended: "I am a Virginian. At least I call myself one, for I have resided all my life, until within the last few

years, in Richmond." He had a dislike for Boston, even though on the back of a picture painted by his mother were written the words: "For my little son Edgar, who should ever love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends."

The boy's father passes as a shadowy figure through the narrative of Mrs. Poe's precarious life as an actress and as a mother. In dire want she brought her children into the world, and finally succumbed to the constant struggle which left her weak in health and destitute. She died in want, an object of public appeal and charity, and her children were handed over to mere acquaintances. It was thus that Edgar came to live with Mr. Allan, whose wife had taken a fancy to the boy.

After Poe's early education in the private schools of Richmond, business took Mr. Allan, his foster-father, to London, and he remained there for five years. With him went his wife, her sister, and little Edgar, who was placed at Manor House School, Stoke-Newington, under one Master Bransby. "William Wilson" contains reminiscences of this time.

The school was situated in an historic part of the country, and legends worked upon Poe's fancy; his days were regulated by the strictness of the English educational system. It is more often that we think of Poe hungering wistfully for a mother's love, than living the healthy life of a growing boy. However, on his return to Richmond, in 1820, Poe began to develop into a leader among his playmates; he was an athlete of no mean prowess.

Nevertheless, there was something lacking in the boy's life; it ate into his nature, as acid bites into zinc. His great pride hurt beneath the continued taunts of his companions; they knew that the orphan was housed by Allan; this circumstance marked him at

once as someone without a home. Critics have tried to deprive him of friends, but Poe had them, for his manner was attractive, even though his confidence was hard to obtain. One day, Poe went home with Stannard, a school fellow, and there met Mrs. Stannard, who spoke kindly to him, and showed soft and winning charm toward him. Thereupon Poe loved her with a youthful love that was as intense as it was short. She died in 1824, and the boy's grief swept over him in a perfect storm; he was only content when he lay beside her grave during the day, and sometimes through the long hours of the night. Afterwards, his grief clung to him as deep memories and sad memories always cling, and the impressions recurred again and again in his writing. Jane Stith Stannard was called "Helen" by Poe; he did not care for the other name, and with that imperious independence which he always showed, he changed it to his liking, and he sang of her in "To Helen," "Lenore," "Annabel Lee," and "Ulalume," poems characterized by their haunting melody.

Poe's name was entered upon the matriculation books at the University of Virginia, on February 14, 1826; his courses were all in the School of Ancient and Modern Languages. He was a student of retentive memory rather than of deep application; both here and at West Point, his associates tell how he would read over his lesson rapidly and for the first time, just before being called. Though he drank but little, with considerable drinking among the students around him, he was slowly drawn into the whirl of gambling that flourished in its every form. Conditions in the university became so deplorable that the faculty arranged with the civil authorities to check the evil. A sheriff entered the university one morning, ready to do his business and make arrests; he appeared before an open doorway; there was a stampede, and Poe was the leader. Through windows the wrong-doers made

their escape, and rushed on their way to the Ragged Mountains near by, where, some say, they remained three days in hiding.

They called him "Gaffy" Poe at the university, and it came about in this way: He had written a story, which especially pleased him, and so he invited a number of his fellow-students one evening to hear it in his room. This was a rare treat to outsiders, for Poe was never free with his confidence; they gathered around, while the young author read them the piece. The hero's name was "Gaffy," and it was "Gaffy" this and "Gaffy" that, so often, the fellows began to smile, and then someone suggested that it might be well to eliminate a few of the "Gaffys." Sensitive as Poe was, his face flushed with anger—the still passion that produces calm action; he crumpled the leaves of his manuscript and threw them without a word into the fire. "Good-night, Gaffy," greeted him on every side, as Poe dismissed his select audience. He stood there stung, as he was ever, even by friendly criticism.

Those were the days when the social atmosphere of the university was not what it should have been; when rich young men came with their retinues of servants, and spent more time over wine and cards than at lectures. Professors were ordered to break down doors if they became at all suspicious of what was going on in the students' rooms. This was the very worst life for Poe to lead. He was tempted on every hand. When he returned to Richmond on December 15, 1826, with a good record as far as his standing in Latin and French was concerned, Poe's debts amounted to $2500. This was sufficient cause to draw down upon him the wrath of Allan, who refused to pay them, and took him away from the university.

In 1827, Poe went to Boston, where he placed a small manuscript, "Tamerlane and Other Poems," with a young printer, Thomas, who never in after years

was able to associate Poe with the youth whose maiden volume he had issued. This leads us to believe that Edgar was then using an assumed name. The poems themselves were marked by a certain pride and love of beauty that were to grow in intensity.

The immediate necessity for money made him enlist while in Boston, as private Edgar A. Perry, in the United States Army, May 26, 1827. He added two years to his age in order to comply with the regulations, even as later he was to take away two years so as to be within the age limit required to enter West Point. During this period he won for himself a creditable position. From Fort Independence, he was transferred South to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, and thence to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where, on January 1, 1829, he was promoted from clerk and assistant in the commissariat department, to be sergeant-major, a rank obtainable only through merit. His fellow-officers liked him, and they suggested to him the possibility of entering West Point, where they were sure he would have further opportunity, after a time, of receiving rapid promotion. They all furnished him with letters.

Mrs. Allan died on February 28, 1829. When Edgar returned to Richmond with the West Point plan in his mind, Allan aided him in his efforts to resign from the army by securing a substitute for him. This action was not disinterested on Allan's part; he wished to get Poe safely out of the way, for he was about to marry again. This fact upset all of Poe's visions regarding a rich inheritance. Allan wrote to the authorities, when he recommended Poe for an appointment to West Point: "Frankly do I declare that he is no relation to me whatever."

When the appointment was finally secured, through the influence of Senator Ellis, a brother of Allan's partner, Poe was not in a humor to reap its advantages.

Already he had launched into literature; his taste had been whetted.

At the close of 1829, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" was issued,—a volume, says Professor Woodberry, which showed Poe's desire "to fix the evanescent, to perceive the supersensual."

Poe's record at West Point was neither long nor brilliant. He was court-martialed on January 5, 1831, and dismissed "for disobedience to orders and absence from roll-calls, guard duty, and class work." On the morning of March 7, he went into the world with twelve cents in his pocket. This was the beginning of his continuous struggle against poverty.

Many are the wild vagaries accredited to the Poe of this period: the stories about his joining the Greeks, and about his falling into difficulties in St. Petersburg in the year previous to his West Point entrance. Then there were the imaginary adventures in Egypt and Arabia, and Poe's severe illness in France, where he was nursed to life by a lady who defrayed all the expenses. There is some mention of his writing a novel, "The Life of an Artist at Home and Abroad," which cannot be traced. But in the legendary years from 1827, certain facts would discredit any of these romantic adventures. No doubt Poe invented some of the stories to conceal his whereabouts from Allan.

The date which brings us back to sure footing is the summer of 1833, when he was awarded the one-hundred-dollar prize offered by Wilmer's Baltimore *Visitor* for the best short story. This piece of fortune led to his friendship with John P. Kennedy, who acted as one of the judges in the contest. "The MS. found in a Bottle" was the particular story out of "Tales of a Folio" selected for publication, though all the stories were of striking interest, and were soon put in the hands of a publisher. Curiously enough, the judges had also selected a poem by Poe, for another prize,

when it was decided to debar him on account of his success in prose.

The direst poverty was upon Poe; when he called on his new-made friends, he was shabby in appearance, though neat in his Byron collar and black stock. Already the sinister look was descending upon him; his smile was austere, and he was never heard to laugh. He was living with his aunt and little Virginia at the time. Asked to dine with Kennedy, he was obliged to write his host in a vein which must have acted as gall upon his pride: "I cannot come," runs the note, "for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary."

The next sixteen years—a period embracing the whole of Poe's literary activity—may be definitely described. In his literary development there was a constant growth in style and technique; but, as stated before, in his mental activity and in his moral passion, Poe's individuality—always overshadowed—was the product of accretion, rather than of expansion. His was a brooding temperament: he was never able to throw off the grudge he bore the world.

We must pause to note Poe's marriage, despite the opposition of his cousin, Neilson Poe, with the child, Virginia Clemm, in 1834. Impecunious as he was, yet Poe conceived about this time an idea which never deserted him to the day of his death: the establishment of a "fearless, independent, and sternly just" literary journal. Fortunate it was for him, however, that T. W. White, owner of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* which was published in Richmond, Va., asked him to come to that city to do editorial work. For a time it looked as though Poe was on a fair road to prosperity. Certainly he associated himself with a journal whose solid content, even if precarious existence, added some

luster to Southern literary activity, as we have already shown.

Perhaps the final break with White was due to Poe's drinking. "No man is safe," wrote White to him, in September, 1835, "that drinks before breakfast. No man can do so and attend to business properly." Which reminds one of Lamb's letter the day after the failure of "Mr. H——." Smoky dramatists, he wrote, made smoky farces.

Certainly the rupture was not due to Poe's laxity in work. He was faithful in his duties, and contributed many stories to the different numbers of the magazine. But in the midst of it all, he began his propensity for borrowing; at times he fell into the lowest ebb of spirits. "I am wretched," he said to Kennedy, "and know not why. Console me,—for you can. But let it be quickly, or it will be too late."

Poe's association with the magazine resulted in an increase in circulation from seven hundred to five thousand. Toward White, who was a man of kind heart, and who never turned against his unfortunate editor, Poe was always punctilious; but he realized that the proprietor of the *Messenger* was a man of little or no culture. White, on his part, appreciated the full worth of Poe.

As a master of the short story, the young man was contributing some of his future classics, such as "Berenice," "Morella," and "The Assignation." As a poet, the first draft of "Israfel" was being printed, together with pieces from his 1827, 1829, and 1831 volumes. Poe has been accused of using his old material over and over again; if so, each reappearance meant an improvement in wording and in form. As a critic, he was beginning that assertive independence which was to make his views potent, and to win for himself enemies among his contemporaries, whom he fearlessly considered.

In 1837, the Poes moved to New York and then to Philadelphia, where began Edgar's association with W. E. Burton, the actor, who owned *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Here it was, as Professor Harrison avers, that Poe met his good and his evil angel—George R. Graham, who was ever his friend, and Rufus Wilmot Griswold, who afterwards became the legal executor of the poet, writing a biography that villified the dead man, and willfully distorted facts.

The year 1839 saw the publication of "The Conchologist's First Book"—a compilation, a paraphrase of a standard work,—anything but an original study, yet Poe allowed his name to appear on the title-page as author. More important still was the issue of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," containing the high-water mark of his art. "Ligeia," with the same theme as "Morella," and "The Fall of the House of Usher," similar to "Berenice," are the two tales which Professor Woodberry claims "deserve more attention in that they are in Poe's prose what 'The Raven' and 'Ulalume' are in his poetry, the richest of his imaginative work." Poe's wife was the basis for his most ethereal heroines; so, too, did he paint himself, most notably in the description of *Roderick Usher:*

"The character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye, large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassing beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity: these features, with an inordinate expansion of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten."

Poe's association with Burton was a stormy one; it

ended in a mutual misunderstanding. The actor, wanting money for his theatrical enterprises, made business overtures to Graham, who finally bought the magazine. This was done, so Poe said, without his knowledge. On the other hand, Poe, ever anxious to establish that literary journal of his, an idea which flourished under the two names, *The Penn Monthly* and *The Stylus,* began openly to further his schemes, which Burton resented; he accused Poe of misusing the good-will of the paper on which he served. Still, Burton was a well-disposed friend of Poe's. He requested Graham to retain the young editor. *The Gentleman's Magazine* had afforded Poe ample opportunity to republish old material, and here, too, he made his first accusation of plagiarism against Longfellow, a discussion which, around 1845, assumed ridiculous and unwise proportions. It was Poe's sensitiveness, his distrust of human nature in general, which embroiled him so often with men like Chivers, the Southern poet, and which drew down upon him unjust accusations from those who had either directly or indirectly been hurt by his ire.

During this period, Poe developed wonderful powers of analysis and synthesis. He prided himself upon his ability to read whatever cryptogram was given him, so he published an open challenge in *Graham's,* as the magazine was now called, and was thereupon deluged with all kinds of hieroglyphics, which he proceeded to solve with amazing ease. It was this analytical mind that made his stories appear so accurate in their seeming knowledge of science and metaphysics. His tales all contain elements that produce a peculiar weirdness and orientalism. He forestalled the plot of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," before he had seen the final chapters of the book. Poe's mind was essentially speculative, and granting the speculation possible, it was thoroughly logical as far as it went.

After the abandonment, in February, 1841, of the *Penn Monthly,* for which a prospectus had many times been issued, Poe took the editorial chair of *Graham's.* For this magazine and for *The Saturday Evening Post* he poured forth all the originality of his genius. As a reviewer, he distributed his spleen and what he considered to be his just censure. The circulation of the magazine increased rapidly, a fact that made the editor discontented, because he did not possess any of the proprietary rights.

He worked hard and faithfully in Philadelphia; Graham appreciated that. And in the midst of it all, so Graham wrote, Poe lavished upon his wife a love which "was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes." He parted from Graham and returned to New York in April, 1844; Mrs. Poe was in so delicate a state of health that she needed his constant care. Worldly matters were now pressing hard upon him. "I believe she [Virginia] was the only woman he ever truly loved," declared Mrs. Osgood.

Reaching New York, Poe conceived the idea of the "Balloon Hoax," the description of a great flying machine which had crossed the Atlantic in three days. Published in the New York *Sun,* it created unusual interest. Poe was gifted in the ease with which he handled material of a pseudo-scientific character. "Hoaxing," claims Professor Harrison, was "an ingrained element of Poe's intellectual make-up." In this instance, the modern Zeppelin and the Wrights may yet verify his claims.

This period of his life was marked by his association with Nathaniel P. Willis, editor of the *Evening Mirror.* He was as usual assiduous and conscientious, although filling but a minor position as casual paragrapher. "We loved the man," said Willis, "for the entireness of fidelity with which he served us."

How hard he toiled, how painful he found his daily existence may well be imagined. Mrs. Clemm, during the fateful year of 1849, consulted Willis as to what to do. The Poe family was in absolute want. The kindly editor put in his paper a plea for Poe which stung the latter to the quick; his pride would have made him starve in the streets rather than beg, though he had no hesitancy in borrowing, since he always meant to pay back. In this year of 1845, a kind of partial fulfillment of a life-long desire occurred; Poe found himself as sole proprietor of *The Broadway Journal.* Dreaming always of running a fearless organ, not typically American but boldly critical, he now realized that capital was quite as requisite as ideas. And though he made constant appeals for financial backing, he had to let the paper die a slow death. Then it was that he penned his stanzas on "The Raven," while living on West Eighty-fourth Street, and not, as is commonly believed, after he had moved to Fordham.

The poem brought Poe again into prominence; he was always riding on the topmost wave of his own creations, always to be tossed farther into the depths, the higher he went. He used to read his poems in the few social circles where he was sometimes seen, a figure of somber bearing; but his brilliant conversation always left a profound impression upon those who heard him. When he read, his melodious voice would rise in its enthusiasm to a pitch of quivering excitement; he would seem intoxicated by the mere sway of his own creations; his eyes would gleam into the realm of fancy, his whole being utterly forgetful of those around him,—somehow slipping his identity altogether in the mad frenzy of the moment. Not only did he read his poetry well, but he was always testing the processes of his own inventiveness. His claim that there could be no such thing as a long

poem often formed an evening's topic of conversation, while the analyses of the steps involved in the writing of "The Raven" became the theme for one of his most interesting, if not most persuasive, essays.

Despite the negative conditions of both mind and body, 1845 may be considered Edgar Poe's "banner year." His work was continual and varied; everything found its way into print, but no material benefits resulted. Then, in 1846, he moved to Fordham, where he could have his garden, and where he and Virginia could enjoy the companionship of out-of-door life. Still, poverty pressed closer and closer, while weakness in the frail little woman by his side became more and more. On January 30, 1847, Mrs. Poe died, with scarcely covering enough on the bed sufficient to warm her shivering body.

Literary commissions began to drop away from Poe. Struggling with little hope, he resurrected *The Stylus,* in which he had roused the interest of a Western man. It is a peculiar instance of the working of Poe's mind that before leaving New York for Richmond, he wrote to Griswold asking him to become his literary executor. Probably premonitions of approaching danger had seized his overwrought mind. To Mrs. Lewis, the "Stella" of his affection, he spoke of never seeing her again. He told everyone goodbye with a feeling that he would not return. In Philadelphia, where he stopped, he attempted suicide, but recovered from his frenzy sufficiently to reach Richmond.

Even with the mass of data concerning the death of Edgar Poe, it is well to leave it shrouded in an indistinct mist. He went away from Richmond after having been brightened somewhat by the renewal of many friendships. Drunkenness, stupor, election brawls, cloud the movements of the poor man after he arrived in Baltimore. The hospital authorities

could state nothing up to the time they were called to take him away unconscious. Delirious, he begged someone to blow his brains out. Perhaps for the first time he felt the spirit of peace approach him at the end, which came on October 7, 1849. "Lord help my soul," he cried and expired. If he had been drugged, it is significant, thinks Professor Harrison, that Poe left Richmond with $1000 in subscriptions on his person.

Intense somberness heightened by intense romanticism,—that is Poe; somberness and romanticism given moral balance by Puritanism,—that is Hawthorne; there, it seems, the similarity ends. As a critic, Poe may be called an American pioneer; as a short story writer, he may be considered a universal example. It is that which has probably established his position abroad. It took a decadent, Baudelaire, to do a French translation of Poe which, even English readers find, contains the tone of the original. It took Mallarmé to translate some of his verse.

No better example of the Poe type in fiction can be had than Poe himself; he realized it in his "William Wilson," the story of a dual personality; in "Berenice," and more markedly still in "Eleanora": "I am come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence." No sadder plight can be, than that where a man becomes conscious of his lack of will. His life of whim was an abnormal one.

Poe occupies a peculiar place in American literature; his very name conjures up a cynical, dark, foreboding picture. Yet he fascinated by his very power of expression and imagination. He wrote too reportorially to be a critic of weight, yet his judgment was intuitively correct and his critical knowledge played upon American books and American authors. He

was much surer of the mystic purple of gloom, however, than he was of the brawn and sinew of American hope. Had he been living to-day, he would have been heard of in the psychical societies that are trying to reach the unknown through disembodied spirits. He was a friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and his occult interest probably drew them together, beyond her admiration for the music of "The Raven."

It just happened that Poe was born on American soil; only his minor work touches American life. If we set out to draw an American portrait of him, we must concentrate our attention upon him as a critic. His tales, his poems are based on a foundation of nerves. Poe was more akin to the country of Maeterlinck than to the land of Cooper. Wherever he went, a shadow followed him: before, behind, to the right and to the left. Poe lived in the land of Poe, haunted, dogged, tormented, and finally undone by a shadowy, unstable image of himself.

IV

CIVIL WAR PERIOD

TABLE OF AUTHORS

Dates	Author	State
1775-1861	George Tucker	Virginia
1800-1856	Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz	N. C., Ala., Fla.
1807-1870	Robert Edward Lee	Virginia
1810-1881	Rev. Francis Robert Goulding	Georgia
1810-1885	Robert Toombs	Georgia
1812-1883	Alexander Hamilton Stephens	Georgia
1814-1863	William Lowndes Yancey	Alabama
1819-1899	Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth	Dist. of Columbia
1820-1867	Theodore O'Hara	Kentucky
1820-1897	Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston	Virginia
1822-1874	Francis Orrery Ticknor	Georgia
1823-1873	John Reuben Thompson	Virginia
1825-1906	John Williamson Palmer	Maryland
1825-1887	Augustus Julian Requier	South Carolina
1829-1867	Henry Timrod	South Carolina
1829-1879	Mrs. Sarah Anne Dorsey	Mississippi
1829-1887	James Barron Hope	Virginia
1830-	Mrs. Mary Virginia [Hawes] Terhune (Marion Harland)	Virginia
1830-1886	John Esten Cooke	Virginia
1830-1886	Paul Hamilton Hayne	South Carolina
1835-	Henry Lynden Flash	Louisiana
1835-1909	Augusta Evans Wilson	Alabama
1839-1909	James Ryder Randall	Maryland
1839-1886	Abram Joseph Ryan	Alabama
1842-1881	Sidney Lanier	Georgia

CHAPTER XIII

SOCIAL FORCES

THE PROBLEMS OF SECESSION; THE ORATORS OF SECESSION; CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CONFEDERACY; THE STRESS OF WAR; THE FALL OF THE OLD RÉGIME; THE FORCE OF LEADERSHIP; THE NEW SOUTH AMIDST THE RUINS; INTELLECTUAL DEMARKATIONS CAUSED BY THE WAR; THE OLD-FASHIONED NOVELISTS: JOHN ESTEN COOKE, ST. GEORGE TUCKER, AUGUSTA EVANS, AND OTHERS.

I

THE problems confronting the Southern people during the decade beginning 1850 were those of expediency; they were simply a continuation, in more aggravated form, of the conditions already outlined in preceding chapters. But a change in intensity rather than in kind betokens a far different temper, an attitude of mind which distinguishes the statesman from the politician. Furthermore, an actual state of war imposes upon the people at large immediate measures and sacrifices, and brings to light the true strength or weakness of those resources which indicate in a way the social and economic status of the civilization.

The change of intellectual bearing toward constitutional interpretation takes more than a war to effect; generations must intervene between the now and then of time. Writing in 1897, Professor Trent declared that the men between sixty-five and fifty-two years of age working in the New South were men who, in 1860, ranged in years between twenty-nine and sixteen, and

therefore had well-ingrained the ideas which were behind the Civil War. If numbers are at all significant, we should follow Professor Trent a few steps further and note that in 1897, men aged between fifty-two and forty were "practically unaffected by the civilization for which they fought." Is there any meaning to these facts? It is only the generation that in 1897 varied in years between thirty-six and twenty-five, we may really consider to be products of the New South. Therefore, we find that the real, true upbuilders of the Present South were men who "either brought to their task the ideas and training of an older generation and a bygone civilization, or else have carried on their work untrained or self-trained."

How, therefore, did the prostrate section gain that education, which, Dr. Alderman says, has come through defeat? By falling back upon those permanent characteristics of the Old Civilization which are the chief glory of the Southern people. Thus we may have taken a round-about fashion of reaching the statement that the men who handled the problems of secession were so steeped in the constitutional prejudices of their forebears, that, what with their threatened economic system, with the palpable discrimination of Congress, with the increasing aggravation of sectional temper, due in part to natural sensitiveness and very largely to fanaticism on both sides, they lost sight of the national view in the consuming necessity for special pleading.

It is essential that we determine the temper, rather than the change in views, of the Southern people, for the inevitable trend that affairs had taken was already apparent before the death of Jefferson, and had been forecast by Calhoun. The war spirit is not given to rise quietly; it does not brook forbearance, and it flows in isolated streams until some event fuses all into one torrent of public accord. The generation of orators succeeding Calhoun was nearer the whirl-

pool; these men juggled with the double-headed interpretation of the Constitution left by the framers, and split into as many political factions as there were varieties of opinions.

Agitation was the spirit of the time; there were union and disunion elements in the South:—parties in the different states, holding to the same beliefs, yet differing in the intensities of those beliefs; one crying for instant secession, the other more conservative regarding a definite break, but determined to resist every encroachment upon Southern rights that might come from the North. In their speech, many of them were rash, but when the time arrived, brought discernment to bear with wise counsel. Such a man was Toombs (1810-1885). Some, like Stephens (1812-1883), believing in the Union and disapproving of slavery, showed more wisdom though no less sincerity than Davis in their actions. The political divisions weakened the voice of the South at that time, made it difficult for a party leader to determine how far he might be able to go with sufficient public support. William Loundes Yancey's (1814-1863) existence was a precarious one. Though adamant in his stand for secession, this Alabama fire-eater felt popular favor ooze through his fingers at one convention, only to find at another that he had all within his grasp. In a way, Yancey's attitude gave to Alabama a significant position among the Southern States.

Do the forces which governed Southern life during the Civil War differ fundamentally from those which determined the tone of the ante-bellum period? The difference is simply one of degree—one which distinguishes the orator from the soldier. The reminiscences of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and of Mrs. Clay-Clopton have the same unmistakable warm tone and ample cordiality which marked the "Memorials of a Southern Planter" by Susan D. Smedes,—the records of the Dabney family. But even here the difference is one

of intensity, brought about by the armed neutrality which marked society in Washington during the years preceding the outbreak. Wherever one turns to examine condition, the blood of the Southerner beat at higher tension and his mind was bent on self-protection. Beverley Tucker's "Partisan Leader" was simply premature, a warning fever-spot which took on the semblance of prophecy as events progressed.

The old-time historical method was one of proud tradition rather than one of analytical judgment; events were measured by leaders; and writers, whether they were dealing in biography or in fiction, idealized their heroes for the sake of character above the fact. Even such a late literary product as John Esten Cooke passed from the large figures of the Revolution to those of the Civil War, from Patrick Henry in "The Virginia Comedians" to "Stonewall" Jackson and to "Surrey of Eagle's Nest."

Generally, the *character* of the literature remained the same; the leaders who fought left their reminiscences and their recollections of a youth passed under the tutelage of the Gentleman of the Black Stock. Their bearing was indelibly stamped with all those distinct peculiarities of a rural civilization, and they were accustomed to the spirit of control which slavery and caste encouraged. Some even, like Davis and Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard, Jackson and Longstreet, passed through West Point into the Mexican War, and became associates in other conflicts like the Black Hawk War and John Brown's Raid. Thus, the Southern orators of secession were trained under the shadow of the greater statesmanship, while the leaders of the Confederate armies learned their tactics in the service of the nation.

As we have previously said, a war literature is not marked by the highest technique; its chief value lies in its unavoidable reflection of the temper of the times.

The importance of such data is inestimable in determining the stress and strain of the moment. Unfortunately, its after-effect on the literature is not the most excellent, since, in the case of the Southerner, it served to encourage a natural inclination to look backward instead of forward. The consequence is that, literarily, the past decade illustrates how persistently the old traits have held us in thrall. Miss Glasgow's "The Battleground" and Mr. Cable's "Kinkaid's Battery" are the most excellent examples of the past spirit attached to a newer and more natural method.

The social students of such institutions as Johns Hopkins and Columbia University, who are now dealing with the forces of the Civil War, are doing much to correct the vision of the Southern novelist; they are dealing with the substrata of this civilization which gave life to the seceded states in the hour of defeat. Not alone are they considering the romance of love and the melancholy devastation of war descending upon romantic characters, but they are dealing with a people in a larger manner, and are showing these people in relation to the forces of environment. From such views we are beginning to see that the roots of the New South did not take hold after the war, but were simply retarded in immediate growth by the actual assumption of hostilities.

II

A study of conditions will show likewise that events determined the thought of the orators of secession; they were true to their training, they were sincere in their intentness, but they were too provincial to see that moral forces outside of themselves were far too strong for them. The direct influence of the abolitionist was not as great as would seem on the surface; his

presence was an irritant which served to keep ever-present the slower moral force existing in spite of him, and of which he was an extreme example. The fire-eater held a more direct position in relation to his constituents. Yancey, in Alabama, is historically, as Brown states, "among the half-dozen men who have had most to do with the shaping of American history in this century." He was the heart and soul of secession,—a figure of big invective, who resisted compromise, and who unswervingly followed a direct course. It is strange that a man who, in early life, would oppose Calhoun's theory of nullification, should with equal intensity decry Clay's plan to save the Union.

There were eight political parties in Alabama between 1845 and 1855. When Yancey ceased to support the Union, he declared himself a Democrat of the States' Rights wing; where others wavered, he stood firm; in 1845, he marched from the halls of Congress because the Northern Democrats opposed Southern measures. Politics were in a jumble; constituents, opposed as Whigs and Democrats, united in their ideas on the "compact theory" of the Constitution. Yancey's creed was simply: I champion anything that furthers the South. He became the center of attraction at conventions, he was sought after at barbecues; in a way, he was an autocrat, and though his actions were often doubtful, they were generally forgiven.

Yancey's strength ebbed and flowed with the compromise measures; he triumphed in the Alabama Platform of 1848, born in part of the Wilmot Proviso, and containing a twelfth resolution which breathed of secession in its determination to recognize no Democrat as such who attempted to "demoralize the South and its institutions." The South opposed sectional discrimination in recently acquired territory, and deprecated the North's ill-faith in the Fugitive Slave Law agreement.

The figure of Yancey is marked by picturesque action. At the Baltimore Convention he swept from the hall because he would not support the theory of squatter-sovereignty; he was continually sending forth addresses to the people of Alabama, and finding himself halted in his onward progress by determined opposition from Union men, who, like Henry W. Hilliard and Governor Watts, believed in compromise rather than in secession.

Amidst the pressure of rising temper, the South held no definite attitude toward the Constitution; its determined stand, however, was for the preservation of its own existence and individuality. With the compromise of 1850, Yancey lost sight of the theories of secession; secession, *per se,* became the objective point; to him that was the only way of saving the plantation system. In this spirit, he undertook to agitate the movement, and how well he succeeded is measured by the event. By 1858, his so-called "scarlet letter" fell upon rich soil, which he had relentlessly prepared. "No national party can save us," he cried; "no sectional party can save us." As he stood in Montgomery on the balcony of the Exchange Hotel, haughty, grim, sure of himself, people saw before them the very symbolic brand of hatred against "Black Republicanism," a phrase which dotted his periods and sentences. Some, far removed in the crowd while listening to him, caught the waves of passion through what a witness called the ventriloquial property of his voice.

Armed with the Alabama Platform of 1848, Yancey went to the Charleston Convention of 1860, fearing the victory of the North, yet intent on carrying the demands of his section. His speech was of no avail, and, with that melodramatic quickness which marked his meteoric progress, he left the hall, this time not alone, but followed by the Southern delegates. Dur-

ing this year he invaded the enemy's camp in the interests of Breckinridge, for he was pledged in his own mind against the Clay habit of compromise which Douglas had inherited. Speech after speech was reported in the papers, and they rang more and more defiantly as he neared Cincinnati. Who can picture a more strenuous scene than that in Faneuil Hall when he blazed his way through abolition sympathy, or scenes more illustrative of the rising intensity of Southern sentiment than his receptions, once more at home, when the citizens of Nashville pulled his carriage through the streets, and New Orleans declared a formal holiday in his honor? The tide was rising. If the Republican party was to gain a victory in the national elections, Yancey at least held the reins of disunion in his hands. He traveled upon the heels of Douglas in Montgomery; he fired his most effective arguments, and the people of Alabama drew closer together. The Union sentiment in that State is not to be identified with sympathy for the Northern attitude.

In this manner the "fire-eater" worked, and he accomplished his ends effectively, if not wisely. Yet even in determining the cast of Southern feeling, we must indicate relative degrees. Robert Toombs may be considered a mean between Yancey and Alexander Stephens. The transitory character of such speech as Yancey's is reinforced only by an examination of the papers of the time; in style, it was calculated for instant appeal; in content it was framed for instruction, not for keen interpretation. While throughout the States the partisan newspaper performed its functions, the true lyceum was still the platform.

III

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, typifies the Southern mind in another interesting aspect; as a man of unswerving business integrity, he was at the same time

provincial and progressive; his legal grasp was quick and masterful; his practical point of view made him opposed to the Calhoun school of politics, inasmuch as he saw wherein a protective tariff and a national bank were beneficial. He opposed the principle of internal improvements, and foresaw the aggressive attitude of State railways and corporations which he combated at a later day. Being of an exacting temper, he preferred associating himself with the State Assembly rather than with the Senate, and so sincere was he in his belief that the Whigs of the North were one with those of the South, and so emphatic was he in his declarations that it was well to encourage free labor in preference to slave labor, that he was soon regarded as somewhat of an Abolitionist. As a States' Rights Whig, he was akin to Troup, whom we have already considered.

This man, who later was to be a fugitive, was, around 1840, firmly convinced of the fact that slavery was a political evil. Yet he was imbued with the traditions of Virginia landowners; he was a firm supporter of a strong Supreme Court in the State, and fought against a system of surety which had brought sure disaster upon the heads of "flush-times" men in the financial panic of 1837. These facts are sufficient to indicate the sincere honesty of the man. He opposed the Texas and Mexican aggrandizements as constitutionally unjust,—so unlike Wise, soon to be the war governor of Virginia, who maneuvered with Calhoun for the annexation of all territory he could seize. It was somewhat surprising to find Toombs, as representative from Georgia in the Twenty-ninth Congress (1845), opposing the Oregon claims, and saying: "Let us repress any unworthy sectional feeling which looks only to the attainment of sectional power." Persistently his voice was heard in the cause of the *rights* of States; he did not champion the moral argu-

ment in favor of slavery, but he believed in the common rights of all States in acquired territory. He therefore looked askance at compromises which would abrogate any of the privileges of the compact; the property law of the slave States should be recognized without restriction. In picturesque fashion he regarded the "Clayton Compromise" as "the Euthanasia of states' rights." His assumption of the necessity for secession grew out of this unswerving attitude toward the territorial question. In June, 1850, he was fully determined that, should the South be denied these equal rights, he for one would be ready to "strike for independence."

But though determined and vehement, he advised the people of Georgia, in whom disunion was rife, to forbear and "stand by the Constitution and the laws in good faith." The growth of his position was due entirely to the threatening elements which comprised "the marked battery behind which the rights of the South are to be assaulted." This is nowhere better witnessed than in the tumultuous scene in the House (1850), which brought the Northern Whigs against Toombs and the Southern constituents. At that moment, had it not been for the firmness of the Georgia delegation—Toombs, Stephens, and Howell Cobb—the disunion movement would have triumphed. The Constitutional Union Party was the result.

The fervor of Toombs on one hand and his rashness on the other were safeguarded by his willingness to compromise. He was firm regarding the inviolable right of property, and the sovereignty of States; these points were well expressed in the Georgia Platform of 1850. But he was willing to bridge over the impending chasm, while Yancey would have rushed headlong into the gulf. Still, once convinced of the necessity for secession, Toombs advised immediate action. He telegraphed to the people of Georgia on December 22,

1860: "Secession by the fourth of March next should be thundered from the ballot-box by the unanimous voice of Georgia. Such a voice will be your best guaranty for liberty, security, tranquility, and glory."

Whatever the scope of the senatorial documents examined, it soon becomes apparent how similar the political forces confronting each State, yet involving personalities of such differing caliber. Yancey would never, like Toombs, have grown to revere both Webster and Clay. Yancey was a party dictator; Toombs deplored "the nurseries of faction." But nevertheless the principles for which they both fought were in their general effect the same. Like Yancey, Toombs invaded the North, and in Tremont Temple presented his closely argued legal defense of slavery, based upon the keenest ideas of constitutional equity. If it were possible, with the existing state of slavery, to conceive of privilege for the bondmen, Toombs' attitude was in many respects a foreshadowed expression of later opinion. He believed in free labor, in the wage system, in elementary education for the slave, in skilled work; he upheld the absolute integrity of the races, but he could not bring himself to see that one race in a state of slavery was a clog in the wheels of progress for the other; he was too much the son of Southern civilization, too paternalistic in his own plantation system, to see beneath the charm of such an existence the limitations placed thereby upon the thought of his section.

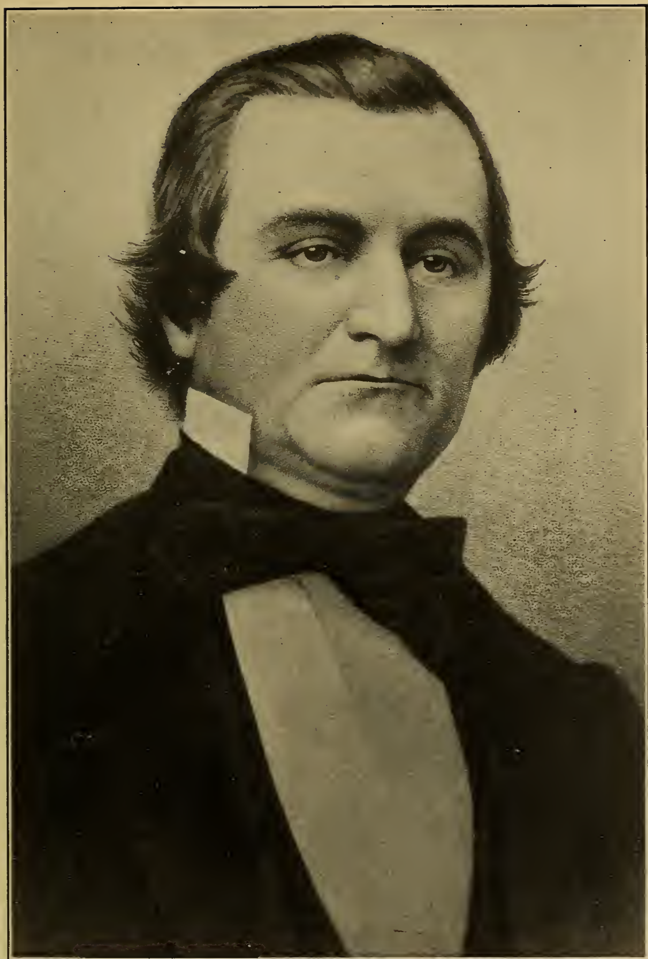
The time was one of distortion; what was said offhand, later confronted the speaker in unrecognizable terms; it was a period of long talk, when at camp meetings, hours were spent in denoting party distinctions. Toombs' physical power was enormous, and nowhere brought into greater contrast than when standing by the shrunken form of his friend, Alexander H. Stephens. He was emphatic, picturesquely profane, convivial to the point of over-indulgence. His elo-

quence in public speech was no greater than his charm when conversing with ladies; as his biographer says, he was a perfect Chesterfield. During his fugitive days, after the fall of the Confederacy, he spent some days in hiding at the home of Augusta Evans; there he had ample opportunity for satisfying his intellectual tastes, since the author of "Inez" was a woman of rare mental attainments. When Stephens heard of the hospitality extended to his friend by Miss Evans and her father, he wrote to the former: "I cannot forbear to thank you and him for it in the same strain and terms as if these attentions had been rendered to myself. What you did for my friend, in this particular, you did for me."

IV

The beauty of association between these men of the South was as great as the adventurous character of their careers. Stephens spoke of Toombs in these terms: "His was the greatest mind I ever came in contact with. Its operations, even in its errors, reminded me of a mighty waste of waters." On the other hand, Toombs' opinion of Stephens was thus expressed: "He carried more brains and more soul for the least flesh of any man God Almighty ever made."

Though the orators of secession were on the surface somewhat rash in their speech, they were well grounded in their arguments, which were never offered haphazard and were never without consuming conviction back of them. Yancey's life burned out in the hour of supreme victory for his secession views; Toombs lived to see defeat, and, like many of his associates, to begin anew with all the mental vigor of a young man. Like Judah Benjamin, he might have practiced successfully abroad, but he preferred, with that moral bravery which marked his actions, to return to



W. L. Yancey

A photograph of an oil painting in the State Capitol at Montgomery, Alabama.

his state and to serve it in its direst need. The incidents in the lives of these men of the Lower South offer excellent materials for fiction; Toombs' evasion of Stanton's orders for his arrest is tinged with as much excitement as any of the escapades of Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy; not only is there the sharp tone of suspense, but the social condition which made such adventure necessary is vital.

Stephens' soundness of political view was colored with a natural melancholy of mind; he was given a religious fervor which nearly led him into the ministry, and a sensitive manner, partly physical, which kept him somewhat aloof. In this respect he was not like his companion, Toombs, who moved with an excess of physical action. Stephens, more than any other Southerner of the time, was prompted by moral reason as well as by sound legal judgment. These two men held popular favor without having to court it through sacrifice of personal opinion. Stephens, with his conservative views, embracing his desire to preserve the Union and his natural antipathy to slavery, held the people of Georgia because of his reasoning, which appealed in its logic to common-sense rather than to theoretical conviction. Yet, despite the fundamental tone of his character, Stephens was sociable; despite the feminine turn to his voice, he was eloquent because his speech was not bombastic or evanescent; despite his nearness to the scene, his constitutional views helped him to formulate opinion which makes his "War between the States" an invaluable and remarkable document, considering the lack of historical perspective. Stephens was more of a statesman than any of his immediate associates.

On reading the formless biography of Stephens by Richard Malcolm Johnston and William Hand Browne, one is impressed with his superior professional talent which rose above the other attainments of the man.

That tendency in his youth toward a romantic, emotional philosophy never developed beyond the average firmness of a Scotch-Irish inheritance. He was a man of some considerable reading, but his sense of literary values was never acute; he was a potential statesman limited by the special cause which held him. He knew his Jefferson, and perhaps echoed in his letters to Linton some of the Jeffersonian excesses of style. Note such expressions as this on February 3, 1851: "I am tempted to tell you a secret. It is the secret of my life, . . . to rise superior to the neglect or contumely of the mean of mankind, by doing them good instead of harm."

But if such narrowness, such excess, such unsystematized learning as Stephens showed, were token only of a talent, as his critics seem to think, it was very superior, and in public service represented the sane side of Southern thought. In the midst of high temper and unthinking declaration, he stood firm in his belief that the election of Lincoln alone did not justify the South's withdrawing from the Union; he was ever intent on supporting the constitutional effectiveness of the Government. He was firm in his belief that the South, and especially his own State, Georgia, should, to the very extreme limit of the situation, abide by all national engagements. Though he doubted Lincoln, he would wait until Lincoln justified that doubt. In the House of Representatives of Georgia, interrupted now and again by Toombs, who then, during November, 1860, could see nothing but ruin with the success of the Black Republicans, Stephens stood calmly presenting the logic which would hold back, for the time being, the spirit of disunion. So long as Georgia was sovereign, there was no reason to look for any other safeguard than sovereignty. Thus far, so Stephens tried to show,—and in doing so he aimed to counteract Toombs' final arguments that the Union had been a curse,—the "compact" had

proven beneficial; Georgia's wealth had steadily increased.

Stephens recognized the numberless grievances held by the South against the North; he simply advised waiting for an act of aggression; he saw that in the North, all obligations attached to the Fugitive Slave Law had been disregarded. If the South's grievances continued to be ignored, if through the efforts of a convention no adjustment was reached, then he was willing to abide by the Georgia Platform of 1850, which practically meant secession.

Altogether, it was from such sterling qualities as Stephens displayed, that the South drew greatest strength after the surrender of Lee. He never abated in his unswerving desire to stop hostilities; he even voted against secession at the time Georgia determined to withdraw from the Union. Called to the councils of the newly formed Confederate Government, he was largely instrumental in basing the Constitution on the old instrument. With reluctance, he consented to join the cabinet of President Davis, though it was found that they were to disagree on details which necessarily were opposed, considering the primary views of each. He was foremost in the efforts for peace—a movement which partly grew out of the seceding States' distrust of the growing power of the Confederate Government. In the midst of threatening gloom which portended Reconstruction, he counseled the Georgians to accept the inevitable. Only when the policy of Congress became excessive did he make the pessimistic, though none the less apparent, prediction at the time, that American constitutional liberty was dead. He was brave in the utterance of his views; his history represents an attempt to hold passion in abeyance to truth as he saw it. In the *Southern Review* Bledsoe attacked him, and he was ready with his "The Reviewers Reviewed."

In the light of Southern civilization, the biographies

of the three men we have thus mentioned as the prime factors in the agitation for secession take on significant color; the volumes contain excellent data for future constructive writing; extensive excerpts from sources not accessible to everyone, make a complete portrait possible. One does not have to accept the fulsomeness of DuBose's estimate of Yancey, or of Johnston's personal admiration of Stephens, but the first-hand material, however loosely hung together, is made secure. Stephens' autobiographical notes are representative of the Southerners' habit of mind.

Each State had its leaders who did quite as much as Yancey, Toombs, and Stephens in the councils of their separate legislatures; but these three men went outside of their special area, and in their persons became symbolic of the Southern cause. It is well to bear in mind the stress under which they worked, so that we may appreciate to the full extent the tremendous solemnity of that terrible moment when the Southern Senators withdrew from the Senate Chamber, as each State proclaimed its ordinance of secession.

V

In some respects, these men of the secession period followed in the footsteps of their predecessors. The sovereign States had but one way of rewarding service, and that was by continued exaction of service. No sooner was Stephens relieved from the confinement of prison where the leading "rebels" were thrown when caught, than Georgia sent him to Congress; while in 1873 he was defeated for the Senate by General John B. Gordon, he remained in Congress until he was called to be Governor in 1882. Toombs likewise found much to do for his State, though he was deprived of wider service because of his refusal,

like Davis, to take the oath of allegiance. The surface indication of the effect of withdrawal is contained in "The Bonnie Blue Flag," with words by no means classic, and with historical progression by no means accurate. In the States that would not at first aid the Confederacy, tragedies were enacted that drew upon all of a man's fortitude and courage; for instance, the decision of Lee, and the loneliness of Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who saw his associates leave the Senate one by one, and who stood alone, combating measures directed against the South, until he resigned his political trust to enter the field.

The farewell speeches of the Southern Senators epitomize the Southern view in favor of secession; they mark the individual bearing of the men in whom the States were represented. The eloquence and dignity of Benjamin could not have been assumed on the moment; the defiant picturesqueness of Toombs was an embodiment of his whole political attitude—heated argument, though not devoid of close reasoning and certain judgment, of watchful defence and positive control of facts. Perhaps the one showing most feeling and a flavor of the old-time formal repression was Davis, who did not argue as Toombs did, but who withdrew after a concise statement of Mississippi's sovereign decision and of his own opinion as to the significance of the "compact" and of secession which was opposed to nullification. These speeches represent a decisive moment; they were not the enraged outbursts of unthinking men; they should be regarded as the culmination of a long series of debates in which the antagonism against the South on the part of its opposers was greater than the desire for reconciliation.

Most of these details belong to history and not to literature; in a way they explain why the Southern people were not deeply concerned with the production of books; in a way they likewise suggest the motives

likely to actuate any writing which might be done during the actual operation of that social spirit. As events transpired, they accentuated a body of tradition which is influential to-day. Notwithstanding the personal equation, when the Southern Senators took their leave they were the most conservative expression of the feeling in the South. The new government which was formed,—with Montgomery as the first seat,—and the exactions of a state of war must have had considerable effect, and must have made distinct impress upon the Southern manner of looking at things and of meeting situations.

The anti-slavery movement in the South was strong—one of the reasons being that religious sentiment was strong, but not the least explanation for it being that the Southerner was beginning to recognize the limitations of forced labor, and its blighting effects upon the stronger race. The section was in a disposition to listen to compromise on that issue, but the constitutional right of secession it would not relinquish, and upon that point stood unmoved.

J. L. M. Curry, who was a Representative in the Confederate Congress, prepared a constitutional analysis of the legality of secession, which, in view of his progressive foresight after the war, we shall take as expressing the argument in fair terms; at least by his effort he counteracted his own criticism that "the Southern States have shared the fate of all conquered peoples. The conquerors write their history." First of all, in the original compact there was a common recognition of the equality and unrelinquished sovereignty of the parties concerned; and inasmuch as the Confederation found it more effective to regulate certain business transactions as a single body, they created a constitution which in no way sacrificed their separate initiative, inasmuch as the Constitution was an instrument of their own making. This ar-

gument did not foresee that the growth of the conditions necessitating their initial acceptance of a common code meant the relinquishment of further power, as the importance of the country increased. It is to be remembered that New York was particularly zealous about guarding sovereign prerogative.

Granted that such be the case, the next argument was that the people of each State reserved to themselves the privilege of stating when the Constitution committed infractions, and within their own borders they were at liberty to exercise their fundamental authority. Thus we can see in this arrangement the opportunity for sectionalism to produce the spirit of disunion. In 1860, these were minor parts in which the seceding States disagreed; they were divided among themselves, until all political policies were dropped in the cause of common protection. Had there been no war, or as an historian recently declared, had there been no Lincoln, the economic and social problems in the South would not have changed so radically. But while the war settled slavery, though it left the negro in a more precarious position, it never dispelled the theories of states' rights, which have now spread to the Pacific Coast. The two positive effects of the war were the shifting of industrial bases in the South, and a firmer recognition of the necessity for union—well illustrated in the Spanish-American conflict.

So individual was the State policy, that Curry illustrates its existence by quoting two citizens of South Carolina who emphatically declined positions on the Supreme Court bench because such would be beneath the dignity of a servant of the State. Was the Constitution to be a myth, a convenience, or a power,—and therefore a menace? The State was both right and wrong; its logic, however, did not reckon with temperamental variation, which after a while grew into sectional differences leading to discrimination.

The Southerners, differing with the North and being in the minority, determined, as lovers of the Constitution, to resume their sovereign rights, and, by withdrawing, to deny the existence of a union which only existed so long as the obligations of the Constitution were maintained. That they had faith in the instrument was clearly demonstrated by the Confederate Constitution, which was in substance the old document modified to meet Southern ideas. Granted finally that this was so, secession was the right of each separate State whose action might not be disputed by law. There is much truth in Curry's statement that "no one would now hazard the assertion that if the Southern States had acquiesced in the result of the elections of 1860, the equality and rights of the Southern States could have continued unimpaired by the unfriendly action of the Government at Washington and of the Northern States."

VI

We are dealing with something more than mere record when we attempt to realize the spirit which moved the first Confederate Convention, assembled in Montgomery on February 4, 1861. To judge its dignity and its sense of deep responsibility, one must concur with the historian in the belief that the time should be measured in terms of issues which, though now dead, were then active enough to limit and to consume the whole thought of a section. Curry was right in saying that "it would be as easy for a French Liberal of to-day to make himself a Monarchist of the time of Louis XIV., or for an English or German Protestant to accept and adopt the creed and ritual and policy of the Roman Catholic Church of the time of Leo X., as for an American citizen to recognize and vindicate what the Constitution guaranteed as to slavery in 1860." To the Southerner, the Union as

it then existed was incompatible with the principles for which the past statesmen had fought. The whole tenor of Stephens' account of the "War between the States" was to show that slavery constituted but one factor in the problems which lay at the very basis of social existence and of economic independence. In view of the unthinking reconstruction measures, it is safe to say that the representatives of the Confederate States were much surer of their goal at the time of secession than the officials of the United States government were of theirs when the war ended. The act of secession was much more legal than the act of emancipation, even though for the time being it was less disintegrating in its effect. For even though freed from the actual chains of bondage, the negro, until demoralized by the Republican bestowal of excessive privilege upon him, was still under the good influence of plantation training. The very fact that emancipation did not immediately lead to insurrection, that white women were safe among the blacks while the white men were on the field of battle, is sufficient proof of this.

The Confederate Convention was not a lawless body; the Confederate armies were not disorganized aggregates of purposeless men. Mr. Brown is epigrammatic in his true statement that if we apply the term "Rebellion" to this struggle, we approach dangerously near the point where we glorify rebellion. The South had a grievance, and largely a just grievance, not against the Constitution, but against the manner in which it had been perverted. This motive prompted the assembly to indorse most of the principles which had heretofore governed them. Curry is much too lenient, however, in explaining the absence of brilliant statesmanship in the Confederate body; he claimed that community of interests was enough to hold together a section whose unpreparedness was

token of belief that peace would soon follow secession. They did not seek war; they wished only a government which would fulfill their needs. In this spirit, they set about framing a Confederate Constitution.

Curry's analysis of the Southern temper is particularly suggestive; he points to the fact that, with every opportunity for the adoption of rash methods, the seceded States carefully considered the questions of reform they had demanded in Washington; they were at the time surprisingly free from party designs. Not only that, but there was no attempt on their part to reopen the slave trade, which further demonstrates that evolution of Southern opinion against the bondage of the black race which would have come without secession. The war only hastened emancipation, without preparing any adequate mental policy to cope with it.

The open acts of hostility served to hasten the secession of the States. Virginia, at first hesitant, determined to withdraw, after her Governor refused to supply troops at Lincoln's call. The border States were uncertain factors, often divided and wavering, encouraging and repudiating, as in the case of Tennessee, and hence giving little moral strength to the cause.

Davis's Inaugural Address was dignified but unimpassioned; his chief concern was to put the wheels of government in motion, wheels which were familiar to the people, but whose motion was entrusted to new agents. Stephens, in March, 1861, expressed himself publicly on the subject of the Confederate Constitution. It is his temper rather than his argument which is significant—the inclination to criticise and to endorse in the same breath. His limitation was sectional; he believed that the fulfillment of Southern requirements would have settled once and for all the differences on the subject of policy. To him the Confederate Constitution put at rest the disputes about

tariff and internal improvement, stating its unshakable belief in the inferiority of the negro to the white man, and to him slavery was in accordance with the demands of nature. His conversion to the cause of secession was slow and sincere, and, when he addressed the citizens of Savannah in 1861, he foresaw the disintegration of the Union, and the ultimate increase of the new Confederacy whose Constitution was more adequate to him for national existence than the old instrument itself. In view of these confident opinions, the manner in which the South met defeat is all the more remarkable.

VII

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the South's greatest asset was in manhood; the manner in which the armies faced privation and death, the way in which they counteracted their deficiency in numbers by excellence of generalship on one hand and by the personal aspect of the cause for which they were fighting on the other, are epic in their force. There were mistaken ideas about the duration of the conflict at first; the North miscalculated the spirit of its opponents, the South overestimated its defensive strength. As late as 1864, Professor L. Johnson, of Trinity College, North Carolina, prepared a sectional arithmetic, in which the following problem indicates the height of Southern confidence: "If one Confederate soldier can whip seven Yankees, how many soldiers can whip 49 Yankees?"

Families dedicated their all in the defense of their homes; the enemy was invading the very soil made sacred by the institutions which outsiders were seeking to destroy; students left colleges, ministers gave up their pulpits, to go to the front. Among the men there was manifest a religious fervor which has never been wanting in the South, but which was somewhat

obscured at times by the outward forms leading to opposition. The Rev. J. W. Jones compiled a curiously interesting volume of experiences entitled "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," which spreads some light on the spiritual condition of the soldiers. The Southern leaders were men of Christian character—men typified in the persons of Lee and Jackson; Bishop Polk left his duties in Georgia to assume the rank of Lieutenant-General. Stragglers in the faith were converted on the field, and were sustained by the example of "Stonewall" Jackson on his knees in his tent.

On the other hand, the South was encouraged by the hope that the world's dependence on cotton would hasten diplomatic relations which would be of inestimable advantage to the cause. It is true that England did have some sympathy with the secession movement, but her attitude against slavery, together with the effective Union blocking of all European recognition of the Confederacy, served to check any positive support on her part. Many debates took place in the House of Commons as to whether the seceded States should be regarded as a nation; but the embassy sent by Toombs to London for the purpose of negotiation foresaw the strength of moral opposition to servitude. Yancey was a member of that commission. Mason and Slidell in England and France, Mann in Belgium, Rost in Spain, L. Q. C. Lamar in Russia, all struggled in vain for the cause; they could not even obtain an audible objection from the nations to the blockade, which England for example did not consider sufficiently effective to necessitate intervention.

We infer that our representatives were not familiar with foreign diplomacy; they were simply special pleaders before the world. Perhaps, had reverses not befallen Lee in his onward march to Washington, France might have declared for the Confederacy, but

the foreigners did not have sufficient at stake to come to the rescue in a losing game. So determined was the stand against slavery that Southern attention was now turned toward the question of emancipation; the hope for diplomatic success was based on this one point. Even in 1864, Davis recommended the enlistment of negroes, and Benjamin attempted to negotiate a loan "on the basis of emancipation and promise of cotton." But as far as diplomatic aid was concerned, the South was "fooled" wherever she turned. She was reaping the effects of slavery from a world point of view. The Confederate Government was not squarely met in any of its diplomatic advances, from the time that Martin J. Crawford of Georgia, John Forsyth of Alabama, and A. B. Roman of Louisiana were sent to Washington, in 1861, as peace commissioners. It was hardly compatible with the sovereignty of the United States that she should recognize a recalcitrant section of the country, and Seward practiced duplicity, instead of seeking earnestly to discover some effective means of adjustment. But the strength of outside support was removed from the South; in the words of Charles Francis Adams: "The movements of both science and civilization were behind the nationalists." The South had now to face the material demands of war; no time was left for fine constitutional distinctions.

VIII

It is difficult to imagine what the South would have done without the moral and practical support of its women; theirs was the most exacting task. The historian may seek a more official expression of the precarious life of the Confederacy, but no more human, more vivid descriptions of privation and want and anxiety are to be had than those impressions of

the women of the South, now published in book form. Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Pryor, Mrs. Clay-Clopton, are representatives of their class, as well as M. L. Avary, who wrote "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War." The tension and tragedy of the moment are likewise revealed in such romances as Cable's "Kinkaid's Battery" and Miss Glasgow's "The Battleground." As John Esten Cooke wrote in his "Wearing of the Gray," a volume of personal portraits which he dedicated to that cavalier, J. E. B. Stuart, the Civil War was not wholly an "official transaction," but a drama of life and passion and movement.

The most difficult factors to reconstruct in the Southern social life were the women. George Cary Eggleston is not alone in his belief that a thoroughly reconciled woman-veteran is difficult to find; often the humor of the attitude was unthinking, as when the old lady regretted that Yankees had to be killed for fear they might go to heaven. But there was no telling what amount of endurance women experienced for the cause; they risked their personal safety when escapes had to be made, they bore the long suspense and uncertainty of news, they were fearless under fire and quick in the hospital; they faced the overwhelming signs of death, and, what was more to the soldiers, they had implicit trust in the men whom they sent to the field.

In some cities, these women banded themselves into secret societies, partly for actual service and partly for social intercourse. This was necessary where, for instance, Alexandria, Va., was torn in sympathy between the Union and the State. A few lines in an oath of initiation will bear testimony of the feeling:

"I swear that I will not marry one who has borne arms for the United States against the Confederate States, nor a Union man nor a Black Republican nor a traitor. So help me God!"

The bitterness, which in a way was righteous, even entered the Episcopal service, where all reference to the President was omitted, bringing the wrath of the Yankee soldiers upon the congregation to such an extent that an attempt was made to enforce the proper reading of the ritual.

Whatever strong lines of social caste among women may have been drawn before the war, the stress of actual conflict soon served to eliminate: both practical service and the common utterance of prayer helped to draw the women closer together; each class soon brought into play the best qualities of the other. There was large and varied work to be done; many a man might have held back had not a woman's love and faith pushed him forward; while he was away, he could image to himself his land being cared for as well as conditions would allow, food being hoarded for him, clothes however crude being fashioned for him. It was a woman who tended him in the final hour; a woman's letter sent him determined through shot and shell. Her work perhaps was not so much active duty, as silent and slow ingenuity; no one could quite lift the pressure of dread from her as she sat rolling bandages or sewing powder bags and loading cartridges. Alone she had to face marauding blue coats; often she was closely cross-examined and her cleverness had to evade searching eyes, if by chance she possessed any secret information. For a woman was often called upon to slip through the lines as bearer of dispatches.

To what extent the feminine ingenuity was pressed, is fairly indicated by the following paragraph: "The dirt floor of the meat house was boiled for the salt in it; soap made from China-berries and lye; candles out of a resin or waxen rope wound around a corncob; ink out of oak-balls, small berries, and rusty nails; pins out of thorns; shoes out of canvas and carriage

tops, and with wooden bottoms; buttons out of persimmon seed; dyes out of roots and barks; tumblers out of glass bottles, cut smooth with a heated wire; envelopes from scraps of wall paper; tea out of berry leaves; coffee out of sweet potatoes, dandelion seed, ground nuts, etc."

Eggleston's "Rebel's Recollections" are full of the atmosphere of the period, but a little sweeping in their estimate of Southern motives; the Southern cause was *not* wholly involved in a futile abstraction, and the oratory of secession was not entirely without reason, though much of it was vacuous. Speaking for Virginia, he describes amusingly how enlistment at first was carried on in holiday fashion, much like the State encampments of the present. He noted in the Virginia ranks the faint distinction between officer and private, since both were gentlemen; the one wide demarkation was between the gentry and common people—that line still persisted, even though the common man might be of superior rank. If rough work was to be done in camp, a private often had his servant perform the duty in his stead.

As the war advanced, the stress and strain became greater; larger demands were made upon the resources of the Confederacy, the gravest consideration being the question of finances, for the currency was without value and the custom-duties were decreased through the vigilance of the blockade. In immediate efficiency, the South was unprepared for war; there was sufficient food and large quantities of raw material, but the means of manufacture were inadequate. In view of this condition, what was actually done seems exceptional. Furnaces, mills, railroads, and like factors could not be placed immediately at the disposal of the Government. According to Brown, it was this deficiency which detracted from the value of whatever resources the South had. "At the surrender," writes

Curry, "there was on the line of railways and rivers, between Jackson, Miss., and Montgomery, Ala., enough corn to supply the demand for breadstuffs for a full twelve month or more." In other words, war calls for industrialism, and the South could not meet the call, for obvious reasons. The armies went threadbare, and the men were lacking in the necessary small arms. The handling of the resources, of which taxation was the most precarious question since it brought the Confederacy into opposition with the seceded States, revealed the inherent weakness of the new Government. Necessity resulted in forced loans, inflated currency, superfluous issuance of notes; and in consequence, prices rose to an abnormal height. By 1864, a gold dollar had increased in value to sixty-one, paper money; the whole state of affairs resulted in speculation, in the demoralization of wages. Value lost its significance, and what was asked, was paid. These weaknesses brought disfavor upon the Confederate Government, and especially upon the head of Davis, who clogged the wheels with an unnecessary system of red tape. Moreover, it became essential to resort to trade through the lines, and the Confederacy, from strenuously forbidding it, passed through the stage of silent acquiescence to actual speculation in United States notes.

Speculation, affecting the social life rather than the political solvency of the people, was nowhere better exhibited than when a blockade was successfully run. Much cotton slipped through the lines and found its way, by an indirect route—often across the Mexican border—to Europe. Companies were formed in Virginia and South Carolina to trade in this arduous manner; and a reading of William Watson's "Blockade Runner" will afford some idea of how uncertain the outcome was.

The economic question was the one absorbing topic

of the day; in 1863, Mrs. Preston paid five dollars a bushel for potatoes; after a long drive to Eufala, Ala., —all of the inland towns suffered most from the effects of the blockade,—a lady succeeded in purchasing a half-quire of small white note paper for forty dollars, while such a luxury as a pair of morocco gaiters brought the exorbitant price of $375. Though the Government had conflict with the States regarding foreign trade, official control was maintained to the end. Whatever goods were not used by the Confederacy direct were sold at auction, the merchants reaping a fortune, as they proceeded inland from such ports as Mobile. And it is a curious anomaly that despite the dire need for certain essentials other than medicines, the speculative "runners" brought in more luxuries with the hope of greater temptations as a consequence. By a system of exorbitant demands on the part of the importer, specie was drawn away from general circulation. From these consequences, Fleming is right in surmising that the Union navy crushed the South, the blockade runners by their activity prolonging the war over a year. The system of smuggling became so general that it soon had a demoralizing effect upon the people.

But though provisions were scarce at times, the Southerner was an adept at finding substitutes. Often, in order to lift the weight of anxiety, pleasures were devised from the simplest duties; even the "homemade" luxuries assumed elegant proportions, and today no better fan may be had than that which, formed of turkey-wing feathers, sold in war times for ten or twenty dollars apiece. We read descriptions of an inland quiet in the South which meant aloofness, isolation, and where the word Yankee was mentioned in folk-tales to frighten children into behavior.

The rudimentary industry thus indicated constituted

only one phase of activity; war necessitated some organized method of meeting military needs and general demand. The Government itself partly encouraged production, offering loans for the manufacture of arms. Records indicate that the 48th Alabama, while defending Mobile, was supplied with pikes and bowie knives. Each State was thus forced to exert itself; so well was the condition satisfied that Selma, Alabama, soon became famed for its cannon. Powder mills sprang up in every section, while organized parties, directing negro labor, began a systematic search for niter. The Confederacy likewise encouraged the iron industry, especially in upper Alabama, and labor was easily procured for the mines, since the conscripts were only too eager to escape the field. According to Fleming, the fine quality of iron found in Selma at the close of the war first induced Northern capitalists to make investments in the iron industry of Northern Alabama. The Government not only found it essential to encourage improvement, but the States likewise aided manufactures by legislative act; those engaged in the work of production were exempt from military service. Cotton factories were burned by the Federals, and iron foundries blown up; the South had difficulty in protecting its resources.

With all these uncertain conditions, the war sapped the energies of the people; the hold of the Government upon the State became more and more irksome as rigorous exactions were imposed. Whenever the Confederacy attempted to regulate interstate commerce, to supervise in matters purely local, to make profit in instances conflicting with the interests of the sovereign people, and to draft upon the State militia, there were pronounced opposition and ominous dissatisfaction. Confederate weakness fostered the sentiment for a Peace Party.

IX

The literature of the South is hardly to be regarded as either directive or progressive; unlike oratory, it was not formative of opinion, but aimed only to preserve the pronounced features of the life with which it was so intimately connected. If any new feature is to be detected in the prose work of the Civil War period, it is that to the retrospective tendency already fully dealt with, might be added a realization of changing conditions which threatened to obliterate the characteristics distinguishing the Old South.

The writers with whom we have to deal—many of them—came in touch with the newer forces which laid hold of the South; but though the attention may be riveted upon new things, the face of a civilization is not changed in a day. Lee, with all the courtesy and chivalry and wisdom of a past era, could not represent the spirit of an era to come; he was the flower of his period, as the Constitutional statesmen were flowers of theirs; he might preach forbearance as a way of coping with reconstruction, but it was the excellence of a character already formed out of an environment different from the present, which directed him. And other generals were sustained in like manner, an old-time flavor coloring their letters and documents of war.

Nowhere shall we find in this prose literature any book of exceptional literary excellence; it was, however, indicative of the taste of Southern readers—a taste which augmented the fortune of Augusta Evans and welcomed John Esten Cooke. There was not much to read in the South during the war; the blockade very effectively cut off the supply, and necessitated a local output which is more interesting in its history than in its content.

The publishers who figured in those days below

the Mason and Dixon line manufactured many volumes of a military character, printing on paper made from cotton and rags, and, because of the chemical crudity, resulting in a poor quality of finish. Such a publisher as S. H. Goetzel of Mobile was fortunate enough to secure "Macaria," and to be the first to place Miss Muhlbach on the American market. Many Southern libraries still preserve books from this same firm, bound, for want of better covers, in gaily figured wall-paper.

Sporadic novels of Confederate life were hastily produced, such as McCabe's "The Aide-de-Camp" and Dimitry's "Guilty or Not Guilty," while Miss Braddon's tales were circulated in the army. The reprints of English books sold at exceptional prices, Hugo's "Les Misérables," for instance, printed in five parts, bringing ten dollars. In view of the immediate need for quinine, it was not to be expected that extravagance would follow literary channels, yet all types of books were printed, and many sporadic papers and magazines were founded, pledged to the cause. In September, 1861, the *Southern Monthly* was begun in Memphis, and *The Age* (Richmond) was an eclectic monthly issued (1864) in the interests of the South. Readers had the weekly *Southern Illustrated News,* the *Southern Punch,* and the *Southern Field and Fireside* (Augusta). It is not difficult to realize the strain under which these publications went to press, type often being set under fire.

The fervor of Southern sentiment found outlet in songs; Mr. Snowden states that a firm in Richmond had a list of twenty-nine lyrics and marches, such as the ever-popular "Lorena" (Webster), "The Southern Cross," with words by St. George Tucker, and "When this Cruel War is Over," the music for which was composed by Henry Tucker. In educational lines the feeling was still stronger, the Confederate spelling

books and primers and arithmetics painting in varying colors the iniquity of the Yankees, and the excellences of the Southerners.

But this was simply the light outward expression of inward stress and strain; conditions were pressing hard upon the land; periodicals were forced to reduce their sizes for want of paper and for lack of paid subscribers. The distribution of reading matter is well exemplified in the issuance of Bibles and tracts. In the North, all religious institutions, save the American Bible Society, withdrew their support and refused to send books to the Confederates. In 1861, a Nashville house had issued a Confederate Bible, the first copy of which was sent to Davis, who was about to take oath of office. The Southern Tract Society was also active, publishing about one hundred and seventy different pamphlets for the soldiers, besides a special hymn book.

Out of such forces as have been here outlined, there should have emanated some distinct expression of life. But in literary outlook the South did not advance one step, content to follow old standards, and giving way before the newer treatment. For, as Cooke himself wrote: "Mr. Howells and the other realists have crowded me out of the popular regard as a novelist, and have brought the kind of fiction I write into general disfavor. I do not complain of that, for they are right. They see, as I do, that fiction should faithfully reflect life, and they obey the law, while I was born too soon and am now too old to learn my trade anew."

Something immeasurably sad surrounds the final days of John Esten Cooke (1830-1886). He was the sentimental historian who did much for Virginia, but who, with that tendency to cherish memory, allowed feeling to becloud the vividness of impression. The manner in which he dealt with record was picturesque

and effective; his commingling of historic fact with fiction is indicative of his familiarity with Cooper, though lacking in the originality of the latter. We turn to "The Virginia Comedians" for as excellent a picture of colonial atmosphere as may be had; therein are courtesy and cultured feeling blended with a full amount of close study. It is perhaps replete with descriptions, in essay form, of manners and customs peculiar to the soil, characteristics which made Kennedy's "Barn Swallow" more description than novel. But Cooke was very largely the romanticist, and the tendency on his part to treasure small detail swelled unduly the proportions of his biographies of Jackson and Lee.

Still, there is an advantage in such treasuring—that it preserves impressions which are quickly evanescent and easily forgotten. Cooke and his successor, Thomas Nelson Page, will give plentiful atmosphere to the historian of the future. When we read of Jackson and of Stuart, as described by Cooke, we unfailingly feel that association alone could have produced the warmth and glow which illumine the portrait; for that is what it is—not, according to later methods, an estimate. Cooke fought in the war and came in contact with the figures he afterwards used in his fiction; it was probably the fullness of his remembrance which made him overcrowd "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," a stirring account of the Civil War, if not a perfect one.

His novels, romances, and essays show him largely as the historian of Virginia; the old-fashioned training which was his, produced in him the tendency to over-accentuate both motive and situation; yet for all that, he was popular and deservedly so. He described the life with which he was closest in touch, and showed no desire to forsake his tradition or to deny others the future inevitably in store for them. As a measure

of his historical view, it is of decided benefit to contrast his "Virginia,"—a contribution to the *American Commonwealth* series—with Professor Shaler's "Kentucky."

This much has to be borne in mind about Cooke, in comparison with some of his contemporaries,—that he never forsook his environment, that the improbabilities in his stories were faults of plot rather than falsifications of fact and motive. He was descended from an illustrious family of literary cavaliers, and he epitomized their spirit; his stories could have been laid nowhere but in Virginia.

In two essential respects, therefore, does Cooke differ from Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson (1835-1909). First of all, save for the fact that in temperament, feeling, and moral bearing, the latter is product of Southern training, her stories might as well be placed in a foreign clime as in her own country. This may be largely due to a tendency to make use of features uncommon to the Southern landscape. The romanticism of the old-fashioned school of fiction was over-effulgent and indefinite. Then, it must be noted that Mrs. Wilson was generally indifferent to historical growth, an indifference which soon found persistent expression against the trend of modern development. In a word, she became a champion of old methods.

Such a style as Mrs. Wilson adopted was no real measure of her exceptional brilliancy as a woman. Through its very repleteness, it obscured a tendency to be lyrical in her philosophic thought; it overweighted a certain poetic beauty of idea, a certain high seriousness of spirituality, a certain picturesqueness of abstract statement. It leads one falsely to believe that her knowledge was esoteric and exoteric, whereas, we know her to have been versed, as no other Southern woman of her time was versed, in unusual learning. Mrs. Wilson was not superficial, though her display

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.

of information laid her open to the charge; she did not possess a pseudo-culture, though her extravagant bestowal of reason upon inappropriate characters subjects her to the criticism; she was not insincere, though an unnecessary display concealed the simple fervor of her intention. In the final estimate, it will be determined that Mrs. Wilson was a very noteworthy representative of a literary *genre* which, while it lasted, brought with it a healthy, wide enjoyment, and an emotional appeal which, drawing plentifully upon warm sentiment, treasured a romantic spirit the world would be the poorer without.

These novelists of the old type are handicapped for the future by the very excellences which made them popular in the past. Mrs. Wilson was a most vital expression of that Southern taste which, classical rather than imitative, flourished upon Meredith's "Lucile" and Bulwer's "The Lady of Lyons." No one, in the face of literary fact, would deny the wonderful hold Mrs. Wilson had upon her reading public—all the more remarkable because, from 1858, when "Inez" was first published, she represented a feminine example of the successful Southern literary worker—so successful, indeed, that publishers offered her large sums in view of the unprecedented sales of previous works. She was a "best-seller" for many years, and her appeal spread beyond sectional interest. There is no measure of the pure enjoyment drawn by all classes from the novels of "Augusta Evans."

Mrs. Wilson's variety consists in the mechanism of plot, and in the small details of outward character. The moral color of her work is much the same, and for that reason, one book is not unlike the other. There is melodrama both in "At the Mercy of Tiberius" and "Infelice," but the psychological matrices are similar, because the author is what she is. Mrs. Wilson's characters are all children of her own belief,

of her own opinion. Of their kind, they vary in degrees of excellence, and not in spiritual value; modeling is done over the same fundamental framework. And because the basis of Mrs. Wilson's faith was essentially pure, she had a genuine power of illumining the commonplace expressions of life with a light coming from inherent qualities, rather than from any superimposed and artificial source.

To analyze her style is unfair, for it was peculiar to a fashion now extinct—a fashion where sonorousness was an essential test of value, and where one was satisfied with the "tone" of the whole. The novels of this class must be accepted in total effect, in whole impression. It was the literary habit of the day to crowd the page with Latin, French, and Italian phrases, just as no chapter might begin without a quotation from an unfamiliar poem or play. But while such excrescences overwhelm any great spontaneity in Mrs. Wilson's case, she was only adhering to an accepted formula; perhaps she overdid it, as any devotee is likely to do; probably she carried too far her facile aptitude in the use of simile and metaphor. Notwithstanding these blemishes, her books contain purple patches of eloquence which constitute no ordinary literature.

Despite Mrs. Wilson's opposition to that forward movement which brought certain freedom to women through serviceable education, there is small doubt that her opposition only made her realize the more poignantly how futile her fight. Unlike Cooke, she did not succumb, but struggled bravely to the last. She anchored herself as a fixed point in the maelstrom of scientific revelation which carried Tennyson in its current, stamping his philosophy as distinctively nineteenth century. There was no blind, obstinate opposition on Mrs. Wilson's part; her intellect was forceful enough to argue, but it was not sufficiently pliable to

be modified by what passed through it. She was deeply read and she followed the trend of research, the rise of new forces in her time. The South was not receptive to new ideas, and the limitations of her section were imposed upon Mrs. Wilson. It is our impression that had the historic sense been what it is to-day, that had there been brought forcefully to Mrs. Wilson the widening of knowledge which only enriches certain aspects of faith, she would have been carried forward. For some of her best powers were exerted in an effort to back water. Cleverness will not succeed in this; if Mrs. Wilson remained firm, it was through the rare qualities of her feminine strength.

Sermons and essays may be lifted bodily from the pages of Mrs. Wilson's books; they are her personal impressions, her earnest utterances concerning the mysteries of life. These are shot through in places with very keen sentences—the concentrated essence of some big truths. Coming, as they did, at a time when Southern literature was dominantly reminiscent, these expressions of transcendental views, these critical analyses of the ethics of action, of the morality of relationship, gave her a unique place in the South. She was some new force—according to that conservatism which accepted without question or reason—a daring force, since Mrs. Wilson not only questioned and reasoned, but opposed. In her, we may measure the current opinion regarding education for women, regarding the eventual reconciliation of science with religion, and regarding eternal truths which none the less are true, whatever the manner of expression.

Essentially, Mrs. Wilson was of a religious cast of mind; this is one reason why her work is so personal. Yet in her opposition to scientific challenge, she was not peculiar; she was part of an era in which biological revelation was not generally accepted, and was only sparingly acknowledged. It is therefore not

only fair, but necessary, that she be valued in terms of 1860. This is the critical way of placing Mrs. Wilson, but she rises beyond the comparative standard by a human test which transcends all others. Where Simms, and Kennedy, and Tucker, and a host of associates are buried beneath newer fashions, Mrs. Wilson persists. This is not because of any modern spirit. An interesting attempt was made by her, when in "A Speckled Bird" she tried to keep abreast of present sympathy; but she was forced to return to her well-tried methods, and so "Devota" is her final word, as it was her first word in earlier novels, upon social change.

We may well wonder, nevertheless, whether Mrs. Wilson is to be any the more held accountable for allowing whole essays to pass through the minds of her characters under emotion, than Mrs. Edith Wharton, whose stories are so largely consumed in psychological examination. The difference is purely one of literary fashions, and Mrs. Wilson's peculiarities of style were in vogue until Mr. Howells turned the tide. And now we wait another pioneer to free fiction from certain earmarks bequeathed it by the school of naturalism.

Open "Infelice," and the eye grasps sentences of overwhelming length and obscurity; the reader does not need to understand the meaning disguised by an unfamiliar language; the blur of exceptional phrases was a requisite factor in such style. The old-fashioned novelist was led to touch the emotions at vital moments, marked by outward situation. This is the essential demand of melodrama—emotionalism, coupled with excessive movement as indicative of inward struggle; it was, as we have said, the literary fashion of the day, and Mrs. Wilson was in the literary stream of which "Camille" was the starting point. Augustin Daly was reaping a fortune in such matter;

Dion Boucicault was past-master in the art; "The Two Orphans" thrilled the theater.

In the very face of the fact that "Inez" dealt with the Mexican War, that "Macaria" (issued under the Confederate copyright) was evolved from the travail of a Civil War experience, and that "A Speckled Bird" represents the precarious conditions of Reconstruction, Mrs. Wilson only dimly realized the historic sense. Political opinion creates general feeling, and throughout the pages of "Macaria" the impression of that feeling is indicated. Mrs. Wilson's examination of conditions was cursory, her interest in social forces threatening the status of Southern life was instructive. It was as much a part of Southern culture to assume this individual personal view, as it was the South's one weapon of self-defense to ignore the far-reaching vision. That is why in writing "Macaria," Mrs. Wilson subjected herself to criticism from the North, among readers who would accept her emotionalism but not her sectionalism.

In point of execution, "At the Mercy of Tiberius" is Mrs. Wilson's most consistent novel, excellent in characterization, human in motive and logical in sequence; "St. Elmo," quite in accord with "Jane Eyre," illustrates her spiritual attitude toward skepticism, and as well, in the portraiture of *Edna Earl,* demonstrates the old-fashioned novelist's lack of appropriateness in attributing thoughts of a philosophic tendency to untutored minds.

Autobiographically, "Beulah" is an expression of Mrs. Wilson's intense faith; however, it is hardly possible to confine this personal tone and inclination to a single volume. In her books, it is Mrs. Wilson who is always thinking; here again she exhibits a failing of her "school"—the inability to detach her characters and paint them in consonance with their characteristics. But an exceptional quality of her talent

rested in her power of absorption—not only of varied philosophical systems, but of special details. She imbibed Eastern mysticism, and gave it the color of her personal equation in "Vashti"; she was endowed with an exceptional gift of visual imagination, which made an actual visit to India unnecessary in describing the brilliancy of a fictitious scene.

To do an author of this type full justice, her general acceptance must guarantee her social worth, if not her art excellence. During Mrs. Wilson's supremacy, she was a species of pioneer; she differed from the school of novelists she knew—Disraeli, Miss Taylor, the author of "Frankenstein," and others—in that deadly romanticism was relieved by mental activity. The women of her stories were not passive; if, in the cataloguing of their physical endowments, she followed the usual conceptions, she thought for them. The positive merit of such work lies in the high seriousness of its intent—a seriousness which quite often is untinctured by the existence of any beneficent humor. In its broader analysis, it possesses a sound belief, and recognizes the presence of the essentials of progress without accepting them. Mrs. Wilson was ever true to that one stand, and her utterance to the women of the present sounded the note of her social attitude. "I believe," so she wrote, "that the day which endows women with the elective franchise will be one of the blackest in the annals of this country, and will ring the death-knell of modern civilization, national prosperity, social morality, and domestic happiness. Every exciting political election will then witness the revolting deeds perpetrated by the furies who assisted in the storming of the Tuileries, and a repetition of the scenes enacted during the reign of the Paris Commune will mournfully attest how terrible is the female nature when perverted."

Mrs. Wilson has a right to be emphasized above

all others of her period, because, while not affecting taste profoundly, she most emphatically satisfied taste and met a popular widespread demand. There is perhaps more Southern flavor of the cavalier kind in Sarah Anne Dorsey (1829-1879) and in Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland," 1830-), but in her person, as well as in her work, Mrs. Wilson represents a significant, no less than a beneficent, stage in the evolution of Southern thought.

James Gibson Johnson has recently compiled a "Bibliography of Southern Fiction Prior to 1860"; the very titles are sufficient commentary on the character of the majority of stories. Writers like Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, whose appeal did not rise above the level of the New York *Ledger,* exhibited no special trait; they were marked by inane purpose and misdirected sensation. They knew only that species of emotionalism and of sentimentalism which permeates the pages of "Retribution" (1849) and "Changed Brides," or Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's (1800-1856) "A Planter's Northern Bride." It was expected that novels would contain impressions of a land fostering a peculiar civilization; everyone possessed "views," from the Old Gentleman of the Black Stock to the Northern Governor in a strange régime. Occasionally, adventure broke from locality, and we find the Rev. Francis R. Goulding (1810-1881) writing "The Young Marooners" and "Marooners' Island" in a general spirit of novelty.

But, remembering the prose work accomplished before the beginning of the new order, we may well note that the break from one generation to another was not so violent as Cooke's pessimistic acquiescence would indicate. That is the usual way with the evolution of method; there are always bridges across chasms: Lanier showing the possibility of broader thinking in the South; Grady and Watterson linking

the traditions of personal journalism with impersonal news-gathering; Curry connecting the old school conditions with the new; Richard Malcolm Johnston upholding the sense of locality so well begun by Baldwin and Longstreet, and thereby representing a mean between them and Joel Chandler Harris. That we are unable to link Mrs. Wilson with the present is due to her aloofness from the *condition* of her time, and her complete identification with the spiritual tenor of her time. But that in no way detracts from her distinctive and honored place in Southern letters.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTHERN POETRY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Being a Consideration of Confederate Lyrics

I

Out of the Civil War period has come some of the best poetry the South has created thus far, representing simultaneously its distinction of character and its tragedy. We reach an intermediate stage where, though conditions were paralyzed by brand and sword and death, the old civilization was giving way before the new. The war itself was not the immediate cause of this shifting, though its results hastened adjustment under circumstances which revealed the noblest qualities of Southern manhood. But unless the evolutionary process had already taken hold of the economic and social life, revolution would have left the South wholly destitute of a starting point. The cessation of hostilities meant that the Southern people took up the burden where they had left it to go on the battle-field—resumed their existence where they began to modify it in the light of responsibilities which slavery had not imposed upon them, but which emancipation exacted. The war left for the South the legacy of defeat, and also the negro, loosed from his moorings and given a political status.

The war poet of the South was born in ante-bellum days; representative of the Old South, yet he was given to realize the nearness of the New. Even in his own song there rise faint murmurs of dissatisfaction with the limitations of his environment—the same dis-

satisfaction which prompted the commercial conventions for the purpose of stimulating sectional manufactures (a confession that King Cotton was too despotic), and which developed throughout the South a strong feeling against secession and against war.

When the time came for the Southern poet to be martial, he composed lyrics of exceptional strain; he sent forth song marked by purity and intensity, which gave no thought to form, yet which, by the completeness of its impulse, took form with no seeming effort. He did not aim for artifice, and so, we find, as in all war poetry, that his expression was part of that overwhelming response he gave to the current event and to the man of the hour.

It were hardly possible for us to claim that Southern poetry could boast of a tradition at this time; its inheritance of sentiment had now grown to be something distinctly local, but its bulk of verse was imitative in technique and not progressive in thought. Yet what one might designate as the only "school of poetry" in the South was formed about this time; it grew out of no reaction against poetic form or poetic thought, but constituted a determined stand against isolation—a stand which, though it did not often take Hayne away from the barren vicinity of "Copse Hill," or make Ticknor anything more than an ambulatory country physician with a rare lyric gift, nevertheless resulted in a literary sympathy which brought them closer together. We find Hayne in lengthy correspondence with Mrs. Preston, and the letters between these two indicate that they have put aside for a time the reading of the Gentleman of the Black Stock, and are following the current of the day in England, marveling at the infusion of science into the realm of religion, so clearly evident in Tennyson. In this "school" we note the expression of frank criticism and the desire to analyze the structure of verse.

Lanier writes of Hayne, and the latter nurtures the genius of Timrod. They all possessed faith in their art, and this faith brought them together in common spirit. Hayne and Mrs. Preston never met, yet it was the latter who wrote the introduction to the memorial edition of the former's work. It was not a blind enthusiasm, it was no untutored love for poetry, that marked the constant interchange of opinion.

The poet of the South reflected the whole response of the South during the war; every change of feeling was caught and was perpetuated in song. The soldiers were not professionals, though Southern leadership owed much to professional training; each man had something to defend, someone to protect; the slave perhaps had hastened the conflict, but it was the home that filled the Confederate with the genius of the warrior. The lyric call across the field gave him a firmer grasp of his sword.

But afterwards, when the plow turned up shot and shell, when he tried to repair the ravages of the invader, when he took account of the alien black, the Southerner had little time for song; he fell back upon his past as the foundation upon which to take note of the future. The atmosphere was not one in which to encourage the poet; Hayne and Timrod and Ticknor were cursed with the poverty of their lives, and of them all only Lanier succeeded, after heroic struggle, in throwing the obstacles aside. Hayne, stung by the lack of support given to the literary worker after the war, so far lost self-control as to cry out against the lack of any feeling for culture in the South. But the critic must not lose sight of the fact that though the North made political adjustment in the South very difficult, it was in the North that the literary voice of the South was again encouraged. The reminiscent note in that voice did not succeed in immediately altering the false outside impressions held of the South;

the spirit of criticism could not come until the scars of war had grown callous to challenge.

The school of poetry nevertheless persisted, maintained largely in its faith by the richness of its inheritance; its one large figure was Lanier, and, apart from artistry of his work, there is a reason for his position. Hayne and Timrod, in the vigor of battle and in the tragedy of defeat, were men of the Old Régime. The mental virility of Lanier responded to the trend of conditions; in him we find typified a pioneer of the New South—the poet of adjustment.

II

War poetry is the outburst of inward fervor; it represents the immediate outlet of intense feeling, and is prompted wholly by that feeling, with no thought beyond its immediate value. It represents response to incident, it centers upon heroic occurrence and leadership, it measures emotion under pressure. As far as temper is concerned, it stretches from the martial note to the sentimental strain, from "Maryland" to "Lorena"; in it are to be found the extremes of bearing, from "The Bonnie Blue Flag" to "The Conquered Banner." Even in the individual this change was forced, as in Judge Requier's "Our Faith in '61" and "Ashes of Glory."

The fate of a war song is always uncertain. Like "My Maryland," it is usually tucked away in some obscure corner of a local paper (in this instance the New Orleans *Delta*), and spreads, unknown to the author, until it bursts forth as possession of a whole people. Its music is rarely original, but identification usually lends it a distinct originality. The all-essential factor is to effect a union between words and music that will embody the inward aspirations of the greatest numbers, and express an immediate sentiment.

It is written in the heat of the hour, either during suspense or within actual range of conflict; authorship becomes the least claim war poetry has on the future.

The birth of war song is oftenest the resurrection of an older strain, and under different conditions. It was a girl, Miss Jenny Cary, who fitted "My Maryland" to "Lauriger Horatius," which the Germans perpetuate in "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," and sang the same to Beauregard's soldiers in camp. "Dixie," hallowed and, by now, well-nigh national, was first heard, as a song, on the minstrel platform, where its author, Daniel Decatur Emmett, appeared; but though the first mention of it is found in January, 1859, when Bryant's troupe was in New York, the Montgomery *Advertiser* claims that even before this, the air was made familiar in Alabama. Professor Matthews has unearthed "The Irish Jaunting Car,"—a song which used to amuse theater audiences, and which afterwards became the air for "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

The armies, North and South, each called forth, after the manner of their environment, a body of song which in its formal expression was not dissimilar, but which in its *topic* and in its special sentiment, reflected the separateness of political aim and of personal view. Here it is not our object to show wherein this difference lay. On both sides of the Mason and Dixon line picturesque incident of like humanity was not wanting; the only distinguishing mark was the gray coat of "Lorena" and the blue coat of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But our attention must be centered on the South, where we shall find the song differing from that of the North in the difference of strategic viewpoint, and in the final destiny of war. The land was wakened by the tread of brothers at strife; on one side "John Brown's Body," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are

Marching," brought strength to the ranks; on the other there were only needed the strains of "Dixie" to tighten lagging hearts to renewed purpose.

There are varied ways of systematizing the type of war poetry in the South. In his compendious volume of "Poems of American History," Mr. Stevenson suggests the historical treatment, and a glance through the many compilations justifies one in such a consideration. War poetry is the fever chart of conflict. The Northern poets sang a different song about the slave than the Southern poets; Lowell and Whittier, before the outbreak, were inspired by the intense fanaticism of the abolition movement, far different from the spirit prompting Grayson's "The Hireling and the Slave," in defense of the institution. Then came actual conflict, and while Bryant penned "Our Country's Call," Pike wrote "Dixie," Timrod conceived "A Cry to Arms," and Ketchum sent forth "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The general sentiment rang in the appeals that came as inspiration, and served as inspiration— that called upon all tradition, and fired within one the most intimate and personal responsibility. Randall's "Maryland" and Timrod's "Carolina" show a similar attitude toward separate States. Critically, one might say, as one will undoubtedly conclude after examining the facts, that one of the weaknesses of the Confederacy was the lack of union sentiment in the face of sovereign claims; each State had its history, its sons, its problems; each State felt itself endangered by the tread of the despot. But as the war advanced, the sacred bond of blood drew the sentiment closer and made the artistic expression similar.

The tragedy of the war is writ in verse; its progress finds record in the changing tone of song. Note the prismatic variation of Miss Mason's "The Southern Poems of the War"; match these expressions with the actual events in history; little did St. George Tucker

think that his first poem of the war, "The Southern Cross," imitating "The Star-spangled Banner," would be followed by such scenes as marked the conflict. We have battle hymns and songs, prayers of suspense from mother and soldier alike, ballads of charges and individual bravery. Then the poems to the dead—such poems written by Flash, Dr. Palmer, and Mrs. Preston when "Stonewall" Jackson fell; such excellent examples of the ballad spirit as Randall's "Pelham" and J. E. Cooke's "Band of Pines"; as Mrs. Preston's "Ashby" and Thompson's verses on the same; as Flash's "Zollicoffer" and Thompson's "Burial of Latané" and "Stuart's Obsequies." The spirit of faith and the fire of warriors pulsed through these lines; facing death, Southerners yet bethought them of glory which is honor and sacrifice. They were not alone in this; in the North there was much the same bravery, but it is one thing to dedicate one's life to a cause, and another thing to find one's tradition threatened. And the tradition of birth and accomplishment is part of the brain and sinew of life, and must be appealed to in a personal way. Death indeed throughout the South did not stand for decoration, but for consecration.

War poetry is the quick record of passing incident; its story, if it has one to tell, epitomizes the simple appeal to a broad and sweeping emotion. With the fervor of Tom Moore's "Minstrel Boy," were written Ticknor's "Little Giffin of Tennessee" and Dr. Moses' "Little Sergeant Banks." The word "rebel" rings throughout the verse, for the South knew that action lifted the word into fame, not as a badge of ignominy, however much it represents mistaken policy, but as a special privilege. You detect in these poems the constant note of pathos, but oftenest the stirring appeal, akin to what O'Hara in "The Bivouac of the Dead" so fittingly described as "the rapture of the fight,"

and which Pike sounded in "Southrons, hear your country call you."

As the battles came and went, they left in their wake descriptive verses such as followed Manassas, when Beauregard was perpetuated by every lyric voice in song. Leadership was exalted beyond the mere plane of hero-worship—won by something subtler than control, and more holding than brilliancy of endeavor—a spiritual force such as Lee excited, when an army of fifteen thousand passed by the sleeping chief in silence lest he wake. Those were the hours of contrasts, when danger lurked in the night-time for the sentry in the ballad, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," when death did not bring even the solace of finding the dead, but added the sting of counting the missing. As the lost cause became weaker, it grew more holy. One might venture to call the Confederate soldier inspired with something of the Crusader's zealous fervor, for the land was drained in order to fill the ranks. No wonder the verse writers conceived such sentiments as "Too Young to Die."

Then came the surrender, and the realization that the four years' sacrifice meant defeat. "Moina's" (Father Ryan's) "The Sword of Robert Lee" throbs with the cumulative agony and pride and love of a weary land; it was not alone "The Conquered Banner" that drooped. But only for a while were the hopes of the South paralyzed—during the period of slow realization and the gradual resumption of daily pursuits. The lyric strain of hope shot through the almost overwhelming reaction of despair after a brilliant, but in a sense useless, battle. Timrod, among his matchless lines, wrote on "Spring," where the pain and beauty of the South were mingled in almost perfect song. In the midst of war, the soldier fought to keep the invader from the land which was his birthright in a deeper sense than citizenship; the

Southerner was attached to his soil; generations never moved; generally speaking, they were not migratory.

So that, if the seasons found the land resounding with the tread of marching armies, the idleness of peace found the fields and highroads marked everywhere with ravages of war. When Major S. A. Jonas took the worthless "Confederate Note" and penned upon its back the celebrated lines beginning, "Representing nothing on God's earth now," he expressed the tone of the South, not yet determined to work its way out of the cruel evidences of war everywhere; there was a trail to the sea that had to be covered by the plow; pride had to make use of the test of self-control. It was not easy, yet it was eventually done. The very sentiment of the South after the war became epic in its grandeur, yet the poets were not technically equal to the task; perhaps it were fairer to claim that the immediate practical need gave them no time. Tennyson furnished them with form when they wished it; Southern war poetry lilts the same meter as "Locksley Hall," and echoes the spirit of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The newspapers printed imitations of "The Star-spangled Banner," and beginning in New Orleans, "The Marseillaise" was setting for innumerable songs. Such lines as "A soldier boy from Bourbon lay gasping on the field," strike familiarly upon the ear, and Tom Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs" was used in variation; while it seemed almost inevitable, when Beauregard appealed to the Southern people to melt their bells for cannon, that Poe should be imitated. But what, after all, is the technique in a time such as war? The minstrel's power is to instill resolution and strength, and to stir by clarion note and dirge. This Southern war poetry did, and excellently well; it came almost coincident with action, and was pure in its simple sincerity. It is the essence of a lost cause, the heart expression of

the Confederacy; but more than that, it represents a thoroughly human strain under vital condition. If you test it from the outside, its martial character, its description, its feelings, are not bombastic, not forced, not monotonous. But being occasional poetry, one must judge it by the occasion.

III

It seems to be the set purpose of some critics to deny excellence to the Southern war lyric, but rash statement cannot refute evidence. We know not which is more harmful, however, ignorance or over-valuation, and the publication of "complete works" has obscured the separate existence of true song. Henry Rootes Jackson's (1820-1898) "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," in his volume "Tallulah, and Other Poems," reflects the local feeling which prompted regiments on the march; Henry Lynden Flash (1835-) would have much more claim to attention in isolated examples than in the volume with its introductory letter—a collection which is over-burdened with commonplace expression and uneven verse. But Flash was the typical dabbler in rhyme, a business man, journalist, and soldier, and the casual craftsman writing rapidly and taking scant time to refine what was framed in the heat of the moment. In their day, poems have been praised, but the distilling process of time does not consider as all-essential the impulse of creation; the living literature holds to the eternal verities of art, of which feeling is only one element. These men, strange to say, were restive, democratic in their civic relations, yet carrying with them their Southern trust in the heart. Flash wandered from Ohio, through Alabama to Texas, thence to California; Pike

went from Massachusetts to Arkansas. There was no settled point of contact, no determined point of view; in fact, there was no spiritual unity, and no all-absorbing belief in the poet's mission; it was enough that one felt the call without troubling about the technique.

When we consider Hayne, we shall refer to the excellence of his son, William Hamilton, in the lighter, miniature verse. Inevitably the same comparison suggests itself in the case of the Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886), and the priest-poet, John Banister Tabb, whose lyric gift in quatrain form is distinctive. "Father" Ryan is a household name in the South, famed, not so largely for the influences of his ecclesiastical duties within the Catholic Church, as for his services in the Confederate Army as chaplain and for those songs of the South which identify his position so largely with the fate of the lost cause. His life may be compressed into a few words. Born in Virginia, with Irish forebears, he entered the priesthood at the outbreak of the war, and when he returned home after the conflict, he filled several pulpits, chiefly identifying himself with St. Mary's Church in Mobile, Ala., where his ungainly presence became familiar on the street. Of a modest nature, he was not a seeker after renown, but was prompted wholly by a missionary spirit; he possessed a simple faith and a simple love for nature, and his gift of verse was the spontaneous expression of deep fervor. Popular appreciation saved Father Ryan from himself; were he confined in estimation to religious poetry alone, some of it interminably long and saturated with the spirit of the Catholic service to such an extent as to fall from the sphere of originality to that of paraphrasing, there would be little to say of his claim to the title of "Laureate of the Lost Cause." In one of his pieces, he wrote of poets in this wise:

They move along life's uttermost extremes,
  Unlike all other men;
And in their spirits' depths sleep strangest dreams
  Like shadows in a glen.

This is only half true, and, peculiarly, Ryan's quiescent state, where his philosophy of life flows into ecclesiasticism, is not his happiest; we much prefer in him the spirit of the inspired warrior to that of the sanctified priest; he is more alive and his technique is surer when he is moved by the event rather than by the contemplation; for the poet of quiet becomes bound up in verbiage unless he has his art thoroughly in control, and this Father Ryan did not have. "Better a day of strife than a century of sleep," he wrote, and such a vein constitutes the chief fame of this poet. We cannot deny him the devotion of his calling, the rare sentiment of a kindly disposition, and his filial affection; but the impulse of the thinker was far in excess of the value of thought, and so we extol his grace rather than the vitality of his content. Only when lauding the Southern people and measuring the extent of their bravery and of their grief, when writing "Sentinel Songs," when perpetuating the chivalry of Lee, when uttering "The Prayers of the South," was he at his best.

Whatever there was of mysticism in his verse came from the font of the Catholic Church; Father Ryan was almost wholly devoid of a constructive imagination; and one will seek in vain for any indication of a sense of humor. Indeed, the poet lived among scenes not constituted for laughter, and after his services in the army, he longed oftenest for quiet and aloofness. "A Land Without Ruins" is a "land without memories," he wrote, and he was more in communion afterwards with the "deathless dead," whatever his association as priest or lecturer with the living.

Life was "the shadow of sadness," while the rapture of eternal rest was "the sunshine of gladness." It was as though prayer had been answered when death found Father Ryan in retirement in a Franciscan monastery at Louisville, Ky., working upon a "Life of Christ."

The destiny of such a poet depends very largely upon associative value, upon local recollection. "The Sword of Robert Lee" and "The Conquered Banner" will outlive "Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous," in the bulk. There was small range to Father Ryan's instrument, and so the lack of variety only accentuates the recurrence of the same subjects. In all probability he had read Tennyson, but with small effect, for the church significance of his "De Profundis" and the lyrical quality of his "Song of the River" are hardly to be compared with such lines as "Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep," or those in "The Brook." In a sense, he is entitled to the claim of a household poet, with all the sincerity but without any of the ample vision of Longfellow. A man so personal in his expression could not escape in his verse the autobiographical note; his life left its impress everywhere; illness swept over him and lent him topic for song; death deprived him of relatives and his grief found outlet in words. His Mobile parish was subject for poetry, his visit to Rome and Pope Pius IX. found record in like fashion—but above all, his mood colored his verse—a predominating sad tone which was saved from being despondent by his faith. Beyond this, Father Ryan did not seek to go.

In fact, such poetry as that of Father Ryan went so far and no further; it fulfilled a personal need and reflected a local value, betokening a local experience. Though human nature rises above such limitation, the Southern writer found it a handicap; his philosophy

hardly exceeded the demand of the occasion; his observation was content with immediate surroundings. There was a fixity to his point of contact that forced him to sum up the whole world in terms of his own making. If he stepped outside of this, he was in unfamiliar atmosphere, and he showed it. No better illustration of this than in Mrs. Wilson's attempt to keep pace with the scientific development of recent times, and her futile efforts to oppose to the progressive stream a current almost spent, and attractive only as a part of evolution, of mental and spiritual development.

Yet Mrs. Wilson had the critical perspective,—not strong enough, it is true, to overbalance her old régime narrowness, but sufficiently active to place her at odds with the new order. Such provincial outlook had but one large redeeming quality—a flavor which, for a better word, we term charm. The novelist reaching out for broader experience, for general characterization, cannot exceed training; in such an atmosphere, literature becomes "fixed" by an accepted status of culture. As for the South, there was evident everywhere a sectarian distrust of any intellectual adjustment outside the confines of custom and sanction. That is why the vision was narrow, however limitless the courtesy. The critic allowed his local pride to accentuate the small occurrences which were magnified because of his participation in them, and so we have such reminiscences as T. C. De Leon's "Beaux and Belles of the Sixties," with a special appeal for those alone familiar with the field, and more a cataloguing of names than a simple recounting of the social life of individuals in the aggregate. The poet, on the other hand, kept a record of passing emotion; his muse was imitative though the impulse came naturally; he was handicapped by two phases of his work—there was the casual manner of his singing, his energies

being dedicated to other duties; there was his local fame which imposed upon him the exercise of a poet-laureate. It is difficult to determine how far James Barron Hope (1827-1887) would have progressed had he not been regarded as a special singer.

The occasional poem, therefore, appears in duplicate and triplicate; in a certain sense it transplanted oratory, and Hope often was called upon to deliver metrical addresses. Timrod also celebrated in verse what Charleston accomplished in deed—the opening of a new theater, the dedication of a cemetery, the anniversary of an asylum—a conventional lyric expression of feeling. Southern poetry was hardly the deep measure of Southern character, but was chiefly an indication of response drawn from character by the moment. But the impulse of a warm heart is only one part of true poetry; the seer, the seeker, are essential to the lasting work—those who within themselves, irrespective of time and place, have "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." Timrod's war poetry is tinctured with a bitterness, a defiance, very different from the natural freshness and sentiment of his other verse; his "Carolina" and "A Cry to Arms" are filled with hatred for the despot, with proud glory in the death of "the startled Huns!" The red stream brought no compassion to his pen; it scaled the heights of ballad defiance; his faith was in the God of Battle.

Unfortunately, occasional poetry is forced in its expression; much is furnished it which the poet cannot disregard; his audience expects something which he has to give. It differs from a voluntary desire to express personal emotion over an occurrence, such as John Reuben Thompson wrote on "Ashby." The Southern warrior instilled the purest emotion in the Southern ballad, nowhere better seen than in the lyric quality of Randall's "Pelham."

These poets of the South are such casual singers

that no critic may venture to discuss them at length; their tone and their excellences and their faults are so similar. To the majority of readers, Thompson (1823-1873) is remembered chiefly because of his association with the *Literary Messenger* (1847). Though a graduate lawyer, his career was that of the journalist, and when the magazine activity in the South receives due consideration, it will be found that the *Southern Field and Fireside* (1859) and the New York *Evening Post* (1866) owed much to his labor. Thompson's life is an example of the arduous fate of the literary man in the South; he wrote promiscuously; he corresponded with the London *Index,* which was the Confederate organ for England; he traveled abroad, was in the employ of the Government; worked in the Virginia State library; edited various unsuccessful papers; and in many capacities served Governor Letcher of Virginia. If one consider this in connection with his poor health, Thompson will embody in his person one of the tragedies of literary life in the South. He was a brilliant man who, when he died, passed from the immediate view of those who listened to him as a speaker, as a lecturer, as a journalist; the new generation turned to others. The range of his poetry stretches over two periods; he wrote with a close knowledge of Poe, he sang dirges on the deaths of Harrison and Zachary Taylor. Philip Pendleton Cooke was a friend, and he was able, as editor, to further John Esten Cooke. Poems were read from manuscript to the public, then they were placed in newspapers and lost. That was largely the fate of Thompson, though he nobly filled his small sphere; he sent one "ringing ballad" down the years, as Mrs. Preston said, referring to "The Death of Stuart," and his loyalty made him loved.

It were indeed well to mention such service casually, not that it would fail "to rank the same with God,"

whatever the intensity of the effort, but in perspective it is only one drop in the progress of life; it is of value simply because it is in the current. James Barron Hope might be dismissed with what has already been suggested, for his varied activities only took from the permanent value of his poetry which was so momentary, so personal, and, in some respects, so imitative.

Hope was a Virginian to the core, a student of William and Mary (1847), and a graduate of law, public responsibility being placed upon him early in life. It would seem that in him were epitomized some of the characteristics of any son of any landed proprietor. He had been in the Navy, had had an affair of honor, and had gained recognition as a poet under the *nom de plume,* Henry Ellen Esquire, before he had reached majority. As early as 1857, already known to the readers of *The Literary Messenger,* he published "Leoni di Monota and Other Poems" whose chief claim to recognition seems to have been that it contained "The Charge of Balaklava," so bepraised by G. P. R. James, the novelist, then British Consul at Richmond, and so preserved because of its resemblance to Tennyson; it has undoubted spirit, but an unpoetic balance that mingles melodrama and commonplace expression with spiritual uplift.

It was not long before his pen was engaged in perpetuating the occasion.

But even Hope's metrical addresses and his sincere sentiments on special occasions could not disguise the weakness of his verse; he possessed no ability to sustain his figures of speech, and his lines limped with a conversational glibness that detracted from the poetic. In a poem read before Phi Beta Kappa, in 1858, we find him referring to Memory's elbow in a most corporeal fashion, while his seeming indifference to originality, just so he had the outlet for expres-

sion, forced him to an imitation in no respects noteworthy.

Hope's ideas were always of a high nature; but in his moral aims, he inevitably fell into a didactic strain which, beside its prose expression, became over-tiresome and long. The tragedy of it all lay in the fact that in what he wrote there was a pretty sentiment which might have gained distinction had there been any evidence of care and discrimination. The real poet would not associate the night wind with "sudden squalls"; he would feel the inadequacy of a blank verse which has neither metrical exactness nor color. Yet at times Hope's pure feeling overcame these limitations.

In such verse as "Libera nos, O Domine," Hope's war spirit found an outlet; in his "Washington Ode" there is typical expression of the oratorical in such a line as "My answer's brief, 'tis, Citizens, because . . ."; his verses to "The Poet-Priest Ryan," poor in construction, are filled with an excellent boyish spirit. Occasionally he would conceive some distinct expression, such as:

> A King once said of a Prince struck down,
> "Taller he seems in Death!"

but historic truth to him was always viewed in a matter-of-fact manner, as when, on epitomizing the noble career of Lee, he exclaimed:

> Who shall blame the social order
> Which gave us men as great as these?

The large fact about Hope was that his verse was devoid of imagination, and was literal in its construction; even in the simple delineation of Nature, his imitativeness and triteness of wording destroyed all

claim to Southern richness; he versified his story with much faithfulness but with little spontaneity. One of his very last acts was in a professional capacity as "Laureate," when he began his lines on Lee, for the monument to be started in Richmond, October 26, 1887; he completed the poem a few days before his death on September 15; in 1881, he had, through act of Congress, been delegated to prepare an ode for the Yorktown Centennial. From all accounts Hope was versatile and gentle; in music and in art he excelled; his manner was full of grace, his touch that of a woman. Some called him "Sir Roger de Coverley," others spoke of him as "a very Chevalier Bayard." Certain it is that as a Southern poet he possessed all the excellences and all the weaknesses of his section.

CHAPTER XV

THE SOUTHERN SCHOOL OF POETRY

I. Lanier

A "school" betokens some unifying principle of philosophy or political and social belief, some adherence to a set code of artistic principles. We have already intimated that the sympathy which bound together a certain number of Southern poets during this period was aggravated by an isolation which was partly overcome by correspondence. This served to emphasize a certain devotion for ideals which were not wholly dependent upon the course of events, but were made manifest through a spirit of reverence for the beautiful. This similar mission made each poet a little more conscious of the technical phase of his work, prompted him to be more critical of what he read and of what he did.

Such a school as that which contained Lanier, Hayne, Timrod, Ticknor, and Mrs. Preston was unified, moreover, by a similar depression, born of the tragedy of war. Restrictions consequent upon an unsteady social system subjected them all to similar doubts, misgivings, grievings, and speculation. This was a "school," therefore, of mutual sympathies, of conscious limitations, of interest in things outside of the immediate horizon. Yet, of them all, Lanier was the only one to look afar, to trust his own individual mental and spiritual strength beyond the boundaries of accepted beliefs and of established customs.

Because of this, we prefer to regard Lanier from

the point of view of the progressive thinker, rather than merely as the poet. Judged from the spiritual development of the inner man, his repeated questionings are indicative of a restless spirit, not struggling against expansion, but subjected to that travail which comes to all those who would change the formal plan of religion without altering the fundamental faith. Apart from his metrical surprises, his lyric excellences, his felicitous use of language which often accepted archaic form, and was tempered by a chivalric warmth which was second nature to him, as well as showing a conscious familiarity with Elizabethan ornateness—apart from that happy welding of thought with music, which is better displayed in "The Symphony" than in the Centennial "Cantata," Lanier's pioneer position in Southern letters is the one large, significant and abiding fact in his short but distinctive life (1842-1881).

One can easily account for his chivalric and romantic strains from the fact that on his father's side he was Huguenot. Believing in inherited tendencies, there is likewise significance in the record which tells how Nicholas Lanier, described as "musician, painter, engraver," was attached to the patronage of James I. and of the two King Charleses, and wrote music for Jonson's masks as well as for Herrick's love songs. Looking carefully into the spiritual expression of Lanier's character, there is no doubting the influence exerted on him through the Scotch-Irish inheritance on his mother's side,—an inheritance which, in our casual reference to the migration of peoples, we spoke of as a rich vein of Puritanism in the South, underestimated because, to the general mind, Puritan life is always associated with the severity of the Hebraic spirit. Yet at the basis of Lanier's poems is that unshakable confidence in God, a belief in every exaction to be placed upon the soul, which always

prompted his thought, even in the midst of questionings raised by his interest in physical science.

No one has adequately traced the social life of America, which varies in detail from State to State; the chief value of the local writers, as we have seen in the cases of Baldwin and Longstreet, resides in the side-light which they help to throw upon the people of that time. When Lanier went to Oglethorpe College, after a boyhood residence in Macon, he was already steeped in the Presbyterianism of Middle Georgia, and though he had participated in what Le Conte, one of the distinctive men of science in the South, described as "the boundless hospitality of those times," he in no sense showed any apparent inclination for a Bohemian existence. He went to college, however, with certain tastes already manifest—his love of nature, his alertness in such study as Macon schools afforded, his inborn attraction toward music, which at the early age of seven found satisfaction in a home-made reed flute, his orchestral ambition, and his reading tastes which thus early foreshadowed, in his love for the romances of Froissart, his later chivalric books for boys.

There followed the days at college under the inspiration of James Woodrow, whose championship of physical science investigations made deep impress upon Lanier's mind, and undoubtedly afforded him a foundation for his later theories regarding verse and music. But here became evident the characteristic note of Lanier's work—his seriousness, his almost passionate devotion to study, and his preference for what one of his class-mates described as "the quaint and curious." Lanier did not abandon the healthy exuberance of the college student, but through his natural bent for the arts and through his undisguised satisfaction in a book, he was regarded by his associates as an exception in their midst. Indeed, through

the force of his personality,—quiet, earnest, quick—he developed, at the very beginning, the power of imparting his appreciation, his joy, his knowledge, to others. Quite remarkable it was in the South to find a son with such variety of taste and such flexibility of mind—to sweep the range of literature from early Saxon days; to take in, under the initial guidance of Carlyle, and in later intercourse with Bayard Taylor, the activity of German thought.

It was Lanier's discernment which impresses the critic as being outside the general trend of Southern literature; his ability to judge impartially, in the light of universal standards, and with no partisan bitterness. Yet Lanier was steeped in the atmosphere of the South; this becomes very evident in "Tiger Lilies" and certainly makes of "Florida," done as a piece of hack work, something more than a guide book for commercial exploitation. Innately, Lanier was the poet, whatever the task set him; through the period of unsettled vocation, he was constantly testing the two vital sparks in his genius—music and verse writing,—but likewise, his intellectual ambition was making itself felt in the college, where he served as tutor immediately after graduation. It was a period of self-questioning, as his note-books will show; of seeking beyond his environment, in fact, beyond the limits of American education to what German universities might afford. This looking forward added weight and significance to the figure of Lanier, the scholar, who, if facts are carefully examined, will be found to have been one of the first examples of the university investigator in the modern and American sense.

In what he did, Lanier could hardly be accused of contenting himself with dreams; he was as practical in his sphere of activity as conditions would allow; he made the best use of what was close at hand, and it was fortunate that his horizon stretched beyond

the Mason and Dixon line, for contact with the outside world added to his stature. Thus filled with the desires of youth, Lanier suddenly found himself in the midst of war; it came upon him with a furor which is partly described in "Tiger Lilies." He entered the lists, as others did, imbued with the spirit of righteousness, and it was only after the first ardor of the Crusader had passed away, when the enormity of the slave question began to dawn upon him, when war began to look its worst with its "miscellaneous mass of poverty, starvation, recklessness, and ruin," that he was prompted, with his accustomed inclination, to weigh cause and effect, to examine into logical reasons. This contemplation came after the conflict, when the South most needed wisdom to point a way through the dark clouds of Reconstruction. The immediate effect of war upon Lanier, however, was to warm his chivalric nature to action, and to set his imagination building a Confederacy of lasting renown. Oglethorpe College became a barrack, and the Macon Volunteers had their numbers swelled.

Lanier's war record is one of hardship rather than of important conflict; it graded from initial novelty to ague and picket duty. The excitement of Richmond and Malvern Hill was not sufficient for the poet, who carried with him the flute now so closely identified with his name; he and his brother were therefore transferred to the signal service. Curious it is to note that even war could not suppress the student who, finding himself at Petersburg, frequented the city library; nor could the exactions of his new service keep his flute silent in camp, for he often went serenading "with one general, six captains, and one lieutenant."

Thus, in the midst of scout duty, the romance of life came to Lanier in the shape of Miss Mary Day, whom he was soon to marry; love and excitement were

the proper food, and the troubadour spirit filled him with daring, which resulted in exactions on his physical strength. He and his brother moved through the country, leaving behind memories of music and gentle manners, and given any time of quiet, Lanier's mind would follow in new paths of literature. It is even told how the enemy captured his small volume of the poets, and a German glossary, and "Aurora Leigh"; war could not affright his intellect, tradition could not stem the strong tide of his inclination. There is not a moment in Lanier's life when his nature was not unfolding to the realization of greater things. Even when service as signal officer on a blockade-runner led to capture and four months' imprisonment, he took care to fix indelibly upon his mind the details of conditions, afterwards described in "Tiger Lilies"; and according to his associate in prison, none other than Mr. John B. Tabb, the ordeal of confinement revealed the Galahad qualities of his nature. He came from the struggle, emaciated and weak, with a record for bravery in personal service.

It was not easy for a man of Lanier's temperament to settle down to a mundane struggle with conditions. There were graver problems to consider after the war than the practice of art, and though he might write about it, and ponder over it, and read about it, Lanier was part of a life which was readjusting in the light of new problems—a land riven and seared, where sustenance was the uppermost thought in the minds of those who returned home and to the fields, stunned and physically weakened by insufficient food and clothing.

First as tutor in Macon, then as hotel clerk in Montgomery, he faced the poverty before him. Consumption had killed his mother just when he himself was in the throes of illness, and now (1866), writing

North, his active brain employed in the Exchange Hotel began to rebel against the monotony and stagnation of the town. His thoughts turned North.

He was simply subjected to the poverty which held the whole South in vise-like grip, and beneath which the spirits of Hayne and Timrod bent. The invader had not respected any evidences of tradition, and libraries had been sacrificed in a night. The Southerners had been used to a system institutionally wrong, but there was no guarantee that the new system would do more than add to their responsibility, without adding to their resources. Lanier watched carefully, and, by 1867, saw that, in spite of the ripe conditions for injury of all sorts within the South itself, there was calmness of Southern temperament, born of a spirit in the people which rose above law and above the galling restraint of military order.

Lanier was not the sort to brood; events conduced to show that with many of his associates he was intent on working, and when he was not at the hotel, he was playing the pipe organ at the Presbyterian Church, further developing that passion for music which actuated his whole life. Sidney and Clifford were both writing in the interim, and planning to go North for a literary market.

Separate events in Lanier's progress belong to his biography which Professor Mims has adequately written. It is easy, when a man's life is accomplished, to discard all but those events which best vivify the golden strand of purpose known as his mission. The provincialism of the South stands out in proportion to the mental hunger of the Southerner. With Lanier's first trip to New York, in 1867, began his literary career, which he was not to adopt officially until 1873—a period of three years intervening, in which time he became a husband, a lawyer, and a traveler, served his term in the Peabody Orchestra,

and began his struggle with physical weakness which finally ended in his death.

When Lanier's mind came in touch with brisk life, he rapidly evinced his natural bent of the student. Even when "Tiger Lilies," which he had brought with him, was printed, the critics found concentrated in the book those tendencies which afterwards, in separate manner, developed a distinctive phase of his art. They saw in it the scholar, the poet, the antique quaintness—which sounds artificial, separated from the enthusiasm which Lanier always felt for chivalric literature,—and the philosophy which was ever a queer mixture of physics and metaphysics.

We will not analyze Lanier, in order to measure how far he caught the atmosphere of Southern life, thought and environment; he was not a novelist any more than Longfellow, but as Mims says, it were safe to give to "Tiger Lilies" the same emphasis we bestow upon "Hyperion." It is autobiographical, as the first works of the creative artist always are; it is descriptive, with an admixture of the literal and the imaginative; it is, from its local point of view, observant of those strains of tongue and manner which later, in the student, developed such intense interest in Anglo-Saxon, and in the speech of the Elizabethans.

It must have been difficult for Lanier to decline all proposals of traveling to Germany, as he most desired to do, but though he was in spirit able to rise above the throes of Reconstruction, he was in every way affected by the paralyzed state of affairs. He was teaching during this dire period, and trying to instill seeds of knowledge in soil not prepared for it. Perhaps, in Prattville, he detected a rude speech which sounded like music to his ear; there are even now, in Tennessee and in North Carolina, men of uncouth living, with a speech so quaint as to be another language. Lanier could never discard from his style the

odd and unusual expression, which Hayne at this time said would have been thoroughly artificial, had it not been second nature.

The dark pressure of want finds reflection in some of Lanier's poetry; he sang of languishing trade and dull work with as much fervor as he was later to sound the warning, when exacting trade threatened his temple of art. But now he saw clearly the thoughtless imposition of law, and he realized the necessity for a great man, one "tall enough to see over the whole country," for the time had come when "the horizon of cleverness is too limited." Thus, despairing of any hope of philosophical practice outside and around him, Lanier himself applied his mind to thoughts that afterwards found their way into "Retrospects and Prospects," and it must be said that this phase of his philosophical taste was clearer than it afterwards became in some of his longer and later poems. The dark days of 1868 found Lanier in Prattville, studying German and Lucretius, writing an occasional poem, philosophizing, and facing the responsibilities of married life.

Lanier's constructive imagination was directed toward critical work; his survey of "Nature-Metaphors" during these days illustrates a double tendency found in his poetry, to speculate abstractly and too generally—as when he defined the nature-metaphor as a figure "in which soul gives life to matter, and matter gives Antæan solidity to soul,"—and to build impressions by a comparison which revealed a keen literary appreciation, as when he wrote that "Ancient thought was a huge genie; modern thought is a genie or a lightsome Ariel at will." This method, sometimes too inclusive to be satisfactorily explained, flashes through "Shakspere and his Forerunners," adding to its agreeableness without adding to its weight.

It was in 1868 that Lanier followed the inevitable

path for Southerners, that is, the law. He was conscientious and faithful in his study and in the preparation of his "abstracts," showing that untiring application which later, when he went to Johns Hopkins, served him in such excellent stead. Perhaps it was this regularity of work that permitted him to take stock of Southern conditions; perhaps it was the unerring law of his nature that brought him with each year nearer the realization of what the New South was to be. This much we do know, that, in 1870, while delivering a memorial address in Macon, he pleaded for tranquillity which would make the South great in misfortune. The man who, in the midst of Reconstruction, could unceasingly cry that the Southerners had "risen immeasurably above all vengeance" was one who had a far vision.

It is well for us to ponder the heroic fortitude of these men. Lanier was sustained by the encouragement of Hayne, whom the war had left destitute, and with whom a literary correspondence was begun; in this way, Hayne was able to judge of Lanier's unfeigned love for antiquarian lore; he was able to see how zealously Lanier followed contemporary work, showing enthusiasm for Browning, comparing the intricacies of his verse with the coils of a lasso being flung unerringly. Lanier's letters contained prose chips of poetry, as complete in themselves as his "Poem Outlines," a slender volume consisting of fragments of poetic thought. He had quick perception.

Ill-health now turned Lanier into something of a wanderer, spending summers in Georgia, Virginia and Tennessee; wherever he found himself, his letters revealed how quickly his natural thirst for beauty drew satisfaction from the best around him; his pure enjoyment of nature resulted in some of his most vivid expressions in prose. What has to be admired most about this pale, sensitive man was his alive-

ness to all activity, whether it be the Wall Street roar, or the singing of Nilsson, or the music of Wagner. And as further evidence of his wonderful perception, we find him, in 1870, enraptured with the music of Wagner, not only because of the intellectual stimulation in it, but because through it he was able to determine the future position and scope of the orchestra. Again we are impressed with the pioneer character of the man's mind.

These flashes from the anvil of genius portended greater things; with a pen which was facile and vivid, he could send away descriptions of concerts which throbbed with the essence of his own being, and then, apart from the rapture which oftentimes swept over him and left him weak, he could pen a description of San Antonio which was full of social value. In a letter, dated from that city in 1873, a year marked by monetary depression in the South, Lanier determined finally on the artist's life; amidst a set of German musicians, he found the true scope for his desire. In those days, not only did his flute whisper to him, but he also composed pieces for himself, compositions wherein the poet in him used musical notes. In his own person, he was trying to reconcile his future theory of the science of verse.

Were one to go carefully through the literary remains of Sidney Lanier, there would be clearly marked distinct periods in the development of his short life. With his final determination to follow art—for he had written eloquently to his father, telling of his conviction that art was his mission—there begins a less sectional period of his life, for though he was always to possess the warmth of sentiment and the courtesy of manner characterizing Southern civilization, both as a student and as a musician he was hereafter to be universally interested in the development of the art movement. Sociologically, he was to be influenced

by historical inheritance; spiritually, he was to exhibit evidences of a certain formal training; but his catholicity of appreciation soon gave him a distinctive reputation in the country.

"The only reality in the world" is how Lanier defined music. When he settled in Baltimore, as flutist in the Peabody Orchestra, he not only was a composer, but had gained some distinction as an individual player. In his appreciation of music, his pleasure was so painful as to impair his nervous control; yet his joy was mingled with a certain humor, as when he found himself among the Germans in San Antonio, or when he actually found himself a salaried member of the orchestra. There was no doubting his musical genius; everyone who heard his flute came under the spell; music fired his imagination; the orchestra lived, breathed, was human in his eyes. Instead of putting the thoughts into words, his pleasure prompted him to song.

But he was doing more; he was learning. Lanier's modesty was evident through his assiduous investigation. He was not content with the flute as a flute, or with music as mere music; he needs must know of the technique beneath. It was not sufficient that a piece appealed to him; he must know wherein it appealed. So that we obtain the musical critic, the musical physicist, and the musical historian. With all the beauty of a woman in his nature, he had also the "large conception of a man"; the world between Chopin and Beethoven was his; he understood lyricism, he was no stranger to dynamic and primitive force.

Lanier was not simply the musician in his musical career; however much he was inclined to lave his soul in harmony, he possessed a commanding knowledge of his subject, and was the constructive thinker. It was not enough that, as one enthralled, he could play upon his flute, but he had to invent an instrument of his

own; it was not enough that he should be an integral part of the orchestra in Baltimore, but he had to analyze the component structure of the organism. This man, naturally given to the emotional and to the artistic, was growing in intellectual power and in social view. He reached out toward the masses of people with a plan to educate them musically, to travel through the country training them in the fine relationships in music.

Not alone content with this scheme of imparting his well-digested views to others, Lanier's attention was now concerned with the recent discoveries of Helmholtz. It is significant to bear in mind this poet's thoroughness in dealing with science, whether his investigations be utilized in such a poem as "The Bee" or in such a lengthy theory as "The Science of English Verse." There was as much joy to him in the fact that his observation of the vibration of strings had revealed some explanation of "the difference of timbre between stringed instruments and wind," as there was in his discovery of some Anglo-Saxon beauties.

No critic could accuse Lanier of a lack of thoroughness; the only drawback to his entire poise as a critic was the very natural fact that, as a musician, he showed certain tastes which were not founded on analysis, but on preference. He composed, as we have said, but the history of American music will not be entitled to emphasize his name. He wrote much on the orchestra and on individual musicians, and, in a day when Wagner was far from being understood or accepted, he was a devout follower, and prepared a translation of the "Rheingold."

His observation passed into subtle distinction, illustrating his tendency to philosophize; he would not separate art from thought, he would not accept sound as of any value save as it symbolized an idea and created an emotion. As a Southerner, swayed by

the force of the far horizon, this passage in "From Bacon to Beethoven," is illuminating:

"From the negro swaying to and fro with the weird rhythms of 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' from the Georgia Cracker yelling the 'Old Ship of Zion' to the heavens through the logs of the piney woods church, to the intense devotee rapt away into the Infinite upon a mass of Palestrino, there comes but one testimony to the substantial efficacy of music, in this matter of helping the emotion of man across the immensity of the known into the boundaries of the unknown."

Hence, as a musician in Baltimore, and always thereafter, Lanier's theories and his appreciations were not far removed from his times; he was following his own statement that "the art of any age will be complementary to the thought of that age." His belief in the expressive value of music sometimes led him astray, but that did not detract in the least from his rightful position regarding music as a moral agent, or from his sound prophecies as to the music of the future. If the American musician would know who first had faith in his potentialities, let him turn to Lanier; let him read the analytic opinion in such extracts as are to be found on "The Physics of Music," and then turn to his discernment as seen in "The Orchestra of To-day." He was the scientist as well as the poet, and where the musician in him ended, the poet began, unless we wish to claim that the two were one. As though writing of his own feeling, he once said: "As music takes up the thread which language drops, so it is where Shakespeare ends that Beethoven begins."

Lanier was creative in his musical appreciation; it was his imagination which raised programme music to the position it deserves when it is selected with discrimination. The quality of that imagination, throbbing as well with rich emotion, is best seen in his

letter describing the "Hunt of Henry IV.," where romance, full reality, and picturesque expression came close upon each other. Quite as remarkable is his analysis of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, where nature, and passion, and humanity all enter into the musician's expression of "the awful physical facts of birth and death."

Thus hastily, we reach the conclusion that it was Lanier's full knowledge of music which prevented him from being a composer; he was much more ambitious to develop the love of music through the country, and as early as 1867 he was strongly advocating the official recognition of a course of music in our American colleges. Indeed, if not by appointment, at least by adoption, Lanier was the first real professor of the science of music in this country. He had a literary perspective of his subject, as well as having reached an unshakable belief in the philosophic position of music in the world of God, wherein it would be "the church of the future," and melody would seek to solve the mystery of the unknown. Such was Lanier, the musician.

The poet's development, rather than the mere facts of his life, forms a very tempting subject for close and thorough analysis. Though he was so deeply engrossed in music and in the life of Baltimore, he was as well concerned with poetry and with the life of the South. In the summer of 1874, he combined his feeling for both in "Corn," a more natural expression of his recent visit South than "Florida," which was a commission. This poem may be regarded as Lanier's entrance into literature as a profession; it represented his extension of fame, for it attracted considerable comment after its publication in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1875.

In many respects, "Corn" is representative of Lanier's characteristics as a poet; in its metrical ar-

rangement, and in its tendency to over-extend its statement and application, it is much akin to "The Symphony"; even the flow of its lines into short expressions of sound and color is thus early natural with him, as well as his cumulative rhyme vagaries whose ease alone is measure of their effectiveness. The luxuriance of scene is striking, and the expression of it apt without being inevitable. Lanier's use of compounds, his tendency to over-personification, his peculiar use of the adjective, are all to be found in this poem. We cannot say that, like Keats' "Ode to Autumn," "Corn" is majestically rich in color; his expression of Southern surroundings throbbed with those delicacies which lent to his observation what music had accustomed him to hear; heart-beats, tremblings, the hum of song, the echo of kisses, fragmentary whispers, under-talks, inarticulate tone—these were his nature impressions. This sifting of beauty upon his soul in such wise betokened the musician; it never decreased and was as strong in 1880, when "Sunrise" was written, as in 1875.

"Corn" abounds in the chivalric, and it contains the lyrical grace of "Rose Morals"; but it likewise has the social breadth of view, later to be seen in Lanier's critical comments on the New South, when he discussed the future value of the small farm; it has clearly defined his contempt for barter, so thoroughly emphasized in "The Symphony." In his thought he was inclined to give the same latitude to which music accustomed him; that is why his philosophy is generalized, and his deep religious convictions are expressed in picturesque liberality. In its measure of reaction against denominational restriction, Lanier's spiritual side is most interesting; it shows a gradual departure from the conventional formalism of his early years. We find expression of this broadening in "The Marshes of Glynn"; his human view of Christianity

fills the exquisite "Ballad of Trees and the Master," and mounts to the very highest declaration of broad faith in "The Crystal." Here, in this latter poem, we have the cosmopolitan taste of Lanier, which flows so readily into intense critical expression, the mind being so acute for every shade of appreciation that one has difficulty in fully digesting the acumen of the thought.

Professor Charles W. Kent has given some space to an analysis of Lanier, the poet. In his attitude toward nature, he was not as definite or as scientific as Tennyson in such verse as "Flower in the crannied wall" or "The Higher Pantheism," nor can one say that he ever approached his views on life as knowingly as Tennyson did in such a poem as "De Profundis." A close view of Lanier's work would lead us to infer that, after his intellect had questioned some of the old tenets of faith and forced him to relinquish them, it was instinct, based upon fundamental qualities of character, that gave him a satisfactory hold upon God and Nature.

Now, this love of Lanier, abounding in all his poems, resulted in two essential strains throughout his work; these were the eternal love in which lies the explanation of all mystery, and the special love in which abides the remedy for all social ills. Bound up in the music motive of "The Symphony," we find the pulsing of these strings, and even in the fullness of his melody, he gives to music the highest of provinces —defining it as "Love in search of a word." Here we may note the ecstatic lyricism of Lanier, of which unfortunately he often lost control.

The appellation of the "White Christ" is peculiarly fit for Lanier; but so ingrained was the ethical in his nature that he often willingly sacrificed the poetic for its sake. This was a fault which reacted in another direction, destroying the unity of his longer

poems. "The Psalm of the West" is marred by the distinct breaks in its imagery and in its structural plan; for the song is weakened in the narrative, and the philosophy is embedded in a prolix use of personification. Yet at times, Lanier was most successful in the dramatic; in this very "Psalm of the West" he writes a series of sonnets which are pictorially distinctive and intensively passionate. But never was Lanier able to escape a tendency to experiment, doubling up on his thought even as he did in his rhyme, and sometimes erring on the side of music, as Whitman erred on the side of prose.

In Lanier's poetry, critics have found his expression too lyrical for his thought; that is why his simple song is sweetest. They have also felt that in poetry he was most limited in his range of contemplation. Unlike Tennyson, he was not brought into a definite current of scientific thought; he either did not have the opportunity, or his natural reticence made him avoid the occasion, to submit the large questions of life to others for argument. He thought everything out for himself, drawing his own lines of artistic and moral beauty, yet drawing them after close reading of a surprising extent. Though song came naturally, Lanier took the poet's province far from easily; his verse is full of artificial didacticism, which, though pure—in that the truth it contained was the truth of his own belief—showed him ever aware of the poet's mission, which he thus defines in "The Bee":

> He beareth starry stuff about his wings
> To pollen thee and sting thee fertile. . . .

There was much nobility of expression in Lanier, much melody, but hardly strength; there was too much grace and gentle courtesy ever to be rugged and primi-

tive; on the other hand, he was often crude because of the ardor with which theory blinded the defects of practice. Had he not been so intent on the music and physics of verse, his workmanship might have been more perfect. But Lanier was dead at an early age, and his removal only emphasized the potential development which might have produced a figure as large as Lowell, even if not as great a poet as Keats. Lanier gains position only when his verse, which is beautiful, liquid, vocally distinctive, and sometimes noble, is viewed in the light of the scholar. His intellectual aliveness places him far beyond the position of Timrod and Hayne.

In his book on "The English Novel," Lanier wrote of Whitman's democracy as having "no provision for rich or small, or puny, or plain-featured," and as representing "really the worst kind of aristocracy, being an aristocracy of nature's favorites in the matter of muscle." This opinion was uttered from the depths of Lanier's gentle nature, but, on the other hand, he did not shrink from the situation before him; he was one of the first singers against the cruelties of an industrialism which was but then beginning to grip the country. "The Symphony" is full of the motive.

Through the efforts of Bayard Taylor, Lanier was asked by the Centennial Commission to write the poem which Dudley Buck was to set to music, and which Theodore Thomas' orchestra was to play. It was an excellent opportunity, and one which might have fallen to the lot of Edmund Clarence Stedman, had he not been in South America at the time. Taylor had large faith in Lanier's ability, although correspondence between the two shows that he deprecated the overemphasis placed by Lanier on music as a component part of poetry. But this interchange of critical comment indicates how far Lanier had risen above that Southern conservatism and sensitiveness which de-

prived Southern letters of any critical corrective. Lanier approached the task in the spirit of consecration, but, on the other hand, he was musician enough to plan for all difficulties which might present themselves to Buck. One cannot help but feel that the whole movement of the cantata was conceived, as far as Lanier was concerned, from the standpoint of orchestration; the annotated musical directions for the whole motive somehow forestall his written desire that the completed work should be "as simple and as candid as a melody of Beethoven's."

An occasional piece of such public expectancy was almost certain of extended criticism, and Lanier found himself the center of an unfavorable storm. As a work of art, the poem was much too condensed to have a large appeal; it was rather an expression of Lanier's personal feeling than a broad measure of national patriotism. It was a poet's poem, but a poet of Lanier's temper rather than of Whitman's, a picturesque rather than a vigorous personification of a nation's aspiration, in which one feels the careful valuation of vowel and consonant sounds for tonal effects. The greatest reach in the poem is the angel's prophecy, which is a simple statement of Lanier's own political faith, and it must be remembered that this was only a short while after the Civil War.

Lanier did not fail in his conception of democracy; he simply would not regard it grossly, he would not accept it as in any way primitive, or as uncouth, like Whitman's "beast-man." Again turning to "The English Novel," we find him answering Whitman in this manner, making a superman without having read Nietzsche: "My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread of his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell . . . his height shall be the height

of great resolution, and love and faith and beauty and knowledge and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars." Thus spake this descendant of Huguenots, this Cavalier of the South, this Arthur of the Tennyson Idylls, who, summing up the Civil War in his "Psalm of the West," conceived it as a conflict between the *heart-strong* South and the *head-strong* North. This long poem of his is another illustration of how much more modern was Lanier's mental conception than his artistic expression. The times were not propitious for broad thinking. As Mims excellently indicates: "In Lanier's 'Psalm of the West' we have a Southerner chanting the glory of freedom, without any chance of having the slavery of a race to make the boast a paradox."

A small volume of Lanier's, issued in 1876, bears a dedication to Charlotte Cushman; their friendship had begun through her admiration for "Corn," and their sympathy was further cemented through a similar devotion to art and a similar dread disease. With his unusual warmth, Lanier reveled in her friendship, and his letters show his depth of admiration, and the naïve manner in which he took his friends into his confidence. Miss Cushman's companion and biographer, Miss Stebbins, was likewise one of his correspondents, and through her brother, who was on the board of trustees of the New York College of Music, Lanier once hoped for an appointment as Professor of the Physics of Music.

Already, in the summer of 1875, his work was interrupted by hemorrhages, but his constitution was sufficiently strong for him to be able to go to Boston in the fall, where he visited Miss Cushman, and met Lowell and Longfellow. That trip North meant much to Lanier, holding for him further evidences of Taylor's friendship, and creating for him pleasant memories of hours spent at the Century Club. A series of

unfortunate circumstances deprived him of the task of becoming Miss Cushman's biographer at the time of her death in 1876, but he himself was snatched from death soon after, by hasty retreat to Florida, from which place he wrote in a characteristically cheerful vein to his friends, especially Taylor. To the latter he was picturesque in wording, and acute in understanding; spontaneous glimpses of his own true worth are to be had in these letters, for example, when he confessed that he was never able to stay angry in his life. His excellence as a writer for children is partly explained by such a passage as this, descriptive of his family: "Nothing could be more keen, more fresh . . . than the meeting together of their little immense loves with the juicy selfishness and honest animalisms of the dear young cubs."

Thus, by 1877, Lanier was fairly established as a poet—earnest, modest, ambitious, self-critical, and exacting. But though his work was sufficient to eke out a small livelihood, he was still anxious for some fixed work, such as a professorship, a librarianship, or even a governmental post at Washington. His health was so very poor that friends tried to have him appointed to a consulship in the south of France, but to no avail. Here was a period which Lanier's biographer rightly emphasized as the lowest ebb in his career. But nothing daunted him, and so the poet moved with his family to Baltimore in the fall of 1877, where he was better able to perfect himself in Old and Middle English literature, using the Peabody Library. This reference collection in a way was a forerunner of Johns Hopkins University (founded in 1876), and thus Lanier represented the first flower of its culture. As a student, he was insatiable and untiring, perfectly content to let the world slip by, with alternate devotion to his flute and to his books.

He was not a student in any niggardly fashion;

it was characteristic of Lanier that what he imbibed had to be shared with others; that is why he gave private lectures on Elizabethan poetry, and then, in the fall of 1878, he began his Shakespeare lectures to women at the Peabody Institute, which are now available in the sumptuous volumes, "Shakspere and His Forerunners." Lanier's generosity of spirit made him a prophet; intent always on sharing, he outlined to his friend, Gibson Peacock, a system of lectures for all the large cities of the Union which, thus early, foreshadowed the public lectures now so widely given, and the university extension work which bids fair in the North to have such excellent results.

In his scheme, which was fully outlined, Lanier was catholic in his interest; he did not sacrifice science or art in his devotion to literature. But in his Shakespeare course his plan was to have others give separate lectures on topics of closely connected interests. Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, for instance, was to have discussed Early English Comedy.

The outcome of this extensive scheme was Lanier's own individual lectures, and as we have said, these form the substance for his "Shakspere and His Forerunners." Had the poet been alive when these volumes were published, he would have pruned from them all that colloquial familiarity and that feminine condescension which mar the complete effectiveness of his scholarship. In reading these lectures, one should bear in mind the lack of editorial supervision, which, while detracting from the effectiveness of the style, does not in any way deprive the book of its intrinsic value and of its personal significance.

"Shakspere and His Forerunners" is an excellent example of Lanier's faithfulness as a student, of the ease with which he absorbed the atmosphere of old material, made still more easy by an enthusiasm which often spoiled his perspective and his proportion. He

was clearly a sympathetic reader of romance lore, the weak spot in his critical armor being his responsive heart. One must not estimate him rigorously, however, for it must be remembered that he strove to be popular, and by their very nature Anglo-Saxon and phonetics are not generally studied. Lanier skillfully mingled human color with artistic judgment, and his audiences must have sat surprised by the ease with which he approached topics difficult of explanation. His range of comparative literature was not unlike Lowell's, though he did not possess the systematized scholarship of the latter; but what he did have was charm and personal magnetism, and the gift of communicating enthusiasm.

In their incipiency, we find here the beginning of his "Science of English Verse," his treatise on "The English Novel," and scattered throughout the pages varied tastes, which stamp the man rather than the student. His reading was of wide extent and his preparation deep; had the book been subjected to his own final supervision, we might have had in these volumes a popular treatment, scientifically, philologically, and comparatively as interesting as Huxley's treatment of Darwin. Lanier's point of view was somewhat the reverse of the extreme scholar, who only weighs evidence and has no constructive imagination. In his introduction, he claimed that instead of editing an old author because he loved him, he grew to love the old author because he had edited him; always the heart dominated over the head with Lanier.

The success of his attempt at the Peabody Institute led to his appointment as Lecturer in English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University, whose head, President Gilman, was the poet's close friend and a firm believer in his future. As early as 1876, there was an effort made to connect Lanier with the university, but it was not till February, 1879, that he was

finally installed as a member of the faculty which was striving in pioneer spirit to establish a system of graduate research, unknown in the American college.

Once appointed, Lanier threw himself heart and soul into the work. The university attracted to it the cream of the country's and England's scholarship—Kelvin, Bryce, Lowell, Child, Norton, and others. Lanier availed himself of his associations; the Greek professor, Gildersleeve, was consulted during the preparation of the "Science of English Verse," and even his Anglo-Saxon knowledge was put to the test of outside scrutiny. This at once shows Lanier's modesty and his care, as well as his personal relations with scholars whose services he could thus claim. Lanier was not only the appreciator, but the original research worker.

This originality resulted in his proposing scheme after scheme which, while not at the moment practicable, were clear indications of Lanier's significant view of the future of university work, wherein, let it be noted as of prime importance, his efforts were to keep English literature from that isolation into which unfortunately it has at present fallen. This position of his was taken thirty years ago!

Let us examine a few dates to show the untiring energy of this frail singer of the South. When his life was almost at its ebb, he put his shoulder to the task with gentle bravery and with the Crusader's fortitude. In 1878, he produced "The Boy's Froissart"; in 1880, "The Boy's King Arthur"; in 1881, "The Boy's Mabinogion"; while "The Boy's Percy" came posthumously in 1882. The "Science of English Verse" appeared in 1880, and his lectures on "The English Novel" (published in 1883) were delivered in the midst of the final ravages of consumption. Even in June, 1881, from his camp in North Carolina, where he had done his last writing, where he had sung his last song, where he had for the last time touched the

piano, his interest for the last time became roused in science, concerning some meteorological observations. Thus active to the end, with father, wife, and brother by his side, Lanier breathed his last on September 7, 1881.

There has been no attempt at an adequate estimate in such limited space as this. Little more is required of us than to emphasize in other channels what we have already claimed for Lanier's general scholarship,—his modernness. He was more successful as a scientific investigator than as a psychologist; this will be seen by close consideration of the "Science of English Verse," which deals with fundamental ideas, and of "The English Novel," which is less unified because appreciation can never be exact. For perspective has changed rapidly in the development of fiction from the day of Augusta Evans to the day of Edith Wharton. Lanier was on the threshold, so to speak, looking over into a new and more progressive era. He died just as the generation of Southern writers known to us to-day began to rise into prominence,—men like Cable, Thompson, and Harris, whose *Uncle Remus* Lanier recognized as "fiction founded upon fact and so like it as to have passed into true citizenship and authority, along with Bottom and Autolycus." His mind was fertile, and also pregnant—as the New South was pregnant. For this reason, he occupies a justly important position in American letters; he was not lavishly brilliant, but he was soundly earnest, and his moral force was rare. As a product of Southern life he is no exception, even though his progressive views, his artistic bravery, and his concern for industrial adjustment placed him in ranks which were by no means thin, even though the South showed an indifference to progress. It is this *alive-ness* which separates Lanier from Hayne and Timrod, and which places him as the first singer of the New South, while they stand representative of the old régime.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SOUTHERN SCHOOL OF POETRY

II. HAYNE, TIMROD, TICKNOR, AND MRS. PRESTON

IT would have been impossible for Paul Hamilton Hayne to have written significantly of the New South, inasmuch as his whole nature was wrought of the fabric which the Civil War destroyed. Strange to say, he saw the literary weakness of his section, and was not slow in denouncing an individual vanity which prohibited the critical spirit; but his personal interests were aloof from the world's advance; the scientific view was beyond his ken; the social awakening left him more than ever in isolation.

Chronology is an arbitrary way of developing literary history; such a treatment would necessitate a consideration of Mrs. Preston (1820-1897), Dr. Ticknor (1822-1874), Timrod (1829-1867), Hayne (1830-1886), and Lanier (1842-1881), in the order named. But the forceful meaning of this only school of Southern poetry lies in contrast rather than in order, a contrast all the more remarkable since contact, similar sectional devotion, and chivalrous correspondence—revealing a like consecration to art,—resulted in such dissimilar attitudes toward shifting conditions.

In the technical interest of verse, we find Hayne content to follow the natural rhythm of his being, which prompted him to literature and away from law. Lanier and Timrod were concerned with poetic form, the one more scientific than the other; and Timrod far less hampered than Lanier by an enthusiasm for an-

tique expression. The spectrum of change from the Old South to the New leads from Hayne, through Timrod to Lanier. In a sonnet "To Alexander H. Stephens," Hayne's expression is reminiscent, sounding the sad note of regret over the passing of a "stalwart time" and "a worthier day." Poverty very largely cut him aloof from those advantages which were denied the South, but it was Hayne's cast of mind which determined his poetry—a cast of mind influenced on one hand by his relationship with Robert Y. Hayne, and on the other by his intimacy with Simms. Perhaps Lanier would have faced the past also, rather than the future, had he not met the scientific spirit in the denominational atmosphere of Oglethorpe College.

Therefore, when Hayne sings of the active world, he does so as one who has dreamed of it far off; he speaks of the "mart" and of "trade" in the conventional manner of the lyrist who has never felt the tenseness of either. But Lanier's "The Symphony," even though somewhat overcrowded with strangely hyphenated terms, and over-insistent in its philosophy of chivalric love, is nevertheless tempered by the industrial impulse threatening the South—threatening, since it might either be a blessing or a blight. Hayne viewed the South with infinite love, but not with the understanding of Lanier. The latter, searching in his observation and quick in his kindly humor, saw the economics of the land as well as the beauty of environment; otherwise he could never have conceived "Thar's more in the Man than thar is in the Land," nor in "Jones's Private Argyment" could he have written such stanzas as:

> He'd swear with a hundred sighs and groans,
> That farmers *must* stop gittin' loans,
> And git along without 'em;

That bankers, warehousemen, and sich
  Was fatt'nin' on the planter,
And Tennessy was rotten-rich
A-raisin' meat and corn, all which
  Draw'd money to Atlanta:

And the only thing (says Jones) to do
  Is, eat no meat that's boughten:
But tear up every I O U,
And plant all corn and swear for true
  To quit a-raisin' cotton!

We shall look in vain for such expressions from Hayne; in fact, he was emphatically a poet of the Old South, with all the beauty, grace, and courtesy of the old civilization. His life, not quite as tragic as Timrod's, was one of wide contrast. Born in luxury, he died in poverty; born just before slavery became an issue, he passed through the social life of Charleston under the domination of Simms, Crafts, and Legaré; actively concerned in journalism, his health would not admit of undue exertion. Even when the war came, he was unable to enter active service, and had to resign his duties on the staff of Governor Pickens. Events gave him every provocation to become bitter and even vindictive in his war verse, but there was naught in him of the fire of Timrod, of that defiance which was flung in the face of the despot and which rings through such a martial lyric as "Carolina." In him there dwelt, throughout the verses written between 1861 and 1865, a quiet, burning ardor, such as moved the knights of Arthur's deathless age. His songs speak lovingly of valor, of Southern rights, of indomitable pride. The war left him weary, but not bitter; he understood the poignancy of Grady's reference to Sherman's carelessness with fire, for in the trail of that march to the sea, Hayne was left shattered in health, without money, and with a smoldering mass of débris to re-

mind him of his home, containing an invaluable collection of books. Timrod succumbed to defeat, but Hayne lived on through the poverty of "Copse Hill," near Augusta, Ga., with a strong moral bravery that rose above despair.

The life of struggle with daily conditions is one of limitation; it lacks event. But Hayne's poetry affords no marked indication of that poverty which might have embittered much stronger men than he. If his aloofness among the pine barrens indicates anything, it is that in his quiescence he showed his heritage from the past—his inability to labor. I have before me a clipping from the Charleston *Daily News* of 1871—Hayne's sonnet on "Carolina," beginning "The fair young land which gave me birth is dead." Subjoined is a reply from a Montgomery journalist, with the closing lines:

> Fill not the land with nerveless, girl-like sobs;
> But work as our sires worked in days of yore.

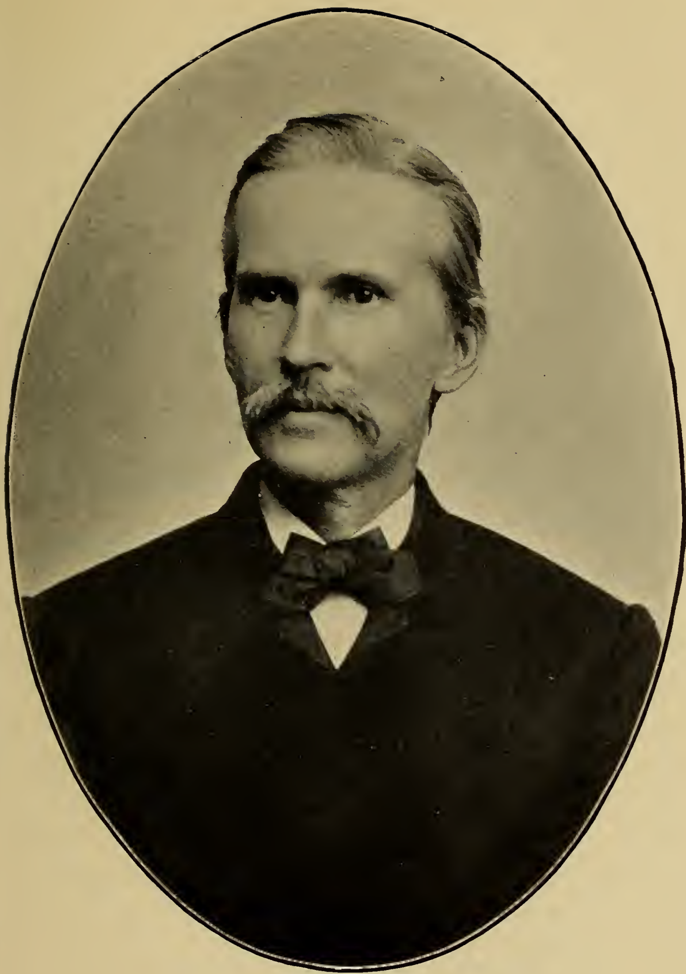
Work, indeed, was the remedy, but Hayne could not see it as Lanier did; his legends and lyrics and poems are full to overflowing with a devotion to nature, as sincere as the ministrations of Bryant and Wordsworth, but not quite so personal nor so tinctured with moral consciousness or with a philosophical point of view; there was never any significant questioning of his faith, nor yet an effort to do battle by other means than poetry.

Hayne stood in direct opposition to the rest of his family in the development of his taste; they were actively engaged in public affairs, giving utterance to political opinion in the senate chamber; he did not inherit his father's profession as lieutenant in the navy, nor his uncle's powers of oratory, though at school he was given prizes for elocution. His education, as

well as the Charleston society of 1850, molded him for other walks, and it may be rightly claimed that he graduated into literature through the *Southern Literary Messenger* and the Charleston *Evening News*. Calhoun still usurped the political horizon, and his nearness at Fort Hill may have spurred the young poet in his law studies for a while. But within the city itself, ruled by its false social lines, which none the less had to be reckoned with, Simms drew to him the coterie which has already been mentioned, and from which Hayne seems to have profited not a little. Just after forsaking the law, he entered journalism, serving the usual Southern apprenticeship in ventures that barely survived their launching, such as the *Southern Literary Gazette* and the Washington *Spectator*.

An excellent glimpse of Hayne's share in the literary activity of ante-bellum Charleston is included by Trent in his life of Simms. It is surprising the number of serious efforts made in a provincial manner throughout the small towns of the South to cultivate literary interest. No doubt, Simms monopolized the conversation amidst his group of devotees, but Hayne nevertheless asserted himself in the correspondence which he carried on with the Carolina autocrat. Richard Michel, afterwards a physician of Montgomery, was one of the group, and his sister, Mary Middelton Michel, became the wife of the struggling poet in 1852—struggling at the moment for position rather than for subsistence.

Professor Trent pictures Russell's book-shop in Charleston, where the intellectual would often gather of an afternoon, and where, in April, 1857, *Russell's Magazine* was launched, for a three years' career, with Hayne as editor, during which time loyalty to the South, to Simms, and to art, exacted the ingenuity of Hayne as well as his partisan spirit. A man of



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Simms' physique might be misleading; he was much more the sentimentalist than Cooper, and it was the feminine streak in him which found such response with Hayne. Simms, the poet, was much more to his liking than Simms, the romancer, and the younger men looked to Simms for encouragement, which was freely given and sincerely meant.

During these early years, Hayne was not inactive; his verses, scattered here and there in various journals, were gathered together in 1855, 1857, and 1859, and through these three volumes he gained the attention of the Northern poets. All was on the way toward prosperous recognition; his home became a center of attraction, and he dedicated his whole being to his art. In "The Will and the Wing" he would rather

> . . . in the outward state
> Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
> A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
> Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

His youthful effusions gave every evidence of his maturer qualities,—the passion for the poet's calling, the thirst for natural beauty, the spirit of brooding peace, the reminiscent note, the mystic strain—where life is permeated with presentiment, where gayety is tempered by a certain isolation in joy,—and the chivalric pose that is reflective of old Southern ideals. But even though, thus early, we note the extensive use of personification and of classic mythology, there is an absence of the highest imaginative quality. He lacked compression, a fault which was to grow beyond correction—a compression which gave Timrod superior advantage over him. He lacked clear conceptions of the philosophy of life, falling thus at times into an incoherence akin to Lanier. We are reminded of the latter in reading Hayne's "Ode, delivered on the

First Anniversary of the Carolina Art Association, February 10, 1856," where his enthusiasms are expressed in lines descriptive of "a tide of all the mighty masters, loved, adored." Thus also sang Lanier, in "The Crystal," in the excess of his devotion to art. But neither one contained the incisive phrasing, the excellent technique, of Tennyson's "The Palace of Art." Nevertheless, as his sensitiveness to outward beauty became more acute, Hayne's exquisite sensuous response to Nature grew to be not unlike Tennyson's. It must not be forgotten that at this time the English poet was holding wide attention; in a way, the public waited expectantly for something new from his pen, as they had earlier been led to expect installments of stories by Dickens and Thackeray. In the correspondence between Hayne and Mrs. Preston, there are flashes of this Tennyson influence; and a curious instance of that crystal perception of beauty, which was based on feeling, coupled with the poetry of common existence, is to be noted in Mrs. Preston's comment on "Gareth and Lynette": "Just a faint streak of cloudiness, such as I saw when decanting my wine the other day, warning me to stop, for I was approaching the dregs."

Hayne was not a militant poet; even in the turbulent aspects of Nature he felt "a fathomless calm serene," and the serenity of his conception of "The Village Beauty" is purposely removed from the wear and tear of "the keen-edged world." These poets of the South had the flavor of the Elizabethan lyrists; they reflected at times the graces and formality of Lovelace and Collins, but they likewise revealed a quick appreciation of the Victorian attitude, set in natural channels by Wordsworth. In Hayne's verse, however, there was not evident any keen ability to transform the commonplace by means of Wordsworth's associative art. The bard of Grasmere was

aloof, but not repressed; he was in an atmosphere of ferment and of changing mental standards. There were hardly what one might call standards in the South; while the change was to be later.

A man in narrow circumstances, mental or material, draws liberally on himself; wherever Hayne's friendship lay, there he offered up a verse. Note the sailor-vision of "My Father" among "Juvenalia"; the feeling sentiments to "My Mother," which indicate a certain lamentable opposition on the part of the Haynes to their boy,—scion of a legal house,—following in dalliance the trivial path of art. "*Thou* didst not taunt my fledgeling song," he cries to the loved and pale face of memory. In an occasional poem, dedicated to Simms, and read on December 13, 1877, we find, in the midst of one of those long, rambling speeches in rhyme not uncommon among Southern poets, a sketch of the Charleston group of favored followers. The poem is not without vividness, and contains some sharp, picturesque distinctions; but it is rambling after the usual fashion.

Let us glance through some of the autobiographic tokens of his art; it is enough to know that probably through the agency of Ticknor & Fields, Hayne was brought to the notice of Bryant, Longfellow, and Holmes, and that after a long struggle with poverty on Copse Hill, he went North in 1879, visiting the important literary men and returning home to bind together his verse tributes to Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Stoddard, Stedman, Boker, Fawcett, and Taylor, toward whom he was particularly drawn.

Not being a man of action, Hayne's life was marked by very few variations; in his song, he celebrated the making of friends; in his scant home, which became a palace to accord with his manner, he welcomed his friends regally; in the generosity of his spirit he tried to further the art of his confrères. Such desire

prompted him, in 1872, to edit an edition of Timrod's poems (Hale & Son), symbolizing rare friendship; and, in 1879, he introduced the sweet and native song of Ticknor.

We must remember that such commonplace beauties of character bring the spirit to a rare height of development, without greatly stirring the mind; if the intellect is moved, the result in such a nature as Hayne's would be yearning. That is why he sometimes lost hold and broke forth in just, if unthinking, protestation against the ignorant disregard of letters by the Southern people. This tone crept into a diatribe which was once made public in the Northern press, and occasioned some ill-feeling on the part of Hayne's countrymen. No fair critic could doubt the poet's zealous concern for the honor of his section, or his interest in its future welfare. The monotony of Copse Hill, and the unabating anxiety, only made more apparent the lack of a reading public upon whom in part his support depended. It was true that the South did not regard with favor the man of literary taste; it is true that those who hoped for subsistence by the pen had to turn to the North. But Hayne's despairing cry only brought forth his own weakness—the inability to labor for a livelihood, in lines against his taste; the lack of training such as comes through the routine necessity of taking pains. He raised a cry in the wilderness of letters, and the South at the moment was too sensitive to listen, too unwilling to separate the truth from an excess of personal feeling. He wrote: "I trust that few surpass me in rational patriotism, & a love for my own unfortunate Section, yet the truth must be confessed, a more uncultivated, soulless, and groveling set of Yahoos (so far as letters, poetry especially, are concerned) never cumbered the Earth, than these same people of what is called the earnest Tropical & pas-

sionate South!! If I write with bitterness, God knows I have good reason for being spleenful."

Usually, Hayne's judgments were carefully worded, but no one weighs exactly when bread is wanting; the poet's art soul was hungering. His strictures against the literature of the South, printed in the *Southern Magazine* for June, 1874, showed critical acumen far outside the circle of Southern acceptance. Few could see how true it was that the worst enemies to the intellectual South were those whose fulsome praise destroyed advancement, exhibiting thereby no cultural experience. Such criticism covered up where it should have exposed; and certainly Hayne's questioning was sound. "Can the foundations of an enduring literature be laid in the quagmires of individual vanity? Can a people's mental dignity and æsthetic culture be vindicated by petting incompetency, and patting ignorance and self-sufficiency on the back?"

It was in 1866 that Hayne and his wife moved in the vicinity of Grovetown, the poet's health broken, his worldly goods scant and meager. For twenty years he was thus to exist, sustained largely by a womanly devotion, so fitly and gracefully recorded in "The Bonny Brown Hand." The cottage at Copse Hill was prepossessing because of the personalities within. After a walk of a half-mile from the Georgia railroad, the traveler was greeted with the courtesy of a past age, which was, as Maurice Thompson felt it to be, when he visited Hayne in 1881, "magnetically profuse with gracious welcome."

The dwelling was rude, with boards insecurely joined, such "as one sees occupied by the trackmen's families along any railroad"; here, seated at a desk which had once served as a carpenter's workbench, Hayne followed his craft. Thompson's reminiscence of his visit sounds the note of regret that so much

beauty of natural expression should have been wasted in such an arid spot; he regarded Hayne as the best possible example of art that could exist under the blighting effects of slavery, but he deplored his friend's inability to realize the true cause for the literary backwardness of the section. Yet, no one in the presence of Hayne could fail to recognize his deep devotion to art, however untutored. He was an excellent talker, with a fund of anecdote that smacked of the country. Reminding Thompson somewhat of Robert Louis Stevenson, Hayne likewise symbolized to him the past, which was peculiar and distinctive of a slave civilization; already one could detect how much of a stranger Hayne would be with the advent of a New South, and Thompson wrote: "In parting with Hayne at the end of my visit, the feeling came that here was the close of an era."

The home-spirit took the place of large activity to Hayne; we know *that* in "The Cottage on the Hill,"—a sonnet saturated with feeling. He could draw from any surroundings enough beauty to give momentary satisfaction to his craving—the aspect of pines, the phases of woodland, the windless rains, even sunset on the pine barrens; in such subjects one recognizes a greater originality of treatment than of inward vision. Hayne, as a Southerner, is all the more remarkable for the manner in which he avoided imitation.

The eruption of war had hurled him on this spot, so Hayne claimed, and after a fashion he made it a shrine. On its rough timber, Thompson detected penciled initials of Timrod and Simms; no poet, whether Shelley in "Adonais," or Tennyson in "In Memoriam," could utter deeper threnodies than "Under the Pine," to the memory of Timrod, or the lines penned by Timrod's grave, or "The Pole of Death," dedicated to Lanier.

As a memorial poet, Hayne fell back on his full developed belief; the power of mind, the might of nations were as naught before the will of God. Death to him resulted in pure lyric grief, in resignation, but in no passionate disbelief. If he cried, as in the case of Dean Stanley, "Yet, by Christ's blood, I know he is not dead!" it was to proclaim the spirit above the body. But in these verses he did not let his mind linger on what the world's messages might be; it was enough for him that great souls, by death, were "made perfect in the eternal noon." Perhaps, in speaking of the *liberal* air of heaven, Hayne broke the limits of his earthly environment, and lived in a great white calm. Still, even in the poems dedicated to those kindred artists he met in the North, we cannot but note the aloofness of interest, the estimate of man above his mission, the reverence for the universal artist above his relation to the age in which he lived. To his friend, Mrs. Preston, Hayne continually spoke of the threatening age of doubt, of the decline of faith; had he been thrown, as Tennyson was, in the current of the time, he might have regarded the approach of science differently. But his Southern temperament held him fast. He wrote:

> O man! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
> Before some impious, bold iconoclast,
> Turn to thy heart that *reasons* not, but *feels;*
> Creeds change! shrines perish! *still* (*her* instinct saith),
> *Still the soul lives, the soul must conquer Death.*
> *Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast.*

The bravery with which Hayne met life after the war was characteristic of all the people of the South. This man, sorely pressed for a livelihood, could believe with that spiritual fortitude which prompted the "Lyric of Action," bearing the tidings that "'tis the part of a coward to brood." Hayne's exultation was

unable to be terse and definite. Browning expressed the sentiment in lyric compression: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world." After war, Hayne's one desire was for peace; the burden of many of his sonnets is for calm.

Thus we could continue in a more analytic fashion to discuss individual poems and the preferences of Hayne's critics, but we would reach no clearer concept of the poet's dominant characteristics. If he had no large vision as to the destiny of peoples, we needs must believe, with Mr. Higginson, that this was because Hayne was denied a nation, even the lost nation of the Confederacy; in fact, declared this critic, "much of the scantiness and aridity of our early American literature must undoubtedly be ascribed to the fact that it appeared at a time when the United States meant a strip along the Atlantic shore."

Yet, despite these limitations, Hayne's verse was strong—strong in its sweetness of spiritual beauty,—full of dignity and generous response, full of vivid color, characteristic of the South as well as of the quality of his Muse. Through excess of feeling he never forsook appropriateness. Such a sonnet as "October," with its opening line, "The passionate summer's dead! the sky's aglow," such a flow of appreciation as fills "The Mocking-Bird" are suggestive of Keats, if not as final in word-phrasing. On one hand, there was a pastoral quality to his lines, as though no life existed outside the pine barrens of *his* life; on the other, there was the sufficiency of belief. These are the limits of Hayne; spiritually they made him bigger than Timrod, but not as impelling; artistically they made him at times the equal of Lanier in color and value of words, but never as far-reaching in view. Sometimes he was close to Nature in her larger aspects; at other times, strictly

Southern in local luxuriance. He was dexterous in the sonnet form, but his lyricism was often overweighted; he was ambitious in dramatic endeavor, but could not escape the formalities of a stereotyped sort which Hugo, Dumas, and Bulwer instituted. His accomplishment, none the less, entitles him to a larger place than he holds at present in American literature.

But considering the attention his work received in his own country and abroad, reflecting that through correspondence Hayne had the opportunity to widen his mental vision, he, nevertheless, shut his ear to the sound of any forward tread. In his little home, he kept in touch with literary production, but his head was above the clouds and his feet were not solidly on earth. He tested the artist by no standard but that of personal appeal, and since that personal appeal was high, the standard was necessarily high; he detected no fermentation in the land. His desire to go to Europe was the longing increased by the hope of meeting such friends as Jean Ingelow and Swinburne.

A memorial chapel was erected in Grovetown in honor of the man who died at Copse Hill on July 6, 1886. His voice had not sounded the clear martial note of the warrior, although such a ballad as "Macdonald's Raid," barring a few halting lines, is effective and spirited. Can we say more than that Hayne was a sweet singer? His aloofness from condition prevented his advance; he rested where he was, and it was not long before even Lanier could feel him of another age.

Men of such temperament always suffer in the final estimate, and their hold becomes less as their sweetness and light are absorbed in the general atmosphere of a past epoch.

III

The fate of Timrod (1829-1867) is the acme of tragedy; its tone is akin to Hayne, its agony sharper and briefer; even his Muse was more intense in passion. Poverty dogged his footsteps to the very last, standing in the way of his advancement from the time he was forced to cut short his career at the University of Georgia to the time when, at the close of his life, he was obliged to give up the idea of visiting literary friends in the North, because of the lack of necessary funds. Yet, through it all, he moved with gentle humor, high enthusiasm, indomitable spirit, and a constant glow of high resolve and moral purpose. It is difficult in literature to find a more pitiable example of persistent ill-fortune and of unrequited ambition.

His struggle of mind and body was due to outward circumstance and to physical weakness. Timrod was as much the victim of war as if he had been killed on the battle-field. "We have lived for a long period," so he wrote to Hayne, "and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and silver plate. We have—let me see—yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead." Such was the strain constantly overshadowing his life. The cause for which he had sung was lost, and his mind, not attuned to peace, was in no fit condition to seek outlet in Northern periodicals. He was ready for any sacrifice; he would even cast every line he had written "to eternal oblivion for *one hundred dollars* in hand."

We cannot question the literary output of the South in the face of such dire examples. Timrod was bequeathed his gift from his father, who had figured in the Seminole War, and who was of German origin; he could look back with pride to ancestors in the Charleston Fusiliers of the Revolution. From

his Scotch-Irish mother, a woman of rare beauty and rich culture, he inherited his nature-love and some of the tenacity of his moral fiber.

It is interesting to read the lines written by his father, William Henry Timrod (1792-1838); happy expressions are occasionally found, but their chief value is to be seen in a delicacy of feeling which the son developed later to such an intense degree. Literary tradition has treasured Washington Irving's exclamation over the elder Timrod's "To Time, the Old Traveler"—that its lyric quality was comparable to the best of Tom Moore, if not finer. Amidst an uninspired assemblage of words in "The Mocking-Bird," the picture is flashed in one highly colored line, "The little crimson-breasted Nonpareil"; and the sentiments addressed by the father to his son exhibit a certain stateliness which always characterized the old-time Southern gentleman's regard for children. If the elder Timrod ranked among his contemporaries as a poet, he was an excellent type of the artist who used his Muse as an accomplishment. Nevertheless, from his literary shop, where bookbinding was done, Timrod, famed as a good conversationalist, sent forth his numerous effusions, some relating to the political topic of the day—the nullification excitement of 1832; and he even conceived a five-act drama, following the example of many Carolina residents of the time.

It is positive, therefore, that Henry Timrod had an escutcheon which even Charleston could not question. Fortunately, to a certain point, his education was assured, and in the primary schools he first met Hayne, who was twenty-three days his junior. Side by side they sat, and to his new companion Timrod confided his first effusion—a love poem which in temper was far different from the Northern schoolmaster, who put a summary stop to momentary consultation. Timrod

is pictured as slow of speech but quick of mind, like Burns; his classic taste, at the university, placed him in possession of a large store of Virgil and Horace and Æschylus; he likewise devoted much time to English poetry and letters.

He was thus well equipped, when ill-health and slack income came between him and graduation. Then, like Hayne, he turned to law, reading under the guidance of James L. Petigru, and, like Hayne, forsaking Coke for literary struggle. Even at college, under a fictitious name, he sent his love lyrics to the local papers—a habit which he continued when, between 1848-1853, he submitted contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger,* under the *nom de plume* of *Aglaus.*

Unlike Hayne, however, Timrod strove for more lucrative employment than verse writing. He obtained the post of tutor in the family of Murray Robinson of Orangeburg, where there was leisure for composition and reading, as well as for visits to Charleston. During this time, his thoughts were centered on the possibility of a professorship in some college.

Russell's Magazine afforded Timrod another channel for his poetry, which increased sufficiently in bulk to warrant the publication of a volume by Ticknor & Fields in 1860. Praise came to him from Hayne, and, more significant still, from the New York *Tribune.* At this moment, the approach of war turned the voice of Timrod in other directions.

We have already discussed the martial lyrics which Timrod wrote with a zest amounting almost to vindictive bitterness; in default of his personal participation in the conflict, because of poor health, they rang forth in fervid summons and with indomitable courage. All the more passionate were they in the light of defeat, but they served their immediate purpose; they were heeded, Charlestonians and other Southerners even

subscribing to the local papers so as to have his editorial songs. After the battle of Shiloh, Timrod went forth as war-correspondent for the Charleston *Mercury,* and again his strength failed him, and he was obliged to return, this time to Columbia, where he became editor of the *South Carolinian.* All this while, he was not without literary reputation, which among his Southern friends gave him an official standing as representing the voice of the South. Such a feeling largely actuated the concerted move, during 1862, to issue a London edition of his poems, in the belief, no doubt, that the war lyrics would have sympathetic effect upon the British public.

The one bright spot in this period of stress and strain was Timrod's marriage with Miss Kate Godwin, an English girl whose brother had wed the poet's sister. Then came the dark trail of Sherman, and the death of a baby boy, and the incipient signs of consumption, with the consequent "beggary, starvation, bitter grief, and utter want of hope." As though the weight upon his frail shoulders was not enough, his widowed sister and her children turned to him for aid.

Here, then, is another example of Christian fortitude in the face of insuperable discouragement; the father-love that had been deprived of rich joy was bestowed on Hayne's son; the willingness to work met requital only in odd clerical tasks which kept him in the Governor's office at times through the long hours of the night and early morning. The one constant factor in Timrod's nature was his genius; otherwise, as Maurice Thompson declared, he was "born to fail at the verge of every opportunity." Even such a small post as Messenger of the South Carolina House of Representatives was denied him, and then, in the weakness of his physical condition, he was sent to visit Hayne at Copse Hill.

The chief impulse prompting this Southern poet

was his natural devotion to art; we cannot designate its practice as a calling, for the reason that the community regarded literary expression as an accident, rather than as a necessity. In the economic adjustment which was struggling beneath the load of Reconstruction, there was no place calculated for the literary man; oratory had not sufficiently allowed the newspaper to appeal to public opinion, and editorial writing was not heeded and in consequence not paid for. In such an atmosphere, the poet was given no incentive for preparation; he had no immediate check upon himself, save his own conception of what true art was. He lived in aloofness and in constant strain. Even when stretched low in his last illness, Timrod deplored that he was so helpless at such an awkward time. He cried: "We are destitute of funds, almost of food. But God will provide."

Death came as a relief to our Southern poets; it was the salvation of Poe; it was the peace-offering to Lanier, who closed his eyes by the open window, fulfilling Arnold's desire in "A Wish," to see

> Once more, before my dying eyes,
>   Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
> The wide aerial landscape spread—
>   The world which was ere I was born,
> The world which lasts when I am dead.

It was also a blessed cessation of pain for Timrod to die; during the time his energy faded from him, his mind seemed crystal clear, as he would quote his Wordsworth. He marched to his end with that quiet conviction expressed in "A Common Thought":

> Somewhere on this earthly planet
>   In the dust of flowers to be,
> In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
>   Sleeps a solemn day for me.

It is not the province of criticism to over-accentuate such details as Hayne gives of the last visit from Timrod; but the scenes are symbolic of the beauty of these men's souls under stress; it was not the tension which makes for energy, but the strain which precedes a long peace. Its exquisite cleansing effect is indicative of a most beautiful communion. These brother-poets had much to talk about, and upon Hayne's son, Timrod lavished a paternal devotion which brought comfort in the face of memory. One verse from Hayne's "Under the Pine" expresses the transformation:

> O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
> His weary head; thy shade
> Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep;
> It brought a peace *so* deep
> The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,
> As lightning from stilled skies.

The end came on October 7, 1867; some say that on Timrod's bed were found proof-sheets stained in blood; others mention the fulfillment of his own prophecy of dying when the hour "purples in the zenith." A governor of the State and a general of the Confederacy helped to bear the frail singer to his grave.

And now, through the stretch of years, our view of Timrod should be clearer than it is; his voice is surer, sounder and more sustained than Hayne's, and were it not for an aloofness of spirit and a placidity of intellect, he might have surpassed Lanier in some respects. He was not adventurous in the realm of poetry; he did not formulate theories but warmly defended established principles.

He framed his creed, as every singer has, expressed at too great length in "A Vision of Poesy," but with

no abatement of his divine mission, and with no lack of occasional sensitive beauty. Such a poem cannot escape relationship of a close character with one's own being. Timrod, brought into contact with quickening forces, would have flowered into exceptional beauty. Poesy avows: "I am the voice of Freedom" in opposition to the South's intellectual bondage; "The Poet to the whole wide world belongs" comes the assertion once more, despite the guardedness of Southern civilization. It was the tragedy of Timrod, that far off he saw the flash of science, the necessity of willing, the moral significance of aspiration under favorable conditions; but such a horizon was foreign at the moment to his section. Very largely he fulfilled, as far as he himself was concerned, his concept of the mission of poetry:

> My task hath been, beneath a mightier Power,
> To keep the world forever fresh and young. . . .
>
> I turn life's tasteless waters into wine,
> And flash them through and through with purple tints.

Now and again he echoed Keats, and in the desire to be strong, yet gentle as a girl, he set the proportions of his own nature. There are glints of Wordsworth in the second part, glints also of a democratic desire to "represent the race and speak for all"; the cosmic law which presages order in the universe came to him probably through Tennyson.

Yet, however autobiographic "A Vision of Poesy" may be, it represents potential intellectual powers, rather than characteristic touches of Timrod's art. Hayne was sensitive to outward beauty; Timrod likewise was prompted by the same love for Nature, intensified by a fuller realization of the inward mystery of life. This was the result of his devotion to Words-

worth. And ofttimes, as in "The Summer Bower," we note the moral color given to the scene in consonance with Wordsworth's personal attitude toward the objective world. Timrod had much of this purpose in his composition—the purpose behind "The meanest flower that blows" or "Flower in your crannied wall."

There was naught of physical vigor in his verse, unless it expressed sectional feeling, as in "Carolina," "A Cry to Arms," and "Ethnogenesis"—a wrathful energy none the less stirring for all its defiance to the Goths and Huns of the North—an energy which ebbed into sweet expressive supplications for peace, in the tender poem, "Christmas."

Save in these martial lyrics, Timrod's vitality was not due to strife, but to moments of thoughtful ease, such as he pictured in "Retirement." Yet to him there was no end of power and vigor in Nature. He writes, in "Spring":

> In the deep heart of every forest tree
> The blood is all aglee.

Note a verse from an "Ode to the Confederate Dead":

> In seeds of laurel in the earth
> The blossom of your fame is blown,
> And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
> The shaft is in the stone.

Nature was not formal to Timrod, nor did he refuse to see in it only the color of the South. "Spring," barring the bitter note in the last stanzas, is sensate with beauty, harmed in its sharp delicacy by its lack of condensation. "The Cotton Boll," mistaken in its economic faith, is none the less telling in its imagina-

tive stretch, in its rich loyalty, in some of its effective phrasing,—even challenging comparison with Lanier's "Corn." But here again we note the impossibility of these poets—save Lanier—to see the curse that lay in the prodigality of Nature, with her consequent stamp upon the "steadfast dweller on the selfsame spot," whose "mild content rebukes the land." They could not escape a *habit* of mind.

While one grants, with Axon, that Timrod is a minor poet, that his expression lacks "high austerity of manner" and keen originality of thought, while it is also true that he possessed a "clear spiritual insight which sometimes produces the effect of thought," these limitations do not decrease his lyrical charm or his moral purity and earnestness. His sentiment found full expression in the poems to his wife, "A Dedication" and "Katie," and to "Our Willie," behind which lurks the tenderness and the simple expression of "We are Seven." "A Mother's Wail" is two-fold in its construction, with a contemplation after the storm of grief, almost Celtic in its blinding melancholy, in its shadowy visions. It touches by reason of its flow of sorrow; it is not alive with the eternal verities of Tennyson's philosophy. In fact, there was no system to Hayne's and Timrod's belief.

It may be wrong to bring a minor poet into juxtaposition with the highest standards, but, in defense, these men—it must be reiterated—were inspired by the highest art; their responsive tastes deplored the inferior verse which locality treasured and defended against true criticism. They likewise fell into trite expression, but no one was near to correct them in their work.

Timrod was characteristically Southern in his lighter sentiment, found in "The Lily Confidante," "On Pressing Some Flowers" and "Love's Logic"; and

his lyric devotion to his wife in "An Exotic" approached the epitome of cultured delicacy in such stanzas as:

> Her beauty, perhaps, was all too bright,
> But about her there broods some delicate spell,
> Whence the wondrous charm of the girl grows soft
> As the light in an English dell.

Timrod, in his workmanship, exemplified the oft-used thought that man's natural expression is rhythmic; and in a most terse estimate, Mr. R. A. Bowen is wise in calling him "a poet born but not a poet made, and, therefore, . . . not a thorough poet after all."

It is well to use Dr. Ward's statement in further contrasting Timrod with his contemporaries, for undoubtedly he showed an inclination "toward broadly religious or spiritual musing." This tendency may have come with his close following of some of the literature current at the time, as well as with his familiarity with Coleridge and Matthew Arnold. His reading was unsystematized and he had no pretensions to scholarship. In fact, his prose, while adequate in expression, was hardly what one could consider penetrating in thought; he lost the scientific in an excess of instinctive understanding that was colored by feeling. Because of this, his definition of poetry is deprived of cogency, though it begins well: "Its aim is to penetrate to the essence, to analyze and comprehend those impressions and operations of the mind, acting upon and being acted upon by mental or physical phenomena, which, when incarnated in language, all recognize as the utterance of poetry, and which affects us like the music of angels."

In his "Theory of Poetry," writing in opposition to Poe, Timrod analyzed the subtle connections in "Paradise Lost" leading to its essential structure as

a long poem. Likewise, showing how much of a disciple he was of Wordsworth, he devoted some space in his "Rationale of Verse" to the belief that morality is inherent in beauty.

But such generalizations had no appreciable effect on his own poetry; he knew no deep reasons for the excellences of verse, rather depending upon a nice ear than upon the science of prosody. His conception of the sonnet was thus instinctive, and caught from a particular fondness for the form, so especially perfect in Wordsworth. What is most significant about his utterances on the sonnet, is his refusal to fall back utterly on the inspirational theory of poetry, a theory which encouraged the Southern dilettante in whom emotion was plentiful; he realized, if he did not continually make use of, "the hour of patient and elaborate execution."

Timrod's own sonnets are his greatest defense of the form itself; they are full of moral beauty, and though trite expressions destroy their whole effectiveness, the thought is naturally held within the form, without being forced or curtailed by artificial compression. Perhaps they are the most conscious examples of his art and the least native; perhaps, also, their tendency to lyricism is more appropriate to the lyric form; still they represent Timrod's best characteristics as a man, if not his most graceful expression.

As we have said, his conception of poetry was high, and in his democracy he would bid the poet "Cling to the lowly earth, and be content!" In accord with Lanier, he would have had "Love, like a visible God . . . be our guide." He did not write as much as Hayne, but his lyricism was sharper, and that, to Lanier, the critic, was the essential of all the highest lyrics. Writing of Hayne, he once said: "The ideal of the lyric poem is a brief, sweet, intense, electric flashing of the lyric idea in upon the hurrying intelli-

gence of men, so that the vivid truth may attack even an unwilling retina, and perpetuate itself thereupon even after the hasty eyelid has closed to shut out the sight."

If, therefore, there is one characteristic above all else to accentuate the name of Henry Timrod, other than the agony of his life, it is the occasional compelling force of his lyric beauty.

IV

We have exhausted whatever points of originality there are in the Southern poetry of this period. Dr. Francis Orrery Ticknor (1822-1874) does not even approach his contemporaries in the variety of his interests; his observation was narrowed, until his verse partook of a local essence which is full of neighborhood beauty. He brought to Columbus, Ga., Virginia tradition and New Jersey inheritance; his medical training represented a limited contact with the North, but the slender stream of his inspiration flowed through a territory not far beyond "Torch Hill," the plantation just outside the town of Columbus itself.

One may follow the Georgia and Virginia strains in Ticknor's poems; they throb with an associative touch that measures a chivalric attitude, a leisurely humor, a graceful sentiment, and an inherited religious bearing. The Ticknor family deplore the fact that the small volume, edited by Kate Mason Rowland, prefaced by Hayne, and published by the Lippincotts in 1879, omitted many of his most distinctive poems, but it is not likely that the poet ever surpassed the limits of his environment, so clearly denoted in this slender collection.

For one must not deceive oneself regarding the literary isolation of Columbus, or even regarding the indifference of Ticknor, as to the wide appeal of his

occasional efforts; he did not seek a publisher for them; he was content to submit them to the brief appreciation of the newspaper reader.

Such pure lyrics as he wrote cannot be discounted; however, they should not be overemphasized. Ticknor was what he was, a country physician whose kindness was larger than his income, who found content in things near at hand; he cultivated his garden and farmed with no inconsiderable success; he even wrote for a horticultural paper in Athens, Georgia, and amidst his strictly rural occupations, amidst his provincial influences, his rustic being uttered sentiments relating to the intimate objects of his love and of his affection.

When Ticknor purchased "Torch Hill," he was already married to Rosalie, the daughter of Major T. N. Nelson; for twenty-five years these two lived on their farm overlooking the valley of the Chattahoochee. In the stanzas entitled "The Farmer Man," the poet turns critic of himself, and paints a lazy picture, a landscape with considerable tone, but deplorably lacking in vigor. An unfortunate commentary that the Southern planter should see his world, framed between his heels, as he sat idly viewing the purple hills and the natural beauty of a Southern stretch. There is naught impelling in the verse of Ticknor.

Yet "Little Giffin" is a gem of heroic ideality, and "The Virginians of the Valley" exquisite in its ballad form. Maurice Thompson compares these lyrics with those of Béranger; there is no conscious effort in them, no excess of bombastic emotion. Ticknor had the happy faculty of saying simply what was uppermost in his feelings; his lyric sounded the strain of the Cavalier—a mixture of devotion, romantic hero-worship, and gentle melancholy which comes with defeat, but there are no distinctive features by which to

accentuate his works. They possess a home philosophy which is instilled into all of us at an early age; they contain a lingering sweetness that permeated every Southern day of the old order. They are full of Georgia, and especially of Columbus; across the fields from him was the neighboring plantation of "Esquiline Hill," which became the source of inspiration for many lyrics; from "Torch Hill" in the twilight he could see the town with its faint lights —that town which a jessamine leaf could hide thus far from his view, which inclination and occupation could keep from his heart.

Ticknor aptly illustrates what was at the same time the grace and weakness of the best Southern lyric poetry; he instinctively cared for the outward form of his verse, without being much concerned about its inward structure; from his narrow vision he sang of common things, and of friends, and even of the features of the landscape. Where his casual eye rested, there he sang. His idea of "The Hills" is only faintly suggested, with an indefinite aroma of learning, and an emotional sweep of expression. His science, his religion, his social views were all those of a countryman; he was proud of his dual rôle in "Poeta in Rure." His misgivings were that

> Within these fields of care and strife
> A man may come, no doubt,
> To be a poet, all his life,
> And never find it out.

And his belief was that he who labored, worked in vain, if he

> . . . reared no blossom when he wrought
> With summer on the plain,
> No garland of a golden thought
> To glorify his grain.

Ticknor possessed artistic sensitiveness; he was musician and artist and poet; his conversation was holding, his manner slow. He allowed his horse to amble on the road from town, and he breathed in too freely the quietness of a country atmosphere. This certainly weakened the value of his verse, and did not perceptibly increase his material wealth. Nature was bountiful, and home was all the world he most wanted.

One cannot, with Hayne, detect the culture in his verse, though there is a refinement of manner which is part of the Southerner's charm; more readily can one see in Ticknor's war lyrics that sturdy character which Maurice Thompson rightly claims is back of "a genuine popular ballad." But it was lack of proper stimulus that limited Ticknor. The lotus quality of his verse was the lotus quality of his life. He delved in the soil, but saw not the force within.

V

Spiritual fervor is the chief stamp of Southern poetry. Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston (1820-1897) showed this to a marked degree, and her career was all the more of interest, in that but few women in the South cultivated the profession of letters. In 1848, her father became president of Washington University in Lexington, Va., and was later succeeded by Robert E. Lee. Thus thrown in the midst of a cultured atmosphere, it is small wonder that the daughter should have imbibed a variety of knowledge in her talk with the professors—a method of learning rich, but by no means systematic. From the Covenanter stock she drew her fervor, and a natural love for the beautiful was more fully developed by her keen appreciation of the Brownings, Tennyson, and Longfellow.

Moreover, she married, in 1857, Professor J. T. L.

Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, who further encouraged her in her intellectual inclinations, even though members of his family highly disapproved of a woman seeking print. As a link with the past, Preston had been a friend of Poe.

The seriousness of the religious training which was given her, tempered her feelings somewhat; it likewise had great effect upon the character of "Stonewall" Jackson, who married Mrs. Preston's sister. In fact, for the proper appreciation of social forces affecting both the educational and outside mental interests of Lexington, one must necessarily consider the Scotch-Irish element, and the strict Calvinistic sternness of Mrs. Preston's Presbyterian father.

Still, this in no way limited her ambition; and she studied so continuously as to harm her sight; she wrote much, practicing every variety of form. Her correspondence accentuates many points; the Southern woman had much to contend with in the profession of letters, on the side of prejudice, of isolation, and of womanly duties. She felt the odds against her, and she wrote for the sheer love of expression, without making any effort to claim the title of poet. Mrs. Preston's correspondence with Hayne, whom she never met, contains the whole history of her intellectual bearing, of her inspiration and aspiration. She had much in common with her contemporaries in the South, and during the war, while her husband was on the field, she kept a diary, the first entry being April, 1862, which is more significant for our purpose than the lines of sentiment which have no distinctive quality outside of the usual Southern sentiment. As part of the atmosphere of the Civil War, "Beechenbrook" should be read, for it was popular in its day. It was written upon rough paper made in the Confederacy, and was read to the soldiers by Preston, who carried it with him in installments. Her lyrics range from

the stirring conception of "Through the Pass" to poems of pure devotional strain. Her excellences were largely those of character, for her art was haphazard, practiced as her daily duties would allow.

She corresponded widely with literary people. She went abroad, writing Hayne from the Grasmere of his dreams; she prepared reminiscences of Jackson and Lee, even attempting fiction which depicts Virginia life. But the social student should turn to her for just those details she preserved in her "Journal of War Times." Such record is significant. Her poetry was diversified in topic but hardly varied in interest; her influences were undoubtedly across seas, and we see the shadow of Mrs. Browning in her verse. Here then is another poet of the South, with no definite meaning, no consuming power, no dominant note.

V

THE NEW SOUTH

TABLE OF AUTHORS*

Dates	Author	State
1822-1898	RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON	Georgia
1825-1903	J. L. M. CURRY	Alabama
1838-1905	ALBION TOURGÉE	Louisiana
1838-	F. HOPKINSON SMITH	Maryland
1840-	HENRY WATTERSON	Kentucky
1844-	GEORGE W. CABLE	Louisiana
1845-1903	JOHN HENRY BONER	N. C., N. Y.
1845-1909	JOHN B. TABB	Virginia
1845-	GEORGE HERBERT SASS	South Carolina
1847-1904	CARLYLE MCKINLEY	Ga., S. C.
1848-1908	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	Georgia
1849-	JAMES LANE ALLEN	Kentucky
1849-	FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT	England, Tenn., D. C.
1850-	CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK	Kentucky
1850-	ROBERT BURNS WILSON	Pa., Ky.
1851-1889	HENRY GRADY	Georgia
1852-	GRACE KING	Louisiana
1853-1879	IRWIN RUSSELL	Miss., La.
1853-	THOMAS NELSON PAGE	Virginia
1854-	HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS	Virginia
1854-	SAMUEL MINTURN PECK	Alabama
1855-	WALTER H. PAGE	North Carolina
1856-	ALCÉE FORTIER	Louisiana
1856-	WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE	S. C., Ga.
1857-	FRANK L. STANTON	Georgia
1858-	YATES SNOWDEN	South Carolina
1858-	WILL N. HARBEN	Georgia
1859-	DANSKE DANDRIDGE	West Virginia
1861-	EDWIN A. ALDERMAN	N. C., Va.
1862-	W. P. TRENT	Virginia, Tenn.
1864-	BENJAMIN SLEDD	Va., N. C.
1864-1909	JOHN BELL HENNEMAN	S. C., Tenn.
1864-	ROBERT LOVEMAN	Georgia
1865-	MADISON CAWEIN	Kentucky
1866-	WALTER MALONE	Miss., Tenn.
1869-	EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY	Texas, Alabama
1860-	JOHN FOX, JR.	Kentucky
1870-	MARY JOHNSTON	Virginia
1872-	EDWIN MIMS	North Carolina
1874-	ELLEN GLASGOW	Virginia

* Among other Southern writers, may be mentioned Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott (Tenn.), Mrs. Burton Harrison (1846, Virginia), Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy, 1863, Virginia), Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle (Tenn.), Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart (La.), Mrs. M. E. M. Davis (1852, Ala., Texas, La.), Miss Molly Elliott Seawell (1860, Virginia). Samuel L. Clemens (1835-1910), because of his birth in Missouri, is regarded by some historians as a Southern product.

Among the negro writers may be mentioned: Booker T. Washington (1859 [?], Va., Ala.), W. E. B. DuBois (1868, Mass., Ga.), C. W. Chesnutt (1858, N. C.), and P. L. Dunbar (1872-1908, Ohio).

CHAPTER XVII

SOCIAL FORCES

The Fall of the Old Régime; the South among the Ruins; the Significance of Reconstruction; a Change of Economic Base; the New Problems and their Critics—George Cable, Edgar Gardner Murphy, Thomas Nelson Page and Others; Education in the South; Negro Leadership—Booker T. Washington, DuBois and Others; the Results: the Economic, Social, and Political Status of the Negro; the Poor White; the Emigrant; Industrialism; Democratic Tendencies.

I

The manner in which the South faced the future after the Civil War represents one of the highest examples of idealism known to history. It was not an easy matter to hold in check a righteous indignation over the follies of Reconstruction, to be deprived of citizenship, and to be made subservient in many directions to the freedman. Yet, through an epic will, the Confederate soldier went back to his home,—not to despair, though the seared trail of war met his view everywhere; not to idleness, though he had been heretofore unaccustomed to work in a general sense; not to lawlessness, though every means of self-government were removed from him; but to the resumption of the old responsibilities and to the assumption of new.

Before the question of slavery was brought to a test

of arms, the South realized that the economic system was doomed to modification; it had been thrown in close contact with the negro for generations, and whatever there was of latent good in the slave, a paternalistic care had developed. Better than anyone, the Southerner realized the dangers of sudden emancipation and the consequences, the excesses which would follow under the mistaken rule of the Republican party. First of all, abolition was fanaticism, based on a broad ethical principle which had nothing to do with the actual negro as a factor in the community; the egregious blunders of Reconstruction measure the crass ignorance on the part of Congress regarding the status of the negro. So it was that, coupled with poverty and degradation, the Confederate veteran found a new burden on his shoulders; he still was responsible for the welfare of the negro, as much for his own protection as for the negro's good.

Dr. Alderman's phrase, "The education of defeat," is the condensed history of Southern idealism. From the time that Lincoln's unconstitutional, though human, pronouncement set the slave free, the stricken section realized its obligations; it knew the negro so well that it did not regard the removal of chains a menace, inasmuch as the plantation system would serve to hold the freedman in check for the moment. But the fanatic of the North was the South's chief menace. We do not claim that wisdom alone was to be found in the defeated section, but forbearance hid to a large extent the extreme bitterness which was felt toward the North at large.

The tragedy of Lincoln's death brought dire misfortune to the South; had he lived, the re-establishment of the seceded States would have been accomplished with little of the blindness and spleen of the victor; yet Congress proceeded to be blind, once it had successfully tied the hands of Johnson. It was

the unwisdom of such men as Thaddeus Stevens, the mistaken observation of such politicians as Carl Schurz, that were responsible for most of the hysterical legislation which thrust the negro into a superior civilization, recognizing his abstract right but not seeing his utter unpreparedness for the privileges.

Had the seceded States been allowed to return to the Union on their old basis, as Lincoln had planned, there would have been none of the dire friction which eventually assumed a most aggravated form. But it required the clear vision of a Lincoln to master the situation; Johnson, perhaps sincere in maintaining the policy of the martyred President, did not possess his genius. The representatives in Congress were obsessed with the idea of protecting the political status of the negro, the unprincipled body of the Republican party using the freedman for personal ends. In the state of bitterness which existed, no acknowledgment was made of the South's right to maintain the ascendancy of the white over the black—a question during Reconstruction which was vitally important, especially in such a State as Mississippi, where the population was predominantly black.

The time has now arrived in the study of history when we may weigh arguments dispassionately—even realizing some of that passion which was behind the acts of Reconstruction. We may follow the war and trace, step by step, the elements which changed the conception of government on both sides. Thus we may understand President Wilson's statement that the struggle "was a revolution of consciousness,—of mind and purpose. A government which had been in its spirit federal became, almost of a sudden, national in temper and point of view." This would betoken a modification of idea, not only in the South but in the North as well. For the despotic sway of a war party was not conducive to quick and easy adjustment. It

was soon found that legislation would not affect the mental capacity of the freedman, though, in 1867, Congress overestimated that capacity. The amendments to the Constitution were passed as law, but the sovereign will of each one of the Southern States gradually blocked their effectiveness as the individual legislatures thought necessary, and to-day, in the problems of population and in the distribution of representation the negro is still regarded as an uncertain factor in the political balance. This means that, in spite of education, in spite of the broadening of the negroes' economic capability, there is still discrimination which goes deeper than a vote and becomes racial. The excesses of Reconstruction were products of fanaticism; the Republican leaders showed no willingness to call into play the best spirit of the South, and here is where the historian judges Lincoln correctly when it is averred that he would have ranged himself on the side of the Democrats and Southern whites, by his firmness carrying with him the moderate Republicans. The ballot was the symbol of Congressional folly. And until the States, taken back into the Union, might exert their civil and sovereign power in the governing of their individual affairs, the South stood still, only resorting to secret organization for immediate protection, when irresponsibility threatened life and property. Then it was that the Ku Klux Klan worked silently, effectively, and sometimes, unfortunately, excessively. The whole situation was tragic.

The nation, of which the South is part, is suffering to-day from the ills of Reconstruction; though education in its various aspects is bringing forth the excellences of the negro, it is also showing his deficiencies of character—deficiencies which, according to Page, were only too seriously aggravated when he was widely proclaimed to be the ward of the nation. Because of this idea, it was difficult for Booker T. Wash-

GEORGE W. CABLE.

By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

ington to establish his scheme for industrial training, where the one dominant factor is self-reliance; because of this idea, DuBois has developed the irresponsible belief that negro education meant useless book-learning, into an idealism which is not thoroughly founded on mental fitness, but upon the negro's right, whether he deserves it or not. One has only to think of the terrible difficulties under which the South has labored, to understand why it has been retarded in its national outlook, why it has persisted in remaining "solid" in its political action.

Yet, as we have said, the Confederate veteran stood by, practicing as much forbearance as the situation demanded. Provisional governors were placed over him, illiterate negroes were given the franchise, while the "carpet-bagger" and the "scalawag" aided in this disintegrating policy. For forces were working to alienate the black from his very best friend, and to throw suspicion upon the white. The execution of law within the military districts which, between 1867 and 1870, constituted the plan of reconstruction, was despotic; the commander had absolute power, and the States were watched until the voters were willing to subscribe to all the conditions imposed by Congress—chiefly concerning the status of the negro. The Southern States were playthings in the hands of temperament; they were laid bare to the unscrupulousness of profit-hunters, who worked upon the negro's lust, even as they seized the negro's vote for personal ends.

To add to these overbearing methods, which were largely in accord with Stevens' dealing with rebellion as a condition outside of constitutional consideration, the actual insignia of war was still retained in the South, as a menace and as token of aggressive disposition. The presence of troops, the denial of representation, the unstable authority of law, the establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the amendment of the

Constitution, were the trials to which the South was subjected, yet through it all there were efforts made to gain a steady footing, to take up the plow in the furrow and to develop the industrial resources of the land. The effect of reconstruction on the white was retarding; the negroes were becoming more and more dissatisfied, since the Union "Loyal" League kept them stirred up with false hopes and promises.

The Freedmen's Bureau was a constant reminder to the negro that he was a ward of the nation; however unwise the ideas underlying its establishment, General O. O. Howard was not to blame for the ineffectiveness of its organization in bringing about an adjustment of the negro's suffrage; the only positive worth it exhibited was in the matter of education, where it helped to familiarize the black population with the free school system. In his pessimistic manner, bordering on sullen aggressiveness, DuBois blames the Freedmen's Bureau for present disparities in the negro's position; he discounts every act of forbearance on the part of the South; every legislative move, carried through the will of the Southern white vote, to give the black man a fair chance; and, moreover, he wrongly attributes to the Freedmen's Bureau the recognition in the South of free labor, whereby the negro might in the future become "peasant proprietor." In fact, however true DuBois' arguments proving the inadequacy of the Freedmen's Bureau, his bitter criticism against the failure of the Government to give the negro a sustenance, which he was not willing to earn, only illustrates the evil effects of paternalism—even upon an exceptional black man, so far educated beyond the realization of his race needs that his criticism fails practically to aid in the immediate solution. Where the nation was culpable—if it is possible to consider Reconstruction as anything more than partisan warfare—was in allowing the Freedmen's Savings Bank to

dupe negro thrift in its incipiency—a deception from which the black laborer recovered only after a long period of distrust.

After all, the literary significance of Reconstruction is to be found in the special details which, on the one hand, indicate popular feeling, and, on the other, determine the special attitude of the leaders in negro thought. We shall find, in an examination of Washington and DuBois, much data that bear upon church readjustment and education—these factors being the two points most concerned in the negro's qualifying for citizenship. In every recent development of the freedman, it is necessary to look into Reconstruction for the commencement of those determined campaigns which later permanently modified Southern popular opinion.

The history of education in the South after the Civil War is far from being so discouraging as DuBois would have one believe. If the Southern whites objected to Reconstruction methods of instruction, it was because the illiterate men, placed at the head of affairs, as well as such special institutions as the Freedmen's Bureau and the partisan Aid Societies, distributed histories with a Northern bias, or else gave special fanatical orders to the teachers sent South on a definite narrow mission. School-books published in New York were for a long while held in distrust, and whenever possible were supplanted by texts edited with particular regard for the sensibilities of the South. Yet the freedmen's spirit permeated and persisted for some time in the South.

For this reason, prejudice against negro education was difficult to circumvent. Nevertheless, the Southern people recognized the necessity for education of a certain kind; it was the excesses to which the former slave went in his desire for "book-learning" that made the white of the South believe that, thus par-

tially educated, thus equipped with mental frills fitting him for no useful position in the economic adjustment, which was the same as industrial reconstruction, the educated negro was a dangerous negro. In Dr. Fleming's poignant thesis on Alabama, there are a number of pictures sketched of the crass ignorance of school officials regulating affairs. After all, the Southerners were themselves the ones to have been placed in local control by the Government; it was useless to expect a defeated community to send its sons to universities presided over by Northern preachers, arrogant and inimical. Such defiance only spurred the Ku Klux Klan to more frequent activity. In the resumption of duties, nevertheless, the South knew that education must be had, but not from the Northern teacher of the type common in those early days.

How to solve that question was a paramount consideration; in Alabama, for instance, some of the most prominent citizens recognized that if education were not given as an alternative for the opposing forces of slavery, the negro would quickly degenerate into his tribal habits. Col. Jeff Faulkner was strong in recommending negro education, and so that it would be of the proper sort, he advised Southern women to assume control. The Montgomery *Advertiser,* as early as July, 1866, went further, and suggested that disabled soldiers assume the task of teachers.

In this unsettled state, the position of the negro was a tragic one; he did not know the real meaning of his freedom; he was far from able to think for himself. His emotional side prompted him to seek education so that he might read the Bible; his new-made "friends," among assurances held forth to him, promised him that the three R's would give him quicker opportunity to become preacher, teacher, and representative in Congress. The presence of the Northern school teachers did not allay doubt and mistrust; no matter how

earnest they might be, their ardor was misdirected because of mistaken enthusiasm. In addition to this, they were not always of good character. But it made no difference to the Southern household what their social status was, the Northern teachers came on a footing of equality with the negro, and so they were ostracized by the whites. The result was that immorality sprang into existence, and the Ku Klux Klan had added work to do,—warning in directions where irregular conduct between the two races became frequent.

These were actual conditions, not false pictures for the sake of partisan malice; upon their existence developed the popular feeling in the South. The defeated section was overrun by forces which tried to disintegrate, of a sudden, the conservatism which excluded the Northerner from the innermost circle where no war condition could ever enter. The Confederate kept his parole, even though he was dragged precipitately before commissions, and was called to answer questions for investigators whom he knew to be inimical to the best interests of the South. He moved within an atmosphere of constant threat, his very property remaining insecure; his word was discounted, when weighed with that of the "scalawag" who would have given his soul for the negro vote and for political preferment. Over and over again, he was called upon to take his oath of allegiance, and even that would not insure him from indignity. Worse still was the soldiers' willful insult of Southern women, forcing them from the sidewalk, jeering in their presence, and committing petty annoyances in revenge for social ostracism which their acts only the more necessitated. Whatever the violations which later developed from the Ku Klux Klan, it will be seen that at times the secret orders had cause to act. The whole atmosphere

was one of intense strain—a mixture of unreasonableness, sensitiveness, and forbearance. As one authority has aptly said, condemn as you will the Ku Klux Klan for its lawlessness, when the time came to examine its leaders, the whole nature of the negro government—its shameful mismanagement under "carpet-bag" rule—did much to awaken the conscience of the best side of Northern life. Then began the undermining of Reconstruction methods.

II

No sooner was the war at an end than the Southerner became aware of his responsibility. Unlike the Northern theorist, who hoped by law to settle the problem of race in a day, the former master knew that the forces were deeper than mere political adjustment; that an inferior race, living in the midst of a stronger group, would necessarily act as a counter-force if it were not made capable of meeting new conditions. Reconstruction had, to an extent, cultivated in the South a feeling of distrust as regards the educated negro, but the high consciousness of the Southern people,—so well epitomized in the clear, philosophic view of Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy,—began to unfold as early as 1865; and now, education has become the key-note to Southern progress, as a means, not only of assuring the economic and social usefulness of the negro, but of checking whatever disintegrating forces were existent among the whites at the close of the war.

This sense of duty was a great factor in the reestablishment of life; the Negro was made helpless by the sudden removal of slavery, and the burden, however heavy, must be met. The law, in its exercise, had to recognize the black man's right to its just enactment; in all dealings with the negro, the economic basis was different—there must be fair relation between the races, even though, by the removal of the bonds, a

greater chasm was made for the surer protection of the whites. The problem demanded the proof of good faith; it emphasized the hope that by his labor the negro would assure for himself his economic position. From 1865 to 1870, there was a keen willingness on the part of Southern people to forward the situation; Northern zealots set back the impulse for an immediate facing of facts, yet they could not entirely destroy, even though they did delay, such catholic sentiments as Judge Clayton of Alabama expressed, when charging a jury in September, 1866; he was shortly after disfranchised and kept from office until 1874.

It is therefore evident that among the largest social forces which are most active in the South today, the education of the negro and of the poor white demands most careful examination. Perhaps the consideration of illiteracy, until very recent years, has wrongly been confined to the black man; philanthropy has been turned in that direction, as the consequence of an over-sentimental attitude toward the negro. But now the South's fight against illiteracy is a general struggle for the good of society, and, as the years advance, and the national view becomes more evident to the whole people of the United States, the checking of illiteracy is not only a necessity to the section, but the obligation becomes greater and affects the nation as a whole.

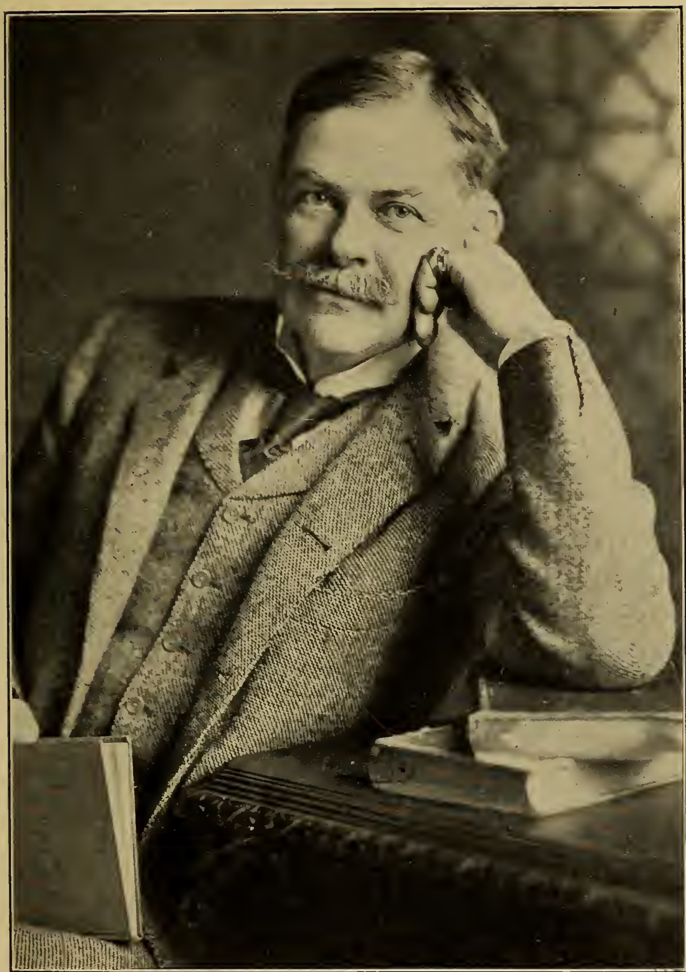
The Peabody Education Fund was managed in that spirit from the beginning; the South was selected as the field most urgently needful of support when, on October 3, 1866, the great Baltimore philanthropist conceived his scheme. It was no sectional or condescending spirit which prompted Peabody; he had toured the South in 1857; his first million dollars was handed to a board "for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, or industrial education among the young of the more destitute por-

tion of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union." When his second donation was bestowed in 1869, he wrote that it was offered "to the suffering South for the good of the whole country." Dr. Barnas Sears (1802-1880), of Brown University, was elected first agent of the Fund.

In 1869, Sears wrote from New Orleans:

"I will now state our position, which is perfectly well known. . . . We assume no control whatever over the arrangement of the schools to which assistance is accorded. We have nothing to do with any party questions or with the policy pursued by municipal or State authorities. *We only wish to aid in the work of universal education.* If separate schools are provided for the two races, and both of them are pleased with the arrangement, we can have no embarrassment in co-operating with the State authorities. If the law requires mixed schools, and the children, whether white or black, generally attend them, we shall have no difficulty in our work. But if the State supports only mixed schools, and the white children do not attend them, we should naturally aid, not the colored children, who enjoy, exclusively, the benefit of the public school money, but *the white children who are left to grow up in ignorance.* If it be said that the white children ought to attend the mixed schools, and that it is their own fault, or that of their parents, if they do not, we reply that we are not called on to pronounce judgment on that subject. Let the people themselves settle that question. . . . Our proper business is to encourage universal education; not to meddle with any party question, nor to encourage or discourage any political body."

Such a report presaged the results of a fair-minded investigation; Sears transferred his citizenship to Virginia, and his far-seeing wisdom saved the Fund from the schemes of individuals, denominations and private



THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

corporations; his aim was civic in its widest sense. This is all the more remarkable since he was a theologian of New England training.

The common school was now furthered to a remarkable degree. Such unthinking enthusiasts as Mr. Cable, two decades later, might resent the line of distinction drawn in the South between whites and blacks, the marks of discrimination in the ordinary affairs of the street; but the Peabody Board, in the midst of Reconstruction evils, was sufficiently profound in wisdom and sane in policy to labor in the Southern States, along lines "adapted to their peculiar condition of inhabitancy by two races, distinct in origin, color, history, separated by an impassable chasm, and yet predestined to continue joint occupancy of the same territory." No matter how unbiased Sears' intentions to act fairly, he was questioned and doubted and subjected to open attack from Sumner and Garrison, who accused him of Southern partiality. The whole matter culminated in the question of mixed schools which had been forced upon Louisiana and South Carolina—a question which, had it been successfully legislated in Congress, would have dealt an overpowering blow to the cause of common school education in the South.

When Sears died, in 1880, his daughter continued his activity until the meeting of the Board; then, during February, 1881, J. L. M. Curry received the appointment of general agent, and he developed the work, until his death in 1903. In his writing and in his speeches, which were delivered before so many legislatures, Curry insisted upon the idea of connecting education with the development of Southern industries; through prosperity comes the natural desire for learning, and the healthy willing support of schools is dependent upon the general social and economic welfare. This emphasis only served to bring into more prominence the recognized intention of the Pea-

body Fund to offer special encouragement to Normal institutions, and to pay special attention to the professional training of teachers. Thus, Booker T. Washington's endeavors had other precedence than General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute.

Political discrimination was often attempted during the development of the common school idea, but when put to the Supreme Court test, it did not long stand the force of argument. Had the burden of taxation fallen on each class educated, and limited in its apportionment to that discrimination, the negro would have fared ill. But the Southern whites have borne the additional expense, knowing that otherwise the problem would never be solved.

A wave of philanthropy passed over the country, not always wise in its bestowal, but nevertheless indicative of a right and worthy impulse. In 1882, John F. Slater bequeathed one million dollars for the special benefit of negroes, a fund duplicated in 1908 by Miss Anna T. Jeanes, who at several times had assisted Frissell of Hampton and Washington of Tuskegee, and who, by her larger act, indicated her special interest in the negro rural school. The example of Peabody, likewise, inspired the generosity of Tulane, who in New Orleans gave money for intellectual, moral, and industrial education,—Anthony J. Drexel doing the same in Philadelphia.

It is necessary thus to emphasize the educational regeneration of the South, since it will be seen that at the present time some of the most significant writing is being done along the lines here indicated. Founded upon a social obligation, it has called into play some of the keenest thinking, and, by its general acceptance, it is clearly indicative of the democratization of the Southern people, and of their broader point of view. Yet, to a certain extent, the practical necessities of education have limited Southern thought as

severely as the consideration of slavery did before it. No atmosphere has been created for the encouragement of pure imagination, but all energy is being centered upon self-examination. This, in a way, is aiding in that great change through which the South has to go as it passes from an agricultural to a manufacturing people, and is developing a critical sense out of which future virility and originality may come.

There is no great writing being done in the South to-day, no exceptional literature. From such a statement we have no right to believe that what is being done is not as excellent as the average elsewhere, and equally as holding in its general interest. The sense of locality, the new historic impulse, and the style of psychological analysis, have made the fiction less broadly humorous, and less melodramatic. But the demands upon the Southerner's ingenuity have been practical in meeting immediate issues, and though, since 1901, when the Southern Education Board was founded, with the energy and interest of Robert C. Ogden behind it, the conferences have been concerned with social and economic investigations, the spirit has been actuated by the highest ideals and by broad-mindedness. The quality of social criticism, therefore, will be found to be of exceptional constructive force; if it has not the wide appeal it should have, the reason may be found in the fact that as yet sociology is not of general educational interest in the South. Curry's popularity was due very largely to the manner of his exposition, for he resorted to the orator's method; many more people were willing to listen to him than to read him.

The negro question and the problem of education are relative considerations; what is written to-day is subject to change to-morrow; the body of literature which has grown up around it, is never constant; in the bulk it is indicative of a stage in the solution.

No book, no law will bring the adjustment about; the matter lies wholly in the temper and character of the people, being slowly but surely modified by condition. Perhaps the acutest position of the white argument is to be had in Mr. Murphy, though his philosophic view restricts his wide appeal. The contributions made by the negro are significant as showing three tendencies of thought, but in none of them do we obtain the right ideal of leadership or of citizenship. So persistent has been the emphasis upon the white man's obligation to the negro, that the negro has not yet become aware of how great an obligation he owes to a superior race, which is expending so much of energy and substance for the benefit of all concerned.

III

Curry (1825-1903), when he succeeded Haygood as general agent for the Slater Fund, was largely instrumental in developing the national view of the negro question. Ever since his first endeavors in 1865, the whole gravity of the situation has been in the matter of adjustment, of assuaging that irritant toward race antagonism which is found in the close association of two distinct peoples, whose integrity must be maintained if each is to exist and increase in betterment. What is now necessary is to destroy race prejudice by increasing the efficiency of the weaker, by establishing it upon sound economic footing, by developing its own responsibility in the matter of law and order, by allowing it a share in those civic activities which conduce to the maintenance of that law and order, by making it aware of an ideal of manhood among its kind which need not go outside the race for its highest development, and by condemning its members for those moral lapses which are due to innate weakness as well as to conditions which sur-

round them. With Mr. Murphy, we believe that Professor Royce, in his book on "Race Questions," falsely estimated the South's position in this matter of race prejudice; it is not founded upon superficial antipathies, nor yet upon inherited beliefs, but upon fundamental structural difference underlying the whole theory of evolution and the survival of stronger elements. It is this acknowledgment which makes Mr. Murphy's "The Basis of Ascendancy" so poignant for the present generation of social students.

One does not have to wait for a new census to speak in general terms of the advance of free schools and universal education in the South; but there is no doubt that the new statistics will convey a significant message regarding the decrease of illiteracy among blacks and whites in the Southern States. The measure in round numbers of the improved condition will denote the force of moral enthusiasm with which the people have faced the problem. Save for the three years that Curry was in Spain (when Samuel A. Green took his place, 1885-1888), he had an uninterrupted opportunity of noting how the deluding promises offered the emancipated blacks were shifted from useless knowledge to serviceable training which fitted their special needs. He saw the New South rise out of the ruins, and pass through exacting times, and while in his fairness of view he recognized that "no Mason and Dixon's line runs through the individual or the aggregate human mind of this country," he saw also that education must be fitted to aptitude, and that the cultural phase could not be ushered in until the soil was prepared for it.

Curry's earliest criticism was that in the South there was not "a proper appreciation of the science of education"; what was to be greatly desired was the removal of pedagogy from the directive influence of the popular vote. But though it was generally conceded

by Curry that the Government should render assistance, it was soon recognized that each State should meet its own situation. Public opinion had to be roused, prejudices had to be overcome. History records how much self-sacrifice was shown by the States, even though it was felt that it would take more than the South could give for counteracting conditions.

The wisdom of men like Curry counted for much at such a special time as that of which we write; they saw what the real, deep menace to the future of the South really was; they saw the negro's dire lack of industrial preparation, and they discouraged other remedies. They saw how wanting the black race was in permanent character, and so they believed that until this was acquired, liberty should be restricted.

For the cause, Curry devoted a large part of his life, and when he died the press rightly called his labors a national service. The broad view of training for the most efficient citizenship was uppermost in Curry's thoughts; he gave no attention to personal benefit when he worked—his eye was upon the greatest good for the greatest numbers. Dr. Alderman points to such dedication as an example of "unpurchasable" zeal which the South exerted whenever national questions were offered for solution. And so we realize what Curry's energy meant in the extension of the South's destiny, when we hear Alderman say: "The chief work then of this noble life was to develop an irresistible public opinion in a democracy for the accomplishment of permanent public ends. In short, through such work as his in one generation of grim purpose and intellectual audacity, the South has lost its economic distinctness and has become a part of American life and American destiny." Through him we fully understand what initiative will do in establishing permanent good.

If we take such a book as Mr. Cable's "The Silent

South," and recollect that, when it was written in 1885, the negro question in its newer aspects had scarcely been discussed, it is evident how quickly and bitterly he might be rated by the Southern people. But his own personal indignation over the treatment of the negro is not the matter most to be condemned; it is his manner of approach on one hand, and his blindness on the other, to the needs of the situation as it then presented itself. The promises held forth by the amendments to the Constitution were just as illusive as the general assertions uttered in the Declaration of Independence; human equity should always be practiced toward the negro, but he should be prepared for the proper enjoyment of those privileges which freedom bestows on the individual. The negro had to prove himself part of the new régime, and with the aid of the white man he was to raise himself above and beyond that alien position where he was marked by his color, and where his inferiority was made more evident by his incapacity in the civic body.

True that the white man had to be schooled into the acceptance of this new order of things. The discussion of liberty in the abstract is far different from its bestowal in the concrete, and to reverse the feelings of human nature takes long years of experience. It is this experience which separates the scattered half-truths of the zealous Mr. Cable from Mr. Murphy's whole truths in "The Present South," one of the most fair-minded expositions of the ways and means in the South. Its statistics may vary, but the inspiration is sound and does historic justice to the subject.

Mr. Cable rightly affirmed that slavery bestowed upon the negro sufficient civilization to make him worthy of freedom, but he was wrong in arguing that any act of freedom could ever recognize that all are equally entitled to that freedom. The South has committed errors against the negro in the courts, but the

better thought in the South has attempted to alter those inequalities which are unfair to the negro, whenever he proves by his moral and practical stability that he is worthy of the law's full protection. Public privilege suddenly poured upon the negro was not what was wanted at the time Mr. Cable wrote, though in his demand for this recognition he was tainted by the abolition spirit which sought immediate results, no matter what the conditions. No doubt the South has suffered in moral sensibility through the very slowness with which it has come to grant negroes the privileges of the freedman. But race instinct is not "twaddle" when it involves the preservation of race individuality, and, as Mr. Harben tries to prove in "The Georgians," no solution will ever be reached where the relinquishment of that integrity is demanded.

Mr. Cable's arguments are written from a Northampton, Massachusetts, point of view; they contain truths, but not truth based on the recognition of defects on both sides of the dividing line. The white man is now awake to the necessity for bestowing civil rights fairly, but he still holds to that social right which is the individual right as well. In a futile attempt to keep these two considerations separate, Mr. Cable involved them in an argument based on general statements rather than on close examination; he was at the time of writing possessed of the one idea of intermingling the races in the daily conduct of affairs, as though civil liberty could not exist without that. But Mr. Cable scarcely touched upon the fitness of the negroes for all those privileges he would bestow on them. He was on much more tenable ground when he argued against the Convict Lease System.

Such a man as Edgar Gardner Murphy represents a different spirit—one to reflect abiding credit on the South. For he is fearless in his examination of causes and effects; he maintains an equal balance between his-

From Stereograph, copyright 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Photographed in his home in West End, Atlanta, Ga., at the age of fifty-eight. According to the old custom still existing among many Southern farmers, Mr. Harris always wears his hat in the house.

tory and the moment; he measures statistics by human standards, believing that a civilization not only has an outward existence expressed by a formula, but an inward basis which governs numbers. His is, conscientiously and consistently, a national view, reached through acceptance of much that has been created by sectional bequeathment. He is as philosophical in his arguments respecting the differences between the concepts of Nation and of Federal Government, as Jefferson was in his discussion of the functions of the State. Mr. Murphy has always stood for the inviolable right of the State to develop citizenship for the good of the nation; he has always believed Federal legislation to be operative in those relationships which went outside the borders of the separate States. His whole argument for State regulation of child labor, when Beveridge of Indiana sought for Federal control, was based on his belief in the obligation of the State in the task of enriching the concept of national existence. Whatever his consideration, Mr. Murphy's ultimate argument is for full meeting of the problem of "undeveloped citizenship." And we find him saying: "Education, all education, is but philanthropy; and philanthropy is but humanity believing in itself and in its God."

"The Present South," in its statistical phase, will have to be read anew after the issue of the census of 1910; but this will not any the more take from it the just expression of how much constructive energy the South has been exerting. The census will indicate the fruits of a labor which have largely been cultivated by such earnestness as Mr. Murphy has displayed in his books. Not only that, but the optimism which Mr. Murphy has expressed in the face of counter elements, is only another manifestation of the idealism which in the South is reaping practical results. For the "ignorant and ineffective life" is dangerous in two direc-

tions; locally it stunts development of the immediate social group, nationally it retards the full expression of manhood. Therefore, when we discuss Culture and Democracy, it is, according to Mr. Murphy, the stronger race which must improve the undeveloped forces of its kind. "The Present South" soundly develops the conviction that the negro problem is but one among other important phases of Southern life —a life in which the white man is the dominant factor.

There is logical development to Mr. Murphy's thought; "The Basis of Ascendancy" is a natural outcome of a practical discussion of conditions; we obtain an eloquent exposition of those subtle interrelations which, civically acting together, seem to raise both races at the same time, for the safety of the stronger. The South no longer believes in repression, nor in the inability of the negro to realize himself. Such a work as "The Basis of Ascendancy" needs acute analysis; it suggests a wide field of serviceable speculation, based upon full understanding of social, political and economic conditions.

Nevertheless, this maintaining of the ascendancy is not a passive matter; while it recognizes the superiority of the white race in the matter of self-development, the matter of color alone will not save it from deterioration if dead weight is allowed to increase, if it is not constantly reinforced by new blood such as is to be found in the mountain regions among the poor whites. Mr. Walter H. Page, a North Carolinian by birth, has done much in writing and in addresses to inculcate a belief in this necessity, and the sum total of his arguments is expressed in such terse conviction as that "the security and the soundness of the whole body are measured at last by the condition of its weakest part." Social progress depends upon the efficient manner in which the latter defect is

overcome; the perpetuation of democracy depends upon the obliteration of the idea that education is a class privilege. The hopeless condition, dominant at first, was not the presence of illiteracy, but the absence of any recognition among the majority that literacy was the one and only solution to the social and economic evolution which was being effected.

Mr. Page's persistency in dwelling upon such matters in his "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" has done its share in shaping the new public opinion which now has to be recognized—since it was hardly ever reckoned before—as a factor in the mental character of the Southern people. The democratic spirit is an enemy to the aloofness of the poor white, to his inadequate home, to his inability to read or write, and to that religious superstition which, as Mr. Page has indicated, keeps the poor white woman in dull contentment with her lot.

The point of view emphasized by such Southern writers as the editor of *The World's Work* is one wholly dependent upon the democratic idea; it had to follow logically the failure on the part of the aristocracy and the church in the South to bestow an even distribution of advantages over the land. This does not mean that these two channels failed in what they did, but their full efficiency was handicapped by the very nature of their being. They misinterpreted the condition of the poor, failing to see that their status was economic and not due to mental inability. It was the public school development in the South which re-established the poor white, and assured the heritage of future generations.

The presence of popular education in the South indicates something more than the mere opportunity afforded the child of every class to be educated; it stands also for the presence among the whole people of a desire for that broader culture of which the

high school, university, and library are the symbols. It is the whole community that has to be trained— in body, mind, and the use of the hand.

This social evolution is, nevertheless, materially affecting those elements bequeathed the New South out of the Old, which were most attractive and most beneficial to its social order. In one way this will enrich the South, for it will serve to keep at home those vigorous men who, as Mr. Page points out, emigrate North in order to escape the stagnating elements in Southern life. Such a state of affairs is serious; it means that as yet there are not offered to the Southern man by Southern institutions those broadening principles of education which the Northern universities afford, and afterwards no wide channels are opened for the full practice of those principles. Even though Mr. Page questions the democratization of the Southern population, he nevertheless unfailingly recognizes the two great constructive forces active to-day through the presence of education and industrialism. Democracy is dependent upon an even diffusion of these constructive forces.

If Mr. Page's issue of *The World's Work* for June, 1907, devoted to "The Advancing South," gave no other than this one impression of the growth in industrialism, it would at least have rightly measured one of the chief concerns of the South to-day. Northern capital has helped to open a large part of the territory which slavery had made slothful through a mistaken estimate of labor. The wrong emphasis, however, in the investigations of Mr. Page and his editorial staff, was placed upon the power of investments from the outside to awaken a progressive sentiment among the people. For the South has helped itself quite as much as it has been helped, and has by its own efforts risen from the ruins of past issues.

A people may not be persuaded upon any other

terms than conviction that the change is bettering the economic condition and strengthening the social life. The recognition of the poor whites is making less uncertain their attitude toward the negro, for the education of the former,—whose pride and lawlessness have largely overflowed in the mob spirit—is helping to create a better understanding of the latter. The poor white needs the restraint of culture quite as much as the rudiments of learning, even though he must have the rudiments first. For the body politic demands that the citizen be able to vote intelligently; that he be able as quickly as possible to rise above the plane of a mere tool of the unscrupulous. As early as 1880, the South recognized that illiteracy at the polls was a menace to free government.

In all directions, therefore, the partial remedy for the Southern problem was to be found in the proper development of the individual. Curry was right in claiming that in the 90's there was too much belief in the power of legislatures to meet the conditions of a labor which slavery had made "ignorant, compulsory, and uninventive." The channel of correction was that of intelligent labor, which would not only increase the capacity of production, but would raise the workingman by raising the character and grade of his work.

The situation will not be bettered by examination from the outside; such English writers as William Archer and H. G. Wells only express in epitome what they hear and view on the surface; they seek for diverse opinions, and from them draw conclusions which are well-meant, but which are not in any way constructive. While such a volume as Ray Stannard Baker's "Following the Color-Line" is in some respects as sensational and as unhealthy as Dixon's "The Clansman," it nevertheless has the recommendation of being reportorially alive, however gullible the

author may have been in the acceptance of his material. Mr. Baker did not travel South in the historical spirit of Olmsted, whose casual observation was quick, but with the newspaper purpose of showing the forces against which the negro has to contend in the South. There was much for him to see, for his book was being prepared at the time of the Atlanta Race Riot of September, 1906, when he had an excellent opportunity of estimating the conduct of a Southern political campaign, the labor question, the trend of worthless negroes toward the city, the increase of crime, and the ineffectual power of the police.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Baker's book was not more soundly conceived, for in many respects it is significantly interesting; but any book based on exceptional cases is not trustworthy as a measure of general condition, any more than is the quotation made by him from Mr. G. F. Mertin's novel, "The Storm-Signal," regarding the race problem, indicative of the best thought of the South; in fact, it is false logic and unwise art.

It may well be asked, in view of the color-line demarkations which enter into all the problems in the South, both economic and social, what is the intelligent negro attitude on the subject? For undoubtedly discrimination became more apparent after the removal of slavery, and Mr. Baker is not the only popular critic who attributes the negro's ceasing to sing to his realization of the color-line. Mention has already been made of the three positions of the negro toward the problem; basically they differ, nor do they offer any hope for the immediate betterment of the negro's sense of responsibility, no matter to what degree he may be educated.

Yet, with such a man as Booker T. Washington exerting a practical leadership, the condition is not hopeless. Considering the Reconstruction demands

of others for the negro, he represents a compromise stand, and because of this, he has been regarded as a traitor to the cause by such men as DuBois, who condemns concession, and would surrender the idea of adjustment rather than relinquish one iota of the negro's right to civil and political equality. By September 18, 1895, when the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition was opened, Washington was well-grounded in his belief that the negro would sooner reach civilization through understanding the difference between being worked and working, than be trained in knowledge that could not "be harnessed to the things of real life." For the first time in the South, a negro sat upon the same platform with the whites, after a distinctive struggle up from slavery, picturesquely, if not remarkably, described in his books and articles. Washington's style is on the whole plain and direct, with a tendency to occasional aphorism; its humor is not dominant, though it comes in set form, and it is largely devoid of imaginative quality. Nor has it the poetry or eloquence or color of DuBois' English. In content, it is based on experience through which he has passed, and Tuskegee embodies that which he most needed in the beginning of his career. "I would not confine the race to industrial life," he once wrote, "but I would teach the race that in industry the foundation must be laid."

Through his own efforts and attainments, Washington knew that industrial training was only a means toward an end; that it would not debar the negro from higher attainments, provided there was that in the negro to produce the highest work. But in the face of the economic improvement of the negro, there are three difficulties in the way, which would make us doubt the outcome of the problem: the negro is not adding to the creative output of the South, or, for that matter, of the nation; mere book-learning is not

enriching his ethical duties as a citizen; mere industrial training, which leads to his economic efficiency, is not developing his initiative or his sense of responsibility. Washington's cry is: "Our pathway must be up through the soil, up through swamps, up through forests, up through the streams, the rocks, up through commerce, education, and religion." But he does not satisfactorily indicate the goal.

"Up from Slavery" is a remarkably human document; it is full of the strength of personal achievement, of exceptional will-power. Had there been no Hampton Institute, to which Washington went in 1872, remaining three years, and had there been no inspirational guidance of such a practical worker in the cause of the negro as General Samuel C. Armstrong, there would have been no Tuskegee in 1881. It is not within our scope to analyze the work of negro education in the South; it was no easy matter for Washington to overcome the obstacles of poverty and prejudice, not among the better classes, but in those cabins where one fork and a sixty-dollar organ showed the conflicting ideas of life in its most thriftless state. The interesting point to recollect is that Washington was called to Tuskegee through popular demand for education, though the current of opposition toward industrial training was strong.

DuBois' grievance against Washington was aimed at the sentence in the latter's Atlanta address, which ran: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." But if DuBois claims that, in the persistency of his industrial attitude, Washington is underestimating the higher aims of life for the negro, it is well to demand of DuBois some other than the aggressive and pessimistic tone which dominates his book, "The Souls of Black Folk." There is no desire, as far as we can

Mary N. Murfree
(Charles Egbert Craddock)

By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

see, on the part of Washington, to shift the burden wholly upon the shoulders of the negro, but, in his determination to make the burden rest on the nation, there is hardly any effort on DuBois' part to see whether the negro is in fit condition to carry the weight, were it put upon him, and were the Southern whites willing to relinquish their responsibility. There is no such thing in DuBois as compromise toward the whites, however much the latter might compromise toward the blacks. He has misinterpreted the spirit of Washington's "compromise," for never once did the latter, in his arguments, relinquish the ideas of political power, of civil rights, of higher education for his race; he saw that it was futile to insist upon that for which the negro was not adequately prepared. None of these factors was to be obliterated in the scheme for adjustment, nor in any momentary postponement were there to be found the causes of disfranchisement and of civil discrimination which DuBois believes.

The whole matter is, that there are rifts of inconsistency in the policy on both sides. In his books we find DuBois arguing for higher education on the supposition that the negro race is to be saved by its exceptional men, by its "Talented Tenth," who in their rise will carry their brothers with them. Mr. Murphy's view is different, inasmuch as he believes that emancipation allowed the exceptional to rise and the average to fall,—conditions which in both directions were held in restraint. There is some wisdom in DuBois' claim that the college-bred negro must become a group leader and take the same position among his people as the preacher; nevertheless, in his claims for the college above the normal training school, DuBois takes for granted a state of mental and moral attainment far above the negro. "I insist," he writes, "that the object of all true education is not to make men

carpenters, it is to make carpenters men"; yet the first premise presupposes moral accountability; and the second premise, which he advocates, recognizes the preexistence of the very training which to him is secondary. Even in his belief—which no one will dispute,—that the effectiveness of negro education depends upon the effective teacher, he does not greatly strengthen his position, since no teacher, however well trained, will prove effective who does not realize the needs of the average, and meet the situation with essentials.

Yet there are positive results from this extensive educational activity. We have passed the sentimental stage in the work; we are now taking stock, and we find how greatly the percentage of illiteracy is being reduced; how well literacy is finding proper channels in Southern civilization for the artisan, the agricultural laborer, the renter, the landowner, the mechanic, the business man, and the professional man. In many ways, provided the average negro continues normally in his development, his economic position is assured for the future, despite the talk about emigration. For it is well taken that in the South the negro has many channels open for earning his living which are denied him in the North. It is the glamour of social privilege which brings the negro North and gives him little permanent benefit in return for what he relinquishes by the move. For, as a matter of fact, the color-line there is more severely drawn, especially in those directions based on economic privilege. Nowhere in the South has the negro been denied a right to earn his living, but he is faring ill in competition with the emigrant class in the North.

The establishment of the negro home is one of the hopeful signs of the day; if this is properly maintained, there is none of DuBois' fear that industrialism will woo the black man from righteousness. But, as Mr. Thomas Nelson Page argues in his popular

treatise on the negro, the negro workman has in many respects retrograded, his skill has been diffused over too wide an area for his ability to compass. While such negro universities as Fisk, Atlanta, Howard, Hampton, Shaw, Wilberforce, and Leland, are doing their share—Atlanta especially, where DuBois' monographs on the social condition of the negro are filling a great need—the problem is still a grave one, far from solution as yet. But whatever his progress, his improved methods as a farmer, as a business man, and as a citizen, are encouraging. Though he shows a slow and sullen response to moral appeal, there is something to say against a certain class of white in the South, which, not expecting the black to be moral, fails to practice morality on its part. Such an atmosphere is not conducive to the healthiest conditions. The increase of the mulatto is significant and a menace!

The writing which has been done in the South on social topics has brought more clearly into view the fact that the most disquieting element in the problem now in evolution is the suffrage question; for long after the constitutional amendments were accepted by the seceded States, each State in turn proceeded (beginning in 1890) to limit the franchise according to local need and sentiment. Yet here again, when we compare the saneness of white thought as represented by Mr. Murphy's views on the Fourteenth Amendment, with the negro attitude as represented by the aggressiveness of Charles W. Chesnutt, who has written on "Disfranchisement," we shall see how much more of a force the white man is in developing those constructive elements which are the life of the South. For the negro is still demanding what the abolitionist wanted him to have, and has not taken advantage of the calm, scholarly examination of the real status, which has proven that suffrage cannot be established

by law, but by fitness alone. The South does not deny that the constitutional amendments are not being upheld, nor does the South refuse the ballot to anyone; it simply withholds the privilege by requirements which fall within the limits of every citizen to meet. Really, what is being done in the South is, not to suppress the negro, but to raise the value of the vote. If Congressional representation were threatened, then the South would unhesitatingly withdraw the suffrage restrictions, and the illiterate man would be of just as great value, numerically, as the one adequately educated. Such a move would only invite the practice of corruption. American civic strength depends upon the quality of the vote and not upon the quantity. It is a right to be earned by all men, irrespective of color, and the South is conscious of this fact.

The constructive energy, therefore, is being employed very largely in the type of literature which has bearing on broad social and economic questions. To a certain degree this has added to the point of view possessed by the Southern novelist. But it takes a period of self-examination and of self-criticism to attach a literature to the soil, and, as yet, the Southern writer is loath to let the old civilization go. Even the negro has not yet ventured to treat of his kind in their modern state; he resorts to folk-lore, to obsolete superstitions, to picturesque barbarities, and the economic negro has still to enter literature in other guise than as a slave. More than ever do we recognize that at the present time the social forces in Southern life are greater than the literature, but there is a cultural awakening at hand which already gives indication of a noteworthy literary renaissance.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE NEW SOUTH

Social Justice and the Law; the Historic Sense; Evidences of a Cultural Initiative; Creole Culture; Mountain Culture; Folk-Song and Folk-Lore; the Negro in Literature; the Novelists of Locality; the Later Claims of Lyricism; Summary.

I

The renaissance which has been suggested began with the accentuation of the term—New South. This did not mean that an old civilization was utterly forgotten, or that the cleavage between industrialism and agriculture was so sudden as to be instantly marked. It simply meant, as Dr. Alderman has said, that there was a resumption of the idea of national unity which our forefathers so steadfastly maintained, and which "got shunted off" by slavery. And by the very maintenance of that term—New South—there is exhibited the pronounced tendency of the Southern people to uphold a phrase by the highest in their natures.

Its utterance came with the Centennial spirit, when large men strove to overleap the obstacles of reconciliation between the North and South. Many remarkable forces were at work as evidence of the good-will prompting the attempt. When Lanier wrote his "Cantata," the attack upon him from the press, while perhaps fraught with a tinge of sectional bitterness, was likewise deservedly critical, for a poem such as

that one, written by the formula of a poetic theory, challenged opposition, no matter what its national outlook. But Lanier, apart from this artistic task, was an unswerving believer in the eventual consolidation of sectional interests; he reached his beliefs, quite as much because it was his nature to love, as it was his habit to weigh cause and effect. And thus it is, that in any discussion of the constructive forces molding the New South, Lanier must be carefully considered in his art expressions, as Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and Senator L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, were in their Congressional efforts for adjustment and understanding.

The term New South, however, is associated very largely with the name of a most lovable figure in Southern letters—Henry W. Grady (1851-1889), whose short career as journalist and as citizen left indelible impress upon his section, and most particularly upon the city of Atlanta. He was a child of the Reconstruction, beginning to write when a mere boy; and despite the fact that the war bereft him of his father, he buried all issues and reached forward at a time when it would have meant destruction to look backward. No man was so loved as he, no eloquence carried with it wherever he went—North or South—so much hopefulness as his; no vision at the time was so clear in its practical scope. The very secret of his power, the very fascination of his speech, were born of a youth whose genius did not require profound learning to measure the affairs of men.

Grady's honesty of purpose is an example upon which many have discoursed. He was above corruption; he declined public emolument; his concept of journalism was essentially simple; he wrote with force, with picturesqueness, with humor, and always with truth; he did not descend to meanness; his friends never knew him to bear malice. These traits of character, of personal magnetism, are

significant in a son of Reconstruction. If he had political faith, it was not because politics inspired it, but because, as a journalist, he felt that an editorial writer could wield influence for the better; if, as a journalist, he believed in and maintained the dignity of his office, it was not because that office throughout the South was highly conceived, even though Prentice and Watterson in Louisville were maintaining a high standard.

There was moral enthusiasm in everything done by Grady, but it was likewise his artistry which brought him much of his effect. When he went to Charleston, at the time of the earthquake, his masterfulness was no less marked than the beneficent kindliness of his presence. Though no reporter, in the common acceptance of the term, he carried the reportorial method to the highest point, and concentrated all his quickness, his dramatic instinct, his humanity, upon some purpose.

It is, therefore, not surprising that Grady was regarded as one of the big forces in the South at the time he purchased an interest in the Atlanta *Constitution*, during 1880. He was a force among the rural population, because there was that in him out of which a farmer might have been made; he was a force in the political life of Georgia, because he understood the wants of the people and had within him a true democratic sympathy. His position in the newspaper world had been subject to many precarious turns of fortune, and his experiences with the New York *Herald* made him acquainted with the North, where he was to do some of his most effective oratory in the cause of the New South. Wherever he went, such a man was assured of friends; his very conversational powers attracted; his social bearing, his love of children, his sentiment, which was as traditional as his speeches were prophetic—these were the elements which conduced, as Harris says, to make him the best-loved man in Georgia.

People knew the carrying power of Grady. What-

ever local enterprise was at stake, he was sought in its cause; the common belief was that a man had best give up a political office if Grady were not with him. Atlanta called upon him many times; his appeals, which took the form of moving editorials, carried instantaneous effect; he had the creative ability, and he exercised imagination.

As a figure of more than local or sectional importance, Grady came to the fore on December 21, 1886, when, before the New England Club, he delivered his famous address on "The New South." Not only was the address notable, but it was a trick of Fate that this Georgian should be able to stand within the path of Sherman, as an example of how the South recovered from the latter's "carelessness with fire." There was beauty in his picture of the return home of the Confederate soldier,—a beauty as touching, as poetic, as his conception of the farmer's home. But more than that, Grady bore evidence, in every warm word he uttered, that he knew what this South of the future was to be—not one of ruin amidst sullenness, but a South realizing its resources and its responsibilities. It was not in him to relinquish the past, or to regret; but he voiced the South's tremendous hope for the future which lay in the resumption of national obligations.

The moral effect of this speech was tremendous; Grady's name rang through the land; his words caught fire; his imagery lingered in the minds of North and South alike. Wherever he turned now, he was asked for utterance on imminent problems, and in examination of the South he was always most keen, most far-reaching. His political grasp made him see the necessity for keeping the integrity of the vote, though he was far from wanting the negro left unprotected; his familiarity with the rural South gave him opportunity of noting what need there was for thrift and industry.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

By courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

With Lanier, who sang of the South in "Corn," he realized that with the passing of slavery, the old economic law would no longer be tenable. He thus prophesies what is at the basis of Mr. Murphy's books:

"The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age."

Grady had a striking manner of painting condition, of reaching his climax by contrast; but more than that, it was the manhood represented by him which meant most. When he died, in 1889, we know of no more universal grief than that shown North and South.

The effect of consolidation, of compactness, of uniformity, is being felt in many ways throughout the South. In 1870, when Professor Shaler wrote of his return visit to South Carolina, he was of the opinion that the Southerners varied so pronouncedly because they had grown up farther apart [than Northerners], and had "not shaped themselves on each other, like the cells in a honeycomb or the trees in a forest." Yet concentration, which leads to congestion, was deplored by Grady when he saw the phenomenal growth of Atlanta around 1870. Nevertheless, the increase of city life in the South has meant a like increase of wealth and the attraction of capital from the North. The section must be careful of the emigrant, since the labor problem is already complicated enough; in the formation of new political policies, the South still has to protect itself from the outside, until there is a full realization that the negro problem is a national problem after all.

For the opening-up process of a civilization, used to conservatism based on class distinction, must be care-

fully considered. Politically, the South has remained solid ever since Republicanism became identified with Reconstruction; the unwisdom of the latter acts still cling to it, although the party itself has changed—in fact, has so closely approached Democracy as to make the two scarcely unlike, save in their sectional traditions. The term "Solid South" carries with it certain distrust, largely due to the presence of the negro. Should the compactness give way—a dissolution which would undoubtedly do much to broaden the political thought of the Southern people—there is nothing in the horizon to assure the section of that guardedness which political compactness now guarantees. The constitutional amendments are still imminent. Of course this attitude leads to a continuance of isolation, to a retarding of the growth of national ideals, and to the further maintenance of a sectional antagonism. The problem is still in solution.

In fact, the South is in a state of transition, and that is why, for our literary purpose, we needs must pass lightly over the points of political interest. The condition of the popular mind toward child labor and its just regulation, toward the cotton mill and its influence on rural life, will be duly reflected in the literature within the next decade; the social consciousness of these facts is now seeking expression; human justice is at work. And it is to be noted, as Alderman asserts, that while the spirit of industrialism has gripped the South—industrialism as opposed to commercialism—the spirit of the ideal is too much a part of Southern character to be destroyed. This awakening, this broadening, this enriching of the social and economic life, which was so numbed by the institution of slavery around 1830, will make flexible the mental activity of the South.

One of the greatest factors in the educational transformation of the section will be the increased respect

for law and order among a mixed population. Through this acquisition will arrive the time when lynching will be obliterated, when a species of social hysteria, analyzed by Mr. Murphy and Mr. Page, will give way before the efficiency of a constabulary, and the exercise of justice to the negro as well as to the white. It is a matter which involves the moral development of the negro, which necessitates the alertness, and the calm but firm action of the people as a democratic body in whom the law is vested to exercise and not to break. The Southern people are realizing that lynch law does not prevent the crime which has been encouraged through the mistaken idea of social equality, inflaming the minds of the brute negroes. The best whites need to condemn the lynchers who discount the effectiveness of law and order; the most intelligent negroes should condemn the outrage, and not seek to protect the criminal. In dealing with these problems literarily, the Southern writer either shows reticence or indifference, for the reading public is sensitive whenever plain talk is mixed with fiction. It is within the power of the economist, of the sociologist, of the constructive statesman, to create a public opinion which will be concerned in a literary expression of Southern conditions and of live issues.

II

In 1873, a wave of interest in the literary possibilities of the South swept over the Northern magazine editor; *Scribner's,* then under the supervision of J. G. Holland, sent a special train through the Lower South on a mission of discovery, and many of the authors familiar to us of the present were forthcoming as a consequence of this quest. In the January issue of *Harper's* for 1874, there were several articles on the

New South, and in 1881, a special editorial was printed in *Scribner's*, whose cordial tone was nevertheless combined with some discerning remarks regarding the unreasoning idolatry bestowed upon Southern literature of the past, which at its best was provincial, overflorid, and over-sentimental. It was then recognized that what the South most needed—outside the immediate necessities of living—were broad sympathy, which was very different from the previous exclusiveness, and a realization that local appreciation meant provincialism, while universal approbation was founded on a broader culture.

As a consequence of *Scribner's* initiative, the *Century* for April, 1884, appeared with a frontispiece of Lanier, and Dr. Ward's discriminating critique on the poet. The contents also showed an article on the negro problem, called "Uncle Tom without a Cabin"; an installment of Cable's "Dr. Sevier"; Page's exquisite story, "Marse Chan," and an "Open Letter" on Lanier and the English Novel. This response to the call of 1873 was propitious; it meant that the culture of the past was not devoid of the creative impulse; it also represented at the very outset the character of the literature which would necessarily follow the passing of a cherished régime.

It is to be hoped that our point of view regarding Southern letters has been sufficiently emphasized to justify its connection with social and economic history. Others, like Davidson, Rutherford, Manley, Holliday, and Trent, have presented the usual biographical data, with sufficient perspective to indicate how closely dependent the literature is upon the life. But the complete realization of the connection is best had through accentuation of the atmosphere and the traditional ideas, which lent feeling to the style, at the same time that they limited catholicity of taste. Link and Baskerville in turn have prepared suggestive

studies of individual authors, showing discernment and critical appreciation. But in none of these has there been an emphatic justification of the sectional point of view because of the distinctive evolution of Southern culture. That is the only reason for a book on Southern literature; it is made possible by the life of the past; apart from the New England school, national development has largely been colored by Southern character. In fact, Judge Tourgée was correct in his 1888 opinion: "A foreigner studying our current literature, without knowledge of our history, and judging our civilization by our fiction, would undoubtedly conclude that the South was the seat of intellectual empire in America, and the African the chief romantic element of our population."

The South has never been without culture, without mental activity of a certain character, but it was a culture of a classic coldness, unrelated to life, to immediate problems, unapplied save in the practice of a courtly manner or in the utterance of a rounded speech. It was not willing to embrace, to include, to assimilate the new activities which were products of the present. It dealt with class rather than with classes. Southern fiction has suffered from this conservative limitation; the poor white and the economic negro are still to be given full literary recognition. We have been too long in our expression of what Tourgée called the "accumulated pathos of a million abdications."

Perhaps the insistence with which the term "Southern Literature" has been used, obscures the real progress of the social life. If, as Professor Snyder seems to believe, the Southern people wanted their own particular body of letters by reason "of the excessive intellectual loneliness and detachment forced upon the South by the very conditions of its life," it is evident now that, with the passing of slavery, with the tend-

encies toward democracy—brought about by a willingness to probe deep for historic truth, however much it might hurt local pride in the beginning—the South is demanding a literature which, if the environment is local, must nevertheless be measured in terms common to all minds. The very fact that certain conditions have been removed which once kept the South historically on the defensive, has wrought a wonderful change in the mental attitude. This has not only made the public more demanding of the quality of its literature, but it has likewise produced a scholarship which has brought credit to the Smithsonian Institution, Johns Hopkins University, the University of the South (Sewanee), and the University of Virginia. In some instances, the student has suffered for his stand against conservatism, for his research; the constructive work of Professor Trent separated him from complete appreciation by the South, and brought him North.

Yet, the historical view in the South is now so broad as to accept keen criticism, and the popular response to the critical spirit is seen in the numberless historical societies and associations which, even if, in a superficial manner, they do not serve to deepen Southern thought, at least dispel inherited prejudices. The student needs must watch closely the extension of the university spirit in wider channels—an extension prophesied and planned for by Lanier in his correspondence with President Gilman.

Still, we cannot help but heed the warnings of John Spencer Bassett, who has watched socially and economically the field of Southern authorship—a field still lacking in that popular encouragement which justifies the practice of letters as a profession. There is a whole historical perspective behind the statement that "we write as a people who are not yet out of the stage of uncultured animalism"—a civilization

with no intellectual incentive, because of prescribed culture. The mental stimulation has just been sufficient, since 1902, when the historical initiative began, to show the ambitious Southerner how necessary it is for him to turn where people reside in an atmosphere of expectancy. As we have said, no section can long stand this exceptional drain.

So, with the intensive development of the historical view, with the further accentuation of the critical spirit, with the increased interest in letters among all classes, due to education and the libraries—two factors which are bridging the distances between the rural South and city life—with these active forces, the general economic condition of the book-trade in the South should be bettered. Yet, as Dr. Bassett suggests, the process of making the Southern people love books sufficiently to buy them is a slow process; in consequence, the Northern publisher regards his Southern territory with condescension, and in many cases—through a process of mistaken indifference—sends his poorest traveler in the rural districts where the greatest ingenuity and personal initiative are requisite. The fact is that at present there is not sufficient money in the South to make the intellectual institutions independent economically of the social condition, and for that reason, the Southern college,—poorly endowed, if endowed at all,—cannot offer the broad inducements held forth to Southern students by Northern universities. For example, the libraries in the South are not yet equipped in reference material for the proper exercise of the research spirit. Columbia University, by reason of the gift made to it of the "Garden Library" of Southern Americana, is exceptionally well prepared for special study of Southern conditions, and its doctorate list will indicate how well the Southern student has responded to the opportunity. But, as a matter of fact, all universities are devoting some

time to preparation of invaluable monographs on Southern economic and social problems.

This renaissance of the critical spirit in the South has produced three types of mind. The man who has just wakened after a period of mental sloth, due to condition of environment, is usually strong in an untutored fashion, and is often wrong by reason of the very refreshing boldness with which historic truth is ignored. This response is representative of the South's realization that it has a right to think; it depends upon all of its native genius, and is attractive because, as far as manner goes, it is youthful and wild and confident, even if only partly true. Such a writer is one of the hopeful signs of the awakening provincial South, struggling against Southern limitations which still cling, despite the many efforts to be free of them. His essays, when he produces them, are brilliant, his stories alive to conditions of the soil; he is perhaps deft in poignant phrasing, and his observation is intuitive rather than all-embracing. By its very bravery in a broader atmosphere, such a temperament shows its provincialism in the effort to be cosmopolitan. But it is vigorous by reason of a broader contact, though it shows no willingness to practice intellectual courtesy toward others. It is a reaction, probably due to the culture of the old régime, which was conventional in a repressive way. Mrs. L. H. Harris is a fair example of this class.

The other type of mind is that which devotes itself to research in the spirit of preservation—the spirit which dominates in the average text-books on Southern literature, and in the compilation issued in 1908-9 by the University of Virginia. The third class is well exemplified in the Southern number of the *World's Work,* but more comprehensively and more historically in "The South in the Building of the Nation."

III

The literary critic of the present must be careful not to confound transitory styles with real and abiding characteristics. The ante-bellum Southerner carefully avoided any estimate of locality in its true color; he sedulously ignored the condition. But now, with the increased attention paid to social study, the writer naturally turns to types which he proceeds to estimate according to true analysis, being faithful to motive and to psychology. In the process of evolution, some of the old style has clung to the new, and while Richard Malcolm Johnston (1822-1898), in his portraiture of Middle Georgia life, may be said to belong to the same school as Thomas Nelson Page, since he began his literary work as late as 1870, he nevertheless grew up with the tradition of the school of Simms and Kennedy, besides being greatly influenced by the humor of Longstreet. The art of the story-teller is not the vital content of Johnston, though his humor is skillfully abstracted from character rather than from broad situations, such as are in "Georgia Scenes." His "Dukesborough Tales" (1871) are valuable for the social description they contain of a civilization which will pass away, though it still exists among the poor whites who figure in the stories of Will Harben. From a personal standpoint, most of Johnston's fiction was a reflection of his own experiences during the years he fluctuated between the practice of law, the teaching of school, and the desultory writing of stories; in fact, the long list of books to his credit, apart from his kindly, breezy, casual "Autobiography" (1900), are simply genial memories, in disguise, of his own career. As an essay writer, as a biographer of Stephens, as a collaborator in literary work with William Hand Browne, he displayed acumen and enthusiasm, but his dominant and distinctive mark was humor.

In his delineation of Georgia character, Johnston retained those distinguishing traits which are so effectively, so naturally handled by Mr. Harben; there is more of the seriousness of reality in the latter—a seriousness which is bound up in crude passion, in ascetic religion, in a tenacious hold upon traditional likes and dislikes; a seriousness which includes full recognition of the new influences subjecting the old customs to change.

But whereas Johnston, in his character studies, sometimes falls into the ease of the essay writer, Mr. Harben is purely the novelist of a more modern school —not quite deft enough in his conception and execution of plot, but still intensely true when he deals with the psychology of types, such as are to be found in "The Georgians."

The one desire should be to keep our Southern writers in the channels which their genius or their training prompts them at first to seek. The danger seems to be that pressure from the outside deflects their natural bent. In his Northern associations, Mr. Harben is necessarily subjected to influences foreign to the soil which is part of his make-up. One cannot superimpose foreign elements upon a strange locality, unless these elements are so common as to transcend their particularity; nor can an author accustom himself to an atmosphere to which his bearing is wholly unaccustomed. This struggle of opposing interests has modified the work of Miss Ellen Glasgow, has made some of her later novels untrue in their striving for an exotic atmosphere, and in their psychology of an undigested social condition. For that reason, "The Wheel of Life," which was a popular imitation of Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth," proved a failure, while "The Ancient Law" and "The Romance of a Plain Man" became morbid because of a psychological method which Miss Glasgow

has undoubtedly adopted after saturating herself in foreign literature of a neurotic type.

The Southerner is therefore much more healthy when content to apply a culture, which is absorbed rather than outwardly assumed, to a soil of which he is part, by tradition and training. When Miss Glasgow first turned her attention to her section as a social student, she produced some of her most effective work, best emphasized in "The Voice of the People"; she illustrated most satisfactorily her power to combine the sentiment of despair with that of chivalry and romance, in her stirring record of "The Battle-ground." Perhaps her nearest approach to an epic sweep of the soil is in "The Deliverance," which, in delineation of character, in description of the tobacco fields, in the traditions of Southern temperament, ranks among the few great American novels. Significantly, these few novels all deal with phases of the American soil—the hemp of Allen's "The Reign of Law," the wheat of Norris's "The Octopus," the moral fiber of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter."

Miss Glasgow, it is to be hoped, will return to her field; for the South is still rich in unworked possibilities, where psychology may have as free play and where the combinations of motives and passions are as numerous as elsewhere. It is a question as to whether the democratization which is working in the South to-day has a right to deflect the intensive study and realistic observation of the Southern writer from familiar locality. The poetic quality of James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" ripened into a deeper and more abiding examination of the evolution of life in "The Reign of Law," but lately has lost grip of the sound condition of character in a misty symbolism self-consciously displayed in the first of a trilogy, called "The Bride of the Mistletoe." We may ponder the fact as to whether such deflection is a result

of a more broadening culture, or whether it is due to the obvious cause that so many of our Southern writers are living North. Undoubtedly Mr. Page's residence in Washington has had some appreciable effect on his last story, "John Marvel, Assistant."

This digression from the logical sequence of literary development is purposely done to arrive at the conclusion that democratization, as it applies to literature, virtually means a deepening realization of social and economic condition, and does not demand the relinquishment of environment. The Southern literature of the present—and by that we mean since the Centennial year—is distinctly one of locality, and several novelists, in order to attach themselves to their State, have preceded much of their fiction with essays bordering on the style of social studies. Such, for instance, are Cable's "The Creoles of Louisiana," an historical sketch of much color and value; Allen's "Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," a survey of social weight, and as full of nature painting as "The Reign of Law"; Page's "The Old South," adequately presentative of old-time flavor; Grace King's "New Orleans," and other historical studies indicative of social interest, like Fox's articles on the Kentucky mountaineer.

The tendency of the Southern mind through many generations has placed Southern fiction in a rut; the difficulty in overcoming this has been partly due to the popularity and artistry of Mr. Page. The very tenacity with which the South has held to certain literary forms marks a distinctly Southern school of novelist, and we detect a mid-period between the old and the new, best exemplified in Charles Egbert Craddock, who combines a stately redundancy of style with a realistic understanding of condition. But the Cavalier spirit is uppermost in the art of the Southern

ELLEN GLASGOW.

By courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

writer, and its persistency, we repeat, is largely due to the influence of Mr. Page.

The vital consciousness of race-mixture has not yet impressed itself upon Southern literature. Mr. Cable picturesquely dealt with one strain in his Creole life which forms the essential background for such dramatic stories as "The Grandissimes" and "Dr. Sevier." And whatever critics may say to the contrary, no more exquisite examples of the delicate art of story-telling are to be had than those contained in "Old Creole Days." Nor does there seem to be a diminishing of Mr. Cable's power to produce the effective atmosphere of Creole life, which may not be true atmosphere, but is none the less vivid and carrying; for "The Cavalier" (1901) does not possess any of the virility, of the terse power, of "Kinkaid's Battery" (1908).

Another phase of Southern life that has received treatment has been the poor white of the mountain, whom Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree) made her own pioneer province. For, while in the novels of Simms and Kennedy and Beverley Tucker, the class pushed from the tide-water district was occasionally referred to, there was no human sympathy bestowed upon the picture. From the time Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich, as editors of the *Atlantic Monthly,* mistook their contributor, under her *nom de plume,* for a man, until the present, Miss Murfree has never forsaken the essential outlines of her locality. If her types are contrasted with those of John Fox, Jr., who is as much her follower as Miss King is of Mr. Cable, it will be seen how different the pioneer mountain life is already from the mountain folk who have in general become accustomed to the presence of law, and who are beginning, with the approach of education, to recognize the necessity for order.

The moonshiner, the peculiar supremacy of the circuit rider, the isolated blacksmith, the crossroads shopkeeper, are changing, but not before Charles Egbert Craddock has caught a likeness on a canvas which adds distinction to American letters, no less than to Southern literature.

The third class in local life is the negro, who has through tribal bequeathment engrafted upon Southern soil a distinct music and an exceptional folk-lore. No one has ventured to trespass upon the ground which Joel Chandler Harris stamped with his own genius between 1876 and 1880 in "Uncle Remus." We doubt, in the sum total of Southern literary activity for the past forty years, whether any more permanent contribution has been made to America than the record of the folk-lore which sprang up among the negroes of different types, peopling the rice plantations and cotton districts during slavery.

There are a fourth and a fifth class which will not be deeply realized by the Southern writer until the social interest of the student has paved the way with investigation; the poor white, the clay-eater, sporadically treated by such an author as Norah Davis, of Alabama, has thus far only attracted Mr. Harben, and he is a type of Southerner who is partly conscious of the necessity for melodramatic incident which detracts from the intensive psychology of his characters. The economic man has not been truly conceived, because he is still reaching out for his economic place.

IV

When one gives each phase of Southern life here suggested minute consideration, it is seen how inadequate a cursory glance must necessarily be. Save for the sketchy and suggestive "Louisiana Studies" by Alcée Fortier, the Creole life of the Lower South has

not received that systematized study which it deserves and which the material in the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans warrants. Here is a field for original investigation, which some student of Tulane University should consider a self-appointed task. For the novels by Cable and the "Balcony Stories" of Miss King are not sufficient guarantee of the preservation of the Creole flavor and of the causes for that life which, during so many years, remained distinct (where the Gringo element of California was quickly absorbed), and which, whether in the fiction of Cable's "Madame Delphine" or in the facts of Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," or in the simple juvenile narratives of Mrs. C. V. S. Jamison's "Lady Jane" and "Toinette's Philip," stands emphasized by strength as well as by attractiveness, by permanent contribution to intellectual culture as well as by political service and social charm.

It is only just now that the American student is awake to the necessity for preserving such details in the spirit of investigation. The novels of Craddock and Fox are saturated with instances of the folk beliefs and customs of the mountain people, but there should be a more systematic study of these peculiarities, since they are the very heart and blood of a peculiar type, having penetrated to the core of life, affecting their speech, preserving old English forms, nursing feuds which descend through the pulsing of blood rather than through the conviction of right and wrong—a conviction which comes with reason.

The mountain road kept civilization away and preserved the dialect and the social custom of the people; and even as there is the Saxon directness to their speech, there is likewise the virgin Saxon strength to their minds, just being touched into active life. These people have their especial amusements, their religious intensity, their strict morality, and their

peculiar dispensation of justice, their loud expressions of fleeting emotion, their superstitions of a Middle-Age type; all these conditions exist in the mountains of Tennessee and of the Carolinas. From such environment Charles Egbert Craddock's most noted novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" (1885), and John Fox's most artistically conceived story, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1908), were drawn.

The note of greatest originality in Southern literature is the element of folk-lore, which has yet to be worked in its relation to the poor whites, and the elements of folk-song and of folk-lore which, in their relation to the negroes, have been productive of a native body of legend. Mr. Harris's introduction to the 1883 edition of "Nights with Uncle Remus" is significant, but perhaps the following paragraph is most immediately demanding of the student's attention, inasmuch as it contains a warning:

"There is good reason to suppose . . ." so he wrote, "that many of the negroes born near the close of the war or since, are unfamiliar with the great body of their own folk-lore. . . . In the tumult and confusion incident to their changed condition, they have had few opportunities to become acquainted with that wonderful collection of tales which their ancestors told in the kitchens and cabins of the Old Plantation. The older negroes are as fond of the legends as ever, but the occasion, or the excuse, for telling them becomes less frequent year by year."

Yet the years have not added much to that which Mr. Harris himself did in the true spirit of investigation, and with an art which preserved the real African flavor of the originals at the same time that it added, in an unobtrusive manner, the rich background of plantation life in Middle Georgia before the war. Yet the necessity for the proper valuation of negro folk-

lore and folk-song becomes more apparent as the plantation "hand" and the pure negroes grow numerically less. Even civilization is having an appreciable effect upon the forms in which the lore and music are preserved. No better illustration can be found of the fact that a folk-song ceases to be a folk-song as soon as it is modified by conscious composition than in the harmonized and softened glees of the Hampton Institute students.

It is the popular belief that the negro has ceased to sing because the economic life has blighted his true savage instinct, his irresponsible, careless emotionalism. But there is no doubt that the old-time colored house servant and the faithful "mammy" are giving way before the new conditions, and with them are disappearing those melodies, cradle songs, hymns, and secular chants of freedom which Dvořák called the only American music of any worth. These are distinctive for their form, for the peculiar pulsing value of their repetition, for their religious attitude which is an admixture of solemnity with abandon, of wailing with exhortation, of tonal color with bodily motion,—upon which, at times, the rhythm seems to depend,—of humor with terror, as in the negro conception of Satan. Paul Laurence Dunbar's sweet lyrics of cabin and field faintly suggest the plaintive call of the poetic side of the negro; his are not, however, constitutionally, African melodies; they are polished, and have none of the tribal quality of the *vocero*. Howard Weedon's shadows of a departing negro life, in their portraiture, bring out the picturesque quality of those types we all know, who have ever been on a Southern plantation.

But after all, the folk-lore and folk-song are expressions deeply grounded in nature, and only changed when the conditions which fostered them become extinct. Investigators have shown, for example, that the Civil War did little for negro song, perhaps here

and there suggesting a sentiment which was more imitation than understanding. In the days of moving armies, when the land shook with the tread of soldiers, it is natural that at camp-meeting the negro should sing, "When the general roll is called, I'll be there!"

The negro is still superstitious: he still moves best in rhythmic time, whether in the cotton field or on the railroad track; he still regards the locomotive and the boat, especially if he lives inland, with awe and reverence. His pick or spade is sent deeper into the earth when stressed with a musical note, his religion is still more effective when, with bodily twisting and shouts, he forces himself into a trance; his theology is still that of the heart rather than of the intellect. Yet his pristine simplicity is passing away.

Such negro writers as Charles W. Chesnutt have had no appreciable effect in establishing a permanent body of negro literature in the South, and the many novels that introduce the negro do so in a conventional manner. Ruth McEnery Stuart in "Sonny" and Harry Stillwell Edwards in "The Two Runaways" have successfully caught the characteristics of the dependant, who is scarcely removed from the condition of slavery, a picture which does not depart from, but only reinforces the technical and artistic excellences of Harris's "Free Joe."

The general feeling regarding the fate of Southern fiction at the present time is that it is on the verge of a radical change; it is more careful in its use of history in such novels as Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," "Audrey," and "Lewis Rand," though it still retains, to a large degree, the sentiment and feeling which have always marked Southern literature. In fact, the emotional color—which includes the unshakable religious faith of generations—still grips the South. We should welcome any body of letters which represents so sweetly the features of a past day. Even

though the issues be dead, which are graphically set down in Page's "Red Rock" and Harris's "Gabriel Tolliver"—both strong stories of Reconstruction,—we must remember that the time will come when the face of fiction will be far different, when we shall look back upon this first-hand treatment of a worthy civilization, as we regard the faded daguerreotype of crinoline and hoop-skirt days.

There are writers whose activities are broader than a section, yet whose sentiment, when it is allowed natural play, harks back to the land of its birth. No one in the future will discount the permanence of F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." There are writers whose lineage predestines the style and flavor of their thought. No one could possibly challenge the identification of Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Flower de Hundred" or "The Carlyles" with locality.

Yet, at its best, Southern fiction cannot escape being grouped under definite heads. There is a quality to Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, to Molly Elliott Seawell, to Amélie Rives, to Sarah Barnwell Elliott,—and perhaps to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, if we wish to be over-inclusive,—which bulks in feeling, whether intended for adults or for young people. It is an entertaining literature, pleasurable in its associations, but far from vital, even in its commonplaceness.

There is still that latitude to the Southern author's work which allows him easily to figure as poet, essayist, and novelist—all in one. This is a failing everywhere, in fact, and sometimes it is an agreeable failing, for the verse of Miss Glasgow is strong in its spiritual position. As a poet, Mr. Page is pleasing, and as an essayist, genial and picturesque in an impressionistic manner. The Southerner still regards literature as a dainty accomplishment; this is especially so in the realm of poetry, where nothing large is being

done, but where delicate sentiments reflect a past chivalry, and where lines are fragrant with the odor of the Southern landscape.

Mention has already been made of the miniature impressions—philosophical and descriptive—in the quatrains of William Hamilton Hayne and Father Tabb; it is hardly requisite to do more than record the names of Samuel Minturn Peck, Robert Loveman, Danske Dandridge, and Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose verses have the lyric quality which is refined, but which escapes the sustained note of great song. In the newspaper world, Frank L. Stanton has brought comfort and cheer to the untutored, and in forcing his Muse to its daily task, he has flashed forth sparks of exceptional brightness. Irwin Russell (1853-1879), in his short-lived career, won reputation for his metrical delineation of negro character.

In a larger sense, Madison Cawein, the laureate of Kentucky, may be regarded as the most distinctive poet in the South to-day. Much of his early verse, as Edmund Gosse remarks, suffers from the lack of criticism which kept the South for so long a time in a provincial state. But while, in the numerous slim volumes to Mr. Cawein's credit, there is the same pantheistic note, and while there is an ever-recurrent use of identifying features of landscape, the total effect is atmospheric—aloof from the world of men. In his gaze he is voluptuous, but there is a feeling that the passion is cold; he is contemplative, impressionistic, and possesses Dorothy Wordsworth's love for the moods of nature, without the reflection that follows. Some of his poems are inspired by reading; certainly his philosophy—if it is clearly defined to himself—is worked out from book-learning. His one original bearing is his intimate consciousness of nature. But, as to his aliveness, one is inclined to believe, with a reviewer on the New York *Times,* that, "in spite of

JOHN FOX, JR.

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his modern accent, he always manages in his poetry to awaken the spirit of old ideals, illusions, faiths, and superstitions."

V

The supreme significance of literary history is one with the meaning of life; it adapts itself to the conditions of time; its form of expression is fluid in so far as the mental culture of the people is plastic. It is unwise to utter strictures at close view; that is why the authors representative of the South to-day have been so lightly touched upon. It is not probable that an intellectual cataclysm will occur in the Southern States so suddenly as to alter the mental texture of the work already accomplished by Mr. Cable, Mr. Page, or Mr. Allen. The younger generation are in the maelstrom whose undertow is strong and significant—all the more since it cannot be seen. You will find many traces, in this new order, of the future literary technique and intellectual interest; they are the traces which distinguish John Fox from Miss Murfree, and which dot the pages of Owen Wister's "The Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore," and which appear in special paragraphs throughout the stories of Miss Glasgow. From these two writers one looks for much, provided they do not mistake the true meaning —social and economic—of democracy and broader culture.

In a critique on the work of Mr. Harben, there occurs a statement of Mr. Howells which touches a vital spot in the character of the Southern people. In effect, the statement commented upon the absence of the infidel among the many Georgian types depicted by Mr. Harben. This very absence of the religious iconoclast measures the intensity of that spiritual conservatism which still persists through the South. Science has not disturbed the bulwark, shifting condi-

tion has not unsettled faith, commercial activity has not dulled the religious sentiment. Mr. Allen, when he first wrote "The Reign of Law," which combated the narrow religious views of the past, was met with determined opposition from President McGarvey, of the College of the Bible in the University of Kentucky. The arguments may be passed by, though the little pamphlet which contains them is suggestive; what needs to be pondered over by the student of conditions in the South is the presence of a conservative theology which is not yet willing—or at least was not in 1900—to take full cognizance of the intellectual trend of the age. There is a compromise between the dogmatic theologian and the dogmatic infidel whom Mr. Allen took for his hero. Yet the reaction has to come in the course of intellectual progression.

No national point of view should take from the South its characteristics or individuality, due to environment and inheritance; the broader culture should only deepen and enrich those permanent traits which must be protected and nurtured for years to come. The essential genius of the Southern people has been leadership; history shows this was maintained even against social and economic odds. Once more the South is in a position—through politically broad conception—to reclaim the task of leadership. That is the next step—if it is not coincident with the clear utterance of a vigorous criticism—in the evolution of the New South. Once let a general consciousness of this power become wider spread, and there is no fear that the literature will not be a just and full expression of the life it represents.

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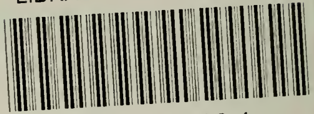
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