THE ACHIEVEMENT of Charles Brockden Brown may be qualified in various ways, but his work is still distinctive and stands out among the imitative efforts of most of his American contemporaries. Only Brackenridge and Irving detach themselves with equal clarity from the background of the limited and stylized current fiction. With Irving, the present and actual are mixed with the past and the fantastic; he gave his narrative materials a translucent coloring of humorous nostalgia, the suggestive effect of which was to dissolve the dividing line between the real and the imaginary. Brackenridge, deliberately addressing his country's consciousness and the conscience of his fellow citizens, used for his purposes a satirical heightening of the civic and social realities that impressed themselves upon his acutely registering critical and sympathetic mind. As for Brown, he was taking first steps in psychological realism within a more or less distracting Gothic framework, and in a number of haunting passages he re-created genuine experience.

The very raw material of these three authors is potential subject matter for the writer of historical romances, but it did not appeal to them through this aspect. Among the minor writings of Brockden Brown, there are such historical reconstructions as his "Death of Cicero" and the not unimpressive "Thessalonica." He was quite aware of the steps to be taken to transform a historical event into a fictional creation, as his remarks in "Walstein's School of History" make plain; yet in his novels he made little use of historical subject matter. Irving was clearly responsive to the historical; but his processes of transformation avoided, as too definite, the core of realism that governs the historical romance. It therefore remained for Cooper after 1820 to lay bare
the historical subject matter of America and to make use of it; his pages contain the first integrated romantic evocation of the spirit of the War of Independence and, above all, of the frontier, with its twin processes of advance and settlement, conquest and social unrest.

In pre-Cooperian fiction the possibilities of the historical generally affected little except superficial intimations and associations. Thus a historical setting served to start the plot of *Amelia, or the Faithless Briton* and *The Fortunate Discovery* and conditioned episodic links in the action of *Constantius and Pulchera, The Gambler*, and *The Asylum*. The mere mention of the mood of war, in particular, could dramatically intensify the incidents of any romantic plot. Mrs. Rowson exploited this skillfully in *Charlotte*. Her *Reuben and Rachel*, on the other hand, was a kind of chronicle of the colonization of America as it affected the life and loves of a succession of generations vaguely descended from Columbus. (The latter's history, incidentally, as early as 1774 inspired Freneau's curious sequence, "The Pictures of Columbus, the Genoese.") Brockden Brown's "Stephen Calvert" and *Ormond*, as well as his "Sketches," capitalized on the mysterious repercussions of Old World history and schemes of change or revolution, whereas the Indian and frontier scenes of *Edgar Huntly* derived from the fact of a brutal American past. The character of the American historical material could easily be obscured; this was caused in *The Emigrants* by Imlay's glamorizing of the Mississippi territories and the valor of his hero, and in *The Hapless Orphan* by the remoteness of the off-stage campaign against the Indians. Nor could the nature of the frontier past assert itself in those chapters of Neal's *Keep Cool* in which Sydney recovers firmness and self-reliance by living among an Indian tribe.

The Indian presence, with its potential threat, was still a reality in the first decades of the nineteenth century. It was kept alive indirectly as well, in at least two ways: (1) through the discussion of the "noble savage" concept, which brought with it the related indictment of the white settlers' inordinate greed and ruthlessness, the source of overt and violent as well as
hypocritically corrupting means to overcome the Indians; and (2), in literature, in the numerous "captivities" handed down from the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These "captivities" were written by settlers who had experienced at first hand or had been witnesses to, and transmitters of, the hardships undergone by people taken and carried off by Indian bands.

*The History of Maria Kittle,* by Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker (1752-1783), is best approached through the literary tradition of the "captivity," which clearly gave it its final shape. But it is essential to realize, too, that Mrs. Bleecker's urge to write, or to unburden herself, must have been originally quite independent of any such formal model. For about five years, at least, her life in a remote New York settlement was made precarious by the presence of Indians and British soldiers, and the men were frequently absent from their homes. Twice she fled from Tomhanick; and she lost a little daughter, her mother, and a sister in consequence of these hardships. Her husband was captured by Indians; and though they were intercepted before crossing over into Canada, Mrs. Bleecker's anxiety apparently proved too much for her, and she did not recover from the shock. Such a contemporary story as that of Miss McCrea must have been familiar in the frontier regions infested by the Indians and have called to mind a number of related experiences among the Bleeckers' neighbors and visiting friends, who in turn revived the narratives of earlier sufferers at the hands of the Indians. A pattern could thus develop and become serviceable for a fictional account of a captivity when it was suggested by Mrs. Bleecker's story or that of some neighbor.

But a mere retelling of the captivity ordeal, without any extraneous elements would not do in 1780 as it had done in the days of Mary Rowlandson. There are a number of obvious parallels, though, between the latter's account and that of Mrs. Bleecker. Both the actual Mrs. Rowlandson and the fictional Mrs. Kittle have no husband to protect them when the Indians attack their homes. Rowlandson and Kittle, on returning from a mission to obtain help, find their houses in ashes. The babies
of Mrs. Rowlandson and Mrs. Kittle are among the victims of the attacks: the former, wounded at the very first, dies within a week; the latter is disposed of by an Indian as an unnecessary burden. Mrs. Rowlandson’s baby is injured in her arms; so is Mrs. Bratt’s baby in a supporting episode of Maria Kittle. The meeting with King Philip in the “capitivity” is paralleled with that of Mrs. Kittle with the French governor at Montreal, where Mrs. Bleecker, as though refuting Mrs. Rowlandson, has her heroine condemn the anti-French prejudice of the colonists, which was a reflection of the new attitude at the time of the Franco-American alliance.

Though the two accounts not unexpectedly express strong feelings about the Indians, there is yet in this a difference between the genuine “captivity” and the fictional one. Mrs. Rowlandson was trying to be factual; and her vindication of Providence was buttressed by objectivity in her relation of her adventures and her captors, whose customs she described briefly in passing. She expressed her horror and disgust at their cruelty and their barbarity, and she deplored that the hard-earned property of the settlers should be so quickly and senselessly dissipated by the Indians. She noted their proneness to lying and boasting; but on the other hand, she emphasized that she hardly met one drunkard among them and that they did not molest their female captives. If she had her reservations about the praying Indians, she may have also had them about the Puritans, who in some respects proved as frail as the redskins. In keeping with her moderate tone, her language remained simple; and even when she was outraged by the bloodshed, she only briefly yielded to employing the condemnatory rhetoric of pulpit eloquence: “It is a solemn sight to see so many Christians lying in their blood, some here, and some there, like a company of Sheep torn by Wolves. All of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out...” (p. 5).

The rhetoric of Mrs. Bleecker’s characters in similar situations is much louder and more artificial: “...In the unutter-
able anguish of her soul, she fell prostrate, and rending away her hair, she roared out her sorrows with a voice louder than natural, and rendered awfully hollow by too great an exertion. 'O barbarians!' she exclaimed, 'surpassing devils in wickedness! so may a tenfold night of misery enwrap your black souls, as you have deprived the babe of my bosom, the comfort of my cares, my blessed cherub, of light and life . . .'" (p. 38). The emotional content of Mrs. Bleecker's language is much higher than Mrs. Rowlandson's, and though she is dry enough in her brief observations about Indian habits (pp. 42, 54, 61), it is evident that she welcomed the sentimental formulas of the contemporary novel. Soon after the exposition, which is mainly factual, a character's forebodings introduce a note of heightened sensibility into her story (p. 27), and this dark shade is recurrently brought into relief to enforce some appeal to sympathy. After the melodrama of the writer's apostrophe to Mr. Kittle (p. 44) and his wife's moralizing about the animals' blessed insensibility and amorality (p. 53), there is finally an implicit admission of an occasionally selfish indulgence in emotions for their own sake. In the emotional state reached at length, the feelings are over-violent to the point of swinging over to their opposite pole: "...They wept aloud; and the house of joy seemed to be the house of lamentation" (p. 83). Some of the cumulative effect of the emotional tensions may have been deliberate. It evidently runs parallel with the crude building up of suspense by focusing the reader's attention now on one, now on the other, of the Kittles, in transitions palpably engineered. Both Kittle and Maria go through a period of illness that might conceivably prove fatal; and Maria, to whom we are returned on one occasion to be offered a contrast between the beauties of the setting and her misery (p. 49), is led back through a series of expectations and disappointments to the communion of gossip, sympathy, and love. Yet though such a tentative patterning can be detected, the best points of Maria Kittle derive not from its innovations but from the tradition of the "captivity," with its purposeful chronicling of events and its sound realistic backbone. How
much Mrs. Bleecker owed to it can perhaps also be shown by comparing Maria Kittle to her other story, built along the lines of the tale of romantic love, which quickly sinks into the sentimentality so tempting to many writers of fiction.\textsuperscript{23}

Maria Kittle is a late representative, as it were, of a dying narrative tradition based on a fading historical situation. By contrast, a group of novels seem to celebrate the advent of a new age, paying their compliments to the American republic and proclaiming its promise. Of these, Secret History; or, The Horrors of St. Domingo (1808),\textsuperscript{24} attributed to Leonora Sansay,\textsuperscript{25} assumes the epistolary form, like Mrs. Bleecker's "captivity." It also has a practical purpose: whereas Mrs. Bleecker was publicizing the dangers of life in wartime in a frontier settlement, the letters of Secret History, "written by a lady at Cape François to Colonel Burr," may have been meant as a declaration of loyalty when Burr was in disgrace.

The adventures of Maria Kittle were conceived in a historical frame of mind, in the consciousness shared by Mrs. Bleecker and her readers of the bloody border warfare during the French and Indian Wars and the War of Independence. Secret History, too, has a background familiar enough to the public; what it lacked in local immediacy, it balanced with the closeness in time and the significance of some of its implications as to the relationship between the white and black population. The historical events related took place between 1802 and 1804;\textsuperscript{26} they begin with, and culminate in, an uprising of the Negroes (letters 1, 20, 22, 25). The anecdotes of the brutalities committed by the former slaves (letters 9, 22) could, of course, be taken as a prophetic warning for the slave-owning states.\textsuperscript{27} If they were so meant, they lose some of their point because of the unfavorable picture given of the French military regime and especially the French commander Rochambeau: for the white colonists, there seems to be little to choose between the terror of their former slaves and exploitation by the French officers and soldiers (letters 3, 4).

The background of unrest combines with another conditioning element of the heroine's sentimental misadventures. From the
first the narrator stresses the sensual and voluptuous attributes of the exotic setting and, above all, of the Creole ladies; and a burden of her book is the charge of moral decadence brought against the inhabitants of the Caribbean islands. Newcomers find it more or less easy to conform to the local customs, according to their disposition: thus the ways of the country apparently do not displease General Leclerc's wife (p. 10) nor, possibly, the bereaved mistress of General Mayart (p. 68); and they seem to suit Clara, the narrator's sister and the unfortunate heroine of *Secret History*, only too well for the peace of her husband's mind. Mary admittedly gives a partial account of Clara's experiences; she mentions as an important extenuating circumstance the fact of her unfortunate marriage (pp. 6, 42, 223). Though Clara early displays coquettish features, she yet retains an (American) sense of decency and scorns the moral laxity of Santo Domingo society: "How often has she assured me that she would prefer the most extreme poverty to her present existence, but to abandon her husband was not to be thought of. Yet to have abandoned him, and to have been presented as the declared mistress of General Rochambeau would not have been thought a crime nor have excluded her from the best society!" (p. 61). Clara is described as very attractive, but her intelligence and sensibility are praised as well. Her idealism, however, strikes her sister as too liable to disappointment. Clara is very much aware of her physical charms: her husband's threat to disfigure her effects on the spot what all her former trials have not caused—she runs away from him (p. 188).

At this point *Secret History* assumes even more definitely than before its multiple character. It is a romantic narrative, introducing a clear picture of an actual historical episode with some of its real protagonists; it is also a sort of tourist guide to the beauties and sights of the Caribbean islands. The comments on the moral outlook of their inhabitants are part of it, and so are the remarks of the Edenic nature of pre-Toussaint L'Ouverture Santo Domingo. The description of Madame Leclerc's dressing room (p. 51) and of Cape François (letter 10) are further contributions to it. A characteristic combination
of the elements of the picturesque, the martial, and the romantic is found in many passages:

A few days ago we went to Picolet, to see the fort. The road to it winds along the sea-shore at the foot of the mountain. The rocks are covered with the Arabian jessamin, which grows here in the greatest profusion. Its flexible branches form among the cliffs moving festoons and fantastic ornaments, and its flowers whiter than snow, fill the air with intoxicating fragrance. After having visited the fort we were preparing to return, when we saw a troop of horsemen descending the mountain. They came full speed. We soon discovered they were the general and his suite; and as they followed the windings of the road, with their uniform à la mameluc, and their long sabres, they appeared like a horde of Arabs. (p. 93)

Clara's account of her removal into the country concentrates on the peculiar and picturesque, the appeal of which she cannot resist even though she is fleeing from her husband (p. 190).32

The book closes on the announcement that Mary and Clara are about to leave Jamaica for Philadelphia, which to Mary is a sheltering home, apparently owing to the protection which Burr has given her and may possibly be willing to extend to her sister (pp. 39, 225). She has early expressed a wish to return to the United States, and the note of nostalgic praise for them has been implicit in her critical comments on the morals of the French and Spanish possessions in the Caribbean; a healthy view of married love, in particular, has been underscored as distinctively American and relevant even to that restless American, Clara (pp. 79-80; 77, 6, 17).

This sort of praise need not be too obtrusive if it is conveyed by a writer competent to deal, without boring his reader, with the manifold aspects of his account; and Mrs. Sansay was such a writer. America is also praised obliquely, rather than directly, in much of the anonymous novel The Irish Emigrant (1817).33 Only its preface, a dedication of the book to Ireland and the Irish literary great, paints America as a haven where the natural rights of man are respected (1:iv). The parallelism between the fight for freedom against British rule in America
after 1775 and in Ireland before the turn of the century is pointed out by our author’s Irish heroine, Emma O’Niall:

In modern times, she had the example of a Washington presented to her view, whose unwearied perseverance in the cause of his country, and exalted patriotism for the love of liberty, had at length been favored by Heaven with the pleasure of beholding that his efforts were crowned with success. The American Republic she viewed with all the philanthropic zeal that Heaven could implant in the human breast, as a glorious and transcendant example to the world of justice, liberty, equality and patriotism unparalleled. She contemplated with delight on the heroes and sages that country had produced, at a time when it was looked upon by other countries with the most supercelious [sic] contempt. Her Franklin then wielded the lightnings of Heaven, her Washington then wielded the virtues of earth. (1:127-28)

There is also the symbolic presence in Dublin’s Newgate of an American prisoner, Warren, brought there by British perfidy (1:169, 2:60-110). When Warren returns to Philadelphia, Emma and Owen M’Dermott, her husband, go with him quite as a matter of course: their revolution having failed, the Irish patriots bide their time in a country exemplary of, and sympathetic with, their aspirations. Meanwhile, the Irish emigrant M’Dermott’s story may be told.

The neighborly alliance of Warren and the M’Dermotts reminds one of the conclusions of many novels of sentimental love and adventure, whose heroes remove with their parents and friends to some hospitable district.⁴ The nature of *The Irish Emigrant* is indeed determined rather more by the protagonists’ love affairs than by the relation of historical events. The latter are introduced in the first thirty pages and dealt with at considerable length, but they are gradually not so much overlaid as permeated and tinctured with the conventional texturing and coloring of the love-and-trials story. The love intrigues, secret though pure or furtive because unhallowed, shape the chronicle of the political drama, until the closing pages, fittingly, record four marriages. Of these, three are rewards and promise well, and the last, which unites two villains, at any rate spares other
possible partners. A simplified handling of the moral issues is also evident in the punishment decreed for the captain who caused Warren's arrest and the barbarous jailor who tried to terrorize Emma. We must not, in such a context, expect any significant characterization. Emma is a compound of patriotism, republicanism, courage, benevolence, and patient love, whose example confirms and inspires afresh M'Dermott's dedication to his country (1:94-95). All of the true patriots—such as M'Dermott, Fitzgerald, O'Connor, Coigley, O'Connell—are noble by birth or precepts; among their adversaries we find Major S—, the ruthlessly ambitious upstart; Sir Phelim O'Niall, a hypocritical plotter; Butler and Sophia, selfish seekers of gratification; Miss Robison and Bonsel, two traitorous intriguers; and the brutal Barbour, who "had all the ferocity of the tyger, all the fawning submission of the dog, all the venom of the rattle-snake," and who, as executioner and Emma's jailor, "would frequently enter her apartment, and present to her his blood stained hands which were still reeking with human gore (from a fresh victim immolated on the altar of despotism)" (2:141, 148). The only exception to the general rule is the English general Nugent, "a republican at heart," who is finally rewarded with the hand of Athanasia Ormond, a noble Irish girl. The potential interest of the Romeo-and-Juliet situation of Emma and M'Dermott is stifled by their unreality as characters, as well as by the bias inevitably felt toward the family feud in such a setting of black and white.

Though itself a slight production, *Secret History* is considerably subtler in the handling of its characters and, by comparison, rather successful in the rendering of its setting; with *The Irish Emigrant* we are given little more than names and a style with no distinctive qualities. The balance achieved in the former novel between its various ingredients may have been fortuitous rather than deliberate, but it is an element that lifts the book above the average run of contemporary fiction; in *The Irish Emigrant* we find an example of a more common disproportion of overemphasizing the sentimental at the cost of the rational and the sensibly lifelike.

[380]
A similar lack of balance rather unexpectedly mars the compilation, *The Female Review: or, Memoirs of an American Young Lady* (1797), by Herman Mann (1772-1833). Ostensibly prompted by gratitude for God's providence and by patriotism and sympathetic admiration for Deborah Sampson, Mann seemed to build around her person a chronicle of the successful final phases of the War of Independence; the result, however, is an ill-ordered account not of American devotion and endurance but of a disguised girl's anxieties over the possible discovery of her sex. The very premise of Deborah's concealed identity creates an interest not unlike that aroused by the question, Will the heroine remain virtuous?, in the novels written after the pattern of *Pamela*. Her story occasionally reveals a more ambiguous tendency which raises misgivings about Mann's boast that his book ought to prove beneficial to his female readers. He professed to be a firm believer in the potential qualities of the novel; and he hoped that his account, which included "a series of moral reflections" and "some literary and historical information" (p. ix), might be found "agreeably entertaining and useful" (p. xiii), rather like a good novel. He was careful to endow his heroine with a respectable ancestry (her mother is descended from Governor William Bradford) and with common sense and sound principles (pp. 27, 50, 99-100) before launching her into the world. Yet he was vague about her motives for disguising herself, though he did mention her curiosity about her country, the fact that a lady could not travel unprotected, and, finally, Deborah's notion of doing something for the Colonies in their fight against the British (p. 114). He seemed to avoid making her exceptional in her ways and views, and yet he referred to her prophetic dream, four days before Lexington, as if she were another Joan of Arc.

Perhaps Deborah's troubles (and Mann's) really begin when the girl whom the soldiers know as "the blooming boy" and whom Mann calls "our blooming soldier," "our distinguished Fair," and "our Gallantress" (pp. 146, 162, 173) provokes the jealousy of a fellow soldier by capturing his girl friend's heart. A later episode of the same kind is protracted because the heroine keeps
her secret even though insistently wooed by a lady from Baltimore. All this has little to do with the portrait of the "historical" Deborah and jars with the author's professed respect for delicacy, as expounded in his preface and practiced heavy-handedly in a number of passages. The appendix of *The Female Review* reveals Mann's own concern about possible misconstructions of his literary effort, or, in other words, about the difficulty of keeping history and fiction apart, and keeping fiction within the bounds of reason and decency. It lists documents testifying to the authenticity of his heroine's experience and tells, among other things, the story of Fatima and Philander. This story contains a scene that might have been written expressly to illustrate those talents of the writer held in restraint in order to observe the rules of the "agreeably entertaining and useful." Ironically, the passage opens with the statement "It is needless to paint the scenes that succeeded," and proclaims at the end that "Heaven was a recording witness to their criminal pleasures" (pp. 245-46). It is as though the author, refusing any further responsibility, was in a hurry to return his reader to the moral context of the scene.

Though allegedly written in a didactic spirit and deliberately charged with meaning, the passage in question was obviously also inconsistent with Mann's determination to "yield the palm of style to the rapturous and melting expressions of the novelist." It was by no means the only time that he was betrayed into a luxuriant manner. His apology for the love of the Baltimore lady is a related example. Another topic in the treatment of which he let himself go is that of the patriotically significant, especially addressed to his female readers (pp. 136, 173-174; 73). This sort of writing manages almost to eclipse episodes such as Deborah's brief journey to the frontier; and it is difficult to reconcile with the report of Deborah's childhood and youth, the blunt fact of her seasickness (p. 145), and the etymological footnote on the word "yankee." Yet it is passages such as the last mentioned or the description of the British attack on Bunker's Hill that are appropriate for the stabilizing function which might be fulfilled by the historical background.
of actuality; it would seem that Mrs. Bleecker and Mrs. Sansay understood that function better than Mann.

*The Prisoners of Niagara, or Errors of Education* (1810), by Jesse Lynch Holman (1784-1842), is another novel with a background of revolution and patriotism which leans heavily on the conventions of the tale of adventure and love. The main narrative is inserted in a frame whose setting is Fort Niagara in late 1782, and deals mostly with events of the years 1775 to 1782, concluding with the hero's marriage, which coincides with the peace treaty ratifying American independence. Within this historical scaffolding, the theme developed by Holman is that of his alternate title. Errors of education prove to be the main source of Evermont's sentimental lapses as well as the cause of the antagonisms and misunderstandings which make life difficult for him and those he loves. Holman apparently felt that he could not rely on the setting in history alone to render his theme interesting, and he concocted an intricate story motivated alternately by his hero's vulnerable flesh and by his restless sense of guilt and expiation. Evermont oscillates between the poles of pastoral innocence, embodied in Zerelda, his true love, and of corruption, represented by the city and Mrs. Willford, in particular. The lovers are Americans, of course; part of their trials must be traced to British perfidy and oppression.

Zerelda is the quintessence of female purity and love-inspiring sensibility. Though her unpleasant experiences include being carried off by an unwelcome suitor (a British officer, too), we may assume that her most painful anxieties are caused by her mixed feelings and divided loyalties about Evermont, "Holbert," and "Bridford." She felt certain of her love for Evermont, so how can she help being puzzled when she feels herself falling in love with the two strangers, under whose disguise Evermont remains undetected even by her loving eye. She is all forgiveness except once, when she even asks Evermont to return the medal she has given him; but it is his complying with her request that really wounds her, and so she is quite happy when she discovers that he has kept the original and sent her only a copy. Evermont also fails to recognize the disguised Zerelda. If this is pardonable
in the darkness of his prison, it is less understandable later when they escape from Fort Niagara. In another sense Evermont fails Zerelda when he believes the rumor that the angel-like being who visits the American prisoners (Zerelda in disguise) is really the mistress of the British commanding officer. Evermont is so much steeped in despair at the time that such a disillusionment is perhaps inevitable. There are so many things that contribute to his dejection: the memories of his misconduct with Armilda, whom he believes to be his half-sister, with Emerald and someone impersonating Susan; the facts of his apparent blood-relationship with Mrs. Willford and his illegitimate birth; and the idea that he may have killed his own father. And then Zerelda is lost to him; not only is she married to Barville but, what is much worse, he is not worthy of her, and he has therefore determined to keep her free from any association with his opprobrious blood (p. 280). The satisfaction of having served Zerelda well no longer balances his various betrayals of virtue and of her love.

Holman took pains to explain his hero’s character, ascribing to him an impulsive nature which could be swayed by any dominant influence (pp. 109, 240, 300-301). Plausible or not, Evermont’s inconsistent behavior does much to encourage a varied use of narrative material and elaborate mechanisms of complication. So does the presence in the novel of a ubiquitous villain, Mrs. Willford: she has played a part in Evermont’s earliest years and been connected with Zerelda’s father, and can therefore conveniently turn up again as the main stumbling block in the progress of the young lovers’ happiness. An adept at illicit relationships, procuring, imposture, blackmail and murder plots, she is the stock type of the versatile evil character finally caught in her own trap. Her world is the world of darkness and secrecy into which Evermont strays through his dalliance with Armilda and Emerald, and his gambling. Since the hero is sensitive, he increasingly broods over his corruption and unworthiness:

What had I been! but what! Oh what! tremendous judge! what am I now!—A paracide [sic]! Awful—Awful thought—A paracide!!!
The pangs of eternal agony rolled in a horrible chaos upon my feelings!—I felt the indignant denunciations of heaven hovering over my head, and involuntarily raised my eyes to behold the blazing bolt of lightning descend, with the thunder of divine malediction, to blast my guilty soul into perdition—A whirlwind of desperation burst in my mind, and hurled the shattered fragments of reflection, into terrible consternation—I grasped a pistol with the infernal purpose of ending a dreadful existence!!

But I was yet incapable of the diabolical deed—I started affrighted at my daring assumption of the sovereignty of omnipotence—The pistol fell—life was struck dumb in awful petrefaction—My hair stood upright in horror!!! (pp. 292-93)

If such is his state of mind when he feels depressed, the nightmarish melodrama of the first chapter is really appropriate to it; its opening paragraph, a possible reminiscence of Edgar Huntly, certainly reflects Holman’s familiarity with Gothic effects. The horrors of reality contrast strongly with the prisoner’s sentimental fancies or with such aspects of the actual which he hardly dares to believe true: thus his vision of Carmont’s murder is embedded between the miraculous apparitions of the compassionate lady.

Holman favored the technique of abrupt changes of mood. This is consistent with the instability of the hero, and it enhances, too, the feeling of insecurity which Evermont must be felt to experience. It also serves, even though crudely, to create suspense. Artificial ritardandi are frequently used for that purpose, from the Sternean chapter ending (p. 70) to the series of circumstances that delay Evermont’s discovery of the identity of the “lady with the lamp.” Before his own identity can be ascertained, he conjectures that he might be related to the Evermont who found him and gave him his name, then believes that he is the son of Valindon and Mrs. Willford, or Huron and Mrs. Willford. Evermont would not have gained much if Huron had completed his revelation at their first meeting, since Huron himself finds out the whole truth about his wicked wife only later; but the time-honored method of interrupting a revelation is typical of Holman’s level of achievement. So is the scene in which Evermont listens for sounds that may betray Zerelda’s
ravisher (p. 181). Characteristically, at the end Evermont's individual dejection yields to general sentimental rejoicing as the various severed couples reunite. The hero's ability to indulge his feelings thoroughly has been demonstrated before; it also manifests itself in confrontations with settings of natural loveliness or grandeur and when he imagines, or can sympathetically share in, someone else's emotions. His success with Zerelda owes much to their common sensibility, properly fostered in childhood. Their cousin Emerine, though, who has benefited from the same education, has retained more sprightliness and detachment, possibly a feature meant to differentiate between Zerelda and herself.

George Washington Willoughby, the hero of *The Champions of Freedom, or the Mysterious Chief* (1816), by Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), is frail like Evermont, but his frailty is treated as a more serious offense. In spite of the coincidence of Evermont's adventures with the course of—or at any rate, the beginning and end of—the War of Independence, they are for the most part unrelated to the historical events. In fact Evermont, disapproving of war, reluctantly and at a late date takes an active part in the hostilities. His troubles arise from his involvement in, and his offenses against, the code of chastity and from his encounter with a malevolent schemer. He remains throughout an advocate of his own concerns, even when acting on behalf of Zerelda; and extenuating circumstances are advanced to reduce his misdemeanor to pardonable lapses in the eyes of both his friends and the reader. But in Woodworth's celebration of American valor during the War of 1812, the hero is early taught to see matters of a private nature (such as love), and of national significance in the light of their respective importance: national concerns are of primary importance and take precedence over all others. Willoughby becomes grievously culpable when, anxious over the fate of his Catharine, he allows himself temporarily (and uselessly, too) to place his personal claims to happiness above the cause of his country. His dilemma, unlike Evermont's, could appear with sufficient clarity only if it was shown in close association with the progress of the war.
Woodworth therefore saw to it that the various encounters and campaigns in which his hero took part were incorporated in the narrative complex made up of his own chronicling of events and the letters and journals written by his part-narrators, Major Willoughby and O'Hara.

Apparently this was not enough, and Woodworth emphasized Willoughby's conflict and guilt in a far more striking manner: he introduced, rather in the manner of early chronicle plays, an allegorical figure appearing to his hero when necessary, in order to forewarn him of impending tasks or rebuke him for neglecting his patriotic duties. Under the guise of an Indian chief, this embodiment of the "spirit of Washington" at length seems to invest the young man with the high seriousness of the American example; he raises him to the status of personified patriotism, as it were, and decrees that patriotism is one of the first virtues to be inculcated in American children (2:335-36). So much for the essential program underlying the story of Willoughby at home, at Harvard, and on various fronts during the war. This program loses much of its high-sounding ambitiousness when it is linked with Willoughby's sentimental biography; whatever serious nobility may have been meant for the "Mysterious Chief" becomes mere ludicrousness as the plots of love, jealousy, envy, and revenge spread their melodramatic coloring to it. The idea that Sandford might succeed in seducing Catharine is of sufficient interest without any additional implications; but we are made to feel that his success would be a kind of providential punishment for Willoughby's dereliction of duty. A conflict between love and allegorical patriotism, however, is liable to appear too academic when at the same time the struggle of a good woman and a wicked one over the man they love lays claim to the reader's interest.

_The Champions of Freedom_ strikes one as an unsatisfactory combination of a pronouncedly chauvinistic chronicle and a conventional tale of love and faithfulness. The hero of the novel is active on its two levels; but the conflict he was meant to experience in that position fails to achieve even the minimum of urgency which we at least sympathetically sense in his trials as
THE EARLY AMERICAN NOVEL

a lover guilty of betraying his true love. The year 1816 was perhaps too close to the events of the war for their successful assimilation into fiction, in the first place; at any rate, the force of literary patterns and conventions easily prevailed with Woodworth and smothered what might have become his original contribution to the development of the American historical romance. The philosophical disquisitions about the necessity of war (2:26, 32) or the sententious remarks about providence, do as little to ensure the relevance of this American chronicle as the appearance in its pages of genuine historical characters or references to verifiable news items. The historical scaffolding collapses into an accumulation of names (of men, places, ships) and a jumble of individual scenes, under the pressure of compulsive narrative and stylistic habits: the stereotype characterization of the hero (1:17), mannerisms such as a sailor's speech (2:27), heroic superlatives, the pastoral or domestic mood (1:20-21), the rhetoric of moral indignation or selfish revenge, the didactic pictures of dangerous sensuality (1:95-96; 2:154-55)—all these ingredients are employed as a matter of course. Woodworth's preface seemed to promise better things, but it is soon suspected of being above all an apology revealing the author's uneasiness about his creation. It could be used to prove that a writer may know his faults and yet be unable to mend them.


2. Cooper's novels apparently met a real need. See G. H. Orians, "The Romance Ferment after Waverley," AL 3(1932):408-31. Harvey Wish (p. 300) notes that half a million copies of Scott's books were printed in America from 1814 to 1823.

3. In Mrs. Tenney's Female Quixotism, too, there is a wounded officer returning from the Indian wars; his appearance at the Sheldons' home proves a powerful stimulant to Dorcasina's fiction-fostered imaginings. Emily Thompson, in The Soldier's Orphan, and Willoughby, in The Champions of Freedom, are born and lose their mothers on the day their fathers suffer for their country: Thompson falls at Quebec (December 31, 1775) and Willoughby, Sr., is wounded at the battle of Fallen Timbers (August 20, 1794).

4. There is an earlier anticipation in American fiction of the motif developed by Cooper in The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish: Mrs. Rowson had two ancestors
of Reuben and Rachel carried away and brought up by Indians (Reuben and Rachel, i: chaps. 16, 18, 19). Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton’s Qudbi, a narrative poem derived from a story published in the American Museum (September, 1789), is in part about a fugitive from Europe, adopted at his request by an Indian tribe. See also the long narrative poem Yamoyden, by James W. Eastburn and Robert C. Sands (1820).

5. Mrs. Rowson (Reuben and Rachel, 1:160), William Wirt (Letters of the British Spy, pp. 38-39), Irving (A History of New York, pp. 51-63), Pau lding (Koningsmarke, i:196-97, 2:113): these are some of the writers in whose fiction we find expressions of blame for the white settlers of America for their dispossessing and actively corrupting the Indians as well as their failure to set unequivocal standards of moral behavior. On the other hand, a writer in the Columbian Magazine (“An Account of the Vices Peculiar to the Savages of North America,” September, 1786), and Silliman (Letters of Shahcoolen, letters 13-14) held that the Indians were savage and cruel long before the Whites settled in America, and did not profit by the good example of the Christians. This was also the view of Silliman’s Yale colleague Timothy Dwight (Travels, 3:19-22). Henry M. Brackenridge wondered whether the Missouri Indians he met in 1811 exemplified natural barbarism, or corruption by Western civilization (see “The Indians of the Upper Missouri,” in Warren S. Tryon, ed., A Mirror for Americans, 3:492).

6. The English traveler and writer John Davis (1775-1854), who thought (in sentimental sympathy, rather like Freneau’s) that the Indians were civilizable, may be mentioned in passing here, since according to him his “literary birth” took place in the United States. He proclaimed his British loyalty (Travels of Four Years and a Half in the U.S.A., p. 4), but resided in America about sixteen years, including two at Richmond from 1812 to 1814. After 1816 and to his death he lived in England. He would rate a longer discussion here if his fiction had been more original and verifiably influential in America, but it is poor even by the standards of the contemporary American novel. His books are clearly very hastily devised and written, and frequently repetitive in phrasing. Jay B. Hubbell, “The Smith-Pocahontas Literary Legend,” in South and Southwest: Literary Essays and Reminiscences, pp. 175-204, calls Davis an initiator but also reminds us that the Smith-Pocahontas material was already somewhat assimilated in America when Davis wrote his versions of it. We may list the accounts of Smith and/or Pocahontas in: the Columbian Magazine (July, 1787, August-December, 1788); the American Magazine (December, 1787, March, 1788); Belknap’s American Biography (1:240-308); Wirt's Letters of the British Spy (1803), letter 4; Marshall’s Life of George Washington, (1: chap. 2). Davis first summarized the Pocahontas material in The Farmer of New-Jersey (New York, 1800), p. 11, treated it more extensively in his Travels, pp. 259-95, and Captain Smith and the Princess Pocahontas (Philadelphia, 1805); it was further elaborated in The First Settlers of Virginia (New York, 1805). He followed Smith’s 1624 account, expanding and embellishing it in the manner of the sentimental novelists, perhaps following the example of Wirt in the expression of his feeling for the place and persons. The reviews of Davis’s early novels were extremely discouraging; see the American Review and Literary Journal (11[1801]:83, 427-30) and the Port-Folio (1, no. 38[1801]:303). Davis’s Indian novels do not seem to have been noticed. For Davis, see Thelma Louise Kellogg, The Life and Works of John Davis; Philip Young, “The Mother of Us All: Pocahontas Reconsidered,” KR 24(1962):391-415; and Davis, Jefferson’s Virgin i a, pp. 300-302. The Female American, or the Extraordinary Adventures of Unca Winkfield, compiled
by herself (London, 1767), uses an adaptation of the Smith-Pocahontas material in its opening chapters, of the Crusoe story later, and of accounts of missionaries at the end. The Indian setting in the main part of the book is South American rather than North American; in the Virginia chapters the execution of the white prisoners is considered a punishment for their greed. An American edition of the novel appeared in Newburyport, Mass., 1800 [?]; it is doubtful whether the alleged authoress was really writing her autobiography, and whether she was an American at all (but see Tremaine McDowell, "An American Robinson Crusoe," AL 1(1929):309-0). A later echo of the legendary material is to be found in The Christian Indian; or, Times of the First Settlers (New York, 1825), a novel which introduces a number of very noble savages indeed.

7. The story (or "letter" to Mrs. Bleecker's friend Susan Ten Eyck) was apparently begun in Dec., 1779, and perhaps completed in 1781. It was published in the New York Magazine, in five installments, from September, 1790, to January, 1791, and included in The Posthumous Works of Ann Eliza Bleecker; references are to this edition.

8. See Albert Keiser, The Indian in American Literature, p. 33.


10. Mrs. Bleecker herself was never a captive of the Indians, yet her experience was spectacular enough for the Duyckincks to refer only to her life, not to her pioneer work in American fiction, in their Cyclopaedia of American Literature, 1:365-67.

11. Mary Rowlandson, The Soveraignty & Goodness of God, together with the Faithfulness of his Promises Displayed; being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson. References are to the second edition, the earliest extant (Cambridge, Mass., 1682). According to Frank Luther Mott, this was the first American prose best seller. (Multitudes, p. 20). The "captivity" remained long popular: two collections appeared as late as 1841, Joseph Pritts, Incidents of Border Life (Lancaster, Pa.), and Samuel Gardner Drake, Tragedies of the Wilderness (Boston). The "captivities" were perhaps rejuvenated by accounts of prisoners of the English or Algerines; see above, the chapters "John Bull and Brother Jonathan" (esp. pp. 91-92), and "Fortune's Football" (esp. pp. 286-98). See also Phillips D. Carleton, "The Indian Captivity," AL 15(1943):169-80; Roy H. Pearce, "The Significance of the Captivity Narrative," AL 15(1947):1-20, and the same author's The Savages of America.

12. There is also a reversal of the situation: Mrs. Rowlandson's brother-in-law buried his own wife with the other victims of the fire laid by the Indians, though he was unaware of it, whereas Kittle, who cannot find his wife's body, assumes it must have been consumed when their house burnt down.

13. Mrs. Rowlandson wrote of her son that "it might have been worse with him, had he been sold to the French, than it proved to be in his remaining
with the Indians" (p. 36). Mrs. Kittle is made to say: "From my infancy have I been taught that the French were a cruel, perfidious enemy, but I have found them quite the reverse" (p. 73).


15. See her remarks on smoking (p. 24) and on her inability to sympathize with an Indian mother (p. 39). William Bartram was another writer who tried to give a fair picture of the Indians; see his *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida...* (1791), ed. Mark Van Doren, pp. 182-84, 44-45.

16. "...The Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house, as if one had taken an handful of stones and threw them" (p. 3); cf. the phrase, "haveing my burden more on my back than my spirit" (p. 42).


18. "Maria smiled benignly through a crystal atmosphere of tears" (p. 66); for other situations of sensibility, see pp. 80-81, 82-83. Roy H. Pearce calls Maria Kittle "simply a captivity narrative turned novel of sensibility" (*The Savages of America*, p. 198).

19. Mrs. Willis is invited to tell her sad tale, one lady saying, by way of enticement, "my heart is now sweetly tuned to melancholy." Later "the ladies severally embracing her, expressed their acknowledgement for the painful task she had complied with to oblige their curiosity" (pp. 74, 81); cf. the phrases "pleasing melancholy" and "indulged herself in the luxury of sorrow" (pp. 69, 56).

20. "But doubtless, my dear, your generous sensibility is alarmed at my silence about Mrs. Kittle; I think we left her reposing under a tree" (p. 49); see also p. 42.

21. She is disappointed by the Indian women's pitilessness, then overwhelmed by the compassion of an English lady (pp. 59-60, 64); when she has given up the hope of seeing her husband again, they suddenly meet (pp. 81-82).

22. The pattern is also supported by parallelisms in the main story and the subsidiary episodes, told by Mrs. Brattle and Mrs. Willis.

23. "The Story of Henry and Anne" (*Posthumous Works*, pp. 89-114). Henry wishes to be released from army service, and his commanding officer answers "in a softened tone, 'I know what love is—my Henry can be happy, I only great;...I know you deserve to be happier than I am!'"

24. There is only one edition printed in Philadelphia in 1808. The vaguely commendatory review of the novel in the *Monthly Anthology* 5(1808):384-87, above all celebrates the rich associations of Santo Domingo for all Americans since the days of Columbus.

25. There are references which possibly apply to the author of *Secret History* in James Parton, *The Life and Times of Aaron Burr*; see especially, in a letter written on the eve of Burr's duel with Hamilton: "...I would suggest that Madame,—too well known under the name of Leonora, has claims on my recollection. She is now with her husband at St. Iago, of Cuba" (12th ed. [New York, 1859], p. 352). See above, "Seduction," for a discussion of another novel by the same author, *Laura* (in particular note 28).

26. Rochambeau's capture (chap. 21), occurred in November, 1803.
27. One Negro uprising in the States seems to have been inspired by the example of Toussaint L'Ouverture, that of Gabriel, the slave of a Richmond landowner. See Wish, Society, p. 229.

28. Mary envies "the Creole ladies whose time was divided between the bath, the table, the toilette and the lover" (p. 25); see also pp. 18, 20.

29. According to Mary seduction is rare but adultery commonplace, in Santo Domingo (p. 77). "Every girl sighs to be married to escape the restraint in which she is held while single, and to enjoy the unbounded liberty she so often sees abused by her mother" (p. 80). The Cubans seem to be a race of thieves (p. 122), while the descendants of the Spaniards have retained only their characteristic jealousy (p. 141).

30. See especially pp. 180, 221. Mary is perhaps something of a flirt herself: see her appreciation of Major B— (p. 67), the American consul (p. 136), and Don Carlos (p. 176).

31. See pp. 31, 223; and letter 5, pp. 180, 221, 223.

32. There are also the descriptions of a shrine (pp. 195-96), and of a nocturnal land-crab exodus (pp. 201-3).

33. The copyright notice of the only edition of the novel mentions the names of John T. Sharrocks and Adam Douglass. The latter may have been the author; Sharrocks appears on the title page as publisher of the novel.

34. See, e.g., Mrs. Wood's Julia, Amelia, and Ferdinand and Elmira; Mrs. Botsford's Adelaide; Mrs. Rowson's Reuben and Rachel; Butler's Fortune's Foot-ball; the anonymous The Fortunate Discovery.

35. "Sophia was a compound of vice, malignity, of the most vindictive malice, jealous of the perfections of others, hypocritical, and overbearing, all of which passions operated on her by turns, so that she was always accompanied by one of those deamons [sic] at least and the reader may conjecture, when all her forces were combined, they were not the least formidable array, that has been seen" (1:144). Butler's portrait is given in 1:137.

36. More memorable "Irish emigrants" occur in Brackenridge's Modern Chivalry, whose Teague O'Regan is partly an elaboration of Father Bombo, a creation of Brackenridge and Freneau; in Mrs. Tenney's Female Quixotism (the scoundrel O'Connor); in Brown's Edgar Huntly (Clithero) and "Carwin" (Ludloe). The Irish revolution of 1798 was to be used by James McHenry in O'Halloran (1824) with better success.

37. See the Dedication and Preface. All references are to The Female Review (1797).

38. In all likelihood there must have been some truth about the person and the basic situation of the "female soldier" Deborah Sampson, alias Robert Shurtleff. It is the treatment and elaboration of the material, apparently devised to bring the story into conformity with current patterns of fiction, that raise misgivings in the minds of the readers (see Quinn, Fiction, p. 23, and the factual corrections suggested by John Adams Vinton in his edition of The Female Review [Boston, 1866]). To some contemporary or near-contemporary readers, the example of the Deborah publicized by Mann or other reports of her career was real and stimulating enough. This is evidenced, e.g., by the confession story published (in part anonymously) by Lucy Brewer West. Its second installment is entitled, An Affecting Narrative of Louisa Baker, "a native of Massachusetts, who, in early life having been shamefully seduced, deserted her parents, and enlisted in disguise, on board an American frigate as a marine, where, in two or three engagements, she displayed the most heroic fortitude, and was honourably discharged therefrom, a few months since, with-
out a discovery of her sex being made" (3d ed., Boston, 1816). There are explicit statements that Louisa was encouraged by the example of Deborah, and that she copied some of the measures of her model to secure an effective disguise. Lucy West could of course have been inspired by other models, e.g., the New York reprint (1807) of *The Female Shipwright*, about Mary Lacy, who was a sailor for four years and a dockyard worker for another seven years, or the "Account of Frances Scanagatti," another young lady who distinguished herself in the army (see the *Literary Magazine and American Register* 8(1807):183-89. A later related story is Cordelia Stark, *Female Wanderer* (1819).

39. We are informed that Deborah's conquest "bordered on subjects that might have enraptured the other sex" (p. 179).

40. When Deborah's section are ordered to bathe in the Hudson River, the girl finds a spot "thickly enclosed with the aspen and alder. Thither she unnoticed retired. And whilst the Hudson swelled with the multitude of masculine bodies, a beautiful rivulet answered every purpose of bathing a more delicate form" (p. 189).

41. P. xiii. The clichés of situation and phrasing also proved irresistible to Lucy West (see note 38), e.g., Part II, pp. 5, 10, Part III (*The Awful Beacon* [Boston, 1816]), p. 11. If Parson Weems can be called "a novelist or poet manqué" (Weems, *The Life of Washington*, ed. Marcus Cunliffe, Introduction, pp. iv, lvi, and cf. xxiv, xxviii), this could be said, as a flattery, of Herman Mann, too. The pretentiousness of *The Female Review* is shown up by such a straightforward contemporary account as John Plumb Martin's *Private Yankee Doodle*, ed. George F. Scheer (Boston: Little, Brown, 1962).

42. "O love! how powerful is your influence! how unlimited your domain! The gallant Solomon could not have composed three thousand proverbs and his madrigals to his love, without much of your conviviality. The illuminations of Venus were known in those days. And it was by her rays, the Preacher of love so often strolled with his Egyptian belles in his vineyard, when the flowers appeared on the earth, the mandrakes gave a good smell, and the time of the singing of birds had come; when they reciprocated their love amidst the dews of dawn.

Sufficient it is, that this love is preserved, and that it will remain incontrovertible. And happy it is, that it is not only enjoyed by the prince of the inner pavillion. It leaps upon the mountains; and, under the shadow of the apple-tree, it is sweet to the taste. From the moss-covered cottage, it is pursued, even amidst the thunders of war and the distraction of elements. And the nymph of Maryland was as much entitled to it, as the mistress of him, who had the caressing of a thousand" (pp. 195-97).

43. "The derivation of this word is from farmer Jonathan Hastings of Cambridge about 1713. He used it to express a good quality. Thus, a yankee horse and yankee cider were an excellent horse and excellent cider.—The British used it wrongly, as a word of contempt to the Americans" (p. 153n.).

44. This has been praised by Quinn, *Fiction*, p. 23.

45. Perry F. Kendig has published a sound description of this novel (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1953). He describes a copy not listed in Wright's *American Fiction*. The copy is in the Bittle Memorial Library, Roanoke College, Salem, Va. There seems to be only one edition of the novel, Frankfort, Ky., 1810. Israel George Blake records that "some of the best scholars of his day have expressed the belief that the moral tone of the novel was at least as elevated as the better class of fiction of the early part of
the century" (The Holmans of Veraestau [Oxford, Ohio: The Mississippi Valley Press, 1943], p. 5). Holman apparently did not in later years share this flattering opinion of the "piece of over-florid, dramatic writing, indiscreetly committed to paper by him in his youth" (R. E. Banta, Indiana Authors and their Books, 1816-1916 [Crawfordsville, Ind., 1949], pp. 151-52).

46. Evermont himself has no one to advise him in Richmond and falls into vicious city ways. Armilda knows no other example than her mother's wickedness. Whitford grows up in the brutal atmosphere of his parents' home. Emerald's parents have no time for her, her mother is a "votary of high life," her father a busy merchant, just like Zerelda's father and grandfather; but then Zerelda is brought up far from her father's home, by her wise aunt.

47. Barville is a British officer, Fort Niagara a British prison where Zerelda and Evermont are detained against their will, and where Whitford believes he can safely use violence against Amacette.

48. Even when she is disguised and comes to Evermont in the obscurity of the jail, the hero is characteristically responsive to her charms (e.g., pp. 19-20).


50. He has saved her from drowning and murderous Indians, rescued her from captivity, prevented her rape, shot a leopard about to attack her, led her out of a desert where she could have died of thirst and hunger, or been devoured by wolves, and finally kept Mrs. Willford at bay as long as possible.

51. Evermont is frequently led into temptation simply because he is invincibly attractive to the girls he meets; in this he is like many novel-heroines, who have their hosts of admirers. His popularity also causes him to be pardoned perhaps a trifle too quickly (e.g., pp. 342-43).

52. Holman was not content with the usual device of the "double level" of one or more concealed or mistaken identities but cumulated its effects by using disguises. Evermont passes himself off for "Holbert" and "Bridford", Emerald impersonates Susan, Amacette wears the uniform of a soldier, Evermont and Carmont play the part of British soldiers, Mrs. Willford disguises herself as a man, and Zerelda becomes in succession the "lady with the lamp" and the servant Bourbon.

53. See also his reflections in chaps. 8, 11, 15, 17, 18, 23.

54. Later Gothic touches include the appearance of Anderville's "ghost" (pp. 304-5), the circumstances in which Huron is led to begin, and interrupt, his revelations (chaps. 20, 27), and Evermont's sensations as he loses his way while Zerelda remains unprotected in the forest, and at night, too (chap. 15).

55. There are, e.g., the quick transitions from Evermont's sorrow over the death of Haylard (pp. 105-6) to his joy at an assignation (p. 109) and the moralizing farewell note he sends his supposed girl-friend (p. 117). Occasionally there is a didactic intent rather than a melodramatic one behind such changes, as when real and pretended values among the Indians and the Whites are contrasted.

56. Evermont's lamp breaks as he is about to read the manuscript, then he is distracted by Anderville's "ghost" and the opportunity to escape; the manuscript is mislaid during his flight, but miraculously found again after Evermont has given it up for lost.

57. "I rambled to the banks of Jackson's River, and throwing myself on a rock, listened with frantic earnestness, to the screaming river birds, and the wild yellings of the owls, which, by fits, were reverberated through the dark-
ness, from an hundred echoing hills. Successive volumes of frowning clouds, rushed up the west, and overran the heavens, their magazines of embosomed fire, would burst and stream through the atmosphere in sheets of flame. Rumbling thunder followed them with a deep muttering sound; and all would be silent, threatening, blackness. In an instant, the Heavens would again burst, with an hundred daring torrents of keen, forked blaze; and fiercer peals of conflicting thunder roll in tremendous reverberations over the quaking hills. This awful clash of contending elements, long continued to swell its stupendous grandeur, on the dark bosom of night; but I still remained unmoved among the wild rocks that hung lowering around the stream" (p. 288). Cf. the view from Fort Niagara (p. 24), a Potomac landscape (p. 71), Zerelda's "grotto" (pp. 125-27), the emancipation of the slaves (p. 353).

58. See, e.g., the following passages: the first appearance of the lady among the prisoners (p. 14); Evermont watching Zerelda unseen (p. 132); remarks on the poetry and experience of unrestrained sensibility (p. 151); a parting scene (pp. 260-61) and a reunion (p. 330).

59. Here is a sample of Zerelda's sensibility: "I saw a tear fall from his eye, and light on a rose that bloomed a little below the mark of the ball. His agitation increased, and he bowed, bid us a good evening and departed. I flew to the rose that caught his tear—the little inestimable sparkler hung on its bosom with a smile—I raised it to my lips, and drank it with rapture; then kissed the flower a thousand times and opening my handkerchief, pressed it to my bosom" (p. 152).

60. Their relation is similar to that of Adelaide and Morgiana in Mrs. Botsford's Adelaide.

61. Among other celebrations we may mention William Dunlap's Yankee Chronology (New York, 1812), on the Constitution-Guerriere encounter; the biographies of heroes contributed by Irving to the Analectic Magazine (1813-14); and James Butler, American Bravery Displayed, in the Capture of Fourteen Hundred Vessels of War and Commerce, since the Declaration of War.

62. See 1:143, 228-29, chap. 29; and 2:293. The first time Willoughby meets his spiritual mentor, he is just beginning to take an interest in a gypsy at a masquerade; the apparition, of course, immediately drives away all thoughts of dalliance. In retrospect this appears the more significant as the gypsy is Sophia, who will later seduce the hero when there is no one to assist him. Woodworth's preface reveals that he was aware that "probably the book would have been better without" the Mysterious Chief (see William Alfred Bryan, George Washington in American Literature [New York: Columbia University Press, 1952], p. 195).

63. Such a punishment would not be easy to reconcile with Woodworth's simple "philosophy of history": "Woman ever has been, still is, and always will be, the main spring, the 'primum mobile' of every masculine achievement, from the hero to the clown—from the man to the stripling; and whether she fire a Troy, or excite emulation in a game at marbles; whether she influence a court or rule in a dairy, the end, cause, and effect, are still the same. We may talk of Patriotism—we may prate of Fame; but who could feel the one, or seek the other, but for the sake of woman?" (2:99).

64. The Americans are patriotic and victorious (1:249; 2:92, 302, 335-36), but the British are accused of brutality and cruelty, and of encouraging the Indians to harass their enemies.

66. See Willoughby's outburst when he escapes from the arms of a prostitute (1:95), his final resolve to devote himself to the American cause (2:294).

67. Our hero meets personally a great number of men destined to distinguish themselves in various encounters. The mention of a storm calls for an explanatory footnote: "The destructive storm which occurred on Tuesday morning, November 24, 1812, is probably well remembered. Many vessels were shipwrecked in the Sound, and a church-steeple in Orange county was blown down" (2:49n.).

68. At the Richmond theater fire, Willoughby rescues two ladies who have fainted: "...He took one in each arm, leaped into the pit, and bore his insensible burdens, through the thick smoke and scorching flames, until he gained in safety the semi-circular avenue which led him to the door of the theatre" (1:169).

69. See the hero's rebuke of Sandford (1:107) and self-reproach (2:173).

70. Sandford wants to seduce Catharine to make Willoughby suffer (1:183-84; 2:296), and Sophia drastically describes the change of her feelings: "You have driven an angel from my bosom, and a devil has usurped its seat!...My brain's on fire! You have trampled on my heart, and converted the nectar of love to wormwood. I hate you more than I ever loved you—I risked the loss of Heaven for my love—I would willingly incur certain damnation, to make you feel my hate. Willingly would I plunge into the burning centre of hell, could I drag you thither with me" (2:165).

71. Woodworth promised to write short paragraphs and chapters, for the convenience of his readers, and to observe variations of tempo in the different parts of his narrative. There is an apologetic tone to his patriotic appeal, his emphasis on the fact that the book is by an American and offers American subject matter.

72. There was a good measure of truth in the words which the author put in the mouth of a friend criticizing his novel: "...The plot is unnatural, the incidents absurd, and the language inelegant. But the greatest monster of all is your Mysterious Chief" (p. iii). Perhaps the novel is so poor because "the author was often compelled to deliver his unrevised manuscript to the waiting compositor—a dozen lines at a time!" ("Biographical Sketch of Samuel Woodworth," in The Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions, of Samuel Woodworth, p. x). See also the devastating review in the Port-Folio, new ser., 3(1817):165-67.