

✓ Please fill out and return in order that we may complete our records on former Rosenwald Fellows:

Name: Charles R. Anderson

Present position: Associate Professor, American Literature

The Johns Hopkins University

Address: Baltimore, Md.

MD.

Significant recent activities:

Will complete publication of Centennial Edition of Sidney Lanier (10 volumes) in winter of 1944-45.

(Use additional sheet if desired)



# CROSS REFERENCE RECORD

<b>FIRM NAME OR SUBJECT</b>	FELLOWSHIPS ANDERSON, CHAS. R.	<b>FILE NO.</b>
<b>DATE</b> 1/4/43	<b>REMARKS</b> Letter of reference for Anna Rutledge. Also gives personal data as past fellow.	

<b>SEE</b>	FELLOWSHIPS RUTLEDGE, ANNA	<b>FILE NO.</b>

<b>DATE</b>	<b>SIGNED</b>
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FILE CROSS REFERENCE RECORD UNDER NAME OR SUBJECT LISTED AT TOP OF THIS SHEET, AND IN PROPER DATE ORDER. THE PAPERS REFERRED TO SHOULD BE FILED UNDER NAME OR SUBJECT LISTED UNDER "SEE"

**YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



10

# FELLOWSHIPS

August 7, 1941

Dear Mr. Anderson: We are in the midst of preparing for the benefit of our trustees a comprehensive report on the fellowship program of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. In seeking to bring our files up to date we are enlisting your co-operation, and are enclosing a brief questionnaire. We will be grateful if you will fill out this questionnaire and return it to us immediately. For your convenience a return envelope is enclosed.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

WCH:MLJ

Mr. Charles Roberts Anderson  
Department of English  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

July 1941

MLL

WcK	8/22			

PROGRESS REPORT - JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND FELLOWS

Name Charles Roberts Anderson  
 Present position Associate Professor of American Literature  
 Address The Johns Hopkins University  
Baltimore, Md.

Since your fellowship was awarded have you received

(a) a salary increase? Yes - one in 1940, another in 1941

(b) a promotion in rank? If so, please describe From assistant to associate professor at Duke University (1940); appointment to Johns Hopkins Univ. as associate professor, 1941.

Degree received during award, or since, or progress made toward degree:

Ph.D., Columbia Univ., 1939  
(not connected with fellowship)

Title of dissertation See item #2, below

Publications, if any. (Please give titles, date, and place of publication.)

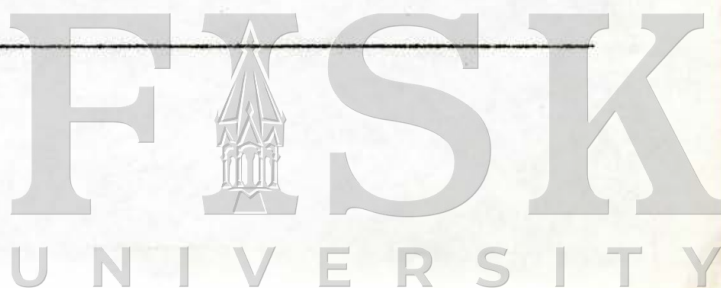
- (1.) Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate United States, 1842-1844 (Duke Univ. Press, 1937)
- Melville in the South Seas (Columbia Univ. Press, 1939)

"Charles Gayarré and Paul Hayne," a chap. in American Studies in Honor of W.K. Boyd (Duke Univ. Press, 1940) and numerous articles, 1935-1940.

Special honors or activities

Just appointed general editor of the Centennial Edition of the Works and Letters of Sidney Lanier, to be issued by The Johns Hopkins University

General remarks Press in nine volumes, beginning in 1942.



# FELLOWSHIPS

March 19, 1941

Dear Mr. Anderson: I have read with great interest your letter requesting a grant which would enable you to serve as editor of the volumes of Sidney Lanier's works which will be brought out as a memorial to President Few. I received your letter in time to present the matter to the Committee on Fellowships at its first meeting. There was much interest in the project, and of course in you, but in view of the heavy demands on our funds and the large number of applications which we have received this year from white Southerners, the Committee did not feel that we could take on an additional obligation at this time. The plan is so important that we hope some arrangement can be made to relieve you of teaching duties so you can devote full time to the editorial work, and we are very sorry that it is impossible for us to co-operate in this undertaking.

We congratulate you on your new post at Johns-Hopkins, and we hope that your association there will be a very happy one.

GMR:MLU

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

*Anderson, Chas*

March 8, 1941

3/10	Duke University	3/19
	DURHAM	
	NORTH CAROLINA	
	245 College Station	

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

Let me introduce myself as a Rosenwald Fellow, 1938-1939. Under separate cover I am sending you a reprint of "Charles Gayarré and Paul Hayne: The Last Literary Cavaliers," published as a chapter in American Studies in Honor of W. K. Boyd (Duke University Press) last fall. It throws considerable light on the attitude of ante-bellum aristocrats to the Negro problems of Reconstruction days, and though largely literary and not representative of the "progressive" attitude, it will, I hope, prove interesting to the foundation. This is the only thing so far to appear in print as a result of my researches during my fellowship year, but I have in the making a large book on the social and cultural history of Charleston, S. C. (All of the "grub" work has been done, but I find the writing of the book a slow job, what with the duties of teaching). This letter is about another scholarly project in which I have become involved.

During the last twelve months Duke University has projected, under my initiative, a scheme for a complete scholarly edition of the works and letters of Sidney Lanier. All members of the Lanier family have agreed to cooperate in this undertaking, and so far we have assembled somewhere in the neighborhood of two thousand unpublished letters. Thus the edition would be not merely a reprinting of Lanier's works (mostly long out of print) and a convenient collecting of them into a uniform edition, but the wealth of new manuscripts we have discovered would throw so much new light on Lanier's works and his life as to make this edition a large and significant contribution to knowledge. I have been appointed general editor of the series (which will run to nine or ten volumes), and the editors for the individual volumes will be drawn from scholars and specialists all over the country. The estimated cost of the edition will be about \$12,000, ~~and~~ last fall the whole project was hanging fire for lack of funds, and I was on the verge of writing you to see if the Rosenwald Fund would consider subsidizing it (I have the draft of my letter, dated Oct. 5, before me now). But at this point President Few fell ill and died. I then suggested to the Executive Committee of Duke University that this edition be made a memorial to President Few, and the Board of Trustees granted \$11,000 for this purpose. During the last few months I have chosen most of my editors, accomplished numerous preliminary tasks, and have just about completed the job of rounding up all available manuscript materials. It is our desire to bring this edition out as early as possible after 1942 so as to make it a "Centennial Edition", Lanier having been born in 1842, and all this time I have had in mind the problem of how I could accomplish this gargantuan task while burdened with a full program of teaching duties without delaying the completion of the edition for too many years. Last week something happened which has precipitated this problem so as to call for an immediate solution.

The Johns Hopkins University has invited me to join its faculty and take charge of all graduate work and research in American literature. Since President Flowers of Duke University is out of town and will not return until the middle of this month, I am not able as yet to make an official announcement of this and will have to ask you therefore to keep it in strictest confidence. But I have definitely accepted the offer, and made a trip to Baltimore last

Duke University

DURHAM  
NORTH CAROLINA

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

2

Saturday to discuss final details, especially with regard to my work as general editor of the Lanier edition. I told President Bowman and the English Department at Hopkins that I am extremely anxious to continue as general editor and complete the project, especially since the family has made it clear that their cooperation in lending the manuscripts is largely dependent upon my being the general editor (I am a second cousin of Sidney Lanier). But since the program of studies that I am to direct in American literature at Hopkins is an entirely new field at that institution, my duties there during at least the first few years would be such as to make it impossible for me to carry on the duties of general editor of Lanier at the same time. Because of their interest in the Lanier project (the bulk of the Lanier MSS are deposited in the Hopkins Library, though allocated exclusively to the use of our edition), they have generously cooperated by granting me the option of postponing my assumption of duties there until September, 1942, provided I can succeed in financing myself for a year free of teaching duties of any sort during 1941-1942 and get the bulk of my editorial work on Lanier done so as to come to them with virtually a clean slate in September, 1942.

Hence my letter, to ask if the Rosenwald Fund will consider the request of a former Fellow to be subsidized for a year in order to execute the editorial duties for this monument to the South's greatest literary figure next to Edgar Allan Poe. I am aware that this is a somewhat unusual request, and that the time for application for ordinary fellowships for the ensuing year has passed, so that this would have to be an extraordinary grant. But I also remember that your former secretary for fellowships told me that the Rosenwald Fund had to be wound up in capital as well as income some time during this decade, and that extra monies for extra projects would soon be available. Please allow me to recommend this request to your earnest consideration. The project it seems to me is one that should fit in with the scope and purposes of the Rosenwald Fund, since a complete edition of the works and letters of Sidney Lanier such as we propose would constitute a vast and significant document in the history of Southern Civilization. In addition to being a product of the Old South, Lanier was a forerunner of the New South, and his poems and prose deal with all the problems involved: the Civil War, the ante-bellum scene, and the manifold problems of Reconstruction- the plight of the tenant farmer, the negro in transition, the growing industrialism, the expansion of Texas, the opening of Florida as a tourist country- and many other matters unknown to the casual student of Lanier- as well as the illuminating career of a talented southerner limited in his opportunities by the provincialism of his home town in Macon, Georgia, and suddenly liberated by his residence in the more culturally active city of Baltimore. Furthermore, the undertaking will make use of the combined resources of Duke University, the University of North Carolina, and Johns Hopkins; and it will be the product of scholars all over the country. My free year would be spent entirely on this work, and my residence would be in Durham, Baltimore, and any other places necessitated by the source materials and conferences with the individual editors. The official announcement will be made on Feb. 3, 1942, Lanier's 100th anniversary, and the volumes issued by the Duke University Press as soon thereafter as they are ready. I may add that this project is not a pipe dream: the money has been granted, the family has pledged its cooperation, the materials have been gathered, and the undertaking is ready to be launched. I shall be greatly obliged to hear from you at your earliest convenience so that I may make my plans, and notify Duke and Hopkins.

Sincerely yours,

Charles R. Anderson (Associate Professor)

# FELLOWSHIPS

## Julius Rosenwald Fund

Edwin R. Embree  
President  
Margaret S. Simon  
Secretary  
D.A. Elvidge  
Comptroller

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

September 25, 1940

NEGRO HEALTH  
Director  
M.O. Bousfield, M.D.  
Consultants  
Franklin C. McLean, M.D.  
Clifford E. Waller, M.D., U.S.P.H.S.

Dear Mr. Anderson: Our trustees have a continuing interest in the work and progress of those who have held Rosenwald Fund fellowships, and we are now in the process of preparing a report for the fall meeting. We will greatly appreciate your bringing us up to date on your career since you were awarded a fellowship, and to expedite your furnishing this information we have listed several questions at the bottom of the page. Will you please answer these and return this sheet to us at your earliest convenience?

If there has been no change in your status since you gave us information last fall, simply write "no change" at the bottom of the sheet and return it in the enclosed envelope.

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

Very truly yours,

  
Director for Fellowships

Present position: Chas. R. Anderson, Associate Professor of English  
Address: Duke University, Durham, N.C. (P.O. 245 College Station)

Have you received a promotion or a salary increase since your fellowship was awarded? Yes. Promotion from Assistant to Associate Professor and a salary raise of \$500.00 annually

Publications, if any: Melville in the South Seas, N.Y.: Columbia Univ. Press, Feb. 1939.  
"Melville's English Débit," *Am. Lit.*, XI, 23-38 (March, 1939).  
"The Genesis of Billy Budd," *Am. Lit.*, XII, 329-346 (Nov., 1940).  
"Charles Jayford and Paul Hayne," *American Studies in Honor of W.K. Boyd* (Duke Univ. Press, 1940)  
Special honors or activities: Appointed General Editor of a Complete Edition of the Works + Letters of Sidney Lanier (in preparation, Duke University Press).  
General remarks:

(See enclosed letter of Mar. 8, 1941)

My apology for the delay in sending this information. My only justification is that I built and moved into a new house last Sept-Oct., and many of my affairs were thrown into confusion, including the misplacing of this letter, which I thought I had sent you long ago.

Dear Mr. Anderson: Our trustees have a continuing interest in the work and progress of those who have...  
If there has been no change in your status since you gave us information last fall, simply write "no change" at the bottom of the sheet and return it in the enclosed envelope.

Very truly yours,  
Dr. Charles F. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

Present position: (Mr. Anderson, Social Studies Dept.)  
Address: Duke University, Durham, N.C. 27708



# FELLOWSHIPS

July 17, 1940

Dear Mr. Anderson: I am in receipt of your letter of July 13. Both of our photorecord machines are in use and have been requested through September by our current Fellows. If you can use the machine later in the fall or in the winter, perhaps there will be some time when one of them will not be in use.

I am sorry to disappoint you.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS  
*GR*

GMR\*RW

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
2415 Ken Oak Road  
Mt. Washington, Maryland

*Mo*

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

2415 Ken Oak Road  
Mt. Washington, Md.  
MRS. CHARLES R. ANDERSON  
1007 LAKEWOOD AVE.  
DURHAM, N. C.

	GWR	17	RMC Res	17
			M	0

July 13, 1940

Dear Sir:

At the end of my fellowship year, 1938-1939, the former secretary promised me that I could borrow from the Foundation its Photorecord equipment to take films this summer of letters I have located in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. I am now writing to make this request. I am teaching at the Johns Hopkins summer school and will finish my duties here on Aug. 2, and then make a short trip to Phila. + N.Y. It will greatly facilitate the completion of my research on the cultural history of ante-bellum Charleston if I can have this equipment for several weeks, say from about July 20-25 to Aug. 15-20 and take films of the many letters I have located in the cities named above. I have a copy of the Graflex Photorecord manual of instructions, but will be glad to have any further instructions as to the best kind of film to use, etc. I will be greatly obliged if you find it convenient to send this equipment to me at the above address by July 20 (or Aug. 1 at the latest), and will be glad to cover any expense of shipment, and will guarantee to return in sound condition.

Cordially,  
Charles R. Anderson

FELLOWSHIPS

Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

Edwin R. Embree  
President  
Margaret S. Simon  
Secretary  
D. A. Elvidge  
Comptroller

J. C. Dixon  
Director for Rural Education  
M. O. Bousfield, M.D.  
Director for Negro Health  
George M. Reynolds  
Director for Fellowships

November 6, 1939

My dear Mr. Tobias: Mr. Anderson has asked that we  
send you the glossy print photograph  
which we have on file in connection with his application  
for a fellowship. I am glad to do this, and hope that it  
will be possible for you to use the photograph in spite  
of the creases.

Will you please return the print  
to us after it has served its purpose?

Very truly yours,  
*George M. Reynolds*

GMR\*MLU

Mr. Thomas Tobias  
Poetry Society of South Carolina  
Box 626  
Charleston, South Carolina

*Thanks very much  
for one of the photos,  
which is here with  
reference  
Thomas Tobias  
Poetry Society  
Charleston SC*



# FELLOWSHIPS

November 7, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: We have on file only one  
of your glossy print photo-  
graphs, but I am glad to send that one to  
Mr. Tobias.

Very truly yours,  
MARGARET L. UTLEY

Secretary to Mr. Reynolds

Mr. Charles Roberts Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

6  
M  
6

The Poetry Society of S.C., P.O. Box 626, Charleston, S.C. (Thos. Tobias, President), has written me for my picture for publicity purposes in connection with the lecture I am to give there this winter. They want a "slick" picture & want it at once. I think I filed two with the Rosenwald Fund at the time of my fellowship application. Will it be asking too much for you to forward one of them to the above address. I have no other method of supplying this request without long delay. I shall be grateful if you can.

Sincerely yours,  
Charles Anderson

November 3rd.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. George M. Reynolds  
Rosenwald Fund  
4901 Ellis Avenue  
Chicago  
Illinois

HSK  
UNIVERSITY

*m f u* FELLOWSHIPS

November 1, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: Your recent letter to Mr. Reynolds  
has come during his absence from  
the office. It will be referred to him when he returns.  
In the meantime, I am sending you a check for the \$150  
extension made to your fellowship grant.

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY A. ELVING

DE:AM

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

Payment Voucher No. 404

Date November 1, 1939

Payment in full of extension to fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Ch.#22083

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	58-9A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by	Comptroller
AM			



# FELLOWSHIPS

	GMR		GMR 0
	DE		DE .

296 College Station  
Durham, N.C.

October 31, 1938

Dear Miss Utley:

My Ph.D. will be conferred in December of this year upon the appearance of my dissertation (Melville in the South Seas) which is now over half-way through the Columbia Univ. Press.

It will be more convenient for me if you will deposit my monthly checks to my account in the Fidelity Bank, Durham, N.C.

Many thanks.

Very truly yours,  
Charles Anderson

# FELLOWSHIPS

404  
22033

Duke University  
DURHAM  
NORTH CAROLINA

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

GMR	11/1	GMR	0
DG		DG	11/1

October 28, 1939

Anderson, Charles

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

Thank you for your two recent letters. I am sorry that the Poe project is out of <sup>the</sup> scope of your activities — I feared it would be.

Please accept my hearty thanks for your prompt and generous response to my application for a small sum to complete my researches. Such treatment is most encouraging to scholars engaged in serious research. Since I have several collections of Mrs. letters already located — Pa. Hist. Soc., Columbia Univ. Library, Middlebury College (Vermont), and Huntington Gallery — it would greatly facilitate my research to have the check at your earliest convenience. I am delighted that you see fit to allow me to handle the expenditure of the money as it is needed, thus avoiding unnecessary red tape and delay. I shall be glad, however, to submit you a report as to how the money has been spent, if you so desire. At any rate, I shall certainly refund any amount that may be left over at the end of my researches — say two years from now — though I seriously doubt that there will be any.

I shall write you in the spring with reference to the photorecord. Here's wishing you a satisfactory crop of new candidates for fellowships. If your duties bring you on a southern tour this year, I shall welcome the opportunity of seeing you in Durham.

Faithfully yours,  
Charles Anderson



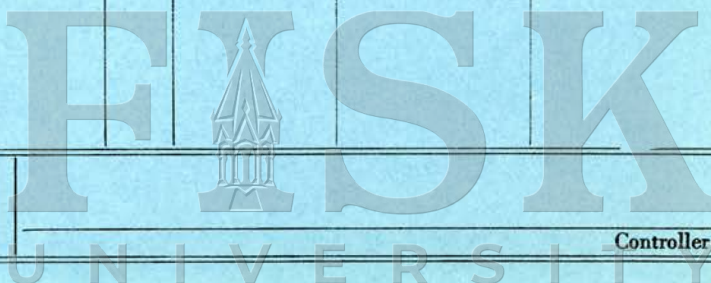
## Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

FELLOWSHIPS

Journal Voucher No. 2254

Date October 25, 1939

Explanation	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
Negro Fellowships	38-9	\$150.00	
White Southern Fellowships	38-9A		\$150.00
<p>Transfer to cover \$150 awarded to <u>Charles R. Anderson</u> on 10/25/39. Award made from the \$2,000 allocated to the Officers by the Committee on Fellowships for increases in fellowship allotments.</p>			
Prepared By AM	Checked By	Posted By	
			Controller

# FELLOWSHIPS

*Anderson, Chas*

October 23, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: I have your letter concerning the possibility of the Julius Rosenwald Fund helping to finance the publication of an edition of Edgar Allan Poe. It is indeed an interesting proposal, but I regret that it is quite outside the fields that the Fund is active in at this time. The Fund has narrowed its activity to three or four specific things, and there is no disposition to vary from these. I feel sure, therefore, that a proposal of this kind could not be acted upon favorably.

I am always glad to hear from you, however. I hope that some interesting and able persons will apply for fellowships. I am enclosing one of our announcements in case you have not seen one of the late copies.

Sincerely yours,

GMR:MLU

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

Mr. Charles Roberts Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

**FISK**  
  
**UNIVERSITY**

Duke University  
DURHAM  
NORTH CAROLINA

# FELLOWSHIPS

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

	GMR			

245

Anderson, Chas

245 College Station

October 17, 1939

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

A group of Edgar Allan Poe scholars, headed by Dr. T. O. Mabbott of Hunter College and Columbia University, have the plans all drawn up for a standard, scholarly, and I might say definitive edition of the works of Poe — certainly a great desideratum in the scholarly world — and they have approached a couple of us here at Duke with the project of getting our press to sponsor and publish it. The Duke Press is considerably interested, and we feel that it would be a most valuable undertaking in the field of Southern literature, history, and civilization in the broadest sense. But our Press is not able to finance such a project — which will run into a number of thousands of dollars — without the aid of some sort of <sup>partial</sup> subsidy.

I am writing to ask if the Rosenwald Fund has any money available for such undertakings, and if they would consider helping in such a venture. An affirmative answer of a general sort would encourage us to investigate the matter thoroughly and submit a detailed proposal (or rather, application) for a specific amount, giving facts and figures. Your former director for fellowships, Mr. Paty, hinted such a possibility (though not with reference to this specific project) when I saw him here in connection with my fellowship, April, 1938. If this matter lies outside the province of your office, will you please see that it reaches the proper officer of the Fund.

Cordially yours,

Charles Anderson

DURHAM  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

March 6, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: In addition to the fellowship payments sent to your bank account at the Fidelity Bank of Durham, an additional payment of \$250 was sent to you at 296 College Station, Durham, North Carolina on September 30. The cancelled check bears your endorsement and the signature of Mrs. William Beatty Wright, and shows that the check was cashed on October 10 at the Palo Alto National Bank, Palo Alto, California.

I hope this information will clear up for you the question you have in connection with the payments on your fellowship grant.

Very truly yours,

DE:AM

DOROTHY A. ELVIDGE

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
5 Elliott Street  
Charleston, South Carolina

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

	DE	3/6	DE	3/6
	MW		MW	

5 Elliott St.  
Charleston, S.C.

March 3, 1939

Dear Miss Elbridge:

Thank you for your letter of February 28. I have been travelling around so much during the past six months engrossed in my research, that I am just now getting round to checking up on my financial affairs. In order to make my personal accounts check with the statement in your letter, I need a little information from you.

My bank statements from the Fidelity Bank of Durham show deposits from you as follows:

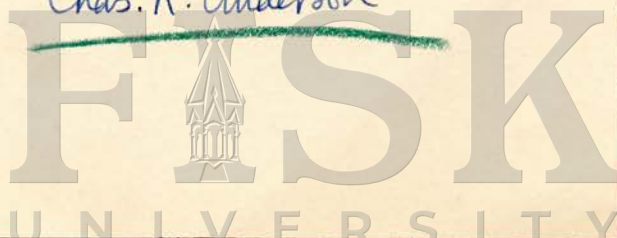
Sept. 2 - - - - \$500  
 Nov. 2 - - - - 250  
 Dec. 2 - - - - 250  
 Jan. 2 - - - - 250  
 Feb. 2 - - - - 250  
 Mar. 1 - - - - 250

007143  
20138

Did you send the payment of Sept. 30 for \$250 to me personally, rather than depositing it in the Fidelity Bank? And if so, did I endorse it and cash it at a bank in California (either at Palo Alto or San Francisco) sometime early in October? Please let me have this information at your earliest convenience.

Before the year is out, I shall write Mr. Reynolds and give him a report on the splendid success I have been having with my research.

Very truly yours,  
Chas. R. Anderson



# FELLOWSHIPS

February 28, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: Today we have sent a final payment of \$250 on your fellowship grant to your bank account in The Fidelity Bank of Durham, North Carolina. For your information there is given below a schedule of the payments made on this grant.

August 31, 1938 - - - - -	\$ 500.00
September 30, 1938 - - - - -	250.00
October 31, 1938 - - - - -	250.00
November 30, 1938 - - - - -	250.00
December 16, 1938 - - - - -	250.00
January 31, 1939 - - - - -	250.00
February 28, 1939 - - - - -	<u>250.00</u>
	<u>\$2,000.00</u>

We hope that the past year has been a most beneficial one for you.

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY A. ELVIDGE

DE:AM

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
296 College Station  
Durham, North Carolina

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To The Fidelity Bank - A/C -  
Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
  
The Fidelity Bank  
  
Durham, North Carolina

Payment Voucher No. 7797


Date February 23, 1939

Final payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 - - - - - \$250.00

Ck.#20863

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	57-8A	\$250.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by	 Comptroller



UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

## FELLOWSHIPS

To Fidelity Bank, Durham, North Carolina -  
A/C - Charles R. Anderson

Payment Voucher No. 7532


Date December 16, 1938

Fifth payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 - - - - - \$250.00

Ck.#20567

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	37-8A	\$250.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by	 Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To  
The Fidelity Bank  
Durham, North Carolina  
A/C - Charles R. Anderson

Payment Voucher No. 7392

Date November 30, 1938

Fourth payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 ----- \$250.00

Ck. #20425

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	37-8A	\$250.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by
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Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund FELLOWSHIPS

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

To

The Fidelity Bank, Durham, North Carolina

A/C - Charles R. Anderson

Payment Voucher No. 7500

Date October 31, 1938

Third payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 - - - - - \$250.00

Ck.#20515

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	37-8A	\$250.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by
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Comptroller

# FELLOWSHIPS

October 21, 1938

Dear Mr. Anderson: I am preparing the listing  
of Fellows for the Fund  
report, and I am wondering if your Ph. D. was  
conferred last spring. If so, I should like to  
add it to the degrees I am mentioning.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET L. UTLEY

Secretary to Mr. Reynolds

GMR\*MLU

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
296 College Station  
Durham, North Carolina

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Charles R. Anderson

296 College Station

Durham, North Carolina

Payment Voucher No. 7143

Date September 30, 1938

Second payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 - - - - - \$250.00

Ck.#20138

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	37-8A	\$250.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by	Comptroller
AM			



# FELLOWSHIPS

August 31, 1938

Gentlemen: Kindly deposit the enclosed  
check for \$500 to the account  
of Charles R. Anderson, notifying him when this  
has been done.

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY A. ELVIDGE

DE:AM

Fidelity Bank  
Durham, North Carolina

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

**Julius Rosenwald Fund** **FELLOWSHIPS**  
 4901 Ellis Avenue  
 CHICAGO

To  
 The Fidelity Bank, Durham, North Carolina  
 A/C - Charles R. Anderson

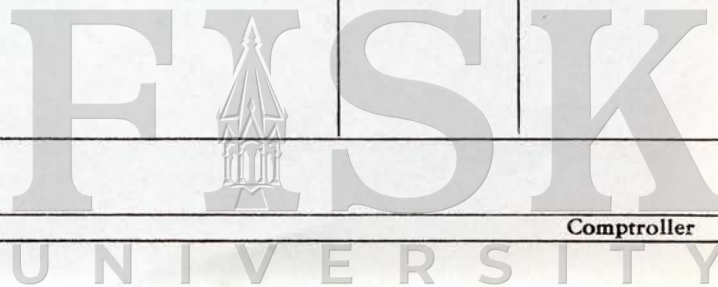
Payment Voucher No. 7007  
 Date August 31, 1938

First payment on fellowship granted 4/16/38 ----- \$500.00

Ck. #19969

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	37-8A	\$500.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by	Comptroller
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# FELLOWSHIPS

AMW	9/26	AMW	8/26	W
DE		DE		
SMZL		MLO		

RR #3, Box 970  
 San Diego, California  
 Aug. 22, 1938

The Rosenwald Fund

Dear Miss Utley:

The arrangements I made with Mr. Paty for payments of my fellowship fee were as follows:

\$500.00 on Sept. 1, 1938  
 250.00 " Oct. 1, "  
 250.00 " Nov. 1, "  
 250.00 " Dec. 1, "  
 250.00 " Jan. 1, 1939  
 250.00 " Feb. 1, "  
 250.00 " Mar. 1, "  
\$2000.00

All checks are to be deposited to my account in the Fidelity Bank, Durham, N.C. Will you please drop me a note to the above address (where I will be on September 1) confirming this. I have been moving about in such a rush this summer that my mind is not entirely clear as to whether the above arrangement was made final, as I should like it to be.

Very truly yours,  
 Chas. R. Anderson

P.S. Thanks for returning the Journal.



FELLOWSHIPS

June 14, 1938

Dear Mr. Anderson: Mr. Paty asked me to acknowledge your letter which arrived just before he left the office, and to thank you for your good wishes. He also hopes that he will be able to see you more frequently than he would were he to be in Chicago this coming year.

I have returned to you by express your copy of the Journal, addressing it in care of George Washington University. The other copy has arrived, and we thank you for it.

If any of us in the office can be of any service to you during the summer please do not hesitate to let us know.

Very truly yours,  
MARGARET L. UTLEY  
Secretary to Mr. Paty

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Care of the English Department  
The George Washington University  
Washington, D. C.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

FELLOWSHIPS

June 10, 1938

Dear Mr. Anderson: Your recent letter to Mr. Paty concerning payment of your fellowship grant has been referred to me. We should prefer not to pay the entire sum in one instalment, but the second plan which you suggested is entirely agreeable to us. These checks will be sent to the Fidelity Bank in Durham, North Carolina, to be deposited to your account, and I shall ask the bank to notify you when a deposit has been made.

Very truly yours,

DE:RW

DOROTHY A. ELYNOR

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
296 College Station  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

296 College Station Durham, North Carolina

June 7, 1938  
10

Dear Mr. Paty:

My affairs are all straightened out now, my academic duties wound up, and tomorrow I set sail for Washington. (The above address will reach me, however, throughout the coming year.)

Duke University, after considerable but probably necessary delay, came through handsomely with a grant of \$1000 to supplement my income. They prefer to pay me in installments beginning Jan. 1939.

Now for a plan of payment, as mentioned in your last letter. Since it's impossible for me to tell in advance just when I'll need the money, the ideal scheme for me would be to receive the whole amount at the beginning of the year <sup>(Sept., 1938)</sup>; then I could parcel it out as needed, for some months will be several times as expensive as others. Would this be possible? I don't want to seem greedy. I would simply like to expedite matters.

If this is out of the question, I should like to have as large an amount as possible on Sept. 1, <sup>(say \$500)</sup> and then the rest in monthly installments of at least \$250 until the whole is paid in. I assume that this will be acceptable if plan #1 is not. The most convenient method of payment from my point of view would be to have the money deposited to my account in The Fidelity Bank, Durham, N.C., where I do business. Could you arrange this?

Duke University  
DURHAM  
NORTH CAROLINA

FELLOWSHIPS

296 College Sta.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

	RRP		RP	O

April 21, 1938

Dear Mr. Paty:

This is just a line to register my official acceptance and hearty thanks to the Rosenwald Fund for its generosity. I am off to the beach for the week-end to celebrate my high good fortune and to recuperate from two months of arduous work revising my Melville in the South Seas for the Harvard Press. With book #2 out of the way, I am eager to begin on #3-- the cultural history of Charleston.

On my return, I will write you at more length, concerning the financial program, etc.

Sincerely,

Charles Anderson

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

April 19, 1938

Dear Mr. Anderson: We are returning by express today the following exhibit material which you submitted for the consideration of the fellowship committee.

A Reply to Herman Melville's White Jacket  
by Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Sr.  
Contemporary American Opinions of Typee  
and Omoo  
South Atlantic Bulletin, December, 1937,  
page 10 (two copies  
Melville's English Debut  
The Romance of Scholarship: Tracking  
Melville in the South Seas  
Melville in the South Seas (manuscript)

Thank you for sending this material. I hope it reaches you in good condition.

I'm taking the liberty of keeping Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean as we would like to have it for our fellowship library.

Very truly yours,

RAYMOND R. PATY

RRP\*W

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Department of English  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

List & file when rec'd.  
RR

Duke University  
DURHAM  
NORTH CAROLINA

# FELLOWSHIPS

296 College Station

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

	RRP	3/2	RR <sup>o</sup>
			Febry. 27, 1938

Dear Mr. Paty:

In response to your telegram, just received, I am sending you tomorrow by express the following articles and books of mine:

### ARTICLES

"A Reply to Herman Melville's White-Jacket," American Literature, VII, 123-144, May, 1935.

"Contemporary American Opinions of Typee and Omoo," American Literature, IX, 1-25, March, 1937.

"Melville's English Début," Manuscript, accepted by American Literature for publication in May, 1938.

"The Romance of Scholarship: Tracking Melville in the South Seas," Manuscript, accepted by The Colophon for publication, Spring, 1938.

### BOOKS

Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate United States, 1842-1844, with notes on Herman Melville, Duke University Press, 1937.

Melville in the South Seas, Manuscript. The American Council of Learned Societies has granted a subsidy to defray the costs of publication of this book, and the Harvard University Press has accepted the manuscript for publication during 1938. I am now making the final revision of the manuscript, condensing it from 550 pages to about 400 pages, and completely re-writing several sections, including the introduction, and expect to have it in the hands of the printer within a month.

Very truly yours,

Charles Roberts Anderson

P. S. I shall have to ask that you return all of these to me when you are through with them.



FELLOWSHIPS

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

296 College Station  
Durham, N.C.  
November 8, 1937

Julius Rosenwald Fund  
Chicago, Illinois

	RRP	11	be	11

Gentlemen:

Please send me application blanks and other necessary information so that I may apply for one of your research fellowships. I want to write a book on the cultural history of Charleston from 1830 to 1880, during the period of its transition from Anti-bellum significance to Reconstruction eclipse. I have already located the necessary materials for such a study, not only newspaper files & documents, but a collection of over 4,000 manuscript letters written to and from Paul Hamilton Hayne (Charleston poet, 1830-1886). All I need now is a year free from academic duties so that I may organize these materials and write the book. I think you will find this subject, as I intend to treat it, well within the program of Rosenwald's interest; and I believe the data I can furnish as to training and capacity will be satisfactory.

Very truly yours,  
Chas. R. Anderson

Columbia University  
in the City of New York


FACULTIES OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY  
AND PURE SCIENCE

December 10, 1937.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Mr. Charles R. Anderson completed the residence requirements and satisfied all examinations for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with the exception of the deposit in the Library of seventy-five printed copies of his dissertation. He passed the departmental qualifying examination in April, 1931, and the final oral examination in defense of his dissertation in March, 1936. The degree is not formally conferred pending the deposit of the printed dissertation, but all other requirements have been met including approval of the dissertation.

Very truly,

  
Office of the Dean

FEDERAL EMERGENCY ADMINISTRATION  
OF PUBLIC WORKS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 20, 1938

IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO

Personal

*To be added to this man's  
fellowship file*

ERE	24	ERE	D
	ark	ark	24
RP		RP	o

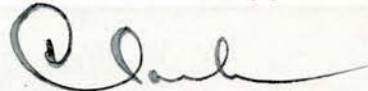
Mr. Edwin R. Embree  
Julius Rosenwald Fund  
4901 Ellis Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear E.R.E.:

I have heard that Charles Roberts Anderson has applied for a Rosenwald scholarship. He is a friend of mine from college days at the University of Georgia, and I think he is exceptionally bright and able. He plans to do a book on Paul Hamilton Haynes, about whom I know practically nothing, but I suppose that is all the more reason why somebody should do something about it. Anyway, I would be pleased if the Rosenwald Fund could find it possible to help Mr. Anderson's studies.

With kindest regards to you and the staff,  
I am

Yours sincerely,



Clark Foreman

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Charles R. Anderson

Report Requested of Professor R. L. Rusk, Professor of American Literature,  
Columbia University, New York City

The above named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of this applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Patz*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

The only thing that needs to be said <sup>is</sup> that Anderson is the right man for this or for almost any other job in American literary history. He can write, and <sup>he</sup> has already finished a beautifully written book on Herman Melville, which, I believe, the Modern Language Association has decided to publish at its own expense. He can be counted on to do a significant piece of work on Hayne, and I very much hope that he will be given the aid he asks.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY  
OVER

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate

Report Requested of

Chairman of the Committee

The above named candidate has applied to the fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of the applicant's abilities and personal characteristics and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Paty*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities? Yes. He is personally

charming.

Signed

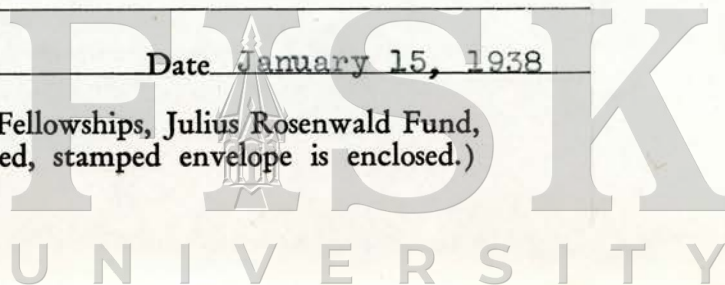
*R. V. PUSA*

Position or Title Professor of English

Address Columbia University, New York.

Date January 15, 1938

(Please return to Raymond Paty, Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.)



OVER

W J

P

a

# JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

## Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Charles R. Anderson

Report Requested of Dr. Robert S. Forsythe, Librarian, Newberry Library,  
Chicago, Illinois

---

The above named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of this applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Paty*  
Director for Fellowships

---

### REPORT

I have corresponded with Dr. Charles R. Anderson for several years and have met him personally. I have also read his forthcoming Herman Melville in the South Seas in MS. and as well his lately published Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean... with Notes on Herman Melville (Durham: Duke University Press, 1937), together with various of his articles. I am in a position, therefore, to give an opinion as to Dr. Anderson's scholarship and his personality; and I shall venture also to appraise his plan for the study outlined on the accompanying sheet.

Dr. Anderson's scholarly work is excellent. His Herman Melville in the South Seas is the most important book upon the life of Melville since R. M. Weaver's life of the novelist, which appeared in 1921. His is, in fact, a much better work than Mr. Weaver's. The Journal of a Cruise is no less well done; here, as an editor, Dr. Anderson has distinguished himself.

Dr. Anderson is industrious, keen, and accurate. He is well-balanced and forms his opinions from soberly considered evidence. He is unusually alert and on the watch for new material. His persistence in running down obscure clues is notable. Beyond question, he is among the most promising of young

F I S K  
UNIVERSITY  
OVER

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

American scholars.

I think that Dr. Anderson's project of a study of the Charleston group of writers and their influence upon Southern culture is admirable. He has a rich fund of material at hand which is partly digested. He has, I think, the scholarly qualities which would enable him to execute his plan successfully. The resulting book would unquestionably be a very important work, dealing with the intellectual activities of a number of highly interesting persons, of whom some have been shamefully neglected. I heartily endorse this proposed work.

Dr. Anderson is personally agreeable, He has good manners, is not conceited, and is willing to seek and to take advice. I think him a gentleman.

The above named candidate has applied to this fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.  
We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of the applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.  
Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Robert Forsythe*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Yes, entirely free.

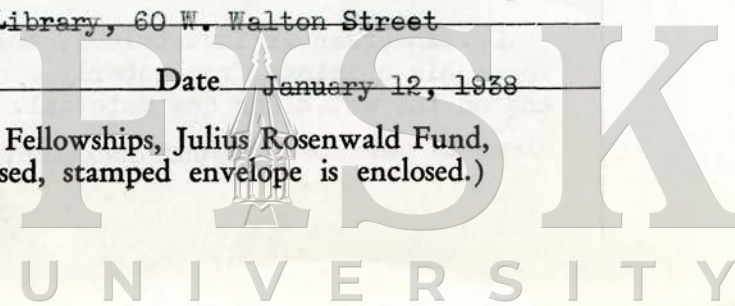
Signed Robert Forsythe,

Position or Title Head, Department of Book Selection

Address Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton Street

Chicago Date January 12, 1938

(Please return to Raymond Paty, Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.)



P

a

# JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Charles R. Anderson

Report Requested of Professor J. B. Hubbell, Professor of American Literature,  
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The above named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of this applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Pety*  
Director for Fellowships

## REPORT

Mr. Anderson's plan seems to me admirable, and he is an excellent man to see it through.

His two books on Herman Melville - only one of which has been published - show that he is a genuine scholar of an high order. The unpublished Melville book is the most important contribution to Melville scholarship that has <sup>been written</sup> ~~appeared~~ since Weaver's now obsolete biography ten or twelve years ago.

There are only a few men of scholarly attainments working in the field of Southern literature, and Mr. Anderson is one of them. Such projects need to be encouraged, for, as Mr. Anderson says, Southern literature has been over-praised and too little studied.

Mr. Anderson, incidentally, is an excellent teacher in his chosen field, and has won the approval of both students and members of the English department.

DURHAM  
UNIVERSITY

OVER

Moreover, with his teaching load he will find it difficult to complete his projected study as promptly as it ought to be done without aid of some kind.

He is a fine young man with an attractive personality and no physical or other defects that would interfere with his work.

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Signed Joy B. Hulbeel  
Position or Title Professor of English, Chairman Board of Editors of American Literature  
Address Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Date Feb. 1, 1938

(Please return to Raymond Paty, Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.)

DUKE UNIVERSITY

P

A

**JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND**

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Charles R. Anderson

Report Requested of Professor John D. Wade, Professor of American Literature,  
University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia

---

The above named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of this applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to this inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Pety*  
Director for Fellowships

---

REPORT

I think very highly of Mr. Charles R. Anderson. The attached statement of his plan of work seems to be sensible and true. I hope that the Rosenwald Fund will be able to comply with Mr. Anderson's request.

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY  
OVER

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate

Report Requested of

The above named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. A statement of the candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate a frank statement of your opinion of the applicant's abilities and personal characteristics, and an appraisal of his plan of work. An early reply to the inquiry will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for an adequate review of the large number of candidates who apply for grants.

Your reply will be held in strictest confidence.

*Raymond Paty*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

*Yes, quite free -*

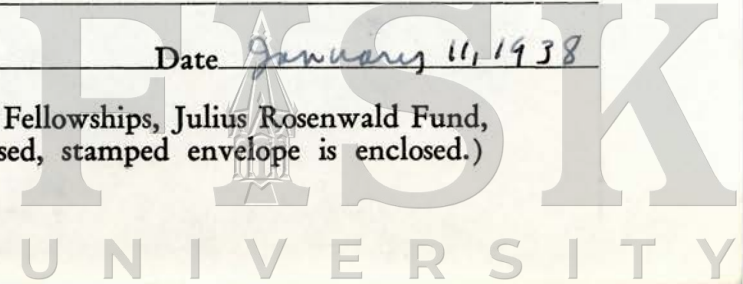
Signed *John S. Wade*

Position or Title *Professor of English*

Address *University of Georgia*

*Athens Georgia* Date *January 11, 1938*

(Please return to Raymond Paty, Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.)



White

NOTES ON CONFERENCE WITH CHARLES R. ANDERSON

The report of Anderson's colleagues is to the effect that in addition to being an excellent teacher he is doing quite a bit along the lines of creative writing. The various articles on Melville have been accepted by "American Literature" and "Colophon" for early publication. Anderson has already done considerable work on the Paul Hamilton Hayne collection in his study of the cultural history of Charleston.

He is no doubt an excellent selection.

R.P.

# FELLOWSHIPS

MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

1938 fellow

By Charles R. Anderson

Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature, No. 138

Pages: ix + 522. Price: \$4.50. Published: March 17, 1939

Columbia University Press, Morningside Heights, New York, N.Y.

In "Melville in the South Seas," Charles R. Anderson, a professor of English at Duke University, presents for the first time the facts of Herman Melville's life in the South Seas and the sources of those high-spirited adventure stories "Typee," "Omoo," "White-Jacket," and "Moby Dick."

Though an American novelist of the first rank, Herman Melville, Professor Anderson observes, "has never been the subject of a full-length scholarly study. Until 1921, he had no biography at all. Since that date, there have been three, but each has been psychological or interpretative rather than factual. And in Melville's case this is too bad, because most of his writings are at least semi-autobiographical, and full, accurate facts are therefore particularly valuable."

This study offers a detailed, factual record of the years of Melville's life that are most significant as far as his literary career is concerned, together with an analytical criticism of all of his major works, which were drawn from the experience of those years. The book is based entirely on hitherto unpublished sources or on material hitherto uncollected with respect to Melville.

In spite of the fact that it is a heavily documented and "true account," the book is addressed to students of Melville and of American literature as well as to scholars and specialists. Its publication naturally calls for a re-evaluation of Melville. And one conclusion is that Melville made a grave literary mistake when he turned his back on writing popular and successful adventure stories, in favor of overwrought satire and metaphysical nonsense which got him no money and a great deal of disappointment.

Contents: Introduction.

- Book I (Outward Bound): 1. Why Ishmael Went to Sea; 2. New Bedford; 3. A Whale Laboratory; 4. Facts and Symbols in "Moby Dick."  
Book II ("The Man Who Lived among Cannibals"): 5. The French at Nukahiva; 6. Missionaries and Cannibals; 7. The Noble Savages of Typee Valley; 8. Truth and Fiction in "Typee."  
Book III ("Mr. Omoo," the Rover): 9. Mutiny on the "Lucy Ann"; 10. Tahiti in 1842; 11. Beachcomber; 12. Honolulu.  
Book IV (Homeward Bound): 13. Farewell to the Pacific; 14. The Frigate "United States"; 15. "White-Jacket" as Romance; 16. "White-Jacket" as Propaganda.  
Notes. Key to the Notes. Index.

C405 #10722



UN APPROVAL ORDER FORM\*  
Columbia University Press

Box B288

Please send me for 30 days' examination, subject to approval (and purchase less 10% educational discount) or return:

— Anderson's MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS (\$4.50, list, a copy)

My name and address are as follows:

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

\*To be enclosed in an envelope if mailed outside the United States or territories.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

FIRST CLASS

PERMIT No. 1178

(Sec. 510, P. L. & R.)

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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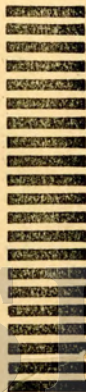
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**2960 Broadway**

**New York, N. Y.**



**FISK**  
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1938

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Age 35

Candidate Charles Roberts Anderson  
Assistant Professor of English, Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

Special Field Southern  
Literature & Cultural  
History

Plan of Work

A study of the cultural history of Charleston, South Carolina, and of the South in general, from 1830 to 1888, based chiefly on the Paul Hamilton Hayne Collection of approximately 5000 unpublished manuscripts, already at the applicant's disposal. I have already spent about three years on this project, and need now only a free year in order to collect supplementary information in Washington and Charleston and write the book.

Digest of Application

Born October, 1902, Macon, Georgia. Married.

Obtained A.B., 1924 and A.M., 1928, summa cum Laude, from the University of Georgia; Ph.D. from Columbia University, 1936, all other requirements fulfilled, degree not to be completed and conferred technically until publication of dissertation (spring, 1938); LL.B from Mercer University, 1926 (degree not completed - rank: 2nd in class)

Instructor in English, University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia, 1927-28, 1929-30, \$1500-\$1800. Assistant Professor of English, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, 1930- , \$2700-\$3000. Managing editor of American Literature (Duke Univ. Press), 1931-1933.

Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Sigma Upsilon, The Erasmus Club and the Americana Club (both of Duke University).

Publications: Two articles on Herman Melville in American Literature (Duke Press), May, 1935; March, 1937. Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate United States with notes on Melville. (Duke Press, 1937, 140 pp). Melville in the South Seas (Modern Language Ass. 1938, 550 pages)

References

Budget Summary

Mr. R. L. Rusk, Prof. American Lit. Columbia University	Total amount needed	\$3000
Mr. J. B. Hubbell, Prof. American Lit. Duke "		
Mr. John D. Wade, " " " University Georgia	From applicant	_____
Dr. Robert S. Forsythe, Librarian, Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois	From Fund	\$3000

Committee Notes

Granted

*Yes. Clear case*



PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

STATEMENT OF PLAN OF WORK FOR PREPARING AND WRITING

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, A STUDY IN SOUTHERN CULTURE, 1830-1866.

The purpose of this study is to clear up a field which has suffered almost equally from Northern neglect and Southern over-praise. It is my intention not to allow objectivity to be vitiated by sectionalism of any sort. The significance of my contribution to the cultural history of America is assured by the wealth of new and unpublished material at my disposal, and by the fact that less than half a dozen such studies have ever been undertaken in the field of Southern literature (John D. Wade's Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Aubrey Starke's Sidney Lanier, and two or three studies of Poe), none of which overlap the particular section of the South that I propose to cover.

My purpose is to write a study of Southern culture during the period of its transition from its hey-day in ante-bellum times to its decline in Reconstruction days, centered about the literary activity of the Charleston group composed of Paul Hayne, William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, and others. The Paul Hayne Collection of Manuscripts (Duke University Library), which I discovered, is exclusively at my disposal for this purpose. It consists of over 4,000 pieces, ranging from 1830 to 1866, and includes diaries, literary compositions, and letters exchanged not only between members of the Charleston group, but other Southerners (Lanier and J. C. Harris of Georgia, C. E. Gayarré of Louisiana, J. E. Cooke, John R. Thompson, and Margaret Preston of Virginia, etc., etc.)—practically every Southern writer of the times), as well as many Northern correspondents (Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Stoddard, Stedman, Taylor, Boker, Aldrich, etc.), and a few English writers (Swinkburne, Rossetti, Black, Marston, etc.). Thus it presents a survey of a large part of the Southern field, and shows the active literary relations that existed with the North and with Europe--- doubly interesting because they are now largely unknown. Almost all of these manuscripts are hitherto unpublished. These materials are to be supplemented by magazine files, newspapers, and other documents, as well as all the published books in the field.

This study was begun in 1930 (but temporarily laid aside during the past four years while I wrote my Ph. D. dissertation on Herman Melville). During the three years that I worked on it, I covered pretty thoroughly the manuscripts in the Hayne Collection and began my search of magazine and newspaper files. Now the duties of teaching make it impossible to find the time to complete this study. With the aid of a fellowship, I can spend six months at the Congressional Library in Washington and six months in Charleston, where the unique materials requisite to the completion of my study are to be found. Without them, my study would have to be a mere biography of one Southern writer. To broaden its significance and make it the history of a whole civilization, as symbolized in the cultural life of Charleston, I want to weave in the background of that remarkable city which included an active theatre and opera, a dozen or more literary magazines and weeklies, and a score of practising literati. A free year for research in Washington and Charleston is absolutely essential for this purpose.

The final draft of my study can be completed within another year. The Duke University Press has expressed its interest in publishing my book upon completion. But I firmly believe that its popular appeal will be such as to enlist the interest of one of the larger commercial publishers--- especially considering the present ascendancy of things Southern in the world of print.

The subsequent plans for my career include continuing to teach American literature in a Southern University and continuing to do research in the field of Southern literature. (Two further books, already planned, are a volume of Lanier's letters, and a study of Poe in New York).

Chas. R. Anderson  
CHARLES ROBERTS ANDERSON

H.B. MORE ELABORATE PLANS CAN BE SUBMITTED UPON REQUEST.

UNIVERSITY

# THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

ATHENS, GEORGIA

THIS CERTIFIES THAT:

<u>Anderson</u> Last Name of Student	<u>Charles Roberts</u> Other Names	<u>Macon, Georgia.</u> Home Address
Entered <u>Freshman</u> Class	<u>Sept. 1920</u> Date Admitted	<u>A. B.</u> Course
	<u>4</u> Years Attended	<u>June 19-1924</u> Degree, Year Taken

## ENTRANCE UNITS ONLY

(An admission unit represents the equivalent of five recitations per week for thirty-six weeks in accredited high school, a minimum of 120 clock hours).

SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	Last Prep. School Attended
English	3	5		French	2			Chemistry	1			Shop				Lanier High School
History	2			German				Agriculture				Art				Did Applicant Graduate? When?
Civics				Spanish				Bookkeeping				Music				Yes 1920
Algebra	2			Gen. Science				Stenography								No. of Years in Prep. School
Plane Geom.	1	5		Biology				Home Econ.								4
Solid Geom.				Physica				F. H. Drawing	1			Total	17			15 units required for entrance
Lat'n	4			Physiography				Mech. Drawing				Conditions:				

S—By certificate from an accredited school.

E—By Examination.

C—By college work not counted toward degree.

## RECORD OF COLLEGE WORK

Prior to the session of 1932-1933, credits are stated in terms of college hours, one hour credit being allowed for a class meeting one hour per week for the college year of 36 weeks. Since the opening of the session 1932-1933, credits are stated in terms of courses.

For a course credit at The University of Georgia, the class meets five times per week for one quarter of approximately eleven weeks, one hour being allowed for each recitation or lecture and two hours if laboratory work. In semester hours the time equivalent of a course is 3/4. A half-course credit is given for classes meeting three times per week for one quarter and is equivalent to two semester hours.

Lowest passing grade with quality points, 70 (C). Passing grade without quality points, 60-69, (D). Conditional failure, E. Complete failure, F. Between September 1, 1932, and September 1, 1934, the numbering system was as follows: 1-49, Junior Division; 50-99, Senior Division; 100-199, Mixed Senior Division and Graduate courses; 200-299, Graduate.

Subsequent to September 1, 1934, the number system is as follows: Nos. 1-199, Junior Division; 200-399, Senior Division; 400-599, Senior Division carrying a parallel Graduate course; 600-799, Graduate course carrying a parallel Undergraduate course; 800-999 Graduate.

† Session	Course No.	Descriptive Title of Course (Indicate any credits allowed from other institutions)	Hours *		Total Weeks Pursued	QUARTER GRADES				Cor. or Exten.	Final Grade	Year Hour Credits	Course Credits
			Lec.	Lab.		Fall	Winter	Spring	Summer				
1920-21	1	English				A					94	3	
	2	History				A	A	A			93	3	
	2B	History				A					90	1 1/2	
	1	Latin				A	A	A			95	3	
	2	English				B	A	A			90	3	
	2B	Military Science				A	A	A			95	1 1/2	
	1-2	Mathematics				A	A	A			96	3	
1921-22	1	French				A	A	A			95	3	
	2	Latin				A	A	A			94	3	
		Military Science				B	A	B			92	3	
	2	French				A	A	A			92	3	
	1	Physics				A	A	B			92	4	
	12	English				B	B	B			90	3	
	4	History				A	A	A			93	3	
	3-4	Math.				A	B	A			95	3	
	2	Chemistry				95	86	70			90	3	
		Greek Literature				94	98	94			95	3	
		Military Science				93	97	91			94	3	
	3-4-5	Philosophy				90	90	95			92	3	
	1922-23	4	Physics				94	91	94			93	4
9		Sociology				95	95	90			95	3	
20		Spanish				96	93	94			94	3	
24-25		Economics				86					-	-	
16		History				94	92	93			93	3	
21		Spanish				89	91	90			90	3	

EXTRA COPIES OF THIS TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 EACH.

\* No. clock hours per week.

† Year work was done, e. g., 1931-1932

Conduct record Clear Date and cause of withdrawal A. M. June 20-1928  
A. B. June 19-1924  
 Transcript issued December 8, 1937 Suana Cum Laude  
 Respectfully \_\_\_\_\_ Honorable discharge is hereby granted.  
 Signature of Registrar.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA  
ATHENS, GEORGIA

RECORD OF Charles Roberts Anderson ..... CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE.

† Session	Course No.	Descriptive Title of Course (Indicate any credits allowed from other institutions)	Hours *		Total Weeks Pursued	QUARTER GRADES				Cor. or Exten.	Final Grade	Year-Hour Credits	Course Credits
			Lec.	Lab.		Fall	Winter	Spring	Summer				
	101	Psychology Psychology History				inc. 87 92	inc. inc. 93	95			93	3	
		Graduate record:											
	101-102	Major: History - The English Constitution										8	
	101	Minor: English - Old and Middle English										4	
	237-9	Minor: English - Literature 1833-1880 ( At Columbia University)										4	
-----													
NO CREDITS BELOW THIS LINE VALID.													

EXTRA COPIES OF THIS TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 EACH.

\* No. clock hours per week. † Year work was done, e. g., 1931-1932

Conduct record Clear ..... Date and cause of withdrawal June 30, 1938  
June 19, 1934

Transcript issued December 8, 1937 ..... Honorable discharge is hereby granted.

Respectfully [Signature]  
Signature of Registrar.

**Columbia University**  
in the City of New York

Name Charles Roberts Anderson

RECORD IN THE GRADUATE  
FACULTIES OF POLITICAL SCIENCE  
PHILOSOPHY AND PURE SCIENCE

Admitted as Regular  
Unclassified  
Non-matriculated Graduate Student

in Faculty of Philosophy

Sept 1926 Admission verified m.m.w.  
Date

Previous education and degrees:

A.B. 1924 U. of Georgia  
A.M. 1928 U. of Georgia

Subject of major interest English  
Counting 18 points taken elsewhere  
in partial fulfillment of requirements.

RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS  
for matriculated students:

For A.M.—30 tuition points

For Ph.D.—60 tuition points

A.M. degree conferred \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Essay \_\_\_\_\_

Ph.D. degree conferred \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Dissertation \_\_\_\_\_

Committee actions, remarks, etc.

COURSES

VALUE

MARKS

COURSES	VALUE			MARKS				
	Points			Winter		Spring		
	Winter	Spring	Summer	Final	Def. Exam.	Final	Def. Exam.	Summer
<u>1926 - 1927</u>								
<u>English e 233-234</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>		<u>II</u>		<u>II</u>		
<u>English 237-238</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>		<u>III</u>		<u>II</u>		
<u>English 241</u>	<u>3</u>			<u>III</u>				
<u>English 267</u>	<u>3</u>			<u>II</u>				
<u>English 269</u>	<u>3</u>							
<u>English 224</u>		<u>3</u>				<u>II</u>		
<u>English e 266</u>		<u>3</u>				<u>II</u>		
<u>Comparative literature 288</u>		<u>3</u>				<u>II</u>		
<u>1928 - 1929</u>								
<u>English 224</u>	<u>3</u>			<u>II</u>				
<u>English 297-298</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>3</u>		<u>II</u>		<u>II</u>		
<u>English 218</u>		<u>3</u>				<u>II</u>		



EXPLANATION OF MARKS, ABBREVIATIONS AND SYMBOLS: P=Passed. H=Credit for attendance only, residence credit. F=Failure.

Also A=Excellent. B=Good. C=Fair. D=Poor (not passing). Abs.=Absent from examination. Wd.=Withdrawn. Dr.=Course dropped by student. Inc.=Work Incomplete. N.C.=No credit. N.M.=No mark reported by instructor. N.R.=No record of student in course.

UNIT OF VALUE: A point signifies one hour weekly of attendance in classroom or two hours weekly in laboratory or drafting room for a winter or spring session, or the equivalent.

One copy of a student's record is furnished free of charge; each additional copy will cost one dollar.

Form Grad. 7—July '25—5000

For purposes of certification, reproduced copy of original record shall not be valid without impression seal and actual signature.

**F I L E S I X**

Certified as a correct copy  
*Edward B. Fox*  
Edward J. Grant, Registrar  
Edward B. Fox, Assistant Registrar

Date **DEC 8 1937**

**UNIVERSITY**

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Charles R. Anderson

R. L. Rusk, Professor of English, Columbia University, New York

The only thing that needs to be said is that Anderson is the right man for this or for almost any other job in American literary history. He can write, and he has already finished a beautifully written book on Herman Melville, which, I believe, the Modern Language Association has decided to publish at its own expense. He can be counted on to do a significant piece of work on Hayne, and I very much hope that he will be given the aid he asks.

- - -

Dr. Robert S. Forsythe, Head, Department of Book Selection, Newberry Library, Chicago

I have corresponded with Dr. Anderson for several years and have met him personally. I have also read his forthcoming Herman Melville in the South Seas in MS. and as well his lately published Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean...with Notes on Herman Melville, together with various of his articles. I am in a position, therefore, to give an opinion as to Dr. Anderson's scholarship and his personality; and I shall venture also to appraise his plan for the study outlined on the accompanying sheet.

Dr. Anderson's scholarly work is excellent. His Herman Melville in the South Seas is the most important book upon the life of Melville since R. M. Weaver's life of the novelist, which appeared in 1921. His is, in fact, a much better work than Mr. Weaver's. The Journal of a Cruise is no less well done; here, as an editor, Dr. Anderson has distinguished himself.

(Letters of Reference, Charles R. Anderson)

Dr. Anderson is industrious, keen, and accurate. He is well-balanced and forms his opinions from soberly considered evidence. He is unusually alert and on the watch for new material. His persistence in running down obscure clues is notable. Beyond question, he is among the most promising of young American scholars.

I think that Dr. Anderson's project of a study of the Charleston group of writers and their influence upon Southern culture is admirable. He has a rich fund of material at hand which is partly digested. He has, I think, the scholarly qualities which would enable him to execute his plan successfully. The resulting book would unquestionably be a very important work, dealing with the intellectual activities of a number of highly interesting persons, of whom some have been shamefully neglected. I heartily endorse this proposed work.

Dr. Anderson is personally agreeable. He has good manners, is not conceited, and is willing to seek and to take advice. I think him a gentleman.

- - -

J. B. Hubbell, Professor of English, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

Mr. Anderson's plan seems to me admirable, and he is an excellent man to see it through.

His two books on Herman Melville - only one of which has been published - show that he is a genuine scholar of a high order. The unpublished Melville book is the most important contribution to Melville scholarship that has been written since Weaver's now obsolete biography ten or twelve years ago.



(Letters of Reference, Charles R. Anderson)

There are only a few men of scholarly attainments working in the field of Southern literature, and Mr. Anderson is one of them. Such projects need to be encouraged, for, as Mr. Anderson says, Southern literature has been over-praised and too little studied.

Mr. Anderson, incidentally, is an excellent teacher in his chosen field, and has won the approval of both students and members of the English department.

Moreover, with his teaching load he will find it difficult to complete his projected study as promptly as it ought to be done without aid of some kind.

He is a fine young man with an attractive personality and no physical or other defects that would interfere with his work.

- - -

John D. Wade, Professor of English, University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia

I think very highly of Mr. Anderson. The statement of his plan of work seems to be sensible and true. I hope that the Rosenwald Fund will be able to comply with Mr. Anderson's request.





# FELLOWSHIPS

April 16, 1938

Dear Mr. Anderson: It is a pleasure to inform you that you have been selected by the Committee on Fellowships of the Julius Rosenwald Fund to receive a grant of Two thousand dollars (\$2,000) to assist you in carrying forward your study of southern history in accordance with the plan of work which you submitted to our Committee.

A plan covering the details of payments under this grant will be arranged to fit your particular needs.

Please let us know at once if you accept this grant. An official announcement of the Committee's selections for the year will be made soon and can include only those from whom acceptances have been received.

Very truly yours,  
RAYMOND R. PATY

RP:McK

Mr. Charles R. Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

FELLOWSHIPS

*With the compliments of the author -*

*Charles R. Anderson*

Charles Gayarré and Paul Hayne: The Last  
Literary Cavaliers

By

CHARLES ROBERTS ANDERSON

---



*clad ✓*

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1940

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

## CHARLES GAYARRÉ AND PAUL HAYNE: THE LAST LITERARY CAVALIERS<sup>1</sup>

CHARLES ROBERTS ANDERSON

AFTER TWENTY YEARS of political, economic, and social throttling had finished the work of a four years' war, the Old South was at last, reluctantly, dying. After the Tragic Era had bred its stillborn generation and then confessed itself barren, a New South was struggling, feebly, to rise from the ashes of the past. Although the birth was labored and precarious and the death so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, there were certain signs in the air that marked the year 1885 as a turning point in Southern affairs. Reconstruction had been abandoned as a national policy and the solution of its problems thrown back upon the individual states of the South.<sup>2</sup> The first Democratic president since the Civil War, Grover Cleveland, was on his way to Washington for the inauguration. In literature, the afterglow of the old romantic dream was being shattered by the strident trumpeting of the new realism.

Not all of the younger generation of Southern writers, however, were persuaded to this new mode, nor were they agreed upon a program for the New South. The majority, like Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, were content under cover of the realistic technique of local color to write lovingly and sentimentally

<sup>1</sup> Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, 1805-1895; Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1830-1886. The only full-length study of the former is E. N. Saucier's unpublished doctoral dissertation, *Charles Gayarré: The Creole Historian* (Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., 1933). No biography of Hayne has yet been written.

The manuscripts of the more than one hundred letters between Gayarré and Hayne which form the basis of this study are deposited in the Duke University Library. It seems peculiarly fitting that this account of the friendship between a historian and a littérateur of the Old South should be dedicated to the memory of William Kenneth Boyd, since it was largely through him that I was enabled to bring the valuable Hayne Collection to its present resting place. (In quoting from these letters, I have silently emended a few obvious slips of the pen in spelling and punctuation when necessary for the sake of clarity.)

<sup>2</sup> In the Civil Rights Cases of 1884 the Supreme Court of the United States had declared that the right of the freedman to equality of social treatment was not included in the Fourteenth Amendment and the subsequent Acts of Congress that had been passed to enforce it.

of an old regime which never quite existed outside their own pages. Sidney Lanier, though a product of ante-bellum civilization, had been looking toward a reinterpretation of the South in economics as well as in literature when his aspirations were cut short by tuberculosis, contracted at Point Lookout Prison. But at least some small part of his message was finding a champion in the rising young journalist, Henry Grady, whose challenge to "The New South" made an eloquent attempt to ring out the old era and ring in the new.<sup>3</sup> And far more violent in its cleavage with the past was the root-and-branch program of reform being laid down in story and essay by George Washington Cable, whose star was swinging to its zenith in this year of debate and change.

There was no such divergence of attitude among the few surviving literati of the Old South. Patiently even doggedly they wrote on, cherishing the old order and refusing to believe it dead, railing against all change and at times denying the very existence of the new. Their ranks had been woefully thinned. Thirty-five years in the grave, Poe was only a memory, though a memory ardently kept alive and belligerently defended. In 1867, Henry Timrod had succumbed to poverty and disease, broken on the wheel of war. Three years later William Gilmore Simms had followed him to rest, weary of the heroic drudgery of trying to write himself out of debt. Lesser lights had also gone out one by one. Of the tattered remnant two struggled on: Paul Hamilton Hayne, a refugee from Charleston, eking out an existence through his writings in the pine barrens of Georgia, and Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, a neglected octogenarian, asking of his native New Orleans only "food, warmth, and a book" in return for the products of his indefatigable pen.

To neither of these did the new signs of the times seem propitious. Separated in time by a generation and in space by the breadth of the Southland, these last two of the literary cavaliers had never become acquainted until a mutual indignation rallied them to the defense of a mutually beloved cause. From this there

<sup>3</sup> This address was delivered by invitation of the New England Society at the famous dinner at Delmonico's in New York, Dec., 1886. Lanier's essay, "The New South," had appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*, XX, 840-851 (Oct., 1880).

ripened a beautiful friendship which sweetened their last years with the comforting discovery that there were at least two left to share the sentiments of a bygone era and to make a final brave stand for a despairing hope. The circumstance that brought them together was a controversial article published in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1885, entitled "The Freedman's Case in Equity."

George Washington Cable, the author of this essay—and the unsuspecting author of this friendship—was at the peak of his short-lived fame in this year. The stories of ante-bellum New Orleans which had first brought him before the public had been collected in 1879 as *Old Creole Days*. This was followed the next year by his first novel, *The Grandissimes*, and in 1884 by his second, *Dr. Sevier*. These volumes, the product of a decade, marked the high point of his literary achievement and even contained the seeds of its decline.<sup>4</sup> For a deeply rooted evangelical nature was gradually choking out all purely artistic interests. Resentment against the injustices of Negro slavery had been latent in his earliest stories, and may have been the original unconscious motivation to authorship. In his second book it was more apparent, and in his third obtrusive. Yet, cloaked in fiction and belonging to the past, these propagandist thrusts had failed to elicit an acceptance of the challenge on the part of the South.

His crusading fervor aroused, Cable dropped his literary shield and sought the open forum of magazine controversy. His first essay, "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States," published in the *Century* for February, 1884, brought little response, because it attacked a limited evil long admitted and deplored by all. But a year later he attained his purpose with "The Freedman's Case in Equity," a wholesale denunciation of the South's treatment of the Negro since the Civil War and a dogmatic preachment of its duties in securing to the freedman his lawful rights as a citizen. The voiding of the Civil Liberties Bill by the Supreme Court and the removal of the last vestige of political reconstruction machinery

<sup>4</sup> E. L. Tinker, "Cable and the Creoles," *American Literature*, V, 313-326 (Jan., 1934), gives an excellent survey of Cable's fiction and traces its decline to the author's increasing interest in evangelical propaganda.

occasioned by the Republican defeat in the recent national election gave timeliness to Cable's second polemic. Its publication drew the Southern question into the circle of national literary debate, and, as he might have suspected, brewed a storm of indignant protest throughout the South.

With the zeal and the customary vagueness of the reformer, Cable made his animus immediately apparent, but he failed to make his meaning equally clear. It is small wonder that the majority of his overwrought readers in the South denied him legalistic debate and referred the matter to a court of honor. Even today, it is difficult to make a simple digest of such indefinite idealism. The first part of his argument is clear: As a result of sentiments and prejudices born of and surviving the institution of slavery, the Southern people have deliberately and persistently evaded the laws forced on them during Reconstruction to protect the freedman and to invest him with his civil rights. But it was in his efforts to define this civil equality and to keep it entirely separate from social equality that Cable splintered his sword. Though he parried "civil" with "public" and "social" with "private," he could not convince his antagonists that he had scored a hit.

When he declared that "there is scarcely one public relation of life in the South where . . . [the Negro] is not arbitrarily and unlawfully compelled to hold toward the white man the attitude of an alien, a menial, and a probable reprobate," Southerners replied that civil liberties had nothing to do with the intermingling of the races in the daily conduct of affairs. And they were convinced that he was confusing social and civil equality when he went on to specify his complaints:

For twenty years . . . the nation has been working to elevate the freedman. It counts this one of the great necessities of the hour. It has poured out its wealth publicly and privately for this purpose. . . . And it is in the face of all this that the adherent of the old régime stands in the way to every public privilege and place—steamer landing, railway platform, theater, concert-hall, art display, public library, public school, court-house, church, everything—flourishing the hot branding-iron of ignominious distinction.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> G. W. Cable, "The Freedman's Case in Equity," *Century Magazine*, XXIX, 413, 414 (Jan., 1885).

To Southerners most of these public relations seemed inseparable from social relations; the sequence was inevitable: public intermingling of the races would open the way to their amalgamation and ultimate fusion.

It was in vain that Cable tried to circumvent such misunderstanding of his meaning by declaring in defense of his plea for mixed public schools:

I know that just here looms up the huge bugbear of Social Equality. Our eyes are filled with absurd visions of all Shantytown pouring its hordes of unwashed imps into the company and companionship of our own sunny-headed darlings. What utter nonsense! As if our public schools had no gauge of cleanliness, decorum, or moral character!<sup>6</sup>

The contradiction of a school system which would be both public and selective did not make for clarity. To Southerners all the nonsense was in Cable's own plea. Worse than this, it was an outrageous demand for the adoption of an insane policy that could only end in miscegenation. The final insult lay in his dictatorial attitude toward a people with whom he presumed to claim kinship:

But, as I have said over and over to my brethren in the South, I take upon me to say again here, that there is a moral and intellectual intelligence there which is not going to be much longer beguiled out of its moral right of way, . . . [and which will soon lift] its indignant protest against this stupid firing into our own ranks. . . . The South stands on her honor before the clean equities of the issue. . . . And the answer must—it shall—come from the South.<sup>7</sup>

It did come. But it was not the answer he had sought so zealously to formulate.

The ink had scarcely dried on the January, 1885, issue of the *Century Magazine* before the periodical warfare began. In his simple woodland cottage near Augusta, Georgia, Paul Hayne had read with agitation "The Freedman's Case in Equity." But he had also read an editorial squib by his friend James Randall in the local newspaper that heartened him. Matters of such moment waived the necessity of formality, and without further introduction he wrote enthusiastically to an utter stranger, the Honorable Charles Gayarré:

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 417.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 414, 418.

"COPSE HILL," GEO.

Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> 1885

MY DEAR &amp; HONORED SIR:—

A few days ago my attention was called to a paragraph in the Augusta "*Chronicle and Constitutionalist*" to the effect, that you were preparing for "*The Times Democrat*" of N. Orleans, "a series of articles in reply to Mr. Cable's miscegenation screed in '*the Century*.'"<sup>8</sup> I hailed this announcement with *delight*; for I have *long* been familiar with your reputation as a profound Thinker & Historian, a vivid, logical Reasoner, a brilliant Scholar, and *last* but not *least*, *one of the truest* of old school Southern gentlemen. I felt therefore, how safe the Cause of the South, or any portion of the South would be in your hands. . . .

Last evening by an odd co-incidence, I chanced to receive the "Democrat" with the *first* of your essays,<sup>9</sup> & this I read aloud to my wife. We were *both* particularly impressed by the lucid power, the calmly (& most *properly*) superior authority of tone & information, the effective sarcasm, and conclusive argumentation of the whole performance—and now we impatiently await the appearance of article number *two*.

It is right, it is *imperative* that a man of your exalted social, & intellectual position should thus vindicate the character of his People, against attacks from men who are far more dangerous than *any Aliens* could possibly be; *because such* persons are *aliens* in *heart, soul, affection, & principle*, while pretending to be "to the manor born." . . .

And now please believe me *my dear Sir*

Most Respectfully and  
Cordially yours,

PAUL H. HAYNE

This overture brought a long and gracious response from Gayarré, with a chatty account of his career as an author that paved the way for further correspondence. In regard to his part in the Cable controversy, he wrote:

NEW ORLEANS, January 23, 1885

Paul H. Hayne, Esq.  
Augusta, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR,

I assure you that I appreciate in the highest degree your very kind and very flattering letter of the 18th inst. Commendation be-

<sup>8</sup> Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, Jan. 15, 1885.

<sup>9</sup> New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Jan. 11, 1885.

stowed on me derives its value from the source whence it comes. The clear and sparkling stream that flows from the mountain top has always been the most pleasant to my eye. . . .

But my greatest gratification is derived from my being informed that Mrs. Hayne has condescended to favor with a smile of approbation the aged knight who has ventured to couch his lance against so youthful and vigorous an adversary as the standard-bearer of Africa. I respectfully bow my thanks.

The second and last article on Mr. Cable appeared in the *Times-Democrat* on Sunday, the 18th inst. I suppose that it is now in your hands. I hope that you will be as much pleased with it as with the first. . . .

Cordially and thankfully yours,  
CHARLES GAYARRÉ

To the gallant gesture addressed to her, Mrs. Hayne responded: "Ah! *this* is old time courtesy which is fast departing from our So[uth]land!"<sup>10</sup>

In his next letter, January 27, Hayne complained that he had written to the *Times-Democrat* requesting a copy of the second instalment of Gayarré's reply to Cable, but had heard nothing. Meanwhile, his fighting spirit up, he copied for the South's champion his own contribution to the controversy, a sonnet on Cable entitled "The Renegade," which said in part:

A glorious Cause! true! but the Cause lies dead! . . .  
While loyal thousands thy dark doom bewail,  
One traitorous knave alone hath tongue to rail,  
And mock the vows his own false lips had said. . . .  
Past blindness mourned,—his *mea culpa* cried,—  
Blithely he joins the Conqueror's proud command  
And, Stentor-Judas, shouts on victory's side.<sup>11</sup>

And he concluded his letter with a proffer of friendship which, in spite of rhetorical flourishes, was most assuredly sincere:

I cannot exaggerate the feeling of pride & pleasure with which I correspond with a *time-honored Southerner* like yourself.

All the most sacred memories & associations of the *Past* come over me as I write. How can we,—you & I—and all persons of the

<sup>10</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Jan. 27, 1885.

<sup>11</sup> A MS version in the Hayne Collection, Duke University Library, differs slightly from the one copied in this letter. The poem apparently has never been published.

*old regime* fail to regard with contempt the flippancy and irreverence of too many of our "younger South" *brethren*? *Brethren* alas! only in name. . . .

Only believe that I shall feel *inexpressibly honored & gratified*, if you can find time to correspond sometimes with

Yours most Faithfully & Reverently,

PAUL H. HAYNE

When Gayarré replied on January 30 with reciprocal cordiality, the friendship between two kindred hearts was inaugurated. In addition to inclosing a clipping of his second and last lampoon against Cable, Gayarré expanded a charge only hinted at in his public utterance:

Some of the Boston papers are coming out openly, I am told, in favor of miscegenation in the South. It is evidently a conspiracy to insult and degrade us. It has been a long premeditated plan, I am afraid. It will be a Blaine agitation to be kept up for political purposes. Hence the systematic and incessant blast of the trumpet by the Northern Press in favor of Cable, whom they use as a convenient tool to do their dirty work. This Cable, although accidentally born in Louisiana, is a true Yankee, who publicly wrote to Mrs. Beecher Stowe that it was only in the North that he felt at home.<sup>12</sup> This sneak, miserable in the utmost degree as a writer, is a most acute man of business who excels in the art of advertising himself. He is a skillful charlatan, a speculator in *futures*, who knows how to spend money to raise the value of his fancy stocks. He is a Literary jobber, and he trades, as an author, after the fashion of the quack who puffs his "Jacob's Oil" or his "Brown's Iron Bitters" in every newspaper by drawing largely on what Bismarck calls the "reptile fund." Fools, whose race is indestructible, buy and discover too late that they are bit. Cable, as a writer, is indubitably a prodigious humbug, a phenomenal fraud, but as a dollar scraper, as the chaser of the very shadow of a shilling round every corner, he is a genius. In the pursuit of a dime the gates of Hell could not prevail against him. I do not believe that I do injustice to the insect.

These boisterous thwackings directed to Hayne's private ear rounded out the pleasure he had taken in Gayarré's published assaults on Cable. Of the second and last of these Hayne commented:

<sup>12</sup> See notes 19 and 28, below.

It is, in *every* particular, equal to the *first*;—equal in logic, acumen, illustration, cool contemptuous irony, and a species of flashing sarcasm that withers where it strikes.

The deep, quiet scorn, with which you (a Gentleman & Scholar of the *ancien régime*) cannot but regard this presumptuous *parvenu*, who dares dictate to the *South*, who upon the strength of certain lying fictions, talks in "*King Cambyses' vein* to us," declaring that we *must* do this, & that, according to *his Sovereign* pleasure,—is apparent in every paragraph, & is (*me jndice*) just the tone, the *proper* tone to take.<sup>13</sup>

Indeed, in these two articles replying to "The Freedman's Case in Equity," the reader today is chiefly struck by the cool contemptuous irony and the deep quiet scorn of the aged knight who couched his lance against the standard-bearer of Africa. For, by and large, Gayarré passed over a categorical reply to Cable's arguments as superfluous. Almost a decade before, in a more dignified forum, he had presented his views on "The Southern Question" at full length.<sup>14</sup> With Gallic precision of style and a scholar's wealth of allusion, he had proceeded with impeccable logic to the conclusion that emancipation and enfranchisement constituted the legal limits of Federal jurisdiction in the matter. The rest of the Negro's problem, his new relationship with the white race in the South, was the South's problem alone, and she would brook no further interference from outsiders who refused to learn a lesson from the unspeakable fiasco of Reconstruction. The South's solution, he was frank to state, would be one which would insure the continued dominance of the white race in that region. The realistic historian, citing similar solutions of racial antagonisms as the invariable rule in other countries, found no place for the experiments of sentimental humanitarians in a sociological problem of such seriousness as the Southern question.

Hence, in the *Times-Democrat* articles, a serious joust with such an adversary as Cable struck Gayarré as quixotic. He preferred the slenderer lance of satire:

<sup>13</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Feb. 4, 1885.

<sup>14</sup> Charles Gayarré, "The Southern Question," *North American Review*, CXXV, 472-498 (Nov., 1877).

We read Mr. Cable's article three times with extreme fatigue, before we could have a very clear conception of what it meant. . . . It reminds us of the artichoke, whose eatable substance cannot be reached without patiently removing the numerous prickly scales that envelop the fleshy base which is sought after. . . . We are not sure [even now] that we can ascertain to our satisfaction the true quality and nature of the driftwood which he hurries on to market, and which floats indistinctly on a foggy stream of illogical reasonings and more than doubtful statements. . . .

Mr. Cable begins his article with this assertion: "The greatest problem before the American people today is, as it has been for a hundred years, the presence among us of the negro." We fully agree with him on this point. . . .

We further aver, with the deepest conviction, that the existence in the same country of two races, as different as day and night in their physical and spiritual endowments, and apparently incapable of fusing into a homogeneous whole, is the most dreadful calamity that ever could befall a community. . . . Surely it is a question to be studied anxiously, with the calm reason, the profound knowledge, the sagacious foresight of a statesman, and is not to be superficially treated with the unpardonable flippancy of a sentimental aspirant to notoriety, the arrogant superciliousness of an improvised pedagogue, the exorbitant conceit of a self-worshiping censor of public and private morals, or with the raving imprecations, the howlings and the maniac gesticulations of an Orlando Furioso. . . .

Mr. Cable asserts that the freedman is not free in the South, and in columns after columns of the *Century* he gives frightful descriptions of the oppression of the colored man among us, exceeding, in his rancorous philippics, all that was ever published against the South in the worst days of sectional animosity. It is so slanderous and so uncalled for that we are contented to push away the rubbish from our path with a contemptuous kick. . . .

The plain fact is that, to elevate Southern society to the level of his standard of what is right in equity, Mr. Cable seems to wish to bring together, by every possible means, the blacks and whites in the most familiar and closest friction everywhere, in every imaginable place of resort, save the private parlor and the private bed-chamber, into which, for the present, a disagreeable intrusion may not be permitted. There are some simpletons who will not like what they suspect to be the secret object of the plan, and who may think that it mysteriously squints at a hopeful probability of future social fusion and alliances. . . .

We believe that we have treated Mr. Cable more gently than

he has treated his beloved Southern fellow-citizens. . . . Mr. Cable is a Louisianian, and has talent. We might be disposed to admire him if he understood the propriety of being less incisive, not to say insulting, in his admonitions, and if he had the modesty to assume a less lofty tone of moral and intellectual superiority in his dictations over a vast number of his fellow-citizens, whom, in the face of the world, without the slightest hesitation and without the least sign of regret, he proclaims as guilty of the basest malignancy, the most systematic tyranny, and the most drivelling imbecility.<sup>15</sup>

Although, in spite of himself, Gayarré did at times take serious issue with Cable in these articles, drawing from his arguments on "The Southern Question" of eight years before, these excerpts represent the general tone of his reply in 1885—satire, occasionally relieved by the bludgeon of sarcasm. He had answered all such philanthropists in that earlier essay, and he was weary of reiterative debate when the only point at issue was a difference of attitudes as wide as the poles. So, when his friend Hayne requested that he take the field again and reply to a naïve eulogy of Cable in the Boston *Literary World*, he declined with finality, saying:

The gushing effusion in defense of the standard-bearer of Africa is from the goose pen of a certain colored man who is employed in the New Orleans Custom House on the strength of his highly scented black republicanism. It is too contemptible to be noticed. Besides, I am determined to drop forever the filthy subject after having gibbeted it as it deserved to be.<sup>16</sup>

And he held firm in this resolve, so far as public utterances on the Negro question were concerned, though he had one more tourney with Cable before he was through—this time on the subject of the Creoles.

Meanwhile, though "The Freedman's Case in Equity" had been pilloried in print to the satisfaction of the Old South, there remained much to be said between friends concerning Cable, the Negro, and the changing age. Confident of the sympathy of his correspondent, Hayne poured out a flood of invective calculated to submerge all heads raised against the old regime:

<sup>15</sup> Excerpts from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Jan. 11, 18, 1885.

<sup>16</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Jan. 30, 1885. The article in question was probably the one entitled "The New Orleans of George Cable," Boston *Literary World*, XVI, 29-30 (Jan. 24, 1885).

I dont believe that these Yankees will ever feel otherwise than intense hatred towards the South:—We are essentially different People, and why in the mysterious providence of God, we were allowed to be conquered by them is to me the puzzle of puzzles.

My very *faith* is sometimes shaken by it, & I think of Napoleon's or some Conqueror's aphorism about "Providence being always on the side of the *heaviest artillery!*"

Rather jubilant *at first* upon hearing of Cleveland's election, I am cooling off sadly. The Democratic triumph . . . will prove but a slight transient "drag" upon the downward wheel of Republicanism, or, I prefer to say, "*Mobocracy!*" . . .

By the way, the longer I live, the less do I believe in what are called "free Governments," at all events, Governments of the People.<sup>17</sup> . . .

"The *black man & Brother*" is not merely admitted into Yankee journals, however; even No[rthern] hotels are opening their doors to his odorous & odious presence.

The "*N. Y. 5th Avenue Hotel*" (for mere political purposes of course—that Hotel being the head-quarters of Republican Committees, &c), allows any number of negroes to sit at its tables, to sleep in its choice rooms, to perfume the atmosphere *anywhere*, and *everywhere!* And in this den of corruption & *sans culottism*, it is reported that Pres. Elect Cleveland designs to stay, as a boarder, for *10 days en route to Washington!*

Comment is superfluous! . . .

You may remember that about 2 years ago, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, ("*Bitcher Stowe,*" as my friend across the seas, *Algernon Charles Swinburne* calls her)<sup>18</sup>—celebrated her 70th birthday, by inviting various persons North & South to burn incense upon the altar of her enormous vanity!—or at least her Publisher did it for her. *Cable* (as you remark in effect) promptly responded. He absolutely *gushed* over her "*Uncle Tom,*" & *drivelled* about his love, reverence & admiration for New England.<sup>19</sup>

Some other persons of mark, at the South, (shameful to say!)

<sup>17</sup> Hayne's political views at this period of his life seem to mark him as an "Old Line Whig" rather than a Democrat, for in a letter of April 14, 1885, he included Thomas Jefferson's principles under his denunciation of *sans culottism*. (See also his comments on Jefferson in his "Charles Gayarré," *Southern Bivouac*, II, 172-173, Aug., 1886.)

<sup>18</sup> A friendly correspondence had begun between Swinburne and Hayne in 1875 with reference to a project for a monument to Poe, sponsored by Hayne. I have not been able to locate the letter in which Swinburne made his pronouncement against Mrs. Stowe.

<sup>19</sup> Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday was celebrated publicly on June 14, 1882. (See the Boston *Literary World*, XIII, 200, June 17, 1882, for an account of it.)

threw themselves "upon the marrow bones of their souls," before this wretched old woman!

It may amuse you to read certain verses I composed on that occasion, *not published* of course,—& for obvious reasons *never* to be published. I enclose them! . . .

## A CHARACTER

Yes, Madame! I know you better, far better than those can know,  
Whose plummet of judgment never is dropped to the depths  
below. . . .

Because you have bold, *bluff* manners; because you can broadly  
smile,  
With the Devil's own art in veiling your infinite gulfs of guile,  
There are some who bring you homage, who vow that your  
nature is free  
And frank as the life of Summer, when fullest on land and sea:

And yet, your soul is a charnel, where many a ruined name  
Rots, festering, vile & loathesome, in burial shrouds of shame:

A sepulchre dark that's crowded with ashes of old and young,  
Fair fames you have foully poisoned with your pitiless serpent's  
tongue—

Beware! by the God above us, who parteth the false from true,  
There's a Curse in the Future, *somewhere*, an ambushed Curse  
for you:

It will break from the way-side fiercely, when least you dream  
of a blow;  
A tigerish fate in its fury, to rend, and lay you low:

But 'ere it hath sucked your heart's blood, & stifled your latest  
breath,  
The thought of your victims, Woman! will sharpen the sting of  
death!<sup>20</sup>

As a literary man, Hayne resented Mrs. Stowe's slanderous attacks on the English poets even more than her abolitionist propaganda.

<sup>20</sup> Of all the manuscript poems by Hayne in the Duke University Library, this seems beyond question to be directed against Mrs. Stowe, though it had been published by Hayne three years before (see *Poems, Complete Edition*, Boston, 1882, p. 284).

In 1870 Mrs. Stowe had indulged her love of setting the world right by sentimentally raking over an old scandal in her *Lady Byron Vindicated; a History of the Byron Controversy, from its Beginning in 1816 to the Present Time*.

But, for the cruel fate of being forced to live on in such a topsy-turvy world, he was finding compensation in the discovery of his new friend, Charles Gayarré, and he concluded his vituperative letter with chivalric enthusiasm:

Indeed, I cannot exaggerate my satisfaction at having formed your acquaintance as a Correspondent,—even at the 11th hour!—We of the “*Old South*” have need, God knows, to stand by each other *staunchly*. The *new Generation* hardly comprehends us. May not *each of us* say with King Arthur’s last knight, *Sir Bedivere*,

—“And I go forth companionless,  
“And the days darken round me, & the years,  
“Among new men, strange faces, other minds”? . . .

May God preserve you, honored old Southerner, *sans peur et sans reproche!*<sup>21</sup>

In reply, Gayarré thanked him for his personal compliments and for his “poetical compliments to Aunt Harriet,” which he had read with pleasure. Apropos of the latter he declared: “It is only such a harpy or ghoul that could have attempted to befoul Byron’s memory. All such wretches are doomed to a dishonored grave, and go from the grave, it is to be hoped, to a place of fit retribution.” Further, he was inclined to agree with Hayne’s estimate of democracy, quoting Rousseau, Voltaire, Mirabeau, and others on the subject, but he added:

As to myself, having no children, I care very little for the future, remembering that I am eighty years old, and that it would be useless to attempt to stop the falls of Niagara. I tried to do good in my days, but I do not forget that every time my fingers were terribly burned by the Devil.<sup>22</sup>

In spite of a long retirement, however, necessity now compelled him to seek again a public post: the naval office in New Orleans under the Cleveland administration. But, as he wrote in a later letter, he knew he had no chance:

I belong to no ring, to no association of any kind; I am not a professional patriot, I do not steal, drink whiskey, chew tobacco, stuff

<sup>21</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Feb. 4, 1885. That Gayarré was touched by Hayne’s flattering overtures and that he reciprocated his warm feelings of friendship is indicated many times. For example, he concluded his letter of April 17, 1885, by declaring: “I assure you that to have acquired your esteem and friendship is not the least of the few consolations which remain to me.”

<sup>22</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Feb. 17, 1885.

ballot boxes, nor command the votes of a thousand bog trotters. What chance have I to get one single drop of the national cocoanut milk? Better buy a Lottery Ticket. Washington nowadays could not be elected or appointed, if alive, turnkey to jailbirds.<sup>23</sup>

In connection with his application, Gayarré published an open letter to the President, requesting governmental recognition of the claims of Southern literature. A copy of this Hayne turned over to his friend James Randall for editorial comment in the *Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist*. But he was doubtful of the results, as he wrote to the applicant:

Your plea concerning the honors due literary men in any civilized country cannot be disputed;—but under the present *regime*, and indeed, under any Republican *regime*,—*Litterateurs* are never likely to have their deserts.

Cleveland, whatever his virtues, is evidently a mere *Politician*; a bull-headed, determined fellow in his way, & perhaps as things go, now-a-days, moderately honest;—but possessed neither of special refinement, nor special culture.

The *only Poet* he condescends to read, I understand, is *Walt Whitman*,—and his favorite *novelist* is "*Sylvanus Cobb!*"

*Basta!* Surely "the d—d *literary fellows*" need not trust in him.<sup>24</sup>

And, as they both anticipated, nothing came of the application, in spite of the efforts of many friends.

After the third letter, a long silence of nearly two months ensued. Gayarré, knowing that Hayne was a chronically sick man, naturally felt anxiety about his health until a long letter of April 1 arrived and relieved his mind. The "official" reply to Cable, Henry Grady's "In Plain Black and White," had appeared in the *April Century*, and Hayne rose from his sickbed to lament that Gayarré had not been the one solicited by this magazine to make the response for the South:

*Grady's* reply therein, my wife has read, & pronounces *able*; but logically defective on several points; "*Ah,*" she observed, "the *Judge* would have made no such damaging concessions; nor so failed here & there in his *argumentative fence.*" . . .

I read carefully eno' half of *Grady's* reply, and then put it down *disgusted*. When he *concedes* so much to the North as this, (*viz*)

<sup>23</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, April 11, 1885.

<sup>24</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 8, 1885.

that they were perfectly justified in *abolishing Slavery*, and that we ought better to be grateful for the same,—I cry *halte là!*

On other points, he shows himself wretchedly superficial. For instance, this dreadful problem touching the Negro, and his relations to the whites of the South, Mr. Grady dismisses after a somewhat airy & *insouciant* fashion!

He actually maintains that the Negro has no desire whatever towards social communion & amalgamation; that the Inferior Race desires to keep itself apart from the Whites &c—of course, a mere sotticism!<sup>25</sup>

And Gayarré agreed: "If not colorless, it would not have been published at the North."<sup>26</sup> Concessions to the enemy and a conciliatory attitude were not the policy of the old regime.

Henry Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* and the conceded spokesman of the New South, did what spokesmen of the Old South had disdained to do. He argued the freedman's case on its equities. Even Cable confessed himself satisfied with the attitude of at least this one of his critics:

In the South . . . the denunciation was a storm. There came to me unsought more than one hundred pages of adverse, and for the most part unparliamentary, criticism. But in quite another tone Mr. H. W. Grady . . . replied, and one of my purposes was attained; the subject was drawn into the forum of literary debate before the nation and the world.<sup>27</sup>

Grady began by conceding that all men were thankful that slavery had been abolished, even those who had suffered because of the personal injustice and the violent manner by which it was brought about; that the South acquiesced in the enfranchisement of the Negro, wise or unwise, as inevitable; but that when the Federal government sought to fix by enactment his civil and social status, the program of reform had faltered. Then in categorical order he took up all the charges of mistreatment of the Negro in the South and adduced convincing evidence to show that Cable's picture of racial oppression there was so grossly exaggerated as to be misleading. Thus much of parliamentary debate.

<sup>25</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, April 1 and 14, 1885.

<sup>26</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, April 17, 1885.

<sup>27</sup> Quoted in Lucy Cable Bikle, *George W. Cable: His Life and Letters* (New York, 1928), p. 162.

For the rest, Grady responded even as did Gayarré and the whole South, old and new. Though he avoided the phrase "social equality," he rejected Cable's demand for the "social intermingling" of the races—for he refused to admit the distinction between social and public—and he declared that the South must be allowed to settle these relations of the races for herself, on the basis of *equal* but separate accommodations. Nor did he hesitate to state what the result of this solution would be: Intelligence, character, and property will dominate, he insisted, in spite of numerical considerations; these qualities are lodged with the white race in the South, and will assuredly remain there for many generations at least. In conclusion, he warned the reading public that the freedman's champion was not a true representative of Southern opinion:

Mr. George W. Cable, writing in the name of the Southern people, confesses judgment on points that they still defend, and commits them to a line of thought from which they must forever dissent. In this article, as in his works, the singular tenderness and beauty of which have justly made him famous, Mr. Cable is sentimental rather than practical. But the reader, enchained by the picturesque style and misled by the engaging candor with which the author admits the shortcomings of "We of the South," and the kindling enthusiasm with which he tells how "We of the South" must make reparation, is apt to assume that it is really the soul of the South that breathes through Mr. Cable's repentant sentences. It is not my purpose to discuss Mr. Cable's relations to the people for whom he claims to speak. Born in the South, of Northern parents, he appears to have had little sympathy with his Southern environment, as in 1882 he wrote, "To be in New England would be enough for me. I was there once,—a year ago,—and it seemed as if I had never been home till then." It will be suggested that a man so out of harmony with his neighbors as to say, even after he had fought side by side with them on the battle-field, that he never felt at home until he had left them, cannot speak understandingly of their views on so vital a subject as that under discussion. But it is with his statement rather than his personality that we have to deal. Does he truly represent the South? We reply that he does not! There may be here and there in the South a dreaming theorist who subscribes to Mr. Cable's teachings. We have seen no signs of one.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> Henry W. Grady, "In Plain Black and White," *Century Magazine*, XXIX, 909-910 (April, 1885). Cable's mother was from Indiana, and both her parents from undiluted New England stock. His paternal grandmother was from Penn-

"The Freedman's Case in Equity" was now answered to the satisfaction of the more liberal New South. And, old and new, they united in rejecting Cable as a representative of their section, in lineage, sentiment, and attitude. But that Grady's reply was considered too mild by Hayne and Gayarré is an indication of just how firmly the Old South remained entrenched in the philosophy of ante-bellum Southern civilization, a generation after almost every tangible vestige of it as a way of life had been wiped out.

With Gayarré, moreover, there was a cause of resentment against Cable of longer standing, and perhaps even deeper intensity, than that which sprang from his propaganda for the freedman. For, defender as Gayarré was of the old regime throughout the South, his more personal and sacred trust was to champion that unique part of it represented by the Creole civilization of Louisiana, of which he was a brilliant and distinguished exemplar both in lineage and in professional accomplishment as its historian. Long before the rest of the South had become conscious of Cable as a "renegade" to his native section, the proud old French and Spanish aristocracy of New Orleans had been incensed against this alien within their gates who had the temerity to write insultingly of their race and grossly misrepresent them before the world. For they found in his fictions none of the picturesqueness and quaint charm that was being acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic.

From the publication of Cable's first tale, "Sieur George," in 1873 to the collection in volume form of his local color stories as *Old Creole Days* in 1879, this resentment grew in intensity until it brought to white heat the outraged pride of the *Vieux Carré*. With the appearance of *The Grandissimes* in 1880, a running fire of denunciation burst from the New Orleans press. Placide Canonge, in the newspaper *L'Abeille*, stung the intruder remorselessly in editorial after editorial. And, at its fiercest, the attack once even

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sylvania, and though the grandfather had been born in Winchester, Va., he had freed his slaves and migrated north about 1815, when his son (father of the author) was a mere boy. From such parentage G. W. Cable was born in 1844 "by accident"—according to Gayarré—in New Orleans. (An enlightening account of Cable's lack of congeniality with his Southern environment is given by E. L. Tinker, "Cable and the Creoles," *American Literature*, V, 313-326, Jan., 1934.)

descended to indefensible vituperation in the scurrilous pamphlet entitled *Critical Dialogue between Aboo and Caboo, on a New Book, or a Grandissime Ascension*, published by the Jesuit Abbé Adrien Rouquette, under the sobriquet of "E. Junius." Cable's agitation in behalf of the Negro's civil rights was only a brand added to the burning, for they blindly insisted that his zeal was mercenary rather than sincere. The culmination came when he stepped aside from writing romances about them and dared to pose as their authentic historian in his article on New Orleans contributed to the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and in a *de luxe* volume for popular consumption entitled *The Creoles of Louisiana*, both published in 1884.<sup>29</sup> This was more than human endurance could bear. According to the best authority on the subject, "The Creoles considered Cable more loathesome than a Carpet-bagger; called him a renegade scalawag; and when they mentioned his name they spat."<sup>30</sup>

At this juncture, it is not surprising to find that Charles Étienne Gayarré was roused to a second tournament with this double-dyed traitor. For in Gayarré's veins flowed the pure Spanish and French blood of a distinguished Creole ancestry, including among others the Grandprés, contemporaries and coadjutors of Iberville and Bienville, the founders of the colony. His father was the grandson of Don Esteban Gayarré—younger son of a noble house of Navarre dating from the ninth century—who had been the *contador real*

<sup>29</sup> "New Orleans," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, XVIII, 402-405 (9th ed., 1884); *The Creoles of Louisiana* (New York, 1884), illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

<sup>30</sup> Tinker, "Cable and the Creoles," p. 318. The author of this article not only gives a comprehensive survey of this controversy, but furnishes (pp. 315-316) a convincing picture of the inherent differences between the two parties which explains both the Creoles' deep-seated spleen and Cable's fascination with a civilization which he disapproved of and misunderstood: "It was not strange that this race should seduce his pen, because for this slow, plodding, rather prudish writer they must have had all the charm of the dissimilar, and while he felt it his duty to disapprove of some of their characteristics, many of their very faults endeared them to him. The irksome monotony of his toil-filled existence must have made him secretly envy the gay impulsiveness of the Creoles, their graceful insouciance, their debonair courage, their spontaneous bursts of extravagance, their lily-of-the-field philosophy, and their instinctive clutch at immediate pleasure with no counting of future costs. Perhaps the describing of their volatile emotions may have assuaged his own inhibitions, and writing of their warm, exotic, impetuous love affairs, and of the quadron balls, may have given him a certain psychological release."

under the first Spanish governor of Louisiana in 1766. His mother was the daughter of Étienne de Boré—descendant of an old Norman family ennobled in the sixteenth century and himself a former *mousquetaire* of Louis XV—who had migrated in 1772 and become the first successful manufacturer of sugar in Louisiana; and she was the granddaughter of Destréhan des Tours, long treasurer of the colony under the French regime. All these names adorned the annals of Louisiana, even in the two ventures that Cable made into the realm of history. Such a heritage, combined with a literary bent, led Charles Gayarré early to his lifelong avocation as a historical scholar.

In his twenties he had published a two-volume *Essai historique sur la Louisiane* (1830), being largely a translation of François Xavier Martin's earlier *History of Louisiana*. When in 1835 ill-health interrupted an incipient political career and forced him to resign his seat in the United States Senate, he spent eight years in Paris copying documents from the archives of France which, upon his return to New Orleans, he strung on a slender narrative thread and published in two volumes as the *Histoire de la Louisiane* (1846-47), covering the period of the settlement and French domination of his native state. During his incumbency as Secretary of State, he persuaded the Louisiana legislature to purchase from the archives of Spain copies of the documents dealing with the Spanish domination, which enabled him to bring his history down to Napoleon's purchase and cession in 1803. So, uniting historical accuracy with vivid narrative and descriptive powers, he at last came into his own with a four-volume *magnum opus*, in English, *The History of Louisiana*, of which his friend George Bancroft declared: "You give at once to your State an authentic history such as scarce any other in the Union possesses. I have for many years been making manuscript and other collections, and all the best that I have found appears in your volumes."<sup>81</sup>

<sup>81</sup> Bancroft's letter of praise is quoted in the Preface to Vol. I. This compendious history was published in separate volumes over a period of years as follows: *The Poetry or the Romance of the History of Louisiana* (New York, 1848), republished with little change as I, *Louisiana, Its Colonial History and Romance* (New York, 1851); II, *Louisiana, Its History as a French Colony* (New York, 1852); III, *History of Louisiana: The Spanish Domination* (New York, 1854); IV,

It was too much for this venerable scholar, in his eightieth year, that the *parvenu* Cable should now ride roughshod into his private domain and publish to the world as history his compound of garbled fact, petty bias, and naïve misapprehension—the inevitable product of an alien with an inherent aversion to the civilization he had chosen as his subject. His Creoles of fiction had borne only the most superficial and distorted resemblance to the Creoles Gayarré had memorialized as a historian—the race of which he was a proud scion. Now, his supposedly historical *Creoles of Louisiana* were nothing short of a grossly insulting misrepresentation of a distinguished people. Such was the inevitable reaction of the old historian to Cable's chronicles.

Gayarré's second and last assault on his adversary came in the spring of 1885. About the middle of March he gave a lecture in French at the *Athénée Louisianais*, properly enough, and published it several weeks later as "La Race Latine en Louisiane." A copy of this pamphlet he sent to his friend Paul Hayne, who lamented that his meager knowledge of the language had caused him to miss the satirical overtones.<sup>32</sup> Hence the latter was delighted when Gayarré wrote in April that he was soon to give another lecture, this time in English, before the cream of New Orleans society in the Hall of the Tulane University. With finality he announced:

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*History of Louisiana: The American Domination* (New York, 1866). A uniform edition of *The History of Louisiana* in four volumes was brought out by W. G. Widdleton, New York, 1866; a second edition by James A. Gresham, New Orleans, 1879; and a third by Armand Hawkins, New Orleans, 1885.

The facts concerning Gayarré's life used throughout this study are taken from a brief manuscript autobiography in the Hayne Collection, Duke University Library, unless otherwise indicated. The similarity of this MS to the "Biographical Sketch of Honorable Charles Gayarré," *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XII, 5-27 (Jan., 1929), reprinted from a pamphlet of 1889, confirms Henry P. Dart in his conjecture that the sketch he was editing was written by Gayarré himself, though in the third person and signed by "A Louisianian."

<sup>32</sup>There is no copy of this pamphlet in the Hayne Library at Duke University, but the lecture may be found in the *Comptes Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais* (Nouvelle-Orleans, 1885-87), pp. 79-100 (copy kindly furnished to the present writer by the Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans), and a newspaper report of it in *L'Abeille* (New Orleans), March 19, 1885. Another lecture in French, "Les Grandissimes," delivered before the *Union Française*, was reported in the *Times-Democrat* (New Orleans), March 23, 1885. Previous to the beginning of his friendship with Hayne (1883-84), Gayarré had contributed a number of articles to the latter newspaper dealing with Cable (see the bibliography in Saucier, *op. cit.*).

After that lecture, it is my determination to dismiss Mr. Cable forever. To do otherwise would be attaching too much importance to that venomous insect, although Pasteur has demonstrated that the smallest animalculæ are our most dangerous enemies. But before parting with him altogether, I intend, on the 27th inst., to use the ponderous battle axe of Richard instead of the polished Damascus blade of Saladin.<sup>33</sup>

Three months earlier, in his newspaper reply to "The Freedman's Case in Equity," Gayarré had given to this English-speaking population of New Orleans the touchstone of Creole resentment:

Mr. Cable, in his works of fiction, has represented the Creole population of Louisiana in a very unfavorable light—we might almost say as a very contemptible race. At least, this has gradually grown to be the almost universal opinion of that population on the subject, and the descendants of the ancient French and Spanish colonists feel sore at being thus treated with what they consider manifest injustice. If the author had drawn an exaggerated or caricatured portraiture of existing beings, or of beings that had ever existed among them, it might have been laughed at with philosophical good humor; and if he had truthfully photographed scenes of actual degradation, the humiliation resulting from it might have been submissively endured. But such Creoles as Mr. Cable has described are creations of his own imagination. The gentle character of amiable idiocy with which he has invested most of his personages may have been kindly intended by him as a harmless, if not a charitable, conception, to be accepted with a sort of gratitude, because it might have been much worse. But the Creoles of Louisiana—males and females—cannot admit that they have had any kinship with those effete and imbecile creatures who figure in Mr. Cable's books. They never had the manners, the feelings, or the language attributed to them. . . . Even in works of fiction there must not be too wide a departure from the realities of nature. . . .

When the "Grandissimes" appeared, we were requested by the editor of *The Times-Democrat* to review the work. We refused from motives of delicacy. Mr. Cable having heard of it and having requested us to change our decision, we replied that we would, if he could name two Creole families with whom he was intimately acquainted. He could not. . . . We have generally abstained to this day, even in private conversation, from expressing any opinion on the literary value of Mr. Cable's predatory incursions into the do-

<sup>33</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, April 17, 1885. The lecture was actually given on April 25, rather than April 27.

mains of fiction, and we are still determined to maintain the same reserve. But we deem it our duty to say, as a mere matter of fact, and to prevent false impressions, that Mr. Cable . . . is not a Creole, and that he is completely ignorant of the element that constitute the idiosyncrasy of that population.<sup>34</sup>

Now, on April 25, 1885, smarting under the added insult of Cable's newly published historical treatises, Gayarré put aside his previous reserve and addressed a large and enthusiastic audience on "The Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance," laying before the public once and for all the case of Louisiana vs. Cable. In the first half of his speech, he defined the meaning of the word *Creole* and reviewed the past glories of that race to refute the charges that had been brought against it. At this point he brought to the witness stand the detractor whom he proposed to convict with his own testimony:

This is the population which one accidentally born in its bosom and claiming by virtue of that accident the right, not only to speak in the name of Louisiana, but also of the whole South, represents as very little better than the Yahoos in Gulliver's travels by Dean Swift! I beg pardon of all literary men for associating the names of Swift and Cable. It is almost an insult to the memory of the former. But Dean Swift intended his Gulliver's travels to be only a satire, while Mr. Cable has assumed to write novels based on, and in conformity to, history or accepted traditions, and purporting to be a faithful portraiture of realities. I must admit that I have read only what passes for the best of his works—the "Grandissimes." . . .

On the threshold of the very rapid and short review which time and your patience will permit me to make . . . , I call your attention to one of the monstrous absurdities that form the tissue of a composition in which the audacious mutilation of what is truth in a matter of fact world, and the distortion of what could possibly be supposed by a sound mind to exist at all in the world of probabilities, exceed all precedents. If Mr. Cable had represented the most distinguished of our creole families as having forgotten to speak French, and as using only the jargon which the negroes had constructed out of that language, this invention would have far exceeded the limits of those liberties which fancy in its wildest flights may be permitted to take with common sense. But when he makes them prefer, not the French, not the creole negro *patois*, but the

<sup>34</sup> *Times-Democrat*, Jan. 11, 1885.

broken English of the negroes of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, etc., the perversion or depravity of his intellect becomes overpowering and incomprehensible. . . . I will state that I have carried his famous novel to intelligent negroes who could read, and not one of them could understand the spelling and pronunciation of the language attributed to their race. It seems to have been a secret possessed only by the Grandissime families of 1803. It had been lost, but has been lately discovered by Mr. Cable.<sup>35</sup>

Although the accuracy of Cable's representation of Creole and Negro dialect is still a debatable question, Gayarré certainly scored two points in his prosecution. First, it was a manifest anachronism and contradiction for Cable to state that at the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States the inhabitants were so hostile to the introduction of the English language that they would prefer to "eat dogs" rather than speak it, when in *The Grandissimes*, laid in this very year of 1803, their very best people are represented as having already substituted it—or rather the "broken, mutilated, africanized English of the *black man*"—for the French of their ancestors, even in the intimacy of family intercourse. Second, whatever their prejudice in the matter, the unanimous verdict of the Creole population of Louisiana in 1885 that Cable had grossly misrepresented their speech certainly put the onus of proof on one of whom they declared: "His whole stock of knowledge as to the French language and the negro *patois* would not overload the back of a mouse."

The next charge was far more serious. Not only had Cable in this novel given lurid descriptions of quadroon balls which were attended by Creole gentlemen, and exposed the relations between a white family and its illegitimate colored relatives; but he had represented a highborn gentleman as entering into a public business partnership with his octoroon half-brother, and, to the latter's afflicted lament that before the law he was a bastard and had no right to be born, the younger white brother was made to reply, reverently: "By the laws of men it may be; but by the law of God's justice, you are the lawful son, and it is I who should not have

<sup>35</sup> Charles Gayarré, *The Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance* (New Orleans, 1885), pp. 17-19. Since this pamphlet contains the gist of the two French lectures (see note 32), quotations are taken from it alone.

been born." And he had gone further, implying unmistakably that the Creoles themselves had Negro blood in their veins. Sometimes this was accomplished by ambiguous indirection as when he said of one of the Grandissimes "his whole appearance was a dazzling contradiction of the notion that a Creole is a person of mixed blood." But in tracing the ancestry of his two leading Creole families, his accusation was more direct. The first Grandissime had married a ragged Indian squaw, the first Nancannou a French prostitute—though both men were officers in the royal army and of noble birth—and the next generations had scarcely done better. "Thus," said Cable in reference to these early marriages in the colony, "the pilgrim fathers of the Mississippi Delta with Gallic recklessness . . . [took their] wives and moot wives from the ill specimens of three races."<sup>36</sup> The accusation was just as clear as if he had said it forthrightly, for the only third race in Louisiana at that time was the Negro.

To this assault on the purity of their race Gayarré replied with earnestness:

This becomes quite serious, for it is not an assertion placed at random on the lips of some imaginary character, but it is the author himself who speaks—and that author is a Louisianian by birth—one who claims to know thoroughly the population of which he writes. This assertion is not confined to a work of fiction, but it is repeated by him in a historical article which he has contributed to . . . the Encyclopedia Britannica, which is to meet the eyes of the whole world.<sup>37</sup>

It is surprising that Gayarré did not quote the accusation in this its final and more public form, for there the innuendo was even more insulting, applying as it did not to the original French settlers so much as to their descendants. Of these living Creoles, Cable said in this learned work of reference:

Their better class does not offer to the eye that unpleasing evidence of gross admixture of race which distinguishes those Latin-American communities around the borders of the adjacent seas; and the name they have borrowed from those regions does not necessarily imply,

<sup>36</sup> George W. Cable, *The Grandissimes* (New York, 1901), pp. 27, 47, 368.

<sup>37</sup> Gayarré, *The Creoles, etc.* (see note 35), pp. 22, 23-24.

any more than it excludes, a departure from a pure double line of Latin descent.<sup>38</sup>

Yet he would not have had far to go to correct his ignorance, if such it were, for in another volume of this same encyclopaedia the word *Creole* was defined as a person living in a Spanish—or French, it should have added—colony born of European parents, as distinguished from an aboriginal native of such a colony.<sup>39</sup> This is the very definition, of course, with which Gayarré had opened his address, though he quoted the higher authority of the French and Spanish academies. Now he charged his jury:

Mr. Cable should be called upon to name at least a single one of our good and old families that falls within the blighting radius of his description. If he cannot, he will stand convicted of having maliciously slandered a population that seems to be the object of his intense hatred.<sup>40</sup>

In this same historical essay on New Orleans, moreover, Cable had gone on to condemn his native city in more general and sweeping terms:

The . . . provincialism and lethargy of an isolated and indolent civilization has . . . changed a port that had promised to become one of the greatest in the world into a monument of golden possibilities dwarfed by unforeseen and overpowering disadvantages.<sup>41</sup>

And in *The Creoles of Louisiana* he had made it perfectly clear just which elements of this civilization were responsible for its downfall. To all of this Gayarré replied with restrained eloquence: "We cannot trace in this portrait of a mother the hand of a loving son."<sup>42</sup> Then, clothing his righteous indignation in a shield of flashing sarcasm, he closed his Creole's Case in Equity:

Suffice it to say that, from the beginning to the end, this [author] represents the whole creole population as the basest and most stupid

<sup>38</sup> "New Orleans," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, XVIII, 404 (9th ed., 1884).

<sup>39</sup> "Creole," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, VI, 567 (9th ed., 1884). It is true that the definition added that the word had come to be loosely applied to descendants whose blood was not "wholly European," but this was only in the West Indies, where the amalgamation of the races was so general as to preclude any other use of the word.

<sup>40</sup> Gayarré, *The Creoles, etc.* (see note 35), p. 25.

<sup>41</sup> "New Orleans," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, XVIII, 402-405 (9th ed., 1884).

<sup>42</sup> Gayarré, *The Creoles, etc.* (see note 35), p. 24.

that ever crawled in the mud of this earth. . . . Was it his secret intention to produce the impression on his readers in his own sly and covert ways that the creoles are instinctively attracted, by a sort of magnetic influence, to everything that is low, base and impure, as a natural effect of that Gallic recklessness which, since the foundation of the colony, was the cause of their ignoble descent from the ill specimens of three races—Indian, African, and French prostitutes? Considering this agglomerated and ever-expanding heritage of viciously mixed blood that still festers in the veins of more than two hundred thousand of his fellow-citizens, considering that, in consequence of it, Louisiana continues to be “out of joint,” as he says, and to perpetrate such iniquities as are enumerated in his “Freedman’s Case in Equity,” Mr. Cable must have felt himself justified, at least in his own mind, when he shook the dust of our streets from his virtuous and indignant shoes, and publicly declared that the home of his choice—the home of his heart—was in a far distant and more pure region.<sup>43</sup>

When this address was published in pamphlet form in the middle of May, 1885, Gayarré sent a copy to his friend Hayne, who read it aloud to his family and then wrote enthusiastically to the author:

It is amazing, the *self control & coolness* you display in discussing a question which must have made your blood boil:—the *reserve of power* everywhere apparent; the unheated analytical skill wherewith you dissect Cable’s mendacious *dicta*, and finally annihilate him upon every point of *history* and *ethnology*!

Your People,—the Creoles *en masse*, should show their gratitude in the most substantial way; but alas! there is precious little of that commodity to be found now! . . .

Again, I congratulate you upon your powerful “*Lecture.*” There is some satisfaction in lashing a Hound, or rather a mongrel *Cur*, although the cowardly beast no doubt may be expected to sneak after his Chastiser, and bite his heel, if a safe chance should occur!<sup>44</sup>

But there was no retaliation. The controversy was over. After a year’s experiment of living in Connecticut, Cable had permanently moved his residence to New England.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 28-29, 30.

<sup>44</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 19, 1885.

<sup>45</sup> In July, 1884, Cable took his family to Simsbury, Conn., to spend the summer and autumn. The stay was lengthened into the winter and spring, and in Sept., 1885, he moved to Northampton, Mass., which became his home for the rest of his life. His daughter vigorously denies the popular tradition that the bitter

Born of a common hatred of a common enemy, the most powerful of welding forces, the friendship between Gayarré and Hayne after three months of testing began to flower in its own right. Spared the irritation of daily personal association, it promised a realization of the Platonic ideal. Many were the affinities that revealed themselves during the progress of the campaign, more when the war clouds began to lift. Hayne dropped formality in his salutations and wrote, "My dear & honored Friend," to which Gayarré responded, "My most dear and excellent Friend."<sup>46</sup> And, during a visit to New Orleans, Hayne's son sealed the spiritual bond with a call upon the Gayarrés in person.

During the first months of their correspondence, controversy had obscured their deeper interests in literature and scholarship. Now, as the battle lulled, opportunity was afforded for the exchange of more than polemical trifles. On May 8, Hayne opened the way with a copy of the collected edition of his poems,<sup>47</sup> suggesting that Mrs. Gayarré would be particularly interested in his own wife's favorites—those which commemorated their happy life together. In his letter of thanks, Gayarré announced that his wife was already deeply engrossed in the volume and, awaiting his turn, added graciously: "I expect much pleasure from the perusal of your poems, and I will, like an experienced Epicure, sip leisurely the rich beverage sparkling in the bowl which you have presented to my lips."<sup>48</sup> And two weeks later the household at Copse Hill was stirred with ecstasy at the sweet compliments that came from the pen they had known only as the satiric castigator of Cable. For

antagonism in the South forced him to leave his native New Orleans and make his home in the North. She gives as the real reasons: her mother's health, her father's desire to be nearer his publishers and the center of the lecture field, his superior working power in a more invigorating climate, and his added explanation in his own words: "I thought it well, having been familiar with Southern affairs during all the impressionable years of my life, to study the aspect from a distance. Also to come into contact with other sections and get comparative views. My own search for more congenial surroundings did not enter into my calculations" (Bikle, *op. cit.*, pp. 122-123).

Whatever the exigencies that led to this hegira, the consensus of modern opinion is that Cable's removal from the locale of his romances, like Bret Harte's similar exodus from California, contributed to his literary decline.

<sup>46</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, April 29, 1885; Gayarré to Hayne, June 4, 1885.

<sup>47</sup> *Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne* (Complete ed.; Boston, 1882).

<sup>48</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, May 13, 1885.

this rare old soul, who played with Latin skill upon the many-stringed harp of eloquence, now modulated his key to the gentle courtesy of the troubadour as he wrote:

I stroll through your beautiful poems with the slow step of an octogenarian, as I would through the soft paths of an endless garden of flowers, now fixing my admiring eyes on one and then on another, as fancy inspires, at random and with delightful irregularity. After a daily short walk in this exquisite parterre of yours, I feel refreshed, and I return with more courage to reload my shoulders with the cross which I had left at the gate.

My wife admires in particular "An Anniversary," "From the Woods," and above all, "Love's Autumn." I have startled her a little, however, by telling her confidentially that you are a plagiarist, that you have stolen every word, every sentiment from my own heart where the whole of it had been in print, long before you had put pen to paper. I need not insist, I suppose, on your not communicating this very serious charge to Mrs. Hayne. It might afflict her. Let it therefore remain a secret.<sup>49</sup>

Putting his gratitude in more tangible form, the venerable scholar reciprocated with a copy of his historical biography of Philip II, the great sixteenth-century ruler of Spain,<sup>50</sup> accompanying his gift with this modest disclaimer:

Homer relates in his Iliad that the Trojans and Greeks under the walls of Troy would sometimes exchange presents—the Greeks, with characteristic shrewdness, always taking care to allow themselves to be surpassed in generosity. On this occasion, you will find that I am a thorough Greek, for, in return for the refulgent gold of poetry, I send you the coarse and valueless iron of prose.<sup>51</sup>

But Hayne, not to be outdone in gallantry, challenged the comparison; and, borrowing the language an old chronicler had applied to the sword presented by Francis I to the Chevalier Bayard, he described Gayarré's vivid psychological study as "a blade of trenchant *steel*, bright as any mirror, so inlaide, & ingrained with gold & silver, and jewels, that whiles it did looke like the sun, and dazzled the eyes of beholders."<sup>52</sup> By August, Gayarré had sent

<sup>49</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, May 29, 1885.

<sup>50</sup> *Philip the Second of Spain* (New York, 1866).

<sup>51</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, May 13, 1885.

<sup>52</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 17, 1885.

him a complete set of his works, the two friends had exchanged photographs, and Hayne had issued an urgent invitation to the elder couple to escape the heat of the New Orleans summer by a visit to his woodland home.

The ladies, also, joined in this feast of hungry hearts. Mrs. Gayarré sent pressed flowers; Mrs. Hayne, rose cuttings from Cope Hill to the New Orleans garden. At the close of a chivalric letter of thanks her aged knight delighted her, more than he had anticipated, with this confidence: "There is so much intuitive congeniality between Mr. Hayne and what remains of myself that I keenly regret the distance which separates us. He reminds me of my noble friend Gilmore Simms, whose loss I can never cease to deplore."<sup>53</sup> Her husband's reply was winged with the joy of reminiscence stirred by this casual allusion:

The mention you make of your intimacy with *Gilmore Simms* is only *another*, & a powerful *link* of affectionate sympathy between us.

He was old eno' to be my father, but there was no reserve in our association. For twenty years I knew him, as perhaps few others *did*; loved the man for his many *frank*, *manly* qualities; made every conceivable allowance for patent faults of manner, & stood by him to the last.

But, with malevolent persistence, their bad penny had been conjured up again even by the recollection of a beloved memory, and Hayne was forced to add indignantly:

By the way, I have learned with intolerable disgust that some Yankee firm—Houghton & Mifflin perhaps—have chosen *Cable* (!) as Simms' *Biographer*—upon the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle, of course, which they have systematically followed throughout, so far as *Southern Celebrities* are concerned! Remark, how a *German*, in this connection, was made the *Biographer* of *Calhoun*!<sup>54</sup>

<sup>53</sup> Gayarré to Mrs. Hayne, May 3, 1885.

<sup>54</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 8, 1885. Hermann E. von Holst had been chosen by Houghton Mifflin Co. as the biographer of *John C. Calhoun* (1882) in their "American Statesmen Series." To Southerners, worse than being a German, he was the author of a seven-volume *Constitutional and Political History of the United States* (1876-92), whose thesis centered around the abolition of slavery as a moral issue.

Gayarré was already aware of this distressing prospect, and even confessed that he had innocently contributed to its possible fulfillment. He could only comfort himself with the fond delusion that his own recent attempts to discredit the "renegade" as a writer might help to ward off this new threat to the South's honor:

I hope that Cable is, as you say, really annihilated. That would prevent him from profaning the memory of Gilmore Simms by writing his biography. I knew, three years ago, that he had undertaken that *Yankee* job, and I had the imprudence to try, but in vain, as I soon saw, to give him some idea of the character of our late friend. I even gave some of his letters to this scurrilous scribbler. It is probable that he will print them as addressed to himself and not to me. My only excuse is that I did not know the mongrel cur as thoroughly as I do now.<sup>55</sup>

By September the threat had materialized in Houghton Mifflin's autumn list of forthcoming publications, which announced that such a book was in preparation by this despised author. Hayne was moved to action, as he announced to Gayarré:

I must write to Simms' daughter at once, for I know that some year or two ago, she withdrew her memoranda & material, (which *supposing* Cable to be a *gentleman & Southerner*, she had been induced to loan him), informing him at the same time that she protested against his writing anything in reference to her Father's *religious & political views*; but that if *he* (Cable) *did write on these topics*, she claimed the right of seeing what he had composed previous to its *publication*. And now, I am confident that the *infernal scoundrel*,—(altho his Biography may still be in embryo, since it comes *low upon the list*), designs to *ignore* Mrs. Roach's charge; and will produce a "*Life*" for the *Yankee market*, a *book to sell!*

Good God! that our old friend's biography should fall into such hands! It seems the *very irony of Fate!*

But one thing is certain. If *Cable does* wrong Simms' memory in any way I can take hold of—"by the Eternal," (as *old Jackson* used to say)—I will *break every bone* in his (intellectual) carcass.<sup>56</sup>

After long postponement and for reasons not now discoverable, the matter was finally settled otherwise, and the Old South was spared

<sup>55</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, May 29, 1885.

<sup>56</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Sept. 25, 1885. At the opening of the second quoted paragraph, "Good God!" has been erased and "Oh" substituted, probably by Mrs. Hayne.

this final insult. The biography was at last relinquished by the apostate and put in the hands of a promising young Southern scholar, William Peterfield Trent, of Richmond, Virginia.<sup>57</sup>

This good news, however, came too late to dispell the cloud for Paul Hayne. Meanwhile, he took it upon himself to perpetuate Simms's memory in a favorable light before any calumniator could misrepresent it. A long line of nostalgic reminiscences, touched off by Gayarré's incidental reference to their deceased friend, had been warming his lonely heart. Now, as the summer wore on, it began to materialize in a series of articles on ante-bellum Charleston. With loving remembrance Hayne traced its proud history, social and intellectual, boasting of the literary efflorescence that marked the last two decades before the Civil War, and culminating with his tribute to Gilmore Simms.<sup>58</sup>

<sup>57</sup> Gayarré to Mrs. Hayne, Jan. 7, 1891: "I have received a letter from Mr. French [*sic*], of Richmond, Virginia, to whom you referred in your last. I rejoice that the writing of Simms' life has been taken off the hands of Cable. Unfortunately, before I knew all the meanness of Mr. Cable's character, I had, on his earnest application, intrusted him with several of Simms' letters. The Southern apostate has since domiciliated himself in the congenial North, and, after this hegira of his, I have had no communication with him, nor would I have any, even for the purpose of getting back those letters. I have two or three left, I believe. But they are rather of a private and confidential nature. Therefore I much regret that in this matter I shall not be able to do what Mr. French desires. He also wishes me to write and submit to him my reminiscences of Simms, but neither the condition of my body and mind, nor the other circumstances in which I find myself, permit me to undertake any task imposing additional labor. I will write today to Mr. French and regretfully express my inability to be of any service to him."

Trent, whose name Gayarré inadvertently transformed into "French," completed his researches by the end of the year and published in Houghton Mifflin's "American Men of Letters Series" his *William Gilmore Simms* (1892), the first attempt at a full-length scholarly appraisal of a Southern author other than Poe. (Mrs. Edward Roach and Mrs. Paul Hayne are included in his prefatory acknowledgments.) But his biography was just as distasteful to the Old South as anything that Cable had written; and even the modern scholar must lament that his preoccupation with slavery led him to neglect an invaluable collection of literary MSS, now lost.

The files of Houghton Mifflin Co. contain no reference to Cable's connection with this biography, possibly because Horace Scudder, the editor of the "American Men of Letters Series," carried on all of his correspondence by hand, did not always keep copies, and deposited most of his incoming letters concerning such series in a personal file not now available (letter to the present writer from Ferris Greenslet, Feb. 1, 1939).

<sup>58</sup> Paul Hayne, "Ante-Bellum Charleston," *Southern Bivouac*, I, 193-202, 257-268, 327-336 (Sept., Oct., Nov., 1885). This literary and historical monthly had just been founded in Louisville, Ky., four months previously, and Hayne had contributed

These eloquent efforts to recall a vanished past, as they appeared in the September, October, and November issues of the *Southern Bivouac*, were duly dispatched by Hayne to the newly-found friend who had proved such a consolation to him that he declared in an accompanying letter: "God has given me your companionship (mental & moral), to supply the dreary void made in my spirit by the decease of trusty & beloved comrades of the Past."<sup>59</sup> And Gayarré proved a most sympathetic reader. He smacked his aristocratic lips over the picture of ante-bellum Charleston as a center of culture rivaling his native New Orleans, relished the lifelike portrait of his old friend Simms, and rejoiced to discover, though without surprise, the proud and distinguished lineage of which Hayne could boast.<sup>60</sup>

In an aside in one of these essays, Hayne had taken a fling at the despised moderns. To this literary Cavalier, Whitman was "mobocratic," Henry James "finical"; and William Dean Howells, with his new realism, was trying to storm the last cultural stronghold against this sordid age of leveling. Gayarré shared his distaste for modern literary trends, declaring: "This is the age of strong drinks, garlic, cabbage, onions, and red pepper in literature for the stomach of the multitude, and some Zola or Borgia distillation to help the digestion of the *élite*." But on the whole he was more tolerant than Hayne. Contenting himself with Hazlitt's humble requirements of life—food, warmth, sleep, and a book—he said with quiet pathos:

But what of a book without eyes to read it! Mine are getting every day weaker. And then, how few of the new books are readable! Is it my fault, or theirs? I grieve at my want of appreciation of our modern *chefs d'œuvre*, because I am thereby deprived of many

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an article to its first issue, in which he reviewed with patriotic pride the war poetry of Timrod, F. O. Ticknor, James R. Randall, John R. Thompson, John Esten Cooke, Father Ryan, and others of his former friends and fellow poets, now nearly all dead ("Confederate War-Songs," *Southern Bivouac*, I, 35-43, June, 1885). A brief summary of all of Hayne's contributions to this magazine may be found in D. M. McKeithan's "Paul Hayne and *The Southern Bivouac*," *University of Texas Studies in English*, No. 17 (1937), pp. 112-123.

<sup>59</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Oct. 8, 1885.

<sup>60</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Nov. 18, 1885.

sources of delight. Age no doubt is the cause of my falling asleep over them.<sup>61</sup>

How simply true! For it was not altogether sectional feeling which estranged these two knights of an old regime from the new age into which they were lingering. They voiced the protest of the old romantic school everywhere, a protest which was being sounded with equal vigor in the North. Only there was a difference. The New England Brahmins and their Knickerbocker contemporaries, all in comfortable circumstances, were being accorded the inestimable privilege of growing old gracefully. Fêted with public birthday dinners, they were surrounded by the homage of all, and even the continued adulation of the conservative; their old-fashioned views were generously indulged by the younger generation, and their feeble swan songs over the teacups were enshrined in sumptuous editions. In the South, the contrast was heartbreaking. Amid the ruins of the only civilization they could ever be expected to understand, Hayne and Gayarré, born in the lap of luxury, had their backs to the wall in that most pathetic of struggles—age against poverty. Forced against their artistic credo to write for bread,<sup>62</sup>

<sup>61</sup> The first comment was made by Gayarré to Hayne, March 15, 1886; the second by Gayarré to Mrs. Hayne, Dec. 22, 1888.

The *Century Magazine*—which both Gayarré and Hayne subscribed to and read, in spite of constant irritation, in order to keep up with the literary world—was running in serial form this year *The Bostonians* by James and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* by Howells.

<sup>62</sup> On July 1, 1885, Gayarré wrote to Mrs. Hayne: "I do not know of a more miserable condition than that of being compelled to think and write for bread. It is a prostitution of the intellect of man—a profanation of the soul—the enslavement of all our faculties. Write for whom? . . . Write to please the taste of King Multitude, and therefore dip the pen in the black and fetid liquid of the street sewer—that inkstand of the Devil!" To which Hayne replied, July 7: "We of the South have been forced into this intellectual [illegible], since the war, and have had to pay a heavy price for the—heaven save the mark!—the *Privilege!*" In his very first letter to Hayne, January 23, 1885, reviewing his ill-starred literary career, Gayarré had declared indignantly: "Some years ago, a well-known New York publisher offered me ten thousand dollars per annum, if I bound myself to write sensational novels in the Devil's best style. I sent the fellow to Jericho."

Before the Civil War, with an inherited fortune estimated at nearly half a million dollars, Gayarré had turned to scholarship as the natural avocation of an intellectual gentleman (E. L. Tinker, "Charles Gayarré," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XXVII, Pt. I, p. 41, 1933). Though Hayne's inheritance had not been so abundant (his father, one of fourteen children who shared the Hayne and Perronneau estates, having died when his son was a child), his income had been a competency sufficient to allow him to indulge his literary propensities

they found themselves outmoded, and their wares rejected by publishers and magazine editors alike. It is small wonder that they railed against the age. And, since their plight was largely the result of a disastrous sectional feud, small wonder that the sectional issue remained uppermost in their minds.

With times so sadly out of joint, they found little more to comfort them in the South than in the North. Flushed with the heady wine of reminiscence, Hayne had said with feeling in his first essay on ante-bellum Charleston:

It has grown into a habit among too many of the periodical writers of our day to elevate "the New South" at the expense of the "Old" in all matters pertaining to literary and intellectual enlightenment. . . .

That a considerable number of vigorous and brilliant authors—some of genius, even—have arisen among us since the close of the civil war is a subject for cordial congratulation; but surely it is not necessary to the establishment or increase of their fame that a class of servile paragraphists . . . should profess to find the whole department of Southern *ante-bellum* literature a desert of antiquated rubbish.<sup>63</sup>

When he referred to the brilliant young Southern writers, he probably had in mind Sidney Lanier, whose genius he had been among the first to discover, and whose literary career he had generously sponsored until the young Georgia poet, in the more congenial and cosmopolitan Baltimore, had risen to national recognition, leaving Hayne bewildered to see himself so quickly eclipsed and half inclined to doubt the Old South loyalty of his protégé.<sup>64</sup> But when

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without expectation of remuneration. Hence the traditional romantic assumption of imaginary ante-bellum wealth cannot be charged against these two.

<sup>63</sup> *Southern Bivouac*, I, 196 (Sept., 1885).

<sup>64</sup> This doubt would have been deepened if Hayne had known that Lanier read Cable's fiction with enthusiasm, as is illustrated by the following letter he wrote to his brother Clifford on Sept. 24, 1880: "Have you read Cable's book, 'The Grandissimes'? It is a work of art, and he has a fervent and rare soul. Do you know him?" (Edwin Mims, *Sidney Lanier*, Boston, 1905, p. 294). Further, in an announcement for a course on the English Novel that he was to give at Johns Hopkins University in the winter of 1881, Lanier listed Cable's *The Grandissimes* (as well as James's *The American* and Howells's *The Undiscovered Country*) among the works of modern American fiction that he intended to discuss; a change of plans reduced the number of lectures, however, and all three of these novels were omitted. (No comment by Lanier has been discovered concerning Cable's essays

he referred to the vigorous young writers who "have risen among us," he was undoubtedly thinking with bitterness of Cable as one whose fame was being trumpeted by a tribe of servile paraphrasts.

For in this very month of September, 1885, the *bête noire* raised his ugly head once more. From New Orleans Gayarré heralded the apparition, but swore that nothing could again induce him to a public *rencontre* with the monster:

I understand that under the heading of the "*Silent South*," thundering Cable will, in the September Century, annihilate all his critics. I hope that nobody will advertise the cunning trickster by taking notice of him. He will gladly accept any bastinado, provided that keeps him before the public—and *pays*. He is craving for a *persecuting* kick. A cowhiding would be a godsend! It would make his fortune.<sup>65</sup>

When the essay appeared, a reply to Grady's "In Plain Black and White," Gayarré read it, pronounced it fatuous and casuistic, and wrote to Copse Hill with Swiftian vehemence:

Let me have some delicate *bonbon* to make my palate forget the abominable hog's meat which has just now turned sour on my stomach. I mean Cable's "Silent South." It is very long, very flat, full of contradictions, misrepresentations and obscurities. In style and matter it is not worthy of a decently intellectual brain. And this is the man proclaimed *great* at the North! Is that region be-

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on the racial question, but it is certain that he would have differed with him widely on this problem.) Cable also was an admirer of Lanier, sending a volume of his poems to John Muir in 1893 with an accompanying letter of praise (Bikle, *op. cit.*, pp. 214-215).

For Cable to praise a writer was tantamount to his damnation in Hayne's eyes. For example, in "The Freedman's Case in Equity" (*Century*, XXIX, 411, Jan., 1885) Cable had called Maurice Thompson "one of the South's noblest poets," quoting a poem of his which rejoiced that the "Black Idol" had been "blown hellward from the cannon's mouth." And Hayne was quick to assure Gayarré, Feb. 4, 1885, that Thompson, though claiming to be a Southerner, had been born in Indiana and was essentially a Yankee. Yet he must have been fully aware that Thompson came of Southern parents on both sides, lived on a plantation in Georgia from the age of ten to twenty-four, including three years in the Confederate army, and was in temperament and tradition a Southerner; further, that he was a violent critic of the new realism and even by 1885 had published three romantic novels of Southern life. For Thompson had visited Hayne at Copse Hill in 1881, and thereafter they had exchanged several friendly letters. But in Hayne's opinion, to admit that the North was justified in abolishing slavery was to renounce one's birth-right. (See Maurice Thompson, "The Last Literary Cavalier," *Critic*, XXXVIII, 352-354, April, 1901.)

<sup>65</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Aug. 13, 1885.

coming the Beotia of America? This pigmy author of the "Grandissimes" seems to me afflicted with a mental disease which a physician would not hesitate to characterize as being "a diarrhea of words and a constipation of ideas." If you have to expiate some stupendous crime, read the article through, if you can, and after such penance there is no priest that will refuse absolution.<sup>66</sup>

But Hayne confessed himself surfeited with the first few pages of such "hypocritical professions of devotion to the South," which did not hesitate to defame the memory of Robert E. Lee by ranging that stainless Southerner on his own side with the utterly unfounded implication that in his last years he had "come, himself, it may be,—God knows,—to respect beliefs he had once counted follies."<sup>67</sup> Further arguments on the freedman's status from such a pen he refused to read.

Over and beyond his sentimental philanthropy for the Negro, there was every reason why Cable should have roused the implacable resentment of Hayne and Gayarré, for he was the symbol of their inexplicable defeat. In literature, to these exponents of the old romantic style, he seemed to be ranging himself on the side of the despised realism, truckling to Howells or, as Hayne put it, hanging "like Mohammed's coffin between the extremities of the mobocratic, or New York Ledger manner, and . . . the finical style of Mr. Henry James."<sup>68</sup> As early as 1882, in a commencement address at the University of Mississippi, Cable had pointed out, disparagingly, how completely those who kept out of the main current of American thought had failed to contribute anything permanent to American letters. And upon the stricken authors of the South he had urged a nationalistic view in all their writings, saying: "Let us cease to be a unique people. . . . We want to write, as well as read, our share of the nation's literature."<sup>69</sup> This chal-

<sup>66</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Sept. 3, 1885.

<sup>67</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Sept. 17, 1885. (See "The Silent South," *Century*, XXX, 674 ff., Sept., 1885.)

<sup>68</sup> Quoted in Gayarré, "Paul Hamilton Hayne painted by himself," p. 16, a sketch prepared after Hayne's death from his letters (MS in the Duke University Library).

<sup>69</sup> Bikle, *op. cit.*, p. 84 and note. See also D. H. Bishop, "A Commencement Address in the Eighties: George W. Cable's First Public Address," *Southwest Review*, XVIII, 108-114 (Oct., 1932).

lunge struck such a vulnerable spot that there was no choice but to call it heresy carried over into the aesthetic realm. The bitter part of it was that on such a credo he was waxing fat while they starved, rising to national fame while they lay neglected.

Now in this very year of 1885 he was adding new laurels as a lecturer, on tour with the great Mark Twain, singing Creole slave songs and giving dialect readings of his stories from one end of the country to the other. To Gayarré, especially, this was the last straw. Hence his delight, when a new season began, to read that Mark Twain had renounced the platform forever, for Gayarré fondly attributed this to his "having probably been mortified to the marrow of his bones" by the results of his platforming with Cable. To Hayne he declared: "I am glad to see that the inveterate and prolific jester is not yet dead to all gentlemanly feeling."<sup>70</sup>

Moreover, there was better news in the offing than this imaginary rebuff. From high authority, whose scholarly objectivity none could question, came an unexpected confirmation of Gayarré's attack upon Cable's use of dialect in his fiction. Hayne was the first to find out about it, and on January 30, 1886, he wrote enthusiastically:

*Bravo! My Beloved Friend!* Read this from the "Wilmington Star"—

"Judge Gayarré exposed most mercilessly the ignorance of the *Romancer Cable of Connecticut* in his pictures of Creole life & manners.

"In Dec[ember] the *Modern Language Association* met in Boston. Among papers read, was one upon the '*French Language in Louisiana*' & the '*Negro French Dialect*'.

"The discussion was *very damaging* to the Traitor, *Cable*, & showed him up as *ignorant*, and . . . worse!

"The Lecturer was a *Northern* man, but was equal to the demands, & said that Cable's Creole French was 'an absurd, contra-

<sup>70</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, March 11-14, 1886. The tour with Cable had lasted from Nov., 1884, to March, 1885. I have found no confirmation of the report that Mark Twain renounced the platform in 1886, but if he did it is certain that his feelings toward Cable had nothing to do with it. It is true that he did not go back to lecturing until his famous world tour, "Following the Equator," in 1895, when forced to it by the bankruptcy of his publishing house. Loathing the platform as he did, he never resorted to it unless the necessity of making money quickly compelled him.

ditory, & utterly impossible jargon.' This lecture is soon to be published."—

*Significant this*, coming from the particular quarter whence it has emanated!!<sup>71</sup>

But, thrice annihilated, the dragon of the East would not stay dead. Before Gayarré had received Hayne's jubilant letter, Cable had invaded holy ground once more with his "Creole Slave Dances: The Dance in Place Congo," in the February, 1886, issue of the *Century*. From the Red Cross knights, however, this last sally elicited only a passing exchange of epithets in their private correspondence. Let him only stay in New England where he belonged. They preferred to turn their eyes to pleasanter prospects.

The irony of circumstance, indeed, was shaping just the solace needed by weary fighters. For Joaquin Miller, a complete outsider who had come to New Orleans as a newspaper correspondent at the American Exposition, was rapidly falling in love with the Old South—from the very house that Cable had deserted for his more congenial home in the North.<sup>72</sup> His idealistic nature warmed to this stricken land of flowers, and he espoused the lost cause with fervor in a long poem published serially during the late summer and autumn of 1885. Hayne read it and urged Gayarré to do likewise:

Speaking of poetry, have you seen Miller's "*Sword of the South*," which is appearing by installments—in the Chicago "*Literary Life*"?

Artistically faulty, it is nevertheless full of warm striking passages; and we of the South should *never forget* him for his noble generosity, his high sense of justice. . . . Miller is assuredly a man who does not pander to public tastes. . . . A prose-mate to one of his stanzas alludes to *Tecumseh Sherman* in terms so scathing that it made my very soul leap to read it. Yes! a man, *every inch a man!*<sup>73</sup>

<sup>71</sup> Such a paper was read before the Modern Language Association in Boston, Dec., 1885, and published the next year. But the lecturer, instead of being a Northerner, was a professor of French at Tulane University—a New Orleans Creole and personal friend of Gayarré. And the paper, as printed, is "damaging to the traitor Cable" by implication more than by specific contradiction. (See Alcée Fortier, "The French Language in Louisiana and the Negro-French Dialect," *Transactions of the Modern Language Association of America*, I, 96-111, 1884-85.)

<sup>72</sup> Bikle, *op. cit.*, p. 76 n.

<sup>73</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Aug. 9 and Oct. 8, 1885.

Gayarré not only read the poem but met the poet, and found them to be equally diamonds in the rough, as he related to Hayne:

I find congeniality in Joaquin Miller. He seems to be frank and open hearted. He is high minded and there is no pandering servility in him. The French would say that *il a le courage de ses opinions et de ses prédilections*. This is much in these days of debasement. Miller is a rough diamond. He called on me in company with a lady friend of mine, but I saw but little of him. He is uncouth in society and violates good taste by his efforts to monopolize attention. Like old Doctor Samuel Johnson, he would have thrown Chesterfield into fits, had he lived in those days. But there is poetry in him—the poetry of the heart. There is nobility too—the fearlessness of nobility. . . . He will never please the hyperborean taste and temper of the *North*. Unfortunately there are no publishers of any importance either at the West, or at the South.<sup>74</sup>

Deprived of the opportunity of a personal meeting, Hayne had to content himself with writing his appreciations to Miller and receiving in reply a letter that was indeed "warm-hearted and true."<sup>75</sup>

However much comfort they may have found in the loyal protestations of an adopted son, it was not enough to compensate for

<sup>74</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Aug. 30, 1885.

<sup>75</sup> Hayne's letter to Miller, I have not been able to find, nor the original of Miller's reply. But a copy of the latter, in the handwriting of William Hayne, may be found in the Duke University Library, dated "New Orleans, February 7, 1885," which reads as follows:

"MY DEAR BROTHER—

"It is a noble and unselfish thing in you to take time to write me such a true sweet letter. Thank you heartily. Everyone who knows you loves you, and if I can come your way—as I hope to—I shall surely hunt you up and as surely love you also. Yes, I like the warm South, and so write of her in that way. Then the love for 'the bottom dog in the fight'; no, not quite that, but the conviction born of experience that the beaten fellow is generally the best fellow; then the need of the beaten fellow for your friendship. Well, I cannot quite explain what it is, or why it is, but all my heart pours out here in the magnolia land. Besides I like flowers, and have been in early life much in hot latitudes. Here is a secret: I have written a war book, a big one—warm, fruity, *full*—and sent it to my publishers, Roberts Bros., Boston—and it is sent back—too Southern. Well, I shall now make it longer, stronger, better, and do some solid good with it in the end.

"You see, as in most things, there are two sides to this Republic of ours, and I aspire to show the flowery side of it to the world. And *will*. Again thanking you for your better heart than my own in breaking the ice of silence, let me call you one of my own pen fancies for the fine work that you have done, and must continue to do; and meantime assure you with all my heart that I am always

Truly yours,  
JOAQUIN MILLER."

the spirit of apostasy and compromise abroad in the land. Weary of scanning the horizon for good omens, they turned back for consolation to the past and to each other as its last two representatives in their chosen fields of scholarship and literature. Hayne at last confessed:

An old man is ever said to be "*laudator temporis acti*" &c, yet surely one is right in pronouncing this time *sordid & selfish*. In the "young South," so-called, I observe a growing tendency towards contempt for the *Past*, & a truckling spirit, so far as *Yankee* ideas, & *Yankee* prejudices are concerned. One thing is *certain!* If *miscegenation* does not occur, *amalgamation* of *North & South*, in blood, brain, purpose, aims, social affinity—everything—is inevitable!

...  
You & I are "old fogies."

So be it! At least, we will die, as we have lived—*Gentlemen!*<sup>76</sup>

In like vein Gayarré responded:

I fear amalgamation as much as you do—moral and intellectual amalgamation more than the physical, and I think that there is already too great a fusion of levelling, new-fangled notions with the old *castellated* ones. But *progress* cannot be resisted. . . . Be it so, I shall remain an antiquarian and continue to live amidst the ruins of the Past. *Sua quemque trahit voluptas.*<sup>77</sup>

What could be more fitting than that they should commemorate each other and their beautiful eleventh-hour friendship in the enduring monument of words? Prompted by the knowledge of Gayarré's dire poverty and the pathetic failure of his efforts to obtain employment under the Cleveland administration, Hayne conceived the idea of publishing an essay on the distinguished career of his friend in the hope of drawing from the Democratic party of Louisiana some slight recognition for his abundant and meritorious service to the South. He had been studying Gayarré's historical works minutely, and, now that his desk was clear of the ante-bellum Charleston series, he wrote announcing his project and requesting biographical data. Filled with gratitude, Gayarré sent in reply twenty-odd foolscap pages of minute autobiography, political and literary, presenting the record of his achievements with

<sup>76</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 19, 1885.

<sup>77</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, May 29, 1885.

such energetic force—and even embroidering it with what an indulgent posterity would call a pretty vanity—that Hayne incorporated most of it verbatim.<sup>78</sup>

Desirous of giving the warmth of personality to his essay, Hayne then asked for material dealing with Gayarré's private life, so rigidly excluded from the autobiographical sketch. Though averse to parading his purely personal experiences in print, Gayarré did send one anecdote relating to his campaign as an Independent Democratic candidate for Congress in 1853, with permission to publish, since it painted an interesting picture of ante-bellum parish life in Louisiana. This Hayne used with good effect. But another he discarded, in spite of the pleasant humor it brought to the ears of a fellow rebel, because it did not fit in with his purposes. Since it offers a bit of comic relief to the otherwise tragic farce enacted in New Orleans after its capture by Federal forces in 1862, it is worthy of record, though apocryphal:

A queer old fish, well known as father Mullen, an Irishman by birth, in charge of St. Patrick's Church, and notorious for his gruff eccentricities, was consulted by one of his flock, about the propriety of taking the iron clad oath, to which his conscience objected. "Take it by all means," exclaimed the son of Erin with a richer brogue than usual, "but spit it out instantly." On another occasion he was brought before General Butler on the charge of having refused to bury a Federal soldier. "Is this charge true?" inquired Butler. "*By Jesus,*" replied the priest, "the clovenfooted father of lies, general, never told so big a one. I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to bury you and your whole army free of charge." The cock-eyed took it in good humor.<sup>79</sup>

Others followed of a more intimate nature, but they were confidences for Hayne's sympathetic ear alone. One, concerning an act of heroism on the part of Mrs. Gayarré during this same tragic era, Hayne abandoned reluctantly only after Gayarré had insisted that it be kept for posthumous publication. After the lapse of half a century more, it is the pleasant duty of the present biographer to see that this unpretentious monument to a woman of the Confederacy be erected:

<sup>78</sup> See letters from Aug. to Nov., 1885. See also note 31 for an account of Gayarré's autobiographical sketch.

<sup>79</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Feb. 3, 1886.

In January 1863, I was seated with my wife by our fireside at Roncal [Tangipahoa Parish], our country seat on the Jackson Railroad, 84 miles from New Orleans. I said to her: "My dear, you know Doctor Perkins and his family. He navigates on Lake Ponchartrain in a schooner of his own, to speculate in cotton with permission from General Butler. I have made arrangements with him to carry you to New Orleans and bring you back. You will take with you all the promissory notes which you own, amounting to sixty thousand dollars, and have them duly protested, for they are on the eve of becoming due, and I am certain that they will not be paid at maturity under present circumstances. They are drawn by our best planters, but those planters will be ruined. Your only recourse will be against the endorsers, who are or were responsible merchants. The wealth of some of them, at least, may survive the crisis. It is your only chance."— "Why do you not go yourself?" she inquired.— "Because I will not take the oath that will be tendered to me."— "I have heard you say that it is no oath at all, no oath binding on anybody, and you have even written a pamphlet on the subject."— "I still entertain the same view."— "Then why do you not take the oath, since you consider it null and void?"— "Because with me it is a question of honor, and not a question of oath, or no oath. But a question of honor for me may not be a question of honor for you. Comply therefore with this idle ceremony of an illegal, unconstitutional, and oppressive oath. Were it a binding one, imposed by a lawful authority in the name of God, and not of the Devil, I would not advise you to take it. If you do not, you will probably be beggared."

She bent her head for a minute or two, and then raising it and looking at me fixedly, she said: "You have resolved not to take that oath?"— "Inflexibly resolved."— "Well! I am resolved too. I will never do what you refuse to do. Oath or no oath, a question of honor for you is a question of honor for me. Perish all the money!"—I rose, kissed her forehead, and took a stroll of three hours in the forest. When I returned, I kissed her again silently, and no word has ever since waxed between us on the subject, although what I had predicted did but too truly happen.<sup>80</sup>

<sup>80</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Dec. 24, 1885. In 1856, when Gayarré was over fifty years old, he had married Mrs. Anne Sullivan Buchanan of Lowndes County, Miss., the beautiful young widow of a New Orleans cotton merchant, possessed of an estate valued at one hundred thousand dollars. His political career was at an end, and, desiring a permanent congenial home for historical study, Gayarré had spent the next few years preparing to go to Spain with his young wife. By 1860 he had completed all arrangements and had converted into cash most of his estate, valued at over four hundred thousand dollars. But the approach of the Civil War made

Such memories of former affluence sacrificed to keep a principle inviolate made the resulting abject poverty of his old age a doubly heavy cross to bear. Apropos of this reminiscence—at the very moment when Hayne was writing his appeal to the people of Louisiana to succor their neglected Nestor—Gayarré set forth a grimly ironic picture of his reversed circumstances in January, 1886:

Shortly, twenty three years will have elapsed since that scene. Two days ago a very different one took place. General Beauregard, and Judge Poché of our Supreme Court, called on me as the representatives of a Committee of two hundred gentlemen and ladies for the purpose of inviting me to make a speech on the occasion of some great ceremony which is to be performed at the American Exposition on the 8th of January. I listened with due respect to their address, and replied: "Gentlemen, I feel honored by your visit and its object. But at the same time I must say that you place me in a very embarrassing situation. I have never hitherto refused to respond to any call made on me by my fellow citizens, and if *now* I should pursue a different course without giving my reasons for such a change, you would probably put a wrong construction on my motives; and yet those reasons I should like to keep to myself. But, being compelled to make disclosures of a delicate nature, as you will see, I have resolved that they shall be precise and without any reticence; and I therefore inform you that I cannot assume the obligation of addressing any public assembly

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him feel that departure now would be equivalent to deserting his native state; he changed his plans, remained in Louisiana, and cast his lot with the South. At the outbreak of the war, he removed his residence from New Orleans to the country seat he had built chiefly as a refuge from the hot summers in the city and as a storage place for his household effects upon his intended removal to Spain. Now it became his home for over ten years. It was a simple and unpretentious but charming country place in the pine hills of the "Florida Parishes" of Louisiana, not far from Osyka, Miss. He named it "Roncal" after the ancestral home of the Gayarrés in Navarre. And here he found a refuge from the troublous times, returning to the city to make speeches for the "Cause," until New Orleans fell to the Federal forces, and thereafter burying himself in study and writing. He completed his *History of Louisiana* with Vol. IV, *The American Domination*, and wrote his *Philip the Second of Spain*, both published in 1866. Then, deprived of access to material for further scholarly research, he turned to historical fiction in *Fernando de Lemos* (1872). The war ruined him, for his fortune had been invested in Confederate bonds. In 1881 he was forced to sell Roncal and return to live in poverty in New Orleans. The anecdote just quoted was the beginning of this sad end. (See E. L. Tinker, "Charles Gayarré," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, XXVII, Pt. 1, p. 41, 1933; Grace King, *Creole Families of New Orleans*, New York, 1920, p. 280 ff., and *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters*, New York, 1932, pp. 30-45, 359-360, and *passim*.)

on the 8th of January, because I am not sure of not starving before that epoch. For instance, when I went out of my house yesterday, I left 50 cents in the hands of my wife, and I kept 10 cents; that was all the ready money that we had in the world. I do not know what would have happened, if I had not most unexpectedly collected a sum of \$20 due to me." "This," exclaimed Judge Poché, "can easily be remedied and your friends will provide for it."—"I am thankful," I said, "to my friends for their good intentions, but I cannot receive any pecuniary assistance from any one of them, because I cannot see any possibility of returning any loan made to me. How could I return any loan? I have for years looked in vain for life supporting work in the humblest way. I am as much excluded from it as one under excommunication in the dark ages. I have recently requested one of my friends to seek for me a position of corresponding clerk in some commercial house for a salary that would at least keep soul and body together, for it is unfortunately my duty to live as long as I can. But I am certain that my friend will fail."—"Do you authorize me," interrupted Judge Poché, "to seek for work in your behalf?"—"For work! certainly I do."—"Well! I am on very good terms with Mr. Tulane, the founder of the Tulane University of this city, and I will immediately write to urge him to establish a special chair of History for you."—"You are at liberty to do so if you please, although I am sure that you will have no success in your kind endeavor. By the by, in connection with Mr. Tulane, I will mention that he knows me and my wife personally and professes great esteem for us both. I will further say that, not long ago, he sounded a friend of mine as to the possibility of his coming to my relief by the offering of *money*. My friend, without consulting me, replied immediately that this was not to be thought of. It met my approbation when I knew it. Thus, as you see, the uncertainty of daily bread until the 8th of January is a sufficient reason for not acceding to your wish. But even if that bread were furnished, I should feel that it would not be decent and respectful on my part to appear before a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen in this thread bare worn out suit of clothes. I could not but fear that my pantaloons might part company with me, for they are in such a condition that, even at this moment, I should not like to lift up in your presence the tail of my coat. I hope therefore that you will admit the force of my excuses and will not suspect that there is any reproach or feeling of resentment lurking under the surface of my disclosures. I beg you to do me the favor to report to the Committee of two hundred you represent here, that as long as I live I will consider it my duty to

serve my fellow citizens to the best of my abilities, but that on this occasion there is an obstacle which it is impossible for me to overcome."

Whereupon the two gentlemen took their leave, with the assurance on their part that, although they had been unsuccessful, yet they felt happy and honored in having had the opportunity to pay me their respects and in discharging the mission with which they had been intrusted. I replied properly to this compliment and there the matter has ended.<sup>81</sup>

As Gayarré frequently complained in his letters, however, his fellow citizens were only too solicitous when seeking him out to ask an unremunerative favor. And a month later the incorrigible old patriot wrote that he had succumbed to the pressure put upon him:

After my reply to General Beauregard and to Judge Poché, I expected some peace in my rat hole, when on Sunday week in the morning, some eight or ten gentlemen made an irruption into my Lilliputian saloon and announced that they were a Committee to urge upon me the necessity of my presiding at the Exposition over another "Creole Day" on the 7th of this month. The *first* had been a deplorable *fiasco*. Therefore there was to be another attempt made, which would be a success, if my presence were permitted to be announced. I was dumbfounded and lost my presence of mind, which is not common with me. I was at a loss what to say. I could not be with them as confidential as I had been with their predecessors, who were much less in number and to whom I had made a disclosure which they accepted as peremptory. Hence, much to my annoyance, I granted their request, and, thank God, succeeded in showing no more feeling than a block of marble, but the Devil knows what kind of kettle was boiling in my heart. So, submitting to my implacable fate, I have had my old coat brushed into a sort of mock juvenility by a tailor and have gone into debt for a pair of unmentionables.<sup>82</sup>

On February 7 the address was delivered, before an immense assemblage, with success of every kind but the one needed.

None of this was appropriate matter for Hayne's essay, but it certainly fired his resentment and increased the righteous indignation that was coloring it. Grasping at a hopeful straw, he took time off from his composition to add the weight of his own appeal in a

<sup>81</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Dec. 24, 1885.

<sup>82</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Feb. 3, 1886.

letter to Mr. Tulane about the professorship. Gayarré thanked him cordially for his efforts, but despaired of realizing what he actually wanted of "Paul Tulane and his juvenile school." For what he wanted was an endowed chair of history like the European ones of Guizot and Cousin. Besides, having entered upon his eighty-second year, he feared that he was declining too rapidly to fill such a chair with credit to himself and to the university. In the end, the effort to achieve permanent economic security was compromised with mere temporary relief. Instead of the coveted professorship, Gayarré was tendered the offer by a group of fashionable ladies to deliver a series of six historical lectures at Tulane University, for which they promised him a purse of five hundred dollars to be raised by subscription. Having no other choice, he accepted and performed his part of the bargain, only to have his pittance shrink to a much smaller figure.<sup>83</sup>

Meantime Hayne himself was suffering, not so much from poverty and neglect—for these he was accustomed to after twenty years—but from protracted illness. He struggled on bravely, however, for circumstances on all sides were making him desperately anxious to complete this labor of love. As the winter wore on, he wrote that he was progressing slowly, because of his sickness and because the study was growing to unexpected proportions. In fact, he had written to the editor of the *Southern Bivouac*, where he intended to publish, asking space for two instalments. In reply, Gayarré delicately suggested that since the *Bivouac* had a very limited circulation, the essay would be far more influential if published in the *Century*. And so Hayne wished likewise, but he feared the powerful Northern periodicals were permanently closed to him and to all writers of the Old South. As a last resort, the two of them concocted a flank attack upon the "impregnable citadel of Procrustes," but in spite of its ingenuity it failed. Formerly, Dr. J. G. Holland had been friendly, but his successor R. W. Gilder was hostile, Hayne confided to Gayarré; and, ever since *Scribner's* had sold out

<sup>83</sup> See letters from Dec., 1885, to March, 1886. The lectures were delivered on Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, and March 13, 18. Gayarré received one payment of \$220 and another of \$150. The local newspapers announced that the \$500 was completed by a check from Mr. Tulane, but Gayarré wrote to Hayne (April 24, 1886) that he received only \$400 in all.

to the *Century*, his writings had been systematically turned down. By February, he was forced to confess that this magazine had inflicted the final rejection that indicated they would never publish anything with his name attached. The *Southern Bivouac*, though a comparatively unimportant fledgling, was making its way as a periodical, and it would have to suffice.<sup>84</sup>

In the face of such obstacles, Hayne at last finished his elaborate study of his beloved friend. On March 4, 1886, he dispatched to the *Bivouac* "Part I: The Statesman." In this first instalment he sketched the varied and fascinating career of Charles Gayarré—"a patrician in genius and a patrician in conduct" who boasted "a lineage stainless and well-nigh princely," yet of whom it might be declared that "the political annals of the United States do not contain the record of a more consistent Democratic statesman." Returning to New Orleans from his law studies in Philadelphia, Hayne narrated of the young Gayarré, he was early launched into politics by an almost unanimous election as representative of his native city in the state legislature, at the age of twenty-four. Two years later, he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General of Louisiana and then Judge of the City Court of New Orleans. In 1835, when he had barely reached the constitutional age of thirty, he was elected by the Democratic party to the United States Senate. But his meteoric rise was temporarily halted by ill health. Forced to resign his senatorial seat, he went to Paris for medical treatment. A residence of eight years abroad then followed before he was sufficiently recovered to return to America.

<sup>84</sup> See letters from Oct., 1885, to Feb., 1886. Hayne had his facts slightly confused concerning the purchase of one magazine by the other. *Scribner's Monthly*, which was never owned or controlled by the publishing house of that name, seems to have been a private venture of Charles Scribner and J. G. Holland. Since, upon the death of the former, some complications arose about the continuance of the name, it was changed to the *Century Magazine*. Holland was to be retained as editor, but his death in 1881 left his assistant, R. W. Gilder, as the logical successor. It is true that the policy was somewhat altered thereafter, but this was because the younger man was a sharper journalist than his more sentimental predecessor.

The rejection, however, was particularly galling in view of the fact that Gilder as editor of the *Century* had been continuing the sponsorship of Cable he had begun when associate editor of *Scribner's* under Hayne's friend Holland. Fortunately, Hayne was spared the final irony of learning that his own *Southern Bivouac* was forced to the wall after a brief run of two years and sold out to the *Century Co.* in May, 1887.

Soon after his arrival in New Orleans, however, he was again showered with political honors, being elected to the legislature of Louisiana in 1844 and again in 1846. Upon the second occasion he was immediately appointed Secretary of State by Governor Isaac Johnson and reappointed in 1850 by Governor Joseph Walker. It was during these eight years of his secretaryship that Gayarré rendered his most valuable services to his state. For in addition to its usual functions, this office carried with it that of Superintendent of Public Education and, with the state treasurer, constituted a Board of Currency. In the latter capacity he supervised the banking system of New Orleans and brought it to a healthy condition; in the former, among other things, he became the "Father of the State Library," securing appropriations which enabled him to fill the archives at Baton Rouge with invaluable documents relating to the French and Spanish dominations of Louisiana. In 1853 he ran for Congress as an Independent Democratic candidate, refusing to be controlled by a party organization which had become corrupt and whose convention was notoriously packed. Defeated by fraud, as he was convinced, instead of contesting the election he contented himself with exposing the facts and figures in a published "Address to the People of the State" and with a more literary assault in the satiric closet-drama entitled *The School for Politics*.<sup>85</sup> Thus, forced by his high principles to break with the Democratic party, he helped organize the Louisiana division of the new "Know-Nothing, or American Party," but he was excluded from the national convention in June, 1855, because a Catholic. Therewith, his active political life came to an end, though he continued to be influential in crises, such as the Secession Convention of 1861, and was the recipient of a final gesture from the Democrats of his state by being appointed delegate to the convention at Philadelphia in 1866, which tried in vain to reconstruct the disrupted national party.

The close of the Civil War found Charles Gayarré deprived of his profession and reduced to poverty through the loss of his inherited wealth. Contemplating this tragic finale to a brilliant career, Hayne rose to eloquence as he made his plea:

<sup>85</sup> The former was published locally as a pamphlet; the latter in New York by D. Appleton & Co., 1854.

He now occupies no official station, and, indeed, for thirteen years, despite his pre-eminent claims, his genius, his services, and finally his imperative needs, he has labored under a complete political ostracism—an ostracism of the party of which he may be almost termed, so far as Louisiana is concerned, the father. . . .

Stripped of his once ample fortune, because he was true to his convictions and his people, enabled to escape destruction only by the public sale of his family portraits, jewels, and plate—a measure equivalent to the giving away of so many slices of his heart to the Shylock of necessity—this grand old man, as mentally vigorous today as in the prime of his career, and with enough of physical strength to perform the duties of any ordinary office, asks of the “powers that be,” of the party organization beholden to him for incalculable services, what? A lucrative mission abroad? A conspicuous berth at home? A fat sinecure of any sort?

No! he simply asks, not in *forma pauperis*, but with that proud humility characteristic of such natures, just so much from his debtors . . . as may keep a wolfish want from invading his household and destroying the solitary creature left him to cherish, the partner of his life and love. . . .

Answer! there is practically none!

While they bestow upon him handfuls, jingling and worthless, of the meretricious stones of applause, he is refused the bread of life; while they clatter about him with empty breath or let off their gaudy pyrotechnics of flattering rhetoric, he shivers at his hearthstone for lack of fire! . . .

With all the respect that is possible, with all the deference that is due, I say to the present rulers of Louisiana Democracy, that if they leave this illustrious Nestor of their party to perish thus of absolute need, humiliated by their commendation because denied their justice, they will not only have shamed democracy, but cast a blot upon the 'scutcheon of their State which can never be obliterated.<sup>86</sup>

During the composition of this fiery appeal Hayne had written to Gayarré saying that he took this neglect as a personal insult:

I am going to give your Louisianians “particular hell” because of their conduct towards you. Remember I alone am responsible for this & deliberately assume the responsibility. If any gentleman of the “old South,” or the “new South,” shall feel aggrieved and should demand satisfaction as a Patriot, etc., he shall receive satisfaction.

<sup>86</sup> Paul Hayne, “Charles Gayarré: The Statesman,” *Southern Bivouac*, II, 29-37 (June, 1886).

I have my Hapfeldt [?] in good order & I may say without boasting that my "right hand has not yet forgot its cunning."<sup>87</sup>

But Gayarré had counseled more discrimination in the selection of appropriate antagonists:

My dear friend, don't be too hard on our poor Louisianians. They *mean* well, I believe, but as to *action*, they know no better than what they do. You might, however, with justice concentrate all your Olympian bolts on the devoted heads of our senators and representatives, for they are unpardonably guilty, particularly the smooth faced, oily Gammon Gibson, who could so easily [have] obtained for me some petty office from the Cleveland Administration.<sup>88</sup>

And, with the added pressure of his wife's restraining hand, the fiery pen was forced to slacken its zeal. The compromise, apparently, was satisfactory to all concerned, as Hayne admitted:

What satisfaction it afforded me to pitch into those d—l hounds of the (so-called) Louisiana Democracy touching their infamous conduct to you!

The *people* at your request I let alone; but the servile, time-serving, ungrateful Politicians! Whew! I bared my sword arm for them, & have at least struck (I hope) a stalwart blow or two. . . .

What I first wrote was so *spitefully bitter*—Mrs. H[ayne] declared—that reluctantly, tho' my reason was convinced of the correctness of my wife's strictures, *reluctantly* I toned down the two pages of scorn to a few paragraphs.<sup>89</sup>

However much of fascinating interest he may have found in Gayarré's political career, and however much of imperative need that some appeal be issued in his behalf in this dark hour of his life, Hayne surely found a more congenial task in the analysis of his friend's literary and scholarly productions, which made up "Part II: The Author." In a pleasant discursive introduction, he took the reader on a tour of the bookshelves that lined his study at Copse Hill. In a small alcove was the forlorn remnant of his ante-bellum library, the majority of which had been destroyed by

<sup>87</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, Jan. 21, 1886. (The passage has been so heavily marked out in ink, by another hand, that my reconstruction is only tentative.)

<sup>88</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, Feb. 3, 1886.

<sup>89</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, April 16, 1886.

fire when Sherman marched through South Carolina.<sup>90</sup> The rest of his books had been gathered during the poverty-stricken days of Reconstruction, yet in spite of this handicap they formed a notable collection of several thousand volumes. "Among these," he pointed out with pride, "are the works of Charles Gayarré, upward of two score volumes, if we count the unbound *brochures* and various literary and political addresses."<sup>91</sup>

Then Hayne proceeded to pass in review the major productions of Louisiana's most distinguished author, with critical estimates which on the whole strike the modern reader as sound. Of Gayarré's *magnum opus*, his four-volume *History of Louisiana*, he justly declared: "It . . . combines in a remarkable degree, exhaustive research and logical arrangement . . . with a pictorial power of imagination, a skillful grouping of personages and events, a graphic, picturesque, scholarly style"; but one can hardly agree with Hayne in praising likewise the overpopularized *Romance of the History of Louisiana* with which the author had ill-advisedly introduced his compendious study. In discussing his next work, the historical biography of *Philip the Second of Spain*, Hayne properly emphasized the dramatic psychological analysis of that famous sixteenth-century monarch, for Gayarré's chief aim had been a new interpretation of character rather than an original scholarly contribution to history.<sup>92</sup>

Next he took under consideration the author's two historical novels. The first of these, the largely autobiographical *Fernando de Lemos*, he subjected to rather severe criticism, saying that it was a misnomer to call such a work a novel; instead, it was a mere collection of anecdotes, descriptive scenes, and character sketches strung on a slender thread of narrative too often frail and wavering, and the whole matter was diffuse and carelessly arranged. But of the second, a tale of the American and French revolutions entitled *Aubert Dubayet or the Two Sister Republics*, he declared

<sup>90</sup> Hayne had apparently removed his books from Charleston to Columbia for safe keeping, only to have them burned when that city was sacked in Feb., 1865.

<sup>91</sup> Paul Hayne, "Charles Gayarré: The Author," *Southern Bivouac*, II, 108 (July, 1886). Hayne's entire library now forms a special collection at Duke University.

<sup>92</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 108-112 (July, 1886). For bibliographical data on these two historical works see notes 31 and 50.

with the obvious intention of making amends for his former strictures "There is no diffuseness here, no lack of logical sequence, but all is terse, compact, vigorous, and to the purpose! . . . I have met with few productions of the sort so realistic and full of keen dramatic fascination."<sup>93</sup> Yet in spite of a certain unity achieved in the latter by following the actual career of a historical personage, the reader today is inclined to regard both performances as artless, interesting chiefly to the biographer and the literary historian. Once, indeed, affection for the author completely usurped the critic's judgment-seat, when Hayne attributed to Gayarré's closet-drama *The School for Politics* "a sparkling vivacity, . . . an ingenuity of plot, and ironic humor blended with solid wisdom," unless the passage of time has dated this attack upon the political corruption of 1853 and dulled a satire that today seems remarkably mirthless. On the other hand, one agrees with his high appraisal of the last brochure discussed, Gayarré's elaborate treatise on "The Southern Question," and the inevitable comparison that sprang to the reviewer's mind when he said in more friendly adieu to an old enemy: "Mr. Cable's talents are hardly of a kind to grapple successfully with difficult race problems. Let him stick to the light artillery of fancy."<sup>94</sup>

In conclusion, Hayne could find nothing short of the exalted dignity of blank verse as a fit inscription for the monument he had endeavored to erect:

In closing my first article on Gayarré, I represented him in the sunset of his life, deserted by his party, ostracized, impoverished, suffering.

The picture is a true one; yet . . . the indomitable octogenarian

<sup>93</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 112 (July, 1886), contains the criticism of *Fernando de Lemos* (New York, 1872). In a letter of April 16, 1886, Hayne apologized to Gayarré for thus calling attention to some slight defects in his first novel, but added that such candid treatment would only serve to give a sincere ring to the praise of his other works. *Southern Bivouac*, II, 172 (Aug., 1886), contains the criticism of *Aubert Dubayet* (Boston, 1882). (Pt. II had been split into two instalments because of its length.)

<sup>94</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 173, 174 (Aug., 1886). For bibliographical data on these two brochures see notes 14 and 85. Apparently Gayarré never softened in his attitude towards Cable. An interviewer in 1894 found him still adamant: "He regarded Cable as having betrayed his native land, and was not content to denounce him in the public prints, but, on one occasion, when they came face to face at the home of a mutual friend, refused to shake the younger writer's proffered hand, and turned away with a stinging contemptuous remark" (J. S. Kendall, "The Last Days of Charles Gayarré," *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XV, 367, July, 1932).

stands erect, and even grimly smiling, in the "house of fate," . . . the noble relics of his past crumbling about him, but still clothed in the strong cuirass of his honor, and "leaning upon the sword of his ancient courage." . . .

A man of ample brain and lofty spirit,  
No storms of doom can baffle or subdue;  
Who as he took fair fortune gratefully,  
Now fronts the tempest like a mighty tower  
Four-square to all the winds.<sup>95</sup>

These tributes by the frail Carolina poet to the venerable historian of Louisiana had been as costly as they were to prove ineffectual in any material way. The severe winter and the strenuous work proved too much for Hayne's weak and battered constitution. The second essay had not been quite completed when, near the end of March, Gayarré received a disturbing letter from Copse Hill:

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

. . . All the energies of life, & nerve-force,—all my once bright spirits, & intellectual interests in art, seem failing me. I'm under medical guidance, but the end looks gloomy eno'.

At 56 I am really older than you are at 81! & shall probably pass over to the "majority" long before you do. . . . Lugubrious eh!—Only I am writing to a dear, *dear* friend! Why should I not open my *heart*? . . . Have patience with a poor suffering devil, & believe me in this world & the world to come,

Forever your friend,  
PAUL HAYNE<sup>96</sup>

By return mail Gayarré sent a message of encouragement in which his deep concern can be read between the lines of affectionate badinage:

Do not despair. Voltaire died every day through a very long life. At least he said so. There is a good deal of truth in this French dictum: "*Les pots fêlés durent longtemps.*" Nurse yourself and do not work at all until you feel that it is a pleasure to do so. If you have shelter, milk, butter and hominy you still have the means to prolong your life for your dear wife and family, for your friends and country. Therefore allow yourself complete repose of mind and body, if you are not absolutely ridden too hard by the foul fiend of necessity. You talk of visiting the other world before me. I em-

<sup>95</sup> *Southern Bivouac*, II, 176 (Aug., 1886).

<sup>96</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, March 23, 1886.

phatically protest against any such thing. It is my unquestionable right to depart *first*, and I will not give it up to suit any notions of yours. Grief has been sufficiently piled on me on this side of the *borders*. Surely Providence will spare me this last blow. Andrew Jackson was liable to such attacks as you suffer from. But he made up his mind not to die except when he chose, and he succeeded. Do likewise. One of the most celebrated of French physicians said to me in Paris when I was agonizing: "*Ne vous plaignez pas. Les âmes d'élite sont en général placées dans les corps souffrants. Vous subissez la condition de votre nature. C'est une loi; et puisque cela est, cela a une raison d'être.*" . . .

But I must stop, and not inflict fatigue by compelling you to peruse too much of this senile nonsense. . . . My poor wife is quite agitated about the condition of your health. Please return with a few words about it the inclosed postal card.<sup>97</sup>

Early in April the card was returned saying that his health continued quite bad, and two weeks later a brief letter announced little if any improvement. But Hayne had obviously disobeyed his friend's admonitions, for he announced joyfully that the proof sheets of the first and the manuscript of the second instalment of his sketch were now in the hands of the editor, though they could not appear until the June and July issues.<sup>98</sup> Conscious of how this labor of love had drained precious energies, Gayarré was filled with gratitude in advance for the essays he had not yet seen, and only feared that Hayne had been too eulogistic. The delay meant nothing. In fact, the publication dates seemed propitious since they coincided with the convening of the state legislature, and thus might help to secure him some petty office.

Then, to amuse his friend's convalescence, he wrote in burlesque vein of other sketches of himself that had come from the pens of less able and less sympathetic writers:

I see that the Picayune of this morning reproduces at length a biography of me published in the April "Literary Life," Chicago, by Mrs. Emma Thacker Kaye. I am thankful to the lady for her very kind appreciations, but her production is, I think, but a bob tail affair. I know nothing of her beyond her calling on me in the

<sup>97</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, March 27, 1886.

<sup>98</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, April 3, 16, 1886.

latter part of the year 1884, at the beginning of the "World's Exposition" in New Orleans. . . . So much time had elapsed since the interview, that I had forgotten all about it, and was far from dreaming of a statue in a Chicago temple of immortality, when lo! I suddenly found myself famous forever. I wish, however, that the engraver had not given to my face an expression of such intense bad humor. But I never have any luck. I am not, nevertheless, so badly treated on this occasion as I was once by a fellow who had a portrait purporting to represent me and my biography inserted in an ambitiously illustrated book which he published on New Orleans. The portrait was that of an old plantation negro, as black as any Congo, and almost with kinked hair, and as to the date of my birth it happened to be six years in advance of the marriage of my father and mother. I told the rascal that I might meekly submit to being as old as the Pyramids and as ugly as himself, but that I decidedly protested against being a bastard.<sup>99</sup>

In conclusion, he added that he had opened one of Hayne's bottles of Port for Easter, the last of his mischievous Christmas present of California brandy having been consumed in drinking his health. It was comforting, in reply, to receive news of some slight improvement.<sup>100</sup>

A month of silence followed, and Gayarré dispatched anxious letters to both Hayne and his wife for news from Cope Hill. One reason for this silence was continued sickness, but another was that, seeking relief from despondency, the Haynes had accepted an invitation to a reception celebrating their wedding anniversary, issued by the citizens of Macon, Georgia. Here, as the guests of a Mr. Samuel Coleman in a stately colonnaded mansion overlooking the town, they had been received with gratifying cordiality, and the Charleston poet had been duly honored by his adopted state. According to Mrs. Hayne, "They lavished every delicate and tender attention upon him. . . . Mr. Lanier, the father of Sidney Lanier, said to me, 'Your husband is beloved here as my son was in

<sup>99</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, April 24, 1886. The American Exposition, which opened in New Orleans in Dec., 1884, and lasted well over into 1886, brought many distinguished visitors to the city. Among others who paid friendly calls on Gayarré were Joaquin Miller and Charles Dudley Warner. (An interesting account of the exposition may be found in the *Century*, XXX, 1-14, May, 1885.)

<sup>100</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, April 28, 1886.

Baltimore.' . . . Altogether, this visit to Macon was one of rare pleasure, and can never be forgotten."<sup>101</sup>

Upon their return to Copse Hill, they found Gayarré's two letters of inquiry and also the June issue of the *Southern Bivouac* with the first instalment of the long-awaited biography. Hayne hastened to relieve the anxiety of his old friend and broke the long silence with the following letter:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your tender solicitous letter of inquiry to my wife, reached her last evening. Were I *dying*, which I am not *yet*, be assured—I should have tried to answer that loving communication. Yours of the 3rd May . . . arrived just upon the eve of our starting for Macon, whither I had been long before earnestly asked to come by the chief literary society of the place. My Doctor said the change might prove beneficial, and therefore, with my wife—who had been *formally* invited too—we set off, & arrived safely at the most delightful city to my mind in all Geo[rgia]. It is a conservative town, prosperous, and wonderfully loyal to old Confederate memories. Every man treated me like a *brother*—every woman seemed a sister. If I get stronger, some day, I'll describe their magnificent reception. Such kindness made me feel better for some days, but a re-action set in upon our return, & moreover, I have been assailed by a most debilitating sort of dysentery. Too bad, eh! Yet, I am no puling Valetudinarian, & shall fight *Disease* as if it were a personal foe.

You shall hear how the contest goes, & if it should be *against* me, at all events, I have succeeded in doing my illustrious friend some slight justice in [the] "*Bivouac*." O! but *slight indeed!* Pardon my errors in consideration of the author's feebleness, that physical depression which attacks the mind.

The 2nd Paper is to appear in July. You don't know how delightedly I would hail one of your characteristic letters. Write me, my friend! Write to me!

Our tender love to *Mrs. Gayarré*—whom may God bless for all her gentle sweetness. . . .

*Ever most affectionately,*

PAUL HAYNE<sup>102</sup>

<sup>101</sup> Mrs. Hayne to Margaret J. Preston. (I have not been able to find the entire letter; this part of it was quoted by Mrs. Preston in her obituary of Hayne in the *Southern Bivouac*, II, 222-229, Sept., 1886.)

<sup>102</sup> Hayne to Gayarré, May 29, 1886.

For Gayarré the cup was running over. Rising from a sickbed himself, he replied:

The biography fills up the measure of my contentment, and is appreciated by those whose appreciation is worth anything. . . . But I am sure that there is here too much apathy and too much indifference to just reproach for anybody to be wroth at your pithy and steel pointed remarks. . . . Even the shaft of Apollo's bow would rebound from the impenetrable leather of a Louisiana alligator. If I can prolong life to the beginning of July, I expect keen pleasure from the perusal of your second article on your grateful friend.<sup>103</sup>

And the indomitable octogenarian did live to see the second installment of his biography in the *Bivouac*. But another month of silence had passed, and this time the anxiety was not relieved, for Paul Hayne had written his last letter.

Early in July, Gayarré received an alarming communication from a stranger, Major Joseph Hill, who said that he wrote at the request of Mrs. Hayne. Her husband, who had been neighbor and brother to him for twenty years, was dying. He had been stricken with paralysis about the middle of June. Doctors had been summoned, but the case was hopeless—clot on the brain.<sup>104</sup> Scarcely had Gayarré recovered from this staggering blow, when a telegram came announcing simply: "Paul Hamilton Hayne is dead." With equal simplicity, heart answered heart:

MY DEAR MRS. HAYNE,

A telegraphic despatch addressed to me from Augusta informed me today of the death of my dearest friend, your husband. . . . I thoroughly believe that outside of his immediate family circle it is impossible to have had a keener appreciation of your husband's

<sup>103</sup> Gayarré to Hayne, June 10, 1886. Prompted by Hayne's biography, and urged by other friends, he announced that he had now decided to write his memoirs, at least so much of them as would appear credible. And at the instigation of Dudley Warner, who had just spent a month lecturing in New Orleans and had apparently become quite attached to the Gayarrés, he had written forty-two pages of reminiscences which Warner promised to recommend to *Harper's Monthly*. (They were eventually published in this magazine in March, 1887, as "A Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Regime." As an account of Gayarré's birth and boyhood on the estate of his grandfather Étienne de Boré, who ruled like a nobleman over his "barony," they are invaluable to the biographer.)

<sup>104</sup> Major Joseph Hill to Gayarré, July 2, 1886. Hayne had also been a sufferer from tuberculosis for many years.

merits, whilst living, than I did, and to mourn more painfully for his loss. His friendship was the consolation and the pride of my old age. He was my *last friend*, and he is gone! My own grief makes me more intensely participate in yours, which is unmeasurable, and so sacred in its nature that I hardly dare to approach it with vain efforts to console. May, however, the anguish of your heart be soothed by the consciousness of the profound sympathies of my wife and myself, or rather of our partnership in your sorrow. I will write again when more composed and more master of myself. . . . May God support you under this terrible blow! We must *look up* to where the grand soul of him whom we will ever love and from whom we are momentarily separated, has gone—above, to Heaven!

With inexpressible sympathy,  
My dear Mrs. Hayne  
Your much afflicted old friend  
CHARLES GAYARRÉ<sup>105</sup>

As the summer dragged on, the little family at Copse Hill were making desperate efforts to find a way to happiness by enshrining the poet they had loved in a monument, a volume of last poems, and a biography which with the help of friends they hoped to write. Anxious to play a part in this, Gayarré wrote to the son, William Hayne:

Please assure your mother that there are in this cold world two hearts that warmly and deeply sympathize with her and with you, and ardently wish that they could devise some means to alleviate the sorrow which they cannot remove. . . . I have lately reperused every one of your father's letters to me and made large extracts from them according to dates. A man is reflected in his private and confidential correspondence as in a mirror, and I think that nothing could more vividly and truthfully show the beauty of your father's soul and the richness of his intellect than those extracts judiciously arranged. It would be Paul Hamilton Hayne painted by himself and what artist could do it better! I would only endeavor to adapt a proper frame to the portrait. It would be a work of love and a testimonial of gratitude; for how much indebted am I not to him for his splendid biography of me! It was his parting adieu—a crown of laurels which he placed round my temples as he sank into the grave.<sup>106</sup>

<sup>105</sup> Gayarré to Mrs. Hayne, July 8, 1886.

<sup>106</sup> Gayarré to William Hayne, Aug. 31, 1886.

But old age, poverty, and the indifference of a changing literary world made a sad end of all these brave plans. The shaft remained unhewn, the poems unpublished, the biography unwritten.<sup>107</sup> And though Charles Gayarré with incredible vitality lived on for a decade until his ninetieth birthday, he never found it possible to memorialize his friend as he had so ardently desired—no publisher would take the portrait he framed with loving hands.<sup>108</sup> Along with others who had watched patiently by the deathbed of the Old South, he had to content himself with the painful truth of the melancholy requiem sung over the grave of the departed by the editor of the *Southern Bivouac*:

Paul Hamilton Hayne . . . died at his home near Augusta, Georgia, on the evening of July 6, 1886. Thus ends a life devoted to art and to the elevation of Southern literature. . . .

<sup>107</sup> With the advent of 1887, writing to Mrs. Hayne that he had drunk to Paul Hayne's memory this year as to his health last year, Gayarré assured her that if he had his ante-bellum fortune he would raise the shaft at his own expense. But he had misgivings as to the feasibility of raising funds in the poverty-stricken South—a subscription for Father Ryan had brought not one dollar in New Orleans and only \$7.50 in his native Mobile. Hence he rejoiced when she shifted her plans to a memorial church, and sent a pittance of \$5.00 for a memorial window. The church was not completed until four years later. (See letters of Gayarré to Mrs. Hayne, Jan. 2, 14, and June 21, 1887; April 13, 1889; and May 1, 1891.)

The poems, prepared in dummy, are in the Manuscript Room, Duke University Library. The present writer is now engaged in the performance of the third project. (In Charleston there are statues of William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod, but none of Paul Hamilton Hayne.)

<sup>108</sup> The extracts from Hayne's letters, which he set in a frame as "Paul Hamilton Hayne painted by himself," he finally sent to Copse Hill on Dec. 17, 1887, unable to find a publisher. The MS is now in the Hayne Collection, Duke University Library.

Gayarré continued his long sympathetic letters to Mrs. Hayne until her death, and then to William Hayne until he himself grew too feeble to write. He also continued, with only occasional success, to bombard the magazines with historical and reminiscent essays—"Mary Stuart," "The Famous Lafittes at Galveston," "Don Carlos and Isabelle de Valois," "The Normans on the Banks of the Mississippi," "Lafontaine," "The Southern Character," "The Quadroons of Louisiana," "Literature in Louisiana," "The Women of Louisiana," and others. He even wrote—chiefly to escape from himself—a long historical novel set in the reign of Philip III, entitled *Quevedo*, completed it on his eighty-sixth birthday, and sent it to Harper's, only to have it rejected. One of his last letters says that he is afflicted with cataracts and has to conserve his eyes to write for bread, his wife has had to give up her habit of reading to him because of throat trouble, and besides he is almost completely deaf; though he still has the bare necessities of life, he is left chiefly to unpleasant reminiscences. He died on Feb. 11, 1895, in his ninety-first year; at his death it was generally recognized that the state had lost her foremost citizen.

Timrod, Lanier, and Hayne. The glory of this triumvirate is ours. We watch the opinion of the North for their praises, and we praise them too, though we read them not. They lived and died among us. What lives of heroic self-denial; what devotion to the highest principles of art; what un murmuring struggles against adverse fortunes and ill health! Bright as are the lives which they have traced, sweet as are the measures they have sung, the legacies which far outweigh all these, are these lives of noble rectitude, of unfaltering devotion, of a courage greater than that which led our soldiers to the field. Yet we have neglected them and passed them by; and now, when the sod lies over all of them, we awaken only for a moment to our strange indifference to the literary life of the South.<sup>109</sup>

<sup>109</sup> Editorial in the *Southern Bivouac*, II, 197 (Aug., 1886). This appeared in the same issue with the third and last instalment of Hayne's biographical sketch of Gayarré.

# New Light on the Life of Herman Melville

Professor Anderson's Researches Uncover Fresh Material About His Years in the South Seas

**MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.** By Charles R. Anderson. Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature, No. 138. 522 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. \$4.50.

By HERBERT GORMAN

IT was some years ago that the furor over Herman Melville, a rediscovery, so to speak, of a man whose unique gifts as a novelist had been staring the public in the face for three-quarters of a century, was at its height. One could hardly pick up a literary periodical without finding his name somewhere in its columns. And that was all to the good, for Herman Melville was a very whale of a novelist, as American as the old docks of New Bedford and as "cranky" and mystical as any New Englander who had voyaged far and meditated on the secrets of the vasty deep. Three lives of Melville were written within a short space of years, by Messrs. Raymond Weaver, John Freeman and Lewis Mumford, and the author of "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby Dick" and "White-Jacket" was thrust with due ceremony into his particular niche in the impressive gallery of nineteenth-century American writers.

One would think that all that could be said about him had been said. But one is decidedly mistaken. Mr. Charles R. Anderson, a Professor of English at Duke University, proves that. What he has done in "Melville in the South Seas" is to uncover a portion, the most important portion, of Melville's life that has hitherto been mostly assumption by his biographers. These were the "lost years" of the novelist's wanderings in the South Seas. They were the most important years of his life, because from them he drew the material that went into his greatest books. It is a new Melville, then, that Professor Anderson gives to the public in "Melville in the South Seas," a new Melville and a volume that is an admirable monument to patient research, brilliant deduction and scholarly completeness.

What has Professor Anderson done? It would be easy to go into the psychological and interpretive expositions of Melville and expend the greater part of this commentary on fine fanciful fictions concerning the author of "Moby Dick" and what his particular allegory of life (if it must be called that) seems to have been. However, it is Professor Anderson who gives us a key, a greater key to a vaster lock than has ever been handed the modern reader before. In short, the worthy master of research has found enough new material to give us an authentic and conclusive picture of one of our greatest writers. When we recall that in the biography that comes the closest to being definitive (Mr. Raymond Weaver's) only one documented fact has been discovered to base more than a hundred pages on Melville's South Seas period, we can readily admit that Professor Anderson, with a fine nose, has smelled out the seemingly impossible. What he has done, through months, as he says, of rare pleasure, is to find over 500 pages of material which escaped the three

former biographers of Herman Melville.

It all started in the Congressional Library at Washington. Professor Anderson, who, by the way, was studying the history of the literati of ante-bellum Charleston, was working in the Manuscript Room and happened upon an entry that read "Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate United States, 1842-1844," by Midshipman Alonzo C. Jackson. Something clicked in the professor's brain. Frigate United States. The ship on which Herman Melville returned from the South Seas "sometime in the Summer of 1843." Very good. The result was a complete immersion in the life of Melville during those years hitherto a mystery to his biographers or indicated only through his own novels. Now when a pertinacious research man begins to follow a clue, to find it, to develop it, to explore all the suggestions emanating from that clue, to read what may be called the collateral literature and to enlarge upon it as only an extremely intelligent and tireless mind can do the result is an extremely important book. And that is just what this book is to readers who find in Herman Melville the author of their choice.

Here for the first time is an enlarged account of the years that Melville spent in the great tossed waters of the Pacific and here, too, is a criticism of the genius of Melville as a writer and a sound argument in favor of his sea-books as opposed to his "overwrought satire and metaphysical nonsense." Though the subject of this study is only mentioned a few times in the material that Professor Anderson has discovered, the fact remains that we now have a chart, and a very precise chart, of what happened to and on the ship in which the extraordinary sailor was traveling. We see now a great many of the urges that caused Melville to write as he did, for the life

that he led was in large measure the life depicted in the log of the ship on which he sailed. Professor Anderson has added to this an extensive and important study of the books that Melville read, the times wherein he lived and the particular atmosphere that fed him and made him the unusual type that he was.

It was out of these years that the whole of Melville's life sprang. His literary career was based on those years. Nothing that he wrote thereafter was untouched by the memory of his experiences on a whaling ship cutting the waves of the Pacific and his return from the Valley of Typee in the Marquesas Islands on the frigate United States. We see, too, from the collateral reading that Melville depended to a greater extent than was believed before on the contemporary writings of his day. He was like Shakespeare in some ways. He could take an account and translate it into literature. He could, by the mysterious magic that is given to the born writer, enlarge upon his own experiences and swell them into a significance that was big with universal meaning. Names, incidents, remembered passages from books, hints, rumors and stories told in the fore-castle passed through his mind as gross materials passed through the furnaces of legendary alchemists and came out

ruddy and disturbing gold. The results were "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby Dick" and "White-Jacket." And that was enough for one life.

In an article contributed to The Colophon: New Series (No. 2, Vol. III) Professor Anderson, reviewing his long activities, writes: "Thus by stages I succeeded in piecing out Melville's itinerary during his first three years in the Pacific, as whaler and rover, from tidbits gathered here and there over the globe. It was remarkable how many facts had weathered a century of sea-changes." It was remarkable also how zealously and beautifully (if an esthetic meaning of the word may be implied) Professor Anderson persisted in his long and difficult search to find out

what actually happened to Herman Melville and what curious adventures befell him during those years when he was subject to the elements and the rough life of a sailor before the mast.

We are apt to forget (or neglect) Herman Melville in this disorganized period when every writer seems to turn his attention to the political aspects of a jittery era. We are apt to think that the end of art (if it is called art any more) is a shrill screaming against those malevolent powers that are destroying the great free works of the imagination in certain countries. But such an assumption is not correct. It is the duty and the privilege of the artist to transform, and that is exactly what Herman Melville did. And the importance of Professor Anderson's "Melville in the South Seas" is that, besides acquainting us with a huge amount of new biographical material, he has shown us, as no writer before has done, how Melville transformed the rough substance of life as he saw it into that fine thing called art. He, Professor Anderson, has emphasized also that the Melville who belongs to all time is the Melville of the moving adventure stories (if one wants to call them that) and not the Melville, the ingrowing Melville, of "Mardi," or "Pierre."

Professor Anderson's book is heavily documented, but it is extremely fascinating reading at the same time. He has quoted extensively from contemporary sources, but he has woven all this in with a dexterity that is a tribute to his powers as an expositor and a teacher. It is this commentator's conviction that no person interested in Herman Melville (and that means all readers interested in American letters) can ignore this book. And it is also this commentator's conviction that it must be extremely pleasant and profitable to sit in one of Professor Anderson's classes.



Herman Melville.

From a Wood Engraving After the Portrait by Joseph O. Eaton.

## Rise and Scope of the Documentary Film

**DOCUMENTARY FILM.** By Paul Rotha. Illustrated. 320 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.75.

THE aim of the documentary film is more than mere description for historical value. As this distinct type of cinema presentation has developed it has shown clearly its demand for "creation in dramatic form to bring alive the modern world." In this comprehensive and deeply serious book one of the foremost British producers in this field explains the evolution of "Documentary," its purpose, its principles, its problems and the important way in which the documentary method could be used—as has already been shown—to explain, vividly and indelibly, the meaning of democratic citizenship at its best." The documentary method, Paul Rotha adds, "may well be described as the birth of creative cinema." And serious as it is, his book is also keenly interesting.

The kind of film now called "documentary" did not suddenly

appear as a distinct method of film-making at any given moment. But Robert Flaherty's "Nanook" in 1920 may be said to have been the earliest beginning of this type. Mr. Rotha divides documentary into four groups, and in the first group—that which follows the naturalist or romantic tradition—Flaherty's work was and is outstanding. With "Nanook" as the first, he went on in "Man of Aran" to the most developed example of the idyllic documentary method. The second group follows the realist tradition, and may be said to stem originally from the French pastiches of some years ago, with Cavalcanti's "Rien que les Heures" coming in 1926 to give "the first attempt to express creatively the life of a city on the screen." The third group is the outgrowth of news-reel technique, and although Mr. Rotha pays hearty tribute to Pare Lorentz's "Plough That Broke the Plains" and more important successor, "The River," it is interesting to note that he finds special

significance in the development of the news-reel tradition in the American "March of Time" series. "At last, here would seem to be the recognition of the possibilities of screen journalism," he says. "Here would appear to be a definite attempt to put decent reporting on the screen." The fourth group is that of propaganda, which the author illustrates particularly with Russian and British examples.

More and more the tempo and the character of world events have increased the importance of the documentary film. Mr. Rotha stresses the value of the "recently forged link" between Great Britain and the United States in documentary film cooperation, praises the dynamic work being done in this country, and goes into a great deal of interesting detail on the creative and technical aspects of his large subject. His book is profusely illustrated from the documentary films of various nations, and an appendix lists the documentary directors and their principal films.

initial - Mr. R.H. - us - Mr. Miller - DE - DE - Am - Am

JULIUS ROSENWALT FUND

# The New York Times

## Book Review

Section

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## TEN YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE

*The Beards Interpret the Inner Meaning of the Past Decade*

AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Drawings by Wilfred Jones. Vol. III: The Rise of American Civilization. 949 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

By R. L. DUFFUS

THIS third volume of the Beards' history of our civilization recognizes the critical importance of the decade which ended last Winter by giving it an amount of printed space about equal to a quarter of a page for every day in it. In these past ten years the authors seem to have found the culmination, if not the solution, of problems with which they have dealt in writing the story of all the years of the Republic. They have not cared to give us an entertaining surface record, after the pattern of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," or, in light vein, of Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday." They have striven for the inner meaning, for the true causation. They have produced not merely history but a magnificent essay about history.

There is no sentimentalism in them; their humor is at times serene, at times biting, but never trivial; they have prepossessions rather than prejudices, and those prepossessions are in favor of what they finely call a "humanistic democracy." A passage bearing on the confused controversies of our generation expresses as well as anything their theory of history. "Any exploration of the reality beneath the term democracy," they write, "would have led below equal suffrage, popular elections, public education, majority rule, 'let us alone,' and freedom of the press into the real basis of American civilization, into the forms and distribution of property which conditioned, and to some extent determined, the rise and growth of any democracy that existed."

A Marxist would not gag at the words, but the Beards are too well aware of the rich and various intangibles of human life to be consistent Marxists. Under their cool detachment there burns indignation and glows a warm sympathy. So, as they throw up the images of the decade against the hates, the loves, the hopes, the fears, the shames that make the great pattern of our national life, they evoke and express a strong emotion. This is America—our America. What have we made of it, what shall we make?

There is a subdued passion within the pageant, with its millions of marching feet, its tattered flags on which are written old and sometimes outmoded symbols, its shouts that die in whispers and in misgiving, its parade that is sometimes like the wild sweep of the dead westward movement and sometimes like the milling of cattle before an approaching thunderstorm. Those who have lived the ten years in full and fully conscious maturity will live them again in these pages. But what is recalled is not so much the action, the front page, as the underlying thrust of events that could not be arrested, that were beyond melodrama and almost indifferent to personalities. This is the thing the Beards make one feel, and it is not easy to express it.

They begin with "the golden glow" of our last prosperity, when American civilization seemed to have "reached, at the Summer solstice of Normalcy, the high



Charles A. Beard.

plateau of permanent peace and prosperity," and when the "notes of jubilee drowned the plaintive cries of farmers and the queasy doubts of querulous critics." There were the oil scandals, but Coolidge was in his heaven and all was right with the world. The security markets were more than booming and the agrarian discontent seemed to "urban philosophers \* \* \* a mental disease." When collapse came, in the reign of President Hoover, it was received with incredulity. The headlines, as the Beards give them, reek with irony. Was not America "fundamentally sound"? It evidently was not, as the years have taught us, and this volume is largely devoted to an explanation of how and why it was not.

It is of necessity a bulky volume.

The explanation falls readily into two parts. Approximately two-thirds of the book is given to the political and economic narrative: the collapse in which President Hoover was both an actor and a victim;



Underwood & Underwood.  
Mary R. Beard.

the campaign of 1932; the golden age of the New Deal; the "radical" measures which seemed so new, yet which, as the Beards argue, came out of tendencies long developing—even the AAA, final step in a long series of agrarian panaceas, and the NRA, invented by merchants and industrialists, with a hastily added fifth wheel in the form of the labor section; the end of the "spontaneous spiritual uprising" of 1933 and the beginning of a grim political battle; the germination of

new foreign policies (with which, incidentally, the Beards are not in sympathy); the stern realities of the internal and external struggles of organized labor, and of labor on the land, fast sinking into debt, and migrant tenancy.

The last third of the story is given over to the cultural framework and expression of our lives: commercialization in motion picture and radio; economic problems in magazines and newspapers; unrest and experimentation in the fields of literature and the arts; the adventures of science, so imposing materially, so disturbing spiritually; the attempt to think through into new areas of social and economic mastery. The economic interpretation colors the picture, but hardly distorts it. For the Beards are always conscious that economic influences bear upon living men and women, whose motives are far more subtle than the dogmatists imagine. They are a little bitter about what they call "economic orthodoxy" and what they describe as "the kind of thick-and-thin defense which capitalists were likely to expect in academies supported by endowments of taxes on property." Yet they are not so much attacking capitalists as what they take to be muddleheadedness.

The concept of a changing nation in a time of stress and peril is constant. The seeds of the change, as the Beards read history, are in the past. The depression, they believe, hastened change because it "had introduced fear, uncertainty and distress, had cut established connections loose from customary points of contact, had shaken many rigid opinions, and, to use a metaphor, had made social relations more fluid." But history is continuous—with scant exceptions there are "more or less relevant precedents" for all the acts and policies of the New Deal. Our aspirations have not altered so much as the hope of realizing them. To quote:

The dream of comfort and security in the historic style was now growing paler. No optimism could be so innocent as to obscure the fact of a contracting economy, unemployed millions and expanding degradation. Even if there had been no connection with European life and its events, even if Americans had been isolated like the denizens of the lost Atlantis, some sense of this reality would no doubt have been awakened in America.

The concentration of wealth, the congestion of population—both foreseen by such respectable prophets as Jefferson, Madison and Webster—are parts of the broken dreams as the Beards view it. In new ways of making and distributing commodities, in such epochal invasions of old habits as those achieved by the automobile, the radio and the motion picture, there are other factors. Through them, none the less, runs "the tradition of a humanistic democracy which from colonial times has been a powerful dynamic in the whole movement of American civilization and culture—economic, political, literary, scientific and artistic."

This last thought is the golden thread that ties this book together, as it does most of the work the Beards have done, jointly and severally. It is implicit in their rejection of an imperialist or interventionist foreign policy. They doubtless describe their (Continued on Page 13)

## Melville and His Sources

*MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.*  
By Charles Roberts Anderson. New  
York: Columbia University Press.  
1939. 522 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by ODELL SHEPARD

IN order to be fair to this valuable book one must keep in mind its limitations of theme, purpose, and method. More moderate in tone than Lewis Mumford's study of Melville, less a work of literary criticism than John Freeman's, and much less extensive in scope, as its title indicates, than Raymond Weaver's, it is mainly concerned, the author says, "with an analysis of Melville's technique of composition" — or, as the present reviewer would prefer to say, with gathering the materials upon which that technique acted.

Professor Anderson shows himself in this book as a cool, industrious, highly

yarn is made by sailors, Melville says in his "Redburn" that "for materials they use odds and ends of old rigging called *junk*, the yarns of which are picked to pieces and then twisted into new combinations." This, he adds, is something like the way in which "most books are manufactured." And it is Professor Anderson's opinion that Melville's own books, or at any rate those that he wrote about the South Seas, were manufactured in much this way. For this opinion he advances a large amount of evidence, nearly all of which is entirely new. In accordance with the evidence he sets forth the books of Melville "less as masterpieces of creative imagination than as deliberately manufactured records . . . partly borrowed from the writings of other voyagers, partly fictionized autobiography, embellished and pointed for the sake of propaganda."

Although the tone of disparagement discernible in these words does not pervade his book, Professor Anderson brings before us a less imposing Melville than the one presented by other recent commentators. One reason for this may be that he knows much more about what the man Herman Melville did, what he read, and where he went — at least during the South Seas quadrennium — than others have known. Besides that, however, it is a secondary purpose of his study to strip Melville and his books of their "romantic trappings" and to bring before us not so much "America's mid-Victorian Jeremiah" as "the literary discoverer of the South Seas." In a sense, he is defending the young and eager Melville of the 1840s against the bearded Carlylean transcendentalist that he later became. More precisely speaking, he defends the facts of Melville's life and work against what he takes to be the fiction.

Like George Borrow, Herman Melville is hard to classify. Scarcely a novelist, not quite an autobiographer, and certainly not a veracious narrator of travels, he escapes the more obvious categories — unless, to be sure, one sets him down once for all as a liar. And even when one has come to the end of Professor Anderson's extremely able, learned, and heavily documented book, he remains a man of mystery. After one has been shown repeatedly that he had a "penchant for working from literary sources in preference even to his own observations" — and this is one trait, at least, which he had in common with Shakespeare — there is still the question of his unquestionable genius.

Concerning this genius and its precise nature Professor Anderson has little to say, probably because the dis-



Herman Melville

skillful fact-finder. Confining his researches chiefly to the four years at sea which, though certainly the most important years of Melville's life, have hitherto been the least known, he finds an amazing quantity of facts, many of which are really pertinent to our understanding of a strange and enigmatic figure. His findings enable us to distinguish, for the first time, between those materials of "Typee," "Omoo," and "White Jacket" which were derived from personal experience and those that were drawn from Melville's reading. Other books may serve better than this one the needs of those who want a general introduction to Melville's mind and art, but no other book has added in a comparable degree to the little that we know about the man's life and the raw materials of his writing.

In describing the way in which rope-

associated readers know exactly who it is I mean) — so fine about the drinks and yet falling into another fault that always exasperates us — filling his books with description and scenery. He begins, practically always, with a "Market Town," — Hellborough, or some such place where they talk broad something; we can stand it for a street or two, but when it comes to the Town Hall, dating from Edward the Confessor, we pass. Scenery we don't need at all, except to take it fast, like a tourist in a picture gallery. You see, those of us who have read crime stories for twenty or thirty years, have got in our minds a collection of scenes like what they call the "sets" in a twenty-three, theater. "Market Town of Hellborough!" — We have it; "Purlieu of Chicago," — right, here you are; "Drawing room of the rectory," — that's it, — or not, not that, that "Bar Room in Denver," — but anyway we've got all our "sets." And a collection of weather, — it's odd the junk we carry in our minds, as an equipment for reading.

And there's this, — as you get near the end of the story, don't have them all chase one another round. I mean all the characters, bandits, detectives, etc., — in a sort of grand climax. You know the kind of thing I mean — in and out of cellars, down rat holes, out through outhouses: poor old Edgar Wallace, — there, I hadn't meant to mention names, but never mind — could never get away from this; the sleuth trapped by the bandit, thrown into a cellar, water turned on, reaches his throat, dives out through a sewer, runs round in front, nails up the door, bandit trapped, goes to the attic, detective follows, detective trapped, bandit on roof, leaps into an aeroplane, detective crawls through a fly-screen, leaps into another aeroplane, — zoop! They're both gone. We have to begin over again.

And here's a point of importance for the conclusion itself. Don't be afraid to hang the criminal at the end; better lay the story, if you can, in a jurisdiction where they hang them because, to us, the readers, the electric chair sounds too uncomfortable. But hanging is old and respectable, and if you like you can use such a phrase as "went to the gallows," or "went to the scaffold," — that's as simple as Old Mother Hubbard. But I mean we want him *hanged*; don't let him fall into the sea out of his aeroplane. It's not good enough. Hold him tight by the pants till you get him to the gallows. And *don't* let your criminal get ill in prison, or get so badly wounded, or so heavily poisoned that he never gets tried, because he is "summoned before a Higher Court," — Honestly, you can't get a higher criminal court than the State Court of Appeal. There isn't one.

I'll stop there. Other readers may have suggestions.

Melville in Action

MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Charles Roberts Anderson. New York, Columbia University Press, 1939. ix, 522 pp. \$4.50.

This is a destructive book. It has knocked the props from under some of the most picturesquely attractive chapters in the accepted lives and critiques of Herman Melville. Without, perhaps, reducing the literary rank of *Moby-Dick*, *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *White-Jacket*, the author has demonstrated beyond controversy that they are rather different books from what they have been taken to be. If Josh Billings was right when he said, "It is better to know nothing than to know what ain't so," then we were in a bad way so long as the romantic school of biographers and critics held the field.

Professor Anderson has not written a biography of Herman Melville, but he has made it possible to purge existing biographies of much apochryphal matter. Nor has he presented a complete study of Melville's writings, but he has shown what kind of writing is actually represented by the four books which he has subjected to intensive examination.

The critic's analysis consists of two strands. In the first place he has consulted every available authority in order to reconstruct the authentic record of Melville's voyages (a chart of which he has drawn very prettily for us on the end papers), and of his sojourns in Nukahiva, Tahiti, Honolulu, and South American ports. From the date on which the *Acushnet* (the "Pequod") sailed from Fairhaven, January 3, 1841, to that on which the frigate *United States* (the "Never-sink") dropped anchor at Boston, October 4, 1844, all possible care and ingenuity must be exercised to keep tabs on the wanderer who tells the tale of his wanderings under a succession of aliases in which he finds freedom from the dull tyranny of fact.

Professor Anderson in this search has turned up, besides a great number of isolated bits of information, several interesting and significant documents, including those which he published two years ago as *Journal of a Cruise*

MELVILLE IN ACTION

(Continued from first page) in the *Frigate United States* (see BULLETIN for December, 1937). He has proved to the hilt that Melville habitually takes the license of the writer of fiction with the demonstrable facts of his own career, and must be suspect in all those episodes where confirmation does not exist or is not known to exist. The four early masterpieces contain considerable deposits of autobiography. It has been virtually assumed that everything that is not obvious fiction is actual truth, only slightly disguised. This assumption is found to be far too naïve.

In the second place, Professor Anderson has sought to discover how far Melville's materials reveal dependence on literary sources. "Though the present study is not primarily concerned with literary source-hunting, it is concerned with an analysis of Melville's technique of composition. And a survey of the contemporary literature of travel, exploration, and colonization has turned up a large body of material bearing upon the years and the experiences embodied in *Moby-Dick*, *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *Mardi*, as well as *White-Jacket* . . . Part of this material was undoubtedly a source from which Melville drew; the rest offers, at least, a check upon the truth of his books."

It is amazing the requisitions which Melville made on the books to which he had access. On occasion he actually borrowed from other authors the presentations of matters with which he was himself perfectly familiar. Yet it is seldom indeed that in the process of appropriation he has not transmuted the materials by imparting superior literary qualities. One is reminded of Dryden's verdict on Ben Jonson's extensive borrowings: "He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him."

Here is Professor Anderson's own conclusion: "His South Sea experiences, stripped of their romantic trappings, are still bright with high-hearted adventure. The books that embody them are here set forth less as masterpieces of creative imagination than as deliberately manufactured travel records—on the whole joyous—partly borrowed from the writings of other voyagers, partly fictionized autobiography, embellished and pointed for the sake of propaganda." Space

MELVILLE IN ACTION

(Continued from page six) does not here permit even a brief summary of the propagandist aspect of the books, although it is carefully and persuasively developed by Professor Anderson.

There are 59 pages of notes printed in the back of the book and a bibliographical "Key to the Notes." It may be regretted that the bibliography was not constructed on more generous principles. The original publication of *Mocha-Dick; or, The White Whale of the Pacific* is cited on p. 14, but there is no reference to the reprint by Scribners of 1932. Similarly Chase's *Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship Essex*, New York, 1821, is listed on p. 498, but there is no reference to the reprint by the Golden Cockerel Press, London, 1935. There are probably other rare works referred to which have been made more available in reprints, which, however, are not so well known as to be taken for granted. The account is finally balanced by the provision of an excellent index.

THOMAS H. ENGLISH,  
Emory University.



Candidate Charles Roberts Anderson  
Assistant Professor of English, Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

Special Field Southern  
Literature & Cultural  
History

## Plan of Work

A study of the cultural history of Charleston, South Carolina, and of the South in general, from 1830 to 1886, based chiefly on the Paul Hamilton Hayne Collection of approximately 5000 unpublished manuscripts, already at the applicant's disposal. I have already spent about three years on this project, and need now only a free year in order to collect supplementary information in Washington and Charleston and write the book.

## Digest of Application

Born October, 1902, Macon, Georgia. Married.

Obtained A.B., 1924 and A.M., 1928, summa cum Laude, from the University of Georgia; Ph.D. from Columbia University, 1936, all other requirements fulfilled, degree not to be completed and conferred technically until publication of dissertation (spring, 1938); LL.B from Mercer University, 1926 (degree not completed - rank: 2nd in class)

Instructor in English, University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia, 1927-28, 1929-30, \$1500-\$1800. Assistant Professor of English, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, 1930- , \$2700-\$3000. Managing editor of American Literature (Duke Univ. Press), 1931-1933.

Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Sigma Upsilon, The Erasmus Club and the Americana Club (both of Duke University).

Publications: Two articles on Herman Melville in American Literature (Duke Press), May, 1935; March, 1937. Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate United States with notes on Melville. (Duke Press, 1937, 140 pp). Melville in the South Seas (Modern Language Ass. 1938, 550 pages)

## References

Budget Summary

Mr. R. L. Rusk, Prof. American Lit. Columbia University	Total amount needed	\$3000
Mr. J. B. Hubbell, Prof. American Lit. Duke "		
Mr. John D. Wade, " " " University Georgia	From applicant	_____
Dr. Robert S. Forsythe, Librarian, Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois	From Fund	\$3000

## Committee Notes

Granted



FSK  
UNIVERSITY

~~Please Return to  
Chas. R. Anderson  
296 College Station  
Durham, N.C.~~

PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
*Chicago Illinois*

Charles R. Anderson

Poetry, Songs & Speeches

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

STATEMENT OF PLAN OF WORK FOR PREPARING AND WRITING

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, A STUDY IN SOUTHERN CULTURE, 1830-1886.

The purpose of this study is to clear up a field which has suffered almost equally from Northern neglect and Southern over-praise. It is my intention not to allow objectivity to be vitiated by sectionalism of any sort. The significance of my contribution to the cultural history of America is assured by the wealth of new and unpublished material at my disposal, and by the fact that less than half a dozen such studies have ever been undertaken in the field of Southern literature (John D. Wade's Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Aubrey Starke's Sidney Lanier, and two or three studies of Poe), none of which overlap the particular section of the South that I propose to cover.

My purpose is to write a study of Southern culture during the period of ~~the~~ transition from its hey-day in ante-bellum times to its decline in Reconstruction days, centered about the literary activity of the Charleston group composed of Paul Hayne, William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, and others. The Paul Hayne Collection of Manuscripts (Duke University Library), which I discovered, is exclusively at my disposal for this purpose. It consists of over 4,000 pieces, ranging from 1830 to 1886, and includes diaries, literary compositions, and letters exchanged not only between members of the Charleston group, but other Southerners (Lanier and J. C. Harris of Georgia, C. E. Gayarré of Louisiana, J. E. Cooke, John R. Thompson, and Margaret Preston of Virginia, etc., etc.,-- practically every Southern writer of the times), as well as many Northern correspondents (Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Stoddard, Stedman, Taylor, Boker, Aldrich, etc.), and a few English writers (Swinburne, Rossetti, Black, Marston, etc.). Thus it presents a survey of a large part of the Southern field, and shows the active literary relations that existed with the North and with Europe--- doubly interesting because they are now largely unknown. Almost all of these manuscripts are hitherto unpublished. These materials are to be supplemented by magazine files, newspapers, and other documents, as well as all the published books in the field.

This study was begun in 1930 (but temporarily laid aside during the past four years while I wrote my Ph. D. dissertation on Herman Melville). During the three years that I worked on it, I covered pretty thoroughly the manuscripts in the Hayne Collection and began my search of magazine and newspaper files. Now the duties of teaching make it impossible to find the time to complete this study. With the aid of a fellowship, I can spend six months at the Congressional Library in Washington and six months in Charleston, where the unique materials requisite to the completion of my study are to be found. Without them, my study would have to be a mere biography of one Southern writer. To broaden its significance and make it the history of a whole civilization, as symbolized in the cultural life of Charleston, I want to weave in the background of that remarkable city which included an active theatre and opera, a dozen or more literary magazines and weeklies, and a score of practising literati. A free year for research in Washington and Charleston is absolutely essential for this purpose.

The final draft of my study can be completed within another year. The Duke University Press has expressed its interest in publishing my book upon completion. But I firmly believe that its popular appeal will be such as to enlist the interest of one of the larger commercial publishers--- especially considering the present ascendancy of things Southern in the world of print.

The subsequent plans for my career include continuing to teach American literature in a Southern University and continuing to do research in the field of Southern literature. (Two further books, already planned, are a volume of Lanier's letters, and a study of Poe in New York).

*Charles R. Anderson*  
CHARLES ROBERTS ANDERSON

N.B. MORE ELABORATE PLANS CAN BE SUBMITTED UPON REQUEST.

# THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

ATHENS, GEORGIA

THIS CERTIFIES THAT:

Anderson	Charles Roberts	Macon, Georgia.
Last Name of Student	Other Names	Home Address
Freshman	Sept. 1920	A. B.
Entered	Date Admitted	Course
4	June 19-1924	Summa Cum Laude
Years Attended	Degree Year Taken	Summa Cum Laude

## ENTRANCE UNITS ONLY

(An admission unit represents the equivalent of five recitations per week for thirty-six weeks in accredited high school, a minimum of 120 clock hours).

SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	SUBJECTS	S	E	C	Last Prep. School Attended	
English	3	5		French	2			Chemistry	1			Shop				Lanier High School	
History	2			German				Agriculture				Art				Did Applicant Graduate? When?	
Civics				Spanish				Bookkeeping				Music				Yes 1920	
Algebra	2			Gen. Science				Stenography								No. of Years in Prep. School	
Plane Geom.	1	5		Biology				Home Econ.								4	
Solid Geom.				Physics				F. H. Drawing	1			Total	17			15 units required for entrance	
Latin	4			Physiography				Mech. Drawing				Conditions:					

S—By certificate from an accredited school.

E—By Examination.

C—By college work not counted toward degree.

## RECORD OF COLLEGE WORK

Prior to the session of 1932-1933, credits are stated in terms of college hours, one hour credit being allowed for a class meeting one hour per week for the college year of 36 weeks. Since the opening of the session 1932-1933, credits are stated in terms of courses.

For a course credit at The University of Georgia, the class meets five times per week for one quarter of approximately eleven weeks, one hour being allowed for each recitation or lecture and two hours if laboratory work. In semester hours the time equivalent of a course is 3/4. A half-course credit is given for classes meeting three times per week for one quarter and is equivalent to two semester hours.

Lowest passing grade with quality points, 70 (C). Passing grade without quality points, 60-69, (D). Conditional failure, E. Complete failure, F. Between September 1, 1932, and September 1, 1934, the numbering system was as follows: 1-49, Junior Division; 50-99, Senior Division; 100-199, Mixed Senior Division and Graduate courses; 200-299, Graduate.

Subsequent to September 1, 1934, the number system is as follows: Nos. 1-199, Junior Division; 200-399, Senior Division; 400-599, Senior Division carrying a parallel Graduate course; 600-799, Graduate course carrying a parallel Undergraduate course; 800-999 Graduate.

† Session	Course No.	Descriptive Title of Course (Indicate any credits allowed from other institutions)	Hours *		Total Weeks Pursued	QUARTER GRADES				Cor. or Exten.	Final Grade	Year Hour Credits	Course Credits
			Lec.	Lab.		Fall	Winter	Spring	Summer				
1920-21	1	English				A					94	3	
	2	History				A	A	A			93	3	
	2B	History				A					90	1 1/2	
	1	Latin				A	A	A			95	3	
	2	English				B	A	A			90	3	
	2B	Military Science				A+	A+	A+			95	1 1/2	
	1-2	Mathematics				A	A	A			96	3 1/2	
1921-22	1	French				A	A	A			95	3	
	2	Latin				A	A	A			94	3	
		Military Science				B	A	B			92	3	
	2	French				A	A	A			92	3	
	1	Physics				A	A	B			92	4	
	12	English				B+	B+	B			90	3	
	4	History				A	A	A			92	3	
	3-4	Math.				A	B+	A			95	3	
	2	Chemistry				95	86	70			90	3	
		Greek Literature				94	98	94			95	3	
		Military Science				93	97	91			94	3	
	1922-23	3-4-5	Philosophy				90	90	95			92	3
4		Physics				94	91	94			93	4	
9		Sociology				95	95	90			95	3	
20		Spanish				96	93	94			94	3	
24-25		Economics				86					-	-	
16		History				94	92	93			93	3	
	21	Spanish				89	91	90			90	3	

EXTRA COPIES OF THIS TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 EACH.

\* No. clock hours per week.

† Year work was done, e. g., 1931-1932

Conduct record Clear Date and cause of withdrawal A.M. June 20-1928  
A.B. June 19-1924  
 Transcript issued December 8, 1937 Summa Cum Laude  
 Honorable discharge is hereby granted.

Respectfully

*Justus*

Signature of Registrar.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA  
ATHENS, GEORGIA

RECORD OF Charles Roberts Anderson ..... CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE.

† Session	Course No.	Descriptive Title of Course (Indicate any credits allowed from other institutions)	Hours *		Total Weeks Pursued	QUARTER GRADES				Cor. or Exten.	Final Grade	Year Hour Credits	Course Credits	
			Lec.	Lab.		Fall	Winter	Spring	Summer					
	101	Psychology Psychology History Graduate record:				Inc. 87 92	Inc. Inc. 93		95			93	3	
	101-102	Major: History - The English Constitution											8	
	101	Minor: English - Old and Middle English											4	
	237-9	Minor: English - Literature 1832-1880 ( At Columbia University)											4	
-----														
NO CREDITS BELOW THIS LINE VALID														

EXTRA COPIES OF THIS TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 EACH.

\* No. clock hours per week. † Year work was done, e. g., 1931-1932

Conduct record Clear Date and cause of withdrawal A. B. June 20-1928  
A. B. June 19-1924  
 Transcript issued December 8, 1937 Somma Cum Laude  
 Respectfully \_\_\_\_\_ Honorable discharge is hereby granted.

*J. W. ...*  
Signature of Registrar.

# MERCER UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

## RECORD OF

Anderson, C.R.

Address 560 Orange St., Macon, Ga.

Date of Birth 10/17/02 Name of Parent or Guardian R.L. Anderson Address Same

Credentials of Admission A.B. Degree, Univ. of Ga. 1924. Enrolled on presentation of Diploma. (R.C.H.)

Degrees Awarded \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Admission 9/22/24 Date of Graduation or Dismissal (Honorable) \_\_\_\_\_

SUBJECT	Session	* Term	† Term Hours Credit	‡ Grade	SUBJECT	Session	* Term	† Term Hours Credit	‡ Grade
Administrative Law					Intro. Course	1924	F	2	96
Admiralty					Jurisprudence				
Agency	1925	S	4	84	Legal Bibliography	1925	W	1	92
Bankruptcy	1925-26	F W	4	91	Legal Ethics				
Bills & Notes					Legal Liability				
Carriers					Mortgages	1926	S	4	86
Code Pleading	1925	F	3	85	Munic. Corp.	"	W	3	92
Contracts	1924-25	F W S	10	82	Partnership	1925	F	5	83
Com. Law Pleading	1925	W	3	85	Persons				
Conflict of Laws					Private Corporations				
Constitutional Law					Prop. I. (Personal Prop.)	1924	F	3	89
Crim. Law & Proc.	1924-25	F W S	6	88	Prop. II. (Rts. in Land)	1925	F	3	85*
Court Practice					Prop. III. (Titles)	1926	W	4	85
Damages					Prop. IV. (Future Int.)				
Dom. Relations	"	F W S	3	86	Pub. Service Law				
Evidence	1926	W S	5	88	Quasi Contracts	1925	S	3	82
Equity I.	1925-26	F W S	7	91	Sales	1926	S	3	80
Equity II.					Suretyship	"	S	3	85
Equity III.					Torts	1924-25	F W S	9	88
Equity Pleading					Trusts				
Federal Procedure					Wills & A'dm.				
Georgia Practice									
Insurance									
International Law									

\*—12 Weeks.

†—11 Recitations, 55 minutes each, required for one hour credit.

‡—D is passing Grade. A—100-85; B—84-75; C—74-66; D—65-60; F—59-0.

A weighted average of 10% above the passing grade for the entire course of three years is required for a degree.

  
**E. E. Overton**  
 DEAN.  
 UNIVERSITY

**Columbia University**  
in the City of New York

Name Charles Roberts Anderson

RECORD IN THE GRADUATE  
FACULTIES OF POLITICAL SCIENCE  
PHILOSOPHY AND PURE SCIENCE

Admitted as } Regular  
} Unclassified  
} Non-matriculated Graduate Student

in Faculty of Philosophy

Date Sept 1926 Admission verified m.m.w.

Previous education and degrees:

A.B. 1924 U. of Georgia  
A.M. 1928 U. of Georgia

Subject of major interest English

Counting 18 points taken elsewhere

in partial fulfillment of requirements.

RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS  
for matriculated students:

For A.M.—30 tuition points

For Ph.D.—60 tuition points

A.M. degree conferred \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Essay \_\_\_\_\_

Ph.D. degree conferred \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Dissertation \_\_\_\_\_

Committee actions, remarks, etc.

COURSES

VALUE

MARKS

COURSES	VALUE			MARKS				
	Points			Winter		Spring		Summer
	Winter	Spring	Summer	Final	Def. Exam.	Final	Def. Exam.	
1926 - 1927								
English	e	233 - 234	3	3		H		H
English		237 - 238	3	3		H		H
English		241	3			H		
English		267	3			H		
English		269	3			H		
English		224		3				H
English	e	266		3				H
Comparative Literature		288		3				H
1928 - 1929								
English		224		3		H		
English		297 - 298		3	3	H		H
English		218		3				H

EXPLANATION OF MARKS, ABBREVIATIONS AND SYMBOLS: P=Passed. H=Credit for attendance only, residence credit. F=Failure.


Also A=Excellent. B=Good. C=Fair. D=Poor (not passing). Abs.=Absent from examination. Wd.=Withdraw. Dr.=Course dropped by student. Inc.=Work Incomplete. N.C.=No credit. N.M.=No mark reported by instructor. N.R.=No record of student in course.

UNIT OF VALUE: A point signifies one hour weekly of attendance in classroom or two hours weekly in laboratory or drafting-room for a winter or spring session, or the equivalent.

One copy of a student's record is furnished free of charge; each additional copy will cost one dollar.

Form Grad. 7.—July '35—5000

For purposes of certification, reproduced copy of original record shall not be valid without impression seal and actual signature.


  
 Certified as a correct copy  
*Edward J. Grant*  
 Edward J. Grant, Registrar  
 Edward B. Fox, Assistant Registrar  
 Date **DEC 8 1937**

UNIVERSITY

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Charles R. Anderson

R. L. Rusk, Professor of English, Columbia University, New York

The only thing that needs to be said is that Anderson is the right man for this or for almost any other job in American literary history. He can write, and he has already finished a beautifully written book on Herman Melville, which, I believe, the Modern Language Association has decided to publish at its own expense. He can be counted on to do a significant piece of work on Hayne, and I very much hope that he will be given the aid he asks.

- - -

Dr. Robert S. Forsythe, Head, Department of Book Selection, Newberry Library, Chicago

I have corresponded with Dr. Anderson for several years and have met him personally. I have also read his forthcoming Herman Melville in the South Seas in MS. and as well his lately published Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean...with Notes on Herman Melville, together with various of his articles. I am in a position, therefore, to give an opinion as to Dr. Anderson's scholarship and his personality; and I shall venture also to appraise his plan for the study outlined on the accompanying sheet.

Dr. Anderson's scholarly work is excellent. His Herman Melville in the South Seas is the most important book upon the life of Melville since R. M. Weaver's life of the novelist, which appeared in 1921. His is, in fact, a much better work than Mr. Weaver's. The Journal of a Cruise is no less well done; here, as an editor, Dr. Anderson has distinguished himself.

(Letters of Reference, Charles R. Anderson)

Dr. Anderson is industrious, keen, and accurate. He is well-balanced and forms his opinions from soberly considered evidence. He is unusually alert and on the watch for new material. His persistence in running down obscure clews is notable. Beyond question, he is among the most promising of young American scholars.

I think that Dr. Anderson's project of a study of the Charleston group of writers and their influence upon Southern culture is admirable. He has a rich fund of material at hand which is partly digested. He has, I think, the scholarly qualities which would enable him to execute his plan successfully. The resulting book would unquestionably be a very important work, dealing with the intellectual activities of a number of highly interesting persons, of whom some have been shamefully neglected. I heartily endorse this proposed work.

Dr. Anderson is personally agreeable. He has good manners, is not conceited, and is willing to seek and to take advice. I think him a gentleman.

- - -

J. B. Hubbell, Professor of English, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

Mr. Anderson's plan seems to me admirable, and he is an excellent man to see it through.

His two books on Herman Melville - only one of which has been published - show that he is a genuine scholar of a high order. The unpublished Melville book is the most important contribution to Melville scholarship that has been written since Weaver's now obsolete biography ten or twelve years ago.



(Letters of Reference, Charles R. Anderson)

There are only a few men of scholarly attainments working in the field of Southern literature, and Mr. Anderson is one of them. Such projects need to be encouraged, for, as Mr. Anderson says, Southern literature has been over-praised and too little studied.

Mr. Anderson, incidentally, is an excellent teacher in his chosen field, and has won the approval of both students and members of the English department.

Moreover, with his teaching load he will find it difficult to complete his projected study as promptly as it ought to be done without aid of some kind.

He is a fine young man with an attractive personality and no physical or other defects that would interfere with his work.

- - -

John D. Wade, Professor of English, University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia

I think very highly of Mr. Anderson. The statement of his plan of work seems to be sensible and true. I hope that the Rosenwald Fund will be able to comply with Mr. Anderson's request.

66  
FELLOWSHIPS

October 25, 1939

Dear Mr. Anderson: I have just been over your letter outlining the progress on the cultural history of Charleston. I am glad to know that the book is well under way and that you plan to publish it in 1941.

I have discussed your request for an additional \$150 with Mr. Embree, and we are making this sum available to you. Please let me know when you wish to have the check.

We shall be glad to have you use the photorecord next summer if it is not in too great demand by our current Fellows. If you will write us in the spring I feel quite sure we can make arrangements to send it to you at a convenient time.

Very truly yours,  
GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

GMR:MLU

Mr. Charles Roberts Anderson  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

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