

ABSTRACT

EDGAR FAWCETT, A MINOR WRITER IN THE LITERARY
CURRENT OF HIS TIME: AN EDITION OF HIS UNPUBLISHED
NOVEL, THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT

by Stanley R. Harrison

Edgar Fawcett (1847-1904) is an obscure literary figure today despite his having been one of America's most prolific writers. During his lifetime he wrote some one-hundred novels, seven volumes of poetry, five plays which met with production, and a countless number of essays, critical articles, poems, and short stories which appeared in practically every newspaper and periodical of his time. The volume of his writing suggests a literary popularity in his own day and makes his works fair game for the historian of ideas.

The thesis presents a textual edition, based upon an authentic manuscript, of Fawcett's last and unpublished novel, The Pride of Intellect; it also offers an edited collection of his literary letters. The novel and letters combine to form the core of the study which attempts to locate Fawcett in the literary current of his time and to suggest the significance of the minor writer's works in this current.

The preponderance of Fawcett's prose works are in

a realistic literary tradition, and, appearing at the beginning of this movement, they met with harsh critical judgments. His works, admittedly inferior, did not influence those of the later realists, but they did culminate in the works of Crane, London, Norris, and Dreiser.

From a glimpse of Fawcett as a contributor to the development of a new literary movement, the study shifts to a view of Fawcett as a follower of an already established American literary motif. A major current in Fawcett's novels is the expression of the international theme, and a dominant influencing force here are the works of Henry James. In many ways Fawcett's life was close to James's. Fawcett held that the lack of tradition in American culture frustrated the development of letters in this country. He became a part of the expatriate movement in 1897 when he emigrated to London where he remained until his death in 1904. He frequently singled out James as America's greatest writer and dedicated his novel, New York, to James. And his works, time and again, touched upon the international theme, whether in passing reference or in full-blown treatment.

Fawcett's letters serve to illustrate how his cultural ambivalence affected his literary opinions, and The Pride of Intellect provides an excellent illustration of how a minor but popular writer utilizes a dominant

Stanley R. Harrison

literary theme when influenced by the work of a major author. The novel also serves as a reflection of Fawcett's art. It contains the literary weaknesses of characterization, theme, and plot which mar his earlier writings; the prose style is as affected here as in his other works; the realistic tendency is manifest; and the international theme is present. In a sense, The Pride of Intellect is the summation and reflection of Fawcett's life's work.

There are nine chapters in the thesis. The first presents a biographical study of Fawcett's later years with an emphasis upon his literary thoughts. Chapter two details the critical reception of Fawcett's writings. Chapter three discusses the substance of his prose--in particular, the realistic tendencies and the expression of the international theme. Chapter four comments upon the significance of Fawcett's letters; chapter five explains the rationale for the editing of the letters; and chapter six presents the letters. The seventh chapter deals with the editing of The Pride of Intellect; the eighth presents an analysis of the novel, and chapter nine is the edition of the novel itself.

EDGAR FAWCETT, A MINOR WRITER IN THE LITERARY
CURRENT OF HIS TIME: AN EDITION OF HIS UNPUBLISHED
NOVEL, THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT

By

Stanley R. Harrison

A THESIS

Submitted to
Michigan State University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY
Department of English

1964

In the spring of 1963, Mr. and Mrs. William Murney of Narragansett, Rhode Island, granted me the rights to edit their manuscript of Edgar Fawcett's novel, The Pride of Intellect. The actual work on this study was begun then, although the story of the manuscript itself has a much earlier history. In 1897, Edgar Fawcett, a prolific American novelist, essayist, dramatist, and poet left the United States to take up residence in England. He was repelled by what he considered to be cultural aridity in America and by harsh critical judgments of his work; he was attracted by what he thought were the rich cultural traditions of England and by the possibility of winning a more favorable critical response.

Fawcett never returned to this country; he died in London seven years later on May 2, 1904. There is reason to believe that his effects were sent back to this country shortly after his death and that they remained unopened until the spring of 1963 when the Murneys happened upon them. But before the Murneys arrived upon the scene there were two other people involved.

Fawcett had one sister who had three children, Theakston, Beatrice, and Gertrude de Coppet. The story of the manuscript concerns itself with Fawcett's two nieces, Beatrice and Gertrude. These two sisters, who never married, lived on an estate in Narragansett, Rhode Island.

After their death, the Murneys purchased the contents of the de Coppet estate and discovered among their possessions a number of unopened cartons containing the papers and manuscripts of Edgar Fawcett. My part in the discovery dates from that moment, for the Murneys called me to ask if I would examine the manuscripts. They later told me that they had heard my name mentioned in the community as a teacher of American literature at the University of Rhode Island.

I met with Mr. and Mrs. Murney many times to discuss their Fawcett collection which consisted of ten plays, one short story, and one novel.¹ When I discovered that none of the works had previously been published,² the Murneys graciously granted me permission to edit the one

¹There are two untitled plays in addition to: "A Heart's History," "Brenda," "The Icicle," "Oceanview," "Christine," "Dorothy Vanderveer," "The Unpardonable Sin," and "Lady Meadowmere's Method." The short story is "An Innocent Anglomaniac," and the novel is The Pride of Intellect.

²There can be no absolute determination, but there is a reasonable certainty that these works were never published. The Library of Congress finds no such titles in their seventy-five listings of Fawcett's works, nor is there any reference to these works in Jacob Blanck's Bibliography of American Literature (New Haven, 1959), III, 86-100. It is possible that the short story was published in a periodical, but a thorough search of all periodicals Fawcett mentions in his letters reveals no such printing. Since there is reason to believe that the story, along with the novel, was written shortly before Fawcett's death, then the possibility of publication becomes even more remote. For a speculation upon the dating of the novel, see, pp.194-195.

novel in their possession, The Pride of Intellect. I was not yet sure of the significance of this find, but after a great deal of research which uncovered, among other things, a collection of Fawcett letters, a pattern began to suggest itself.

Edgar Fawcett is not a writer of the first rank. His obscurity and lack of reputation alone would suggest this; and an analysis of his verse--doggerel, in the main--and of his prose--melodrama, replete with stilted characterizations, didactic themes, and plots of innocent intrigue--would strengthen that judgment. The importance of presenting a new edition of an unpublished manuscript from an inferior and unknown writer must be sought elsewhere than in its contribution to belles lettres.³

In the first place, one edits such a manuscript because it is there. It is the last novel written by Fawcett, and since it is the only one which did not meet with publication, the editing of the manuscript completes the corpus of Fawcett's printed novels. This in itself is reason enough, no matter the obscurity of the writer or the imperfection of his prose.

Beyond this there is another reason. A presentation

³Despite this negative estimate of Fawcett's ability, there were critics and writers who held him to be one of the finest writers of his time. See William Dean Howells's review of Fawcett's Fantasy and Passion, p.134, fn.139.

of the novel and an accompanying study of Fawcett place his writings within the realistic movement of his time and also within a broader American literary current. The study helps to make that broader current--the expression of the international theme--more readily understandable. The international theme is one of the earliest motifs in American literature. It was implicit in Charles Brockden Brown's dedication of his novel Ormond, in 1799, to a German friend. "My undertaking will...introduce you to scenes to which you have been hitherto a stranger," he wrote. "The modes of life, the influence of public events upon the character and happiness of individuals, in America, are new to you. The distinction of birth, the artificial degrees of esteem or contempt which connect themselves with different professions and ranks in your country are but little known to us." The cultural contrast began with a recognition of cultural differences; it deepened as cultural ambivalences developed.

Thus the study opens with a presentation of Fawcett's background which places him in a literary perspective, evokes his literary intentions, and sets forth his own speculations upon the reasons for his poor literary reception. In a very personal manner, Fawcett reveals his cultural grievances when he holds the critics, the book publishers, and the reading public responsible for his literary failures.

The analysis of the critical reception which follows makes Fawcett's tarnished literary reputation evident, exposes the weaknesses of his writing, and places him within a main-current realistic movement of the time. The discussion of Fawcett's literary realism leads directly to commentary on the international theme. There are remarks here on the substance of international works, on the peculiarities of Fawcett's own cultural conflict, and on the influence of Henry James upon Fawcett. All of this culminates in an examination of the international theme in Fawcett's novels--including The Pride of Intellect and "An Innocent Anglomaniac"--⁴ and in a comparison of Fawcett's treatment of the subject matter with Mark Twain's and Henry James's exploitation of it. Fawcett's letters follow, and they reveal the intensity of the cultural conflict within him which shaped his literary judgments.

The work concludes with the presentation of The Pride of Intellect. The short discussion preceding the novel illuminates those characteristics which Fawcett's last work shares in common with his published writings. The Pride of Intellect is poorly written and evidences the faults of his earlier works; it is realistic in intention and places Fawcett within the literary current of his

⁴"An Innocent Anglomaniac" is the short story in the Murney's collection.

time; it contains a full and serious development of the international theme and underscores Fawcett's fictional preoccupation with this matter. The novel is important, for, in its reflection of his life's work, it highlights patterns which fuse the commentary of the study into a final unity.

I would like to acknowledge the great debt I owe to Mr. and Mrs. William Murney whose contribution to scholarship should not go unnoticed for it was their cooperation which made this dissertation possible. I am also obligated to the United States Trust Company of New York for granting me the rights to the Fawcett letters, and to the libraries which provided me with photoprints of the letters to be used for reproduction. The letters appear by courtesy of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library; the Buffalo and Erie County Public Library; the Chicago Historical Society; the Columbia University Library; the Cornell University Library; the Duke University Library; the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery; the New York Public Library; the State University of New York at Buffalo Library; the University of Southern California Library; the University of Texas Library; and the Clifton Waller Barrett Library of the University of Virginia Library.

I am indebted to Mr. Robert Rhodes and Miss Marianne Gelbert of the reference library at the University of Rhode Island for their time and help in locating and obtaining documents and editions of works for me, and to Drs. Warren Smith and Henry Leonard for their unique contributions of friendship.

I would also like to express my deep gratitude to all the members of my graduate committee at Michigan State

University--Professors Russell Nye, Adrian Jaffe, Herbert Weisinger, C. David Mead, and Clyde Henson--for their contributions of thought and guidance. I would like especially to thank Professor Nye, the chairman of the committee, for his patience and faith, and Professor Jaffe because he cared.

Of course, to my mother I owe the most, and I can only repay this by offering love from her son, the Doctor.
Shithead

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I Fawcett as a Minor Writer--His Cultural Grievances	1
II Fawcett's Critical Reception	22
III Realism and the International Theme in Fawcett's Fiction	42
IV International Considerations in Fawcett's Literary Criticism--a Discussion of His Letters	55
V Editing of the Letters	62
VI The Letters	65
VII Editing of <u>The Pride of Intellect</u>	131
VIII Introduction to <u>The Pride of Intellect</u>	141
IX <u>The Pride of Intellect</u>	223
Bibliography	348

I

Edgar Fawcett was born in New York City on May 26, 1847. From that time until his graduation from Columbia College in 1867 and his emergence as a literary figure, there is relatively little known about him. The entry in the Dictionary of American Biography, for example, is typical of other biographical accounts of these early years in that it contains a paucity of information:⁵

FAWCETT, EDGAR (May 26, 1847-May 2, 1904), author, was born in New York, and despite much foreign travel and a residence abroad during his later years, his native city remained throughout his life the principal theme of his literary work. His father, Frederick Fawcett, was an Englishman who became a prosperous merchant in New York; his mother, Sarah Lawrence Fawcett, was of American descent. After obtaining his preliminary education in the public schools of New York, Fawcett entered Columbia College. Here he failed of distinction as a student--his name appeared on the minutes of faculty meetings chiefly as the recipient of admonitions for irregular attendance upon classes--but he gained a campus reputation as a man of letters, and, as a member of the Philolexian literary society, he was prominent in undergraduate literary activities. He graduated in 1867, and three years later Columbia conferred the degree of M.A. upon him.⁶

But by 1880, only ten years after receiving his M.A.

⁵There is even less information of Fawcett's early years in Who's Who in America, Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography, American Authors and Books, and The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography.

⁶(New York, 1931), VI, 302.

from Columbia, Fawcett had achieved sufficient literary reputation to prompt an editorial sketch in the New York Times where he was described as being "of medium height, solidly, though proportionately built, with a rather square head, dark eyes, florid complexion, black hair and mustache." The article concluded with the statement that "he is so earnest in the pursuit of literature that he hires a fourth-story room in a tenement-house on the East Side, where he may work without interruption. His love of manuscript-making must be an uncomfortable passion."⁷

Fawcett's zeal was unmistakable. A similar passion in a Van Gogh bears the mark of genius, but in Fawcett it conveyed little more than the pathos of a misplaced energy. William H. Rideing, in an article in the Bookman six years after Fawcett's death, recalled the intensity which had enveloped Fawcett:

He seethed with ideas and, travelling or at home, at all hours, early and late, sick or well, he found his chief pleasure in that varied work which flowed from him without intermission, now running clear, and then, as was inevitable, thickening and stumbling in its haste. He always had a note-book in his pocket, and out it came not for mere memoranda, but for things begun and finished while we waited, such as a sonnet composed within ten minutes of our arrival at the top of the Righi when we were touring together in Switzerland, or another sonnet excogitated within as short a time amidst the hubbub of embarkation at Liverpool. Facility was his bane, and overwork his ruin. His querulousness was but

⁷June 22, p.4.

10

the outcry of his abused and protesting nerves, which suffered not only from the number of his working hours but also from the fact that those hours were nocturnal.

I called at his lodgings one day. The floor and the table in his parlour were littered with books pulled from their shelves the previous night--the books of Tennyson, Swinburne, Keats, Shelley and Baudelaire, English and French, the books he admired open at the pages he liked to repeat. The sun creeping through the drawn blinds discovered nothing of the day. Everything betokened the previous night and its occupations, the glasses, the ashes of tobacco, the choice of books. I surmised congenial company parting only with the dawn--Maurice Barrymore very likely, Frank Saltus and George Parsons Lathrop. My resounding knock on the bedroom door had to be repeated before it told. Then a thunderous and indignant voice cried out from within, "Go away. Go away! How dare anybody disturb me at this hour of the night." I looked in, and there he was in bed, prepared for vengeance on the disturber, furious till he recognized me. A small table within his reach held a pencil and a pad; he had been writing even after that prolonged causerie. He was a handsome man of florid complexion and jet black hair, with a head and jowl suggestive of tenacity of purpose and obstinacy, beardless but heavily mustached. His eyes in contrast with his other features were like those of a girl's, an exquisite violet.

"Good heavens, William! What's the matter? What has happened to bring you here in the middle of the night?"

I looked at my watch: noon had passed but the information did not startle him.

"Those fellows stayed quite late," he yawned, and with a smile he handed me the verses he had jotted down before going to sleep--

TO A NEWSPAPER CRITIC

For blood, an adder's gall;
For brain, a gnat's weak hate;
For heart, a pebble small;
For soul, "a whiskey straight."

For conscience, pelf and hire;
 For pride, a donkey's tether;
 For ink, a gutter's mire;
 For pen, a goose's feather.⁸

The pity is that such fervor resulted in nothing more than this crude eight line outburst.

This passion of Fawcett's for creation did not suddenly erupt in his mature years; he had nurtured the zeal since childhood. His reminiscences reveal the early awakening of his artistic impulse:

In trying to recall just when I began to "write," I find myself drifting among very childish memories. Unless I greatly mistake, I could not have been much over nine years old when I conceived the idea of composing a story. I remember its name perfectly. I called it "Mrs. Morse; or, A Widow's Trials." At this time I had a mania for names, and on the first foolscap page of my maiden manuscript I placed eighteen feminine and masculine. They designated the half-orphan progeny of my heroine, Mrs. Morse. She had been left with them at the opening of the tale, and she was supporting them (Walter, Olivia, Julian, Claribel, Harold, and thirteen others) under circumstances of the most poignant want. Their want was, indeed, so poignant that they were all stated to be in the early throes of starvation on my first foolscap page. Then I am distinctly conscious that I created a villain who held Mrs. Morse in his power, and who incidentally forced his way into her one miserable apartment and gloated over her. I had no definite conception of what I meant by letting my villain gloat. But it looked well, and I seemed to have some sort of authority for its being a tendency on the part of the villains, so I introduced and rather simplified the circumstances. All the rest of the story is mistimed with forgetfulness, except one luridly dramatic point of it, near the close. One day, while Mrs. Morse, surrounded by her eighteen clinging children

⁸December, 1910, pp.438-439.

with their beautiful names, was being gloated upon more industriously than usual, the villain suddenly resolved to carry her off. I have not the least recollection of why or whither he desired to carry her off; but I feel certain that my unhappy Mrs. Morse accomplished her salvation by a deus ex machina which I thought singularly fine. Seizing a bottle of brandy, which by some blessed chance happened to be within arm's reach of this starving and prolific widow, she dexterously poured its contents down the villain's throat; and, while he was strangling from the results of this opportune alcoholic assault, Mrs. Morse eagerly followed by her enormous offspring, rushed from the clutches of her baffled tormentor.

My future stories were all written in copy-books. And it is extraordinary how many copy-bookfuls of fiction I produced during the next two years.... One copy-book story I clearly remember. I thought it my "Waverly," my "Pere Goriot," my "Vanity Fair." It was called "Rosa: A Tale of Spain and Portugal." I wrote the title before I wrote the story, --as was usually my custom. The hero (whose name, I believe, was Don Alonzo) had passed several chapters of existence in Spain, when I suddenly recollected that my narrative was also to deal with Portugal. Disheartened but not crushed by this consideration, I promptly put Don Alonzo on board of a ship, wrecked him disastrously after a day or two of seafaring, and made him swim through a portion of the Bay of Biscay until he reached the Portuguese shore. Here ended my first copy-book. The second copy-book dealt with Portugal, since my hero had been safely landed there; and so, while filling it, I felt that I was conscientiously meeting the demand of a large and exacting future public.⁹

The structure and character of Fawcett's works changed very little from these beginnings. Accident and manipulation remained as constant factors in his works; the intro-

⁹"A Few Literary Experiences," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, 1886, pp.412-414.

duction of a villain or cynic--Adalbert Hurst, Austin Legree, Oscar Schuyler--was an inevitable occurrence; and the "mania for names"--Marmaduke Plinlimmon, Cyril Cursitor, Rivington Van Corlear--never abated. Also, the voluminous production of Fawcett's early years never slackened. During his lifetime he published some ninety works of which seven were volumes of poetry, two were verse dramas, and at least sixty were novels. There were five plays which met with production and a countless number of essays, critical articles, poems, and short stories, which appeared in practically every newspaper and periodical of his day.¹⁰ His output was so vast that George Parsons Lathrop, writing in the November, 1886, issue of Harper's Magazine, remarked that Fawcett "has been before the public for fifteen years, and during that period he has been more prolific both of verse and prose than any of his fellows among local authors."¹¹

Proliferation was the stamp of the man, but it was a mark without distinction. No matter what pleasure

¹⁰The numbers given for publications and dramatic productions are reasonably, but not absolutely accurate. The occasional difficulty in distinguishing between a novel and a short story accounts, in part, for the speculative nature of the figures; a similar drama-verse drama dilemma and the problems in verifying dramatic productions create further confusion.

¹¹"The Literary Movement in New York," p.819. For further comment to this effect see the Scribner review of Fantasy and Passion, p.159, fn.149.

Fawcett may have derived from his productivity, he seldom had cause for satisfaction when he contemplated his reputation. He was tormented by the thought that he was destined for literary obscurity. His correspondence with Paul Hamilton Hayne, though often casual in tone, reflected his despair. "To grasp the poetic spirit of our time is the most that any of us can do," he wrote in 1875. "Some do it very ill! I often believe myself among the number of bunglers!" And one year later, in 1876: "It seems to me that I have (pardon me) a rather strong sense of words; we have discussed this question before, you know, of my verbal coloring. Well, in the judgment of many, I suppose that to be this is merely to be mechanical or else turgid." Again, in 1876: "If I am ever really famous (and I never expect to be and care very little whether I am or no) your rosy prophecies shall be remembered." Finally, in December of 1878 Fawcett wrote that "I only wish...I could confine myself exclusively to one order of work, but I am compelled not alone to write poems and short stories, but novels as well. If I never come to anything--and I think the probability of my ultimate nothingness stronger every day--it will be solely because of this pressure; or so I imagine, but I may be wholly wrong here."¹²

¹²All letters to Hayne are from the Paul Hamilton Hayne Papers at the Duke University Library. The dates of these

In 1899, less than five years before his death, in a series of letter from London to Edmund Clarence Stedman, Fawcett expressed the same disappointment with a curious mixture of pride, acceptance, and irritation at an undeserved fate. Stedman had asked Fawcett's permission to include some of his poetry in a forthcoming anthology and Fawcett responded:

If the American public does not think me worth purchasing in book-form--that is, the form I have assumed when addressing it--I greatly prefer not to be à prendre ou à laisser amid a crowd of lyrics &c. by other writers, even though these may be far and away my superiors. Since I have lived here several (not many, but several) requests for certain pieces of verse have come to me from strangers in course of preparing anthologies. I have always politely declined to allow them any use whatever of my compositions. My reasons appear to me quite justified. I have no position whatever before the American world of letters as a poet, and no one is better aware of that than your gifted father. I am perfectly willing to admit that in four published volumes I have tried and failed; I am perfectly willing to admit that I had not the note of distinction which deserved to be accepted by any large body of my cultured country-folk. But, nevertheless, facts like these, I should say, are not inconsistent with a wish to preserve what I hold an attitude of permissable dignity and reserve. I am no longer young, and a good while ago literary obscurity lost all terrors for me.

Stedman wrote again, but Fawcett was adamant:

Your letter is very kind, but it does not alter my views. I am wholly indifferent to but one thing, as regards my verse in America. That thing is my own indifference, or rather the chance of manifesting

letters are: May 10, 1875; August 8, 1876; n.d., 1876; and December 19, 1878. The date of the 1878 letter is suspect; see p.104, fn.112.

it, of exploiting it, whenever such chance may arrive. All through the best years of my life they stamped upon me, jumped upon me,...[illeg.] me into the ground, and now they have their reward--they have killed me. Non omnis moriar,¹³ however, in at least one sense: they shall not read me in anthologies--not even in one so excellent and so far above the average as that which your scholarly hand is sure to make.¹⁴

Fawcett's alternating currents of pride and self-pity, evident in the Stedman letters, also mark the character of Ralph Indermaur in The Pride of Intellect. Indermaur's career closely parallels Fawcett's and his self-confessions in the novel, if they are of autobiographical significance, suggest that it was a lack of recognition and a sense of failure which prompted him to quit the United States in 1897. Indermaur, the dying father, informs his son Kenneth:

I took this little house in Chelsea, and staid here on and on. I never wrote, I projected books; I never wrote more than twenty pages or so of manuscript, all told, and these were dragged forth from a brain always tired by any attempt at cerebration, and were finally destroyed in a fit of despairful self-surrender....

I have wanted you to swim with the current. I swam against it. I was right; I shall die protesting I was right. But what is it, after all, to be "Right"? One doesn't lose one's own soul--to put it fancifully--but one misses the whole world. And to miss the whole world has a prodigious meaning.

¹³Non omnis moriar. For autobiographical implications in The Pride of Intellect, Cf. the same expression in the novel, p.216.

¹⁴July 22, 1889, and August 15, 1889. These letters are courtesy the Columbia University Library.

If I were you, Kenneth, I would make "Propitiate" my motto. Meet folk a little more than half way. Never cringe, but constantly unbend. Whenever you discern a hate give it prompt battle. That is, try and turn it into a friendship. Of all professions the literary is most infested by hate. There, you see, the great prizes are so few, the paths of ascent so craggy and thorny. There, too, fashions are peculiarly despotic, and the levity of mere whim can hurt like the blow of a bludgeon.¹⁵

It is a relatively simple matter to be made aware of the world's judgment; it is altogether something else to accept it, and Fawcett's letters reveal that he did not. He held others accountable for the miscarriage of his reputation. He often argued that the critics, with their intolerable carping, made a mockery of his intentions; at other times he insisted that insensitive publishers in the throes of an unsettled market vitiated the strength of his writings by making capitulation to their taste a condition of publication; then, too, he frequently attributed his unpopularity to the conservative desires of a reading public which was not yet ready to accept his advanced views. There is some validity in these contentions and Fawcett's comments upon the critics, the publishers, and the substance of his radical convictions reveals the extent of it.

Of the three offenders Fawcett believed the critics to be his greatest detractors. He questioned the acuity of their perceptions and the honesty of their intentions. "I

¹⁵pp.210-212.

am afraid," he wrote to Hayne in 1876:

that I shall not be half as well treated by the N.Y. editors, for they are nearly all arrogant and filled with strange prejudices--literary snobs, in fact, of a sort that dear old Thackerary w^d have drawn superbly....The Nation prides itself, I hear, upon being the one literary authority of America. It certainly succeeds, very often in being extremely insolent and uncritical. Their arch-reviler of authors is now dead; his name was Deunet, a man, I am told, of fine abilities, though acrid bitterness. A critic, in my opinion sh^d always seek, in a book, something to praise. That sh^d be his chief aim. But strangely enough it has become the fashion among the Saturday Reviews & Athenaeums (of which the Nation is at best but a meagre copy) to not alone indulge every conceivable opportunity for sneering, but to make opportunities that never could possibly exist unless thus artificially manufactured. Well, I suppose the real truth is that these men are nearly always the human wrecks themselves of forceful ambitions.¹⁶

In another letter written later that year Fawcett expressed the same attitude:

Not long ago you told me that you thought an author who spoke of editorial ill-treatment cut a very sorry figure. I do not at all agree with you here. Narrowness of judgment, unreasoning prejudice and intolerable obstinacy are the order of the day with most of our magazines; or so I have always found. For example, the Independent (as you know, perhaps) thinks me a grossly immoral wretch because I wrote Purple and Fine Linen; or rather a seraphic, evangelic creature named W^m Hayes Ward so considers me; and I am sure that if I sent him one of the most attractively devout hymns conceivable he w^d decline it on suspicion of its being latently prurient. Do you happen to know this pure creature? Jupiterian look; his gait is modest--some ill-natured people might say that he shambled instead of walking, like a slip-shod lady. Altogether his style is rather ladylike. One of his fixed tenets of belief

is my own irreclaimable immorality. Honestly & candidly--I consider that the unjust and wholly unprejudiced opinion of this most unpleasant person is, after all, a tolerably good specimen of editorial fairness.¹⁷

Fawcett scorned evaluation resulting from the application of moral standards rather than aesthetic ones, but he seldom considered the judgment of any critical opinion to be valid no matter what its character. He constantly braced himself to receive poor notices; he convinced himself even before the publication of a work that the critics would condemn it. "Mr. Howells asked me not long ago to let him recommend my serious poems to Osgood," he wrote to Hayne. "I have already begun to copy them, with numberless alterations. It is an endless task. I doubt if the book will be ready for the publisher before next autumn. How the critics will pitch into it."¹⁸

Fawcett did not confine all of his comments on the calibre of criticism and the personality of the critic to his private letters; he also revealed his convictions publicly. In an article for Lippincott's Monthly Magazine in 1887¹⁹ Fawcett railed against the futility of criticism and its destructive capacity in the hands of the venomous

¹⁷To Hayne, November 19, 1876.

¹⁸March 14, 1876.

¹⁹"Should Critics Be Gentlemen?" pp.163-177.

critic. He insisted that when the same literary work alternately evoked praise, scorn, and pronouncements of mediocrity from three different newspaper reviewers, then the reliability of criticism itself was suspect: "These discordances of opinion are not occasional; they occur every day. They are to my mind the great proof of how absurdly needless are all published comments on books in current newspapers."

Fawcett reasoned that the futility of criticism was manifest in its inability to arrive at absolute pronouncements, and that the shortcomings of the critics were evident in their desire to castigate even the ineffectual writer whose only trespass lay in his aspiration:

Why rail against these harmless victims of an illusive will-o'-the-wisp? Why call them names, and stamp upon them, and question Jove himself as to the object of their creation? No service to literature is done by giving them sleepless nights and days of torment. Their feeble books are perfectly sure of dying, without denunciation being hurled at them the moment they are born. Nobody will read them, in any case. Pray do not flatter yourself, fiery-eyed critic, with your furious foot still upon one of their gilt-edged offspring, that you have performed the slightest public benefit by your frenzy of condemnation. You have simply succeeded in making a fellow-creature's heart suffer,--nothing more.

If this seems to be a mild, impersonal expression of annoyance with a general critical practice than what follows is not, for in the same article Fawcett bitterly related a personal anecdote illustrative of the arrogance, egotism, and corrupt power of the critic:

One evening about eight years ago, just before the appearance of my first book of poems, "Fantasy and Passion," I went to a reception given at the Lotos Club in New York. Among the assembled guests was a certain person whom some optimists have seriously stated to be a poet. He had a position, then, upon some evening paper as its literary critic; I am not quite sure whether or no it was the journal which he at present represents, though I think not. He had been writing with belligerence and not a little clear malignity about certain poems of mine in the Atlantic Monthly and elsewhere, and when I received from a mutual acquaintance his request to cross the room and speak with him, I felt considerable surprise. After very little hesitation, however, I refused point-blank; and yet I sent no uncivil message, since the whole affair was one of quite too much indifference to me for that. As I subsequently learned, however, he became excessively angry on hearing of my unwillingness and indeed lost all control of his temper. "I will kill that man!" he exclaimed to my peaceful and astonished emissary, finishing his sentence with another. "By---, I've killed bigger men than he is, and I'll kill him!" This murderous threat bore no allusion to my own life, but rather to that of my first book of poems, "Fantasy and Passion." On the appearance of that book, the gentleman certainly behaved like a critic with a private graveyard for the corpses of those reputations which he had already wrathfully slain.²⁰

In affirmative answer to the question in the article's title--"Should Critics Be Gentlemen?"--Fawcett insisted that "most fair and thoughtful criticism is of necessity kindly," and he concluded his own attack with the gentle reminder that the first foothold of criticism is "humane courtesy." He wished criticism to concern itself only with

²⁰The critic is R.H. Stoddard. Cf. letter to Hayne about Stoddard in which Fawcett tells the same story, pp.157-158. Also see Stoddard's review of Fantasy and Passion, p.159, fn.149.

the singling out of an author's virtues; he had not long to wait before being made aware of the futility of his desire. James Lane Allen, writing in the January 15, 1887, issue of the Critic, responded to Fawcett by questioning his sincerity:

It is not Mr. Fawcett's logic...that most hurts his article; and this may be said sorrowfully enough. It is the too obvious fact, that while he comes forward to plead for courtesy and humanity in criticism, he is himself neither courteous nor humane. Nay, he is even contemptuous and revengeful. His article does not make one feel gentle, but savage. What critic can catch his spirit and be otherwise than envenomed? Does Mr. Fawcett know what he compels his readers to do, when he measures in his nasty little bric-a-brac way the great sufferings and the great genius of Thomas Carlyle? He compels them to turn to another page of his article and apply to him his own words: "Give him [a young writer] his head, and he will scamper roughshod over Dante...and Milton." And did Poe ever crowd into one paragraph as much abuse of another as Mr. Fawcett does of Poe? Even the one poor pitiful little story that remained untold, of Poe's being in debt to Longfellow for a sum of money--how does Mr. Fawcett tell that? Sorrowfully? Not at all. He enjoys putting himself on record as the last man in the world who could add a stigma to a dead fellow-poet's already blackened name. Does not Mr. Fawcett know that "humane courtesy" must be shown not only to the living but to the dead?

A critical struggle whose outcome is dependent upon which of the contestants is more humane and which has the higher morality can have no respectable victor. It is the right battle but the standards have little to do with the creative work itself. Yet these were the concerns, and Fawcett never tired of blaming his literary failures on the misplaced functions of criticism and on the personal

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

discourtesy and arrogance of the critics themselves.

If Fawcett ever paused in his assault upon critics, it was not because he wearied of the crusade, but only because he was otherwise occupied in attacking publishers. He had cause, he felt, to believe that primitive publishing conditions and insensitive bookmen were also responsible for his failures. The following group of letters to Sherrill and Company, a publishing house, have no relevancy to factors militating for or against Fawcett's success as a writer, but they do reveal what must have been a constant source of irritation to him. The letters follow in sequence; the nature of the annoyance is implicit:

Dear Sir: I have not yet rec^d the ms. which you wrote me that you do not desire to use.

Very truly yours,

Dear Sir: I fail to remember the amount of postage which my ms. cost. If you will kindly inform me, I will forward it to you, as also the six cents (I believe that is correct?) which your notes to me shall, altogether, have caused you to expend.

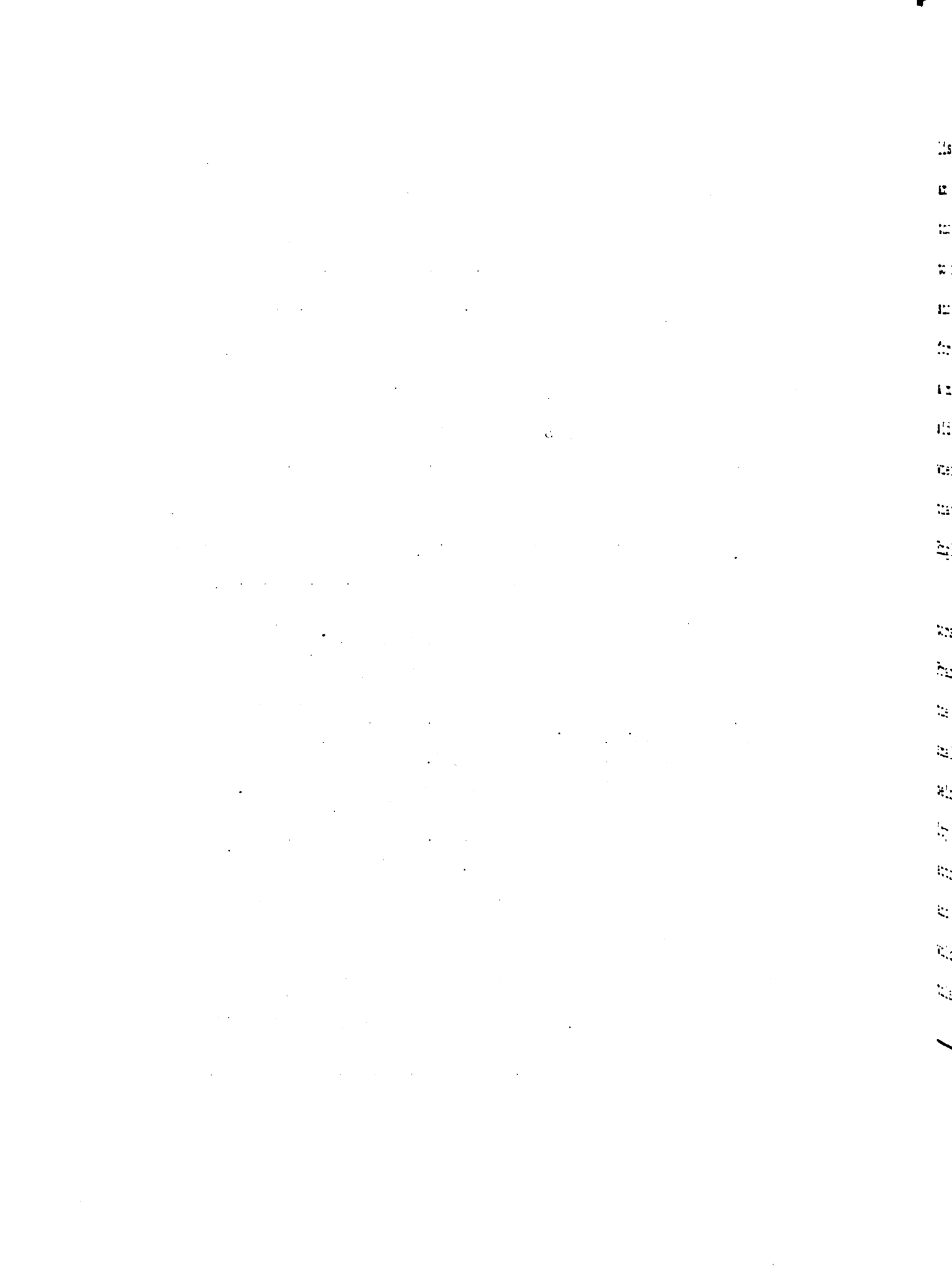
Respectfully,

Please find enclosed 18 cts in postage stamps.

E. Fawcett²¹

Quibbling over pennies for the return of a manuscript was distasteful to Fawcett, but the matter of financial remuneration for literary compositions was not of small concern to him. Contractual arrangements with pub-

²¹Courtesy the State University of New York at Buffalo Library.



lishers were not calculated to encourage the writer. "I am disheartened," Fawcett wrote to Hayne, "by the very thought of publishing my poems in this country. It seems to me that if Chatto and Windus or Blackwood, in London, should bring them out, there might be some vague chance for them; but here I doubt if 2000 copies would be sold-- a miserable sale enough when our paltry 10 p.c. is considered, but a splendid one on the other side of the water, where the author receives 1/2 profits. I almost think that I will keep the poems till I can afford to go to England."²²

For one reason or another there were too many factors militating against even a moderate financial success. Frank Luther Mott, in Golden Multitudes, notes that during the period from 1875 to 1893 book publishers were making smaller and smaller profits, greater numbers of books were being placed at the mercy of bargain seekers, and the quality of bookmaking was sinking to new and lower depths. He attributes all of this to the emergence of the dime-novel and the introduction of a cheap-book publishing program which resulted in a glutted and inactive market.²³ Of this, Fawcett wrote to Bayard Taylor in 1878: "By the way,

²²September 24, 1876.

²³(New York, 1947), pp.148-155.

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

the Messrs. Roberts pleasantly tell me that it will be like burying my book to bring it out with the market in such a slothful state; so I must of course bid good-bye to any thought of a succes d'argent."24

Unsatisfactory royalty arrangements and an uncertain market were only two unhappy conditions the writer of Fawcett's time had to overcome; editorial carelessness was a third. Fawcett believed that much of his work was distorted by printer's barbarisms. In a letter from England he wrote that "I am intensely sensitive to bad punctuation, & see that 'Keely' is full of commas which I didn't place there. In the 1st stanza there is one, there are 3 in third & one in fourth. I take for granted that this is the printer's work, but it makes nonsense of the text. For instance, a comma after nil de mortuis is meaningless, or, rather, destructive of meaning."25

Editorial revision was also destructive of content and meaning on occasion. "Once I contributed a serial story to The Youth's Companion [sic] called 'The Country Cousin'; but," Fawcett complained, "I did not offer it afterward to a publisher because the Y.C. people changed my text at the end of the last chapter in a way that I

²⁴March 3; courtesy the Cornell University Library.

²⁵March 28; courtesy the University of Virginia Library.

found very unsatisfactory."²⁶ Editorial pruning was possibly even more damaging:

I know that you will be glad to hear that Roberts Bros have finally decided to bring out my poems, "Fantasy & Passion," some time in early January. I say "my poems," but the book has been cut down to 210 pages or thereabout, for imperative reasons of saleability. "Hypocrites" & not a few of my cynical morbid poems must be left out in this book, and oh! (a far harder thing to bear) my three longest poems, "Alan Eliot" "Vanity of Vanities" and "The Magic Flower" must also be postponed till another volume appears--if it ever does appear! You may readily believe that I rebelled most contumaciously at first against these Lycurgan decrees; but there was no appeal. I feel as if "Fantasy and Passion" had all the "passion" now taken out of it. My "Hamlet," so to speak, has no Danish prince. "Fidelitas" remains and not a few poems of that sort. There will perhaps be abt 200 poems in all. The idea is to make something picturesque and warm-colored, without anything but an occasional shiver in it. Now I have as dark a wrong side as I have a gay right; & this does not at all please me, since I wished to publish a representative book of abt 350 pages and show the world at one coup what I am worth. Then, if the world had shrugged its shoulders I should at least have had the satisfaction of feeling that I had forcibly pulled its sleeve in my effort to gain its notice. But Roberts was afraid of such a book, from a commercial point of view, & I dare say that he is immensely right.²⁷

Fawcett's bitterness toward publishers was deeply ingrained. He frequently attributed his failures to their

²⁶November 21; the year is probably 1897 as Fawcett and Paine, to whom this letter is addressed, corresponded prior to the publication of Fawcett's novel, New York, in 1898. All letters to Paine are courtesy the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery.

²⁷To Hayne; October 10, 1877.

insensitive editing, but in a letter to a publisher, Paine, he expanded the reasons for his failures to encompass everything from international copyright conditions to conservative publishing policies to spiteful editors. He charged the publishers with complicity in a plot to degrade him, damage his reputation, and frustrate his success. In response to Paine's request to see the manuscript of the novel New York before agreeing to publication terms, Fawcett wrote a letter from Rome severing his relations with Paine:

I would prefer putting my ms. over a slow fire to sending it to you under the conditions you name. I am the author of nearly 40 published novels and I don't think my name a totally unknown one either in America or in England. Your note didn't make me in the least angry, but I must say that it somewhat amused me....

You could just as well have snubbed me two months ago, if that was your plan, as to snub me now when I am in Rome. How can you conceivably suppose that after you have written me this "frankly" I would send you my ms? If I were the obscurist writer in the United States you could not have assumed toward me a more indifferent and coolly de haut en bas manner. Do you fancy that for an instant I would deal with you on any such terms?...

You must forgive me...if I state quite frankly that I had hoped the "Combined Press" would strike out into new paths & forsake the old tedious beaten ruts. The whole situation is now pitiable and disgusting. International Copyright has been a shameful failure with us thus far. Sensational and trashy English tales have been preferred at a large price to strong and able American work at a comparatively small price. Authors are afraid to speak out --they are afraid of the Gilders and Aldens. Newspapers will not speak out, because they desire the advertisements of certain magazines. Meanwhile the petty despotism continues and it is a sorry fact that no American author to-day, though he should write another "Vicar of Wakefield" or another "Scarlet Letter," could gain the least vogue for it

unless it were printed by the "Century" or "Harper's." It is, I think, certainly 15 years since Mr. Alden ever had an opportunity of reading one of my mss., and it will be 15 more if life spares me so long. As for Mr. Gilder, I told him my views some time ago with pronounced clearness.

There does not seem to me the faintest conceivable reason why you should not have made arrangements with me regarding my new serial, accepting the word of an old and tried writer that it was of his best works--as it is.²⁸ But you think otherwise, and so the matter ends.²⁸

For Fawcett the matter seldom ended in so simple a fashion; a personal declaration in a letter was never sufficient expression. In his war against the critics he had issued a public statement calling for humane courtesy in criticism, and in his battle with the publishers he also expressed his views in print. In the January 1896 issue of Author's Journal, he charged the publishers with frustrating the aspirations and success of the talented literary man--a man like himself--by printing works of dubious merit in keeping with their own inferior standards of taste. It was the Critic which had responded to his previous onslaught against reviewers, and it was the Critic which once again took Fawcett to task for his complaint against the publishers:

It seems to me that the unsuccessful author is the most unreasonable person in the world. He is never willing to lay his unsuccess at the door of fate, but goes directly with it to the door of the publisher and there lays it down. Not only does he lay it

²⁸Probably 1898; see fn. 26.

there, but he calls the whole world to see how he has been wronged, and who has done him the wrongMr. Fawcett has a grievance, and that grievance appears to be that he is not a popular author; and he, like the others, blames the publishers and the editors for this unhappy situation. I can understand an author who has never found a publisher cherishing a mild grudge against that class for their denseness in not recognizing his genius, but I cannot see how a writer who has published several books can hold the publishing fraternity responsible for his failure to secure popularity.

In my opinion, the public, and the public alone, is responsible. Mr. Fawcett has been writing novels of all kinds for a number of years, and the public certainly knows him, for the publishers will give the public what it wants--that is what they are in business for. They are not an organized band formed for the sole purpose of squelching the popular author, as so many unpopular authors suppose. I do not like to set up my own commonsense as superior to that of Mr. Fawcett, or any author with a grievance, but it does seem to me that, if I were so fortunate as to get a book published and so unfortunate as not to have it sell, I should hardly blame the publisher for that misfortune, or think him a curmudgeon, if he preferred to publish the books of an author that the public wanted to read. I might rail at the bad taste of the public, but I do not see how I could have any quarrel with the publisher.²⁹

The article does penetrate to the heart of Fawcett's rationalizations, although its oversimplification is misleading on a number of counts. Commercial considerations did frustrate American authorship; popular taste alone did not determine literary success or failure; and publishers were responsible for the creation of conditions which stifled American literary development. Without the protections and safeguards of an international copyright

²⁹February 15, 1896, p. 114.

agreement the best and most popular works of English authors were printed here at unbelievably low costs. So long as these were freely acquired, American writings had little chance for publications and small possibility of successfully competing in the cheap-book market. Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt, in The Book in America, maintains that as a result of this situation vigorous American authorship did not become possible until after the date of the international copyright agreement in 1891.³⁰

A further oversimplification in the Critic's retort to Fawcett exists in its oversimplification of Fawcett himself. Fawcett did not wholly "lay his unsucccess at the door...of the publisher," but also held the critics responsible--the critic molded the opinion and the publisher catered to it. Beyond this there was still the third antagonistic force that Fawcett deemed culpable in his failure to achieve recognition, success, and reputation. Upon occasion he was given to looking within rather than without, and at such moments he held his own expression accountable for failure. It was not, however, his own literary limitations which he seized upon, but his expression of radical literary and social views which he felt certain antagonized the reading public. He attributed his

³⁰(New York, 1952), p.210.

poor reception to the public's rejection of his opinions or their inability to comprehend his views. He was, he believed, a man ahead of his times who would have to suffer the fate of all men of vision and radical pronouncement.

As an agnostic Fawcett felt he was certain to offend many. "The very existence of that particular Christ whose life and death are recorded in the New Testament is by no means a proven fact," he maintained in his essay on "Agnosticism." "The ridiculous story that he was born of a virgin is scarcely less to be respected by unbiased judges than the story that he was ever born at all. He is a figure not a whit more actual than Helen of Sparta, Achilles, or Hector, and the entire legend of his crucifixion has no more historic weight than that of the siege of Troy." He held his unpopularity to be a result of such forthright assertion.

Fawcett believed, however, that the future would acknowledge his worth. "What a debt do we owe to the ancestors that freed us from superstition's trammelling tyrannies!" he proclaimed. "A like debt will our successors owe to us in the ages unborn. This realization must content the agnostic. It is a lofty one, and it is chastely unselfish as well. He cannot say that he has no good cause for thanks; he has been saved from temporizing and makeshift; he has escaped the silliness of Theosophy,

'Christian Science,' 'spiritualism,' and like tawdry lures to the fancy and the senses; he has stooped his lips to the crystal waters of pure knowledge and found there a draught far wholesomer and more flavorful than any sacramental wine ever served by foolish priests!"³¹

Resigned to the acceptance of present disparagement, Fawcett often conjured up these future glories. In his poem, "To Robert G. Ingersoll," he contemplated a time when Science would reign King and his contributions would be valued:

...In oblivion our lots will be cast
When the future hath built firm and
fair on the bulk of a petrified past.
Yet its edifice hardier shall bide for
the boons fraught with help that we give--
For the wrongs that we cope with and slay,
for the lies that we crush and outlive!³²

There were other provocative views Fawcett held. As a foe of an entrenched aristocracy he did not endear himself to the influential: "The great point with plutocracy and snobbery is to perpetuate themselves--to go on producing scions who will uphold for them future generations of selfishness and arrogance. One sees the same sort of procreative tendency in certain of our hardiest and coarsest weeds. Sometimes a gardner comes along with

³¹Agnosticism and Other Essays (New York, 1889), pp.35, 62-63.

³²Arena, December, 1893, pp.114-117.

hoe, spade, and a strong uprooting animus. In human life that kind of gardener goes by the ugly name of Revolution."³³ As an adversary of an apologetic Christianity he did not speak in a manner calculated to gain him the acceptance of the flock: "If the working-girl of New York has any arch foe it is that sad fraud which today is termed Christianity. If today there is any class of men who entirely desert the requirements of their avowed profession it is the class of the clergy."³⁴

Fawcett was aware of the consequences of his forthrightness. In a letter dated October 18, to "Dear Sir," he wrote: "Shall you care to use this paper, which I have just finished, for \$50 (payable on acceptance, not publication) in your magazine? Though my views on N.Y. Society, as here expressed, are in the strongest way sincere, I have little doubt that they will provoke much discussion and possibly indignation as well."³⁵

Fawcett's literary heresies, though less likely to touch off popular indignation, were also in evidence. He was acutely aware of the peculiarity of his poetic theories

³³"Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York," Arena, July, 1891, p.151.

³⁴"The Woes of the New York Working-Girl," Arena, December, 1891, p.34.

³⁵Courtesy the State University of New York at Buffalo Library.

and, as usual, was aware of the disfavor such theories would bring him. In a letter to Hayne he confessed that:

I have what are called peculiar theories, perhaps, regarding the province of poetry. It seems to me that horror, duplicity, all human baseness, may be included therein. I honestly don't profess at all to know what poetry is. I know that certain lines, certain phrases thrill me, & that these are not necessarily yearnings after ideals, longings for "the light that never was on sea or land," intense desires after inconceivable types of beauty. All these things can be poetry, I admit, if treated properly; but the most revolting passions, the most loathsome experiences, the most vile & cowardly & contemptible impulses, if dealt with after a certain fashion, if managed after a certain sort of power & held in, so to speak, by a certain rein--let us say the rein of genius--are also worthy of the sacred name. Am I diseased? Perhaps yes. Surely my feelings, on these points, are immensely unpopular. It is conventional to believe just the opposite. Sometimes I wish that I could so believe. Mind you, I worship color, sweetness, light, nobility of treatment, refinement of aspiration--all these things are adorable to me--and yet I must admit, also, that one of Dore's most agonizing pictures--one of Swinburne's most lascivious & outrageous poems--have force to thrill me after much the same fashion as verse of artistic conception that brims with the loveliest reaching after loftier life and supreamer life-methods. All this is a sort of confession; & yet I should admit to everyone what I now admit to you, because my future book, if it ever appears, will prove my own theories with salient if by no means convincing influence.³⁶

There is a definite foundation for attributing the unenthusiastic response to Fawcett's works to the niggling character of newspaper reviews, to chaotic commercial

³⁶ November 20, 1875.

publishing conditions, and to Fawcett's own espousal of unpopular beliefs. Inevitably, however, one must arrive at the conclusion that his work itself was of a quality that did not merit praise. The singleness of his literary theme--the attack upon the abuses of a privileged class--is repetitive and ultimately banal, as the number of possible variations is fixed. And Fawcett compromises the strength of his theme in each individual work because at the same time he condemns his aristocratic figures he also admires the trappings of their existence. There is a parallel movement in the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald who was also fascinated and repelled by the adornments of wealth. In Fitzgerald, however, this ambivalence results in the torment of conflict, whereas in Fawcett, only a weakness of construction and intent emerges.

But this study is not concerned with an aesthetic analysis leading to an evaluation of Fawcett's art, nor with an analysis of why poor writing is poor. It is an underlying assumption of the work that Fawcett's writings are not worthy of serious literary consideration. In one of his letters to Hayne, Fawcett enclosed his poem, "Hypocrites," with the revelation that "I place this among my very best things." This is the same poem whose deletion from the emasculated edition of "Fantasy and Passion" caused

Fawcett much anguish.³⁷ The very best poem follows and it serves to establish the nature of Fawcett's art and the uselessness of subjecting it to analysis:

I and my neighbor met to-day,
Face to face, on the common way.

My neighbor babbled in pleasant wise.
With smiling lips and with smiling eyes.

I, for answer, was all as gay,
Meeting her there on the common way.

But she, beneath her smile, I know,
Felt the curse of a wasting woe;

Since now, not many days gone by,
Her harlot daughter came home to die.

Yet we were masked with an equal skill,
For, seeming happy, I had no will

To strip the mask from my face and show
The marks of my husband's drunken blow!

Fawcett was a poor writer but he preferred to hold American cultural attitudes responsible for his literary failures rather than to acknowledge his own inadequacies.

³⁷ See letter to Hayne, p.19.

SECRET

II

The critical opinion of Fawcett's writings, by its illumination of the content of his works, substantiates much that has already been suggested.³⁸ It reveals that

³⁸I have gathered the critical comment on Fawcett and his works from one newspaper, the New York Times, and nine periodicals: the Atlantic Monthly, the Bookman, the Catholic World, the Critic, the Dial, Harper's New Monthly Magazine, The Independent, Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, and the Nation. I scanned many periodicals but had to arrive at a limited selection since there were some 2,400 periodicals in existence in 1880, about 3,300 in 1885, and 4,400 by 1890. With the exceptions of the Catholic World, the Independent and the New York Times, the magazines I utilized were the ones which Fawcett had published in, those he commented upon in his letters, and those which had attained a responsible literary reputation. The review printed from the Catholic World is included because it is both perceptive and typical in its expression; the Independent review is a strong expression of a rather common anti-realistic literary point of view; and since most of Fawcett's works are set in New York City, the newspaper reaction of the New York Times, which reflects a popular literary attitude, is very much to the point.

Frank Luther Mott discusses the literary importance of the other periodicals in volumes 3 and 4 of his A History of American Magazines (Cambridge, 1938 and 1957):

Lippincott's ...must be given a high rank among American magazines (v.3, p.401).

Perhaps there was a more consistent excellence in the book reviews of the Nation, the Critic, the Dial, and the Atlantic than in those of other periodicals (v.3, p.232).

The most important journals of this period devoted to criticism of current literature were... the Critic...the dogmatic...Dial...Harry Thurston Peck's Bookman, most brilliant of monthlies...(v.4, p.124).

Fawcett's fiction was poorly contrived and executed, and it establishes that his controversial expression--in this case, his efforts at literary realism--often resulted in the condemnation of a particular work.

The criticism itself was vital and lively. There were some reviews which presented conclusions without benefit of critical probing; but even these, which were deficient in analysis, contributed to the intensity of critical attitudes. For example, without comment upon the "tediousness" of the work, the Critic reviewer of Fawcett's The New King Arthur could assert with conviction that "there are amusing things in 'The New King Arthur,' by the author of 'The Buntling Ball' (Funk & Wagnalls), but as a whole the verses are a lamentable falling off from the author's earlier effort. The book is, indeed, hardly worth reading for the sake of the very few plums to be extracted from its general

At the beginning of the twenty year period 1885-1905, the leaders in the field of national illustrated monthlies devoted to the publication of literary miscellany were two New York magazines, Harper's and the Century (v.4, p.43).

The Atlantic Monthly of Boston, occupied, in the words of the Dial, "a place by itself." And that old-school critic went on to say that the Atlantic stood "more distinctly for culture than any other American Magazine" (v.4, p.44).

These were the leading literary periodicals and their reviews provide a perceptive contemporary judgment of Fawcett's works; they also reveal the intensity of critical expression at a time when literary matters were of vital popular concern.

tediousness."³⁹ The following comment from the Nation was in the same vein: "'The New King Arthur' (Funk and Wagnalls) is by the author of 'The Buntling Ball,' and must, therefore, according to the evident expectation of the publishers, have many readers; but we should be sorry to be among them, except for editorial duty; it belongs to the dreariest class of college poetry. This book is not illustrated, except very tawdrily on the outside."⁴⁰

Brevity and a cutting wit were characteristic of many reviews, and so, too, were the frequent presentations of plot synopses. The obvious melodrama and theatrics of a Fawcett plot, provided the critic with an opportunity to utilize a synoptic technique for the purpose of evaluation. The New York Times review of Fawcett's Women Must Weep was a critique of this sort:

Trask? Isaac Trask? You certainly knew him when he kept the apothecary shop somewhere in New-York, in a plain unassuming neighborhood, and you must remember when you bought a toothbrush of him, or a box of cough lozenges, and how pleasant and courteous, yet how dignified, he was, and when you said, "Thank you, doctor," though you suspected he had no diploma, yet you seemed to think the title exactly suited him. As you lived just round the corner, you had heard of Apothecary Trask's three fine girls--Eunice, Dora, and Annette--and what good daughters they were, and had heard, too, (to use the vernacular of the quarter) how they "took on" when their pa died. Perhaps, too, you wondered

³⁹February 6, 1886, pp.68-69.

⁴⁰December 24, 1885, p.541.

how there could have been any relationship between Aunt Liza Heffernan and the Trask girls; but then, the gossips told you that Aunt Liza was their true aunt, as was Mrs. Ida Giebelhouse, the wife of the placid German florist; but then you had been assured that there was the widest difference between the honest, whole-souled Aunt Liza and the narrow-minded, cantankerous Aunt Ida. The three Trask girls, because their father had looked down on rumsellers, had not been kindly inclined toward Aunt Heffernan, but when their father died and left them the shop alone, with a house or two, mortgaged for more than they were worth, it was then that Andy Heffernan and his wife did all they could so as to save the girls their little property. The store was put under the charge of Austin Legree, who had an assistant, Harvey Kennicutt, (you have certainly taken home a fry in a box from one of Kennicutt père's oyster houses and restaurants.) It was in a surreptitious way that Andy Heffernan, the rumseller and ward politician had promised the capital necessary to run the druggist's shop. Then Eunice, who is the eldest girl, married Legree, who seemed to be an active, pushing fellow. Dora took Harvey Kennicutt, but it was pretty, gentle Annette, the youngest, who was supposed to have won the best man whose name was Gordon Ammidown, and Ammidown, the father, was an editor and proprietor of a successful New-York journal. Then comes in the refrain, "for men must work, and women must weep." Legree turns out to be a tyrannical brute, and he strikes his high-spirited wife, and Eunice then leathes him. Dora's husband is "volage," and of that meek, amorous disposition which makes him follow any woman that smiles at him; and as to poor Annette, her Gordon was a periodical drunkard, and the Ammidown family knew it when they palmed off their dissipated son on the poor girl. The upshot is much weeping and wailing on the part of the two daughters of Trask, who, leaving their husbands, and for good reasons, return to that old home Heffernan and Aunt Liza have kept for them. Annette, through thick and thin, hangs on to her drunken master until there is a tragedy, for a ruffian, Larry McGonigal, kills both Gordon and Heffernan.⁴¹

⁴¹February 14, 1892, p.19.

The reviewer for the Critic, employing the same technique of presenting a plot synopsis which contained an implicit judgment, expressed similar opinion of another Fawcett novel, Miriam Balestier. He, too, was disturbed by the heavy handed manipulation of plot, the one dimensional nature of conflict between the innocent and the wicked, and the fortuitous melodramatic victory for the forces of good.⁴²

Miriam Balestier lived in dreary rooms in Bleeker Street. Her mother drank; her sister was a trial. She had a brother who had written an opera. Miriam wanted to sing the leading part, if she could get any one to bring the opera out. She took it to a manager, vulgar but human, who refused the thing. Paula, an acquaintance of Miriam's, who went with her, was more vulgar than the manager, but she was more successful than Miriam, for she was engaged to sing in a new operetta. San Francisco was the spot chosen for the production of the musical gem. It was to be brought out by a man who loved Miriam. Paula was jealous of Miriam, but she concealed her jealousy and called her "my dear." Could any deception be cleverer? When Miriam returned from her unsuccessful interview with the vulgar manager, she found her mother drunk, her sister just horrid; and to round out a state of affairs, her brother struck her because the manager had refused his opera. Miriam therefore went to California with Paula, the man who loved her (erst Paula's lover), and the troupe. One night en route Paula induced Miriam to go out on the platform. It was the day before vestibule trains, and Paula, like Mrs. Johnny Sands in the song, was intent upon pushing Miriam off; when--Ecce deus ex machina!--there was a collision. Paula was killed; Miriam was not.⁴³

At times it was difficult for a critic to distinguish

⁴²Cf. letter to Hamlin Garland, p.121. Garland also objected to Fawcett's artificially contrived plot.

⁴³March 23, 1889, pp.142-143.

between the melodramatic nature of one of Fawcett's plots and the disjointed movements within the plot development. They were closely related and all too often the chance happening, such as Paula's death, erased a villain and permitted virtue to triumph. Thus any comment upon the plot usually revealed an insight into the melodrama of forces and the chaos of structure. This was so even when the review, such as that of A Romance of Old New York from the New York Times, did not make pointed reference to the irrelevant movements which obliterated structure and advanced confusion. "In this romance," the review began, "are two sisters, Charlotte and Pamela Verplanck, who supposedly existed in the New York of 1820. Charlotte is beloved by Mark Frankland, and Gerald Suydam has lost his heart to Pamela. Pamela is a hysterical person, 'complicated, mysterious, unmanageable,' and the Verplanck father fears for her health. In order to effect her cure, since she has taken a sudden fancy for Charlotte's bethrothed, Mark, the family insist that he, (Mark) must marry the unwholesome Pamela. Aaron Burr is pulled into the story, and Mr. Fawcett explains the fascination this man had over women. You can scarce appreciate the sisterly devotion in Charlotte, who pretends she does not love Gerald [sic], so as to effect Pamela's cure, and your liking or your interest

for the anaemic Pamela is of the slightest."⁴⁴

Not all reviews took the form of plot synopsis, and not all reviewers concerned themselves with the melodramatics of plot. There were some who were capable of disentangling the structure of the plot from its melodramatic nature and passing comment upon the former only. The reviewer for the Nation called attention to the haphazard construction of The Adventures of a Widow and, in fact, suggested that it was the lack of total unity in Fawcett's works which militated against the fulfillment of his potential. "We sometimes think no one comes so near to great work as Mr. Fawcett," the reviewer ventured. "In some conceptions of character, in some detached scenes, he almost attains it, but in a moment he falls so far below it that we wonder at our own faith in him. 'The Adventures of a Widow' in parts deserved something better than the infelicity of its title. The poorer chapters in it are thrown by some failure of perspective into altogether undue prominence....The failure is in the selection of incidents by which the action is carried on."⁴⁵

Other critics, not concerned with the idiosyncracies of plot structure, expressed dissatisfaction with the superficiality of Fawcett's themes. Though the reviewer

⁴⁴May 1, 1897, pp.3-4.

⁴⁵October 9, 1884, p.314.

for the Critic characterized A Demoralizing Marriage as "shoddy, salacious, sickening," he implied he would welcome the work if only "he [Fawcett] brought us somewhat nearer to truth by these pictures of demoralized humanity."⁴⁶ The complaint was with the dreariness of a narration without purpose. It was substantially the same consideration which prompted the reviewer of Social Silhouettes to remark that "Mr. Fawcett is not incisive enough; in most of his sketches he does not go deeper than the mere froth of society."⁴⁷

Fawcett's lack of incision drew frequent notice. The review in the Dial of The House at High Bridge commented upon his superficiality, for purposes of evaluation. "The main plot," the reviewer noted, "has been transferred bodily from an English work, being no other than that employed by Mr. Guthrie in his story of 'The Giant's Robe.' The trouble with this plot is that it was not worth taking at all--by Mr. Fawcett. A great analyst, one knowing profoundly the human heart, a Balzac, in short, might make an effective central figure of the unread novelist who becomes famous upon the publication of another man's work as his own, but the present writer is so far from being a

⁴⁶April 6, 1889, p.167.

⁴⁷Critic, January 23, 1886, p.48; reprint of a review from the Athenaeum.

Balzac that he cannot make such a figure even interesting."⁴⁸

Fawcett's inability to invest a plot with profound meaning suggests his failure to penetrate to the complexity of movement and to illuminate the dilemma of conflicting forces. This, however, was not his only failing. When the reviewer for the Dial remarked that Fawcett was unable to make his leading figure even mildly interesting, he touched upon a weakness in characterization which other critics also noted. Fawcett designed his protagonists to be men and women of heroic proportions. He endowed them with sound minds and sound bodies; he graced them with unassailable characters, magnetic personalities, and penetrating wits. Occasionally, he imposed a weakness upon them, a tragic flaw, but the chink in the armor was of such insubstantial stuff that it never truly threatened their ultimate victory. The attributes were grand, but there was only the word of the omniscient author to testify to their existence. Fawcett asserted these qualities into being, but he never established them through action, thought, or dialogue. The New York Times review of A Mild Barbarian noted the result of this sort of characterization: "Mr. Fawcett, perhaps, started out to draw the picture of a perfect man, morally, physically, intellectually perfect,

⁴⁸December, 1886, pp.189-190.

and entirely uncontaminated by the evil influences of modern society. He has, however, simply pictured a rather amiable, but frequently inconsistent boor, without much blood in his veins. The task Mr. Fawcett set for himself evidently required more patient toil and more thought than he has expended on its execution."⁴⁹

Two other reviews from the New York Times concurred with this judgment; their expression was so similar that it is more than likely they were written by the same man. In 1880, the reviewer of A Hopeless Case observed that "Oscar Schuyler is the cynical gentleman of the book, for 'in a certain way he was feared; people often cultivated him to gain his good-will; the celebrity of his biting tongue silenced would-be adversaries, it was like the famed spear of Lancelot, at whose first blow, however slight, tough warriors went down.' The cynic in the story under review is not very mordant. He rather recalls from Mr. Fawcett's description of him what Saint Beuve tells about Mlle. Scudéry. This lady had a charming way of complimenting herself, and in her dialogues, when anybody said anything which she thought was fairly good, the reply she placed in the mouth of the person who answered was: 'Tout ce que vous

⁴⁹October 14, 1894, p.27.

dites est bien dit,' or 'Tout cela est merveilleusement trouve.'"⁵⁰ The 1883 review of An Ambitious Woman contained the echo: "The dialogue, the most difficult task of the novelist, shows rather the eccentricities of the personages than their mental differences. Mrs. Diggs says to Claire, 'I never saw you so spirituelle, Claire. You have said at least 18 delicious things.' Readers are never inclined to accept such declarations of brilliancy on the sole authority of the author. Saint Beuve laughs at Mlle. de Seudery for this method of complimenting her own characters. The platitude of one speaker was followed in the dialogue by another person's saying, 'Tout ce que vous dites est bien dit,' or 'Tout cela est merveilleusement trouve.'"⁵¹

It is difficult to conceive of anything other than a common origin for these two reviews; but whether or not the views were separately formulated is of no consequence. Such criticism is responsible and perceptive. It reveals a limitation of Fawcett's art even though Fawcett himself would have taken exception since he considered strength of characterization to be the outstanding achievement of his fiction. "I am very glad that you think Archie well-drawn,"

⁵⁰ June 27, p.10.

⁵¹ December 17, p.3.

he wrote to Hayne in 1876 with reference to Ellen Story, "and that you see so keenly just what I meant Ellen to be. Your own words express perfectly the ideal of her that I myself had formed. It is a great literary achievement to have drawn one really noble & true woman in a large Titianesque way."⁵² Three years later, in another letter to Hayne, Fawcett evidenced the same pride of accomplishment for his delineation of character: "Saltus tells me that you like 'Rutherford.' That is welcome news. I worked terribly hard over the portraiture in that book; I tried to do it altogether in the grand manner, & make artistic repose its chief excellence."⁵³

Fawcett's intentions, however, did not constitute achievement in the eyes of the critics. In another comment on A Hopeless Case, this time from the Atlantic Monthly, the reviewer remarked upon the one dimensional aspect of characterization: "He [Fawcett] has seen the woman beneath the fashionable figure, and has presented her to our respect. Now given this sincerity and real humanness, we contend that Agnes Wolverson, with all her fine sentiments, failed clearly to discern it [the conventionalism of society life], and our complaint is that Mr. Fawcett has tried his

⁵²n.d.

⁵³February 2.

hand at depicting a girl of a higher plane, and has left out the true woman." This weakness in characterization was a damning defect, for it was the reviewer's final opinion that "as a portraiture of one phase of New York society, it seems to us exceptionally clever."⁵⁴

The reviewers directed much of their attention to Fawcett's inept handling of characterization, to his contrived plots, and to his unsubstantial themes; but they also touched upon other aspects of his art. In fact, references to Fawcett's turgid prose style and his hyperbolic expression permeated almost every review. Of A Man's Will, the Nation commented upon a style "cursed with adverbs, pompous and viscid."⁵⁵ The New York Times's observation was of a kind: "The author of 'Tinkling Cymbals' is always overfond of presenting the toilets of his heroines. Women wear zones of silver, or assort their complexions to their gowns, and bonnets are so minutely described that an intelligent milliner of Division Street might buy Mr. Fawcett's novels and follow his text for patterns."⁵⁶ And with reference to the same novel, the Nation had much the same reaction: "Mr. Fawcett cannot

⁵⁴September, 1880, pp.415-416.

⁵⁵June 28, 1888, p.530.

⁵⁶June 22, 1884, p.5.

afford to neglect his English. 'Flinchless,' and 'wafture,' and 'the indulgent period' would have a doubtful sound anywhere, and all the more in a style that turns easily to large phrases."⁵⁷

The Athenaeum, in the same vein, noted that Fawcett's studies in Social Silhouettes were, as a rule, "too long, and details which are not essential are over-elaborated."⁵⁸

The New York Times maintained of Rutherford that "it is Mr. Fawcett's chiefest fault that he is immensely elaborate."⁵⁹

Of course, Fawcett dissented from this opinion also; in a letter to Hayne he contended that Rutherford was "poetic, elegant, sonorously rhetorical and generally classical in style."⁶⁰ But the collective sound of critical judgment diminished the strength of Fawcett's voice. The reviewer for the Catholic World pronounced that Fawcett, in A New York Family, "has never, to our knowledge, written so seriously and so well." He also observed that Fawcett's style was "far more unaffected than usual," but he, too, asserted that Fawcett had "not yet shaken off his fondness for employing common words in remote and unaccustomed senses.

⁵⁷ July 31, 1884, p.96.

⁵⁸ See fn. 47.

⁵⁹ August 23, 1884, p.3.

⁶⁰ n.d., 1876.

Thus he says of Everard, on one occasion, that his 'lovely personality disarrayed' another man, and that without the slightest intention on his own part to dismay the reader's imagination."⁶¹

The Atlantic Monthly contributed its opinion to the body of comment. The reviewer of An Ambitious Woman noted that Fawcett "everywhere shows a taste for gaudy and florid expression, which is a part of this defective manner; elaborating trifles of statement in overloaded and forced phrases."⁶² And the New York Times developed this observation at length in its own review of the same novel:

Over-elaborateness is Mr. Fawcett's peculiarity. In the treatment of that special subject he so delights in, New York society, he incumbers his stage with properties. The toilets of women, the dress of the men, the upholstery of drawing-rooms, the garniture of the supper table, are described with infinite pains. Claire Hollister, the heroine, puts on a dress of white velvet, "whose trailing heaviness blent with purple lengths of the same lustreless and sculpturesque fabric." In her hair she wore "aigrettes of sapphires and amethysts shaped like pansies, and while her sleeves were cut short to show either arm from wrist to elbow and permit of bracelets that were circles of jewels wrought in semblance of the same flower and with the same blue or lilac gems, her bust and throat were clad in one cloud of rare filmy lace, from which her delicate head rose with a stately and aerial grace."...

One mannerism of Mr. Fawcett's method of writing is the over-use of qualifying adjectives. The idiosyncracies of a character may adopt this

⁶¹July, 1892, pp.599-600.

⁶²May, 1884, p.711.

style, and Mrs. Diggs may call Jane Van Corlear, "a dear consistent, inoffensive, companionable goose," or declare her to be "tallowy, obese, complaisant"--but Mr. Fawcett in his picturing of objects, animate or inanimate, constantly piles on the descriptive.⁶³

The turgid expression, the stilted diction, and the over-elaboration of Fawcett's swollen prose carried over into his poetry. "Too much elaboration for the thought," the Nation said of Fantasy and Passion.⁶⁴ In its review of Song and Story, six years later, the Nation again noted that "the want of simplicity...seems likely always to prove his bane."⁶⁵ The New York Times concurred: "His [Fawcett's] choice of adjectives as well as his reckless profusion of them carry his verse so near to the verge of bathos that it needs much good-will not to tumble over and have one's laugh out."⁶⁶

Despite these unfavorable comments, Fawcett enjoyed a better reputation as a poet than as a writer of prose. The same New York Times review of Song and Story concluded with the caution that "if there seems a small proportion of good things in the 180 pages of indifferent and rankly bad, it must be remembered that the poet is to be judged by his

⁶³December 17, 1883, p.3.

⁶⁴May 16, 1878, p.328.

⁶⁵December 18, 1884, p.528.

⁶⁶October 26, 1884, p.6.

best, not by the average, and on this view it is clear that Mr. Fawcett deserves a fair rank among the minor poets of today."

Fawcett, too, believed his poetic talents were of a higher order than his prosaic ones. "It is my own belief that my poetical faculty is my most authentic one," he stated in an article for Lippincott's Monthly Magazine in 1886. "When I am impelled to write a poem, there always appears to be but a single truly effective way of attaining this object, while in dealing with prose I am often more doubtful concerning methods, as if it were a dialect less natural to me than the metrical one. And here it may not be amiss for me to state frankly what I have tried to do as a writer of verse. I have avoided obscurity, aimed at a rich yet robust style, shunned mannerism, affectation, and mere dilettante archaism, striven to have my poetry reflect the time in which I live, cultivated with zeal the delightful possibilities of rhythm and melody, and cordially detested the prevailing impulse to employ sound as the inferior of sense."⁶⁷

To an extent Fawcett succeeded as a poet for he did gain contemporary recognition. There was the New York Times comment ranking him among the minor poets of his day,

⁶⁷"A Few Literary Experiences," op.cit., p.415.

and also the opinion of the Dial that Songs of Doubt and Dream "fairly entitles him to a place among our American poets of the second rank."⁶⁸ Harper's New Monthly Magazine agreed; they maintained that Fantasy and Passion was "a collection from the magazines and papers of the contributions of several years from the pen of one of the most promising of our younger poets."⁶⁹ The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography added that "Fawcett's fame as a poet extends farther than as a novelist, because, as has been said, in his verse there is that quality transcending talent, the individual and incommunicable quality of genius."⁷⁰

Fawcett's poetry won its highest praise from other writers, and Fawcett valued these judgments more than he did the appraisals of the critics. Julian Hawthorne was one of his appreciators and Fawcett luxuriated in this recognition. "What you write about my verses delighted and cheered me," he confessed in a letter to Hawthorne. "It is nothing to stir the shallow pools, for so many can do that. It is when we stir the deep ones that we are made happy; and to have given you a single real sensation of actual pleasure

⁶⁸ July 16, 1893, p.42.

⁶⁹ 1878, p.469.

⁷⁰ (New York, 1897), v.7, 191.

is an untold pride to me."⁷¹ Where Hawthorne derived pleasure, James Russell Lowell responded with praise. Fawcett revealed Lowell's reaction in a letter to Hayne: "About Mr. Lowell: he is, I think, the only literary man to whom I ever addressed an unsolicited note. Some two years ago Mr. Howells took the trouble to write me that a poem of mine in the Atlantic called Immortelles, had won strong encomiums from Mr. Lowell and that he had asked a number of questions concerning me 'very few of which,' said Mr. Howells, 'was I able to answer.'"⁷²

Howells, himself, said of Fawcett that as a poet of fantasy he was the "first...among all the English-writing poets of our time."⁷³ R.H. Stoddard, in Poet's Homes, devoted an entire chapter to Fawcett in praise of his poetic achievements. He offered his tribute without any reservations:

But industry and versatility, only too often, as we know, accompany feebleness, or at least carelessness of composition. It is but justice to Mr. Fawcett to say that everything which he writes bears in a most striking degree the marks of thorough artistic care. A slipshod rhyme, or an ill-constructed sentence are unknown amid his work. Not long ago he showed the writer a letter addressed to him by an eminent American poet, in which the following words occurred: "Whence come such

⁷¹August 21; courtesy the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library.

⁷²September 9, 1876.

⁷³See p.134, fn. 139, for William Dean Howells's review of Fantasy and Passion.

intellectual power and constancy to your work, that you are enabled to compose novels, prose sketches, long poems and short, in so limited a period of time? And then the art of these pieces is always so admirable!"

Surely this is rare praise; but those most familiar with Mr. Fawcett's writings must admit it to be well-deserved.⁷⁴

Fawcett's poetry occasioned few expressions of displeasure from other writers, but the comments of the reviewers were disparaging despite their general conclusions that he was a poet of some worth. The reviewer for Harper's New Monthly Magazine noted, for example, the "great force and beauty," and the "ripe and versatile imagination" of Fawcett's narrative poetry in Song and Story, but he still insisted that "the perfection of all these poems is marred by a grandiloquence of style which recalls the bombastic mouthings against which Shakespeare directed the battery of his raillery in the persons of Malvolio, Sir John Falstaff, and honest Nick Bottom."⁷⁵

The criticism swayed from the occasional comment of praise to the more frequent note of disapproval, and in so doing it established judgment and revealed the nature of Fawcett's works; but these ends were not vital to the main

⁷⁴(Boston, 1879), p.77. In light of Stoddard's appreciation of Fawcett's poetry, it is difficult to understand Fawcett's attitude toward him; see pp.14, and 157-60.

⁷⁵1884, p.967.

consideration of late nineteenth century critical thought. The significant critical debate at this time had nothing to do with the complexity of literary characterization, the soundness of plot construction, the profundity of theme, or the grace of diction. Such concerns were peripheral to the argument over the merits of the romantic, the realistic, and the naturalistic work.⁷⁶ This new controversy was widespread; it affected almost all of the periodical criticism of the time and it shaped a substantial part of the comment on Fawcett's novels. Before indicating the effect it had upon the criticism of Fawcett's writings, however, it would be beneficial to reveal the intensity of the argument and to illuminate its nature.

A writer in the Forum characterized the literary clash as "The New Battle of the Books." "For a long time," he noted, "a wordy war has raged in the magazines and the newspapers between so-called realists and romanticists. In Harper's Monthly Mr. Howells has been asserting the importance of novels that keep close to the fact of life; and the critics and criticasters have daily attacked his teaching and practice as materialistic and debasing... the ground is strewn with dead and dying reputations."⁷⁷ Although both sides expressed a confidence in the outcome

⁷⁶See Mott, v.4, pp.111-113 and 121-124.

⁷⁷July, 1888, p.564.

of the struggle, there were occasional notes of despair. Nancy Banks, reacting to the publication of Frank Norris's McTeague, lamented that "the passing of morbid realism has never been quite so complete as the healthy-minded hoped it would be, when it was swept out of sight five or six years ago by the sudden on-rush of ideality and romance which arose like a fresh, sweet wind to clear the literary atmosphere. In this resistless new movement toward light and hope and peace, these black books were cast aside and forgotten, and there was fair hope for a time that the celebration of the painful and unclean had passed from fiction forever."⁷⁸

It is not possible to determine whether Miss Banks formulated her comment in accordance with her moral convictions or her aesthetic judgements, for both factors shaped the response to the realistic work. Reflections of reality offended the moral sensibilities of many critics who believed that the recounting of base actions impaired artistic expression. Many of these critics argued that "this country is flooded with a nasty literature that is not only crude, but as low in tone as it is atrocious in taste."⁷⁹ Amelia Barr's comment on the modern heroine in

⁷⁸Bookman, June, 1899, pp.356-357.

⁷⁹Belford's Magazine, July, 1888, p.263.

the North American Review typified the synthesis of literary and moral judgment in periodical criticism at the time:

The one thing to be regretted in many of the lighter novels of the day is their kind of heroine. She is not a nice girl. She talks too much, and talks in a slangy, jerky way, that is odiously vulgar. She is frank, too frank, on every subject and occasion. She is contemptuous of authority, even of parental authority, and behaves in a high-handed way about her love affairs. She is, alas! something of a Freethinker. She rides a bicycle, and plays tennis, and rows a boat. She laughs loudly, and dresses in manly fashion, and acts altogether in accord with an epoch that travels its sixty miles an hour. She is very smart and clever, but in her better moments she makes us sigh for the girls who thought their parents infallible and who were reverent church-women--the girls who were so shrinkingly modest, and yet so brave in great emergencies--the girls who were so fully accomplished and so beautiful, and who yet had no higher ambition than to be the dearly loved wife of a noble-hearted man and the good house-mother of happy children. Perhaps fifty years after this, the world will look back to this picturesque, lovable creature, and give her a glorious resurrection.⁸⁰

Even the writings of William Dean Howells were not entirely free from this confusion. Without equivocation Howells argued that the realist can hold nothing to be insignificant in life if he is to raise truth from its obscure mirings. "All tells for destiny and character; nothing that God has made is contemptible," he insisted. "He [the realist] cannot look upon human life and declare this thing or that thing unworthy of notice, any more

⁸⁰ November, 1894, p. 598.

than the scientist can declare a fact of the material world beneath the dignity of his inquiry." And yet, in the same essay, Howells compromised the strength of this aesthetic assertion by suggesting in moral tones that the novel should concern itself only with sentiment that "could be openly spoken of before the tenderest society but at dinner."⁸¹

On the one side of the controversy were those who believed the function of literature to be the evocation of truth through the reflection of the mundane; on the other side were those who discerned literary merit only in the emergence of a transcendent beauty removed from the rigors of every-day existence. These were the separate literary faiths, but considerations of morality entered in on both sides and influenced judgment. Fawcett's realistic works, while not at the heart of this argument, provoked comments which reflected it.

The New York Times reviewer of Tinkling Cymbals, considering a reflection of the actual to be a standard in the determination of literary merit, judged that it "is...a very good story, and, in a certain way, reflects the manners of a great many snobbish people."⁸² The

⁸¹"Criticism and Fiction," Criticism and Fiction and Other Essays, ed. Clara and Rudolf Kirk (New York, 1959), pp.15, 70.

⁸²June 22, 1884, p.5.

observation that the novel reflected certain manners was not unrelated to the judgment itself, for the substance of the critique suggested that the novel was good precisely because it mirrored existing manners. Another New York Times review of a Fawcett novel, printed fifteen years later in 1898, presented the same criterion for evaluation; the critic praised New York because it was "much like the real world of Gotham." He regarded the work as "a notable edition to the hundred and one stories inspired by Gotham and its life....Mr. Fawcett...pictures the slums of Water Street and its environs, the regions of Cherry Hill and its denizens, the missions and that form of charity that is too purposeful and too important to be given its cant name of 'slumming.' Weaving, as he always does, well-known bits of latter-day local history and incident into his pages, often only thinly disguised, he describes the workings of a gang of 'firebugs,' and later on the trial of a besmirched police Captain. From these scenes he turns to a Patriarch's ball at Delmonico's and shows the world of fashion at its height. The 'smart set' flits across the pages....It is a mimic world that these men and women move in, one that in its scenes and primal passions is much like the real world of Gotham."⁸³

In 1904, after Fawcett's death, the Bookman commented

⁸³October 8, p.662.

upon his works with reference to the same standard of photographic realism. Fawcett's aptitude for accurate representation was the only manifest concern of the evaluation. It was the critic's opinion that "Mr. Fawcett's knowledge of the slums was at best superficial, and when he essayed to write of low life in The Evil That Men Do, he failed to impress the modern reader." But, he added, A New York Family was "one of his best novels," because "he brought in Hoboken and Greenpoint as backgrounds, and his description of the latter remains the very best to be found in fiction....Perhaps none of his books was more entertaining than Social Silhouettes, a series of sketches of types, which is well worth re-reading for itself, and which will be found invaluable to any one who wishes to reconstruct a certain period of New York life." "He deserves to be remembered," the estimate concluded, "for his genuine effort to describe life as he saw it and to make use of American material at a time when it was not fashionable to do so."⁸⁴

The realistic elements in Fawcett's novels elicited favorable comment during his life, too. Some three and one-half months after their initial review of New York, the New York Times presented another critique of the novel

⁸⁴June, pp.341-342.

and the novelist. The reflections were more penetrating, but the judgment, other than that it was strengthened, had not changed--the truth of detail within the novel still commanded respect:

And so few writers are so well equipped as Mr. Fawcett, both by the clearness of his perceptions and by the whole trend of his literary work, to follow M. Zola's perilous example, and to gather the results of his long observation and experience into a novel bearing the title of the great world city of the Western Hemisphere. Yet, as in even M. Zola's case, the title of necessity promises and implies too much. Rome and Lourdes have each its distinctive cachet; but who can compress New York and Paris into the limits of a single novel? New York is of all faiths--and of none. It is a Northern city, a Western city, a Southern city, a foreign city. It is a city of the extremes of selfishness and of philanthropy....There is political New York, in itself a theme as huge and as repulsive as the monster Frankenstein. There is educational New York, more and more a gracious and permeating force. There is bohemian New York, unique and fascinating, as Miss Glasgow has dramatically depicted it. There is the greatest New York of all, the New York of stress and struggle, whose energies are unceasingly bent upon solving that most elusive of problems how to "make both ends meet," and below all, as in every great city, is the vast, mysterious, awful gulf of utter poverty, of nameless sin, of crime that knows no law save that of fear....

And how pack all this into one book? Yet Mr. Fawcett has very nearly done it. The released convict problem, the race problem, the immigration problem, the problem of the classes and the masses; international marriage, "the curse of caste," the "vile civic conditions," that have made so much of our municipal government, a hissing and a reproach, the iniquity of the cold-blooded self-righteousness that holds back its skirts from suffering and sin--of all these things and of many more does Mr. Fawcett write in strong words

and wise and eloquent withal.⁸⁵

The realistic novel's adherence to detail and its accurate representation of actual movement were the immediate concerns for the individual reviewer; nevertheless, the reviewer's personal taste frequently influenced his judgment. Evaluation was as much a manifestation of the critic's sensibility as it was a display of his critical faculty. The realistic achievement of New York impressed the New York Times critic, but his opinion was equally molded by the moral tone of the work. He offered his conviction that "whether or not 'New York' becomes a successful book, its readers will find it a true and suggestive one, and the wider that circle of readers the wider will be an influence that 'makes for righteousness.'" On the other hand, since the heroine was not a model girl--she was a possible force for ill--he questioned the propriety of the characterization:

The characters are firmly and clearly drawn, though we are constrained to protest against the heroine, Doris. Novelists are very fond of creating such young women, a law unto themselves, a reproach to worldly parents and guardians. Should these writers own sisters or daughters walk in the ways of their supposedly perfect heroines, great would be the consternation, prompt would be the restraining edict to hold the young girls back from their adventurous and dangerous paths. Doris is charming on the printed page but clothe her in flesh and she would be as "difficult," it is to be hoped as impossible,

⁸⁵ January 28, 1899, p.64.

as the young Marcella. Such portrayals may make older readers smile, but to the imitative and willful girls they are distinctly harmful.

Moral considerations also prompted the New York Times's favorable review of A Man's Will which welcomed the novel because it was a weapon in the cause of temperance:

Mr. Fawcett writes this romance with a purpose, just as does Mr. Besant, and the cause of temperance has found in Mr. Fawcett a warm advocate. The O'Raffertys and Mullonys may drink bad liquor and make beasts of themselves, but so do those peculiar people Mr. Fawcett delights to portray as the "Amsterdams, Manhattans, Stuyvesants, and Courtlands." The latter may first take their château margaux, or clos de vougeot in fine crystal, but in time they will swallow poor Jersey lightning in heavy squat green glass tumblers. Between the man who drinks from the growler and he who sips champagne frappe there are social differences, but excess lays all by the heels and they are swine.... The lesson this story teaches is that a man who is inclined to drink, to whom the taking of a single drop of alcohol means inability to stop until he has reached the lowest depth of human degradation, must never take that first drop. It is then and only then that the will comes into play. Nothing is more difficult than to fight this first battle, but fight it a man must. Utter, absolute abstemiousness is a moral and physical necessity to such, or overboard go life, health, strength, and position. Mr. Fawcett's romance is realistic.⁸⁶

The Nation reviewer of the same work was able to disengage his critical intellect from his moral persuasion. His sympathy for the cause of the novel did not prevent him from discerning its lack of merit; he established the separate drifts at the outset of his review: "Inasmuch as Mr.

⁸⁶ July 22, 1888, p.10.

Fawcett has lent his brain and pen to the cause of temperance, he is to be applauded; and inasmuch as he has made a repetitious and dreary novel, he is to be forgiven. Some day, perhaps, the novel will be written which shall do for temperance what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for anti-slavery, what 'Nicholas Nickleby' did for the cause of kindness. Perhaps, till Fiction has set her might engine in motion, Philanthropy will lack her best ally. All honor to Mr. Fawcett for the attempt, failure though it is."⁸⁷

Quite often, the result of the disengagement took a different turn; it was Fawcett's artistic ability to reflect life which favorably impressed the reviewer and the significance of that sight which disturbed him. The New York Times reviewer of A Gentleman of Leisure remarked with approval that "a very fair and somewhat glowing account is given of New-York clubs and balls. Under fictitious names, mostly Dutch in their make-up, many well-known persons, male and female, are depicted not untruthfully--Mrs. Spencer Vanderhoff being especially easy to locate." But the Times reviewer went on to question the taste of such an authentic reproduction for "in order to heighten the flavor no little injustice is done to persons

⁸⁷ June 28, 1888, p.530.

whose friends cannot fail, if the book comes in their way, to recognize the portraits. Personality of this kind seems hardly worth the candle, in view of the slightness of the work; yet the day is realistic in tendency, and possibly only realism is palatable."⁸⁸

Realism was the vigorous literary expression of the day, but the realistic turn of Fawcett's works was too vivid for many reviewers. It provoked their condemnation. "Ellen Story...is an ill-painted picture of an ill-chosen theme," said Harper's New Monthly Magazine.⁸⁹ It is difficult to imagine," mourned the Critic, "how Edgar Fawcett, who put some good work into 'An Ambitious Woman,' could have degenerated so as to write such hopeless stuff as is contained in his latest novel, 'A New York Family'....It is bad enough to have to read the doings of Tammany in the morning papers without taking them up in fiction, too."⁹⁰ The Nation raised its voice in behalf of taste: "We should feel inclined to call it [Bressant, a novel by Julian Hawthorne] the worst novel in our list this week if it were not that we have just been obliged, in the way of duty, to read Mr. Edgar Fawcett's 'Purple and Fine Linen,' which might more

⁸⁸ July 10, 1881, p.10.

⁸⁹ 1876, p.629.

⁹⁰ June 27, 1891, p.335.

justly bear the title of 'Scarlet and Dirty Linen.'"⁹¹

The review of Tinkling Cymbals in Lippincott's Monthly Magazine warned that "liberal as have been the concessions to modern heroines in the way of enabling them to dismiss pleasing traditions, we must venture to suggest that in the case of Miss Leah Romilly the final limit has been reached."⁹² The Independent reviewer of New York was upset by the novel because the movements were "too frankly pictured. The depravity of certain quarters of New York, the absolute corruption of the police, the brutality of tenement-house landlords, and a thousand and one phases of squalor, immorality and filth are photographed in minutest details."⁹³

Many reviewers did not share Howells's conviction that the writer, like the scientist, had to commit himself to the examination of the minutest details. But the theoretical preferences of the reviewers are not at issue, nor is their understanding of this literary theory a matter of moment. Their critical comments reveal a groping to apply the tenets of realistic thought to specific works, and the ferment of these expressions is important for it created an atmosphere conducive to the maturation of a serious literature.

⁹¹July 10, 1873, p.27.

⁹²August, 1884, p.215.

⁹³January 26, 1899, p.280.

In fact, the entire body of Fawcett criticism--whether concerned with structure, characterization, style, thought, or realistic expression--suggests a literary intensity which played its part in vivifying American letters.

The same critical commentary also established Fawcett's place in American letters. There were a few favorable notices, but the predominant critical response to Fawcett's works was negative; it denied him the gratification of literary distinction. The criticism marked the stilted nature of his writings and called attention to his pretentious style and undistinguished thought. The fact that most of the commentary was topical, however, and relevant to the literary controversy of the time suggests that Fawcett's writings were part of a vital literary movement. Just as the reviewers were striving to infuse a new literary theory into their criticism, Fawcett was attempting to translate the same theory into art. The critics found him to be unsuccessful, but the nature of their criticism places him in the same literary current which shaped the realistic works of such writers as Crane, Garland, Norris, London, and Dreiser.

III

Fawcett's novels did not influence those of Crane, Garland, Norris, London, or Dreiser, but his concern with similar themes and his uninterrupted stream of publication helped to keep a literary movement alive long enough to culminate in the works of vastly superior artists. There were occasions when the major work preceded Fawcett's contribution. Crane's Maggie, for example, was popularly published in 1896 and Fawcett's novel, New York, did not appear until 1898. The artistic gulf between the two works is vast. Crane provides no exit for his characters and never relieves the intensity of his novel. In contrast, it takes but one social worker to bring happiness to the children and hope to the aged in Fawcett's work. Yet the parallels are present. Fawcett brings as much detail to those sections of New York which portray the dispossessed as Crane does to his particular reflection of a slum existence. Also, the conditions of life are the same for the characters in both novels--and imbrutement is the common consequence of those conditions.

Environmental forces which shape human destiny and the circumstance of chance which impresses itself upon human movement are the powers to be reckoned with in Fawcett's Miriam Balestier, published twelve years before Dreiser's Carrie, eight years before Crane's Maggie, and

three years before Garland's Main-Travelled Roads. Forces beyond her control sweep Miriam to her fate with no less sway than they propel Carrie from desire to desire, than they carry Maggie to her inevitable doom, than they force Garland's migrant farmers from one parcel of land to the next. There is a deterministic universe in all four novels.

Fawcett decries the values and experiences of the plutocrats in A Hopeless Case (1880) with much less incision and power than London does in Martin Eden (1909), but the views are similar. There are also correspondences between Fawcett's work and Frank Norris's. Norris is the greater artist, but Fawcett's indictment of political corruption (A New York Family, 1891) and the power of wealth (Tinkling Cymbals, 1884) links him with Norris who expresses the same convictions in The Octopus (1901).

The realistic elements in Fawcett's writings place him in the literary flow of his own time, but there are other facets of his fiction and occurrences in his life which locate him within a wider current of American expression. The American expatriate procession and the international theme in American literature are complimentary manifestations of this broader movement; and Fawcett's life and art brought him in contact with both. To appreciate the extent of his involvement, an understanding of the character of the movement is helpful.

American literature is not just literature which

happens to be written by Americans. There are thematic concerns which distinguish this body of literature from other national expressions, and the existence of an international theme is one such interest. In his Studies in Classic American Literature, D.H. Lawrence asserts that Americans came to America "largely to get away--that most simple of motives. To get away. Away from what? In the long run, away from themselves. Away from everything... from the old authority of Europe, from kings and bishops and popes. And more." Lawrence insists, however, that the old master still sits over in Europe "like a parent. Somewhere deep in every American heart lies a rebellion against the old parenthood of Europe. Yet no American feels he has completely escaped its mastery."⁹⁴

Lawrence explains the cultural conflict in terms of the American psyche. But whatever the compulsion, Americans have looked back to contrast the manners, values, and moralities of the new and old worlds--to proclaim the success of the American experiment or to lament its failure. It is from this superimposition of one cultural pattern upon another that the international theme emerges. The theme is implicit in Freneau's Pictures of Columbus, and also in Irving's A History of New York and in "The

⁹⁴(New York, 1923), pp.5-7.

Author's Account of Himself" from The Sketch Book. It is found in passages from Cooper's Gleanings in Europe, in Emerson's "American Scholar," and in substantial sections of Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Melville's Benito Cereno and Twain's Connecticut Yankee and Innocents Abroad reveal the same preoccupation. The theme attains its ultimate expression in the writings of Henry James.

The American expatriate movement, the pilgrimage away from these shores and back to those of the older culture, is a literal manifestation of this international theme and Edgar Fawcett was as much a part of the movement as ever was Henry James, Henry Adams, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Stein, or Ernest Hemingway. The motivation for their leaving was seldom the same, but the fact of their departure fused them into the same grouping. The artistic necessity to draw upon the conditions of an established culture propelled James; a society without form, other than the one possible emerging pattern of corruption, impelled Adams; Edith Wharton fled from the stifling restrictions of New York wealth--her creative fulfillment demanded a less narrow culture; for Gertrude Stein, Paris was the center of artistic upheaval, of experimentation with form in painting, literature, and music; Hemingway went to Paris in search of Gertrude Stein and because the writers were there.

There were many factors which motivated Fawcett to

leave this country in 1897, though he never explicitly formulated any of them. He was not an Anglophile, but he was of the opinion that the English soil had nourished the greatest of writers--Swinburne and Tennyson among his contemporaries--and the appeal of living in the same environment fascinated him. Conditions of publication which he felt were far more favorable to the writer in England than they were to the writer in America added to the appeal. He held the abuses of New York society--the corruption of wealth and political immorality--to be intolerable and sought to remove himself from the unwholesome environment. And finally, in leaving, Fawcett was rejecting the literary community which had rejected him. His writing, with few exceptions, had never been greeted with enthusiasm, and he believed it was the venom of personal criticism which had denied him his laurels. And so, out of one part despondency--of never having been accepted; one part despair--of ever being accepted; one part petulance--of refusing his talent to those who hurt him; and one part hope--of finding a more favorable literary environment and a more appreciative audience--Fawcett joined the ranks of the emigrés.

It is Fawcett's withdrawal to England coupled with his literary expression of the international theme which establishes his place in a main-current movement. His novels do not reveal a complete involvement with the

theme, for there was seldom a full maturation of it in any one of them; but there are sufficient traces and hints of it throughout his works to identify him with the literary tendency. At times there is only an occasional remark within a novel, such as Miss Brown's idle comment in A Hopeless Case, but it is there: "I think that the dowagers whom one meets are mostly charming....They make us remember that society here in America has something solid about it. I should like, though, if we had titles here, as they have abroad. Titles are so nice and dignified."⁹⁵

Whenever Fawcett directed himself more fully to the cultural conflict, he reversed the setting--the Englishman was in America, or, more precisely, in New York. In the novel New York, Fawcett introduces Lord Brecknock and immediately involves him with Grace Josselyn, the daughter of an American millionaire. Brecknock has lost his wealth, but since he still possesses a title he must maintain the appurtenances of that title--estates, servants, costs of tasteful entertainment. The Josselyns are eager to exchange their wealth for the distinction of title and the attraction of culture. In simple strokes Fawcett presents the picture of the honest, bluff American who has surpassed the Englishman in the accumulation of wealth, but who has never known the respectability of position

⁹⁵(Boston, 1880), pp.67-68.

and tradition. The Englishman, on the other hand, only superficially bears the imprint of a desirable Old World culture; he must infuse it with a New World wealth in order to preserve its appearance. Both the Josselyns and Brecknock operate from an awareness of deficiency, and the marriage of the English Lord to the American heiress appears to be a union of mutual advantage. The Englishman, however, deals from a situation of strength--title is the more regarded attribute--and the American barter from a position of weakness--wealth is the lesser fortune.

The English-American contrast is a minor note in New York, but seventeen years earlier Fawcett had developed an entire novel around the international theme. In A Gentleman of Leisure the Englishman is again within the circle of New York society, but here the "Englishman," Clinton Wainwright, is a young American, who after spending twenty years in England, returns to these shores as a stranger. In a sense he is the naive observer who can contrast the manners, morals, and values of the two cultures without manifesting a conditioned bias for either. His inculcated values are offset by his affinity with the land of his birth.

During his three month's stay, Wainwright meets the stock characters associated with such a novel and he draws the expected and appropriate conclusions. The Anglophiles make their appearance and their affectations

suggest a disdain for American customs and an ignorance of English tradition. They antagonize Americans and Englishmen alike and alienate themselves from both cultures. As an American, Wainwright expresses contempt for these men who reject their own culture; as an Englishman, he reacts with amusement at their uninformed notions of English behavior.

Then there are the individual characters who represent distinct types. Bodenstein is the loathsome German whose combination of wealth (New World) and aristocratic mannerism (Old World) gain him the top rung in New York society. Wainwright finds the cultural synthesis incongruous and dangerous, for he holds that the transplantation here of social distinctions threatens the vitality of American republicanism.

The Grosvenors, who represent the established wealth of America, are less attractive than even Bodenstein. They, too, foster class differences, but where Bodenstein displays a continental warmth, they are austere, unimaginative, and without charm.

Townsend Spring is the newly arrived American man of wealth. He is daring, speculative, a man of riches today, of poverty tomorrow, and of riches again the day after. He experiences life with great intensity, but ignores the values of life in his obsession to accumulate the wealth necessary to buy the values. His wife,

who does not hesitate to trade respect for money, is crass and vulgar; her existence is immoral and worldly.

Finally, there is Ruth Cheever, the honest, sensitive, cultured young American heroine, who is neither overawed by trappings of European culture, nor impressed by the splendors of established wealth, nor corrupted as her sister, Mrs. Townsend Spring, by the overnight accumulations of fortune. Clinton Wainwright marries her.

The novel suggests nothing more profound than that there is good and bad in the values of both cultures. In America, Wainwright "met quicker wit, prompter decision, less formality of intelligence, less needless deliberation and sobriety. It seemed to him that we drove at a livelier pace than they did in England, but that we avoided quite as many ruts and stones. As a people we fascinated him; he did not like what was coarse about us any better than he liked what was coarse about the country he had just left. Our inconsistencies often amused him as grotesque; our follies and foibles often wore him to a break-neck rashness; our very independence had sometimes a distressing braggadocio. He was perpetually wondering at our restless modes of living, our feverish tendency to annihilate time and to nullify space, our apparent constitutional feud with the idea of leisure."⁹⁶

⁹⁶(Boston, 1881), p.156.

Wainwright's final decision to marry Ruth, settle in America, and run for Congress implies that he has found a greater vitality and a more complete social synthesis here, rather than in England. His presence will bring to this country the best of England, and the cultural union will contribute toward making this the best of all possible worlds.

It is not by chance that the manuscripts of The Pride of Intellect and An Innocent Anglomaniac concern themselves in part or in whole with the same theme. Fawcett resided in England the last seven years of his life and the expression of the international conflict in his last works would seem to be a natural consequence of his own unresolved cultural affections. His great admiration for Henry James inevitably left its mark, also. "Mr. Henry James' 'American' in the Atlantic delights me," Fawcett wrote to Hayne on one occasion. Other letters reveal the same enthusiastic response: "Henry James is now doing superb work for the magazines. I believe that man will yet hold a place in our letters equal to Thackeray"; "James's Hawthorne is a charming book"; and "James's 'Private Life' story is I think exquisitely written." In one letter, Fawcett indulged in a hundred-years-from-now speculation and projected his judgment without equivocation: "If you & I ever meet 100 years from now,

& clasp ghostly hands in 'No Man's Land,' I am sure that if we discuss the literary developments in a certain tiny, remote planet, we shall both agree that H.J. did make his permanent mark there. Perhaps in a sepulchral semi-tone I shall say 'I told you so.'"⁹⁷

Fawcett never concealed his esteem for James's fiction and the impact of James's art upon him ultimately translated itself into his own expression. In his review of A Gentleman of Leisure, William Dean Howells noted the influence of James upon Fawcett. Though the review does not mention James by name, the allusion is obvious:

This is another instance of the international novel, the view of America seen through eyes not alien, yet adjusted to a focus and perspective different from our own. The author intimates this distinctly, and the oppositeness of its aim and intent from some of those other stories of similar construction; yet not only is the main idea, the position of the hero, borrowed, but there are peculiarities of expression betraying an influence which Mr. Fawcett would no doubt repudiate. One cannot mistake the model of such sentences as these: "He had been from the hour of his landing an admirable subject for impressions;" "Because I must have taxed you so by asking you to do that little favor," Mrs. Vanderhoff returned, it deepening her handsome smile."⁹⁸

The New York Times reviewer of the same work did not hesitate to identify James as the writer of influence.

⁹⁷See pp.135-139 for Fawcett's comments on James in his letters.

⁹⁸Atlantic Monthly, October, 1881, p.564.

He even ventured to suggest Fawcett's mastery: "A short novel in the style of Henry James, Jr., but with strong distinctive characteristics of its own....There is some clever dialogue, and a good piece of wit is now and then introduced, superior to, in its life, Henry James, Jr., if not always equal to him in its fineness. The characters are truer to the facts, but they want that intricacy or that subtlety, which, it must be confessed, Mr. James somewhat overdoes. They are in no respect psychological puzzles, but rather the well-defined characters that are found in the modern realistic drama. There is a minimum of plot and a maximum of dialogue and description."⁹⁹

The Nation reviewer of An Ambitious Woman also compared Fawcett favorably with James. "So far as it goes," he reasoned, "it does something toward answering the question what a high-minded American girl would do in a position of actual hazard, with nothing but her own traditions to aid her. Daisy Miller never had any traditions and the Lady of the Aroostock was so carefully provided for (by the author) that no one ever knew what she could do."¹⁰⁰

Other critics noting an identity of purpose between the two novelists rendered judgment in favor of

⁹⁹July 10, 1881, p.10.

¹⁰⁰February 28, 1884, p.194.

James. The New York Times reviewer of Tinkling Cymbals observed that "Mr. Fawcett's favorite field of romance is one found in fashionable society. Mr. James's inspirations are derived from pretty nearly the same source. But the difference between these two writers is that Mr. Fawcett's impressions seem as if they came from some one outside of this particular existence, while Mr. James gives distinct impressions, not derivable from the outside, but from what the characters say."¹⁰¹

Of consequence here is not whether Fawcett was the equal of Henry James. He was not; but it is evident that his concern with the international theme emanated from a Jamesian spark and the critics noted the parallels.

In his last works Fawcett returned to the foibles of the Anglophile which had been of minor concern only in A Gentleman of Leisure. In An Innocent Anglomaniac, the entire story revolves around the foolish passions and misapprehensions of one of their number, Ernest Graydon; and the setting is now England, not America. The similarities between the two works and with the plot movements which place Clinton Wainwright in America for three months in A Gentleman of Leisure and set Ernest Graydon in London for two months in An Innocent

¹⁰¹June 22, 1884, p.5.

Anglomaniac. Wainwright is a mature, level-headed human being, and Graydon is a guileless fool who is enamored of everything English--he is not the uncommitted observer.

Within days of his arrival in London, Graydon is duped by a confidence man posing as a member of the nobility; he mistakes beggars for gentlemen, barmaids for ladies, and behaves like a country boy in a big city. He is made ecstatic by contact with English soil, and he transcends the dullness of his American existence by breathing English air, by sighting English clouds. The name of a barmaid, Miss Lyndhurst, reminds him of "abbeys, ruined monasteries, ivy-mantled towers," and the most casual remark from an Englishman evokes from him the affected revery, "how old-worldlike."

The work is not a serious fictional treatment of the international theme, but rather a satire upon a limited aspect of the problem. The story is slight, and at the conclusion, Ernest is rescued with not a moment to spare from the clutches of a blackguard who had preyed upon the innocence of the pitiable Anglophile. All ends happily as Ernest has learned his lesson well. Fawcett does not contrast values, but ridicules an immoderate and foolish passion, born of a sense of inferiority and fed by a condition of ignorance.

It is in The Pride of Intellect that Fawcett manifests a more serious concern and reflects the complexity of the cultural conflict. The work is set in England, but this time, in a departure from previous practice, it portrays Englishmen in England. Even within such a structure, however, the international contrasts are present. Jack and Lizzie Prawle, brother and sister, are two visitors from Boston, Massachusetts. Jack is Ernest Graydon again, clothed in Sackville Street garb. Everything about him smacks of affectation including his speech. "I say Lizzie," he admonishes his sister, "I've been hearin' your voice harf way across the drawin'-room. You'd better cut this rot of talkin' like a girl from the wild West. If you don't, I'm blessed if I'll not chuck the whole game and go over to Paris, leavin' you and the maid to shift for yourselves. There!"

Lizzie, on the other hand, is the antithesis of her brother. She has come to Europe in search of marriage--at present a Lord Kilmerary is attentive to her--and she exaggerates her American mannerisms. The "wild West" speech reflects her national pride: "Oh, oh, Mr. Indermaur...I'm just crazy about your splendid book! I've known exactly such women as your Adelaide. O'course she takes the cake for a nasty mean thing. You meant her to be a nasty mean thing, I'm dead sure, didn't you, now? There; that's right. Smirk; you've got such a

beautiful smirk! I had a letter today from a friend across the big pond. She says everybody's reading 'Loaves 'n Fishes.' She went into the Big Store in New York the other day and saw a pile of 'em that looked for all the world like one of our skyscrapers. So I guess you'll have to come over and lecture. You can bet one thing-- we'll give you a grand send-off in Bawston. There's no city in 'Merica where they love being lectured to so much as in Bawston." Lizzie's honesty and freshness make her much more vital and attractive than her brother.

The entrance of the Prawles in the novel permits Fawcett to satirize the English view of America. Whereas the American either cultivates the English manner or refuses to do so--both designs calculated to win approval--the Englishman remains himself. A woman of fashion casually dismisses the significance of anything American; she reveals her own provinciality, but her reflections are her own. They have not been shaped by a desire to please or antagonize Americans. "Algy and I took in Boston when we made our American tour last year," she remarks. "It's a pretty fair town, with a largish green space at one end, which the inhabitants hold in great awe, but which isn't half as large as Clapham Common, though they never play cricket there, or anything like that, and are never tired of telling you that it's 'historic.' But we met some quite nice people in Boston. They have a curious style of

speaking; one minute you find it like ours and the next minute you don't."

From a contrast of manner and opinions, the focus of the novel shifts to a contrast of literary and cultural standards. In rapid sequence an American painter, Mr. Simonson, is introduced, offers pronouncement on literary taste, and then disappears from view. Before departing, however, he pleads for a serious acceptance of American literature, or, more precisely, an appreciation of serious American literature. With obvious allusion to Twain, Poe, and Whitman, Simonson argues that the English welcome only the humorous, the fantastic, and the hysterical American literary expression because they believe that "grotesqueness and caprice" reflect the idiosyncratic American nature. Simonson's plea, in effect, is for an acceptance of American literature as literature; it is a plea for others to demand of it something more than a reflection of national life, and to desire of it more than a barbaric utterance from an untutored people.

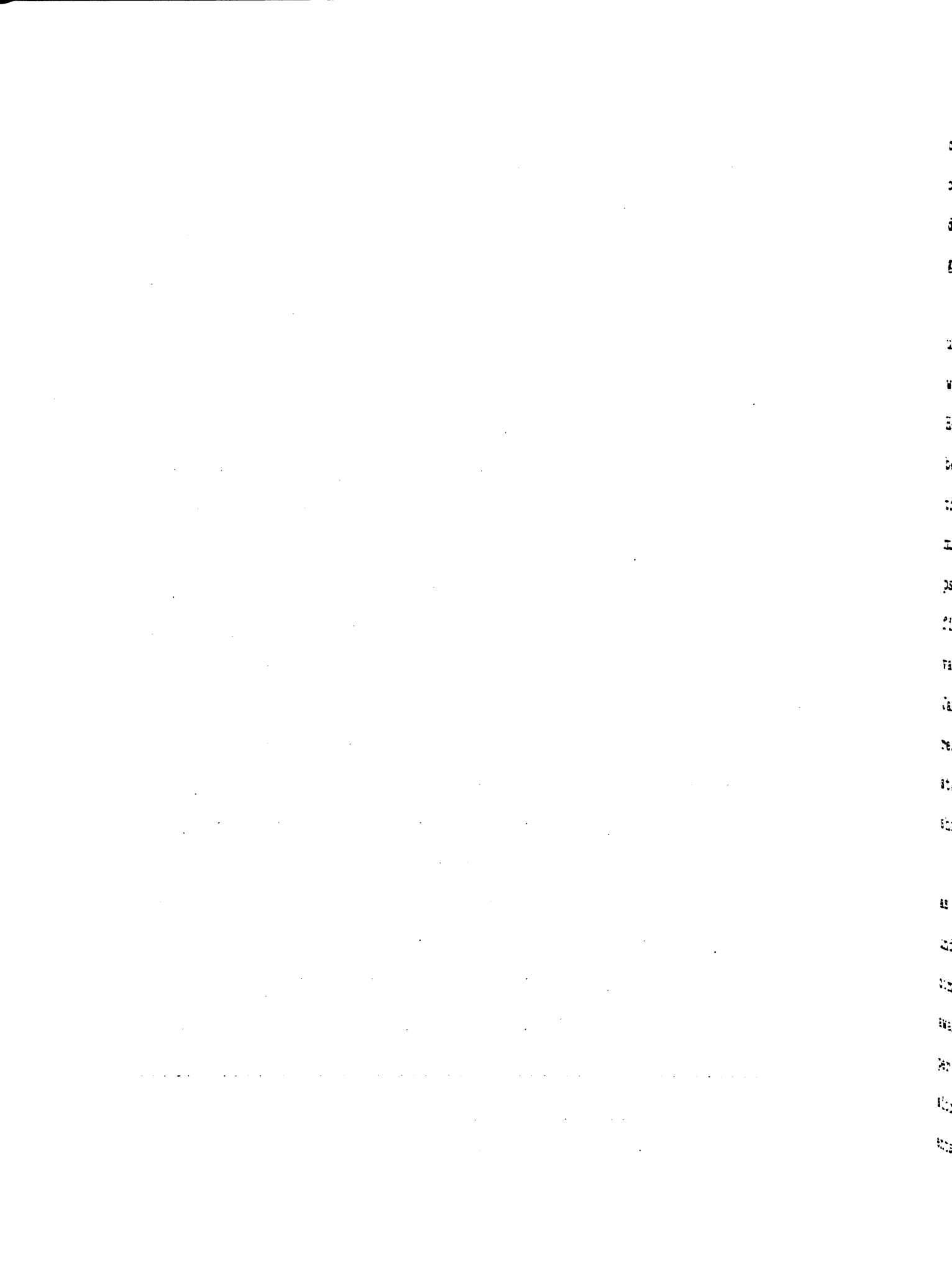
Implicit in Simonson's argument is the belief that American writing has not yet come of age, and that the condescending attitude held by men of culture toward American life frustrates its maturation. Simonson's view, and Fawcett's, is predicated upon the judgment that there is nothing of merit in the works of Twain, Poe, and

Whitman.¹⁰² The argument, since it is founded upon this unlikely premise, is questionable, but it stands as another manifestation of the American desire for English acceptance so prevalent in Fawcett's international works.

Upon occasion Fawcett conveyed this vision of American insecurity in humorous tones reminiscent of Mark Twain. Ernest Graydon and Jack Prawle are "innocents abroad," and Lizzie Prawle's chauvinism makes her eligible also for membership in Twain's entourage. Fawcett's view, however, is one dimensional as contrasted with Twain's complex insight. In strokes of caricature, Fawcett establishes the defect of the Englishman or the American, whereas Twain effectively employs a double filter, allowing him to comment at one moment upon the American's lively sense of humor which renders the European impotent, and at another moment upon the American's boorishness which dignifies the European's character by contrast.

Of the two, Twain's humor is the more incisive. His portrayal of American indifference to European tradition reveals the emergence in fiction of the Independent American. He is not as noble a figure as Emerson had anticipated in 1837, but his existence in Twain presages a coming of age in America. Fawcett, on the other hand,

¹⁰² See The Pride of Intellect, pp. 282-283, and pp. 151-152, 182-185 for Fawcett's comments on Poe and Whitman in his letters.



concerns himself with the aberrations of the Anglophile or the provinciality of the nationalist; his caricatures do not reflect dominant currents. They are merely exaggerations of eccentric attitudes.

Humor was not Fawcett's strength and he seldom utilized it. His treatment of the international theme was generally sober and more in keeping with the tone of Henry James's works. The parallels with James, however, begin with the noting of influence and abruptly end with the observing of common intent; the differences are more numerous. Where James insists upon penetrating to the psychic effects of cultural antagonisms, Fawcett satisfies himself by presenting a catalogue of conflicting values only; where a literary ambiguity results from James's vision of goodness underlying deceit and honesty resulting in treachery, nothing more than a superficial statement emerges from Fawcett's novels--the American should cultivate his own garden.

The conclusion of a Fawcett novel generally serves as the assumption of one of James's works. Fawcett's final understanding that the American cherishes his freedom but compromises it by affecting European manners is an early awareness of James's Isabel Archer who simultaneously experiences "the elation of liberty and the pain of exclusion." The presentation of one view occupies Fawcett's talents, whereas James records every possible American opinion

of the Old World in order to illuminate the nature of both cultures.

In The Portrait of a Lady, for example, Mr. Touchett never loses his sense of being an American and he appreciates the values of both cultures. Mrs. Touchett mingles with bored expatriates who cultivate an affected taste for the beautiful, but who never appreciate it; their existence is sterile. Miss Climer, the American tourist, is shocked by the forthright proposals she receives from Europeans, but her love for Europe is in direct proportion to the number of proposals proffered. Caspar Goodwood, the blunt, industrious, dull, capable American sees nothing as he travels through Europe; he is oblivious to the existence of a European culture. Henrietta Stackpole is the coarse, outspoken, chauvinistic American who observes everything in Europe and values nothing. And Isabel Archer carries with her to Europe the American sense of liberty and independence. For contrast there is Bantling the likable Englishman who finds American manners quaint; Warburton, the respected Lord whose radical views appear conservative to the American mind; and Osmond who resents an aristocracy only because he is not of it.

There are as many attitudes as there are characters in a James novel, and the Old World-New World cultural

and

person

is on

the--

it is

found

and t

in the

state

tion

it is

conflict emerges as a complex synthesis of the different perspectives. In Fawcett's international works, there is only the simple expression of fortunate and unfortunate--it is fortunate that American culture has advanced; it is unfortunate that Americans themselves are not profoundly aware of this development, that the world is not, and that as a consequence, Americans suffer from a belief in their own inadequacy. If there is any literary ambiguity at all in Fawcett's works it exists in the observation that there are good and bad on both sides of the Atlantic.

IV

The influence of Henry James accounted in part for Fawcett's main-current involvement with the international theme. The pressures of cultural cross currents, however, were very much a part of Fawcett's entire life. They were in operation from his admiration of James to his removal to England; they were in motion from the infrequent international expressions in his early fiction to the developed manifestations of the theme in his last two works. In fact, the presence of the conflict colored almost all of his observations and shaped almost all of his views. It was at the root of his belief that American criticism was not as perceptive as English criticism; that American publishing conditions were not as advanced as English conditions; that the American reading public was not nearly as discerning as the English public; and that American writers were primitive in contrast to English writers.

Even Fawcett's own literary criticism was not something developed apart from international considerations. His letters, which embody his critical opinion, suggest the influencing force of cultural considerations. There are no explicit statements within the letters which announce the inferior quality of American literature

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the
the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the
the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the
the twenty-first is the fact that the
the twenty-second is the fact that the
the twenty-third is the fact that the
the twenty-fourth is the fact that the
the twenty-fifth is the fact that the
the twenty-sixth is the fact that the
the twenty-seventh is the fact that the
the twenty-eighth is the fact that the
the twenty-ninth is the fact that the
the thirtieth is the fact that the
the thirty-first is the fact that the
the thirty-second is the fact that the
the thirty-third is the fact that the
the thirty-fourth is the fact that the
the thirty-fifth is the fact that the
the thirty-sixth is the fact that the
the thirty-seventh is the fact that the
the thirty-eighth is the fact that the
the thirty-ninth is the fact that the
the fortieth is the fact that the
the forty-first is the fact that the
the forty-second is the fact that the
the forty-third is the fact that the
the forty-fourth is the fact that the
the forty-fifth is the fact that the
the forty-sixth is the fact that the
the forty-seventh is the fact that the
the forty-eighth is the fact that the
the forty-ninth is the fact that the
the fiftieth is the fact that the
the fifty-first is the fact that the
the fifty-second is the fact that the
the fifty-third is the fact that the
the fifty-fourth is the fact that the
the fifty-fifth is the fact that the
the fifty-sixth is the fact that the
the fifty-seventh is the fact that the
the fifty-eighth is the fact that the
the fifty-ninth is the fact that the
the sixtieth is the fact that the
the sixty-first is the fact that the
the sixty-second is the fact that the
the sixty-third is the fact that the
the sixty-fourth is the fact that the
the sixty-fifth is the fact that the
the sixty-sixth is the fact that the
the sixty-seventh is the fact that the
the sixty-eighth is the fact that the
the sixty-ninth is the fact that the
the seventieth is the fact that the
the seventy-first is the fact that the
the seventy-second is the fact that the
the seventy-third is the fact that the
the seventy-fourth is the fact that the
the seventy-fifth is the fact that the
the seventy-sixth is the fact that the
the seventy-seventh is the fact that the
the seventy-eighth is the fact that the
the seventy-ninth is the fact that the
the eightieth is the fact that the
the eighty-first is the fact that the
the eighty-second is the fact that the
the eighty-third is the fact that the
the eighty-fourth is the fact that the
the eighty-fifth is the fact that the
the eighty-sixth is the fact that the
the eighty-seventh is the fact that the
the eighty-eighth is the fact that the
the eighty-ninth is the fact that the
the ninetieth is the fact that the
the ninety-first is the fact that the
the ninety-second is the fact that the
the ninety-third is the fact that the
the ninety-fourth is the fact that the
the ninety-fifth is the fact that the
the ninety-sixth is the fact that the
the ninety-seventh is the fact that the
the ninety-eighth is the fact that the
the ninety-ninth is the fact that the
the hundredth is the fact that the

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

07

or proclaim the superior nature of English writing, but evidences of this opinion are implicit throughout. The letters reveal the intensity of the conflicting national loyalties in his own life which gave rise to the creation of An Innocent Anglomaniac and portions of The Pride of Intellect, and they thus illuminate the depth of his involvement with the American literary formulation of the international theme.

There are, of course, many literary comments in Fawcett's letters which offer no direct evidence of a cultural ambivalence. In one letter, Fawcett writes: "I remember that I set myself three rules--to be: 1st lucid, 2nd impersonal, & 3d melodious....I believe...in observing rules. Good 'rhetorics' are admirable guides, and there is no literary genius that can not be aided in closely studying these accumulated syntheses of capable and intelligent teachers." Though this statement of literary principles betrays no cultural predilections, Fawcett's preference for English literature is implicit in his choice of models: "Macaulay, unless I am mistaken, first wakened me to a sense of style in prose--and the immortal Tennyson in verse."¹⁰³

Fawcett's affection for English culture did not

¹⁰³November 27, to "Dear Sir"; courtesy of Buffalo and Erie County Public Library.

ATE

ent

min

with

bech

cont

ind

the

to

has

for

see

po

ed

in

to

the

the

to

the

the

the

the

the

move him to pass favorable judgment upon all English literature, nor did his disapproval of American thought and manners lead him to a blanket condemnation of all American writing. He expressed a dislike for the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and, conversely, he had praise for the works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Hamlin Garland. The letters do not reveal the judgment of an Anglophile. They do, however, attest to the existence of a cultural preference, and they illuminate the relationship between that preference and the forging of critical opinion.

It is not by chance that Fawcett named two Englishmen as the greatest poets of his age. He believed the poetic spirit of the time to reside in England and maintained that both Swinburne and Tennyson had grasped that spirit. In fact, when Swinburne praised a republican spirit in his poetry, Fawcett judged him to be admirable but, nonetheless, naive. He lamented Swinburne's dim vision which prompted him to romanticize the virtues of America. "He quite over-rates our governmental advantages," Fawcett argued, "his own country is surely as well ruled as ours." Fawcett never overestimated the value of anything on the American scene. In the matter of literary taste he held that it was a poor reflection upon this country "that so great a poet [as Swinburne] & one of so expansive a

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

lyrical magnificence, should not have a better American constituency."

Fawcett's comments on Tennyson are reminiscent of Henry James's reflections upon American culture in his essay on Hawthorne. Hawthorne was handicapped, James maintained, by the newness of his culture, by the lack of an American tradition to draw upon. In the same vein, but in the opposite direction, Fawcett attributed Tennyson's genius to his inheritance of "English verse as Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron & Coleridge had left it." He also alluded to the wealth of traditions and legends--the Arthurian legend in particular--which Tennyson had at his disposal to convert into poetic expression.

Most of Fawcett's praise for English literature was in tribute to its use of traditional forms, its adherence to rules, and its concentration upon rhythmical grace. On this side of the Atlantic, however, there was a nation without the poetic inspiration of past times, and its writers were experimenting with innovation and reflecting the present development of a new culture. In Fawcett's opinion this American literature was a brash expression of an unruly people; he held it to be defiant in tone and unpleasing in form. "You have once or twice asked me abt Mr. Sydney Lanier," Fawcett wrote to Hayne. "I have scarcely words to express my dislike of his writing. There seems to be an artistic insolence about it,

an utter jumbling together of rules, a violation of decent taste, a kind of gymnastic egotism and a generally wild puffing-and-blowing strain after effect, that make even the most patient reader require nerves of steel in order to read one of this gentleman's compositions through."

Fawcett expressed his opinion of Joaquin Miller in the same tone: "Joaquin Miller gave a little promise at first. He had certain true fire, though immense crudity. But how utterly he has gone to the dogs in poetry! As if he could enter in cowhide boots, with a hop, skip & jump, divine realms where his immortal betters have walked with reverent unshodden feet."

Since Fawcett's aesthetic sensibilities were offended by the translation of a rude democratic spirit into poetic expression, it was inevitable that he should hold Walt Whitman to be the arch defiler of the muse. In A Gentleman of Leisure there is evident reference to Whitman in the following dialogue:

"What are his writings like?" inquired Wainwright.

"He calls them democratic chants. They are about boundless prairies and brotherly love and the grand coming amelioration of humanity. They are Carlyle and Emerson jumbled together in wild parody. He discards rhyme, he discards metre, he insults art. Of course he has a little worshipping constituency; such poseurs always do have. They think he is a mighty organ-voice. I wonder why everything that is rhapsodical, incoherent and bombastic is always compared to an oratorio or a church-organ. I advise you to avoid

WEL

LAW

ED

AL

ED

COX

ED

VE

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

ED

his book. It is printed at the author's expense; its name is 'Earth-Clods and Star-beams.' If that is to be the poetry of the future, Heaven have mercy on our unborn generations."¹⁰⁴

Whitman's poetry reflected that part of America which was irreverent of past traditions and institutions; he flouted the laws of art, Fawcett insisted, and he sacrificed dignity for the preservation of his pose. Fawcett's judgment of Whitman is vividly recorded within the letters.

The letters are important for they reveal cultural considerations entangled within the literary judgment, and this along with Fawcett's fiction of realism and development of the international theme in his writings establishes him firmly within the literary climate of his time. His position within this main-current permitted him to pass within the inner circle and to meet and associate with other literary figures. Though his intimate friends were minor writers--Hayne, Saltus, Thompson, Lathrop, Rideing--he also knew men of such stature as Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Howells, Garland, and James; and he was welcome in their company. The intimacy did not contribute to the development of Fawcett's artistic talent, but his letters, which are steeped in literary lore, emerged from this involvement, and in a

¹⁰⁴pp.271-272.

fortuitous manner they constitute an unlooked for literary contribution.

The same pomposity which is so much a part of Fawcett's novels marks the letters. They are often verbose, seldom casual, and never humorous. Yet what is destructive of the novel form establishes character in the letters. In the same manner that Samuel Sewall's diary is vital, Fawcett's letters manifest a freshness; they are a curious blend of the critical and the vindictive. What ultimately emerges from them is a reflection of literary affairs, literary men, and literary works from the point of view of a fringe writer whose personal reactions are as important to his forming of judgment as are his literary standards. The letters suggest a dedication to the arts on Fawcett's part, but within this commitment there is constant self-justification for his own failings.

Fawcett holds nothing back. He never refrains from expressing his view of an event or his opinion of a person. He despises the Brentano Brothers, non-literary booksellers, who thrive on the efforts of creative men, but who display little literary sensitivity themselves. They are merely ill-educated traders who never read, and they are "miserably inferior to the good & precious books in which they constantly deal."

Fawcett knew booksellers and everyone else connected with literary activity. The letters reveal the

ex

11

W

1st

11

08

11

11

Pa

10

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

11

existence of a close-knit, though seldom harmonious, literary club. The best of writers and the worst of writers mingled in the same society, but with characteristic disdain Fawcett exiles from his company any whose literary taste he deems questionable and any who deprecate his works. Thus, Gilder is a "poetic humbug," Holland is "a despicable literary figure," and Stoddard is "a wretched, pathetic sort of figure." "As a poet," Fawcett writes, "I have never thought S_ of the least consequence. As a man I begin to think him worthy of much greater contempt."

All is not fire and anger. Fawcett reacts with humility when a young writer seeks his opinion; he reflects satisfaction when he offers encouragement and advice to Hamlin Garland; and he manifests sensitivity when he writes of Frank Saltus as a father would write of a loved son. These are the pleasures of recognition; there are also the wounds of rejection. Fawcett loved and respected Thomas Bailey Aldrich, but when Aldrich sanctioned a severe criticism of one of his works a deep hurt was all that remained of a warm friendship: "Yes, the Atlantic critique was hard. It cut me deeply, because Aldrich liked the book and yet let that contemptuous screed go in. And he & I had been such good friends. Ah, me! how many silent funerals take place in life,

128

Wit

043

013

ten

ten

000

ins

227

217

322

22

21

022

22

--

22

22

22

22

22

22

22

22

that no one sees! We put friendships into their graves, with no audible lamentations, no visible mourning-badges, no cortege. I am not getting cynical as I get older; but I sometimes feel very tired of it all."

These are reflections of Fawcett and they appear throughout the letters. He is a fierce man with an intense pride. He is easily hurt, quick to lash out at others, but the anger is usually a reaction to a previous insult, not an initial assault.

Beyond revealing Fawcett's character the letters unveil images of others. Longfellow is a benignant figure, a venerable man: "His head made me think of busts of Aeschylus or Sophocles, with its reverend, majestic look." The tenderness of Longfellow and the affection he commanded is suggested in Fawcett's lines on his death: "And, ah, think what the winter has done! the dark woodman has set his cold axe to two noble trees --Longfellow and Emerson! Your lines to Longfellow had great fire, feeling and tenderness. I have written nothing yet about the dear poet, though his hospitalities when I read the Harvard poem two or three years ago, have made me love him ever since."

Of Oscar Wilde, Fawcett writes that he is healthful, boyish, sincere, "his few affectations are never offensive." There is the inference that Wilde was

sub

In a

get

so b

aspe

asse

been

for

lack

but

opin

ever

that

an o

'am

opin

have

held

when

what

opin

of ti

of 16

more

obliged to perpetuate his own image; he had to be witty. In an invitation to Wilde, Fawcett writes: "Do not forget this evening, here, at Seven....We shall expect you to be in your very most charming and brilliant mood--"

Fawcett's literary judgments constitute a vital aspect of the letters. His comments range from dogmatic assertion to occasional uncertain speculation. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's verse is too feminine and vapid for Fawcett's taste; William Cullen Bryant's poetry lacks an intense passion; Howell's fiction is charming, but it is wanting in strength and profundity. These opinions are provocative but apt; there are others, however, which display less acumen. It is questionable that the works of Ouida are stamped with genius; it is an error in judgment to project that Frank Saltus's "fame will gradually go on increasing."

It is difficult to separate Fawcett's critical opinion from his emotional attitudes. If he worships James it is because he is enamored of his fiction. He seldom offers dispassionate comment as he does when, with complete detachment, he quarrels with Poe's definition of poetry. More typical is the reaction to Sydney Lanier whose verse "shocks, irritates & disgusts," or the description of Whitman as "a contumacious buffalo of letters." This deep personal involvement with literature is evident in Fawcett's words on Tennyson: "By

22

32

24

44

22

92

118

40

x

4

三

the way, 'Harold' is just announced here. I tremble for fear it may be some such senile stupidity as Queen Mary. Its 'dramatic form' has a very suspicious sound. I hope that I may not be called upon to say, at the end of this new poem, something relative to the advisability of Tennyson's immediate death. But what words am I speaking? 'Harold' may prove a masterpiece...and yet I somehow feel in my bones that I am going to gnash my teeth over it!"

Fawcett suffered with the demise of Tennyson's poetic greatness, he was moved to ecstasy by Swinburne, irritated by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, angered by Whitman, disappointed by Howells, and gratified by James.

He was personally involved with all.

The Fawcett letters in this study do not represent a complete collection. To begin with, American Literary Manuscripts acknowledges certain omissions in its findings.¹⁰⁵ Also, some libraries are reluctant to provide photoprints of their collections,¹⁰⁶ privately owned letters are difficult to locate, and some collections are not currently available.¹⁰⁷ Though an exhaustive presentation is hardly possible, I have obtained 113 of the more than 140 letters listed in American Literary Manuscripts. The incomplete nature of the collection, however, is as much a matter of intentional

¹⁰⁵ Joseph Jones, Ernest Marchand, et alii (Austin, 1960). The editors researched over 270 American libraries, but the information they offer is neither exhaustive nor definitive: "We preach, in conclusion, a healthy skepticism of our results. We have tried to make them as comprehensive as possible, and we believe that they may prove of considerable service, but at the same time a caveat is imperative: let no one assume that we have done all the work, for we know--only too well--that in the systematizing of manuscripts there is no end" (p.xix). American Literary Manuscripts provides an excellent checklist. The limitations of the work are understandable, but they are no less real.

¹⁰⁶ The Yale University Library has a fine collection of Fawcett letters, but they do not reproduce entire collections.

¹⁰⁷ The Fawcett letters in the Barrett Collection are in the process of being transferred to the University of Virginia Library; they are not currently available.

design as it is a result of having encountered difficulties. I have not reproduced all the letters in my possession, and of those utilized, I have reprinted few in their entirety.

Since the value of the letters lies in their exposure of Fawcett's critical opinion of English and American writers and in their illumination of his close relationship with the literary fraternity of his day, then a traditional, chronological presentation would have been purposeless; much in the letters is irrelevant, much is banal, and much would have been lost in the verbiage of such an ordering. Rather, I have excerpted sections of letters, from occasional lines to lengthy passages, and have so arranged the fragments as to present independent sections of comment upon individual authors. The excerpts are chronologically ordered only within these author headings. Thus there is a separate section for each author Fawcett comments upon, and these sections are alphabetically arranged beginning with Thomas Bailey Aldrich and concluding with Constance Fenimore Woolson. The one exception to this pattern is the complete presentation of Fawcett's letters to Hamlin Garland. These seem substantial enough and centered enough upon the two men to merit reproduction in full.

COMM

had

and

For

A C

have

For

and

the

ten

of

of

to

t

t

of

to

To turn to any author reveals Fawcett's critical comment upon the writer's works, frequently his personal judgment of the writer's character, and often, by inference, the writer's opinion of Fawcett the author, and Fawcett the man. Since each section has its own import a certain amount of repetition is unavoidable, but I have kept this to an absolute minimum. That is, if Fawcett, in one of the letters, remarks upon Swinburne and Tennyson within the same passage, then I have entered the comment under both Swinburne and Tennyson. A system of cross references would have confused rather than clarified, and would have detracted from the totality of the separate sections.

I have made no attempt--as with the editing of the novel--to correct punctuation, to spell out abbreviations, or to standardize appearance. Revision and correction establish the tone and meaning of the novel, but an exact reproduction contributes to the formation of a more personal view of the letter writer. I have provided extensive footnotes, however, and their intent is, wherever possible, to identify minor persons and obscure works referred to in the letters, to mark the expression of an idea in the letters and note the appearance of that idea in the novel, and to offer a reasoned argument for the redating of certain letters.

a letter
which th
into. I
tion, b
the app
mark af
note.
the pag

lette
lette
lette
lette
lette

are fi
versi
south
the e
Hayne
ship

Mc
Hist
Miv
COP
lett
Har
ern

Fawcett seldom marked the year in his dating of a letter, but most libraries, based upon information which they possess, have affixed a probable year to the date. I have generally accepted the library designation, but when internal evidence makes the accuracy of the appended date suspect, then I have placed a question mark after the date and rectified the error in a footnote. All letters with suspect dates follow, along with the page and footnote number of their first appearance:

Letter to Hayne:	December 8, 1874; p.114, fn.122.
Letter to Hayne:	December 19, 1878; p.104, fn.112.
Letter to Hayne:	February 17, 1883; p.106, fn.114.
Letter to Wyman:	March 10, 1890; p.107, fn.115.
Letter to Whiting:	April 5, 189_ ; p.110, fn.120.

A significant number of letters in this section are from the Paul Hamilton Hayne Papers of the Duke University Library. Fawcett's correspondence with Hayne, a southern poet and editor of Russell's Magazine, began in the early 1870's and continued without interruption until Hayne's death in 1886. The letters reveal a deep friendship and a mutual respect for each other's literary works.

The letter to Miss Whiting is from the Boston Public Library; the letter to Wyman is from the Chicago Historical Society; the Oscar Wilde letter is from the University of Texas Library; the letter to Bishop is from the New York Public Library; the Bayard Taylor letters are from the Cornell University Library; and the Hamlin Garland letters are from the University of Southern California Library.

VI

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

So few poets seem to understand what a sonnet should be. I think that Aldrich has done most exquisite work in this most difficult line. His Egypt, Pursuit & Possession, Fredericksburg & Accomplices seem to me indaglios of a matchless finish.

To Hayne--May 10, 1875

Were you pleased by Mr. Aldrich's Identity in the July Atlantic? It pleased me immensely. I found myself warmly defending it, indeed, against the animadversions of my family. It will not bear very close logical inspection, perhaps, but at the same time, I think it a poem in which the imagination plays a part thoroughly legitimate even if thoroughly grotesque also.

To Hayne--July 7, 1875

I think that a sonnet sh^d be composed, in the first place, of extremely striking thought, and that, in the second place, its vehicle of expression should

be

the

tee

the

son

pro

det

put

son

at

at

as

wa

to

is

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--2

be thoroughly commodious, easy and natural--as though the subject had set itself to the music of the fourteen lines, and there had been no shadow of strain on the poet's part. For this reason, I find Mr. Lowell's sonnet abt Heine in the Sept. Atlantic a very clumsy production, and beautiful as are both of Aldrich's, I nevertheless think that he w^d have done better to have put them in three stanza poems, or something of this sort.

To Hayne--August 21, 1875

The cause of Art is a very noble & lovely one, and though her real true lovers "must hunger and waste and burn Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir," as Aldrich tells us, when it does stir, what divine reward for the expectant devotee!

To Hayne--January 18, 1876

I can't say that I like Mr. Aldrich's legend in the March Atlantic. It seems to lack his old magic of style. Compared with his lovely "Friar Jerome's

Dea

v'ne

days

these

little

small

large

less

white

pass

pass

W.

50

60

112

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--3

Beautiful Book"¹⁰⁸ it is, in my thinking, as water unto wine. Of course it has true touches of Aldrich. Perhaps I am wrong, but the whole poem, like the bambino itself, seems to me wooden. Indeed, Mr. A_ has done little that fully represents his power, in my opinion, since that exquisite poem called Destiny in one of the Atlantic's year before last, tho' he showed a decided gleam of the old fire in that weird little piece Identity, which I am very fond of.

To Hayne--March 14, 1876

Mr. Aldrich tells me that during 2 or 3 years past he has composed 50 or 60 sonnets & from these has only preserved eleven.

To Hayne--September 9, 1876

I have rec^d one or two interesting letters from Mr. Aldrich of late. He tells me that he has written 50 or 60 sonnets during the past two years and destroyed all but 11. Surely [this] is self-discipline and

¹⁰⁸This poem became the title-piece for a collection of selected reprints which Aldrich published in 1881.

305

66

100

13

42

15

341

74.

4.

...

58

4.

4

1

1

3

12

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--4

self-repression. I envy him his power to wear sack-cloth. When I write anything that I think particularly bad I always have an odd pity for it, as though it were a deformed child, and often I spend a long time in trying to lick it into shape again--if you will pardon the vulgarity. Mr. Aldrich likes a closely-knitted sonnet, thinking that octave and sestet should not be separated. Here I thoroughly disagree with him. I pitched into him badly for altering his *Cloth of Gold*¹⁰⁹ as he did, in the last edition of those poems. It is extraordinary how ill he appreciates and understands the beauties of his own work. When Tennyson alters, it is almost always for the better; with A_ it is almost always constantly for the worse.

To Hayne--September 24, 1876

Of course you have seen Aldrich's new book, Flower & Thorn.¹¹⁰ He sent me a copy, as he had previously done in the case of Cloth of Gold. I felt greatly honored &

¹⁰⁹Cloth of Gold and Other Poems (Boston, 1874), is a reprint of all the poems which Aldrich wished to retain from the edition published in 1865, The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

¹¹⁰Flower and Thorn: Later Poems, 1877.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--5

very grateful. I am sure that I owe A_ a great deal.
For years I have loved and studied his poems.

To Hayne--March 26, 1877

After all, I did not go to the Whittier dinner.¹¹¹
It was on Monday & so I could not have gone by boat without remaining several days in Boston, & by cars [?] the journey would have been so expensive that I did not feel like affording it. Aldrich and I were in N.Y. together at the time, and during his stay we had two charming lunches together--one with Stedman, at the latter's business-office and one at my club. What a witty, charming fellow Aldrich is! His society is delicious. I can never somehow get at the poet in him (the poet who, as you know, I think so indisputably there) as much as I can reach the humorist; but this last is a very delightful faute de mieux, it must be owned. It is entirely through his influence and persuasive conduct that Roberts has come to bring out Fantasy & Passion. For this reason,

¹¹¹In celebration of Whittier's seventieth birthday. The Atlantic Monthly publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, arranged for this affair and they later followed it with a Breakfast to Dr. Holmes and a Garden Party for Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--6

I dedicate the book to him.

To Hayne--January 5, 1878

Stedman says that Aldrich was his pupil. Aldrich does not admit this, and if it be true, the pupil has immensely eclipsed the master; for I think that Aldrich has written about twenty of the most perfect brief picturesque lyrics of any time.

To Hayne--March 1, 1878

Have you seen Aldrich's lovely new book? Ah, there is a true artist! I don't care if his range "is not quite so wide as other singers." Could any of them attain his exquisite art they might become Tennysons.

To Hayne--December 19, 1878(?)¹¹²

¹¹²Aldrich did not publish a collection of verse in 1878, and so the reference must be to The Queen of Sheba, 1877, or to A Midnight Fantasy and the Little Violinist, also in 1877. But since Fawcett does refer to the work as a "new book," the dating of the letter becomes questionable. The Tennyson excerpt (pp.175-176) is from the same letter.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--7

I have just returned from Boston, where I had a delightful time. I staid with Longfellow in his lovely old house at Cambridge & then I went to Aldrich, at Ponkapog. They are both charming hosts--each utterly different from the other, and yet similar because of their common love for what is best in letters. I spoke of you to Longfellow & he was very sorry to hear that you were still unwell. I delivered the Phi Beta poem at Harvard during my stay; I was prodigiously frightened, but I think that I got through reputably. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Longfellow & a lot of other kind literati assured me that I did, and it is certainly pleasant to believe so. Is not Cambridge a rare, sweet old place? I know you think so. Aldrich kept me in a roar of laughter all the time I was there. Truly, I think he is the Sydney Smith of his time.¹¹³ He does not put enough of his ebullient humor into his prose writings.

To Hayne--July 19, 1880

¹¹³Sydney Smith, English clergyman and author (1771-1845). His questioning of the value of American culture gained him much notoriety in this country. In the Edinburgh Review for January, 1820, Smith asked: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?" Fawcett, however, is obviously

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--8

I think you are quite wrong about Aldrich. He is a very warm friend where he once gives his friendship. He has been badly treated by certain 'critical' creatures, & has won his present success in the teeth of much discouragement. But a truer and more sterling fellow never lived.

To Hayne--November 19, 1880

Yes, the Atlantic critique was hard. It cut me deeply, because Aldrich liked the book and yet let that contemptuous screed go in. And he & I had been such good friends. Ah, me! how many silent funerals take place in life, that no one sees! We put friendships into their graves, with no audible lamentations, no visible mourning-badges, no cortege. I am not getting cynical as I get older; but I sometimes feel very tired of it all.

To Hayne--February 17, 1883(?)¹¹⁴

referring to the fame Smith achieved as the originator of many humorous bon mots.

¹¹⁴Aldrich was editor of the Atlantic Monthly from 1881 to 1890. The date of this letter is questionable for there are no reviews of Fawcett's works in the periodical in 1882, nor during the first two months of 1883. Possibly Fawcett's reference is to the review of A Gentleman of Leisure which appeared in the Atlantic in October, 1881.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH--9

Aldrich, for example, smooth-flowing as his verses are, lacks any decided rhythmic power, but his lovely richness and color of phrasing stands, in its special cabinet-picture way, nearly unequalled.

To Wyman--March 10, 1890(?)¹¹⁵

If this is so, the correct date of the letter would probably be 1882. The Oscar Wilde excerpt from the same letter (pp.190-191) would also suggest the year 1882 since this would be in keeping with the year of Wilde's American visit. The Rossetti excerpt (p.153), and the Swinburne excerpt (p.167), are from the same letter.

¹¹⁵ More likely the date of this letter is the latter part of March, 1875. At the beginning of the letter Fawcett refers to the "initiative days" of Spring which suggests the last week in March. As for the year, 1875 would seem most probable, for in a reference to Swinburne within the same letter Fawcett writes: "Swinburne (as Mr. E.C. Stedman, in Scribner's Monthly for March, justly says) has carried English rhythm beyond the border of anything which it had previously attained;..." And in the March issue of Scribner's Monthly for 1875 there is an article by Stedman in which he writes: "I wish to speak at some length upon the one faculty in which Swinburne excels any living English poet; in which I doubt if his equal has existed among recent poets of any tongue, unless Shelley be excepted, or, possibly some lyrist of the modern French school. This is his miraculous gift of rhythm, his command over the unsuspected resources of a language" (p.585). The Stoddard (pp.159-160), Swinburne (pp.167-168), Taylor (pp.171-172), and Tennyson (pp.176-179) excerpts are from the same letter.

PIERRE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Mr. Thompson [James Maurice] thinks my letters interesting enough to answer them, I am happy in saying, very charmingly indeed. He is, like myself, a profound lover of Baudelaire. I consider B_ an excessively immoral poet, & Swinburne not. S. is always dramatic. He rarely sneers at good in his own voice; he usually makes someone else, whom he personates, utter atrocious sentiments, whilst Baudelaire, in the most diabolic fiendish style, simply seems to denounce and re-nounce all idea of virtue...

And I do love poems written, as Chas. Baudelaire said--"seulement pour le plaisir de'crire un poeme."

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

BRENTANO¹¹⁶

It is delightful to hear that you have so generously sent me Watson's poems.¹¹⁷ Ever so long ago, fascinated by some of the quotations, which Howells made from his book, I ordered it of Brentano. But B_ (who is, entre nous, a bookseller merely, and will never be anything more) professed himself, after long delay, unable to procure the volume. He had sent here; he had inquired there; &c--good Heavens! Why don't they make you or me proprietors of a leading bookshop? Wouldn't we make things hum, n'est-ce-pas?-- you, especially with your extraordinary literary outlook and your wondrous flair for what is classic and good. But the Brentanos are all mere traders; they never read; they are ill-educated to any degree. The brother in Paris strikes me as a little better (there are brothers and brothers, stretching away till the crack o'doom, like the ghosts in Macbeth), but they all seem to me

¹¹⁶Three generations of the Brentano family have been employed in bookselling; August Brentano, an Austrian immigrant, founded the business in the early 1870's. By 1882, three nephews--Arthur, August, and Simon--took charge of affairs.

¹¹⁷Possibly a reference to Walter Watson, a Scottish poet (1780-1854), who achieved some popularity in his time, or, more likely to John Whitaker Watson (1824-1890), who issued a volume of poetry in 1869 entitled Beautiful Snow and Other Poems.

BRENTANO--2

miserably inferior to the good & precious books in which they constantly deal. They none of them have any special sense of difference between Walter Savage Landor and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett¹¹⁸--and I don't know if I could have hit upon a huger gulf of difference..do you?

To Miss Whiting¹¹⁹--April 5, 189₂¹²⁰

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING

Mrs. Browning's Portuguese Sonnets I have read, but they are not familiar. Except for Aurora Leigh, which is in some ways a wonderful poem, I find the work of Mrs. B_ is wholly disagreeable to me. Robert Browning

¹¹⁸Most well known for her sentimental, romantic novels and children's stories of which the most popular is Little Lord Fauntleroy, 1886.

¹¹⁹Possibly Lillian Whiting, an assistant editor of the Boston Budget in the 90's.

¹²⁰The date, in Fawcett's own hand, is difficult to establish from the photoprint of the letter; it is probably 1892. The James excerpt (p.139) is from the same letter.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING--2

I am very fond of, but his spouse always seems to me hysterical, posing, & sometimes Laura-Matildaish beyond language.

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

You are indeed wrong in supposing me at all annoyed by yr remarks abt Mrs. Browning's poetry. For Heaven's sake why should I dream of being so? Surely you have a right most incontestable to yr own opinions, & doubtless I, for that matter, am thoroughly wrong in the judgment which I passed. Truly my sincerity, here, is my only defence against the charge of pure arrogance & self-assumption. I cannot like Mrs. Browning's poetry. Even in that noble romance of Aurora Leigh there are passages that absolutely disgust me. I don't mean hysterical weakness. You have rather misunderstood me there. I meet no lack of force, but rather a posing impulse that I find intolerable. I seem to see a very clever, very poetic-souled person, if you choose, straining wildly after effects--and such effects! such confused extravagances! Such things that never could properly say themselves this side of Bedlam--such outrageous archaisms, solecisms, graecisms! Frankly, I

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING--3

think that Mrs. B_ often insults her art from simply over-adoring it. You see that she feels vastly, but I find that she often expresses with an unpardonable amount of gush; & this is what I meant by Laura-Matildaish. Maud, for example, is a poem full of wild self-abandonments, but does Tennyson ever pass beyond "that goal of ordinance," as he himself says, "where all should pause as is most meet for all"? I do not think so, tho' a gentleman told me, the other day, that he considered the short metre passage "Rosy are her cheeks" &c atrociously silly, hysterical &c. Mrs. Browning's pedantry is to me often execrable. Mere learning in an author is so uninteresting, anyway! I haven't her poems here at hand or I could, I am sure, refer to many affectations of a simply heinous character. Still, I don't a bit blame you, mind, for overlooking faults which of course strike you & loving the ore for the gold, as one might say. Hundreds, thousands have done this. I am perhaps to blame for not doing it. I am afraid I run too much toward art; I am too much the artificer & too little the warm-souled poet. "Effects" of words or color will almost draw tears from my eyes & set my heart throbbing & my blood aglow, whilst the

ELIZEBETH B. BROWNING--4

loveliest and grandest sentiments, ill-expressed (or expressed as I, in my artistic despotism & egotism, don't like) will scarcely affect me. But it seems to me that I am outliving this vice. I think, for example, that I can now more greatly enjoy the luscious loveliness of Keats than before, because I am able with more success to forget & ignore his faults. Let me again tell you what a wonderful poem I think Aurora Leigh. I have many passages of it stored away in my notebook.

To Hayne--October 15, 1875

Or perhaps I shall only say it in Mrs. Browning's 'thunders of white silence'! (By the way, did it ever occur to you what an abomination that bit of verse is?)

To Hayne--January 6, 1882

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

It seems to me that you expressed with much force the attitude taken by Mr. Bryant as regards the Poe matter. I myself find that B's reputation is precisely what you express it--arctic and frozen. He has a throng

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT--2

of worshippers about him, but I doubt if these do more than vehemently respect the "integer vitae scelerisque purus"¹²¹ of the man. Have any of them a passionate love for his poetry? Are many of them more than respectably familiar with it? Compare his position with Tennyson's. How much lordlier and more beloved for pure genius alone is the latter! For my part, I can think of nothing which Bryant has written that I can truly say I love. Thanatopsis rolls along effectively, but although really to be condemned by our modern self-styled critics as morbid, it possesses nothing fascinatingly original amidst its morbidity. To me there is a stately stupidity about the man, a sort of resonant old-fogyism in his verse, that I often have found literally intolerable.

To Hayne--December 1, 1874¹²²

¹²¹The complete quotation from Horace is: Integer vitae scelerisque purus non eget acru--A man of upright life and, pure from guilt, needs no weapon to defend him.

¹²²See the Howells excerpt from the same letter (p.132, fn.136) for speculation as to correct date--December 8, 1875; the Poe (pp.151-152), Tennyson (p.172), and Thompson (p.181) excerpts are from the same letter.

OLIVER BELL BUNCE

Yes, I have been to two of Mr. Bunce's Sunday evenings since my return to town. Mrs. Bunce & the young ladies always speak of you, & not long ago I think that she said you had recently written her. I shall remember you to them with great pleasure.

To Hayne--January 18, 1876

I am sorry you had trouble with Bunce. He is a very good-hearted fellow. I think his faults all on the surface, tho' I admit often most unpleasantly, even painfully so. For a long time he and I were only on terms of the most perfectly cold ceremony toward one another. It is very easy to quarrel with him, I know. What one of his contributors has he not made writhe?¹²³ I have for a long time had but one opinion regarding him: he is tortured by ill health & for that reason excusable. I believe that all his arrogance & dogmatism are not Bunce; they are disease. On that account his rudeness has a kind of pathetic side to me. I try only to think of his green foliage, not of his uncouth dead limbs. And there is truly a great deal in the man to admire and respect.

To Hayne--December 12, 1877

²³Bunce was the editor of Appleton's Journal from 1872 to 1881.

HAMLIN GARLAND

My dear Mr. Garland,

Your letter was extremely welcome. I know your poetic work well--and have reason to know it. Hardly much more than a year ago Mr. Wyckoff, poor fellow, editor of the American Magazine (he whose sad death from over-work & general editorial strain you may have heard of) asked me to act as the Rhadamanthus of his poetry--to viser all the mss. & tell him just what I thought deserved to pan muster. This was then, if I mistake not, quite a secret matter, but now that the magazine has changed hands I don't mind divulging my share of it. Always your verses seemed to me full of an extraordinary merit. I said to Wyckoff--or wrote him--more than once: "This man, Hamlin Garland, has very brilliant abilities, me judice, & his future great distinction is only a question of his own industry & self-governance"--or words to that effect. If Wyckoff & I had been able to work together on the magazine, I would have pushed you more than I did; as it was, I remember suggesting the return of but one poem, and that was because I preferred another that came to me in the same "bundle" with it. My reasons of preferment & disfavor were what Howells once told me he felt toward one of my own bits of verse years ago--"lover's reasons."

HAMLIN GARLAND--2

On this account--as I take for granted you had never learned how original, trenchant and vigorous I had pronounced your work, I found your good note to me a remarkable coincidence. I should greatly like to hear your lecture upon my printed stuff, & hope that some day I shall do so. I am glad enough that anything I have done pleases you. I will send you a copy of some verses of mine under the name of "Romance & Revery," if you have not seen it. It is my third book of poems, "Fantasy & Passion" & "Song & Story" being the other two. It seems to me that you might care for something metrical of mine, since your own poetry has repeatedly appealed to me from amid masses of other mss. You must not call yourself "an unknown man" now, since your name has become in a short time familiar to American readers; and I am sure that it will become more so--and most creditably--as time lapses. I see that you live at Jamaica Plain, near my good friends, the Ticknors.¹²⁴ I suppose you know them. Ticknor is one of the best and truest of fellows, and a sweeter, more thoroughly fas-

¹²⁴William Davis Ticknor, A Boston publisher; his firm published the North American Review and the Atlantic Monthly from 1854 to 1864.

HAMLIN GARLAND--3

inating woman than handsome Mrs. Ticknor I have rarely met. She seems to me the embodiment of all that a high-bred New England woman ought to be--& that, for me, who greatly like & respect New England, is saying a great deal.

I am fond of Boston, but I almost dread going there again. Arlo Bates¹²⁵ & a man named Wolf, on the Gazette, by their bitter slanderous comments upon me & my work, have invested even that beautiful city with a strange atmosphere of discomfort. Still, this is mere folly, I grant. Thanking you again for all your kind work, I am ever faithfully,

Edgar Fawcett

October 7, 1888

My dear Mr. Garland,

I return your critique with many thanks to you for the great pleasure of reading it. I wish I were not so busy a man...correspondence & work both crowd upon me, & it is only now and then that I get the

¹²⁵Arlo Bates (1850-1918) was a novelist, a dramatist, poet, teacher of English, and writer of textbooks. He frequently contributed criticism to leading periodicals and was a Boston newspaper editor.

HAMLIN GARLAND--4

chance of a real long letter to anyone whom I respect & esteem--or, for that matter--with whom I have held friendliest relations in the past. But rest sure, dear Mr. Garland, that your future growing success will always be dear to me, and of keenest interest. If you come to New York be sure to leave a card for me here at this club. Afterward I will try to arrange that we shall meet and have the most comfortable & amicable of chats. I sympathize with your aims, & feel sure that you can & will carry them out. If I held any editorial position I should love to ask you for a poem every now and then. You have a fine saliency & crispness of phrase, and a breadth of treatment wholly your own. I don't know your prose at all well, & will get the Belford's you speak of and study it--provided, by the way, I can get that special no.--though it is so difficult now to find them, somehow. (Ah, what a muddle of syntax! By "them" I mean back nos. of magazines.) I am glad that Howells is your friend. He & I are, I am sorry to state, only acquaintances. We meet, shake hands, say a few words to one another, & the great world pushes itself between us for months. An extraordinary artist--a man of the most enchanting subtleties! Faulty

HAMLIN GARLAND--5

as a critic now and then,--and again wondrously true & penetrative. I often wonder why Howells, with his fine 19th Century liberalisms, is not more expansive in his novels--why he so persistently ignores the passions and cultivates the niceties & prettinesses. I am delighted that you are so firm a believer in Herbert Spencer et id omne genus. That mixture of genius & absurdity, Swinburne, called Victor Hugo the spiritual sovereign of this century. What shall we call Spencer?--a simpler name, perhaps, but as true a one--the help & the hope of truth! To speak of my own poor self, you seem to have grasped all that I aim for in prose. In poetry I want to dissipate superstition as a philosopher and as a mere simple poet to try to find some fresh forms of pure beauty that the world may perhaps recall--say 10 years or 20 years after I am dead. Can a man hope for more nowadays? I will send you "Romance & Revery" soon. With thanks for your charming letter & deepest appreciation of it.

Ever faithfully yours,

Edgar Fawcett

October 19, 1888

HAMLIN GARLAND--6

My dear Mr. Garland,

I was very glad to get your exceedingly kind note. I agree with all your less eulogistic words about my poor little story. The railway accident is perhaps a deus ex, though I somehow didn't want it to be just that. I, too, hate the "happening" of things in a novel. At the same time, I believe firmly in coincidences, and although the entire human story often seems to me ragged, contradictory, plotless, indeterminate, still I should be inclined to insist on occasional "touches" in it just like that of the train tumbling over an embankment at the precise instant of Paula's meditated crime.¹²⁶ However, I am not defending myself. And after reading my proofs of the latter portion of the tale, I grew thoroughly disgusted, and told myself that it was not only commonplace & ineffably conventional, but stupid past all words. You are too good to like the first part as much as you do. I strive for a perfect expression of life & read what I have accomplished in

¹²⁶This action is from Fawcett's novel, Miriam Balestier (Chicago, 1888); Paula is about to push Miriam from the platform of a moving train when a collision takes place resulting in Paula's death. Cf. the Critic review of the novel, p. 34.

HAMLIN GARLAND--7

cold type afterward only to cry "Bah! how monstrous a shortcoming!" But your words, and all such words as yours, when I am lucky enough to get them from men of brains and artistic sense, are precious stimulating. I have not forgotten my promise abt "Romance & Revery," & will send it to-morrow. I have just obtained the copy. With many warm wishes for your deserved success, believe me ever gratefully & faithfully

Edgar Fawcett

November 6, 1888

My dear Mr. Garland,

I enjoyed your last letter greatly. Am I, then, morbid? I did not know it. I don't want to be. But I can't help seeing the horrors of life, just as I see its brightness. And, after all, is there any real brightness? But the darkness & sadness are so pitilessly real! I sometimes think there are no people on earth who perfectly enjoy life except children, and they don't know when they do! By a queer accident I did see your Harper's Weekly story & thought it very strong & fine!¹²⁷

¹²⁷"Mrs. Ripley's Trip," November 24, 1888.

HAMLIN GARLAND--8

Your style is full of repose & power. You have great talents; you are sure to be a light in letters if you only keep the lamp industriously trimmed. But I care most for your poetry; there you seem to me most authentic, most definitely yourself. All good poets (with very few exceptions) have written good prose. Still, I know the demand, the trend, our time. I, for my part, will not abandon verse. I don't think I ever did anything spontaneously except that. The twilight will change to day, before long--be sure of it. Everything in literature goes by fads & fashions. I have been before the public for 15 years & written hard for 20, & I assure you that nothing at once so disconcerts & amuses me as the absurd whims of popular feeling. In a little while somebody will write as greatly public a success in verse as Robert Elsmere is in prose.¹²⁸ Then all the publishers will ask the rhymesters for their wares. All that the artist can do is to possess his soul, in patience. The drama is almost an impossibility for the

¹²⁸An English novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward which attained a great popularity in the United States. Frank Luther Mott, in his Golden Multitudes (New York, 1947), lists the novel as an over-all best seller in the United States in the decade 1880-1889.

HAMLIN GARLAND--9

artist, just now. But let him go on writing. If he be a real dramatic artist he must. Let the poet go on singing. The novelists are having it all their own way, just now; but never mind that. Rome wasn't built in a day, & the big, absurd, giddy crowd can't be coerced in one. They don't know what they really want or why they want it. They just push on with their freaks and feelings. My motto is--"Never try for success in any one thing, but try always to reach your own ideal as nearly as you can." You never can...but always keep on trying. There all the happiness of life lies for the artist--the true creator, the real poet¹²⁹ of the Greeks. Meanwhile, one must dine, of course. That is the key-note of the whole matter, after all--how we scribblers are to dine and yet remain dignified. Well, thank Heaven, the silliness of Grub Street is abolished nowadays, with its left-handed snobberies & its candor-veneered affectations. That's a movement in the right direction. Howells told me also that he hated "Sister Brenda." I love to think of any man who desires that "the teaching of Spencer" shall be evident in his stories. That means a great ideal:

¹²⁹maker; poet.

HAMLIN GARLAND--10

--now, about the American Magazine. For my novel, Olivia Delaplaine, I got the full \$3,600 promised me, paid without delay. But later on, I had occasion to talk with a young poet in my rooms, one afternoon, and as he had some verses which I thought poor Wyckoff would like, I said to him--"I'll give you a cheque for these," & it will be all right afterward." He took my cheque, and Wyckoff said I should soon be indemnified. It wasn't much--only \$25 in fact. But Wyckoff died, & though I have written to Col. Ropes abt the matter I've never rec'd a dime--I would keep my short-story copyrights if I were you. I haven't keep mine, but then most of my short stories have been very bad. I somehow can't put the Lord's prayer on a shilling, as Thackeray boasted that he could do. I suppose the only way to keep one's copyright is to stipulate with the publishers beforehand. Why not send a short story to Once a Week 104 to 110 Attorney Street N.Y. and tell the editor, Nugent Robinson how I admire your work? He's a charming fellow, and the paper pays well for contributions. I don't promise you success, but tell Mr. Robinson, if you choose, how I was won by your work without knowing you from Adam.

Ever Faithfully,

Edgar Fawcett

December 7, 1888

HAMLIN GARLAND--11

My dear Mr. Garland,

I was glad to get your kind letter, and am sorry that untold impediments have stood in the way of an earlier reply. It is pleasant to learn that you take so much interest in the future fortunes of "Miriam Balestier." I only wish you would condescend to amplify the narration; it is, I assure you, quite beyond my own poor powers of story-telling. She ought not to have married Matarand, but I very much fear that she did do so. Still, I am not by any means certain. She cut my acquaintance indefinitely at the last page of her partial biography. I don't know the writer of "Conventionalities" & "Paradoxes," whom you mention so admiringly. George-ism, I fear, is only a dream. Human selfishness and monopoly require as much slow disintegration from future centuries as did the early ape before he slowly differentiated into man. No, I'll even go back to the primordial atom, and so make it a more hopelessly wide range. Look at our present administration, begun to-day, with such men as Morton & Wanamaker at the governmental front. Of course they are two most divergent types, but they represent the same terrible, insidious power of money. Howells most truly made his Mr. Peck in "Annie Kilburn" say

HAMLIN GARLAND--12

that the world had secured liberty and equality after infinite struggle & bloodshed, but that fraternity had yet to arrive. How long before it will arrive? When Boston is a forgotten dust-mound, perhaps, and the biographical dictionaries tell us that Washington was an early mythic king of America! Yes, I have seen Howells twice during the past few weeks. He was very genial & charming, as always, & to-night I so regretted reading in the newspaper that his eldest daughter (long, I believe, an invalid) had recently died.¹³⁰ This will be a hard blow, no doubt, though I have heard that she has been partially insane for some time. No, I do not expect to see Boston this year, at least. It is a lovely town--far more so than our ugly New York--and, from all I have observed, most socially attractive. By all means copy my "Poverty" & use it if you desire. I greatly sympathize with your proposed Conservatory work, and think your effort to treat the aims & tendencies of young writers a most commendable one. It makes me wish I were only a young writer myself. The great trouble is that to-day we have no careful review-work whatever. The

¹³⁰ Winifred Howells.

HAMLIN GARLAND--13

journals bristle with vulgar personalities, and leisurely, conscientious criticism has fled to another land, if not to another planet. I am at work on a new novel; it seems to me that I am always either doing that or ending a comparatively old one. I shouldn't object to being a machine if I only had golden wheels and a diamond pivot or two. But alas! I fear the muses only brought to my cradle the cast-off gifts of inferior scribblers. You have my warm sympathy, always, in your work and your energies for it. But don't forget poetry!

Faithfully yours,

Edgar Fawcett

March 4, 1889

Dear Mr. Garland,

I am sorry to have missed you when you were in New York. My stay here has been very pleasant & I have found London revisited even a more agreeable place than when formerly seen. I have both dined and lunched with Henry James at his charming home in Kensington, and it was a decided treat to shake hands and talk with him once again. You speak in your last note of Miss Wilkins.¹³¹

¹³¹Mary Wilkins Freeman (1852-1930); at the time of

HAMLIN GARLAND--14

I know little of her work, and though I respect what I have seen of it I must confess that its incessant dialect repels me. I cannot stomach (to use a homely phrase) so much remorseless vernacular, and in spite of all prevailing fashions I feel convinced that such factors in fiction should be used sparingly. If an artist is in love with the folk-lore of his town and time, I believe that the impressions of it which he seeks to convey to us should be imparted through media which are not wholly concerned with massacred syntax. Be "enthralled by realities" as much as you please, but portray by methods more universal & less particular. Still, here I am uttering counsels, who have no right to play adviser and whose own literary sins are surely enough for any one full-grown man to answer for. Pardon me; we scribblers are all far more of bigots, cavillers, & precisians than we often admit. You should know this sad, grand, historic old London, if you do not already know it...but perhaps you do. I expect to sail westward soon--most probably on Oct. 24th. Meanwhile with most

This letter Miss Wilkins (she married Dr. Charles M. Freeman in 1902) had only published one volume of poetry, Decorative Plaques (1883), and The Adventures of Ann (1886) and A Humble Romance (1887).

HAMLIN GARLAND--15

hearty good wishes for your personal & literary welfare,
believe me.

Always Faithfully,

Edgar Fawcett

October 16, 1889

There are many attractive & interesting literary men here,
both young & old, whom one rarely hears of in America. EF

Dear Mr. Garland,

I was sorry to miss you when last here. Yes, I
believe "The Evil that Men Do"¹³² is very pleasing to the
people. I never can understand about these matters. I
think the best working-mood is neither to understand nor
to care. I always try to be artistic and human--perhaps
I constantly fail in both directions.

Pray look me up when you come to this big, giddy
town again, & believe me.

Always faithfully,

Edgar Fawcett

February 19, 1890

¹³² A novel by Fawcett (New York, 1889).

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

"Tupper" Holland, as he is always called North, is down upon me for some reason. You know his wretched "Kathrina" "Bitter Sweet" &c. I suppose the enclosed poem has rather increased his hatred.¹³³ I daresay, he has tried on the cap & found that it fits him admirably. A very sneering paragraph apropos of my Evolution article appeared in the Springfield Republican the other day. Gilder, whom I criticized adversely & whom I consider a poetic humbug, is a friend of Holland.¹³⁴ The paragraph says that I have more conceits than Donne and more egotism than Swinburne, and that Gilder is worth 20 Fawcetts. I have no doubt that either H_ or G_ wrote it. If one tells the truth in this world one must always suffer, I find. Doubtless I have been impolitic, but I have the cause of American poetry very deeply at heart; I can't help fighting against pretentious charlatanism. Holland has always been to me a despicable literary figure.

To Hayne--July 19, 1876

¹³³The poem is missing.

¹³⁴Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881) was a novelist, editor of the Springfield Republican, and the first editor of Scribner's Monthly (1870-1881). Richard Watson Gilder (1884-1909) was a poet and assistant editor of Scribner's Monthly with Holland after 1870. He edited the Century from 1881 until his death.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS¹³⁵

Mr. Howells tells me that he thinks ill of Thompson's book. I don't at all sympathize with him in his bad opinion.

To Hayne--December 8, 1874(?)¹³⁶

I agree with you almost absolutely regarding what you say of Mr. Howells. He writes charming critiques &c, but surely he does not possess creative breadth either in fiction or poetry. His own book of poems is a fact, I should say, by no means in harmony, as it stands, with the line of conduct often adopted toward his contributors. He has been very kind to me, but....justice is justice. I can't & won't like any more or less of his poems for that reason. It is not a book I could ever love--ever very deeply care for, as far as that is concerned. It seems to me in parts curiously weak & in parts wholly behind the age. "Private Theatricals" has many good things....Mr. Howells has a book of my humorous verses which he is reading & will pass a

¹³⁵For other comment on Howells see Fawcett's letter to Garland, pp. 119-120.

¹³⁶If the reference in this letter is to Hoosier Mosaics (1875), as it seems to be, then the date of the letter is more likely to be December 8, 1875.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS--2

criticism upon. These latter I shall not bring out under my own name.

To Hayne--January 18, 1876

No, Howells has not reviewed Ellen Story.¹³⁷ I do not know why; I never cared to inquire. It distresses me that I sh^d find his own prose (& notably "Out of the Question")¹³⁸ so namby-pamby, finical & trivial; for I should like intensely to like his writing, since he has treated me with such kindness. The thought of his knowing how I dislike his prose w^d be, under the circumstances, almost abhorrent to me, and I make this confidence to you as to a man of honor, feeling sure that it will go no further.

To Hayne--March 26, 1877

Do you know, it distresses me that you sh^d send nothing more to Howells. Pray do so; never mind his rejections; some day he will accept again. A very

¹³⁷At this time Howells was editor of the Atlantic Monthly (1871-1881).

¹³⁸A play by Howells.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS--3

eminent man of letters said to me the other day:

"Howells has rejected everything I have sent him for a year & I have resolved never to send him another thing." A friend nearby--equally eminent, or almost so, replied: "Oh, yes, Blank; you will, I am sure." I sat and wondered.

To Hayne--March 1, 1878

I notice that Howells's critique has influenced other papers. But I am resolved to be philosophic; if he has spoken falsely time should refute him.¹³⁹

To Hayne--May 26, 1878

¹³⁹Howells reviewed Fantasy and Passion in the Atlantic Monthly for May of 1878. Fawcett's ambiguous remark seems to be quite reserved especially since Howells had this to say of his poetry: "The Fantasy and Passion of Mr. Fawcett is better named as to the Fantasy than as to the Passion. He is, to our thinking, eminently the poet of Fancy. In that he is a master, and seems first among American poets; we do not know why we should stop short of saying among all the English-writing poets of our time. Possibly Leigh Hunt alone surpasses him in our literature; we shall not try to establish his place too definitely, for criticism must not leave time with nothing to do" (p.632). See p.19, for Fawcett's remarks, in a letter to Hayne, upon the emasculation of the Passion from Fantasy and Passion.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS--4

I think Howells's new novel a great success. It towers over everything else he has done. Man of whims as the man is, we must remember always hereafter that he wrote "The Undiscovered Country."

To Hayne--April 27, 1880

James (take my word for it!) is a very big man. He includes a good many Howellses. Howells might stand for one of his turrets, or perhaps a left wing.

To Hayne--January 6, 1882

HENRY JAMES

Mr. Henry James's "American" in the Atlantic delights me. Is he trying for popularity? I suppose so. One hardly recognizes in this light filigree-work the same hand that wrought Roderick Hudson's solidity and stateliness. But it is filigree work of real bronze, however. I can't abide, though, his use of the phrase "our hero." Did you read his short story in the Aug.

HENRY JAMES--2

Scribner?¹⁴⁰ I think it a failure--but a charming one.

To Hayne--August 6, 1876

Henry James is now doing superb work for the magazines. I believe that man will yet hold a place in our letters equal to Thackeray. His story in the present Scribner (though not in his grand manner) is a delicious bit.¹⁴¹

James's Hawthorne is a charming book. It has made Boston & Concord furious, but I can't see why. He wrote it for English readers, & besides it is full of reverence for the great master of romance--if a critic can ever be reverent.

To Hayne--April 27, 1880

I fancy there is a good deal of doubt that James ever said anything of that contemptuous sort about my verses, as I told Frank Saltus the other evening. I know just how the story originated. A very pretty, very charming, but rather impulsive young girl, who has

¹⁴⁰"Crawford's Consistency."

¹⁴¹November, 1877, "Four Meetings."

HENRY JAMES--3

fallen into the bigoted belief that I am one of the world's literary luminaries, bored James a good deal by talking about my books one day at a dinner party. I feel pretty sure that what Miss _____ says that he said is a good deal exaggerated. People here seem to vie with each other in uttering bitter things about James. I did not meet him, though I wanted to, immensely. He sent me one of his novels, which certainly does not look very disdainful. It seems to me that he must only seem snobbish to snobs. Of course there are many men of genius whom I can imagine doing uncouth & weird things. But James is not one of these. His writings show such an enormous sense of what is fit, decent, gentlemanly in the highest sense. It is the fashion to sneer at him now, but all that will soon pass. It is a mere senseless manifestation of rancor. James (take my word for it!) is a very big man. He includes a good many Howellses. Howells might stand for one of his turrets, or perhaps a left wing. James, too, possesses one of the greatest of literary preservatives, a lucid, classic, sinewy style. He is absurdly maligned. He has never reviled this country. He has written of it, at all times, with an impersonal pen. No prejudice colors him,

HENRY JAMES--4

tho' he has been accused of vast prejudice. The most that people can truly say is that he prefers to live in England. I don't see why he should not. There, he meets hosts of brilliantly-equipped people; we have nothing remotely like the English intellectual society in this country. To-night a correspondent in the Evening-Post pitches into him as responsible for the sentiments of the English Member of Parliament in his 'Point of View'? Could anything be more monstrously unjust? I thought of answering the letters on the same logical principle, and roundly accusing James of waving the Star-Spangled Banner with offensive Yankee-ism & of talking Spread-Eagle talk in the most tiresomely vulgar way, since in the same charming brochure just referred to, he puts all sorts of anti-European rancors in the mouth of one special correspondent. The plain truth is that James is himself keenly interested by the international question in its entirety. He takes it up in his hand, so to speak, & looks at it on this side & on that. He describes it to us with a magnificent fidelity. His 'Daisy Miller' has her contra-type in 'The International Episode'.... But I might go on prosing like this for hours. If you & I ever meet 100 years from now, & clasp ghostly hands in

HENRY JAMES--5

"No Man's Land," I am sure that if we discuss the literary developments in a certain tiny, remote planet, we shall both agree that H.J. did make his permanent mark there. Perhaps in a sepulchral semi-tone I shall say "I told you so." Or perhaps I shall only say it in Mrs. Browning's "thunders of white silence"! (By the way did it ever occur to you what an abomination that bit of verse is?)

To Hayne--January 6, 1882

James's "Private-Life" story is, I think exquisitely written. But oh, what a failure! It is as bad, in this way, as his "Sir Edward Orme." How can a professed realist deal in this odd stuff? The impression left upon me was that of a waste of lovely & brilliant power. The realistic frame made matters so much worse. One felt oneself hungering for the wildly romantic backgrounds of poor old Anne Radcliffe! do you know, I have scarcely seen such silliness and genius combined in one story.

To Miss Whiting--April 5, 189_(?)

SYDNEY LANIER

You have once or twice asked me abt Mr. Sydney Lanier. I have scarcely words to express my dislike of his writing. There seems to me an artistic insolence about it, an utter jumbling together of rules, a violation of decent taste, a kind of gymnastic egotism and a generally wild puffing-and-blowing strain after effect, that make even the most patient reader require nerves of steel in order to read one of this gentleman's compositions through. His attitude is in itself so ridiculous that even his occasional touches of moderate self-control (and these seem very rare) quite lose weight. I repeat, Mr. L_'s verse shocks, irritates & disgusts me. Surely you cannot have heard his Psalm of the West seriously praised?

To Hayne--July 28, 1876

Perhaps I was wrong abt Lanier. Pray, the next time that he is conceited, however, and speaks of "the future," send him this little slip from Daniel Deronda. It is one of the most bitingly shrewd things George Eliot ever said.

By the bye, I think that "waiting for the future"

SYDNEY LANIER--2

attitude which you mention in Lanier is a terribly flippant one.

To Hayne--August 8, 1876

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus is being widely copied, I see. It is thoroughly his style--not possessing an original thought, adapted altogether for the popular ear, full of a certain easy grace--a poem which he who runs may read. What a gulf of difference between Longfellow & Tennyson! I sometimes wonder that two singers so widely opposite should each have attained such heights of popularity in the same century.

To Hayne--July 7, 1875

Still apropos of sonnets & also of your remarks abt Longfellow, I must tell you that I think he has, in at least three instances, made this species of composition thoroughly perfect--if he has not prominently distinguished himself in other walks of poesy. Do you recall his sonnet on translating Dante's Divine Comedy,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW--2

which begins, "I enter & see thee in the gloom"?
 Also the other, beginning "How strange the sculptures
 that adorn these towers"?¹⁴² I find it impossible to
 imagine how thought & phrasing could harmonize more
 exquisitely than in each of these sonnets. There seems
 not a word too much, or too little, and the rhythm
 strikes me as superb. Then again, "Giotto's Tower" is
 a magnificent sonnet, to my thinking.

To Hayne--August 21, 1875

I recall hearing that Longfellow had greatly
 admired your sonnets. You have surely caught the sonnet
 idea with admirable thoroughness; and L., by the bye,
 though a good judge of what a sonnet should be, does not
 always deserve to have this said of himself.

To Hayne--July 14, 1878

When I went to the Holmes breakfast¹⁴³ I called
 upon Longfellow. He is a most benignant & venerable

¹⁴²Sonnets III and II respectively.

¹⁴³See p.103, fn. 111.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW--3

figure; his head made me think of busts of Aeschylus or Sophocles, with its reverend, majestic look. He should reflect his time more, with that superb head. I would have given it to Herbert Spencer, or some of the masters of modern thought--not to that sweet-voiced gentle singer. But I know he is one of your worships, so I won't say anything that might rouse you to take a defensive attitude. L's poetry pleases me, but--I don't know why--it has never stirred me.

To Hayne--March 8, 1880

I have just returned from Boston, where I had a delightful time. I staid with Longfellow in his lovely old house at Cambridge, & then I went to Aldrich at Ponkapog. They are both charming hosts--each utterly different from the other, and yet similar because of their common love for what is best in letters. I spoke of you to Longfellow, & he was very sorry to hear that you were still unwell. I delivered the Phi Beta poem at Harvard during my stay; I was prodigiously frightened, but I think that I got through reputably. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Longfellow & a lot of other kind literati

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW--4

assured me that I did, and it is certainly pleasant to believe so.

To Hayne--July 19, 1880

And, ah, think what the winter has done! The dark woodman has set his cold axe to two noble trees--Longfellow & Emerson! Your lines to Longfellow had great fire, feeling and tenderness, I have written nothing yet about the dear poet, though his hospitalities when I read the Harvard poem two or three years ago, have made me love him ever since.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hayne--May 22, 1882

JAMES R. LOWELL

I think that a sonnet sh^d always be composed, in the first place, of extremely striking thought, and that, in the second place, its vehicle of expression should be thoroughly commodious, easy and natural--as though the subject had set itself to the music of the fourteen lines, and there had been no shadow of strain on the poet's part. For this reason I find Mr. Lowell's

JAMES R. LOWELL--2

sonnet abt Heine in the Sept. Atlantic a very clumsy production,¹⁴⁴ and beautiful as are both of Aldrich's,¹⁴⁵ I nevertheless think that he w^d have done better to have put them in three stanza poems, or something of this sort....

Mr. Lowell's attempt in the present Atlantic is like a bulging carpet-bag packed with more than it can accomodate. It does not sing itself; it is something distorted, after the most Procrustian fashion, into the fourteen-lined limit. Indeed, I think (remember, please, that it is always "I think") Mr. Lowell a most conspicuously unsuccessful sonneteer....Lowell's poem on Washington has much noble stuff in it, I thought, as also his previous Swinburnian ode. He is a great poet, but he lacks grace and charm. He is like some "faultily faultless" woman, when at his best; you praise her lines, her posing, her stature, but you only praise, you do not love.

To Hayne--August 21, 1875

¹⁴⁴"The Dancing Bear."

¹⁴⁵"Rachel-Ristori" and "Sleep."

JAMES R. LOWELL--3

Yes, Lowell has written effective fourteen-lined scraps, but it seems to me that when he attempts the real Italian sonnet he fails to be graceful. I have great respect for his genius, tho' he has always (especially in that "blue & gold" edition which you mention) seemed to be decidedly too didactic. When he does not sing hot-&-heavy patriotism he plays the vehement moralist or anti-slavery man. And I do love poems written, as Chas. Baudelaire said--"seulement pour le plaisir d'ecrire un poeme."

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

About Mr. Lowell: he is, I think, the only literary man to whom I ever addressed an unsolicited note. Some two years ago Mr. Howells took the trouble to write me that a poem of mine in the Atlantic called Immortelles¹⁴⁶ had won strong encomiums from Lowell and that he had asked a number of questions concerning me, "very few of which," said Mr. Howells, "I was able to answer." Now I have been for years a deep admirer of Lowell's poetry--indeed, both of his poetry & his humor.

¹⁴⁶April, 1875.

JAMES R. LOWELL--4

Some little time before this the idea had occurred to me of preparing for the North Amⁿ Review a very elaborate and radical study of Mr. Lowell's poetry--something more analytically searching and of more discriminative handling than had ever appeared before on this subject. I seemed to myself in a manner well qualified, at the outset, for such an undertaking; nevertheless, I studied his earlier poems (some of them rather monotonously didactic, you may agree) and was in the act, so to speak, of diligently drawing comparisons between his more matured & his youthful methods, when Mr. Howells's note came. I was, for reasons stated, tempted to write Mr. Lowell a few words regarding myself. I said nothing obtrusive or vainglorious; my letter was almost a mere note of thanks; I refrained from mentioning the labor of love on which I was abt to embark, because fearful lest my scheme might seem to him an audacity. I said not a few praise-ful things abt his own poems, however, but there must certainly have been a spontaneity & genuineness in what I wrote that only the most ungoverned irascibility c^d dream of resenting. Well--(and there is a kind of bathos at the end of my anecdote which seems painfully amusing, sometimes) I never received the slightest answer to my

JAMES R. LOWELL--5

communication. The philosopher's part w^d have been, doubtless, for me to continue my study of this man's works; but somehow the task grew almost repulsive to me; it was not that any spite or rancor made it so, but rather that I had lost faith in my subject. It was as tho' I had seen Wordsworth snub his "little cottage-girl," or Burns kill his immortal mouse instead of sparing its life. Mr. Lowell's verse brims with such manly feeling and in it we seem to see the sparkle of such a humane fire; and moreover while constantly the man he appears, likewise, so constantly the gentleman, that to know him guilty of such an assailant discourtesy, such a mere vulgarity of rudeness, was like coming upon rotten emptiness where one has looked for vigorous wholesome solidity. I found it hard not to think that here was a sinner of the unpardonable sin--an insulter, literally, of the holy spirit; one whose words and deeds were divided by an ugly black chasm of hypocrisy.--But if my case was unpleasant yours has much darker features; for you know the man & wrote him not as a stranger but a friend. One can only say that what he did--or failed to do--is a blot upon his name. Perhaps he thinks it would be very pleasant to feel oneself the proprietor of a Muse

JAMES R. LOWELL--6

who lifts up, so to speak, her classic Greek robes and shows soiled petticoats underneath them. We can tolerate a great many eccentricities in genius, but when a man talks cleanliness to us by the thousand lines at a time his arguments lose force should we catch a glimpse of dirty shirt-linen.

To Hayne--September 9, 1876

JOAQUIN MILLER

Joaquin Miller gave a little promise at first. He had certain true fire, though immense crudity. But how utterly he has gone to the dogs in poetry! As if he could enter in cowhide boots, with a hop, skip & jump, divine realms where his immortal betters have walked with reverent unshodden feet. He has outraged Art insolently, of late. He has gathered a handful of dust & flung it in the sphinx's face; but winds have dissipated the sand before it reached her, and she still smiles on....

To Hayne--November 3, 1877

OUIDA (MARIE LOUISE DE LA RAMEE)¹⁴⁷

Have you read Ouida's last book Ariadne? It is simply godlike. This is no excess of praise; I am sure you will agree with me. Ouida's earlier work was full of crudeness and vulgarity, but Folle Farine, Bébée, Pascarel & Signa are divine prose-poems, while Ariadne crowns them all with its incomparable loveliness. If you have not read these great works of genius do so at once, by all means. I envy you the enchantment that Signa, Folle Farine and Ariadne must bring a man of your warm and enthusiastic temperament. It is infamous that Ouida sh^d be so sneered at by modern critics because of her past faults. She has become a marvel--a colossus, & nobody admits it. T.S. Perry stultifies himself by a recent review of her in Lippincott.

To Hayne--December 12, 1877

¹⁴⁷Ouida (1840-1908); her most popular novel in America was Under Two Flags (Philadelphia, 1867).

EDGAR ALLAN POE

I can't say that I agree with Poe in his definition of what poetry should be. It seems to me that poetry is not necessarily beauty of any sort. Beauty seems to us its most natural subject, because beauty yields most readily to the effects of its treatment. "In its ultimate essence," says Herbert Spencer, "nothing can be known." Heat, Light & Electricity are indefinible [sic] forces, and I do not see what prevents Poetry from being an equally undefinable one. We only know it by its effects. We recognise it in Milton's descriptions of Satan & we perceive it in Tennyson's matchlessly pure pictures of Elaine. What we call poetry is really a kind of unexplainable transfiguring splendor thrown upon objects both material and ethereal. Pray, mark that word "transfiguring." Baudelaire has managed to throw this light upon objects of the most loathsome and noxious nature. The task of doing this is an excessively difficult one. To deal in the beautiful is much easier--possibly because of less inherent antagonism between the mode of treatment & its object. Surely there is much in what the world considers Poe's best poetry to be cast out of his works if his own definition holds good. Is not Tennyson's Vision of Sin a superb

EDGAR ALLAN POE--2

poem--and poetic in a grand sense? And yet it feasts upon horrors.

To Hayne--December 8, 1874(?)

DANTE G. ROSSETTI

You rightly, I think, call Rossetti's sonnets labored. I left my volume in town, otherwise I sh^d like to refer to certain of them which have specially pleased me. One I remember--"Mary's Girlhood," in which the artistic self-restraint & delicacy of touch is extremely manifest; but often I found that they were immensely pretentious in form and manner, without truly amounting to much in the end; and sometimes Rossetti is so unpardonably affected! We have a yankee word, Miss Nancyish that expresses it. One can't think of him as a large-souled ample thoughted man & yet caring for such flummery of versification as he often shows a liking of; Tennyson, at his very worst, does not compare with him in affectations. I hope I am not casting pitch at one of your idols. I know that many aesthetic tastes are deeply fond of Rossetti.

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

DANTE G. ROSSETTI--2

I would not give them [the poems of Oscar Wilde] for all the affected attitudinizing of Rossetti, whose poetry never appeals to me in the least. No one of that school surpasses Wilde, in my opinion, except Swinburne--if you can say that S. belongs to any school.

To Hayne--February 17, 1883(?)

FRANK SALTUS

Saltus told me that he had written you. I hope, if you can, that you will send him one of your long, charming letters. He is a genius; you will never regret having him for a correspondent.

To Hayne--July 14, 1878

I am so glad that you & Saltus have become correspondents. There is no doubt whatever of Saltus being a man of decided genius. I am sure that from the present year his fame will gradually go on increasing. The sonnet of his in Appleton's is not in his best vein. Sometimes he absolutely refuses to polish his verses enough;

FRANK SALTUS--2

but of late he has been much more careful. His mind seems steeped in shadow; I do not mean that he is an unbeliever; nearly everybody is that, nowadays, who thinks at all; I mean, rather, that he willfully selects for subjects of poetic treatment the most uncanny & repulsive things. Sometimes he inevitably fails, just as Baudelaire did; but I find that his successes are very notable. This sort of composition is sneered at by the conventionalists, who can endure nothing that they do not understand in art, and who understand nothing except what has been beaten into their brains from infancy.

To Hayne--September 17, 1878

I agree with all that you say regarding Saltus. It seems to me that he is a strange case of genius without ambition. I am sure that he cares much more for my literary success than his own. His recent developments from crudity of style into the ornate yet sinewy verse which he at present writes, has interested me greatly. I have been a severe critic with him; some of my lash-strokes may have drawn blood, but he has never winced, and has bravely endeavored to profit by the castigation.

FRANK SALTUS--3

He represents a big responsibility. I find that he trusts & believes in my literary judgments too much. Although people have given me, in some quarters, a very pretty reputation for a most obstinate egotist, you, I know, understand me well enough to feel the absurdity of their verdict; and I constantly wonder whether I have been an efficient or trustworthy guide for a man of S.'s fiery yet beautiful creativeness. Our methods of composition are so different! I am so deliberating and judicial; he is so impulsive and passionate in his work. Well, perhaps we each do the other good. Let it be hoped so.

To Hayne--February 2, 1879

Saltus, too, has not been well; I have been worried about him; you know his reckless life; I am so afraid that he may suffer from a general defaillance; and with his wit, genius, and individual charm, it would indeed be a terrible loss if anything happened to him. But he is better, now, and if he will only consent to take care of himself why should there not be a chance of his vigorous constitution triumphing?

To Hayne--July 19, 1880

FRANK SALTUS--4

I think Saltus has greatly improved. He has decidedly put on the brakes in his ruinously rapid course. At one time, you know, he never went to bed & never got up. Now he does both with the proper regularity.

To Hayne--November 19, 1880

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

I have so long neglected answering your last letter that I felt quite a pang of remorse when Mr. Stedman told me the other evening that you had written him some kind things about me.

To Hayne--October 10, 1877

I see that Stedman's new book is out. I glanced at it in Brentano's this morning. Excepting Hawthorne, I found that nearly all--in fact all--of the poems were not printed for the first time.

To Hayne--October 23, 1877

EDMUND C. STEDMAN--2

Stedman says that Aldrich was his pupil. Aldrich does not admit this, and if it be true, the pupil has immensely eclipsed the master, for I think that Aldrich has written about twenty of the most perfect brief picturesque lyrics of any time.

To Hayne--March 1, 1878

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

I do not know Mr. Stoddard--otherwise I w^d try to get you news abt him.

To Hayne--July 7, 1875

I have a bit of gossip for you. Stoddard has recently been doing the literary work of the Evening Express, and has said the most cheap, stupid & even insolent things about a number of writers. His English has been bad, his style vulgar, & his best friends (few in number, I fear) have been saddened by the spite, inelegance and ridiculous shafts, and yet, the other night, he coolly sent a messenger (a mutual friend) to my side, at the

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD--2

Lotos Club reception, asking me to come over & speak to him. I had before known him but slightly; I wished the acquaintance now to terminate, and refused to notice his request. I suppose it was what we call the "cut direct". I meant it for this--and, I think, justifiably. To the gentleman who brought back word that I had refused to approach him, S_ became very amusingly explosive. "I have held out my hand," he exclaimed in furious tones, "to F._ and he has declined it. I promised Mrs. _____ that I w^d say nothing more against him, but now by G-d, I'll kill him. I've killed bigger men, and by J_C_ I'll not leave him a leg to stand on." This is, almost verbatim, what was said. Pardon my literalness, but the egotism of this volcanic old gentleman is so funny that I think you will enjoy it. Can you imagine his giving himself away so recklessly?--As a poet I have never thought S_ of the least consequence. As a man, I begin to think him worthy of much greater contempt. But perhaps it is dotage.¹⁴⁸

To Hayne--February 6, 1878

¹⁴⁸Cf. recounting of same incident in Lippincott article, p.13-14.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD--3

I must tell you that Stoddard wrote the Independent review of Fantasy & Passion and also the Scribner one.¹⁴⁹ This I know positively. Did you ever hear of such pitiable spite? What a wretched, pathetic sort of figure this invidious old man cuts! I think that even Thackeray would have compassion upon him if tempted accurately to draw his portrait.

To Hayne--July 14, 1878

Someone once told me of R.H. Stoddard that he believes in divesting verse from all such adornment, and I consider, from what specimens I have seen of his own work that such a theory has resulted, in his case, in baldness

¹⁴⁹The reviews are not as destructive as Fawcett's comment would suggest. The Scribner review of June, 1878, notes that "he [Fawcett] has, probably, printed a greater number of verses during the last ten years than any other writer in America," and therefore, the review contends, "it would not be just to criticize his work as that of a novice." The criticism continues in severe fashion by arguing that "if the examples of a lack of taste which we have quoted in this notice were exceptional, it would be an ungracious and unnecessary task to dwell upon them. But they indicate the inveterate habit of the writer,-- they seem to be the result of choice, they are well-considered methods of composition and not mere lapses...." The review, however, does conclude on this note: "If Mr. Fawcett does have in him the power of growth, which the author of poems as good as are his best should possess, his work in the future will be worthier of his best aims."

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD--4

and primness and a total lack of that divine (apparent) laissez aller which marks so charmingly a few of his contemporaries.

To Wyman--March 10, 1890(?)

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE

What appears to us uncouth & awkward among the verses of dead masters, has, after all, been the fullest result of their own period. They were groping toward metrical ideals, just as we are groping; but their age weighed heavily upon them, as indeed ours (if we could see more plainly) weighs heavily upon us. Hereafter, the magnificent rhythms of Swinburne may lack much of what now seems to us the most splendid rolling harmony; but Swinburne has pushed verse beyond Shelley's best effort--and to grasp the poetic spirit of our time is the most that any of us can do.

To Hayne--May 10, 1875

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--2

I was very glad indeed to see the letter from Mr. Swinburne. I retain it, but shall not do so if this was not your desire. You said nothing abt my returning it, and so I confess that I felt a most avaricious objection to letting it again quit my hands unless thro' your special orders. What makes the letter peculiarly valuable, I think, is the sentence from so great a poet about so great a book as his Songs before Sunrise. The handwriting is conspicuously bad--much worse than in a note of his which Mr. Richardson of the Independent showed me abt a year ago. Surely there is something very charming in the sympathy shown by this young poet for the republican cause & the superbly inspired way in which he upholds it. I am afraid that he quite over-rates our governmental advantages; his own country is surely as well ruled as ours. Perhaps a few weeks among the lobbyists at Washington would open his eyes somewhat. Do you remember in the Epilogue of Songs before Sunrise, those exquisite lines on page 273--"One thought they have, even love" &c--And again, the description of the swimmer on page 283--Then what marvelous words those are on page 5th of the prelude--"We too have tracked, by star-proof trees," and further on that matchless description of how

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--3

they "called on Cotys by her name Edonian &c" There is a grand monotony in the book; it undoubtedly cloy; but when has the world seen such variably magnificent rhythmic grace before? Never, surely. Perhaps the grandest passage of all is in Quia Multum Amavit,¹⁵⁰ beginning on page 135, "By the lightening of the lips of guns, whose flashes" & running alone to middle of page 136, ending with the imperiously saxon question "Why hast thou done this thing?" He may well say "This book is myself."

Ah! He is a very great poet! Sometimes I am led to think him in many respects the greatest lyricist (even allowing for the age which he inherits) that the world has ever seen....

He [J.M. Thompson] is, like myself, a profound lover of Baudelaire. I consider B_ an excessively immoral poet, & Swinburne not. S. is always dramatic. He rarely sneers at good in his own voice; he usually makes someone else, whom he personates, utter atrocious sentiments, whilst Baudelaire, in the most diabolic, fiendish style, simply seems to denounce and renounce

¹⁵⁰"Qui Multum Amavit."

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--4

all idea of virtue.

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

Do you know I sh^d like to meet O'Shaughnessy, Payne & a few others of the younger English poets & beg them not to imitate Swinburne. It seems to me that this tendency will be their ruin.

To Hayne--October 15, 1875

Do you ever hear from Swinburne now? It must be very charming to receive letters from him--

To Hayne--July 19, 1876

I have the greatest reverence for S.'s genius, but I can not agree with you abt Tristram & Iseult. It seems to me to contain his worst affectations without his magnificent rhythms and powers of lyrical expression. I am beginning to think him only a lyrical poet. He never seems to me superbly successful except in this one department. I except Chastelard, which contains incomparable passages--You ask me why I have not sent S_ some of my poems. About a year ago I did so. I made him the one

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--5

great exception in this respect, and without any note, forwarded him at least 20 of the poems which I think the best. He has never acknowledged them. There was no reason for him to do so, and I hardly expected that he would. But I confess that I should like to know what so great a poet thought of my work.

To Hayne--

1876¹⁵¹

It must be very charming to be in correspondence with Swinburne. I have from time to time sent him some of my poems soliciting no reply however--and getting none. I daresay that he thinks I amount to very little. Don't, pray don't think this conceited, but if he sh^d ever write you a line regarding anything of mine, praise-ful or otherwise, I should greatly like to see it!...By the bye, I can't agree with you abt Swinburne's Tristram & Iseult. It possesses, to me, his worst conceits and extravagances without much of his magnificent fervor. He is making a great mistake, I think, in touching this ground, already so consecrated by the lovely genius

¹⁵¹There is no way to account for the similarity of thought and expression between this excerpt and the following one from a different letter.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--6

of Tennyson. The love-songs are turgid, horribly affected & almost meaningless, I think.

To Hayne--March 26, 1877

Do you ever hear from Swinburne nowadays? It seems to me a sad shame that so great a poet, and one of so expansive a lyrical magnificence, should not have a better American constituency. He has been doing some foolish "critical" work of late, I think, & has said some things about George Eliot which struck me as no less silly than in lamentable taste. He sometimes seems to me like a marvellous genius mixed with a little child. I suppose it is the old story of geniuses--one faculty superbly developed at the expense of others.

To Hayne--October 10, 1877

I often wonder whether Swinburne has ever spoken to you of the poems which I sent him. No matter how disparagingly he may have written, pray let me see anything that he writes. By the way, I think him about as absurdly wretched & unanalytical a critic as he is a great poet.

To Hayne--October 23, 1877

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--7

What Swinburne said about George Eliot being thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined Pegasus was to me both silly and impudent. I cannot tell you how repulsive I find that sort of half-hidden billingsgate.

To Hayne--November 3, 1877

Now I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you not send me the letter in which Whittier spoke to you of my poetry & also the last letter which you rec^d from Mr. Swinburne? I do not think there is much risk of their being lost in the mail, and I promise to take the best care of them and return them punctually. Of course you may have reasons for not granting this request, & if so have no hesitation in saying as much; I shall not be a whit offended. Swinburne to me is one of the greatest, most curious & interesting poets who ever lived, and anything he may write I sh^d suppose that it w^d be a rare treat to see.

To Hayne--February 6, 1878

I am very disappointed with Swinburne's last book, the 2nd series of Poems & Ballads. That is my review

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--8

signed E.F. in the Library Table.

To Hayne--July 14, 1878

I would not give them [the poems of Oscar Wilde] for all the affected attitudinizing of Rossetti, whose poetry never appeals to me in the least. No one of that school surpasses Wilde, in my opinion, except Swinburne--if you can say that S. belongs to any school.

To Hayne--February 17, 1883(?)

Swinburne (as Mr. E.C. Stedman, in Scribner's Monthly for March, justly says) has carried English Rhythm beyond the border of anything which it had previously attained; in his Poems & Ballads he has overleapt a chasm of metrical and rhymthical difficulty which seemed before wholly impassable; he has given us music that, as regards its creation, suggests so strongly the possession of genius as to make that much-disputed word no longer in doubt as to its thorough right of existence. How he has accomplished his marvellous melodies transcends the power of analytic explanation; it is miraculous, unthinkable; he had no apparent material out of which to make his wondrous sounding song; Shelley's odes are nothing compared

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE--9

with his own, though they are perhaps, their reasonable antecedents....Yet has Swinburne ever shown himself a worthy peer of Tennyson in subtlety, largeness of pathetic sympathy, love of nature, clairvoyance of reflection, of psychological insight, of investigation into these exquisitely shadowy fancies, dreams & yearnings which hover on almost invisible wings over the grosser realm of graspable & positive thought. Swinburne is the greater rhythmist; a gymnast of verse so incomparably graceful in his evolutions that to professional no less than to layman eyes their artificiality is lost in their grandeur of performance.

Swinburne has immense strength of phrasing & some color, but his rhythm far surpasses both.

To Wyman--March 10, 1890(?)

BAYARD TAYLOR

And what do you think of Mr. Bayard Taylor's new volume? Some of the poems please me extremely.

To Hayne--December 5, 1875

BAYARD TAYLOR--2

My dear Mr. Taylor,

I thought that I would let you see this early copy of my book.¹⁵² I do not know whether you still continue your critical duties on the Tribune or no, but if you do it may be of service to you in reviewing the poems. I cannot say when they will appear, but should suppose that it will be abt the 18th of March. With kindest regards, believe me

Sincerely yours,

Edgar Fawcett

To Taylor--February 26, 1878

I was very glad that Bayard Taylor rec^d the German mission; he is perfectly suited to it--such a genial, wise, scholarly fellow.

To Hayne--March 1, 1878

My dear Mr. Taylor,

I shall indeed be glad if you will write your opinion about "Fantasy & Passion" from Berlin, whither

¹⁵²Fantasy and Passion.

BAYARD TAYLOR--3

our country has had the excellent judgment to send you --an atonement, in my congratulating eyes, for even their wild misconduct on the silver question. But you must let me send you a bound copy, will you not?--and with a little dedicace, saying with what feelings I confer the small gift. This I shall surely remember to do. By the way, the Messrs. Roberts pleasantly tell me that it will be like burying my book to bring it out with the market in such a slothful state; so I must of course bid good-bye to any thought of a succes d'argent.

I enjoyed my single Sunday morning at your house so much that after all I must admit to not feeling wholly pleased at your having rec^d the Berlin mission. It will give me sincere pleasure to get a line from you now & then while away, tho' doubtless you will be bombarded by correspondents.

Always sincerely yours,

Edgar Fawcett

To Taylor--March 3, 1878

BAYARD TAYLOR--4

My dear Mr. Taylor,

Thanks for your kind invitation to visit you on Sunday evening. I shall come with pleasure, and with your permission will bring Mr. John Moran, a young Irish poet, who desires especially to meet you. Do not bore yourself by answering this note just now, unless you object to my last proposition. Mr. Moran requested me yesterday to bring him.

Sincerely yours,

Edgar Fawcett

To Taylor--March 8, 1878

Of course you must deeply have felt Bayard Taylor's death. If I mistake not, he was a dear friend of yours. I greatly admired your delicately ethereal tribute to him in the Tribune. For my part, I liked Taylor the man better than Taylor the writer; but, possibly for this very reason, I felt his death with keenest regret.

To Hayne--February 2, 1879

Bayard Taylor never gave me any special thrills; I recollect (being then a boy) always feeling that he

BAYARD TAYLOR--5

had spoiled his best lyrics by some awkward untasteful word which could be replaced with far finer result by some other.

To Wyman--March 10, 1890(?)

ALFRED TENNYSON

Compare his [Bryant's] position with Tennyson's. How much lordlier and more beloved for pure genius alone is the latter!

Is not Tennyson's Vision of Sin a superb poem--and poetic in a grand sense? And yet it feasts upon horrors.

To Hayne--December 8, 1874(?)

Have you dipped into "Queen Mary" yet? I have been greatly astonished by it. There seems no discoverable reason why Tennyson should have so completely abandoned his old manner. One looks in vain for traces of those exquisite notes that sounded in Locksley Hall, The Idylls, The Dream of Fair Women & numerous other

ALFRED TENNYSON--2

masterpieces. What is the necessity of such a writer giving the world such a poem? It is no answer to the sneers of those who unjustly deny his dramatic power; for there is not a character in all this rather stupid & pompous work which approaches those he has already drawn in Elaine, Godiva, the Prince, the Princess, Dora, Vivien, Enid, Guinevere & many others. Whilst I read Queen Mary the conviction once or twice flashed across me that it was some literary fraud--that Tennyson, the matchless melodist of other days, never wrote it! But of course this view is wholly improbable....

What a gulf of difference between Longfellow and Tennyson! I sometimes wonder that two singers so widely opposite should each have attained such heights of popularity in the same century.

To Hayne--July 7, 1875

You rightly laugh at the great fuss which people are making over Queen Mary. It merely shows Tennyson's greatness, I suppose; but I doubt if the French people would behave in this way if one of their idols had composed a mass of archaic dilettanteism like this. Nobody seems, in my mind, to have assumed the right attitude

ALFRED TENNYSON--3

toward Tennyson's new book. He gave us the right to expect a legitimate successor of Locksley Hall, The Princess or the exquisite idylls, woven, if you please, into dramatic form. I can ill find, myself, the faintest vestige of the old master-singer who used so forcefully to charm me....

Tennyson, at his very worst, does not compare with him [Rossetti] in affectations.

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

...does Tennyson ever pass beyond "that goal of ordinance," as he himself says, "where all should pause as is most meet for all"? I do not think so,...

To Hayne--October 15, 1875

When Tennyson alters it is almost always for the better; with A_ [Aldrich] it is almost constantly for the worse.

To Hayne--September 24, 1876

Take the case of a man who has loved in the one grand supreme way during life, yet has never possessed--

ALFRED TENNYSON--4

never had more than a cold look from the eyes he adored. Ought not that man to feel insulted by God (if he believe in a personal God) for having been made like a river with no sea into which he might flow? The magnificent and unique rest of utter annihilation cannot properly recompense him. His suffering has been ironically and hideously without a raison d'etre. He has been what Tennyson (in whom I begin to think all life is to be found) has called "The ball of time, bandied by the hands of fools."

To Hayne--March 1, 1878

Have you seen Aldrich's lovely new book? Ah, there is a true artist! I don't care if his range "is not quite so wide as other singers." Could any of them attain his exquisite art they might become Tennysons. By the way, "Harold" is just announced here. I tremble for fear it may be some such senile stupidity as Queen Mary. Its "dramatic form" has a very suspicious sound. I hope that I may not be called upon to say, at the end of this new poem, something relative to the advisability of Tennyson's immediate death. But what words am I speaking? "Harold" may prove a masterpiece...and yet I

ALFRED TENNYSON--5

somehow feel in my bones that I am going to gnash my teeth over it!--

To Hayne--December 19, 1878(?)

When you asked me to tell you what were my impressions of Tennyson's poetry I had a dreary sensation that I could not possibly say anything new to you regarding that matchless singer, and now, when I really try to rally all my dispersed beliefs & opinions on this subject under the standard of anything like positive logical sequence, I lament the unoriginal result which is sure to follow. However deeply a co-worker in English verse may admire the work of him who has given us "Guinevere" and "The Vision of Sin" & "The Princess," he surely can mingle with his eulogism no regret that the world should not have shared in his own esteem; for when we consider the supremity of renown which this singer has reached, we must confess that it is something which thoroughly dwarfs the passionate partisanship accorded to Wordsworth during his life, the adulation enjoyed by Pope or the wide notoriety which waited upon Southey. I know of three separate concordances published in England upon Tennyson's poems; the greatest sages, statesmen, and philosophers

ALFRED TENNYSON--6

seem to concur in praising him with an immense unanimity of encomium; wherever the language is known by cultured people, these appear to pour out for him a perpetual stream of enthusiastic appreciation;--and yet...has he even now gained his just need of praise? I cannot think so! Inheriting English verse as Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron & Coleridge left it, he has been like an heir who has invested his birthright at a sort of sublime poetical compound interest, and has not alone made his name a superb succession to those great names before him, but has touched it, as well, with a lustre that is more richly, goldenly Olympian than surrounds any preceding name. For myself, I confess candidly that, although I had made verses since the age of about nine years, I never truly saw into the glorious possibilities of a poetic career until the unrivalled "effects" of this singer first dawned upon me. I have no special favorites among his poems; all are to me exquisite, serenely artistic and consonant with the spirit of his particular age (an age now passing away) as nothing contemporary with his writing has ever approached being! Of course, the "airy fairy Lillian" and "The Owl" and perhaps one or two other lyrics possess a touch of unnecessary grotesqueness &

ALFRED TENNYSON--7

chercher which are good food for the laughter of the ungodly & ignorant; but I question whether the retention of these lines among Tennyson's others has not resulted from a sort of dilettante desire on the poet's part to heighten the impressions produced of his poetry by the stinging & whetting stimulus of contrast. Swinburne (as Mr. E.C. Stedman, in Scribner's Monthly for March, justly says) has carried English rhythm beyond the border of anything which it had previously attained; in his Poems and Ballads he has overleapt a chasm of metrical and rhythmical difficulty which seemed before wholly impassable; he has given us music that, as regards its creation, suggests as strongly the possession of genius as to make that much-disputed word no longer in doubt as to its thorough right of existence. How he has accomplished his marvellous melodies transcends all power of analytic explanation; it is miraculous, unthinkable; he had not apparent material out of which to make his wondrous sounding song; Shelley's odes are nothing compared with his own, though they are perhaps, their reasonable antecedents....Yet has Swinburne ever shown himself a worthy peer of Tennyson in subtlety, largeness of pathetic sympathy, love of nature, clairvoyance of reflection,

ALFRED TENNYSON--8

of psychological insight, of investigation into those exquisitely shadowy fancies, dreams & yearnings which hover on almost invisible wings over the grosser realm of graspable & positive thought? Swinburne is the greater rhythmist; a gymnast of verse so incomparably graceful in his evolution, that to professional no less than to layman eyes their artificiality is lost in their grandeur of performance;--but Tennyson, to my thinking, still holds his own domain of calm, sculptural, radiant beauty! It is an absolute pain for me to think that his supremacy shall one day dwindle; that his lovely effects, imitated by future generations, shall lose their dewy, balmy freshness; that he is fated to become relatively and contrastedly commonplace; and this is the fate of nearly all great poets, let the infallible critics shake their heads ever so denyingly. Doubtless you and I would have thrilled and flushed over the Corsair and the Lara,¹⁵³ had we been born in the Byronic day, and to our grandchildren perhaps there will be hours of yawning over the charms of Maud and Elaine.

To Wyman--March 10, 1890(?)

¹⁵³Two poems by Byron (1814) ostensibly based upon the life of Jean Lafitte.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON

You spoke of Mr. J. Maurice Thompson in your last letter. Mr. T_ wrote to me abt a month ago, telling me that he had seen a note of mine to Mr. Howells, in which I had praised his poem Diana. His note was a sort of off-handedly, whole-souledly cordial affair, to which I responded with considerable promptitude; but since then I have not heard anything from Mr. Thompson; I have repeatedly wondered whether he ever rec^d my reply....

I send you a little poem of mine on Decoration Day, printed in the N.Y. World of May 31st. Tell me how you like my patriotic dactyls & send it to Mr. Thompson if you think he will care to see it.

To Hayne--July 7, 1875

Mr. Thompson thinks my letters interesting enough to answer them, I am happy in saying, very charmingly indeed. He is, like myself, a profound lover of Baudelaire....Mr. Thompson sent me his book,¹⁵⁴ & I like it extremely, except that Hoosierdom always bores me a little, as I told him.

To Hayne--September 22, 1875

¹⁵⁴Hoosier Mosaics.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON--2

I hope Thompson's book is succeeding, tho' I am honestly afraid that it will not succeed. A book nowadays must have such a keen voice to make itself heard in the great clamor. I sometimes think that books of the best flavor are not noticed at all nowadays.

To Hayne--October 15, 1875

Mr. Howells tells me that he thinks ill of Thompson's book. I don't at all sympathize with him in his bad opinion.

To Hayne--December 8, 1874(?)

Maurice Thompson has made a hit with his bow-and-arrow articles. I think it unfortunate. He is a poet, & it w^d be far better if he were known in that way alone, no matter how slow he was in winning his spurs; do you not think so.

To Hayne--July 19, 1876

I see that Mr. Thompson has a poem in the October Lippincott. I do not think it at all bad, but

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON--3

it seems to me that he can do better work.

To Hayne--September 24, 1876.

I hear that our friend Thompson has written a very brilliant Roman story for Scribner,¹⁵⁵ but I have not yet had an opportunity of reading it. Thompson has not done anything, in my opinion, at all equal to his "Diana" in an old no. of the Atlantic, as far as verse is concerned. You doubtless remember this poem. Aldrich spoke to me of it with great praise.

To Hayne--February 2, 1879

WALT WHITMAN¹⁵⁶

No; I care very little for Whitman and have never admitted that he was anything more than a kind of high-

¹⁵⁵"The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," February 1879.

¹⁵⁶Whitman's poetry repelled Fawcett: Cf. the remarks in A Gentleman of Leisure, pp.88-89, and The Pride of Intellect, pp.282-283.

WALT WHITMAN--2

flown cataloguist of everything in general & nothing in particular. Incoherence, if carried to a great enough excess, has something sublime abt it, and just as huge bulk, extension &c. no matter of what material the attribute, impress us strikingly, so does the pretentious work of Whitman produce like results. His trick is to be gigantic in everything; he is a kind of colossal poseur. What is to me specially irritating abt the man is his evident insincerity. I don't believe that he believes at all in himself, & feel sure that he has but acted a lifelong part. Who could not be original if he flung aside the very laws that govern originality? If poetry is capable of definition and if this definition makes it separate from prose, then Walt Whitman is not a poet. I think that he now & then strikes upon a good thing. Amid such vast masses of pudding the wonder would be that we should find no plums whatever.

To Hayne--March 14, 1876

The fact of Tennyson & others so admiring Whitman is truly remarkable. I suppose that it is chiefly to be explained by their ignorance of our country. Many clever Englishmen, you know, affect their ignorance. But it seems

WALT WHITMAN--3

so strange to me that while they allow us to be a new country they will not admit that we are not a new people; and from a new people alone could so lawless & wildly generalizing a bard possibly spring--I mean, of course, if he were a genuine singer and not a mere dealer in effect. Whitman seems to have strong personal friends who believe in him. I suppose you have seen how John Burroughs & several others defend him, mentioning his devoted charities in the time of the War & his self-sacrificing attentions to the wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals.

To Hayne--April 24, 1876

Yes, this Whitman business in England has always amazed me. I fancy that those great Englishmen have a foolish though inextirpable contempt for all American letters, and that when everything is said they have only praised Whitman cum grand. But is not the feeling dying out? I fancy so. Art is long. She has outlived all her insultors thus far, Thank God!

To Hayne--November 3, 1877

WALT WHITMAN--4

I sometimes wonder what I should do if some marvelously new poet, teeming with an audacious individuality & yet transcendently an artist, should appear among us. Would I hesitate before I rushed into his arms? Ah, how often I feel that aching need of something diametrically different from all we have had before, and yet unquestionably within the domain of art!--not a contumacious buffalo of letters, like that absurdly overpraised Whitman!

To Hayne--September 17, 1878

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I was deeply impressed by Whittier's kind words, and thank you very much for repeating them.

To Hayne--April 24, 1876

I gladly send you another copy of Poe, & shall feel most honored if it be thought worthy of a place in the memorial. It was originally printed in the N.Y. Tribune for Sept 30th 1875, with one on Whittier, which

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER--2

I also enclose. The two were included under the title Antipodes. Apropos of the Whittier sonnet, I must tell you that when Ellen Story appeared I sent a copy of this poem to Whittier himself on the flyleaf of my novel. He has never acknowledged it, & if he has ever received it the slight is almost unpardonable. Do you not think so? I can ill find it in my power to believe, however, that the book did reach him. But for this very reason the uncertainty is most unpleasant. I can imagine a man like Mr. Whittier disliking such a worldly sort of book as Ellen Story excessively; but this, of course, is no excuse for bad breeding.

To Hayne--August 24, 1876

On Sunday eve I am going to Boston for the dinner given by the Atlantic Monthly publishers to Whittier on his 70th birthday. How pleasant to meet you there! But of course you will not have your Pine-woods for a dinner, even tho' Whittier were the occasion for it. I suppose I shall have a pleasant time, tho' I shall not know any of the Boston grandees. Your little poem in the Literary World on Whittier I thought by far the best of the

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER--3

group, & several people have told me that they thought the same thing. I congratulate you upon it. It pleased me more than I can tell you. I should have liked to be W_ while I read it, if only to have such poetic & felicitious things said of me.

To Hayne--December 12, 1877

After all, I did not go to the Whittier dinner. It was on Monday & so I could not go by boat without remaining several days in Boston & by cars the journey would have been so expensive that I did not feel like affording it.

To Hayne--January 5, 1878

Now I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you not send me the letter in which Whittier spoke to you of my poetry & also the last letter which you recd from Mr. Swinburne? I do not think there is much risk of their being lost in the mail, and I promise to take the best care of them and return them punctually.

To Hayne--February 6, 1878

OSCAR WILDE

I have recently seen Oscar Wilde & have been strongly impressed by his brilliant, healthful & half-boyish personality. The word 'healthful' I use in a sort of animal sense, though Wilde's conversation, fluent, enthusiastic and often keenly humorous, suggests nothing like gross sensuousness. He certainly looks at the out-sides of things. I don't know if he is capable of sitting up all night with a lily, as somebody contemptuously recorded of him, but if he did I am sure that it would be solely from a rhapsodical love of the lily's form and not its symbolic essence. That sounds rather posing & hyper-aesthetical on my part, but I am sure you will understand my ill-expressed meaning. Of one thing be sure--He is sincere au fond, & his few affectations are never offensive. He revels in the mere beauteousness of beauty; it is his god; he is a 19th century pagan, and a curiously winning and interesting one. I suppose a man requires something extraordinary about him in order to make a continent laugh at him, and I assure you I was roused, stimulated, charmed before he had spoken ten sentences to me. There is no gush; all his aims and belief are settled in the Beautiful, and he makes you comprehend this and in a manner

OSCAR WILDE--2

feel with him though you may refrain from anything like the deeper order of sympathy.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hayne--May 22, 1882

My dear Oscar,

Do not forget this evening, here, at Seven. Your entertainers are to be:

Tal.:

Martin Van Buren

Frankie Riggs

&

Myself

We shall expect you to be in your very most charming & brilliant mood--

Ever yours,

Edgar Fawcett

To Wilde--November 10, 1882

I know you did not like Oscar that night. I felt it in my bones; but I am certain that you would be enormously amused and entertained by him if you knew him better. He is, of course, not always to be taken seriously. He

OSCAR WILDE--3

says things that he does not mean & that he does not mean to be taken as if meant. Do not judge him too hastily.

To Bishop¹⁵⁷--November 18, 1882

I agree with you in much that you say of Oscar Wilde. The attitude he has assumed before the American public is rash and silly; for certain people will never forgive him his knee-breeches, his lilies & his sun-flowers. But his poetry strikes me as wonderfully promising. It is insincere as yet. He said in his lecture that we are all trying to find the secret of life, & that the secret of life was in art. How untrue that is! No one but a young poet would have said such a thing. The secret is in love--humanity, philanthropy and charity, as well as passion. We all know that after we have lived three decades, don't we? Still, 'Charmides,' 'The Garden of Eros' & 'The Burden of Itys' are very striking poems. I would not give them for all the affected attitudinizing of Rossetti, whose poetry never appeals to me

¹⁵⁷William Henry Bishop; a novelist (1847-1928). At this time Bishop had written two works: Detmold (1879), and The House of a Merchant Prince (1882).

OSCAR WILDE--4

in the least. No one of that school surpasses Wilde, in my opinion, except Swinburne--if you can say that S. belongs to any school.

To Hayne--February 17, 1883(?)

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

I was charmed to read what Miss Woolson said about me. Praise of this spontaneous sort from such a source is surely sweet enough to hearten the most discouraged toiler. Miss W's own stories have repeatedly given me great pleasure. Her contributions to Appleton are held in high esteem by Mr. Bunce, who has often mentioned her to me.

To Hayne--August 24, 1876

Thanks for having so kindly sent me Miss Woolson's letter. I have read it with great interest. How strange it is that most literary people of any ability have this same shrinking from society. One might almost feel inclined to suspect that they are born with a latent sense

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON--2

of their own superiority over the Σὶ Πολλοί.¹⁵⁸ Miss Woolson's contentment with the existing order of things is a trait strictly feminine....Miss Woolson has achieved in her short stories, I think, an extremely charming style. Perhaps she is not quite strong-colored enough, just yet, to be popular in any great degree; but that will probably come with time and study. Her North-and-South life give her rare opportunities....It was extremely kind of you to send Atonement to Miss Woolson. I am afraid that she was rather shocked by it, however.

To Hayne--September 24, 1876

¹⁵⁸the multitude.

VII

There are general concerns and standard principles involved in the editing of all manuscripts. It is an editor's responsibility to maintain accuracy in his presentation and consistency in his methodology; he must also establish the nature of the proposed edition--textual, critical, or popular--¹⁵⁹ prior to the undertaking. There are other considerations, but the idiosyncracies of the manuscript determine these. Problems in authenticity or attribution may exist; different versions of a manuscript may have to be collated; it may be necessary to establish an authoritative text from variant copies; even the problem of dating a manuscript may be vital to the presentation.

¹⁵⁹There is some ambiguity and overlapping of function with reference to the terms textual and critical. A textual edition is the presentation of a bona fide text to serve as an authentic basis for sound literary interpretation. W.W. Greg (Studies in Bibliography, 1950-1951, III, 19-36), considers the earliest printed text--the one closest in time to the manuscript itself--to be the most authoritative. Chauncey Sanders, in An Introduction to Research in English Literary History (New York, 1952), defines a critical edition as that work "intended for scholars, for serious students of an author or a period" (p.97). A critical edition, then, is also a textual one since it is based upon an authoritative text; it goes beyond the merely textual, however, in that it provides comment of a critical nature, setting the work in literary and historical perspective. For a discussion of textual study see Richard D. Altick's The Art of Literary Research (New York, 1963), pp.49-63.

These specialized concerns, however, are usually the result of working with documents of earlier centuries. An editor encounters fewer problems with manuscripts or texts of recent origin. No eighteenth century editing task could possibly be as complex as the Piers Plowman dilemma wherein there are some sixty-odd copies of manuscripts representing three different and separate versions of the poem. There is sparse comment even by textual critics on nineteenth century editing tasks, and nothing whatsoever on twentieth century problems; this lack of discussion reflects the comparative simplicity of contemporary editing needs, and the fact that studies of earlier problems inevitably encompass the relatively fewer modern editing enigmas.

Thus in the editing of The Pride of Intellect I had no need to concern myself with matters of collation or textual variation since there is but one known manuscript in existence. There were problems in authenticity, dating, and attribution, but, again, the recent origin of the manuscript simplified these affairs. I found the manuscript in a carton which was part of the contents of the de Coppet estate in Narragansett, Rhode Island. The de Coppets, two unmarried sisters, were nieces of Edgar Fawcett. The manuscript itself is legibly written in Fawcett's own hand, his signature

appears on the first and last page, and his address--
 7 St. Loo Mansions, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.,
 London--appears on the first page. Since the Diction-
 ary of American Biography locates Fawcett's address at
 death in the Chelsea district of London, and since his
 previous London addresses from 1899 to 1903, as listed
 in Who's Who in America, were not in the Chelsea area,
 it seems reasonable to assume that Fawcett began or com-
 pleted the novel while he lived in Chelsea, which would
 have been early in 1904. Shortly before his death,
 Fawcett either mailed the manuscript to his nieces in
 Narragansett for possible American publication, or, more
 probably, someone else sent his effects to the de Coppet
 sisters after his death in 1904. So much for authenti-
 city, attribution, and the determination of a reasonable
 date.

Since standard editing concerns were of little
 consequence in working with this modern manuscript, my
 first considerations had to do with the nature of the
 edition and the extent and kind of manuscript revision.
 I have prepared a textual and critical edition, and have
 accepted the guidelines of Reverend Dr. Alexander B.
 Grosart as a model for editorial responsibility: "'Here
 I wish mainly to state, by way of General Preface, that
 with Greene, as in all my editing, my law and endeavor

combined, is to reproduce the Author's own text in integrity id est, without an attempt at (so-called) "improvements," or even modernisation of the spelling, punctuation, etc.'" Of course Grosart is not suggesting a reproduction without change. "'Such few corrections of misprints and mispunctuations as it has been deemed expedient to make,'" he adds, "'are recorded in the Notes and Illustrations, save trifles such as a reversed letter, as n for u; misplaced letters, as hwise for howse (=house); misplaced words as "yet if he doubting he" for "yet doubting if he", ...and the like....'"¹⁶⁰

Grosart's principles, in their general formulation, provide the basis for currently acceptable standards. The Harvard Guide to American History notes that even in a modernized text--the most liberal edition of all--there should be no "attempt to improve the writer's grammar, syntax or choice of words."¹⁶¹ Thus the manuscript itself is sacred save for the correction of inadvertent errors in spelling and punctuation.

I have, accordingly, without benefit of notes, changed the spelling of words, altered punctuation, and spelled out abbreviations. I have waived the dictum of

¹⁶⁰As quoted in Sanders, pp.95-96.

¹⁶¹Oscar Handlin, et al. (Cambridge, 1954), p.99.

consistency, however, with reference to Fawcett's alternate employment of British and American word constructions. Without any discernible rationale, Fawcett is given upon one occasion to employ an our ending as in honour, and upon another occasion to spell the word honor without the u. In the same random manner he now writes the word grey and then gray; he is consistent with his utilization of s instead of z in such words as recognise and realise, and with the re rather than er ending as in lustre and sombre; and yet there is no apparent pattern for he prefers judgment to judgement.

Consistency would have me stabilize the disparate spellings, but an insight into Fawcett's own life and the nature of the novel would have it otherwise. The confusion results from the fact that Fawcett spent the last seven years of his life in London, and since much of the novel reflects the theme of cultural conflict--English and American--a fidelity to the confused spelling pattern evokes the nature and intensity of the conflict in Fawcett's life and in the life of the novel. Conversely, to modernize a period novel is to divest it of its own immediacy, and the lack of spelling pattern does tend to place the work in time.

Such an editorial judgment is arbitrary but sound; other decisions which culminate in change rather than in

accurate reproduction, I have explained in the notes. I have not provided translations in the notes for those Latin and French phrases of readily apparent meaning.

Chauncey Sanders, in An Introduction to Research in English Literary History, establishes the responsibilities of a critical edition:

First, it should provide a correct text, representing as exactly as possible the author's final intention, with all errors eliminated. Second, it should explain any allusions or other readings that are likely to prove difficult for the sort of person who may be expected to use the work. Third, it should furnish a commentary that will serve to fit the work into its setting so that the reader may be able to appreciate its literary and historical significance. Fourth, it should, as Professor Morize wrote, "be easy to handle and convenient, arranged and printed in such a way as to afford instruction and pleasure, with notes that elucidate and do not submerge the text."¹⁶²

Including the discussion in Chapter III on the literary and historical significance of the novel, the present edition fulfills all four of Sander's conditions. However, a fifth responsibility--the presentation of a detailed analysis of the novel--also exists.

VII

Periodical criticism of Fawcett's novels establishes the existence of certain tendencies in his works and exposes a pattern of consistent weaknesses. A synthesis of this commentary would provide critical judgment broad enough to encompass all of Fawcett's writings and incisive enough to apply to any one of the individual works. This composite analysis would undoubtedly have application to The Pride of Intellect. That is, the plot of The Pride of Intellect creaks with contrivance; the characterization is one dimensional in melodramatic fashion and dependent upon omniscient statement rather than internal movement for its validity; the theme is superficial and trite; and the style, which is turgid and heavy, bears no relationship to the theme.

The plot revolves about the fortunes of young Kenneth Indermaur, the brilliant commoner who just happens to have written the two most popular literary works of the English speaking world. One work, Thoughts Out Loud, is a heart-warming, cheerful study which Indermaur published anonymously; the other, Loaves and Fishes, which Indermaur acknowledges to be his own, is an honest, biting, and bitter satire. Given this base it follows that the young woman of Indermaur's affection loves the

sentiment of the first work and contemns the cynicism of the latter. Indermaur cannot admit Thoughts Out Loud to be his own, and so he has doubly deceived--he has deceived his lady, Myrtle, and he has deceived the world, for the ideas expressed in Thoughts, which he composed upon a dare, are not sincere. Upon this unlikely structure a series of unlikely events are hinged: Indermaur becomes the darling of a good part of the nobility; he replaces a scheduled speaker at the Tatterdemalion dinner and his skillful and brilliant oratory sweeps the remaining segment of the influential and high-positioned into his camp; Adalbert Hurst cleverly exposes Indermaur's duplicity; Cursitor cleverly exposes Adalbert's malevolence and dishonesty; Myrtle casts Indermaur aside when she learns of his secret authorship and deceit; Indermaur freely confesses his deviousness to Myrtle; Myrtle has a change of heart and takes him back as the novel ends and life begins for the two young people.

There is humor in such a structure, but it is the kind occasioned by stylized obsolescence. Other than for its historical import in the development of literary form, the novel cannot be approached seriously as a work of art. Certainly no theme which emanates from such an artificial fabric can be accorded any aesthetic literary value. There is nothing more weighty than the final statement

that "true love conquers all"; nothing more intense or probing than the banality that "duplicity must out"; in fact, a sub-title might even be appropriate: The Pride of Intellect, or, Humility is the Best Policy. The host of possible themes which emerge from the novel are neither provocative nor ambiguous; they are superficial and common-place observations.

The characterization in no way compensates for these inadequacies of plot and theme; it is as pathetically conceived as all else. Kenneth Indermaur is the brilliant, sensitive young man, governed by his brilliant inner light of honesty and aided in his quest of Myrtle by: Cursitor, the loyal friend, who is slightly less brilliant, slightly less sensitive, and slightly less governed by an intense inner light of honesty; yet his every action is calculated to win for his friend, Indermaur, the hand of: Myrtle, the beautiful, intelligent, sensitive, virtuous, pure, young heroine who is unattainable but who becomes attainable to Indermaur despite the machinations of the brilliant but evil: Adalbert Hurst, who is a cold, ruthless, cruel, heartless, calculating, and worthy foe. There is no other way to present an insight into the nature of the personae; they are stilted, flat, stereotyped figures who move in established patterns. They do not lend themselves to lengthy comment or profound analysis.

While the nature of character prohibits serious comment, Fawcett's method of characterization does provoke a response. Fawcett establishes character by statement alone; action, dialogue, and behavior convey nothing. Thus Fawcett insists that the brilliant Indermaur, by virtue of his charm and wit, is capable of winning the admiration and affection of all who come in contact with him, even those who are predisposed to disliking him. He then places Indermaur in the company of Lord Plinlimmon who had previously expressed his distaste for Indermaur's sort and had vowed to be nothing if not uncivil to him. Only Cursitor views the meeting, however, and Fawcett does not permit the reader to witness Indermaur's conquest:

He watched Indermaur, so to phrase it, from afar. His nerves were steeled against all possible catastrophe--what name could be too serious for the action, provided Lord Plinlimmon stripped off all sacred vesting of host-ship and played the nude cad before a bidden guest?...

The light struck with a sidelong and searching effect, just then, full upon Indermaur. "When," thought his covert observer, "was manly shapeliness joined in securer harmony to the facial proof of an intellect large and alert? What a frame to tempt the sculptor's chisel, what poise of head, what felicity of carriage! At Oxford, in the early days of his sojourn there, a few exclusive malcontents tried to teach him paces; but in the end how he brought them round, made them walk in his wake! And it was all so effortless with him, a conquest so good-humoured, a turning of the tables at once so placid and complete!...But these were collegiate innings. Now he plays in the bigger game of life. How about Marmaduke, who just now represents it? Will he dare carry out the

threat he hurled at Blanche?"

What followed for Cursitor--who was too far away to hear and could only see--meant the most potent of pantomimes. Indermaur seated himself, and Lord Plinlimmon, with arched nose in the air, paid him no heed whatever. The Earl simply went on speaking with the person on his other side...

Indermaur did not show a trace of chagrin. One hand played carelessly with a voided wine-glass. He was smiling as he reached forth his other hand and faintly touched with it the shoulder of his host.

Lord Plinlimmon turned sharply, almost fiercely. The vigilant Cursitor felt like closing his eyes and shuddering one minute, and the next like rushing forward and dragging his adored Kenneth outside the radius of raw insult.

But soon he saw a change that seemed to flavor of miracle. The Earl burst into a laugh. Then Indermaur spoke on, while his listener surveyed him, visibly appealed to by his virile symmetries, by the brightness and sweetness and quiet nobility that summed up the peculiar beauty of his face.

"It's Oxford all over again," swept through Cursitor's gladdened spirit. "He's done it here, just as so often he did it there! He's got him! He's landed his fish--is there a fish in the social waters that he can't land if he pleases?..."

Fawcett never directly reveals any of Indermaur's virtues. For his glowing undergraduate years, we have only Cursitor's word; for his glorious oration at the Tatterdemalion dinner, we have only Fawcett's word; and for his conversational brilliance, we have only the word of those characters who have been privileged to hear him speak.

The verbose prose style of the novel makes the failure to establish character through movement all the

more pathetic. Fawcett expends little effort upon characterization and wastes much on unessential movements and irrelevant details. He describes a room, for example, for the sake of the verbiage alone. The description does not suggest an environmental influence upon character, nor does it reveal the nature of the character who occupies the lodging. Cursitor's room is described as follows:

The Tite Street house was small, but opulent in three qualities, comfort, cosiness, and taste. On every floor the footfall was deadened by carpets of richest texture. Certain heavy arras-like fabrics were family heirlooms, as also not a few mellow old pictures of worth and price. Nothing leapt to the eye; all was softness, ease, and that peculiar luxury which woos its way into one's appreciation instead of rushing to capture it. The ornamentation was so meagre that you might pardonably neglect its details. But to examine the least of them was to find yourself scanning an object rare and choice.

This description does not set Cursitor's nature apart from that of any other character in the novel--perhaps this is because the characters themselves are all of the same mold.

The Pride of Intellect is a poorly written novel beyond aesthetic redemption, but it does possess a literary importance in its manifestation of realistic tendencies and international expressions. The descriptive passages in the novel are peripheral, yet they do represent an attempt by Fawcett to focus, in realistic fashion, on the detail of setting and movement for the purpose of evoking a societal

truth. As in his earlier novels, Fawcett sets about to expose the sham behavior and sterile existence of the upper class. The only significant differences between The Pride of Intellect and its predecessors are that the setting has been transferred to England and that the society in question maintains its position through title rather than wealth. That society, however, despite Fawcett's intentions to the contrary, still emerges as a group of rather inoffensive, amiable people; they are neither unpleasant, nor self-centered, nor shallow. The contrast between Indermaur's brilliant, honest, sensitive nature and the aristocracy's dull, insincere, callous behavior never develops because Indermaur is as fatuous as are his antagonists. Also, his desire to win their favor suggests that their society is attractive and thus dulls the little contrast there is.

As for the international theme, it controls a certain amount of the action in the novel and possibly even more than has already been suggested. In fact, if Indermaur can be viewed as an American--and this is not as unreasonable as it may seem--then the cultural contrast becomes the focal point of the entire novel. Indermaur is an outsider. He is not a part of any group within the novel. The students at Oxford do not initially accept him, and the members of the aristocracy view him with

suspicion. His values, which are ostensibly different from those of the surrounding culture, are democratically inspired in his agitation against tradition and in his violation of the existing class structure. His virtues are typically American in a fictional sense--he is more resourceful than any of the others in the novel, more affected by matters of integrity, and he possesses a greater vitality and a finer sense of humor than any one else. Like many of Fawcett's other American characters, Indermaur takes pride in his own accomplishments, but he is also in awe of aristocratic personages. Just as the Josselyns, Ernest Graydon, and Lizzie and Jack Prawle, he is willing to compromise or trade the virtues of an American heritage for the privilege of winning English acceptance.

The thought of Kenneth Indermaur as an American is intriguing and compelling. It is also a reasonable point of view to impose upon the novel, for the unresolved international conflict which influenced the writings of other Americans had an intense effect upon Fawcett. It would be in keeping with Fawcett's entire life for this last novel, The Pride of Intellect, to reflect the full power of his thought.

IX

The Pride of Intellect

"Kenneth, are you there?"

"Yes, father; it's I."

The young man had stolen into the bedroom, not sure if his father were asleep or awake. He stood in dense shadow while he spoke. As he approached the bed on which Ralph Indermaur lay, a volume of lamplight struck his vigorous young shape, tall, gracefully moulded. He wore evening dress, and with his distinguished cast of head looked a figure of striking elegance.

"You're dressed, I see, for the Plinlimmons' dinner."

"Not just that," said Kenneth, at once seating himself beside the bed. "As you know, I often put on these togs when you're well enough to permit of my going about. The Plinlimmons live, if you remember, here in Chelsea.¹⁶³ Theirs is one of those big Embankment houses, only the merest slip away. I told Cyril that I might not be able to turn up at the dinner, however. He understands. And

¹⁶³London was Fawcett's home during the last few years of his life; he died in Chelsea.

I've considerable time yet."

Indermaur reached out a hand, patting one of the firm, strong-muscled arms at his side. "You'll go to the dinner, my son. Of course you will Kenneth. I don't need any attendance. The pain has quite left me now. And old Martha is always downstairs. She can do whatever I want--and that, after all, isn't much. When it grows unbearable anguish--morphia. When it's more ordinary suffering--bromide as strong as possible this side of self-murder."

"Oh, you mustn't dream of that, sir. I wouldn't go if I thought--"

"But you needn't think. The attack's dwindling away. I shan't have any more pain for a good while. I shall be weak, and lie here, and have you come in from time to time, and at length I shall be able to get up and move about. But I'm utterly beyond all cure, my son. The great Sir Edward Saxton told me so, and charged precisely ten guineas for the information."

"Recollect, father, that he told you your heart was wonderfully strong."

"Oh, yes; which merely meant a probable dreary postponement of the final collapse....Go to this dinner, by all means. Have you heard yet from the publishers about your book, by the bye?"

"Yes. A cheque this morning for two hundred pounds."

"Bravo, Kenneth! And you're not out of Oxford a full year! I knew that your 'Loaves and Fishes' would startle by its brilliant satire. You mustn't mind some of those reviews I read."

"They don't bother me, father. Not in the least."

"Ah, how confidently you speak, my boy! I, too, was once vastly confident. But I hadn't your brain, I hadn't your great good looks. I hadn't your extraordinary powers of winning people over."¹⁶⁴

From his emaciated face Ralph Indermaur's eyes gleamed abnormally large. He wetted his dry lips with a vacillant tip of tongue, but waved away the drink that Kenneth, by a reach of hand toward the near table, could easily proffer.

"And now, my boy, you've all the world before you. I think you're on the right track toward what is termed success. Oh, we've talked together, haven't we? You're all

¹⁶⁴There are obvious autobiographical implications here and throughout the chapter. Fawcett never considered "winning people over" to be a mark of virtue. He could not "propitiate," and yet he believed it was a necessary condition of success. In a letter to Hayne, he writes: "If one tells the truth in this world one must always suffer, I find. Doubtless I have been impolitic, but I have the cause of American poetry very deeply at heart; I can't help fighting against pretentious charlatanism." See p.131 for fuller comment from the same letter.

for the safe side. I wasn't. You ensepulchre your sincerities; I blazoned mine. You are wise in your generation; I was foolhardy. You don't take men seriously; I took them in passionate earnest. You're metal; I was wax. I flung prudence to the winds; you have served it like a silversmith, and panoplied yourself in it as with chain-armor. Corselet, cuirass, hauberk and shield--I've got the whole valiant figure you cut in it!"

The oddest laugh, chill as the dreariest sigh, followed these words. "My own life has been such a failure, Kenneth! Years ago I came up here to London after your mother's death, with my fairly decent fortune torn from trade down in the north. But ah, so soon afterward, my son, [it was] almost while you, a little lad, were leaning against my knee and hearing me tell you of the galleries and theatres and museums we should visit together provided you were a good boy and duteously learned your tasks, that first abrupt failures overcame me. It was the first approach of that subtle and rare paralysis which has afterward forever martyred my days. I took this little house in Chelsea, and staid here on and on. I never wrote, I projected books; I never wrote more than twenty pages or so of manuscript, all told, and these were dragged forth from a brain always tired by any attempt at cerebration, and were finally destroyed in a fit of despairful self-surrender. Later, I became a confirmed invalid, as you know. The winters racked

me, and the springs brought me, in this little brick-house near the river, alleviative promises that summer would always break! My life, while you were at Eton and at Oxford, has been one long twilight, now of despondence, now of pain, anon of both combined. But from twilight stars are born, and in mine a great one is hanging now. Itsname--need I tell you its name is--yours? Your 'Loaves and Fishes' bites deep with satire, my boy, but it shirks all popular offence. You make 'propriety' laugh at itself, but you always contrive to escape wounding it. That's why the solid ability of the book blunts indignation and tickles amusement."

Kenneth gave no answer. He was accustomed to these monologues. They usually meant that his father was "getting better." He leaned back a little into the shadow of the lamp, and surreptitiously glanced at his watch. There was time yet for him to appear with proper punctuality at the Plinlimmon dinner. Indeed, he had still some little time to spare.

"I know," feebly resumed the sick man, "that my counsel in past years has affected you. And by now you must have seen the true impulse of its trend. My own life was a mistake, and I have wanted yours to be a success. I have wanted you to swim with the current. I swam against it. I was right; I shall die protesting I was right. But

what is it, after all, to be 'Right'? One doesn't lose one's own soul--to put it fancifully--but one misses the whole world. And to miss the whole world has a prodigious meaning. If I were you, Kenneth, I would make 'Propitiate' my motto. Meet folk a little more than half way. Never cringe, but constantly unbend. Whenever you discern a hate give it prompt battle. That is, try and turn it into a friendship. Of all professions the literary is most infested by hates. There, you see, the great prizes are so few, the paths of ascent so craggy and thorny. There, too, fashions are peculiarly despotic, and the levity of mere whim can hurt like the blow of a bludgeon. Voltaire said of Dante that his reputation was safe because no sensible people read him. Queen Caroline once declared of Bishop Butler that she thought he was dead; and the friend who desired for him royal patronage and promotion answered 'No, Madam, he is not dead, but he is buried.'¹⁶⁵ Ruskin affirmed of Byron that he wrote English as an eagle flies; but Rivarol sneered at Condorcet as one who wrote with opium on a page of lead,¹⁶⁶ and Wordsworth told

¹⁶⁵Reference to Caroline of Ansbach (1683-1737), wife of George II. Queen Caroline's recommendation of Bishop Joseph Butler (1692-1752) led to his appointment to the bishopric of Bristol in 1738 and ultimately to the clerk of the closet to the King in 1746.

¹⁶⁶Rivarol's Petit Almanach de nos grands hommes pour 1788, in which he ridicules contemporary authors, seems a likely source for this allusion.

Emerson that the grand Gibbon could not write English at all. And so the war of opinions is forever raging. You have a very luminous and spacious mind, Kenneth, but it's my belief that you do not possess genius--God help you if you did!"

"Is genius so fatal a gift?" asked Kenneth.

"Horribly. The sensitiveness with which it is nearly always twinned makes it a constant curse. Men die of it before their time. It is a disease. Now, you are not sensitive. Oh, I have watched you well! You think deeply, but you do not feel as deeply. That is three-quarters of the fight--not to yield too deeply. I believe there is nothing intellectual that you cannot master if you try. Look at your Oxford record."

Kenneth spoke with a roused, assertive manner not hitherto shown. "In college I dealt with other men's ideas. In 'Loaves and Fishes'--poor stuff it now seems to me!--I tried for originality, creation." He gave a low, cheerful laugh; his laugh was always cheerful. "But what are these"--and he snapped finger and thumb audibly--"without the divine element of emotion? If I haven't that--well, then, I simply will never be a writer of the first rank. Amen!"

Ralph Indermaur stretched out a hand, clasping that of his son. The hand had never felt so chill to Kenneth before. It sensuously corresponded with the drawn, haggard

face, the white attenuated lips, the bigness and dry glitter of the eyes.

"Of all things on earth you don't need it," he returned with tones that were modulated, yet somehow a reprimanding cry. "It's the rock that split me in twain! It's the sworn foe of success. He who feels overmuch is forever stumbling into quicksands of miscalculation. I don't say you're callous, my boy."

"That's encouraging," smiled Kenneth, with gentle satire.

"But your mother left you just the right leaven of cool-headedness."

"You've told me so little about her."

"There was little to tell. She gave you her good looks. She was enormously handsome, and she was not--where's the word?--impressionable. There; now about this friend, this Oxford friend, who clings to you so."

"Cyril Cursitor?"

"Yes. He's an aristocrat. High up, eh? Yes, of course--I remember. He shows it, with his curved nostrils and silky voice and trained bearing. You're going to his house to dine this evening. No, to his cousin's house. Lord...Lord..."

"Lord Plinlimmon. But cousins by marriage only. Cyril is related to his wife."

"This young Cursitor, Kenneth. He's very fond of you. He let it all out to me, the other day, while we talked together in your absence. His eyes had the strangest glow as he spoke. I almost thought of a woman confessing her love."

"Oh, he's very manly," said Kenneth, with the faintest tinge of resentment. "Under his softness there's a lot of masculinity. One of the best oarsmen of his year. He can box like a professional, and stops at nothing when he rides."

"I see. And you've infatuated him; he's dazzled by you. Rich, Kenneth?"

"Twenty thousand a year. Expectations besides."

"Do you care for him?"

"What a question, father! Who wouldn't?"

"He might be of great service to you. Have you thought of that?"

Kenneth gave a vague shrug. "Oh, yes. Why not?"

Here the young man rose, still holding his father's hand. "Then if you'll let me go," he pursued, "I shall have to hurry along. But you're quite sure--"

"Yes, quite. I think I shall sleep well tonight. I feel that last drug Dr. Alsop gave me beginning to work already...Kenneth."

"Yes, father."

"I hope I shall see you very famous, very important, before the tides close over my head!" He was still holding his son's hand with a pitiful cling in every slim finger. His voice had become thrillingly plaintive. "That will be a kind of crown after all my sufferings. Life has been hard for me. But if I go when you've harvested an armful of honours, my boy, I shall feel like one of those runners in the Old Greek games who hands, while he falls, the torch to a comrade. Non omnis moriar.¹⁶⁷ That's the right Latin, isn't it? I never knew much and picked it all up by myself down there in the north. So your friend, Cursitor, has twenty thousand a year. I can only leave you about that, all told. But it's better than nothing. At least it isn't beggarly, is it?...There, I'm keeping you. Go and have a merry time with the swells. But don't take any airs from them. Blunt their little darts if they try to spring them on you. Still, amiably, amiably. Propitiate, my son. We Indermaurs have no coat-of-arms, no crest, but make that your motto, as I said."

¹⁶⁷"I shall not wholly die." The quotation is from Horace and has a literary allusion: "My works, my poetry, will be immortal." Cf. letter to Stedman, p.9.

II

"Father's more ill than he knows, this evening," thought Kenneth Indermaur, as he moved at quick pace through the dim side-street, soon gaining the Embankment, where a May sky flung hieroglyphs of sunset gold on the wrinkled river. "Perhaps I should not have left him, after all. But then he was so insistent."

And after that Kenneth gave up thinking at all about his father. Other more agreeable reflections invited him, and he chose these with unhesitating preference. He liked to use gloom on his written page, just as a painter uses it on his canvas; but to deal with it practically, in his daily experience, was quite another affair. Now his mind had caught up the glittering web of a bright anticipation, and was busied in shaking out, so to speak, its radiant folds. It had been so kind of his dear friend Cyril, to secure for him this dinner at Laughton House. The thing meant such a cachet in itself. His name would doubtless be seen in at least one of tomorrow's newspapers. How strong an upward push it would prove! Just like Cyril! There would probably be ten or twelve smart persons there besides the Earl and Countess of Plinlimmon.

The beautiful old-fashioned drawing-rooms, with their immense prism-wrought chandeliers, and their

lustreless but costly furniture, and their Gainsboroughs or Romneys or Reynoldses¹⁶⁸ pendant from the walls, held only what seemed a sprinkling of people as Indermaur's name was announced. Yet this effect was due to the great size of the apartments; for the dinner numbered twenty guests in all.

The moment that Kenneth Indermaur appeared, his presence caused a faint but definite flutter. He was just as handsome for a man as his mother had been for a woman. But between them there was this pregnant difference: on one association had bestowed few graces of deportment, and on the other it had showered many. Lady Plinlimmon extended her hand, then her husband put forth his. Neither spoke, and at once Indermaur found himself civilly brushed aside, by two fresh arrivals. He receded a little, and looked at the gathered guests. He was not easily dashed, but now a pang of embarrassment smote him. Every man and woman whom he saw was a stranger, and all of them had levelled upon him a united stare, not strong enough to be impolite yet palpable enough to create for him the commencement of a sharp ordeal. What should he do? Whither should he betake himself? Should he go and plant his form against yonder wall and wait there, in sombre torments, the

¹⁶⁸The three most prominent English portrait painters in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

directing whim of his hosts? In certain Oxford social circles he had been warmly welcomed. Here in London refined householders had opened willing doors to him. But now! He felt his cheeks flush, and furtively gnawed his lips.

Then, in a moment, the tensility of his position slackened. A firm clasp was on his arm; he turned and saw Cyril Cursitor.

"Pardon me, Kenneth. I was in the other room--off my post. My cousins had put you in my charge. You're to go down with Miss Myrtle Sartorys. Let me take you to her at once."

As Indermaur passed into the rear drawing-room with Cursitor's arm linked in his own, he was the subject of much low-voiced conversation. Some of the sentences ran like this:

"Never saw him before. Immensely good-looking, though. Such an air, hasn't he? One must find out about him."

"He's that Oxford man, you know--Kenneth Indermaur. Just as clever as he is handsome. Took 'firsts' in 'Greats' and Modern History, and stroked the Eight that year--which was it?--when the Cantabs were so badly beaten."

"Oh, did he write 'Loaves and Fishes'? I hate the book, it's so hard and cold, and ends so horribly. But I

couldn't leave it off till I'd finished it. Nobody can."

"An author besides being an athlete! Oh, 'Loaves and Fishes'? Really! I wept over it! Such a tragedy, and yet so true!"

"Who is he? You mean in point of birth, and all that? Why, nobody at all. I've heard his people are linen-drappers, or something similar, in a village near Liverpool or Birmingham--one forgets which. Still, if he had money, this would be nowadays la moindre des choses. He has, however, nothing notable--nothing whatever."

"Young Indermaur, you know. Isn't he quite too jolly handsome? My brother Bertie knew him at Balliol. Had a regular little court there. They used to call him the Professional Beauty. Never to his face, though; he wouldn't have stood it."

"How on earth has he got here? That's what I would like to know. It's one of the most difficult houses in town, and Plinlimmon is such a beastly snob....Oh, yes; it's all clear now. Cyril Cursitor is Lady Plinlimmon's first-cousin, and Cyril adores this Indermaur. It will be a great feather in his cap to have been seen here, of course."

Cyril Cursitor and his friend Miss Myrtle Sartorys seated [themselves] on a sofa in the next room. She struck Indermaur at first as being merely a tall, pale girl, with a rather grave face and an overplus of shining chestnut

hair heaped high above a fragile throat. But Cyril talked, and two other men talked, and it was not until they were seated side by side in the luxurious dining-room downstairs that he gave her much visual attention.

Just before this, however, he remembered that Cursitor had mentioned her name to him not long ago, telling him that she was thought both very handsome and very intellectual, but also exceedingly proud. Moreover, that she came of an old family in one of the midland counties, and had inherited much wealth, besides, from both her dead parents.

"A magnificent match for you," Cursitor had added. "I must certainly arrange an introduction as early as possible."

"Oh, if she is proud," Indermaur had retorted, "she wouldn't look at a nobody like me."

Here Cursitor's mild eyes kindled. Their limpid blue had grown flamy as he scoffed out: "How dare you call yourself a nobody--you, Kenneth Indermaur, with your glorious college record and the prestige of having written a novel that half the civilized world is either reading or has read?"

As Indermaur now turned and looked at the young woman whom he had taken down to dinner those words about her being "proud" specially recurred to him.

But she did not look proud. Oddly enough, her delicate-face, her placid movements, the casual posturings of her slender shape, suggested a perished hauteur rather than a live one. He could not understand the mystery of his own decision; and yet, while they spoke together, almost mechanically, of the charming old house, its age and its store of antique treasures, he became more and more convinced that if what Cursitor had said was true, then some curious and subtle agency had been at work with her during recent days.

"For now," he thought, "she is surely most affable and gracious. Yet even if I had not heard of her pride it seems to me that I should see traces of it, like footsteps of a departed influence, a banished characteristic."

Then the flattering fancy came upon him that she was perhaps desirous of showing him particular favour. But a kind of instinctive negative vetoed this belief; and just as he had begun to feel himself prisoned rather stringently in the tender but strong network of an exceptional interest, the lady at his other side exerted upon him a tyrannous claim.

She was a large lady, well past her forties, with prominent eyes and a fat chin threatening doubleness. Her dinner-companion was a man whom Indermaur had known slightly at Oxford, and she herself was a person accustomed to

having her own way in everything. Accordingly she brought about an introduction between herself and the author of a new novel which she had relished most separately among the many others it was her habit to devour from month to month, and then began a series of gushing raptures on the subject of "Loaves and Fishes."

Quite promptly Indermaur discovered that her praises were not of the sort for which he cared a button. He had already observed, again and again, just how his book had been operative in affecting the average commonplace mind. He knew, after the lady had spoken her first ten words about it, precisely what qualities in the whole composition she would pronounce the most attractive. These, he was well aware, held the least intrinsic value, and stood like sign-posts warning him not to repeat the mistakes which they embodied.

Still, he gave no evidence of being bored; and indeed, when at last he again turned toward Miss Sartorys, the lady with the plethora of panegyrics rolled toward him her prominent eyes in regret rather than resentment.

But Miss Sartorys was talking with the gentleman on her right. She soon deserted him, however, and addressed Indermaur.

"I heard some of the sugar-plums drop into your lap with dull thuds. Haven't you had rather a surfeit of

sweets?"

"She's made me feed on the roses and lie in the lilies of criticism. Pray, do I not look shockingly pampered?"

"I don't detect any signs of lassitude. Perhaps you've grown used to this sort of thing."

"I've grown used to nothing in life," he said, "not even its grimness. I seem to exist in a constant encounter of thresholds. Draperies are always being drawn aside for me, and new vistas invitingly disclosed."

She lifted her brows a little, as though in surprise. "Such youth of feeling!" escaped from her. "I should never have imagined it."

"Bless me. Miss Sartorys! Do I appear jaded and forlorn?"

"You appear all sunshine," she said, letting her eyes briefly linger on his face. "But you don't write as you appear."

"Now for the other side of the medal! You evidently disapprove Mrs. Cleeve's sugar-plums."

She nodded with a veiled smile. "I've read the book."

"With abomination? You wouldn't be the first if you said so."

"I couldn't say so. Rather, with admiration. And yet..." But here she paused.

"Well?" he encouraged her. "With condemnation?"

"I confess that you seem to have found the right word."

"Your 'but,' you see, made it almost inevitable."

As her eyes floated over his face he thought how strangely lovely they were. At a slight distance they seemed a lucid hazel, matching her hair; but a nearer view brought out in them violet lights, and still a nearer one made them blue without the least amber shading.

"No," she said, a flavor of soliloquy in her lowered speech. "You don't look as if you'd written it. I'm not referring to its unhappiness as a story. I'm thinking of how one may read between its lines."

"And what does one discover," asked Indermaur, "when one has read between its lines?"

She hesitated. "That there isn't anything really worth while--that men and women are only the masques in a hollow masque."

"Tell me the passage in which I give the reader any such grisly tidings," he exclaimed, "and I promise that my next edition shall go to press without it!"

"Ah, that I could never do! It is all a philosophy indefinitely conveyed. It is atmospheric. If you had put it down in black and white, I should have thought your book by no means unusual. I should have pronounced it merely one of those fashionably pessimistic French things, of which we

say 'How clever!' one day and whose morbidness we have forgotten the next. But you have not worked that way. You have employed great skill of suggestion, striking artistry of general handling, and yet your result is all the very litany of despair."

Indermaur sipped his wine. "Despair of what?"

"Oh, of the entire human race. We are no more, between your covers, than the grass of the field."

"I've great respect for the grass of the field. Lofty and low, all of us are clad by it at last. Bond Street never dreamed of any tailoring at once so permanent and so deft. But you will think this flippant; and from the religious viewpoint it surely is. I didn't know you were religious, although I'd heard you were proud."

The last phrase slipped from him unawares. He saw a faint cloud of rose steal into her face and then deepen there. Expecting some show of resentment, he braced himself, regretfully, for its advent.

But this did not occur. "Cyril Cursitor no doubt told you so. Still, you needn't either deny or affirm. It's of no consequence. I was proud--yesterday."

"I'm glad this is tomorrow, Miss Sartorys," he replied.

Her voice had become serious; it still remained so. "Pride mantles a multitude of definitions, all of which are

not sins. But mine, I fear, was of the sinful sort. I made myself unapproachable except by a preferred few. I cultivated arrogance. I was glacially uncharitable. I revelled in rudeness toward those whom for silly reasons I presumed to rate as my inferiors. Truly, I must have been the most odious kind of person.

Indermaur felt startled as he watched her. Quiet though her tones had been, they somehow invested her immediate surroundings with the drama if not the sanctity of a confessional.

"That was yesterday," he said, throwing out the response at random, yet in the sense of palliative reminder.

"It was before I came across a certain book."

"Ah," he laughed, "and the book wasn't 'Loaves and Fishes'? Now my crime of having written such pagan stuff is to find me out! I'm to learn what vast opportunities I've missed."

Her eyes were drooped. They seemed rivetted on a white rose in the front of her gown. "If you had read the book I don't think you would satirise it. But perhaps you have read it. It is short--only a little more than two hundred pages in length. But it is winning its way, they tell me. I know quite a number of people who hold it very dear--who have read it over and over again."

"Is it a novel?" he asked.

"Oh, dear no, just a collection of meditations, contemplations. I think it was published a good while before 'Loaves and Fishes'...And yet"--here she again lifted her look--"I heard our hostess, Lady Plinlimmon, say not long ago, that for her it was somehow a comforting answer to all the latent bitterness and cynicism of your story."

"And it has influenced you so much?" he asked, with manifest astonishment.

"It has influenced me unspeakably," was her reply. "It has turned rusty keys in rusty locks; it has thrown open solid yet needless doors; it has drawn aside mouldering draperies; it has revealed unsuspected vistas. Has that a high-flown sound? Well, hyperbole is not necessarily falsehood; and besides, I speak simply of my own estimates and tenets."

His surprise had augmented. "A single short series of essays has done all this! Pray tell me its name."

"Did I not tell you?" she answered. "Oh, I see. The quality of the book engrossed me. It has a most unpretentious title, yet one that to me is most winsome. It is called 'Thoughts Out Loud.'"

Indermaur again sipped his wine. But he did so with an odd suddenness, and at the same time asked himself if he had not grown betrayingly pale.

III

When the ladies had gone away Cursitor joined his friend.

"Traitor," said Indermaur, below his breath, "I must have it out with you."

But the other looked guilelessly innocent. "In pity's name, Kenneth, what has happened?"

"'Pity' is the last word for your perfidious lips, my dear Cyril. As if you might not have warned me in time!" Indermaur now bore himself with all his wonted ease and brightness. "I shall postpone my anathemas. Meanwhile, may I not slip over to Lord Plinlimmon? The idea has occurred to me of knowing him better."

"Of course," Cursitor assented. But he trembled inwardly as the answer came and as its hearer coolly rose.

He was thinking of the tough experience which he and Lady Plinlimmon had naturally undergone. It was waged with this very gentleman whom Indermaur had just announced his desire to "know better."

Only a few days ago Lord Plinlimmon had stood in his own library before one of the little fires which comfort will sometimes demand in London even during the month of May. His long calfless legs looked hardly human as he

stretched them apart in their tight-fitting fashionable trousers, and both bony arms described eerie angles as he grasped either coat-tail with rearward hands. He had a small head, spotted on the crown with a baldness that looked as if some past evil agency had clapped on its sparse and sandy locks a depilatory plaster as neatly circular as a saucer. His narrow face appeared thinner and pinker than usual, his high, frail nose seemed to describe a colder curve.

"I don't care a brass farthin', Blanche, what funny bounders you choose to cultivate, so long as you don't bring'em to our dinner-table. You and Cyril Cursitor can go gaddin' about as much as you like among your literary holes and artistic dens. He's your blood relation, so I suppose the whole infernal thing might be called a kind of family folly."

"What preposterous talk, Marmaduke!" ridiculed his wife. "Only last week you brought a horrid horsey person home to dine with us. I almost smelt the stables while I looked at his puffy face, with about as much expression in it as a brandied peach."

Here Cyril audibly sighed. "As for holes and dens," he said with mild boldness, "those to which I've taken Cousin Blanche have been delightful 'at homes' given by men and women of talent--sometimes of genius."

"I hate men and women who paint and write," growled Lord Plinlimmon. "They're always so beastly conceited and so deucedly sloppy. Still, there's no objection to 'em if they only keep their places and don't try to get into society."

Lady Plinlimmon rose. She was a tall woman, with a large mouth, beatifully cut, and large dull eyes, like smoked glass. But they were eyes that sometimes lit, and now a flash left them as she said:

"I only wish more people with brains in their heads would try to get into society, as you call it. I'd do everything to pave the paths for them!" She impatiently shook her head. "I say, Marmaduke, you're well aware that you've only one way of making me afraid of you. It's a vilely ungentlemanly way, but you now and then practise it. You treat uncivilly the people whom I ask to dine here. Now, in this present matter of Mr. Kenneth Indermaur putting his legs under our mahogany, I intend that he shall do so. But please understand more."

"Well," muttered her husband, while he thrust a ploughing forefinger inside his stiff, elevated collar, as though some roughness of the linen hurt the flesh it sheathed, "what more am I to understand?" He rolled, at the same moment, a hostile eye toward Cursitor. "Is it some new caper that Cyril, there, has been setting you up to?"

"Oh, for the love of common justice spare me!" rebelled Cursitor. "You surely ought to know Blanche well enough by this time, Marmaduke, to realise that she always sails her own boat, and that they who go aboard with her must be content to take her orders, not give them."

"Cyril is quite right," abetted his kinswoman, drily. "My new 'caper' as you're pleased to term it, is simply this: The next time you show a shade of incivility to any of my guests I'll repay it by making myself equally disagreeable to yours. You won't like my course of action when the time comes, and so I warn you in advance. Things have gone on like this quite long enough. I shall observe very keenly just how you treat Mr. Indermaur when he dines here. As it is, you have the worst manners of any so-called gentleman in England. Hug your vulgarities to yourself as tightly as you please. Be sincerely a ruffian if so disposed. Only, draw the line at those whom I choose to entertain under this roof. You must deport yourself toward them with politeness. Otherwise be prepared for a stout fight." She had spoken, thus far, with a sort of languid hardihood. Now her soft voice took a higher key, and her accent grew cleaner-edged. "It will prove--I again warn you--a fight where I'm in dearest earnest. To put it in terms of the prize-ring--a dialect for which your fondness is both sincere and notorious--you'll get back a facer,

Marmaduke, every time you give one."

Lord Plinlimmon glared at her, for an instant, then strutted to a door. Reaching it, he swept around and answered in a voice husky with wrath. "It's such women as you, Blanche, and it's such young chaps as Cyril, that are doing all you can to turn this country upside down. The creeds and views of my ancestors are quite good enough for me; they've kept England safe for centuries, and they'll keep her so for centuries to come. All right, my lady! You want it a fight; then let it be one. My horsey man, as you called him, was cousin to a duke. Good sportsmanship has always been one of the glories of Great Britain; every other country merely apes us in our splendid cult of it. Our aristocracy, nowadays, is called snobbery by the impudent gangs of middle-class daubers and scribblers you visit. They all want to send conservatism to the devil--quite naturally. Conservatism is the ballast in the ship of state, and they'd like to see that ship of state upset because they haven't got the berths in it that suit 'em. The Sovereign, the Clergy, the Army, the Nobility--these are the four feet that the British Lion walks on. Cut off one, and he'll immediately limp. And this is precisely what nine-tenths of your mighty men or women with 'genius' would like to do--make him limp till every other nation on the globe held its sides with laughter. Conservatism? I only

wish I could take a tangible bath of it every morning. Half the misery of mankind has come from not wanting to stay where God put him. The moment I'm asked to meet anybody with 'brains,' no position and little money, I always feel as if he were going to inquire my opinion about abolishing the House of Lords. The sole excuse for quitting one sphere of life to occupy another, is wealth. It makes an excellent ladder, with pounds, shillings and pence for its rungs. There's no dignity without money, as a matter of course. It's the garden-hose that keeps respectability green and fresh. It feeds our aristocracy--why not? If your upstart friend had a million pounds or so, Blanche, I might excuse his 'genius.' But no; damme if I'll yield a jot this time. You may have it war to the knife or not, hereafter, just as you please." And out of the room shot his lordship, all bellicose bluster and pompous irony.

Cyril Cursitor, lounging in a low chair, with one arm flung over its back, raised his free hand, waving the wide-spread fingers to and fro.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed; "I, for one, quite pull in my horns. Kenneth mustn't come and dine here. I feel as if he would be eaten instead of the dinner."

"Nonsense," rejoined Lady Plinlimmon, again seating herself. "He shall come; I'll write him his invitation this morning, and you shall fetch it him. They shall sit

miles apart from one another; I'll arrange all that."

Cursitor's grave glance was taking her in. "My dear woman," he murmured, "how do you manage it?"

"Manage what?" she asked airily.

"Oh, living with him."

She shook her head as though in sombre exasperation. "How often must I tell you that we're rather happily married? In certain matters, I grant, we're at daggers drawn. I dare say there are wives who would have loathed him, by this. But I don't." Her glance roved among the rare appointments and ornamentations of the chamber, as though in the face of some old print, in the very scrollwork of some rug, she might find her strange leniency picturesquely duplicated. "I admit that it's odd of me, Cyril," she went on, "to bear with him as I do."

"You're a rich woman in your own right, Blanche," began her kinsman, "and"--

"Might leave him if I chose?" She threw at Cursitor an indignant glance. "That's doubtless your meaning. But I don't choose. He's horrible at times; he was particularly horrible just now. But, after all, he's consistent. So many men are not; so many are the wildest weathervanes. There's Marmaduke's mediaeval, feudal conservatism, with its vulgar modern money-worshipping touch. But, nevertheless, it's sufficient unto itself; it's complete as far as it

goes. I hate it, and yet I can't help admiring it."

"Admiring it, Blanche!" flashed Cursitor. "Such bigotry!"

"But it hangs together with so fine a cohesiveness. That I try never to forget. It makes such a perfectly harmonious whole. Not so very long ago he'd have gone to the scaffold for his beliefs rather than retract them--Oh, I'm sure of it."

"And now he goes to the Carlton Club," replied Cursitor, "where he often drinks more brandy than is good for him." After a pause, spent in biting his lips and painfully frowning, the young man resumed, with tense, excited speed: "To think of his rebuffing Kenneth Indermaur, my magnificent Kenneth! The idea is positively nauseous!"

And so, when Indermaur had expressed, at this evening of the dinner at Laughton House, a wish "to slip over" to his host, and had avowed himself moved by an idea of "knowing him better," it was slight wonder that poor Cursitor felt inward trepidations, while the air seemed charged for him with electric portent.

IV

He watched Indermaur, so to phrase it, from afar. His nerves were steeled against all possible catastrophe --what name could be too serious for the action, provided Lord Plinlimmon stripped off all sacred vesting of hostship and played the nude cad before a bidden guest?

Suddenly Cursitor had an impulse to hurry forward and recall his friend. Better to have told him at first. Better still to have put him on his guard and then let him take what course he chose. Anyway, there might yet be time to save him from some brute thrust.

But just then a little man with a big beard put out a hand to Cursitor. "So good of you," he said, "to send us that handsome cheque for our charity."

"Don't mention it, my dear Sir Frederick..." And then, with the utterance of this sentence, all chance to detain Indermaur fled. Cursitor could only drop into an empty seat beside Sir Frederick and look as though he cared both to talk and listen.

Meanwhile he saw his cherished friend approach Lord Plinlimmon. The latter was in converse with a gentleman on his right. Close on his left was a vacated chair. To this, having reached the side of his host, Indermaur briefly pointed. The gesture implied an inquiry not difficult

to guess. With a curt nod--which Cursitor's anxiety luridly translated into "Yes, you can sit there if you want, but bless me if I'll take any notice of you"--the peer treated this graceful overture.

The light struck with a sidelong and searching effect, just then, full upon Indermaur. "When," thought his covert observer, "was manly shapeliness joined in securer harmony to the facial proof of an intellect large and alert? What a frame to tempt the sculptor's chisel, what poise of head, what felicity of carriage! At Oxford, in the early days of his sojourn there, a few exclusive malcontents tried to teach him paces; but in the end how he brought them round, made them walk in his wake! And it was all so effortless with him, a conquest so good-humoured, a turning of the tables at once so placid and complete!...But these were collegiate innings. Now he plays in the bigger game of life. How about Marmaduke, who just now represents it? Will he dare carry out the threat he hurled at Blanche?"

What followed for Cursitor--who was too far away to hear and could only see--meant the most potent of pantomimes. Indermaur seated himself, and Lord Plinlimmon, with arched nose in the air, paid him no heed whatever. The Earl simply went on speaking with the person on his other side--a Hebrew of South African antecedents, fat, swart, airing a miniature Koh-inoor on one of his little fingers, and

proprietor of a Park Lane palace where he shone, every season, like Solomon in all his glory.

Indermaur did not show a trace of chagrin. One hand played carelessly with a voided wine-glass. He was smiling as he reached forth his other hand and faintly touched with it the shoulder of his host.

Lord Plinlimmon turned sharply, almost fiercely. The vigilant Cursitor felt like closing his eyes and shuddering one minute, and the next like rushing forward and dragging his adored Kenneth outside the radius of raw insult.

But soon he saw a change that seemed to flavor of miracle. The Earl burst into a laugh. Then Indermaur spoke on, while his listener surveyed him, visibly appealed to by his virile symmetries, by the brightness and sweetness and quiet nobility that summed up the peculiar beauty of his face.

"It's Oxford all over again," swept through Cursitor's gladdened spirit. "He's done it here, just as so often he did it there! He's got him! He's landed his fish--is there a fish in the social waters that he can't land if he pleases? That touch on the shoulder was such a part of him! Who'd have dared it but Kenneth? And he's followed it up with some quick little spirt of red-fire wit. Marmaduke is laughing again. He's pushed back his chair so as to bring the rich Jew and Kenneth en face. Now, he's introducing

them. With how exquisite an air of breeding does Kenneth greet Mr. Dietrichstein! And now another flash of wit! The Jew's fat sides are shaking. Plinlimmon leans back in his chair, empurpled by laughter. Of what on earth can Kenneth be talking? Surely of some racecourse scandal, some gossip born of the turf and smelling of the stables. What else could possibly 'draw' such a hearer as Marmaduke Laughton? And yet Kenneth, while he loves a fine horse, execrates all this professional jargon and tattle."

"My dear Mr. Cursitor," Sir Frederick was saying, in his voice so replete with suavity that it almost resembled the roucoulement of a pigeon, "you will be glad, I am sure, to learn that our Society for the Protection of Lost Sailors' Mothers-in-Law may soon secure the patronage of Royalty itself. We have great hopes and such generous contributions as your own, accompanied by a name so...er... important, will help, Mr. Cursitor, will most markedly help. And I think you must agree with me that the mother-in-law of the lost sailor has hitherto been cruelly ignored. His widow, his parents, his orphans, have thus far been loaded with sympathy. But his poor neglected mother-in-law! Now, really, Mr. Cursitor, do you not think...?"

So the rivulet of Sir Frederick's discourse went gliding on. Cursitor permitted it to bathe him innocuously until everybody rose to join the ladies. Of course, Lord

Plinlimmon gave the signal, but how--to borrow from Cursitor's half-stunned reflections--did he wondrously elect to give it? By walking forth from the dining-room with an arm actually linked in Kenneth Indermaur's while Mr. Dietrichstein doddered obesely at the new favorite's elbow.

A sadness overcame Cursitor while he passed forth with the general black-coated throng. This was victory, of course, for Indermaur, but at what price had he achieved it? Was it not all the harvest of an adroit and glacial hypocrisy?

Still, Cursitor loved his friend no less because of the fault deplored in him. He had witnessed all this sort of temperamental magic before, in its easy and serene exploitation. He had repeatedly delighted in it even while he disapproved it. Indermaur was his idol, and it had grown a commonplace regret with him that the idol should have feet of clay. For that matter, even the feet of clay were not without their charm. There were times when they seemed rather to humanise his divinity than to degrade it.

Once in the drawing-room Lord Plinlimmon paused with his two companions before Myrtle Sartorys. "Has Mr. Indermaur been telling you any of his funny stories?" he heard the Earl inquire. "He's got a hundred of 'em up his sleeve, I should say; he's the best company in town."

Cursitor passed onward, with the elegant and serious Sir Frederick, who was forever stroking a beard of nebulous grey with a small, white, womanish hand. Presently he met Lady Plinlimmon, and Sir Frederick drifted off, probably toward some lady whom he had not yet sufficiently impressed, in his own opinion, with the anguish attendant upon the lot of the lost sailor's mother-in-law.

"My dear Cyril!" said his cousin. Her three words were three volumes.

"You saw them come in like that?" he answered. "But it's merely the natural sequence of what passed in the dining-room. With Kenneth prepare for the impossible! Those funny stories! Yes, I remember how he used them as weapons of witchery at Oxford. They were always marvelously fresh--not a 'chestnut,' as the Americans say, among them. I think he invents them at a moment's notice. He has half conceded as much to me, at other times. The gift of the story-teller, you know. But then he has so many other gifts as well."

Lady Plinlimmon gave a short nod. "But to think of conquering Plin! My contumacious and outrageous Plin, of all people on earth! And then he's so handsome."

"I told you that," Cursitor said, remindingly.

"Oh, you told me as men tell it of men, Cyril. But we women have a different angle of vision."

"I don't understand, Blanche."

"Of course, you don't. Only a woman would. So many of us are untouched by what you call beauty in your own sex. We want something behind that--a latent chivalry, gallantry, magnetism--something that we feel after a man has spoken ten words to us, assertive as an odour, a sound, a taste. Now beauty in a man does not always go with this trait. Indeed, I think the opposite is true. But when it does go, then there is great power of charm.

"And with Indermaur it is like that?"

"Yes," replied Lady Plinlimmon, deliberately, "it is like that; it must be. Perhaps Myrtle Sartorys is quite prepared to endorse my verdict."

"What a match for Kenneth!" fell from Cursitor.

"But, Cyril!" And Lady Plinlimmon smote him on the shoulder with her sheathed fan. "It's not to be dreamed of!"

"Oh, I know!" he retorted, bitterly. "Your democracy shrivels at the bare fancy! Brava, Blanche! Spoken like the wife of your husband."

The Countess was visibly piqued. Her democracy was her one sensitive point. She treated it like some rare bit of marble or bronze on a revolving swivel. She was never tired of slowly turning it round and admiring its various outlines. To have its perfection assailed cost her discomforting pangs.

"Oh, certain lines must be drawn," she affirmed, giving her white throat a statelier turn. "There are such marriages, I admit. But when the man is born humbly he has nearly always done something, made himself a somebody."

Cursitor's mild eyes kindled. "And has Kenneth done nothing? To be the author of 'Loaves and Fishes' is then to be a nobody?"

"Dear, dear," said Lady Plinlimmon, with petulance. "Everybody writes novels, nowadays. I even suspect my maid; she certainly has a talent for fiction. And when was literature a real social stepping-stone? Besides, Myrtle Sartorys isn't in the dimmest degree romantic. And then, you know, there's Adalbert Hurst. For a year he's been at Myrtle's feet."

"An appropriate posture."

"Oh, I share your prejudice. Adalbert is a little fellow with mincing manners, a babyish treble voice, and moral convictions as narrow as his chest. But he's heir to a marquissate, and by hook or by crook gets himself rather often listened to in the House of Commons. Myrtle is not only unromantic, but she's cold. And Adalbert snarls at everybody who comes near her. His protective attitude is droll, but it's also serious. For Myrtle, you see, doesn't send him adrift, and if tomorrow she took him, scores of folk would pronounce it an ideal union."

Cursitor laughed loudly. "I can imagine him snarling at Kenneth. A lapdog and a lion. But here I am," he broke off with a sudden gravity, "talking of my friend's possible marriage. I don't think he's even dreamed of matrimony--yet. I've told you he's ambitious. But all the world's before him, and though Myrtle Sartoryses don't precisely grow on bushes, there is quite a number of them, nevertheless....See, your fellow-diners are beginning to go....In a minute you'll be inundated by farewells. Mine comes first, dear Blanche, and let me add to it my grateful professions. For Kenneth is really lancé now. It will never startle society to see him anywhere, after this, since he has passed below the lintel of your home. Good-bye, and remember that you have permitted me to enroll you among the guests at our next Tatterdemalion banquet." He named a certain date. "I am to call for you that evening, and together we shall drive to the Hotel Cecil. It's a red-letter night, you know. The Tatterdemalions are to entertain the famous American humorist, Luke Laight. An immense crowd is expected."

"Nothing would induce me to miss it," said Lady Plinlimmon. "Your reminder is quite unnecessary. There is a ball at the German Ambassador's that night, to which we are both bidden. We can go on after the Tatterdemalion's revel, to Carlton House Terrace. Midnight for the latter, will be quite early enough."

V

Indermaur and Cursitor quitted Laughton House side by side.

"You'll come to me for a while, Kenneth, before going home? Tite Street is just a slip away, you know."

"I ought to know your little gem of a house by this time, Cyril." Here Indermaur paused. "But father wasn't well when I left him. However," as he glanced at his watch, "it's a bit earlier than I thought." Then he gave Cursitor an odd look, half smile and half frown, in the vernal starlight. "Besides, I've that bone to pick with you."

"All right," said Cursitor. "Come along, and we'll pick it as clean as you want."

The Tite Street house was small, but opulent in three qualities, comfort, cosiness, and taste. On every floor the footfall was deadened by carpets of richest texture. Certain heavy arras-like fabrics were family heir-looms, as also not a few mellow old pictures of worth and price. Nothing leapt to the eye; all was softness, ease, and that peculiar luxury which woos its way into one's appreciation instead of rushing to capture it. The ornamentation was so meagre that you might pardonably neglect its details. But to examine the least of them was to find

yourself scanning an object rare and choice.

Cursitor led his friend into a rear room, where the softened lights brooded upon a prevalence of velvety purples and the gilded letterings of innumerable book covers ranged on a continuity of shelves.

"So I'm a traitor?" he said, after they were seated, each with a cigarette.

"Oh, a rank one, Cyril. You must have known!"

"Known what, Kenneth?"

"That Miss Sartorys adores that other book of mine."

Cursitor laughed.¹⁶⁹ "Frankly, I only found it out yesterday. We met at a tea in Kensington. By that time I had asked Lady Plinlimmon to let you take her down to dinner. So you see, the fatal slip had been irrecoverably chosen. Besides, I knew that you'd pull through all right. You always do pull through everything all right. You were miraculous this evening, for example, with Plinlimmon. He hates--" Cursitor paused.

"New people? You mean that?"

"Oh, he's intolerably hedged about by nonsensical theories. But I watched you bowl them over in a trice. How on earth did you manage it?"

¹⁶⁹The manuscript reads: "Kenneth laughed."

Indermaur made a big smoke-cloud. "Oh, I said something that amused him, no doubt. And then...why, then I kept it up in the same vein. Really, I couldn't tell you just what trash I talked. At sight I read him for just what you've described him, and it diverted me to try and batter down his rusty old gates. I think I succeeded, tooBut never mind if I did or no. We're off the subject. Miss Sartory's confession--I can't call it anything less sensational--has amazed me very much."

"She's not the only one, Kenneth," said Cursitor, breaking a little silence.

"Oh, I know. Those letters that you bring me. They'd be growing into a great heap if I didn't scrupulously make of them a week-end holocaust. But then they're nearly all written by persons who think uneducatedly when not spelling precariously. Among the throng, let me assure you, I've never yet been approached by anyone who seemed even the pale reflection of a Myrtle Sartorys."

"Which proves," answered Cursitor, "that while one book has caught hold of the popular intellect, one has seized the popular heart." He looked steadily at his friend in the chastened light of the little fascinating chamber. "It is certainly a most remarkable beginning."

"Remarkable!" cried Indermaur. He struck one clenched hand into the hollow palm of the other. "It's unprecedented!"

"Beyond a doubt," assented Cursitor. "Your two first books are running the strangest kind of race. 'Thoughts Out Loud,' your volume of essays, which has been slowly gaining ground with all sorts of emotionalists until now the cult for it has become an actual enthusiasm, you firmly refuse to acknowledge as your own. 'Loaves and Fishes,' your novel, which bears your name and has reaped for its writer an enviable repute during the couple of months that have elapsed since its publication, you are quite willing to father. Of one you are ashamed, as conventional and commonplace; in the other you feel an artist's justifiable pride. Meanwhile the books are both, in their different ways, attracting great attention. But this is not all. By some freak of public taste or opinion, through some chance of an extreme dulness just now thralling the general book-market, these two works are being made the watchwords of two separate factions. Each has its crowd of adherents, and almost daily either crowd grows larger. The admirers of that cryptic and somewhat evangelical writer, 'Mr. Nobody,' point to his 'Thoughts Out Loud,' as a direct refutation of the merciless rationalism in which they declare 'Loaves and Fishes' to abound. The advocates of 'Loaves and Fishes,' on the other hand, refer with contemptuous challenge to the flimsy conventionalism of 'Thoughts Out Loud.' A huge gulf separates, in the

judgment of each constituency, 'Mr. Nobody' from Kenneth Indermaur." Here Cursitor leaned back in his gold-brown arm-chair, closed his eyes, and gave vent to low ripples of laughter. "Was there ever so queer a 'Battle of the Books'? How piercingly epical! It makes one thing of Homer. 'Achilles and Agamemnon stood apart, having quarreled.' But, bless you, Achilles and Agamemnon are one and the same hero!"

"Hero!" echoed Indermaur, with the most unfamiliar harshness. "Say hypocrite! It's a word far more fitting."

Cursitor straightened himself, with a quick series of negative nods. "How absurd, Kenneth! That isn't like you. As a rule you face everything with equable pulse. A day or two ago you told me that the moneys I am forever handing you for 'Thoughts' were hardly less agreeable than some of those newspaper squabbles where Memo¹⁷⁰ and Indermaur were alternately whipped over one another's shoulders."

"Yes, I did say so, Cyril. But I somehow don't say it tonight. I realise that I've done a most shabby thing. To enact the double part--to play the homo duplex--may be well enough in politics, diplomacy, finance; but in letters, that noblest of all the crafts, I only find," he paused at

¹⁷⁰No one.

the word, then gloomily dragged it out, "degradation."

Cursitor shot an anxious glance at his friend's troubled face, with its ebbcd colour, its compressed lips.

"Kenneth!" he exclaimed, "it's all my fault! I'm sorry you take it like this! And suddenly, too! What's happened? Ah, I see. Myrtle Sartorys, with her eulogies of Monsieur Personne, has got on your nerves."

"She's a very exceptional woman," murmured Indermaur, with his eyes on the ground. "It's terrible to think that anything I wrote should have changed her whole life like that. She told me, Cyril, just what the change had been. So drastic, so radical! And then she denounced the other book. It's all been an ordeal to me--a stab of conscience. I've had tonight the most painful awakening. I--I feel, as I sit here, steeped, literally steeped, in duplicity."

"Kenneth! And yet you went afterward to Lord Plinlimmon, and battered down his ramparts with a tempest of funny stories!"

"Is that a reproach? Well, I deserve it."

"No, it's not a reproach. It's merely a reminder that you yourself over-rate this passionate penitence. If Myrtle's words had cut deeper you couldn't have summoned your mirth and wit into service with such nimble promptness."

"A kind of forlorn defiance made me do it, I think," Indermaur replied. "Or perhaps I wanted to drive from my

brain the echoes of her unconsciously accusing voice."

"Good heavens! One would suppose, Kenneth that you'd been committing some crime. In that case I would have to admit myself your accomplice. But I decline to accept either proposition. It has all simply meant, you know, the happening of the unexpected. How well I remember our talk that evening at Oxford! We were strolling along toward the old grey tower of Magdalen, silhouetted against a tumultuous twilight sky. As we paused on the bridge that spans the sparkling little Cherwell I pointed to an effect of cloud like steps hewn in the side of a golden hill. 'That, Kenneth,' I said, 'is the stairway of success. Your feet are upon it already; and see what a blaze of glory is waiting for you at the top.' And later, as we strolled onward, I assured you that there was nothing in the way of mental effort which you were unable to accomplish. Then I checked myself, laughing, and soon afterward I added: 'No, Sir Skeptic, I've a reservation, after all; for I verily feel confident that you could not, to save your neck from the halter, write a small bookful of respectable optimistic essays, containing a strong religious tinge.'"

Indermaur had leaned an elbow on the arm of his chair and had shaded his eyes with a curving hand. The attitude was retrospective; to his companion it flavored of contrition as well.

"And I was just in the arrogant mood, Cyril, to let myself be dared into doing what you had pronounced beyond my powers. Never was the pride of intellect more boyishly, more bumptiously displayed. You had spoken half in jest, but you had pricked my vanity, notwithstanding; for behind your frolic air of demarcation I suspected that a real doubt lurked. Well, and so I planned for you a surprise. In a month--hardly more--I handed you, one day, 'Thoughts Out Loud.' Honestly, as you will grant, I had never dreamed of its publication."

"But I insisted," Cursitor here eagerly urged. "It was I who arranged everything. No anonymity could have been more carefully guarded. The obscure publisher, whom the book has made prosperous if not wealthy, is under oath not to reveal the fact of my having offered him your manuscript. And as for his knowledge of its actual authorship, that has not even the most spectral existence. I have given him a solemn oath that the writer is not myself. He accepts this as conclusive. Repeatedly I have hinted in plainest terms that the writer is a woman. This belief I have good reason to feel that he now securely entertains. And so, Kenneth, your secret is altogether safe. The cheques which Forester makes payable to my order I turn into money before handing you their amounts. Hence, when they are returned to him he sees only my endorsement on their backs. Trust me, since

you now so regard disclosure with such a deepened abhorrence, there are no breakers ahead for you, my boy--not the glimmer of a white-cap on your placid sea of security. All you will have to do is the performance of what quixotism alone would call an unpleasant task. That is, to pile up your somewhat fat percentages as they drift in upon you, month by month."

Indermaur rose, after a sudden nervous movement. He went over to his friend's side and stood there for a moment in silence. Then: "It may sound theatrical, but the money will seem, now, like the wages of sin."

"Sin?" Cursitor deplored.

"A man sins when he writes and prints what he doesn't believe. I do so wish that you hadn't let the thing ever get printed, Cyril. I'm not blaming you--"

"Your blame is my full desert. I was quite tyrannical, recollect. Persuasion became compulsion. I hungered to see the essays in type. I thought them amazingly clever--and think so still. I believe--it was two years ago, and at the age I'd then reached one grows appreciably wiser with each new month--I believed, Kenneth, that you'd someday be very proud of this effective little tour de force."

"I've only been getting more and more ashamed of it," said Indermaur, with a dejection that hurt his hearer almost like some blast of censure. "Mortification had

reached a climax with me, perhaps. The announcement made by Miss Sartorys was like the camel's final straw. Only yesterday, while keeping watch in the room next my father's, I read the book over, from beginning to end. It isn't exaggeration, Cyril, when I tell you that the very binding seemed to me slimy with duplicity."

"Kenneth!"

"A wolf in sheep's clothing isn't to be named the same year with me! Always, you know, since I could reason at all, I have taken the rationalistic stand. I paused before what I could not prove, and refused to accept any message as authentic which came from visionary and mystic sources. Nevertheless, I was no flippant scoffer, and while irritated by too easy a credulity I held all honest conviction in sincerest respect. Moreover, though firmly entrenched in my own creeds, I have never lost sight of the fact that I am still young, and that to live must mean individually to change, even though one is unable to conjecture along what lines the momentum of experience may push his estimates and ideals. While in one sense, therefore, it was pride of intellect that prompted me toward a serious travesty of views opposed to my own, humility of intellect has thus far swayed, for me, all serious endeavour and those who rail against the novel which I have given my name must be incited solely by the firm grasp with which I cling to

certain persuasions, conclusions; for in no case have I attacked or condemned opposing tenets."

"Surely, Kenneth," replied Cursitor, looking up at him with eyes where glistened the old spark of admiration, "I cannot dispute one word of what you have said."

"And hence my masquerade, public yet private, notorious yet clandestine, is all the more a matter for contrition. I've murdered my own literary self-respect--"

"No, no! You mustn't put it so harshly!"

But Indermaur was obdurate. "--And only you, my accomplice, know where and how the corpse has been buried. If by any grim chance it should be unearthed, the critical world, I imagine, would soon build for me a stout gallows, and hang me high on it with triumphant glee."

"But there's no such grim chance--none whatever."

"Let us devoutly trust so."

Cursitor took the hand which his friend put forth for good-night, and flurriedly rose while still clasping it.

"Good heavens, Kenneth! You can't possibly suspect--?"

"What?" smiled Indermaur. "Discovery? Ruin? No. Pardon the gruesome vagaries of a guilty conscience. Good-night, and may your dreams be less goblin than mine."

"Nonsense!" Cursitor tossed back, while following him out into the hall.

VI

As Indermaur walked homeward along the Embankment, its midnight loneliness, flanked by flashes of the gliding river, may have added new stimulus to his already active reflections. Yes, he mused, his father had been right. He was ambitious, and the "safe side" lured him. He had already learned the prudence of compromise, the folly of fighting against hostile odds. And yet diplomacy, tact, finesse could always be kept abysmally divided from trickery. Thus he had often told himself, hardly scouting the idea that to be politic was of necessity to employ the least noxious deceit. Of course he had played the mountebank, but was his fault so dire that it should threaten to sting him with so scorpionlike a whip? He felt, while listening in the silence to his own boot-heels on the dim, deserted pavement, as though by some effort of superhuman collectiveness he must make one gigantic bonfire of every volume containing those fateful undergraduate essays. Nero wished that all Romans had but a single neck for his decapitating broadsword. How delightful if the disseminated copies of this tormenting book might be resolved into one, and straightaway dropped into oblivious flames!

On reaching home Indermaur stole noiselessly to the

threshold of his father's room. The gas had been turned to a star, and through another doorway, three quarters closed, he heard the heavy breathings of old Martha. Drawing near the bedside, he listened for some sound. So deep reigned [sleep], however, in the region of the sick man's pillows, that Indermaur began to doubt if his father were still alive.

But he mistook for death what was only its languid semblance. Next day Ralph Indermaur regained some measure of physical strength; yet the last slow step of his strangely lingering malady had been taken, and from that icy lethargy he awoke as one pathetically yet mercilessly reprieved. A permanent shadow had fallen upon his mind, and in its dusk all future suffering had perished. He never again spoke coherently, and only at times recognised his son.

In connection with the wide notice which his first attempt at fiction had so quickly secured, a most unusual and peculiar circumstance, as Kenneth now kept reflecting, had surely occurred. As we know, the anonymous volume called "Thoughts Out Loud" had for some time been slowly pushing its way--assisted, preadventure, by a notably stagnant interregnum in the book-trade. Although Indermaur had not even the vaguest suspicion of any such truth, each book, widely as it differed from the other in subject and

treatment, owed attractiveness to one and the same originating force. Nature had dowered him with the ability to captivate his readers. He had the vrai don of the born man of letters, apart from all merits or shortcomings. In the two books which he had thus far written, this power was equally operative.

Cursitor showed the warmest sympathy on learning of his father's new piteous lapse. "How astounding, Kenneth, are the various approaches to death! Some are like wearisome paths through interminable thickets of thorn, others like abrupt leaps from sheer cliffs...But you tell me that the doctor supports you in believing that your father's pain has now completely ceased. He will not require, then, your constant care? That is good news. I saw Myrtle Sartorys last night at the opera. We spoke of you, and she bade me to inform you that her 'day' was Thursday--the day after tomorrow. I shall try to drop in during the afternoon by six or a little later. No. 18a Berkely Square. Can you manage it?"

Indermaur's eyes flashed pleasure. "Can I not, indeed!"

"Then go, by all means. And yet I must warn you. Cave canem, my friend."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You want the watch-dog's name?"

You told me Miss Sartorys is an orphan. Oh, I see. There's some haughty old dragon of a relation--some dismally patrician duenna in the shape of cousin, aunt--"

"Stop at 'aunt', please. There is an aunt. Poor, dear Lady Cloome! Her amiable eyes will make you tremble with repentance. Myrtle's will is law to her, and there was never so deliciously high-bred an old nonentity. No, the watch-dog is a man, and his name is Adalbert Hurst. He intends to marry Myrtle, and there isn't an eligible duke in the kingdom against whom he's not prepared to show fight."

"Really," said Indermaur, with a smile of faint defiance just touching either corner of his clear-cut lips. He laid a hand on Cursitor's arm. "Please tell me more of this very tenacious adorer..."

For two hours the drawing-rooms were apt to be fairly well filled on Lady Cloome's and Miss Sartorys's Thursdays, while aunt and niece remained in town. But on the especial day when Indermaur had arranged to visit their small yet luxurious home in Berkeley Square, an early guest had presented himself, eager to find Myrtle alone.

"I came, as you see," Adalbert Hurst declared, "a good half-hour before your usual time of receiving. I strove in vain for a private word with you last night at Mrs. Towerley's."

Myrtle Sartorys looked full into his eyes, yet somehow absently, as if she but half saw them. "Your private word, as you term it, has been spoken and answered a good many times before."

"Granted," said Adalbert Hurst. "But not in the way I want." His eyelids contracted a little while he narrowly watched her. "You're distracte. Something preoccupies you; or is it somebody?" He gave a laugh of airy mockery that had a crashing effect, as though some costly piece of china had been wickedly shattered. He was a man whom certain wayward moods would sometimes impel into tones, looks, acts as ugly as his own body and visage. When so inclined, however, he could make you forget both, for his mind was broad, his wit nimble, his worldly knowledge lavish. A few people feared him, others hated him, but the majority beamed upon him as a possible grandee in Parliament and the heir-presumptive of an ancient title.

"Perhaps it's that wonderful book, 'Thoughts Out Loud,'" he continued, "over which you raved the last time we were alone together. I've read it since then. Do you still swear by it?"

"I know it almost by heart," said Myrtle. "If you don't like it please restrain your adverse opinions. You're in a bad humor, this afternoon, and frankly I'm sorry that you came so early."

Adalbert folded his arms over his limited chest and scowled at the opposite wall.

"You heard me speak last Tuesday in the House?" he mutteredly asked.

"Yes, I used the ticket you kindly sent. Aunt Olive and I both enjoyed your speech very much. You commanded attention; once or twice you rose to fine heights. It was all exceedingly good."

"M-m. Thanks. Latterly I've been forcing them to listen. My voice, of course, is an elfin screech, and with my small body and big head I have the most caricaturish cut."

"You must not say such things of yourself--"

"But I do, for I know that others are forever saying them. Last Tuesday I was in dead earnest, and felt sure I would win. And I did. My speech settled the bill. Sir Rupert Ross got the credit of it, but I'd paved the way for him, dear old superannuated maunderer! Everybody realized it. Gladwyn came up to me and shook my hand after the division had been called and the bill thrown ignominiously out. 'Adalbert,' he said, 'you've got the same bulldog pertinacity that made your grandfather one of our greatest Lord Chancellors.' I liked that from such a man as Gladwyn, for everybody knows his record."

Here the speaker rose, went to a small ebony table covered with ornaments, and took up a piece of old Japanese bronze, a serpent with scales marvellously articulated.

Soon he dropped the bauble with a thud that bespoke negligence. "Bulldog tenacity," he went on, going close to Myrtle and throwing himself into a low cushioned chair whose rim almost touched her gown. "A commonplace form of speech, but tremendously expressive. I won't give you up. After all, you don't dislike me. That's something to work upon. I've asked you ten distinct times to marry me, and today makes the eleventh. But I'll go resolutely on; I'll never weaken a jot. I'm determined, you know. I adore you. Of course you can grow angry and turn me adrift. You can cut me dead, and all that. There's a risk I must run. But somehow I don't fear it. Do you know why?"

His voice often so raspingly harsh, had grown gentle, almost sweet. His unfortunate face could express no lover-like tenderness, yet in the very lines of his ill-shapen figure there were curious symbols of appeal and entreaty. "Do you know why?" he softly repeated.

"No," said Myrtle. It was conceded among certain women who cared neither for his prospective title nor his growing political chances, that he had remarkably at command a power to interest and please. They could not explain it; they sometimes treated it, in attitudes of mutual criticism, as a singular kind of joke. But they recognised, all the same, its peculiar, undeniable spell; and once, when a man about town had asked a great feminine leader how the deuce such a belle and heiress as Myrtle Sartorys could stand

having that gnomish little mannikin perpetually dangle at her skirts, the reply had come short and sharp: "My dear Colonel, Grace Trelawney was a belle and an heiress. You lost her, but if you'd had that same gnomish little mannikin's gift of winsomeness, you mightn't now be in terror of your tailor and groaning over your debts to the money lenders."

"I will tell you why," Adalbert Hurst continued, still in the same gentle voice. "I don't fear your dismissal, ma chérie, because I'm convinced that your inherent coldness has never yet been invaded by the faintest flush of a passion. There lies my safety, my security, my hope !"

At Myrtle's side, set between the curtains of two windows, rose a tiered receptacle for books. Reaching forth a hand, she secured one, with an ease that betokened thorough knowledge of its locality.

"Talk of a passion!" she exclaimed, half with mischief, perhaps, yet half in actual earnest. "I can imagine myself very quickly developing one for the author of this exquisite book."

"What book?" he asked. Then, springing up, he glanced at the open pages on which her eyes were resting. "Ah...as a matter of course, your beloved 'Thoughts Out Loud'! And there's not even any rumor as to its author's name?"

Myrtle looked up quickly, all alert with curiosity. "No--none that I've heard. Have you happened to hear any?"

Adalbert gave a sharp negative headshake. "And you could fall in love with the writer of those essays." He stroked his beardless chin and added dryly: "Suppose they were written by a woman."

Myrtle flashed him a look of imperious veto. "Never, never! There are three things I'm sure of concerning the author. He's a man, he's young, and he has a noble heart!"

Soon afterwards visitors came drifting into the beautiful old rooms of this smallish Berkely Square house, where Lady Cloome had passed many decades and witnessed many momentous changes. She had come downstairs to "receive" beside Myrtle, a tall, delicate shape, with hair as snowy as the laces at her bosom, and with a fragile, pink-tinted face that was one incarnate smile. Somebody had once called her the "resigned Niobe." She had certainly buried all her kith and kin save the niece who now inseparably dwelt with her, and yet the pangs of untold heartaches had failed to dissipate her impregnable cheerfulness. There it had been, and there it staid. No intellectual capacity was behind it; rosy, temperamental, perennial, it had defied sorrows that might have laid many a woman in her grave years ago. She never "went out," but she loved to "receive," and the "Thursdays" which would often have bored her sole-left relation were clad with unceasing gladness because of "Aunt Olive's" joy in them.

She had surely aged with an immense grace. "New People" struck no disturbing note into the harmony of her inveterate complaisance. She had long ago shrugged her fragile shoulders when patricians of her own world had railed against social innovations. "One must go with the times," she had said, and serenely as a curtsying boat she

had let the altered currents take her. Over all who came she cast the sweet sorcery of her welcome, like a veil woven of glistening air. In Myrtle's discretion she placed perfect trust; her niece could of course make no mistakes regarding the suitability of this or that stranger. By Indermaur she was immediately fascinated. She had always admired beauty in men, and at once his fair, strong face and distinguished bearing reminded her of some dead beau, famed in the past as a military light or a gallant squire of Dames.

"You do not seem half so much like a writer as a soldier," she said to him, in her placid, beaming way. "But your novel, after all, is soldierly in some respects; I mean that it has so much force. Alas, my poor eyes have grown cruel tyrants, and I must be read to, nowadays, instead of reading for myself. But that, Mr. Indermaur, is a crucial test. I assure you that you stand it with great success."

"Believe me, Lady Cloome," he answered, "yours is the most honoring criticism I have yet received, and also by far the most original."

His response was weightless enough in itself, but the felicity of manner and tone with which he invested it at once enchanted its recipient. "He has the bel air," she murmured afterward to a young woman of fashion. "Ah, my dear Cecilia, it has become such a rarity of late. We old women are laughed at if we mention it and thought either scolding

sentimentalists or lackadaisical bores. But we can't help feeling the sad decadence of courtliness; we are haunted by inalienable memories, my dear, when we witness the slang and strut of today. Pardon me for this burst of discontent. But, really, Mr. Indermaur is to blame for it. He has stirred me into a retrospective mood... Watch his bright, pure-cut face, his unconscious elegance of demeanor, as he listens to that young girl with the rather loud voice. Miss Prawle, I believe; an American, is she not?"¹⁷¹

"Decidedly American," said Lady Cloome's companion, with coldness. "They say that she comes from Boston. Algy and I took in Boston when we made our American tour last year. It's a fairly pretty town, with a largish green space at one end, which the inhabitants hold in great awe, but which isn't half as large as Clapham Common, though they never play cricket there, or anything like that, and are never tired of telling you that it's 'historic.' But we met some quite nice people in Boston. They have a curious style of speaking; one minute you find it like ours and the next minute you don't."

¹⁷¹The Jamesian international theme emerges with the appearance of Miss Prawle and her brother, Jack. The contrast of manners and speech is painfully apparent as are the superficial cross-currents of thought. See pp.77-79.

"Fancy!" rippled Lady Cloome. "A sort of Anglo-American dialect, I imagine?"

"It's by way of being something in that line--yes. But this Miss Prawle doesn't speak in the least like a Bostonian. They say that she affects the most raw Yankeeism because she's heard that this sort of thing is just now highly popular in England."

"How extraordinary," smiled Lady Cloome.

Indemaur, in another sense, found it so. He was aware of Miss Prawle's reputed masquerade. He thought her thin, keen face pretty, and the intense vivacity of her mien amused him. He liked the excessive richness of her dress because [it was] so palpably tempered by taste. But her voice, which now hinted of Liverpool and now made him regret the comparison, was a stern disillusionment.

"Oh, oh, Mr. Indermaur," the young lady was affirming. "I'm just crazy about your splendid book! I've known exactly such women as your Adelaide. O'course she takes the cake for a nasty mean thing. You meant her to be a nasty mean thing, I'm dead sure, didn't you, now? There; that's right. Smirk; you've got such a beautiful smirk! I had a letter today from a friend across the big pond. She says everybody's reading 'Loaves 'n Fishes.'" She went into the Big Store in New York, the other day and saw a pile of 'em that looked for all the world like one of our skyscrapers.

So I guess you'll have to come over and lecture. You can bet one thing--we'll give you a grand send-off in Bawston. There's no city in 'Merica where they love being lectured to so much as in Bawston."

"I want so very much to have you meet my cousin, Mrs. Cavendish Arbuthnot," said Lady Plinlimmon, just then, pausing at Indermaur's side. "She has been reading you with such deep pleasure, and wants to tell you how angry a recent article has made her. I think it appeared in the 'Saturday Sentinel.' Something about the false ring of your novel when compared with that other book which everybody is also absorbed in just now--'Thoughts Out Loud.'"

Miss Prawle looked pettishly woebegone when Indermaur had vanished from her side. The next instant her brother, an idler of about twenty and an Anglomaniac of the most passionate type, came gliding up to her, garbed in all the latest modish devices of Sackville Street.

"I say, Lizzie, I've been hearin' your voice harf way across the drawin'-room. You'd better cut this rot of talkin' like a girl from the wild West. If you don't, I'm blessed if I'll not chuck the whole game and go over to Paris, leavin' you and the maid to shift for yourselves. There!"

Lizzie looked up at her brother's long, sallow face, and replied to him sullenly, under her breath. "You can do as you please, Jack. Why don't you cut your English airs,

by the bye? What's sauce for the goose--you know the rest. And if you dare threaten me again I'll cable to pa. He'll soon freeze you out of Paris when he knows you've deserted me, and just as Lord Kilmerary has grown so attentive!"

Indermaur, despite certain marked civilities, by no means carried everything before him. Myrtle gave him agreeable greeting, but a few of the younger men and women who surrounded her, or who stood in pairs and groups at various distances away, chose to appear quite as unconscious of his great personal attraction as of the renown he had lately achieved. Oxford had taught Indermaur more than lay in the texts of its libraries. He knew perfectly well that a spirit of antagonism was rising against him. There were more foes to conquer than his Lordship of Plinlimmon. In a few minutes, as he was well aware, everybody had got to know his name; and yet everybody was not, for this reason, anxious to make his acquaintance. He saw male eyes look past him--they could not very well look over him--with that peculiar blankness which is so often studied and yet seems an indifference completely spontaneous. Feminine eyes were in several instances no less avoidant. Cursitor, who presently arrived, watched and drew his annoyed inferences. "It is so ridiculous," he mused, "for them to pretend they don't notice Kenneth. Not to do so would be simply impossible. His form and face command head

the instant he appears. Such folk--brainless young guardsmen, moneyed fops and snobs, empty-pated girls whose natural feelings and ideas are all corseted in by caste--will try to irritate him even if they can't impede his progress."

But in truth Indermaur was not irritated. Perhaps his father's words, "propitiate, propitiate," rang in his recollection. Anyway, propitiation was his natural weapon. He recognised the futility of any other. Before long Cursitor had introduced him to a young man with languid eyelids, the son of a prominent peer. Immediately Indermaur, with neat swiftness of phrase, referred to a game of polo at Ranelagh, in which he had seen the youth display singular nerve and skill. Without a suggestion of flattery he described the pluck and keen-sightedness which his new acquaintance had shown, addressing Cursitor as though the Honorable Cedric were not present, and choosing terms whose deft and apt usage betrayed thorough knowledge of the game. It delighted Cursitor to observe how the Honorable Cedric brightened and almost sparkled. Once more a facile and vivid victory had been gained. But soon afterward Myrtle Sartorys called Indermaur's name quite audibly, with a beckoning gesture, and while the latter moved away, leaving behind him an unexplainable warmth of cordiality, Cursitor felt his arm vehemently grasped.

"I say, old chap, tell me about him! He's a devilish nice sort! I'd like to see more of him! How can I, and where?"

A few minutes later Myrtle introduced Indermaur to Adalbert Hurst. It had once been spitefully averred of Adalbert that he was never civil to handsome men. But he now put his cold, slim hand into Indermaur's large, warm one with a fairly genial promptness.

"I must congratulate you," he said, "on not letting your celebrity make you appear bored."

"Thanks, Mr. Hurst," came the quick reply. "Such as it is, I'd quite forgotten it in the same apartments with so famous a statesman as yourself."

"Perfect!" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendish Arbuthnot, a dark, supple woman, with great black eyes and a pointed chin. "How delightful to find an author who can talk as well as he writes!"

"You mustn't spoil Mr. Indermaur with compliments," announced Lady Plinlimmon, gliding up.

"Oh," said Indermaur, with his bell-like, contagious laugh, "one is always fondest of what one doesn't deserve."

With his slaty, expressionless eyes Adalbert had been furtively scanning every "point" of Indermaur, as though he were a horse of contemplated purchase.

"Modesty saves us many pangs," the queerly inflexible suitor of Myrtle Sartorys now said. "I shouldn't be so impertinent as to assume that yours, Mr. Indermaur, is not genuine. And hence this curious new rivalry

between your own book and 'Thoughts Out Loud--!'"

"Well, sir, what of it, pray?" Indermaur spoke with a sudden harshness, not in the least violent, though clearly abrupt.

At once, Adalbert broke into a cackle of laughter; his mirth was hardly ever made manifest save in this weirdish way.

"Oh, what have I done?" he cried, and with exaggerated mock regretfulness he covered his face. The posture that he struck was comic, and provoked laughter. In this Indermaur, who had recovered himself with intense speed, heartily joined.

"Pardon me, Mr. Hurst," he said, "you certainly haven't 'done' anything except surprise me. For how can a mere light comedy of manners like my little story be spoken of as maintaining 'rivalry' with a serious book of essays?"

"You must not speak so contemptuously of your novel," protested Lady Plinlimmon.

"It is very much more than a light comedy of manners," broke in Myrtle.

Here Adalbert made a grimace. "Bless my soul, I hope it isn't a heavy one!"

"It has weight--decided weight," asserted Mrs. Arbuthnot. "In the same sense," she added, as 'The School for Scandal.'"

"But I trust it doesn't contain any scandal," hastened Adalbert.

"Ah, you give yourself away," said Cursitor, joining them. "Too evidently you haven't read it. I take for granted that you're all talking about 'Loaves and Fishes.'"

"Everybody is talking about it," pealed Miss Prawle, who had crossed the room in hopes of another chat with Indermaur.

"Well, I plead guilty," avowed Adalbert. "No, I haven't read it--yet. What are we poor politicians to do? Heaven knows we've fiction enough to occupy us in the House of Commons."

"Oh, we're not discussing immoral fiction," objected a voice.

"But I have chanced to read the other popular book of the period," continued Adalbert, with a meaning glance at Myrtle. "And though Mr. Indermaur has just been kind enough to call it serious, I confess that I couldn't take it seriously. Nor could I wonder, indeed, that the author should have concealed his name, for it all strikes me as the most sophomorical stuff...Pray, Mr. Indermaur," he proceeded, "what is your opinion of this 'Thoughts Out Loud'? I am really anxious to learn if a trained writer like yourself agrees with me in pronouncing it mere picturesque platitude."

Cursitor's eyes were fixed, now, with secret eagerness on the face of his friend. He was prepared for at least a change of color. But none came. Indermaur was steeled against all further self-betrayal. He bent his tall frame a little to answer Adalbert Hurst, but what he said was lost upon several listeners, including Cursitor himself, for just then a small flock of guests came pushing toward Myrtle with their intended farewells, and the group already near her became divided and almost dispersed.

"What answer did you make?" he asked Indermaur, after they had quitted the house and were turning from Berkeley Square into Bruton Street.

"I told him," said Indermaur, slowly, "that since the two books had been a good deal mentioned together in various reviews, of late, and were running what seemed to be a kind of neck-and-neck commercial race, it might perhaps prove a more discreet step for me to keep silence in the matter of all personal judgment."

"M-m. Excellent. I don't suppose he liked it, however."

Indermaur nodded. "He looked as if he didn't. And he doesn't like me."

"He doesn't like anyone whom Myrtle Sartorys likes. I warned you, remember."

"But why do you think," quickly inquired Indermaur, "that Myrtle Sartorys likes me?"

"I've very little doubt of it--that's all." Here Cursitor started. "Good God, man! What's the matter? You're turning pale."

"How she would despise me, Cyril, if she knew!"

"Nonsense. She doesn't know, and never possibly can!"

VIII

The next fortnight kept incessantly striking new chimes of grateful change into Kenneth Indermaur's rather eventless recent life. Lady Plinlimmon's endorsement had much meaning, and she now freely dispensed it. Other women of influence rallied to her aid, and some difficult doors were thrown open. But the presence that passed through them was finely exceptional; scores were soon conceding this. Indermaur, as someone said with prettiness, could no more be avoided than the rhododendrons in the Park. There he was; he had come in with the season. You couldn't say that you didn't like to have him about, even though to say that you did might be to give democracy a fortifying fillip not at all after your taste. At first there had seemed a prospect of sides being taken, of 'pros' and 'cons' urged. But it soon became a contest from which all opposition quite absurdly collapsed. The male British snob always teems with particular hostility against a handsome outsider of his own sex, and whatever roses may sparsely strew the path of his progress are sure to be scattered there by fingers feminine. But the Earl of Plinlimmon and our younger acquaintance, the Honorable Cedric, figure in but two of many similar episodes. Truth was, the men made only a futile flourish

of belligerence, after all. Indermaur's present vantage lay in his being a man's man; for the man's man, when he knows how to win women, is a tower of social strength which nothing save wealth can overtop.

At the Tatterdemalions' great complimentary dinner Lady Plinlimmon appeared in the company of Myrtle Sartorys, and with Cursitor and Indermaur in close attendance. From a viewpoint of mere rank alone she was altogether the most important lady of this great assemblage. The banquet numbered fully five-hundred guests, and in the galleries that lined the walls, connecting with aerial restaurants opening on the immense and magnificent hall like the proscenium-boxes of some vast theatre, throngs of spectators were afterward ensconced.

A long time elapsed before dinner was served. Meanwhile the crush in the antechambers grew more and more dense. It was a curious gathering, because at once so bohemian yet so refined. The men were all conventionally coated and cravatted, but the women, some of whom possessed remarkable beauty, often displayed garments of the most fantastic material and cut. Naturally, considering that the guest of honor was a renowned transatlantic humorist, many Americans were sprinkled among the multitude. But London had poured forth a host of her literary celebrities.

Here you saw the sallow and sad-eyed Mr. Powerscourt Foulke, who had redeemed the shilling-shocker, dipping it lustrally in wells of English undefiled; the plump and rubicund Mr. Trotaway, who had written a book on every known subject, from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster to the morals of the Maoris, including an annual Christmas fairy-tale for the past two decades, and a newspaper leader six times a week for certainly three; the bald and massive Mr. Pomfret Puddifant, who wrote "historical" romances, sold them by the tons and had already convinced the rising Anglo-Saxon generation that Queen Elizabeth tried six times to poison Mary Stuart before beheading her, and that William III made a secret journey to St. Germain, where he knelt tearfully at the feet of his father-in-law, James II, imploring him to return to England and assuring him that if he did so "all would be forgiven." Then there was the pallid and slender Mr. Ruthven Rugge, who had three times fled in despair from his "style," through fear of detested clichés, and now who wrote in so "original" a strain that his preciosities had given his devoted wife brain-fever while acting as his amanuensis. Also Miss Emily Ogston, angular and impetuous, who was said to begin her novels by inventing fifty epigrams and then putting them into the mouths of five or six "characters," few of whom had a title lower than that of viscount or baroness, though baronets were sometimes tolerated, or even, at a pinch,

the humble knight. But "lady writers" were copiously represented, and to stretch the list would be to challenge prolixity.

"Take my arm," said Lady Plinlimmon to Myrtle, "and we will move about as well as we can in the crush. Cyril and Mr. Indermaur will keep track of us--or at least we'll hope so.¹⁷² You noticed, no doubt, that certain very tiresome persons have been seeking me. Some I've met at the studios, others at charming receptions where 'smartness' does not condescend to assert itself. But the gates of what they call Upper Bohemia are unfortunately too wide open. I confess it gets on my nerves to meet people who address me as 'my lady,' and 'your ladyship.'...Ah, here is Mr. Simonson, the American painter." She put out her hand to an exceedingly well-bred looking man, with animated yellowish eyes and a big tawny moustache. "Now, Mr. Simonson, are you not delighted at this splendid ovation to a writer who is your fellow-countryman?"¹⁷³

"No, Lady Plinlimmon," was the reply, earnestly yet somewhat cautiously delivered, while Mr. Simonson

¹⁷²The manuscript reads: "Cyril and Mr. Cursitor will keep track of us--"

¹⁷³The manuscript reads: "Now, Mr. Simonson, are you not delighted at this splendid ovation to a writer of [illeg.] who is your fellow-countryman?"

rolled his luminous eyes left and right, as if in fear of some auditor. "I confess to you that it only shows the enormous indifference of England to all our legitimate literary endeavor."

Indermaur, much interested, pushed forward. He had met Mr. Simonson before, and shook hands with him while saying:

"Whom, then, do you want us to honor in American letters if not so native a fun-maker as Mr. Luke Laight?"

"The American writers whom I would prefer you to honor, Mr. Indermaur, are those who do not merely make us laugh overseas but who also make us think. But you English will rarely if ever do that. You are continually crying out for something that 'smells of our soil.' The moment it is a question of our civilised novelists you yawn and point to your Thackerays and your George Eliots. The moment it is a question of our civilised poets, you yawn and point to your Tennysons and your Matthew Arnolds. With our historians, essayists, controversialists, it is always the same. I do not wish to be thought a disparager of Mr. Luke Laight; but I insist that what you all chiefly care for in him, over here, is his eccentricity rather than his force. This is why you applaud as poetry the fantastic jingles of Poe and the hysteric exaggerations of Whitman. You are always crying out for us to 'represent' something, and you neglect, for this reason, all that is

classically true and fine in our literary development, and hail as 'original' its least symptom of grotesqueness and caprice."¹⁷⁴

"A rather just arraignment," fell from Cursitor.

"Still," objected Indermaur, "there is another point of outlook, and if you will permit me, I would bring forward..."

"Very probably Indermaur is going to 'bring forward' something stupendously clever," said Lady Plinlimmon, as she pushed further along with Myrtle's arm still in her own. "You think him very nice, my dear, by the way, do you not?"

"Oh, very," said Myrtle, with airy vagueness.

"For my own part, Myrtle, I've got the strangest idea. But perhaps you won't like me to tell it you."

"I shan't mind at all," replied Myrtle, with measureless innocence. "Strange ideas are so pleasant. One hears so few."

"Except from him. Now don't look as if you were not sure whom I mean by 'him'. Ah, there is Mr. Luke Laight again, and here comes Sir George Jermayne to tell me that the Guest of the Evening is to conduct me to my

¹⁷⁴ Again, the Anglo-American contrast, this time with reference to literary taste. Cf. remarks in letters, pp.151-152 and 182-185; also see pp.79-80, 88-89, for additional comment.

seat. You are to sit between Cyril and Mr. Indermaur,¹⁷⁵ and we shall all be near one another at the table d'honneur."

After the great hall was filled and dinner had actually commenced, Cursitor's chair was discovered by Myrtle and Indermaur to be empty. But at the end of soup he hurriedly arrived and held with his friend a low conversation, while standing behind Indermaur's chair. Myrtle heard, but no one else, and in the great hall, with its countless agencies of distraction, Cursitor's eagerness, disclosed both by position and visage, passed unnoticed.

A certain most bewildering thing had happened. The gentleman who was to have answered one of the chief toasts of the evening had been suddenly taken ill. He was a trained and favorite after-dinner speaker. Much had been expected of him. The chairman, the honorable secretaries, and several members of the general committee, were all in despair. For the Tatterdemalions, notwithstanding their devil-may-care sort of name, were a body in which decorum and punctilio held secure sway. Who, it was now lamentingly asked, could take the place, could approximate toward taking the place, of their lost Lancelot Courtenay? As it happened, Cursitor, who knew everybody,

¹⁷⁵The manuscript reads: "You are to sit between Cyril and Mr. Cursitor,..."

knew one of these desolated wailers. "I can tell you of a man," he said, and named Kenneth Indermaur. "I have heard him in debate at Oxford, and his gift is beyond dispute. Lately, also, I have been present at two dinners where he was asked to speak, and each time he has spoken quite impromptu. Each time, moreover, he acquitted himself most capably. He is here this evening, as perhaps I need not tell you. He may find himself wholly unprepared to deal with the toast, 'Literary London.' I cannot, of course, be sure if he will accept this responsibility at so brief a notice. But I will do my best to persuade him, provided I am empowered with your permission."

Cursitor at length returned to his own seat. Indermaur talked with Myrtle Sartorys, and now and then with Lady Plinlimmon, as though nothing had happened. Sometimes Miss Sartorys would turn to Cursitor, seated on her other side. Presently she said: "Your friend astonishes me."

"I dislike that term, 'your friend,'" replied Cyril. "Surely Kenneth, by this time is also yours."

Myrtle gave him a mystic little smile. "How you take one up. Has the lady on your other side put you out of humor?"

"Not at all. She's the widely read Mrs. Abbott Appleby. In conversation she's all sunshine and serenity.

In her books she's all fustian and ferment. Give her a knife and fork and something to eat with them, as now, and she reminds one of a playful kitten. Put a pen in her hand and she becomes a tigress...But why, pray, does Kenneth astonish you?"

"Oh, I overheard much of your recent conversation," said Myrtle. "He consented to take the absent Mr. Courtenay's place."

"He consented, yes."

"But he goes on talking, all the time, either to myself or Lady Plinlimmon."

"Well? And you wonder at this?"

"Why should I not?" asked Myrtle, with a perplexed crease in her smooth brow. "He's giving himself no time to think it over."

"The speech?" laughed Cursitor. "Ah, you don't know him as I do! He's thinking it over, nonetheless. Of course he may fail. But we shall see."

"I hope he will not fail!" Myrtle said, with abruptest candor. "I should hate that! You like him very much; I've observed it, of course." Her manner became nervously reproachful. "Was it quite fair of you to ask of him so terribly hard a task? I mean, unless you were sure. And you cannot be sure. Oh, I shall blame you greatly if he does not succeed!"

"She's in love with him," thought Cursitor. "Now, Adalbert Hurst, you'll have to fight in hard earnest, and I wonder what tactics you'll resolve upon. All common ones must be abandoned. The bark of the watch-dog will go for nothing. One must be prepared for novelty, if nothing more, in the manner of his bite."

At last the dinner came to an end, and the speeches were in order. A ponderous and labored address of the Chairman finally called Mr. Luke Laight to his feet. He rose at the opposite limit of the spacious hall, and stood immovable, for a time, amid a tumult of welcome. He was lean, tall, and extremely bald. His voice, when he began to speak, revealed itself at once as the voice which England does not like, for it was very nasal and very shrill. But it was also quite unable to fill the expanse of the chamber, whose acoustic qualities had thus baffled many an orator in past times, and had defied even more sternly the Chairman's recent attempts. All in all, however, he acquitted himself with credit, though the high-strung hearers who had of old laughed themselves sick over his funny tales were disappointed, now, at the prevailing sobriety of his discourse. They did not know that he rarely joked with his lips and that ink and paper were the two sole aids by which he ever managed to be amusing....Then followed three more speeches, responses to

prearranged toasts. As the third ceased, and everybody felt that it had been lamer than the other two, both of which had miserably halted and one of which had proved almost inaudible, Myrtle turned toward Indermaur.

"You are next, are you not?" she asked, pointing to a paragraph on her programme.

"Yes," he said, with a smile in his luminous eyes. "How did you know I would speak?"

"Have I not ears? Could I not hear Cyril Cursitor begging you?"

"Ah, yes--I see." He looked more closely into her face, with its anemone-like fragility gleaming below the auburn affluence of her hair, and its wonderful richness of expression, due, yet not wholly, to the large, changeful eyes. "I said nothing about the speech," he went on, "because in talking of it I might have grown doubtful of my own powers to deliver it."

"And you are not doubtful now?"

"I have my hopes--that is all I dare state. It must be spontaneous or nothing. There was no time to think it over. I feel like a diver on a cliff who knows nothing of the waters below, but who has resolved to take his header, just the same." He paused, and she saw his glance rest on her lips and chin, which just then had grown unsteady and seemed to her as if at any moment they

might betray some tell-tale quiver. "You somehow appear anxious. Is it on my account?"

She tried to laugh this off. "Cyril Cursitor believes that you have been thinking your subject over all through dinner."

"Cyril is wrong...Listen; the Chairman has already mentioned my name. He is telling them of how I volunteered to take Mr. Courtenay's place."

"I-I can't imagine your doing this thing!" Myrtle now softly exclaimed. "What made you? You might have refrained, and so saved yourself--" Her voice broke in her throat; she marvelled at her own inward tumult. He had grown paler, by this. And then she found herself giving him her eyes with a sense of unexplainably sweet self-surrender. At the same instant she felt her hand ready for his clasp, even waiting for it. She had read in his look, somehow, that it would come, and swiftly it did. Their palms and fingers met unseen. He crushed her hand in his, and with beating heart she answered the pressure. It was more than sympathy on her part, more than appeal on his. Both understood. A minute afterward he rose, obeying the little bout of noisy acclaim that summoned him.

No sooner had he commenced to speak than one salient quality became distinct to all. He possessed a voice of

rare depth and compass. It never betokened the least strain; the "oratoric" element had no share in its full, golden outflow. It produced the effect of grasp but not of seizure. You realised, in its virile music, an opportunity met, a diffusion and expansiveness quietly secured. It filled the great void as few vocal organs had yet shown power to do, and behind it lurked the easy and constant suggestion of an undemanded, unneeded reserve.

This alone was half the battle, for it straight-away enticed his audience by the mellow sorceries of accent, crescendo, and cadence. At first his listeners thought more of how he addressed them than of the substance his discourse ensheathed. But soon they burst into sympathetic laughter, for he quickly broke away from ceremonious comment and clothed "Literary London" in glittering tissues of satiric humor.

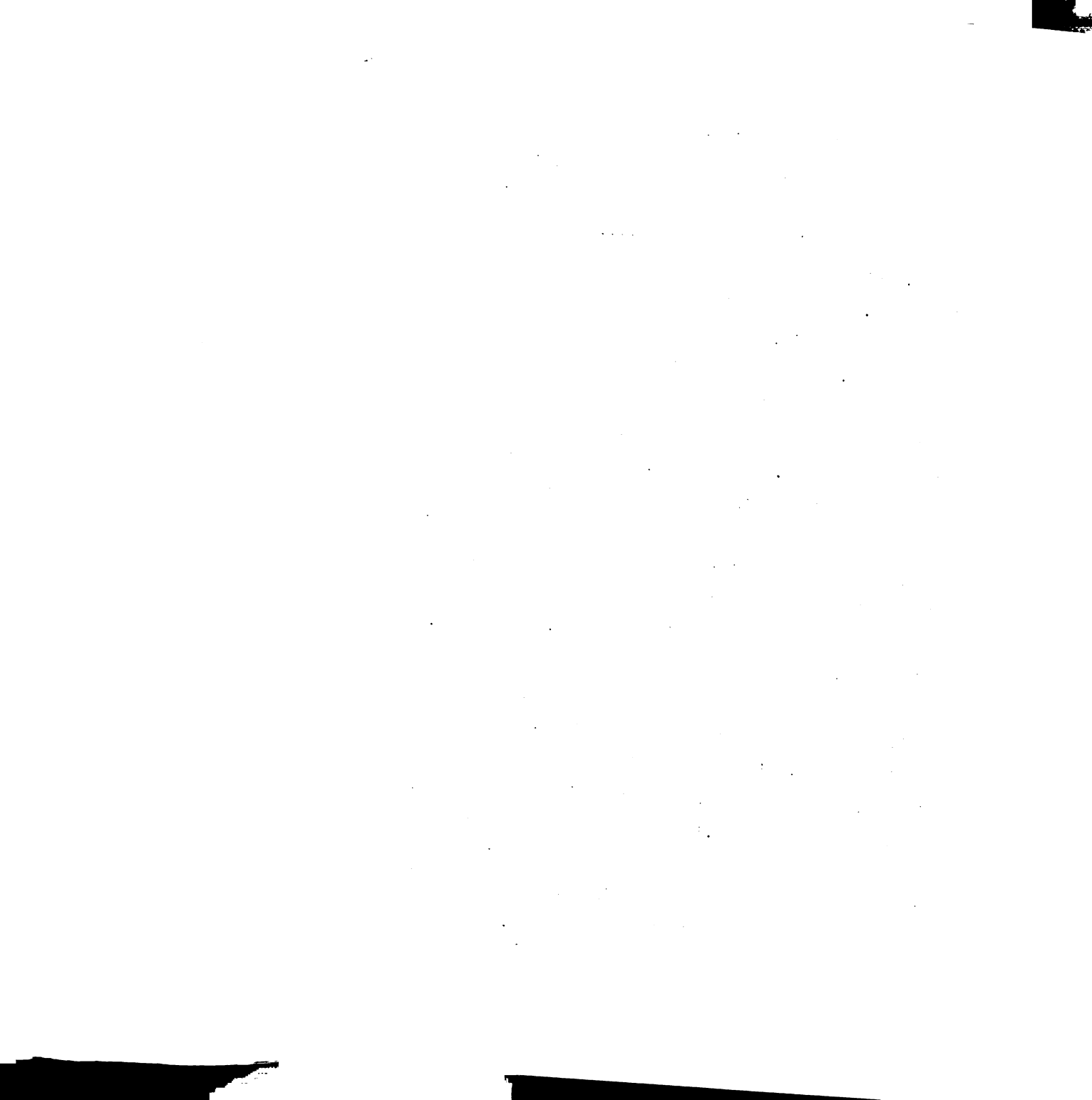
"A century ago," he said, "Grub Street was a couple of taverns in some dingy lane near the Strand. Now the tentacles of its imperialism have closed about the entire West End, and when a successful author drives in smart state through the Park, he is expected, by an unwritten ethical law, to toss occasional compassionate coppers to any of those shabby individuals, either on benches or on foot, whom his own recollection, aided by

the reminders of a thoughtful footman, bid him recognise as indigent publishers....The bestowal of Old Age Pensions, too long delayed by Parliament, has no more zealous adherents, I am confidently assured, than our great body of multi-millionaire authors. For while admitting the woebegone condition of thousands throughout this grand metropolis, they are chiefly mindful of those publishers whom an ill-starred ambition, or perhaps too secure a self-reliance, may have lured into financial wreck.... Literary London, it would be folly to deny, is a miracle of prosperity and productiveness. Like the Gaul of Caesar it is divided into three parts: First, those who receive a guinea a word for their manuscripts, complete six a year, and are often seen in society; second, those whose price is ten shillings a word, who complete only three a year, and never miss a reputable entertainment; and third,¹⁷⁶ those who accept five shillings a word, include football, cricket and polo in the round of their diversions, think nothing of dashing off a chapter while on a bicycle or in a motor-car, and are known habitually to write while asleep....Our honored guest has by this time visited, I doubt not, many happy and luxurious homes in Literary London. But even these, as he has probably observed, are

¹⁷⁶The manuscript reads: "...and fourth,..."

not without their seamy side; for though at many boards he must certainly have eaten off gold plate, it cannot be contested that some few authors are still chained to the modest simplicity of silverware....I take for granted that Mr. Laight has already met many London ladies who write books. If by any disastrous chance this privilege has not befallen him, his case should indeed be called extraordinary, since the superior sex is now so dominant a factor in our creative letters that it has grown there as ubiquitous a potency as sunshine, which of course it radiantly resembles. For myself, I am quite willing to rob of all mythic origin the report that nine educated London women out of every ten have mantled themselves in the majesty of authorship; but I cannot bring myself to believe all those flattering tales told at present of the value accorded such a professional cachet. The story, for instance, strikes me as apocryphal that when a certain prominent duchess asked her groom of the chambers why he had given warning, she received the answer, in terms of dignified regret: 'Your Grace did me the honor of engaging me, but your Grace, as I have since ascertained, has never written a book.'

This extravagant foolery--treated only in excerpts by its recorder--was soon brought into sharp contrast with a vein of calm yet stinging seriousness. Here



Indermaur struck stronger chords. The English dislike an "eloquent" speech, and he was old enough, wise enough in his generation, to know it. But he gave them, toward the last, some thrilling eloquence, after all, bidding his time, watching keenly their receptive mood, and suddenly showering upon them a series of sentences in which rhetoric undoubtedly played its part, but with a sagacity, a timeliness, a hidden aptitude of calculation that were like an arrow that goes singing straight to its intended mark.

He seated himself almost in silence, for amazement at the blended adroitness and ability of his speech was its first and necessitous result. Then the applause began thunderously, like a loosened torrent. But Indermaur, at the same moment, received his own share of surprise. Turning toward the chair which Myrtle had occupied, he found it empty. Lady Plinlimmon's chair was the same. And further along he saw another, likewise vacated--that of Cursitor.

Immediately, then, he slipped from his own. Hundreds of eyes were levelled upon him, but he did not care; he was beset with curiosity, and a vague dread as well. For a brief time he held parley with one of the waiters. Then, learning where to go in search of his missing friends, he repaired to a reception room not many yards away.

Here, in a recess half obscured by the frondage of some high palms, Lady Plinlimmon and Cursitor were bending over a lounge. And on the lounge, with a large cushion propping her head, Myrtle reclined. She had refused to lie down, and was just insisting, with an energy full of encouragement to her watchers, that she now felt much better, when Indermaur passed into the leafy retreat.

"You were taken ill?" he began, looking straight into her eyes. "I'm so sorry."

"It was really nothing," hurried Cursitor. "Just a little dizziness, no doubt, caused by the heat of the rooms."

"See," supplied Lady Plinlimmon, "her color is coming back; in a minute she'll be quite strong again. Then, perhaps, we four might as well steal away to the German Ambassador's. I've a card for you, by the way, Mr. Indermaur, but forgot, most stupidly, to tell you I'd secured it. Take me to the cloak-room, will you not, Cyril? Mr. Indermaur can remain with Myrtle till one of us returns."

Cursitor understood. While he and Lady Plinlimmon were moving downstairs together, their feet on the rich-carpeted steps and walls of polished African marble sumptuously glimmering on either side of them, he said to his

companion: "She was afraid for Kenneth; you think that?"

"I'm certain."

"And you don't shrink from such a marriage any longer? You don't 'draw the line' as tightly as you did?"

Lady Plinlimmon tossed her stately head. "I don't draw any line at all. I'm in love with the idea of their being in love. I'm up in arms against Adalbert Hurst."

"So am I," muttered Cursitor.

Meanwhile Indermaur, seated beside Myrtle, was steadily searching her face. "I think, after all," he said, "that I did not quite fail."

"You were admirable," she returned. "It was only I who failed."

"Because you were doubtful of me?"

"I wanted it to be fine--to go off with a great élan. It did--I'm sure it did--I saw how they took it. Then excitement mastered me. Cyril saw; he motioned to Lady Plinlimmon. The immense room was going around. I was frightened when I had got upon my feet, dragging at Cyril's arm. Presently, in a flash, she, too, was near me. They got me here. I don't think anyone noticed us. They were all too absorbed in your speech."

"And so you cared for me enough--?" He stopped short. Their hands had again met. "If I asked you--?"

His lips were close to hers. "If you asked me--what?"

"To--be my wife?"

"If you did not--"

"Well?"

"Perhaps--I might--hate you!" She recoiled the next instant, trembling with shame at this half hysteric wildness.

"If you hated me it would kill me, Myrtle!"

She broke into a laugh whose airy silver seemed to entangle itself among the green complexities of the palms. "Well, then, rather than have your death on my conscience..."

And now came silence. When Cursitor appeared they were sitting quite demurely side by side.

"Lady Plinlimmon is waiting cloaked and hooded downstairs," he said, "and soon her carriage will be stopping the way." Exclusively to Myrtle he went on: "Do you feel well enough to go down and join her for the party at Carlton House Terrace, she bade me ask, or shall she drop you in Berkely Square?"

Myrtle rose at once, with sprightliness. "Oh, I feel well enough for anything!" she exclaimed, merrily.

IX

"I'm blessed if the news doesn't delight me!" said Lord Plinlimmon to his wife.

The latter threw back her head in a pictorial access of mirth. "It isn't many weeks ago, Marmaduke," she cried, "since you stood before that same fireplace--just as from force of habit you're standing now, though there isn't a speck of fire in it--and poured disdain upon Kenneth Indermaur and all 'bounders' like him! Pray, sir, do you not remember?"

"Perfectly," replied the Earl. "Don't tempt me into the copy-book sentiment, Blanche, that exceptions prove rules. Indermaur is a stupendously good fellow. Of course, you know, we require new blood, now and then. I've never said that we didn't." And Lord Plinlimmon, who had gambled nearly all night at his club and consumed about five more whiskies-and-soda than he ought to have done, turned and surveyed his tallowy morning visage in the mirror just behind him.

"Myrtle will be pleased," said his wife, "to learn that you give him your support."

"Support? Why, already I've put him up at two clubs--White's and The Bachelor's."

"So sweet of you, Marmie dear." Whenever she called

him "Marmie" it meant that he was preeminently in her good books.

"By the way," Lord Plinlimmon proceeded, "I've heard that his father was once a hot radical. Tried to raise the deuce with crazy theories about politics, morals, religion--nearly everything. Wanted to get into Parliament, and almost succeeded. Is there any truth in it, do you chance to know?"

"If there was--and I'm not sure--it all happened a thousand years ago, Marmie. His father, as I do happen to be aware, is a hopeless invalid now. Indermaur is devoted to him, and he may die any minute. He lingers along, however, a complete mental wreck. Still, by no means a pauper. Indermaur will have decidedly something, when he dies, including a house here in Chelsea."

"All the better," said Lord Plinlimmon. "He'll measurably escape the fierce light that beats on a poor man who marries an heiress. Myrtle Sartorys is a great match for him. I hope he'll be happy as her husband. I'll wager he was devilish happy as her lover when I shook hands with him yesterday at the Charity Bazaar."

But this deduction was hardly correct. Indermaur now comprehended in more senses than one that to marry Myrtle would mean for him "a great match." The girl's name and place and wealth all pleased his ambition. But

above these, at once cheapening and exalting them, spread the glamour of a masterful love. Still, every new day since that of their betrothal brought with it keen pangs of conscience. In vain Cursitor had argued; in vain he argued yet. Indermaur could not help gauging the depth of Myrtle's affection by that of his own deceit. He had determined to succeed in life, but he had determined, with an equal ardor, to preserve honor untarnished. Should he be doing this if he married the passionate admirer of "Thoughts Out Loud" without telling her that its authorship lay at his own door?

One morning they returned from a long stroll below the chestnuts and among the brilliant flower beds of Regent's Park. Lady Cloome, all smiles, received them. Luncheon, she said, was a good half-hour old, but added that she would forgive them this once because their engagement was still so young. She had turned pale with consternation when this engagement was first made known to her. But afterward, with her sweetest voice and air, she had said to her niece: "Upon my word, if I attempted to oppose your decision, my dear, jealousy would have to serve as my sole plea; for the truth is, I've fallen very much in love with Mr. Indermaur myself."

After luncheon she discreetly vanished, and the young people drifted together into one of the drawing-rooms.

"It all has such a familiar look," said Indermaur, glancing about him at the old family portraits, the choice and ancient furniture, the minor adornments, costly but few. "It was here, you know, that I first felt the heavens opening for me."

"And we had met only once before that," said Myrtle, "at the Plinlimmons' grand and formal dinner-party." She let him take her hand and hold it against his lips while they seated themselves on one of the sofas. "You must have fancied me so odd, talking to a stranger as I did!"

"You talked most winningly."

"But half of it was about my treasured book, 'Thoughts Out Loud.' There! You again wear that wearied look, Kenneth! Do you know, I've an idea that you hate to hear me speak of 'Thoughts.'"

"No, no; far from that! How strange you should even imagine it!" Here a pang of cowardice, of self-contempt, assailed him.

"Last night," Myrtle went on, "I had the most peculiar dream. I was talking with you, just as now, and you suddenly said to me, almost in anger: 'Never mention those "Thoughts" again! I detest them, and if you keep praising them so we must forever bid one another good-bye.' Was it not queer? A sort of nightmare, I suppose. But you don't detest them, Kenneth, do you?"

"I could detest nothing, dearest, that you cherish."

"Ah, that's an evasive answer," she sighed, though a little laugh followed. "Now, please let me read aloud to you a few of my favorite passages!" The next instant she sprang from the sofa, quickly found her cherished work, and came back with it to her former place. "Here, now, for instance. Is not this too tender and hopeful and stimulating?" She began to read, with her heart in her voice, and with slight catches of the breath which he would have pronounced, had her text been from any other volume--Tupper,¹⁷⁷ or Mother Goose, or the dreariest Sunday School commonplace--infinitely charming.

But as it was, he suffered torment. All the rest of that day he went about with a load of lead at his heart, and in his brain the sullen shadow of impending doom.

"The book has become a religion to her," he told Cursitor that same afternoon, meeting his friend in the pleasant little book-lined room which Ralph Indermaur had used for so many years as a library. The invalid had shown certain signs, of late, that his vitality might flare wildly up before its final cessation. On returning home today old Martha had come to him with a scared face.

¹⁷⁷Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-1889) whose blank verse didactic moralizings in the Proverbial Philosophy enjoyed a great popular appeal.

There had been restlessness and touches of delirium. Indermaur, after spending a half-hour in the sick man's chamber, concluded that despite a resumption of the old placid conditions he had best cancel by telegraph an agreement to drive in the Park that afternoon with Myrtle and Lady Cloome. A little later he despatched a message to Cursitor, whose Chelsea dwelling lay so near his own. Luckily Cursitor had been at home, and obeyed the summons with promptness; for the return of his father's coma, the silence, the solitude, and the gnawing distress of conscience that so harshly irked him, had all conspired to shroud Indermaur's mind with inkiest gloom.

"A religion, yes," Cursitor now answered, "so long as it lasts."

The other started. "You believe it will not last, Cyril?"

"In six months there will remain no trace of it. In a year she will have forgotten that book exists."

"Allowing the wisdom of your prophecy," Indermaur returned, "what then? Am I justified in marrying her without a full confession of the fact?"

Cursitor gave a low groan. "Ah, Kenneth, when your poor father advised you to 'propitiate, propitiate,' do you fancy that he did not desire you should propitiate circumstance no less than people? How the old proverbs

come back to us when we need counsel! Here is one of them: 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' Your position is absolutely hedged about with four impregnable walls of safety. I assure you of this, and I have every conceivable reason to know that I am right. Cease--in heaven's name cease--to indulge this needless melancholia. A present disclosure of the truth might work hateful mischief. One or two years later, when Myrtle has become your wife, you could tell her everything in perfect security. She would then merely smile where now she might shudder. And if you did tell her now, imagine the glee of Adalbert Hurst! Come, Kenneth, resolve that you'll not play madly with your own future! Think less of honor, dear boy, and more of pity."

"Pity?" Indermaur repeated.

"Yes. Show it toward her. If she gave you up, spurred by an impetus of outrage and disgust, do you fancy that she would not acutely suffer? Ah, above all things, my friend, you owe to her a course of rigid reticence. And tear from your mind the idle imagining that now films like a tenacious cobweb its faculties of common sense. Perfect silence is not only your most prudent course; it is also your most merciful. If your father could hear me and understand me at this moment, I am but too convinced that he would sanction every word I speak!"

Indermaur's pained face here slowly but significantly lost its cloud. He staid quite unresponsive for several seconds. Then, rising from his chair, he strode up to Cursitor and stretched out his hand.

"There, Cyril, once and for all I pull down my flag. You've brought me round. You've shown me something to deceive her for. That something is her own happiness. Farewell to all future qualms of compunction. I'll wage battle with myself no longer; I'll save all such savagery for Adalbert Hurst."

"Very little will be required," laughed Cursitor, with all his old gentle levity. "The watch-dog has been effectively fanged. He can only bark a little, now; he's powerless to bite."

But Myrtle, this same afternoon, discovered that he could bark with both venom and vigor. On receiving her lover's telegram she determined not to attend a certain immense "at Home" in Eaton Square. Lady Cloome, however, persuaded her to go, even if she remained the briefest while. "For Mrs. Waynefleete, my dear," purred her aunt, "is one of our kindred, you know; and it's always better to be a bit clammy, even if you bore yourself in the attempt."

"I shall be always thinking of poor Kenneth at his father's bedside," murmured Myrtle. "And cousin Lydia does give such frightful crushes!"

Today half London seemed to have squeezed itself inside the capacious Waynefleete drawing-rooms. Myrtle received many congratulations on her engagement, some of which veiled--or did she only imagine it--a kind of admonishing hauteur. The day was hot and the drawing-rooms became almost stifling. So dense had grown the crowd that she hailed with keen relief the nearness of an alcove window. While swerving between its half-drawn tapestries she could not help eagerly hoping that she would find beyond them a coign of grateful vacancy.

And at first she did. But scarcely had she seated herself on the cushioned ledge that underlay each connected casement, than someone slipped from the throng beyond and sank unceremoniously at her side.

"Adalbert!" she said, almost frightenedly.

"Yes, I," he answered; and it occurred to her that she had never seen him look uglier than now, while he chewed his lower lip and restively tangled and disentangled the slim fingers of either hand.

"You refused to see me on Wednesday afternoon," he began, hugging one knee with his pale gloved hands but keeping his eyes fixedly on her face.

Myrtle had drawn herself up. "Of course I refused," she said glacially. "Two days before that you had come to me literally reeking with rudeness."

"Oh, you call it rudeness, eh?"

"What else could one possibly call it? Mr. Indermaur knows nothing of your visit. Even Aunt Olive has only a dim idea of what you said. I fancied that you would trouble me no more. Nothing that you could urge against my engagement would affect me in the least. Kenneth's father might have been a scoundrel of the darkest dye, instead of merely the political incendiary you called him. Perhaps you have lighted on new scandals concerning his ancestry. If so, be good enough to keep

them from my hearing. Cry them from the housetops, if you are so maliciously disposed. Let others listen and jeer and sneer behind my back. But do not bore me with any recital of them. I entreat this, Adalbert, I also command it."

Myrtle rose as her words ended. Her tormentor rose as well, but his reply came cutting and unabashed.

"I've found out who his mother was. Think of it! Some common creature, down there in the north! The daughter of a blacksmith! It's doubtful if she could either read or write. She was handsome and Ralph Indermaur married her in a fit of gross infatuation. Afterward--"

"I will not hear another word," interjected Myrtle. "Kenneth does not remember his mother, and knows nothing of the family from which she sprang. If it were twice humbler than you describe, however, I should not in the least care. This matter of birth, by the bye, is touched upon in that dear book, 'Thoughts Out Loud,' which you have pelted with your sneers. Here is one exquisite passage which I know by heart." She slowly quoted several sentences, lingering over each word with a delicate unction that seemed like a caress of the lips. "For me this entire question," she went on, "is dealt with and definitively settled in that one most eloquent paragraph."

"Really?" giggled Adalbert. "How opportune that your 'dear book,' as you call it, should have brought

you the benefit of its profound philosophy just as you were called upon to decide whether you should accept or refuse the overtures of an ill-born and adventuring fortune-hunter!"

Anger drew a transient flash from Myrtle's eyes. "Let it be just as you will," she said taking a forward step or two. "But if you do not wish me to treat you as a stranger, Adalbert, you will curb hereafter this malignant spirit. How we bear jealousy is, after all, the touchstone of our characters. For myself, I've never empowered you with the right to feel one tinge of it. But if you do, I claim my own right to have you bear with it toward myself like a gentlemen."

And before he could speak a word of response Myrtle passed out of the alcove, leaving him alone with his wrath and pain. In a short time he quitted the curtained retreat, slipped through the crowd with inward curses at its thwarting delays, gained the doorway, jumped into a cab, and had himself driven to his chambers at the Albany. Once having reached his own quarters in this famed old establishment, he snubbed the servant who asked him a respectful question and locked himself in his sitting room. Here for a long while he paced the floor, with hands locked behind him and eyes that glared at nothing.

And so, after all, he reflected, Myrtle was forever lost to him! He had money, position, influence, prominent kindred, all the enviable gifts of life save one, personal comeliness. But even this manque¹⁷⁸ was counterbalanced, as he had good reason to know, by the curious yet cogent charm which almost at will he could exploit with the majority of women. He was ugly and cynical, yet he could make women like him. Certainly he had made Myrtle Sartorys do far more than endure him. And he had not once lost hope of at last securing her matrimonial consent. The quick and easy victory of Indermaur had inflicted upon him a terrible disarray. Never before had he found himself so insurmountably impeded. It was the old story, with him, of the baffled egoist. Nothing remained, now, but to pull himself together and face defeat. Parliament had closed, and might not open again till late in the Autumn. He would go abroad--to Norway, Russia, the Levant, and drill these tingling nerves, this impracticable fury, into that stolid semblance of resignation which might hereafter pass current among English environments as the lethargy of callous indifference.

And yet--

He flung himself into a chair beside his writing table, and took from it the volume called "Loaves and

¹⁷⁸defect.

Fishes" which lay there side by side with another, "Thoughts Out Loud." The essays he had recently read over again, and liked them even less than before. He was an acute literary critic, and might have shown in this capacity if circumstance had so directed. The cleverness of the essays he at last could not deny. But a conviction of some spurious taint in them had grown more apparent after a second perusal. They rang wrong. They wholly lacked the spontaneous element, and this quality was one which their strongly emotional subject should chiefly have drawn forth. They flavored to him of a certain insincerity, as though the writer had manufactured rather than felt them. Below them lay an undoubted stock-in-trade cut-and-dried sentimentalism, and the picturesque syntax, with its bounty of skilled metaphor and tactful verbal embellishment, was far too betrayingly a work of deliberate craft.

On "Loaves and Fishes" he would have liked to pass a still more contemptuous judgment. But no. He had lately read it through at a single sitting, and had given it warmest approval. He now glanced again at some of its pages. How frank was this man's style, how logical, how consistent! It encased his subject as a glove encases a hand. He had not sought it; he had simply given it play. Here you saw the born writer, on whose text the

mot juste was forever dropping like a star. He had living men and women to draw, and he drew them by the clear light of his own temperament, hence achieving an originality signal and secure.

"I hate the fellow," mused Adalbert, "for having wrecked my dearest hope. But as an artist I hold him--why not--in highest esteem. How different he is from the author of 'thoughts Out Loud!' The anonymous person has plainly set himself to a task for which he felt no summons of predilection. He writes well, at his best, though now and then a certain boyishness--or is it girlishness--creeps into the texture of his prose. And...there is something...almost like an echo, at times...that hints of someone else. What is it? Who is it? I seem on the verge of guessing, but still--"

Here Adalbert's reflections were sharply broken off. He had leaned back in his chair, with Indermaur's novel resting on his knees. His hands met behind his head; his eyelids had almost closed.

Suddenly, as if some electric force had impelled him, he started to his feet. Tossing the novel aside, he snatched up the essays. For many minutes he stood perusing the latter, pausing here, skimming there, while two spots of color rose and deepened in his usually pallid cheeks. At length a low cry left him. He threw down

the essays and again caught up the novel. Among the pages of this he once more plunged, sinking into another chair at the verge of his broad writing-table.

"Yes, yes," he soon unconsciously muttered, "the same trick of expression in either book. The same earmarks, the same chute de phrase.¹⁷⁹ A liking for the same adjectives. This word 'marmoreal,' so seldom employed, is found twice in each book. Ashburton says in the novel, 'You picture me as an idealist, when my portrait should be painted in pigments by no means ethereal and silvery.' Here, in the essays I read: 'So tender, so ethereal are the tints of certain dawns, that to watch them, painted as if by angelic hands with silvery pigments borrowed from unearthly palettes is in itself to realise the existence of deity.' And there is more--much more. The resemblances are often subtle, but they all point one way. These two books have been written by the same hand!"

Another low cry here escaped from Adalbert. He had never appeared uglier than now, for his face was contracted by a sneer of the most malicious triumph. Drawing toward him a folio of blank paper, and seizing a pen, he at once began a series of annotations, with

¹⁷⁹brilliant style.

constant reference to either book. As he worked on and on, now consulting the novel, now the essays, he wore an air of merciless and increasing ferocity. Utterly forgetful of food, he let the hours slip past him. At the end of his labors he had filled many sheets of foolscap. Never, in all his parliamentary preparations, had he toiled so hard. At last, when his efforts were ended, he drew in a long, deep breath.

"It will damn him forever in her eyes when she hears of this double game! After all, it would seem, I shan't have pulled my horns in quite so meekly! No; the tide turns in my favor. Perhaps--who shall prophesy?--she'll turn and marry me out of pure pique before another month has passed?"

Then, for the first time, a sensation of hunger assailed him. He drew out his watch. It was past midnight.

"I'm dining late," he said aloud, grimly, but with an accent of strong exultation.

"You may go to bed, Struthers," he told his servant a little later, with unwonted affability. "I've been very much occupied, and shall slip over to Booles for a bite of something cold."

XI

"It is not true," said Myrtle Sartorys. "It cannot possibly be true."

With a shrug, Adalbert Hurst slightly lifted the roll of papers which she had just returned to him. Then, while the hand with which he clutched this documentary piece of testimony fell slowly against his side, he flung back an unrelenting answer.

"To wish a thing false is not to make it so. These proofs--"

"They are not proofs; they are accidents," darted Myrtle. "You wanted to dishonor him in my regard, and you have chosen this odious method. I shall see Kenneth inside the next two hours; he is to drive out with Aunt Olive and myself. I know just how he will receive this outrageous charge. He will merely smile and say to me: 'Could not Mr. Hurst, with all his reputed cleverness, have hit upon a shrewder mode of annihilating me?'--or words to that effect."

This retort had a valiant enough sound. But in its tones Adalbert detected an underquiver of alarm.

"You are playing a part, Myrtle," he affirmed, "but not in the least am I deceived by it. In your heart you fear that Indermaur is guilty. This analysis

of mine cannot, after studying it, leave you without suspicion. I saw plainly that you did study it during the last half-hour. Still you have denied my proofs; you have called them accidents."

"I insist that they are accidents," the girl asserted. She was very pale, but in the tightened arc of either nostril, in the visible quickness of her breathing, in the back-thrown posture of her head, was portrayed obdurate defiance.

"Then," slowly replied Adalbert, "you shall receive further proof, which differs, toto coelo,¹⁸⁰ from these others. Yesterday I made a visit upon Mr. Forester, the publisher of 'Thoughts Out Loud.' I think it highly probable that after having heard my very candid statements of the views I entertained concerning the authorship of the essays, he would much have enjoyed chucking me out of one of his office windows. He's a little man, even smaller than I am myself, and unless I'm in error, every bit as ugly. My name and my position as a member of Parliament somewhat awed him, however, and presently I got from him a declaration which I felt to be veracious. He knew nothing at all as to the real authorship of the book. A gentleman whom he had every

¹⁸⁰by the whole heavens; diametrically opposed.

reason to believe was not its author, had brought him the manuscript. This gentleman's name he had solemnly sworn to keep secret, but he was willing to give me his word of honor that it was not Kenneth Indermaur."

"Ah," dropped from Myrtle, who was eagerly listening. "Not Kenneth! Well? What more?"

"This. Just as Forester had thus assured me, a knock sounded at his door. He rose and opened it, holding afterward a few words with someone whom I could not see. Next he turned to me and begged that I would excuse him for a few minutes, as a person had just called with whom he had made a previous appointment. I bowed my acquiescence, and he departed. And now, Myrtle, comes a rather startling revelation."

"Yes? What is it?" Her voice, while low, was an imperious challenge. Her hands were knotted together in her lap, and lay there quite moveless. She had scornfully curled her lips, but between this token of haughty skepticism and the harrowed, wistful look of her burningly attentive eyes a piteous contrast was disclosed.

"Left alone in the office," continued Adalbert, "I glanced about me. Everything looked orderly, even to a degree of finical primness. The furniture was disposed with a tedious precision, the small mats that



strewn the floor made one think of parallelograms in Euclid. On an ample desk I observed certain packets of papers ranged in severely straight rows, while the pens were placed at regular intervals apart, flanking on either side an inkstand of specklessly polished glass. As I stood contemplating all this rigorous neatness, my gaze chanced to fall on an envelope without post-mark, which bore the name and address of Cyril Cursitor. Instantly I felt that here might lie the most precious enlightening help. Cursitor, I swiftly concluded, was the bosom friend of Indermaur. Why should any correspondence exist between this publisher and himself? What if he were the 'gentleman' of whom Forester had spoken, as having brought him the essays and negotiated their publication. For a little while I stared down at the letter, making up my mind how to act. But soon all such deliberation became futile. I heard an approaching step, yielded to the irresistible, caught up the letter and concealed it. Forester soon afterward appeared. I made the remainder of our interview as brief as common caution would permit, got forth upon the street, plunged myself into a cab, and during my homeward journey opened the envelope. The contents were extremely businesslike. They presented Cursitor with an account of sales, during a given time, of the book

'Thoughts Out Loud.' Accompanying this declaration was a cheque for three hundred pounds, a few shilling and a few pence. Here is the letter, and here is the cheque. If you will kindly glance over both you will be enabled to realise the fruits of my audacious theft. But Cursitor shall of course get back the full communication intended for him. There; will you have the goodness to read and to verify?"

Myrtle received what he offered her, and for several moments bent over it in complete silence. Then she gave it back with an unsteady hand, her face colorless, her manner apathetic, stunned.

"Now at last," said Adalbert, "you must admit that the evidence is overwhelming."

"I admit nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Myrtle, her torpor pierced with a sudden asperity of revolt. "Cyril's side of the affair yet remains to be heard. Meanwhile I can only condemn your course as you yourself have forestalled me in condemning it. For indeed it has been a most audacious theft! Perhaps Cyril may legally punish it. The ground on which you have trodden so recklessly may prove more dangerous than you guess. And pray believe one thing; I shall assert that you have made out no clear case whatever against Kenneth Indermaur, and that he is now as innocent in my eyes as when you first approached me with your elaborate accusations."

Stung past control by what seemed to him the cruel goad of this response, Adalbert flung both hands into the air, uttering a cry of rebuke.

"This is mere bravado. Gratitude would be better timed. But that cannot fail to follow, and profuse apologies besides!" Here he rose, thrusting the envelope back into the breast-pocket whence he had drawn it, and then buttoning his coat-front with slim, white, fluttered fingers.

"Gratitude for what, pray?" Myrtle called after him while he was brusquely hurrying toward the door.

He stopped short, half turning. Pride of race and the acrimony of reproach each gave to his aspect embittering touches, but their union had bred, nevertheless, an undeniable dignity.

"For having saved you from a charlatan," he replied.

"No, no" she insisted. "He never wrote it--never! I'm as sure as that I live and breathe! I'm as sure--"

But the door had closed on Adalbert's receding form. He knew what seed he had sown. He had left silence and solitude to bring forth from it their certain harvest of disillusion and dismay.

XII

Myrtle's first feeling, when her tormentor had departed, was one of regret that she should have consented to see him after the distressing little episode at Mrs. Waynefleete's reception. But today he had scribbled on his card a few words of such urgent entreaty that her mood had softened. True, he had dealt her, that other afternoon, the harshest hurt. But ought not the glow of her own happiness to reflect pardoning light upon his fault? Was not the fault born, moreover, of a love that this same happiness taught her to understand? Ah, yes, she could afford to be lenient, she could afford to forget!

But now the very air seemed tainted with her loathing of Adalbert Hurst. She felt her cheeks tingle as [if] his hands had inflicted blows there. To have used his clever brain in this detestable way! Could not any man of mental ability and fine scholarship have employed them in some such tour de force? Were they not claiming, nowadays, that Shakespeare himself was a fraud, robbing him of his adorable Beatrice and Rosalind, his still more adorable Romeo and Juliet? What artful manoeuvre could not the trickery of an accomplished fabricator invent?

And yet there had never before been cast a slur of dishonor on Adalbert's name. Not a few men disliked him; now and then women shrank from him. But his integrity had never been questioned even by those whom his bad manners or his trenchant wit offended most. Perhaps, then, he really believed this monstrous thing about Kenneth Indermaur! Why not? Had not the wisest minds deceived themselves into crediting falsehoods thousands of times since the world began?

But that letter to Cyril Cursitor, containing the mysterious cheque! What could it possibly mean? Might Cyril have written "Thoughts Out Loud"? Ridiculous! Had she not known Cyril intimately for years? He was fond of reading; he did not lack intellect of a kind. But even the composition of an ordinary letter bored him. And then--but oh, it was too absurd! As well suspect him of having written "Childe Harold" or "The Princess." No; some friend of his--not a woman, but a man--had employed his agency for the preservation of a literary secret. Kenneth was by no means his only friend, though doubtless his dearest one. He had scores of others, and besides, his good-nature was proverbial. For one of these he had acted. Adalbert had merely jumped to a preposterous conclusion.

Thus did poor Myrtle settle the entire affair to what seemed, for a short time, her own steadfast

satisfaction. Then a slow creeping dread assailed her, and the edifice of argument that she had reared began palpably to crumble.

She told herself, with quickening heart-beats, that she must see Cyril at once. She would wire to his address--wire to his favorite club...But suddenly this resolve changed. Indermaur and Lady Plinlimmon were to dine in Berkely Square, that evening, and accompany her to the opera. Cyril had promised to join them afterward in their box. It was now nearly five o'clock. There would, after all, be only a short time to wait. Dinner had been ordered for seven, and Kenneth would no doubt appear a half-hour earlier.

Presently Myrtle went upstairs to her aunt's apartment. Somehow she had no sooner looked into the lovesome face of Lady Cloome than pity made her dread the sacrilege of disturbing so much benign spiritual peace. However strong her impulse to sink on her knees beside this kindest of kinswomen and confess what turmoil the assertions of Adalbert were engendering in her heart, she determined at least for the nonce to pursue an opposite plan.

But behind their gold-rimmed glasses the eyes of Lady Cloome saw keenly. "My dear Myrtle," she said, "I do hope that Adalbert has been behaving nicely."

The girl checked a little feverish laugh. "Oh, Aunt Olive, as if he could ever do that!"

"Well, my dear, if he has scolded you this time you must forgive him." Lady Cloome laid down her novel and began gently to smooth the silken lap of her gown with milky hands that still kept their charming contour. "Love, you know, is such a sovereign magician....But you must not have that worried look at the opera, my dear. Ah, however, Mr. Kenneth Indermaur's coming will soon dispel it."

"I hope so, auntie." And as Myrtle pronounced the little word "hope" it pained her like a pang of conscience. How dare she even vaguely hint to her own fancy that Kenneth would not shatter by a single light arm-sweep this entire skilful scaffolding of incrimination.

"It is wonderful," her aunt went musically babbling on, "how your handsome fiancé has taken the town by storm. I haven't told you, my dear, how Mrs. Heatherleigh raved about him this morning. She assured me that those who heard his brilliant speech at the literary dinner were nearly all in ecstasies over its eloquence. People are beginning to say that anyone who could deliver such a fine oration impromptu ought by all means to try for Parliament. And after you are married, Myrtle, I hope you will do everything in your power to bring about his taking of this highly sensible step. For if marked

political honor were bestowed upon him, they who now carp at his humble origin would feel themselves compelled to acknowledge..."

But Myrtle, to whom a card had just been delivered, ceased listening. "Mr. Cyril Cursitor," she read aloud, in somewhat shaken voice. Then to the servant: "Say that I will see him directly."

She found Cursitor in the drawing-room. "I've a message from Kenneth," he began. "His poor father is again very low. He dare not leave Mr. Indermaur's bedside. There is terrible prostration and entire unconsciousness. He begged me to come here with this news, hating to telegraph it. He is writing you now. He spoke of my asking you to pardon him," Cursitor added, with a faint, sad laugh. "But I knew you would resent the word. And so, I am sure, Myrtle, you do!"

"Pardon him?" said Myrtle, with a strange inflection in her voice. "Why should he suggest it?" Then she dropped into a chair, motioning for her companion to seat himself.

"But you, Cyril," she at once went on--" to pardon you is another affair."

"Me?" fell the surprised answer.

"You--yes. For all this time you have known who wrote 'Thoughts Out Loud,' and have never told me."

A flash of white light seemed suddenly cast on Cursitor's face. "Of what can you be dreaming?" he faltered.

"Oh, it's no dream. It's hard reality. You receive from the publisher, Mr. Forester, cheques for the sales of this book. You arranged with him the publication of it. I know this; and now let me make it quite plain to you why and how I know."

There is no doubt that in a long succession of brisk, decisive sentences Myrtle did make it exceedingly plain. She soon concerned herself, however, with other stages of the story. Adalbert's full course of action was next narrated--his alleged critical discovery, his visit to Forester's office, his cool purloining of the letter. When she had finished, Cursitor sat before her pale and impassive, nerved in every fibre against all future shock.

"Adalbert Hurst's conduct spells the meanest jealousy," he said, "and the most shameless theft as well."

"You must not think him a common thief," Myrtle petitioned, coldly. "He will of course give back the cheque and the letter now that he has shown me both."

"Doubtless," replied Cursitor in contemptuous undertone. "And he has tried to convince you, by this

and other means, that Kenneth Indermaur wrote those essays."

"But he has failed there!" cried Myrtle, with eagerness. "I do not--I could not believe it! Kenneth would never so grossly deceive me. But with you, Cyril, it is utterly different."

Cursitor gave a slow, icy nod. "I think I understand you. But my knowledge of who wrote the book is something, you must surely admit, which I had and still have the right to keep concealed."

"The right--yes."

"The unquestionable right," sternly replied her visitor--he, with whom sternness was so rare, so incongruous.

"Ah!" Myrtle exclaimed, woundedly. "But in a case like this everything is altered."

"Why?" shot from Cursitor. "Because Adalbert has accused the man to whom you're engaged? But remember, please, that you have just declared your absolute faith in Kenneth."

"I declare it still!"

"Then why speak of this matter as if it were an extraordinary case? Why arraign me as if you were some judge of my doings, providentially appointed?"

Myrtle's restless hands threatened to tear in

tatters the handkerchief they held. "You will not tell me, then, who wrote it? You are going to be so horribly unkind--so shockingly cruel?"

Cursitor smiled as if in despair. "This is the reckless logic of woman."

"Oh, leave woman alone! She has quite enough on her shoulders already. Whenever a man wishes to be particularly nasty to one of us he calls her 'illogical.' We've known each other for years and years, Cyril, and you ought to feel heartily ashamed of yourself."

"For what reason, if you please?"

"For having assumed these preposterous airs. For not having let me know what you must so long have known. To think of it! While I was lauding that book to the skies--affirming that it had changed my life, become my bible, my oracle, my fountain of all wisdom and truth, you must have been laughing at me in your sleeve!"

"I did not laugh at you in my sleeve, Myrtle," came Cursitor's quick contradiction. He now had himself well in hand. "I kept my secret and that was all."

Myrtle rose and began to roam the chamber. While touching an ornament here, rearranging a fall of tapestry there, flicking a speck of dust off this picture-frame or kneading into shape that discomposed sofa-cushion, she

let her words flow violently forth.

"You kept your secret--yes! But your very reticence, all this time, has been a living duplicity. We saw one another so often; you were so thoroughly aware of how the book had affected me. I'm acquainted with nearly all your friends. Who can it be? Not a woman--never a woman--I've always stuck to that! But why should anyone who had it in his soul to write so beautiful, so holy a book, wish to conceal his name?"

She was yards away from Cursitor as this last sentence left her lips. Her back was turned from him, but suddenly she veered round and saw that he sat with drooped eyes in rigid gaze upon the floor.

"Cyril!"

He started as she swept toward him, her face deathly, the swirl of her light summer garments like the rush of flame. With both hands she caught his arm and peered into his face.

"Cyril, you're not keeping the worst back? He did not write it? Adalbert was wrong! Kenneth did not, could not have written it, as I said! Someone else wrote it! Cyril, Cyril, am I not right?"

He looked at her fixedly. "Someone else wrote it," he replied.

"On--on you word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

XIII

"Your father?" were Cursitor's first words to Indermaur as they met in the latter's Chelsea home about an hour afterward.

"He rallied again," said Indermaur. "That lethargy has given place to a natural sleep. The doctor has just gone. He tells me that there cannot possibly be any suffering now. His very sleep may prelude another fit of heart-failure, and then..." Indermaur drew a deep sigh. "Come into the study," he pursued. "Martha is with him; at the least sign of change she will warn me."

When they had entered the study Cursitor had rested himself in the corner of an ample lounge, burying his elbow into its tufted ledge and so propping his head with one hand. The late midsummer dusk had not yet fallen. The room was pervaded by a tender silvery light.

"You saw Myrtle?" said Indermaur, while seating himself near his friend.

"Yes."

"You seem tired."

Cursitor's reclining posture ceased, and with the most stringent abruptness. He passed both hands half bewilderingly across his forehead. "Good God, Kenneth," he broke out, "I've just been lying horribly--lying for your sake!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

Then, without missing a single detail, Cursitor recounted all that he had heard from Myrtle. Indermaur's face looked grayish when he finished, and the gathering twilight had not made it so. "A watch-dog indeed, this Adalbert Hurst," he wrenched forth gruffly, from between stiffened lips. "And you say, Cyril, that Myrtle refused to credit all this evidence against me?"

"Yes, Kenneth. And yet there was an undercurrent of--doubt."

"Ah, no wonder!" And at this Indermaur gave a great start. "You spoke of having lied to her for my sake. I see! You told her, Cyril, that I did not write the book--that someone else wrote it!"

"Yes--I told her that."

Indermaur swiftly quitted his chair, went up to Cursitor, and caught his hand. He held it pressed between both his own as he said:

"You, of all others, Cyril! You, the most truthful man I have ever known! What a sacrifice! From my soul I thank you! And yet you should have understood!"

"Understood what?"

The pressure of Indermaur's hands tightened.

"That I would accept no such service. For my sake you made it, dear friend. For yours I must refuse it."

"Kenneth!" cried Cursitor, struggling to his feet.
"What madness do you dream of planning?"

Indermaur smiled. In this faded light the mouldings of his face, with its unaccustomed paleness, wore a new and sculptural beauty.

"Cyril," he said, in deep, sweet tones that seemed to overflow the limits of the room, though freed from the least effect of loudness. "I would rather lose Myrtle Sartorys forever, dearly as you know that I love her, than allow this lie--spoken by you from motives of infinite kindness--to remain unretracted! And so, with your full authorisation, I will go to her and ask her to pardon you for having spoken it."

Cyril tore away his hand. "You shall do nothing so wildly rash! I refuse--" But there he paused. Levelled steadily upon his own, the eyes of Indermaur appeared to search his soul.

XIV

The dinner in Berkely Square that evening was overshadowed by Indermaur's absence. Only three persons partook of it, Myrtle, her aunt and Lady Plinlimmon. The latter came glittering in those braveries which women so love to air at the opera, but her splendid garb looked anomalous beside Lady Cloome's discreet colorings and the simple white gown of Myrtle, relieved by a great rope of superb ancestral pearls.

"I mustn't speak much of my disappointment," said Lady Plinlimmon, while doing justice, in the old phrase, to some excellent champagne, and not refusing this or that savoury course when proffered her. "For if I lament too copiously, Myrtle, I may cast gloom upon young love's dream, my dear, that crystal mirror which it takes so light a breath to tarnish. But, really, nonsense quite aside, I've grown ever so fond of him! And though well aware that he would have no eyes but for yourself, I'd firmly resolved to steal as many glances as luck would allow me."

"I like to think of kenneth," fluted Lady Cloome, "as such a dutiful son. Many young men would [have] been more neglectful, especially as poor Mr. Indermaur is subject to these distressing attacks."

"Oh, I would not for the world have had him risk going," struck in Myrtle, with great seriousness.

"Think how terrible if the worst had happened while he was there at Covent Garden, in all that gaiety and glitter!"

They had just risen from the table when a footman approached Myrtle. A few low words passed between them. "In the drawing-room!" she presently exclaimed. Then, turning toward her companions: "Kenneth is waiting for me upstairs! How strange! He begs to see me quite alone. His father's illness may have changed for the better. I will join him at once."

Leaving murmurs of astonishment behind her, she hurried upstairs. At the door of the rear drawing-room Indermaur met her. He clasped her outstretched hand, leading her, as it were, across the threshold, and then softly closing the door. After that he released her hand, but made no other sign of greeting.

"Your father--" began Myrtle. "Is he--?" Then she stopped, devouring his face with avid eyes.

"I have done wrong in leaving him, perhaps, But my cab is waiting outside. I only wanted a few words with you Myrtle. Then I must hurry back."

"A few words, Kenneth?" Something in his voice had pierced her with dread.

"Yes," he answered. "Cyril Cursitor was here with you this afternoon."

"Ah, you've seen him since then?"

"I've seen him. And he has told me everything."

"Everything?" she echoed, blankly.

"The entire story. What Adalbert Hurst did. How he, Cyril, talked with you of that. What you replied. What he finally affirmed. Nothing--nothing has been left out."

Myrtle surveyed his features, for a few seconds, with hungry, glowing gaze. Then she drew slightly backward. "Did he tell you...?"

"That I was not the author of 'Thoughts Out Loud'? Yes. And he now sends me to beg your pardon--most humbly, repentantly, to beg your pardon."

"For what?" The two little words were flashed forth like daggers from sheaths.

"For having, at the merciful impulse of a profound friendship, spoken to a lie."

"A lie?" Her face grew whiter than her gown and seemed changing to stone while he watched it. "Then you did write that book?"

"Yes. I wrote that book." For the first time emotion swayed him. "Good God, Myrtle, don't look so implacable! It was long before I ever knew of your

existence. I did it for a sort of wager. I was still at Oxford--indeed I did not take my degree till two years later. No one ever found out but Cyril. One day he had jokingly taunted me with not having the capacity to write such a book. He put me on my boyish mettle--for what was I then but a boy? Pride of intellect--that quality so active and dominant in early youth, so apt to die down into a sane humility as we age--had laid me under its perverting spell. I saw later that I had done an ignoble thing--that I had trifled with my own sense of truth and dignity. But it had never occurred to me that the book would win more than a handful of readers. Its vogue, gradually increasing, became a surprise, then a sharp annoyance. But when I met you, Myrtle--when I heard from you the change it had wrought in your life--"

"Hush!" She chided, smotheringly. Her hands hung clenched at her sides. "No explanation is possible--none, at least, that would satisfy. You had time to enlighten me when you--found out--that I was willing--to become your wife." This last broken utterance ended in a short, low gasp.

"When I found that out? Found it out suddenly? Suddenly felt the charm and joy of it? Ah, yes, I had time to make all clear! But I was a coward, then.

Conscience may turn us cowards, but so does love--a love like mine, with circumstance threatening it so strangely! Could I help feeling afraid to lose you? Ask yourself, Myrtle, if this cowardice was not the natural product of my passion?"

But she answered him relentlessly, waving one tremulous hand before her wan, strained face.

"And so you went on deceiving me! You had heard me say what I owed to that book--how it had bettered me, lifted me--led me into fresh, bright paths. And you were selfish enough--"

"No!" he threw in, "I was merciful enough!"

"Ah, you call it mercy! To let me go on being duped by such flippant trickery! Sooner or later I must have guessed! You committed your fault, but you could not have lived it. Something would have told me." She turned toward the door with an almost stumbling step, and grasped its knob. Across one shoulder she added as if in forlornest afterthought: "The pride of intellect you've called it. Not the pride, I call it, but the shame! And that shame may God at some future hour give me the grace to pardon! Not now! Not, perhaps in years from now! Goodbye!"

She went from the room, and Indermaur stood alone in it, quite still, heedless of the lapsing minutes.

Then an abrupt remembrance of his father crossed his turmoil of pain. He passed out into the hall and quickly descended the stairs, eager to reach his waiting cab.

As his foot struck the lower floor a figure came gliding toward him. Lady Plinlimmon, with her height, her pliant carriage, her generous pronouncement of visage, shoulders, bust, never looked more harmoniously handsome than when clad, as now, with a flashing bounty of jewels and a festal wealth of laces and silks. Reaching the side of Indermaur, she plucked him with one large white hand firmly by the sleeve.

"You look as if you were bound for one of the bridges to fling yourself off," sped her vibrant semi-whisper. "But I know you're not; you're far too sensible. Yes; your father, I see; you needn't answer; you're hurrying back to him; I understand. And you've staid upstairs, there, stunned, petrified, longer than you knew. Now you're rushing on... Well, my dear man, listen. Myrtle's yonder, in the library. Lady Cloome has fallen into a doze in the little room beyond. I have the girl all to myself. She's told me half--more than half. I guess all the rest. And so you wrote the 'Thoughts.' You're more wonderful than I dreamed! You're in fact simply magnificent! She's an idiot.

She's lovely, and true as steel, but for all that, she's an idiot! We're not going to the opera. I shall stay here and fight it out with her. I'll win, too. She shan't fling you off like this, for a mere visionary reason! Trust me. I'll wrestle with her if it takes till dawn!"

"Dear Lady Plinlimmon, it would take till dawn of Doomsday!"

"Ah, Kenneth Indermaur, you don't know me yet! I'm a power when I'm roused. I've had my defeats, and people may say that my husband is one of them. But Marmaduke, after all, isn't a defeat; he's a compromise. I chose to make him one rather than--But never mind family history. I've had my victories too, and tonight shall add another to the list. There; au revoir. Hope, my friend. Screw up your courage, and hope--hope!"

"I will try," he said, pressing her hand at the threshold of the main doorway. But the words rang hollow as he spoke them, and Despair, not Hope, was the lacquey that ushered him into his hansom and bade its driver speed with best haste westward to Chelsea.

Back again to the library then darted Lady Plinlimmon. Her guns had been silenced, but only for a brief interval. Now they again began their smokeless, noiseless, yet determined battle. Myrtle had always

loved her and relied upon her counsels; of that she had for years been sure. The difference between their ages counted hardly more than ten years, but she had married early, and had always loomed for Myrtle as a mighty social personage long before the girl had escaped from schoolroom tasks. Then, too, she had taken Lady Cloome's place in the way of chaperonage, relieving the girl, on countless occasions, from that dreaded fate of the motherless English maiden, a hired protectress, a 'well-positioned' yet salaried duenna.

And now, while Myrtle sat with covered face, or moved about with bent head, or cast herself half-recumbent upon a lounge with straight-ahead stare from dry-glittering eyes, Lady Plinlimmon plied, firmly assiduous, her self-imposed task.

Did Myrtle for a moment fancy that she would ever be able to destroy her love? Idle hallucination! She would love Kenneth Indermaur even better a year from today than she loved him now. And why? Because arrogance was the keynote of her entire conduct. Instead of assuming a prerogative of contempt for this most gifted man, she should now hold him in all the higher respect. How preposterous, forsooth, to maintain the theory that all writers should continually stick to one line of thought! Not long ago a very able writer had wittily

observed that consistency was the last refuge of the unimaginative. What was the use of great philosophic intelligences except to shadow forth the varying moods of the human soul? Ah, she was a fine young commentator, surely! Was her attitude, to speak most leniently of it, a modest one? How, pray, would she deal with the grand poets of her own and other lands? Must her pretty little sceptre, wielded by a girlish hand, banish half of them to oblivion because some of the sentiments and conceptions bodied in their songs were "inconsistent" as regarded others? And this sense of betrayal, of imposition, of cozenage, at which Myrtle cried out. Was it not really the voice of her own vanity, her own egotism, that she had mistaken for honest revolt? There had been, on Indermaur's part, no voluntary deception whatever. Was it his fault that she had fallen in love with one of his books before she had fallen in love with him? Granted her disappointment at its authorship. Why should she presume to call the composition of it hypocrisy? Could Indermaur himself even presume so far? It came from his brain. The human brain had always been an enigma, and by its possessor it was often less comprehended than by those who watched it. Indermaur may have been sincerer than he dreamed while writing these essays. He might hereafter write others beside which these would seem almost

irreligious! Was there no allowance to be made for the mental mutations--the self-contradictions, the mystic developments--of a mind so remarkable and yet so young? Meanwhile Myrtle had his book to be thankful for. If she hurled it away, if she hurled him out of her future because of it, her own sense of humor, if nothing else, would shower vengeance upon her in the future.

"Time, unpitying time, my dear," cried Lady Plinlimmon, with lips that upcurled in a smile of reckless irony, "will paint your portrait for you hereafter and thrust it, chuckling, before your sight. And how will you appear in it? Why, simply as a female blue-stocking in a ludicrous temper!"

Myrtle started sharply, at this cutting onslaught, and her white cheeks grew scarlet.

"Good! Anything to rouse her," thought Lady Plinlimmon. A mistress of satiric raillery, she forthwith shot arrow after arrow of poignant ridicule, resolute to be cruel only that she might be kind.

Alighting at his own door after a fleet drive to Chelsea, Indermaur soon found that his father's condition had in no manner changed for the worse. There the sleeper lay, seemingly in utter peace, his breathing faint yet regular, his face hueless as a waxen mask.

Indermaur glanced at his watch by the dim light. It was still early in the evening. He seated himself at the bedside.

"Poor father," he reflected, "if you wake from this sleep and once more rally, and once more go living on in your spiritless, benighted way, it will be pleasant to feel that no regrets can ever reach you for my crushed ambitions and the abandoned hopes. There is money enough for me--more than my simple needs will require. I shall go into the country and dwell there among books, reading what others have written, but never again giving to the world a line of my own. There is a curse upon my talent; it has brought me nothing but despair; from tonight I bury it and roll the stone over its grave! In time, perhaps, I may travel; in time I may care for the companionship of my fellows. But never shall the dead spark of effort and struggle reawaken in my soul. You said that I could not feel profoundly. But you forgot to add--'Unless you once profoundly love!'"

Presently old Martha came into the room and whispered that dinner could now be served him at once if he so wished. He neither wished nor otherwise, but went downstairs and sat for an hour at the table, scarcely noting what was placed before him. At the end of this time Cursitor reappeared.

"Kenneth!" he appealed, anxiously, "you have seen Myrtle?"

"Yes."

"With what result?"

"The expected one, Cyril."

Cursitor gnawed his nether lip. "She refuses to-- pardon you?"

"Absolutely."

"Then it's all over?"

"Quite over."

Cursitor, groaning low to himself, began to pace the floor. He slapped the palm of one hand upon the tightened knuckles of the other. "If it had not been for that reptile, Adalbert Hurst!" He stopped at Indermaur's side. "But I've seen him, Kenneth, since we last met."

"Seen him?"

"And spoken with him. It happened like this. After leaving you, I went home to Tite Street. An envelope

awaited me there, containing Forester's letter and the cheque of which Myrtle told you. There was nothing more. These had been mailed me, too evidently by Adalbert Hurst. I confess, Kenneth, that a great anger then seized me. I had myself driven at once to Adalbert's rooms in the Albany. While the servant announced my name I swept past him. Hurst was in dressing-gown and slippers, bending over a table covered with papers and books. 'I've only this to say,' I began, stationing myself about three yards or so from his wide-eyed face. 'You went to Mr. Forester's office and stole from his desk a letter addressed to me. You afterward opened this letter. You returned it, with the accompanying cheque. But your act was nevertheless a criminal one, and I shall hold you responsible according to English law.'

"His face, always ugly, now looked ogreish, as he wreathed it with a sardonic smile. 'What, Cursitor!' he piped, 'shall you then actually give your friend, Indermaur, away, as the author of "Thoughts Out Loud"?'"

"Rage almost choked me, Kenneth, but I knew that an explosion would rather have pleased him than otherwise. And so, with a fair amount of collectedness I replied:

'There can be no question of that in the suit which I shall prefer against you. The lawyers will be compelled to stick to the main point. Your own knowledge

of law must show you this, if you choose to reflect. My suit against you will simply be for purloining a letter which did not belong to you. It's a grave charge, and as sure as I stand here I shall prefer it. When your position as a member of Parliament is considered, it seems graver still. You have not an atom of proof that the book was written by Indermaur, and your so-called "literary" deductions would count for nothing in the case, even if they were permitted to be aired in court. On only one item can you be tried--the stealing of a letter not addressed to you, and the subsequent opening of it. I think, Mr. Hurst, that when the judges and I have done with you your borough will not feel inclined to return you at Westminster on the next election."

"It was plain, Kenneth, that he felt the intense seriousness of my response. 'Stay a moment,' he cried, shrilly and frightenedly, as I wheeled around, intent upon quitting him. But I did not stay. I left him with that Parthian shaft striking in his guileful little heart! And tomorrow my solicitor and I shall hold together a council of war."

"It would be hard to blame you," said Indermaur. "That one word 'tomorrow!'" he sombrely added. "What a novelty of definition it holds for me!"

Cursitor drew a quick sigh. "Oh, Kenneth, if she throws you over for so slight a reason she is undeserving of such a love as yours! After a while that reflection should bring you some comfort!"

"No," said Indermaur, "it can bring me not a shred of comfort, Cyril. Her reason is not a slight one. She is a woman, and women possess capacities of emotion, of idealisation, of worship, all their own. Myrtle treasured that book with an unspeakable reverence. She loved me in spite of it. I know there were times when she felt that if I had written it a sort of crowning perfection would have surmounted her happiness. But to learn that I had written it in the spirit of a mere gay escapade--as a playing at bowls with solemnest ethical subjects--this arousal could only dethrone me forever from that pure height, her maiden heart! Indeed, it is because of the very sensitiveness she would show at such a discovery that I myself loved her the more. No, Cyril, the gates are closed against me forever, and over them waves the flaming sword! Were I a woman like herself, I should not have behaved differently. I have no word of reproach for her--none whatever!"

But Cursitor, stung into indignation, retorted with haste and heat. "Reproach will come later with you, Kenneth, and in just bitterness of revolt! Good heavens!

is this love on Myrtle's part, or is it the flimsiest travesty of love? A woman like her, indeed! Thank heaven--if she does not soon play for you a different tune on the fiddle of her high-strung self-esteem!--that there are not many women so cantankerously 'like her' in even this hurly-burly world!"

Indermaur vaguely and yet very sorrowfully shook his head. "For me there can never be any woman who bears toward her the faintest real resemblance!" Then, straightening, his eyes gave out a sudden flash; his whole manner underwent a change. "Cyril! Do you know that I thoroughly justify her? That I think she has been absolutely right? That I do not merit her pardon and have no conceivable claim upon her for any such sublime favor?"

Just as he ceased there came two loud raps, like those of the immemorial London postman, at the adjacent hall-door. Indermaur answered the summons. It was not made by a postman, but a messenger-boy. Cursitor soon afterward, heard the door clangingly shut.

"My God! It can't be! No, no! And yet..."

This also did Cursitor hear. He sped from the dining-room, and joined his friend in the hall.

Indermaur stood below the hall light. He held something white in his hand. "Read that, Cyril, and tell me--tell me if I'm awake or dreaming!"

Cursitor took the paper, and read aloud from it:

I forgive, and I also ask to be forgiven.

Myrtle

Through some odd mutual impulse the two men caught each other by the shoulders and ransacked one another's faces with their eyes.

"God bless Lady Plinlimmon! Cyril!"

"Yes, Kenneth?"

"What's o'clock?"

"About..." and Cursitor named the hour. "Ra..ther late, if you mean--"

"I do mean it," Indermaur struck in. "If you'd said midnight I'd have meant it still."

"Meant what?" murmured Cursitor, as if he did not perfectly know the answer.

"Rattling over to Berkely Square. Will you join me?"

"Yes, I'll be in at the--"

"Not the death, surely!" And Indermaur snatched at his hand wringing it.

"No, at the life, Kenneth--the new life!"

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Fawcett's Works

Essays

- Agnosticism and Other Essays. New York, 1889.
For Novelists and Poets. Copyright, March 6, 1888.
How a Novel is Written. Copyright, November 20, 1888.

Novels

- The Adopted Daughter. Chicago, 1892.
The Adventures of a Widow. Boston, 1884.
An Ambitious Woman. Boston, 1884.
American Push. Chicago, 1893.
An Anonymous Letter. Copyright, March 4, 1891.
Asses Ears. New York, 1871
B. B. Romance. New York, 1912.
The Best Match in Town. Copyright, March 14, 1895.
The Bond of Flesh. Copyright, March 10, 1892.
Cheviot's Last Chance. Copyright, November 12, 1888.
Comedy of Counterplots. Copyright, November 16, 1894.
The Confessions of Claud. Boston, 1887.
A Daughter of Silence. New York, 1890.
A Dead Man's Vengeance. Copyright, July 17, 1889.
A Demoralizing Marriage. Philadelphia, 1889.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

The Destruction of the Moon. Copyright, February 5, 1892.

Divided Lives. Chicago, 1888.

Dorothy Dillow. Copyright, February 1, 1893.

Douglas Duane. Philadelphia, 1888.

Ellen Story. New York, 1876.

The Evil That Men Do. New York, 1889.

Fabian Dimitry. Chicago, 1890.

Frankie and His Kindred. Copyright, August 22, 1887.

A Gentleman of Leisure. Boston, 1881.

The Ghost of Guy Thyrlle. New York, 1895.

An Heir to Millions. Chicago, 1892.

Her Fair Fame. New York, 1894.

Her Statue. Copyright, November 14, 1893.

His Only Child. Copyright, May 2, 1888.

A Hopeless Case. Boston, 1880.

The House at High Bridge. Boston, 1887.

How a Husband Forgave. New York, 1890.

Life's Fitful Fever Being the Memoirs of Clarence Disoway
Torrington. New York, 1896.

Loaded Dice. New York, 1893.

A Lost Day. Copyright, April 9, 1891.

Man from Mars. Copyright, June 3, 1891.

A Man's Will. New York, 1888.

Mark's Mother. Copyright, July 28, 1893.

A Martyr of Destiny. New York, 1894.

A Mild Barbarian. New York, 1894.

- Mildred Allaire. Copyright, July 9, 1884.
- Miriam Balestier. Chicago, 1888.
- Mrs. Thorndyke's Conscience. Copyright, March 10, 1885.
- My Day of Doom. Copyright, September 11, 1896.
- The New Hero. New York, 1893.
- New York. New York, 1898.
- A New York Family. New York, 1891.
- Olivia Delaplaine. Boston, 1888.
- Outrageous Fortune. New York, 1894.
- A Portrait Painter. Copyright, January 6, 1893.
- Purple and Fine Linen. New York, 1873.
- Revenge or Pardon. Which? Copyright, September 11, 1896.
- A Romance of Old New York. Philadelphia, 1897.
- A Romance of Two Brothers. New York, 1891.
- Rutherford. New York, 1884.
- Social Silhouettes. Boston, 1885.
- Solarion. Philadelphia, 1889.
- A Special Providence. Copyright, September 11, 1896.
- A Stormy Night. Copyright, July 6, 1893.
- A Story of Two Cousins. Copyright, February 10, 1885.
- The Tale of Two Misers. Copyright, September 28, 1891.
- Tinkling Cymbals. Boston, 1884.
- Two Daughters of One Race. Philadelphia, 1897.
- The Vulgarians. New York, 1903.
- Was It a Ghost? Copyright, May 12, 1885.
- Women Must Weep. Chicago, 1891.

Plays--date and place of first production in parentheses

Americans Abroad. (Daly's Theatre, New York, October 5, 1881.)

The Earl. (Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, April 11, 1887.)

A False Friend. (Union Square Theatre, New York, June 21, 1880.) Published as The False Friend, New York, 1880.

Sixes and Sevens. (Bijou Opera House, New York, March, 1881.)

Our Best Society.

Our First Families. (Daly's Theatre, September 23, 1880.)

Poetry

Blooms and Brambles, a Book of Verses. London, 1889.

Fantasy and Passion. Boston, 1878.

A Few Verses as Recited by the Author at a Farewell Dinner Given to Harry Oelrichs, at the Union Club on January 22, 1890. New York, 1890.

Romance and Revery; Poems. Boston, 1886.

Short Poems for Short People. New York, 1872.

Song and Story, Later Poems. Boston, 1884.

Songs of Doubt and Dream. New York, 1891.

Voices and Visions, Later Verses. London, 1903.

Verse Drama

The Buntling Ball. New York, 1884.

The New King Arthur. New York, 1885.

Location of Fawcett ManuscriptsBuffalo Public Library

"Irony."
 "My Echo."
 "Sister Dorothy."

Chicago Historical Society

"A City Eclogue."
 "A Dead World."
 "What to Read in Summer."

Duke University Library

"Art."
 "Barcarolle."
 "Eternity."
 "Fabrics."
 "From a Lover."
 "From a Madhouse."
 "He and She."
 "Hypocrites."
 "Keats."
 "The Meeting."
 "Le Revers de la Medaille."
 "To Paul Hamilton Hayne."
 "Whittier."
 "Will It Be Strong?"

Harvard University Library

"The Dominick Diamonds."
 "Nature in Bondage."
 "Some City Days."

Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

"Married Bohemians."

The New York Public Library

"A Tuberose."

Trinity College Library

"A White Camellia."

University of Virginia Library

"The Punishment."

Yale University Library

"Bigotry."

"Lilacs."

"The Twilight of the Poets."

Fawcett's Poetry and Prose in Periodicals

"Allegory," Century (April 1893), 891.

"American Impression of the New Grub Street," Bookman
(October 1900), 129-132.

"American in England," Munsey's Magazine (April 1903), 40.

"Antitheses," Century (February 1894), 639.

"Aux Invalides," Century (March 1891), 696.

"Baltimore Oriole," Golden Book Magazine (July 1926).

"Baudelaire," Atlantic Monthly (December 1875), 703.

"Bizarrie," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (April 1903), 512.
, Current Literature (July 1904), 47-48.

"Dead World," Century (February 1891), 498.

"Doreen," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (January 1904), 3-72.

"Extravaganza," Munsey's Magazine (November 1902), 195.

"A Few Literary Experiences," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine
(1886), 412-417.

"Grapes," Atlantic Monthly (November 1875), 602-603.

"Harp of My Heart," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (March
1903), 382.

"Immortelles," Atlantic Monthly (April 1875), 407.

"In the Year Ten Thousand," Arena (February 1890), 247-252.

"International Sweethearts," New England Magazine (April
1902), 152-166.

, Overland Monthly (April 1902), 745-757.

"Lincoln Loquiter," Poet Lore, (October 1899), 258.

- "Literature and the Drama," Dial (January 16, 1893), 38-40.
 "Love in Masquerade," Century (August 1894), 558.
 "Minorchord," Century (May 1894), 15.
 "Nathan Hale," Reader (June 1904) 100-101.
 "One Touch of Nature," Century (March 1893), 759.
 "Oriole," Nature Magazine (January 1945).
 "Paradise of Gamblers," Arena (November 1891), 641-651.
 "Pavement Pictures," Century (October 1892), 845.
 "Pawnbroker," Century (November 1890), 32.
 "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York," Arena (July 1891), 142-151.
 "Oedipus and the Sphinx," North American Review (December 1902), 871-876.
 "Prig," Century (May 1893), 158.
 "Queen Christina and de Liar," Arena (June 1890), 1-8.
 "Resurrection of Edith," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (January 1903), 85-94.
 "Retrospect," Nation (March 31, 1892), 254.
 _____, Dial (July 16, 1893), 42.
 "Should Critics Be Gentlemen?" Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1887), 163-177.
 "Sleep and Death," Independent (February 1, 1900), 303.
 "Spring Days in Venice," Cosmopolitan (April 1901), 613-622.
 "Stronger than Death," Munsey's Magazine (June 1903), 443.
 "To Robert G. Ingersoll," Arena (December 1893), 114-117.
 "Traffic," Century (July 1892), 384.
 "Unpardonable Sin," Munsey's Magazine (January 1903), 492-505.
 "Waste," Atlantic Monthly (June 1875), 683.
 "Woes of the New York Working Girl," Arena (December 1891), 26-35.

Periodicals Consulted

- Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. "Rachel-Ristori," Atlantic Monthly (September 1875), 297.
 _____, "Sleep," Atlantic Monthly (September 1875), 297.
 Allen, James Lane. "Should Critics Be Gentlemen?" Critic (January 15, 1887), 25.
 Banks, Nancy H. "Two Recent Revivals in Realism," Bookman (June 1899), 356-357.
 Barr, Amelia E. "The Modern Novel," North American Review (November 1894), 592-600.
 "Chronicle and Comment," Bookman (June 1904), 340-342.
 "Edgar Fawcett," New York Times (June 22, 1880), 4.
 Fawcett, Edgar. "A Few Literary Experiences," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886), 412-417.
 _____, "Immortelles," Atlantic Monthly (April 1875), 407.

the first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the various parts are interrelated and interdependent. The second is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The third is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The fourth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The fifth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion. The sixth is that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the various parts are interrelated and interdependent. The seventh is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The eighth is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The ninth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The tenth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion.

The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the various parts are interrelated and interdependent. The second is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The third is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The fourth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The fifth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion. The sixth is that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, in which the various parts are interrelated and interdependent. The seventh is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, in which the parts are constantly changing and evolving. The eighth is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with the environment. The ninth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a non-linear fashion. The tenth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, in which the parts are constantly interacting with each other in a probabilistic fashion.

- . "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York," Arena (July 1891), 142-151.
- . "Should Critics Be Gentlemen," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1887), 163-177.
- . "To Robert G. Ingersoll," Arena (December 1893) 114-117.
- . "The Woes of the New York Working Girl," Arena (December 1891), 26-35.
- Garland, Hamlin. "Mrs. Ripley's Trip," Harper's Weekly (November 24, 1888), 894-895.
- Gilder, Jeanette. "The Lounger," Critic (February 15, 1896), 114.
- Greg, Sir Walter W. "The Rationale of Copy-Text," Studies in Bibliography, III (1950-1951), 19-36.
- James, Henry. "Crawford's Consistency," Scribner's Monthly Magazine (August 1876), 569-584.
- . "Four Meetings," Scribner's Monthly Magazine (November 1877), 44-56.
- Lathrop, George Parsons. "The Literary Movement in New York," Harper's New Monthly Magazine (November 1886), 813-833.
- Lowell, James Russell. "The Dancing Bear," Atlantic Monthly (September 1875), 329.
- Pellow, George. "The New Battle of the Books," Forum (July 1888), 564.
- Riding, William H. "Edgar Fawcett," Bookman (December 1910), 436-439.
- Stedman, Edmund Clarence. "Latter Day British Poets," Scribner's Monthly Magazine (March 1875), 585-596.
- Thompson, Maurice. "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," Scribner's Monthly Magazine (February 1879), 547-552.

Reviews of Fawcett's Works

- "The Adventures of a Widow," Nation (October 9, 1884), 314.
- "An Ambitious Woman," Atlantic Monthly (May 1884), 710-711.
- _____, Nation (February 28, 1884), 194.
- _____, New York Times (December 17, 1883), 3.
- "A Demoralizing Marriage," Critic (April 6, 1889), 167.
- "Divided Lives," Critic (January 26, 1889), 40.
- "Ellen Story," Harper's New Monthly Magazine (1876), 629.
- "Fantasy and Passion," Atlantic Monthly (May 1878), 632-635.
- _____, Harper's New Monthly Magazine (1878), 469.
- _____, Nation (May 16, 1878), 328.
- _____, Scribner's Monthly Magazine (June 1878), 296-298.
- "A Gentleman of Leisure," Atlantic Monthly (October 1881), 561-564.

- "A Gentleman of Leisure," New York Times (July 10, 1881), 10.
 "A Hopeless Case," Atlantic Monthly (September 1880), 415-416.
 _____, New York Times (June 27, 1880), 10.
 "The House at High Bridge," Dial (December 1886), 189-190.
 "A Man's Will," Nation (June 28, 1888), 530.
 _____, New York Times (July 22, 1888), 10.
 "A Mild Barbarian," New York Times (October 14, 1894), 27.
 "Miriam Balestier," Critic (March 23, 1889), 142-143.
 "The New King Arthur," Critic (February 6, 1886), 68-69.
 _____, Nation (December 24, 1885), 541.
 "New York," Independent (January 26, 1899), 280-281.
 _____, New York Times (October 8, 1898), 662.
 _____, New York Times (January 28, 1899), 64.
 "A New York Family," Catholic World (July 1892), 599-600.
 _____, Critic (June 27, 1891), 335.
 "Purple and Fine Lipen," Nation (July 10, 1873), 27.
 "A Romance of Old New York," New York Times (May 1, 1897), 3-4.
 "Rutherford," New York Times (August 23, 1884), 3.
 "Social Silhouettes," Athenaeum reprinted in the Critic (January 23, 1886), 48.
 "Song and Story," Critic and Good Literature (September 6, 1884), 119.
 _____, Harper's New Monthly Magazine (1884), 966-967.
 _____, Nation (December 18, 1884), 528.
 _____, New York Times (October 26, 1884), 6.
 "Songs of Doubt and Dream," Dial (July 16, 1893), 42.
 "Tinkling Cymbals," Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (August 1884), 215-216.
 _____, Nation (July 31, 1884), 96.
 _____, New York Times (June 22, 1884), 5.
 "Women Must Weep," New York Times (February 14, 1892), 19.

Books Consulted

- Altick, Richard D. The Art of Literary Research. New York, 1963.
 Bateson, Frederick W. Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature. 5 vols. New York, 1941-1957.
 Blanck, Jacob. Bibliography of American Literature. 4 vols. New Haven, 1955-1963.
 Burke, W.J. and Will D. Howe. American Authors and Books. New York, 1943.
 Cushing, Helen Grant and Adah V. Morris. Nineteenth Century Guide to Periodical Literature. 2 vols. New York, 1944.

- Fletcher, William I. American Library Association Index to General Literature. Boston, 1901.
- Gregory, Winifred. Union List of Serials in Libraries in the United States and Canada. New York, 1943.
- Handlin, Oscar, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Samuel E. Morison, Frederick Merk, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Paul H. Buck. Harvard Guide to American History. Cambridge, 1954.
- Herzberg, Max J. The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature. New York, 1962.
- Howells, William Dean. Criticism and Fiction and Other Essays. ed. Clara and Rudolf Kirk. New York, 1959.
- Johnson, Allen. Dictionary of American Biography. 22 vols. New York, 1928-1958.
- Jones, Joseph, Ernest Marchand, H. Dan Piper, J. Albert Robbins, and Herman E. Spivey. American Literary Manuscripts. Austin, 1960.
- Lawrence, D.H. Studies in Classic American Literature. New York, 1923.
- Lehmann-Haupt, Hellmut. The Book in America. New York, 1952.
- Mott, Frank Luther. Golden Multitudes. New York, 1947.
- . A History of American Magazines. 4 vols. New York, 1930-1957.
- National Cyclopaedia of American Biography. 13 vols. New York, 1893-1906.
- Poole, Frederick and William I. Fletcher. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. 6 vols. Boston, 1893-1908.
- Quinn, Arthur Hobson. A History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day. New York, 1936.
- Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature. Minneapolis, 1901--.
- Saunders, Chauncey. An Introduction to Research in English Literary History. New York, 1952.
- Spiller, Robert E., Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby. Literary History of the United States. 3 vols. New York, 1948-1962.
- Stoddard, R.H. et alii. Poet's Homes. Boston, 1879.
- Wilson, James Grant and John Fiske. Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography. 7 vols. New York, 1887-1900.
- Who's Who in America. Chicago, 1899--.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income. The second part of the document provides a detailed breakdown of the accounting process, starting with the identification of transactions, followed by their classification into debits and credits. It then explains how these entries are posted to the appropriate accounts in the general ledger. The third part of the document covers the preparation of financial statements, including the balance sheet, income statement, and statement of cash flows. It discusses the importance of reconciling the accounts and ensuring that the statements accurately reflect the company's financial position. The final part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers some advice on how to improve the efficiency of the accounting process.

Y

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 1293 03084 9495