IN MEMORIAM

NEWMAN IVEY WHITE

1892-1948

LIBRARY NOTES

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NEWMAN IVEY WHITE MEMORIAL ISSUE

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FOREWORD

THE death of Newman Ivey White on December 6, 1948, took from the realm of English letters one of its most eminent figures, and from Duke University a brightest star in its group of scholars and teachers. To a wide circle of friends, colleagues, and students there came the shocking sense of irreparable loss. The Duke University Library, and especially the organization of the Friends of Duke University Library, were deprived of a devoted friend, wise counsellor, and generous donor. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of The Friends on December 15, 1948, the following statement was read into the minutes:

> The Executive Committee of the Friends of Duke University Library wishes to attempt some expression, however imperfect, of its sense of loss at the death of its distinguished, loyal, and beloved member, Newman Ivey White.
>
> Professor White was a member of the Friends from the beginning, and indeed promoted their aims long before the organization itself came into being; there is scarcely any part of the Library which has not known his beneficent influence. For nearly thirty years he advised in the development of the Library's resources in his several fields of interest. Furthermore, his fame as a scholar gained him acquaintance with private collectors abroad and brought to the Rare Book Room some of its most prized volumes. He also enriched the Library's holdings by his personal gifts. But in another and perhaps still more important way he was a benefactor to the Library: he used the materials from its collections and the skill of its staff to aid him in his scholarly and creative work; thus he brought to fruition the very purposes for which the Library was founded. We like to remember that much of the arduous labor which went into his life of Shelley was done in our stacks and in his study within the walls of our building. His acknowledgments of assistance from the Library carried its name around the world. It was only natural that in 1947 Professor White should be made a Life Member of the Friends; in honoring him we honored ourselves.
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> The word "Friend" is especially appropriate to Newman White—this firm, kind, zealous friend, whose place in our councils and in our hearts can never be adequately filled.

It is not without significance that the last published writing from Newman White's pen should have been a poem in the July, 1948, issue of LIBRARY NOTES on the pleasures of reading rare book catalogues. So it is peculiarly appro-

priate that the Friends of Duke University Library should have the privilege of offering this special issue of their bulletin as a memorial to him. Through the kindness of Mrs. White, a considerable body of hitherto unpublished material has been made available to us. The papers selected for inclusion here represent two types of writing at which Newman White was equally successful—the formal, scholarly (though never dull) address, and the informal essay. From a sheaf of verse, a group of sonnets on Wordsworth shows his insight into the philosophy and personality of the poet; "The Inner Fortress" gives us a glimpse of the charm of his own personality and the sources of its strength; other poems, expressing his joy in nature and his belief in man, show his exceptional lyric gift.

Professor James Cannon III, a friend since undergraduate days at Trinity College, and Professor Lewis Patton, his colleague in the English Department since 1926, have prepared the biographical sketch. The editor has contributed the bibliography. Publication of this issue has been made possible by gifts to the Friends designated in memory of Newman White.

Who are we
To speak of beauty fading? It abides
Within the mind more firmly, being gone:
. . .
the loveliness that glides
Not past, but forward, always moving on.

NEWMAN IVEY WHITE

NEWMAN IVEY WHITE: SCHOLAR AND HUMANITARIAN

FEBRUARY 3, 1892 - DECEMBER 6, 1948

JAMES CANNON III and LEWIS PATTON

"NO HUMAN BEING has ever completely understood another personality. There are veils upon veils (to use a Shelleyan figure) which conceal (or should I say protect?) that utter loneliness which stands desperately at bay or seeks desperately to escape, in the far recesses of every human personality."

Thus wrote our friend Newman White in his "Adventures of a Biographer," and his words must rouse misgivings in the mind of anyone who sets himself the serious task of telling the story of a life. Certainly the force of this quotation is not lost upon the present writers. But as White went on to say of Shelley, "some of the outermost veils are penetrated by the biographer," and just as he felt that "I cannot claim that I have ever seen Shelley plain," so we who write this sketch of him, even though we knew him outwardly for many years, do not claim completely to have grasped the meaning of his full and fruitful life, lived in the Trinity College and Duke University community for thirty-five years. Fortunately, a man of letters leaves upon his readers an impression of himself which, though often subtle and evanescent, is yet truthful and significant. In the verse and prose of Newman White, some of which is preserved in this issue of LIBRARY NOTES, will be found the qualities of the inner being. Our account will be largely of the outer life, the life which the world could see.

Newman Ivey White was born on February 3, 1892, in Statesville, North Carolina; later the family moved to Greensboro, where his father, James Houston White, died in 1912. His mother, Harriet Moore Ivey, survived until 1943. His maternal grandfather, the Reverend George Washington Ivey, was a celebrated minister of the Methodist Church who is commemorated in the Ivey Professorship of the History of Religion and Missions in the Duke Divinity School. An uncle, the Reverend Thomas Neal Ivey, was also an influential minister in the Methodist Church, and an editor of several of its principal organs. Other uncles are J. B. Ivey of Charlotte, and George

F. and E. C. Ivey of Hickory, North Carolina. An aunt, Mrs. George M. Foard, lives in Statesville, where Newman White is buried; his sister, Mrs. Hugh J. Toland, lives in Asheville, and a brother, James Ivey White, in Atlanta.

Newman White entered Trinity College in the fall of 1909. Here he received the nickname used universally in early days, "Ni." He embraced college life with gusto. He had a passion for sports, and had played football in high school, but Trinity College in those days had no team, so he had to content himself with basketball, baseball (he was a southpaw pitcher), track, and tennis. His success was the more remarkable when one considers that he was handicapped then, as later, by poor vision. Concentrating chiefly on tennis, he was a member of the varsity team for three years, and captain and manager for two. He later coached the Trinity-Duke tennis teams for many years, and if the authors' memories serve them, his crafty left-handed shots were still too much for the undergraduates when he finally gave up the game. Visitors to the Whites' house may recall seeing in a cupboard an array of trophy cups, won in many matches.

But he was from the first a student and writer. Besides his active participation in the literary and scholastic societies, he was a notable contributor to the literary magazine, *The Archive,* in which he published much excellent verse. He was elected editor of *The Archive* for his senior year, but for some reason did not serve, possibly because he was also editor-in-chief of the *Chanticleer,* the yearbook which he had helped to found in his junior year, and which he had named:

> The feathered songster, Chaunticleer,
> Han wounde his bugle horne,
> And tolde the earlie villager
> The commynge of the morne.

In looking back through the *Chanticleer* for 1913, one of the present writers recognized his own thumb-nail sketch of Newman White, the editor:

> 'Ni'—A man of varied talents—athlete, writer, editor—one of the brightest of the many stars of 1913. Great on figuring, both on questionable and creditable propositions. Has figured out the creditable parts of this volume, and also a method of blaming the poorer parts on assistants. A poet of note, a terror of a tennis player, and an appreciative hearer of all things humorous and esthetic, queer as the combination may be. Man of many interests and faithful to all. Ambition is to teach English, for which he is abundantly fitted.

A teacher White was born to be. His trend to the academic began in college where he was an assistant in Latin and in English, and also in the library. Following his graduation in 1913, *magna cum laude* and with highest honors in English, he remained at Trinity for a year as a graduate student and assistant in English, and obtained his M.A. in 1914. He proceeded to Harvard University where he earned the degrees of M.A. in 1915 and Ph.D. in 1918. In the meantime, he had filled an instructorship in English at Alabama Polytechnic Institute (1915-1916), and was promoted to a professorship there. But after receiving his doctorate at Harvard, he went instead to Washington University in St. Louis as instructor in English for the year 1918-1919. Then was resumed his long and vital connection with his alma mater. From 1919 to 1948 he was professor of English at Trinity (and Duke), and from 1943 chairman of the English Department. His teaching career also included the summer sessions of other universities: Texas in 1930, Harvard in 1939, and Minnesota in 1941. Calls to other universities were not infrequent, but it was his deliberate choice to invest his talents and his life in his own university. Perhaps he remembered the words of the Harvard sage, George Herbert Palmer: "Attach yourself to institutions." In truth he loved Duke and the state of North Carolina. It is to the credit of the University that he found here an environment and an atmosphere, which he had no small part in creating, congenial to his powers and tastes. He moved in all circles of the University, and was respected in all.

As a teacher White was remarkable not for any single or spectacular quality, but rather for the richness and comprehensiveness of his endowment. Sound, honest, witty, natural, often inspiring—he practiced his profession on the highest level, as the results abundantly proved, for an unusually large proportion of his students went into teaching, literature, and allied professions. The same qualities contributed to his equal distinction in research, and made him an excellent example of how sound teaching and productive research may be combined in one individual, as he himself believed they could and should be. "The antagonism of teaching and research is not a natural, but a manufactured one," he wrote in an article, "Teaching versus Research," in *School and Society* for January 23, 1932.

> If we consider the qualities most essential to the real value of both research men and teachers we find them surprisingly similar. By common agreement, they are honesty, tolerance, industry, mental alertness. Parenthetically, the same may be said of preachers. The good teacher, however, needs one quality that is not essential to the research worker, namely, a pleasing personality, since

his contribution depends largely on personal contacts. But when we analyze this quality we find its chief ingredient to be a kind of imaginative sympathy, something that is also necessary to the good research worker.

Famous chiefly for his interpretations of the Romantic poets, he was also deeply conscious that literature is a living thing. Through his verse-writing class, especially, which for many years met often at his home, he exerted a great influence upon student writers of many college generations. One remembers particularly the brilliant *Archive* group of 1926, but there were many others, before and since. Readers of this issue of LIBRARY NOTES are indebted to these verse-writing classes, for some of the poems printed here spring from his inability to resist joining in the fun.

No account of Newman White's life would be complete without mention of the powerful influence of Mrs. White in inspiring his scholarly achievements and promoting his social enjoyments. She was Marie Anne Updike, born in Belleville, Illinois, and reared in St. Louis, where she was educated in the public schools and in Washington University, from which she received the A.B. degree in 1915 and the M.A. in 1919. She met Newman White in 1919 as a member of his graduate class, and they were married on August 10, 1922. A daughter, Marie, born in 1926, died in infancy. In 1927, Mrs. White began a distinguished career as a teacher at Duke, most notably as a lecturer on the modern drama. As a hostess she has made an equally great contribution. Their home was a place of liberal thought and free discussion, as well as of lively merriment. It was the center for a group of devoted friends both in the University and in the city of Durham, and the place of entertainment of many guests from other universities. The Whites were masters of apt quotation and repartee, serving beautifully as foils for each other's wit.

One of the many interests which they shared and enjoyed together was one for song. It is characteristic that this interest was not confined to an academic zeal for collecting and annotating; they liked to sing and did so on frequent occasions in a most agreeable manner. As a scholar, Professor White was especially learned in Negro song and made two major contributions in the field of Negro folklore: *An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes* (with W. C. Jackson), 1924, and *American Negro Folk-Songs,* 1928. This last was one of the series of works published by the Harvard University Press in realization of the aim of Kittredge and Child to give permanent form to American folklore. Its publication brought him recognition as a leading authority on folklore, and he was consulted in this capacity by the staff of the Library of Congress, who recommended his book as a model for other

works in the field. Many of the songs in this collection were contributed by Negro friends who came to the Whites' house to sing them, Mr. White transcribing the words and Mrs. White the music. Newman White enjoyed this opportunity of extending his friendships among the Negro race. The interest in folklore was dormant until 1943, when he assumed the general editorship of the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, to which he had from time to time contributed many items, including recordings of songs. This monumental work, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and Duke University, was interrupted by his death.

Great as was his contribution to folklore, the realm of scholarship to which White's name will be forever linked is the study of the poet Shelley. For the origin and growth of this interest, we have White's own statement at the time of the publication of his *Shelley:*

> I first became interested in Shelley through a term paper in Professor Irving Babbitt's class at Harvard in 1915. My first attitude toward Shelley was rather hostile than sympathetic. The term paper grew into a Ph.D. thesis on *Shelley's Dramatic Poems* in 1918. But from 1916 to 1928, though I was publishing a number of articles in scholarly journals on Shelley and his contemporaries, probably my major interest was Negro poetry and folk-song, on which I published two books and several articles. During these years I was teaching Shelley's poetry every year, and writing articles and notes about him. After 1928 the Shelley interest intensified, and produced more articles. I have done my library research mainly in the following libraries: Harvard, New York Public Library, Library of Congress, Bodleian, British Museum, Duke University—though I have corresponded with scores of libraries and individuals everywhere. I was particularly fortunate in having the interest and encouragement of the late Mr. T. J. Wise, friend of many of the Victorian Shelleyans and owner of the greatest collection of Shelleyana, who had written much on Shelley himself. He placed at my disposal his whole library, including important basic materials never accessible to other Shelleyans since Dowden used them. During his last illness, he talked with me several hours a week, placing his memory at my disposal and offering hints for the location of lost material. It was he who first encouraged me to write a biography of Shelley.

Leaving aside articles in learned journals (listed in the bibliography of White's published work), the first published fruit of his interest was the anthology of Shelley's writings called *The Best of Shelley* (1932). This still remains the most comprehensive and authoritative commentary on Shelley; in the few places where it is obsolete, it is usually because of White's own later researches. In the next book on Shelley, *The Unextinguished Hearth:*

Shelley and his Contemporary Critics (1938), White exploded the view that Shelley was a neglected poet in his day and revealed instead that "Shelley's contemporary critics were not blind to his genius, but merely afraid of it." This fear was based on both political and aesthetic considerations. The researches done in preparation for these volumes expanded White's knowledge of source materials and made ever more secure his understanding of the thought and personality of the poet. He felt at length prepared for the great work of his life, and that he was not mistaken is apparent in the easy mastery which pervades the pages of his *Shelley,* which Alfred Knopf published in two volumes in 1940.

To speak properly of this book it may be better to shift to the comments of others, rather than to risk a charge of undue local pride. Though the tone of the excerpts quoted is that of high praise, it can be said that their estimate has never been challenged by responsible judges. One of the earliest reviews said in part:

> There have been a few occasions—I wish they had been much more numerous—when I have finished a new book with a strong feeling that what I had read was a genuine contribution to literature, a book I intended to keep and to re-read and to introduce to other readers. This is how I feel about Mr. White's *Shelley,* which looks to me like the definitive life of that great poet—certainly the best documented, the most accurate, and probably the most sympathetically sensible, life yet written. It is a long book, well over one thousand pages without the notes; yet at no time did I feel any desire to skip or that Mr. White was being too detailed.—Richard Aldington, in *Saturday Review of Literature,* December 7, 1940.

Harvard's brilliant scholar, poet, and critic, Theodore Spencer, who, like Newman White, was stricken by untimely death, wrote:

> It would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory biography of a poet than Professor White's life of Shelley. It is complete, serious, and of an almost more than adequate magnitude. The product of twenty-five years' careful labor, it will remain, as it deserves to remain, the most thorough, sensible, and well-balanced life of Shelley that research and careful judgment can produce. New materials may turn up in the future (the Esdaile papers have still to be thoroughly examined) and new critical estimates will be made from time to time, but it is most unlikely that so thorough and just a presentation will ever be made again.—*The Atlantic Monthly,* January, 1941.

When the end of the war made possible the publication of *Shelley* in England in 1947, Harold Nicolson, a master of the biographical art, both in

its theory and practice, reviewed it in the *Daily Telegraph* (London) of September 12, 1947. Since *Shelley* had already been available for nearly seven years, it is probable that this represents a considered opinion:

> He has brought to his great task a simple narrative style, an admirable sense of proportion and construction, and a modest objectivity of approach which never distorts, but always illumines, the innumerable facts which he has collected. In these two volumes we are able to follow Shelley's life, and the development of his genius, almost day by day. From time to time Professor White interrupts the easy flow of his narrative to analyse the meaning of some poem or pamphlet or to explain the inner secret of Shelley's recurrent moods of depression. His notes are informative and abundant, his appendices of great interest, and his chapter on Shelley's posthumous reputation is a masterpiece of industry and analysis. . . . This is unquestionably the most important contribution to Shelley scholarship which has been published in this generation.

In order to give the general reader a more accessible form of the *Shelley*—one free of the paraphernalia of notes, necessary for scholarship but cumbersome—Professor White published in 1945 his *Portrait of Shelley,* which is the text of *Shelley* somewhat revised. It is hard to imagine a more charming and satisfactory work of literary art.

Those who knew Newman White in only one aspect did not know the man; to be understood, he must be known as an integrated being with various facets. He was recognized as standing for progressive movements not only at Duke but in wider educational and public movements as well. He expressed his views by voice, and especially by his fluent pen, whenever occasion demanded, but was never boring or vituperative. Certainly one would have little appreciation of him who did not know him as a citizen; a citizen, he evidently felt, was one who in times of crisis did those things that were necessary to do, however hard they might be. A manifestation of this trait appeared in the presidential campaign of 1932. White had come to admire the intellectual honesty and humanitarian zeal of Norman Thomas, and therefore regretted that, under North Carolina election laws, Thomas did not have a place on the ballot. He lost little time in setting about to correct this defect by circulating a petition, and correct it he did by dint of arduous campaigning for signatures. After 1932, as the depression persisted, he became more and more concerned not with partisan politics but with the relief of human suffering. Probably at no time for the remainder of his life did a year go by in which he was not seriously interested in some deeply thought

out scheme for the aid of those in want. In the depression years of 1934-1936 he became interested in the West Durham Nursery School, for which he organized support, collecting and contributing funds. This particular interest he continued at a later time with the Child Care Association, of which he was chairman and member of the board of directors from 1944 to 1946.

His most distinctive social effort was manifested in the Durham Labor and Materials Exchange, which he organized and directed almost single handed. The Exchange operated from February 3 to August 26, 1933, when conditions among the unemployed in industrial Durham were at their worst. Organizations and public spirited citizens saw this admirable project and gave it aid because they were convinced of Professor White's ability and unselfishness. The City Armory was made available as headquarters; the Duke Hospital and the Duke Legal Aid Clinic cooperated. Employment and materials were found for many needy people by the exchange of goods and services. Employment was provided by odd jobs, and recreation and reading rooms were maintained for the unemployed. The Community Relief organization was highly appreciative of this supplement to its work.

This interesting social experiment was described by White in an article, "Labor Helps Itself: a Case History," published in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for October, 1933. In this article he gave a detailed account of the operations of the Exchange, together with a statement of its principles:

> The principles on which the L. and M. has consistently operated have been six: (1) to build up credit by fulfilling all its obligations; (2) to serve the unemployed in every way possible and keep itself adaptable; (3) to emphasize self-help rather than charity; (4) to resist the tendency to lower wages; (5) to avoid entangling alliances and competition; and (6) to promote in every way possible cooperation among the unemployed, and between the unemployed and the employed.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, White took a prominent part in the work of the Duke University Defense Council. As Chairman of its Committee on National Unity, he arranged for the preparation and publication in the daily press of a series of articles by members of the Duke faculty, and wrote one article, "What the Nazis did in Germany and might do in America," in the series. He gave both money and precious time to British War Relief, United Nations War Relief, and Red Cross activities, and spoke publicly in their interests.

His sense of social responsibility showed itself also in the affairs of his University and his profession. Of his services in these realms we can enumer-

ate only a few. Although the Duke Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was not organized until 1920, White and his lifelong friend, Hardin F. (Stitch) Taylor were elected as alumni members. He was on many of its committees and served one term as its president. He was a prominent member also of the American Association of University Professors, and was designated by the national office to investigate two colleges alleged to have infringed academic freedom. His findings appear in the *Bulletin* of the Association. He was for a number of years secretary of the Duke University Research Council, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Friends of Duke University Library, to which he made frequent and valuable gifts.

White served as a member of the board of directors of the English Institute from 1939 to 1942. He was also a member of the American Folklore Society, and was for two terms president of the North Carolina Folklore Society. He was a member of the Modern Humanities Research Association, and in the Modern Language Association was on the Committee on Monographs and advisory editor for articles on Shelley scholarship. To the annual bibliographies of the *Journal of English Literary History (ELH),* from 1937 to 1947, he contributed bibliographical and critical notes concerning publications in the field of English Romantic literature. Among English societies, he was a member of the British Society of Authors, and the Charles Lamb Society.

Despite all these activities, superimposed on a busy life of teaching and research, Newman White was a diligent and faithful correspondent. His index of correspondents contains over three hundred addresses of individuals, libraries, and institutions with which he maintained contact. He answered everything that came to him, usually in longhand, faithfully and fully. He even "suffered fools gladly," or at least patiently, and gave large amounts of his time to many persons and causes that had no real claim upon him. The burden of correspondence and interviews became particularly heavy after the worldwide reputation that came to him in his later years, but still he continued to give of himself.

The last year of his life was filled, as usual, with accomplishment and enjoyment. During the summer of 1948 he motored with Mrs. White to California to study the William Godwin materials in the Huntington Library. Continuing his work on Godwin, of whom he proposed to write a biography, he went on sabbatical leave, in the fall of 1948, to Harvard. There he spent several happy months, in a university and among friends who had a great hold on his affections. Aside from the separation from his wife, this

was one of the happiest periods of his life. He had planned that in the spring of 1949 he and Mrs. White should travel to Europe, but during the night of December 6 death fell upon him quietly.

His funeral was held in the Duke University Chapel, where the service was read by his friend of forty years, the Reverend James Cannon III, and by a newer friend, the Reverend George Brinkmann Ehlhardt. Of the many affectionate and admiring tributes paid to Newman White, it is hardly possible to make more than a random choice. One we like particularly to remember speaks of his relation to his alma mater, which he loved so well that he could never rest in his zeal to improve it; Professor William B. Hamilton wrote for the student newspaper, the Duke *Chronicle,* of December 10, 1948:

> Duke University has become so large, the interests of its students so diverse, that all the undergraduates do not have general acquaintance, even by hearsay, with any one member of our body. It is well for us to know, therefore, that the life of N. I. White, who died on Monday, added dignity and stature to each student and teacher in this University.
>
> His achievement in the literary world is enough to expect from one man, but it is not the only gift to us from Professor White. He so comported himself outside his study that we are still richer for him. He was no radical nor rebel, but he had the courage to espouse unpopular causes and a willingness to look authority in the eye which gave heart to many a weaker member of this University. His concern for the less privileged led him to interest himself in behalf of the worker (before he could fight for himself) and of various underdogs. He tried to assist the laborers of Durham when the depression had brought them to sore straits. He sponsored Norman Thomas when (and probably because) that gentleman was considerably less tolerantly regarded than he is now. At a time when many members of this University felt themselves frustrated by an atmosphere of inadequacy, secretiveness and lack of trust—a failing of that academic comradeship we need here in our common enterprise—White lent his prestige and force to the protestants, bolstering their self-respect. The urbane geniality with which he received the young, student or teacher, had the same effect. In these matters he made to Duke University throughout his thirty years here an inestimable contribution as a man, distinct from his service as a teacher and a scholar. Because of White, we are each of us more learned. We are more highly regarded. And what is most important, we have more pride in ourselves and more faith in our fellows.

SONNET: AUGUST 6, 1945

Into the void we go, where things unknown
Move formless, in a dull vacuity.
A world of blankness - - - Here the memory
Seizes no once-familiar touch or tone
Of that forgotten world so late our own;
And as our fathers long ago, so we
Must wrestle with strange shapes we cannot see—
Unfriended, and most utterly alone.

Yet we shall face them. They shall yet forego
The bestial triumph; they shall not instill
The ancestral dread; nor shall they overthrow—
These sullen out-world shapes—that steady will
That men have framed together; they shall know
There is a spirit terror may not kill.

N. I. W.

THE INNER FORTRESS

I

Why should we murmur, Claïs, that the press
Of little things engulfs us, that we go
Girt round with gnats, and emulantly sow
Like other men, our crop of nothingness?
Others have come this sterile way no less
Harried than we, some howling in their woe
And some that, beaten, yet disdain to throw
Against the placid stars their dull distress.

Let us be scornful too, but pitiful
Of those that lacking Scorn's transcendent dower,
Shrink fevered in this vile Maremma blast;
Knowing but this, that life is always dull
To cowards only, and that men have power
Antéan in themselves, while Scorn shall last.

II

Come, let us tend our Nothings lovingly
And fiercely; and despite the ancient saw,
"Ex nihil, nil" let us from Nothing draw
Things that are fair and true for you and me.
Alike regardless if men cannot see
Or if they think they see and stand in awe
Let us contain, within ourselves, a law,
And in ourselves a faith, and dignity.

And should men come—as no one ever will—
Exclaiming (do not smile!), "'Tis marvellous.
How grew you these where goodman never delves?"
Better be, Claïs, lightly scornful still,
And say, "'Tis naught; a whimsy mastered us;
We grew them only from and for ourselves."

III

So, bearing mail against our secret need
We shall not stand defiantly at bay
Against all comers. Often, by the way
Shall we not pause and render thrilling heed
To old intrepid thought and gallant deed?
Shall we not stand and marvel and be gay
When beauty stirs, renascent from decay,
Through wind and sun and youth and flower and weed?

But when the fog that lifted closes down
And through the wrack the horrid Monster peers:
Dragon or demon, grif, or unicorn
(As men first saw him), or Jehovah's Frown,
Or Endless Time, or baseless human Fears—
Be with me, Claïs, and be with us, Scorn.

N. I. W.

SPRING JONQUILS

And yet this very morning we behold
Where yesterday the sodden leaves were dank
Green jonquil stems upthrusting, rank on rank,
Fighting their way as stoutly as of old.
Some bear aloft on their triumphant lances
Thin, rotted leaves that cannot stay the thrust—
Transfixed oppressors—who shall turn to dust
Before the yellow harvest blooms and dances.

Oh light footsoldiers of the stripling Spring,
Through endless time invincibly elate,
Whose blooms store future triumph when they wilt,
Have you not seen men grieving by the gate
Of Babylon, for Sion's harrowing?
Have you not seen the Temple they rebuilt?

N. I. W.

EASTER, 1941

To match Thy resurrection with the Spring's,
O risen Lord, was Easter wisely set?
Or did those ancient, pious men forget
That every time the earth is freed it swings
Once more to icy chains? That iron rings
May seal the tomb once broken, and beget
Within its empty darkness, black as jet,
Another faith, of horrid blasphemings?

We thank Thee, Lord, that rock-cut catacombs
Guard now those early sainted optimists
From lictors grown more pitiless than Rome's,
From tortured minds and poisoned Eucharists,
From stolen altars, bloody aerodromes,
From Hope that walks astray, if it exists.

N. I. W.

OUR ANCIENT CONTEMPORARIES, THE ROMANTIC POETS

An address delivered by NEWMAN IVEY WHITE at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York on March 21, 1942, as the last of a series presented by noted scholars in connection with the Library's exhibition on the theme of "The British Tradition."

DEAD MEN, we have heard it grimly asserted, tell no tales. According to poets, however, some so-called dead men cannot die; they continue to live as "kings of thought." "Weep not for Adonais," they say; "*he* is not dead"; it is in fact only the so-called living, fighting uselessly with phantoms and "invulnerable nothings," who are dead and dying.

Not to pursue such a subject into the realm of metaphysics, this paper wishes only to point out that from the point of view of our own moment in time, the great Romantic poets are anything but dead. Such ancients as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron, never knew even that they were ancients. They lived, as we do, in a world of revolution, war, and counter-revolution all at once, and they talked about it very much as we would or should talk, if we could talk as well and be as fully alive. The quarter-century in which most of their poetry appeared (1792-1817) offers so many striking parallels to our own days that the mention of only a few of them should give us a feeling of fellow-citizenship.

These men, like present-day Englishmen, knew the threat of invasion as no other Englishmen had known it since the days of the Norman Conquest or the Spanish Armada. Several abortive attempts were actually made by the French, the largest at Bantry Bay, in 1797-98, and the most remarkable that of a small landing force on the Welsh coast. After suffering light casualties in stealing a calf, this expedition surrendered because its officers mistook the red petticoats of numerous peasant women gathered on the surrounding hills for the red uniforms of heavy British reinforcements.

Sea-coast residents all had their government instructions curiously like those recently issued—they must destroy all supplies and road-signs, and break the axles of all vehicles as soon as the enemy landed. Mothers stilled fractious children with threats of "Boney's" appearance. Staid civilians rushed to the

enlistment stations. Among the volunteers who never saw battle were nearly all the poets old enough to enlist—Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Leigh Hunt—while Landor, and later Byron, saw some service abroad.

Then, as now, religious alarms and animosities complicated the struggle. If on the eve of the present war England had her Nazi societies promoting revolution and disloyalty, she had then her societies of friends of the Revolution, supposed by many good patriots to be doing the same thing. Tom Paine, prodded by a prophetic warning from William Blake, reached France only a jump or two ahead of the officers who were to have arrested him. Civil rights, then as later, yielded to public dangers or fears. The right of *habeas corpus,* for centuries the unviolated citadel of British freedom, was suspended annually from 1794-1801 and again in 1817—the latter occasion followed by a hurried exodus of radical writers to America. Byron, writing his flippant *Beppo* in Italy in 1817, seized the opportunity to include *habeas corpus* in his mocking catalogue of England's various attractions: "I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it)."

Spies, official or self-appointed, were then, as now, a feature of the scene. The Romantic poets received some attention from them, but came off with unimpaired prestige. The town clerk of Barnstaple, an amateur sleuth, arrived at Lynmouth to investigate young Percy Bysshe Shelley only to find that his quarry had already given him the slip. The professional spy who dogged Coleridge and Wordsworth for a while in 1797 asked to be discharged because he was convinced that they were aware of him. He had crept up behind a bank on which the two poets were sunning themselves and discussing the philosophy of Spinoza; and in this position, as he reported it, he had heard them make repeated reference to "Spy-Nosey." Modern parallels even for these absurdities might be adduced.

The revolutionary spectacle in France had a number of aspects quite similar to those we have recently witnessed, even though some of them pertain in one case to a cause on the whole approved, and in the other to a cause detested. Our modern inflations, currency experiments, and price ceilings were all familiar to Revolutionary France. "Heads will roll in the dust" was Hitler's phrase, but it was earlier the French Revolution's practice. The revulsion from the execution of royalty, best expressed in England by Burke, has been stimulated again in our own day by the fate of the Russian royal family. The Nazi revolution financed itself largely by confiscating the property of labor unions and Jews, the French Revolution by confiscating that of the Church

and the nobility, so that the guillotine was sometimes called the mint. The Nazis developed a super-intense feeling of nationalism and eventually imposed it by force and treachery on their neighbors; the French did much the same thing in the name of an equally intense feeling of international brotherhood. The French Revolution, or its immediate aftermath, even parallels the Nazi racial persecution of the Jews with a brief persecution of Negroes. The sheer impossibility—to our orthodox economists of the 1930's—of a financially defunct Germany arming itself till it could overpower the rest of Europe would not have seemed so impossible to the generation of the Romantic poets which had seen France in the early 1790's accomplish the same supposed miracle.

The assumption for war purposes of tax burdens previously deemed virtually impossible was as characteristic of the Romantic generation as of our own. No whimsical complainant in these days will ever surpass Sydney Smith's outburst on taxation in 1820: "Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth . . ." etc., etc., through a highly specific catalogue, ending with "and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid 15%—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22%—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death."

The generation of the Romantic poets, like our own, saw revolution converted into autocracy and proceeding from conquest to conquest by means often as unscrupulous as those we have witnessed—broken treaties, political assassinations, and the enslavement of nations. Poles and Italians fought Napoleon's battles, though not under quite the same duress as Rumanians and Magyars have fought Hitler's. Toussaint L'Ouverture was taken treacherously under a flag of truce, somewhat as Hitler has taken whole nations. Napoleon kidnapped from neutral territory and later executed the Duc D'Enghien, just as Hitler kidnapped from Switzerland, Holland and Austria several victims whom he executed or imprisoned. Napoleon executed the Swiss patriot Hofer for continuing to resist after his government had ceased fighting, and Hitler almost daily executed scores of Poles and Serbs for similar reasons. Marat and the Czar of Russia were assassinated; several attempts were made to assassinate Napoleon and George III; one English prime minister was assassinated and another, William Pitt, was later accused by Lafayette

of having instigated assassination in France. It remained for our contemporary Japanese, however, *systematically* to develop assassination as a means of political persuasion.

We have our phrase, and the reality, of total warfare and a nation in arms, but it was the French Revolution which first applied it. We have our experiences with new military techniques, but the same or similar things were known also to the early nineteenth century; Napoleon, like Hitler, paralyzed his enemies by a previously unknown and unorthodox speed of movement, weight of metal, and massing of troops against one nation to use them suddenly against another.

Even specific incidents of the two wars contain curious parallelisms. England's chief weapon then, as later, was the blockade and the encouragement of Continental resistance by means of subsidy. England attacked and crippled the French fleet in 1940 for precisely the same reason that impelled her to attack and destroy the neutral Danish fleet in 1802 on a forty-eight hour ultimatum—because she could not risk its falling into the hands of the Continental dictator. The very names that were significant in Napoleon's invasion of Russia are in some cases the same as today; for instance, Napoleon first planned, like Hitler, to stop his retreat at Smolensk. Even the reactionary aftermath of the earlier struggle bears some resemblance to the outcome of our first World War, though one hopes it will not resemble that of the second. For the Romantic generation, as for ours and others, there was also the "peace offensive." Burke's fear in 1796 that Pitt would make peace called forth his greatest eloquence, practically from his death-bed, in *Letters on a Regicide Peace*. Eighteen years later, when Napoleon was desperate after Leipzig, Southey issued an impassioned poetic warning against compromisers, "Who Counsels Peace at this Momentous Hour?"

One aspect of our modern struggle, the underlying conflict between capital and labor, was largely absent from the former one. But the conditions which were to generate it were recognized in different ways in their very infancy by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron and Shelley. As early as 1804 a letter of Coleridge shows his apprehension of future disaster from the dehumanizing tendencies of modern commerce and industry. Wordsworth in his *Excursion* saw and cried out against the stultifying effects of the new industrialism. Southey, though by that time, like Wordsworth, a Tory, protested strongly against the evils of child labor in the mines and factories. Byron made a bitter speech in the House of Lords against the bill which authorized the hanging of laborers for breaking machinery, and Shelley boldly advocated

repudiation of the national debt on the grounds that it had been pyramided largely by a new moneyed class who were in the main both the makers and holders of the debt, while labor paid the interest.

One would not insist too strongly on the basic character of all the parallelisms here mentioned. No one generation ever completely repeats the experience of another. The French Revolution, we like to think, is not to be compared with the Nazi one on the basis of merit, nor Napoleon with Hitler, nor even the Treaty of Vienna with that of Paris. It is sufficient for our purposes if we realize that psychologically, at least, the Romantic poets belonged to a generation which must have reacted to its times pretty much as we react to ours. We may then proceed to examine more in detail how the Romantic poets behaved in this psychological environment so similar to our own.

The older group of Romantic poets faced a problem of divided loyalties which should not seem entirely strange to our generation. For many of us there have been divided loyalties in attempting to harmonize a hatred of dictatorship and a military comradeship with dictators; or a hatred of Nazism with a respect for German thoroughness and industry and a love of the older German music, philsophy, and *Gemütlichkeit;* or a traditional belief in eighteenth century American political democracy with a new and disturbing creed of economic and social democracy.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey all grew up in a liberal Whig tradition which honored the English Revolution of 1688 and had shown some sympathy with the American Revolution. Wordsworth, in particular, came from the most naturally democratic social and political environment that England afforded. In common with a great many young English Whigs, they hailed the French Revolution with joy. Its principles seemed to them, as Wordsworth said of his own feelings, so natural as almost to be taken for granted. Young Coleridge at Cambridge read all the revolutionary news and pamphlets and so stored his marvellous memory each morning that in the evening he was used by his associates as a kind of animated newspaper. Young Southey at Oxford was full of the same enthusiasm; Coleridge and Southey collaborated in a poetic drama on the fall of Robespierre and in planning their well-known Pantisocracy scheme for a revolutionary society on the banks of the Susquehanna River.

Wordsworth, meanwhile, had paid a visit to France and had noted with warm sympathy the universal greeting of "Citizen," the enthusiastic local celebrations of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, and the raw revolutionary

pikemen moving to their frontier posts. The next year when he persuaded his guardians that he needed a residence in France to prepare himself as a teacher, one strongly suspects further motives never stated by Wordsworth himself. He came soon to feel like one who has stepped into a new and glorious inheritance:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven!

That he could write these lines years after he had come to believe that his enthusiasm was in part misguided is an eloquent testimony both to his intellectual honesty and to the intensity of his youthful feelings.

But the causes which incite our enthusiasm have their own ends to serve. They exist for themselves and are guided partly by uncontrollable circumstances to which they must conform and partly by their own human strength and weaknesses. Hence they generally fall short of our enthusiastic ideals. It is also true that the young enthusiast, like his cause, is subject to a variety of stresses of which he is partly unconscious.

Who, then, shall assess the extent to which Wordsworth's trend away from the Revolution was due to financial pressure from his guardians, or to a subconscious fear that he was jeopardizing his whole precious future by a misalliance with Annette Vallon, or to the inevitability either of conforming to England's constant state of warfare with France or else of seeing his plans and ambitions completely frustrated? The fundamental purpose of all Wordsworth's poetry was to find a basic, tenable harmony between individual man and his environment. Such a person was surely less likely to maintain an individual warfare against a country which he loved and upon which his whole fortune depended than he was to discover a basis for harmonizing his beliefs with inevitable conditions.

We, who have seen the awful power of national will organized to subvert individual opinions, should understand Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, Browning, Paul Elmer More, or Mr. Fausset, for suggesting in various ways that Wordsworth may have been an unconscious victim of such pressure—that he deserted his earlier opinions by a process now known as rationalizing. In our own day we have seen dimly, and shall yet see more clearly, individual examples of the same tragedy that the young Wordsworth was tough enough to surmount, in which causes have outrun the sympathies of their adherents, or in which it is necessary to effect a *modus vivendi* between strongly held opinions and an invincible environment hostile to them.

I repeat that we can by no means be sure how Wordsworth's change was

effected or how much his most fundamental opinions really changed. We know that in *The Prelude* when he came to state his reasons for leaving France he did so quite briefly and vaguely and was sufficiently dissatisfied with the wording to change it later. We know that after his return to England he boldly took issue with some anti-revolutionary principles published by the Bishop of Llandaff—but failed to publish his answer or even to send it to the Bishop. We know of both Wordsworth and Coleridge that their disapproval of mass executions and of assaults upon religion was not sufficient to turn them against the Revolution. Both men sincerely believed that they deserted the Revolution only when the Revolution deserted the principle of national freedom and embarked upon the conquest of weaker neighboring countries. Finally, we know that both men came to be ticketed later by their younger contemporaries as conservatives. We see Wordsworth a little later publishing a magnificent series of patriotic sonnets, yet criticizing again and again, with the boldness of a Hebrew prophet, England's moral and spiritual weaknesses, accepting a sinecure from a reactionary government, opposing the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation, criticizing democratic government in America, yet remarking that he was at heart half a Chartist and maintaining and believing that these positions were in accord with, and not contrary to, his early principles.

How did the other poets meet the same necessity for readjustment? With Scott there was no revulsion. He was and always had been a Tory, with an instinct for tradition and conformity combined with a great personal generosity and kindliness. He could get along sufficiently well with Whigs to maintain friendliness for a while with the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* and even to like Lord Byron, but his later encouragement of the more savage Tory reviewers and his actual campaigning against Catholic Emancipation represented no real change in outlook.

Thomas Campbell began his poetry with what might have become a revolutionary strain. But it scarcely went beyond the sound traditional Whig liberalism of such an eighteenth-century poet as Cowper. To the end of his days he remained a mild liberal influence in English literature, more in journalism than in poetry. He was so much more the patriotic Englishman than the devotee of abstract freedom and justice that he could write his most spirited poem, "The Battle of the North," in praise of an attack upon a neutral fleet after the lapse of a sudden, forty-eight hour ultimatum.

The case with Robert Southey was different. There was no doubt about the strongly revolutionary character of his youthful *Joan of Arc* and *Wat*

Tyler. Yet Southey's sympathy with France (though not with republicanism) was largely terminated by the fall of the moderate Girondist leaders. The fundamental bias of Southey's character was not revealed until after his marriage. It was practical rather than idealistic, and his sense of responsibility was far more personal than social. His most pressing obligation was the support of a family—two families, after he assumed Coleridge's duties. They all drew their principal nourishment, as he once phrased it, through one quill. This quill he conscientiously employed on as many as three or four books or articles at once, and yet found time for occasional poems and stories for his own children and very jolly letters to them. Southey *had* to be practical, and fortunately it cost him only a temporary pang—when the Girondists were overthrown—after which he was happy in his work. He was quite willing in 1807 to accept a small literary annuity from the reactionary Tory Government, to become in 1809 one of the principal contributors to the arch-conservative *Quarterly Review,* and in 1813 poet laureate.

A course comparatively so untroubled would have been impossible for Wordsworth or Coleridge. To the extent that they were men of vastly greater philosophic grasp and imaginative sympathies than Southey, they suffered longer and more deeply from the period of civil war within their own bosoms. The period of Wordsworth's greatest suffering, from 1792 to about 1795, is a relatively blind spot in his biography, but from his own account in *The Prelude* it was unquestionably the darkest and most dismal period of his life. He tells us that he sought everywhere in vain for some intellectual and moral anchor, until

> I lost
> All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
> Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
> Yielded up moral questions in despair.

Coleridge, who from the depths of his own despondency so admired Wordsworth's strength, would scarcely have doubted, had he known Wordsworth at this time, that the "cheerful confidence" which Wordsworth eventually achieved must have been inevitable from a deep, innate affirmative bias. With a social and personal conscience more sensitive, perhaps, even than Wordsworth's, Coleridge did not possess this last invincible redoubt of the stronger poet. He possessed only the penetration and honesty to perceive his own deficiency. And so his inner civil war was probably more poignant even than Wordsworth's. Like Southey and Wordsworth, his sympathy with the French Revolution was bound up mainly with the Girondist ascendancy.

He hailed the early Revolution with joy, celebrated with a poem the destruction of the Bastille, wrote a sonnet to assert that Liberty could not be imprisoned with Lafayette, and was grieved, but not alienated, by the Jacobin Reign of Terror. His criticism of England at this time was both more stringent and more affectionate than Wordsworth's. His "Ode on the Departing Year" (1796) condemns England as

> Abandon'd of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
> At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
> Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
> And join'd the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
> The nations curse thee!

Even then, however, England seems to him "Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile."

Two years later, in 1798, he wrote both his "Ode to France" and his "Fears in Solitude." In the former he gives a true account of his devotion to "divinest Liberty" and his steadfast association of that cause with France even at the expense of assailing his beloved England as France's enemy. He then denounces France as a suppressor of liberty through her attacks on the Swiss:

> The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion!

He concludes that true liberty is a vain dream, realizable perhaps in nature, but not in human society.

His "Fears in Solitude" calls upon Englishmen to

> repel an impious foe,
> Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
> Who laughs away all virtue, mingling mirth
> With deeds of murder.

The same poem contains a strong indictment of England's sins and concludes with a passionate assertion of his love for England. A year later the love of England was to be, as in Wordsworth's case, one of the strongest personal feelings evident in his poems written in Germany. It was England that he loved, however—her countryside, her plain people, but not her government or her history.

Coleridge's renunciation, in the "Ode to France," of the search for political freedom was apparently final. Until the end of his life the gospel which he handed down in his prose writings and conversation was to be based largely on a passion for intellectual, rather than political freedom. Through a decade

and a half after 1798, England was still in danger and still in need both of national inspiration and of fearless criticism, but Coleridge was silent. It was Wordsworth who assumed this office.

Their struggles within themselves, caused by the strong dissension of their times, is an aspect of the Romantic poets every shade of which may be duplicated by the observation of thoughtful people today. Although the spectacle contains no particular present inspiration or encouragement for us, it should at least help us understand some of our contemporaries. For a more positive stimulation we must inspect two other aspects of the subject, namely, the spiritual stimulation offered England by her poets during the long struggle with Napoleon, and the comments of the younger Romantic generation on the peace.

Except for Wordsworth's, few of the many war poems of the time are remembered or deserve remembrance today. Wolfe's "The Burial of Sir John Moore," Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the North" are exceptions. But Campbell's battle lyrics, though spirited, lack imaginative power and philosophic grasp, and can only be called splendid examples of the "up guards and at 'em" type. The numerous turgid odes on Waterloo, including those of Southey and of Wordsworth—the latter with the deplorable line, "Carnage is thy [God's] daughter," which so justly infuriated Shelley and Byron—are all about as deadly as the battle itself. Scarcely a line could be remembered, wrote Francis Jeffrey in 1816, of all the poems written on Waterloo by "all our bards, . . . great and small, and of all sexes, ages, and professions."

At this point and in this particular, at least before Waterloo, Wordsworth towers above the rest like a majestic oak above the surrounding scrub. No English man of letters save possibly Milton has ever functioned so grandly as a trumpet-call to the best spirit of his time and nation. For thirteen years of intermittent danger, disaster, and triumph his voice may be heard above the confusion of cross-purposes, speaking calmly in tones that far transcend the mere emotion of the moment.

It is a strangely ironic fact that this trumpet-call was heard by his contemporaries more as a belated echo than as an instantaneous stimulus. The many sonnets written between 1802 and 1807 inclusive were not published until 1807, the sonnets and poems written between 1807 and 1815 were not published until 1815, while some fifteen poems were written in 1816, after the battle of Waterloo. Nor, when Wordsworth wrote these poems, was he

sufficiently well-known to the general reading public for them to have had their fullest effect had they been published at once.

In all, there are some seventy of these poems. They begin with Wordsworth's sojourn in Calais in 1802, during the brief peace following the Treaty of Amiens. These sonnets show an expectation of invasion, a sense of France's spiritual deterioration and of Napoleon's moral weakness as a great leader, and an anxiety over England's spiritual defects coupled with a confidence that she is nevertheless the worthiest remaining champion of Freedom. During the next year, 1803, when it seemed that England might be invaded at any time, he wrote several sonnets on the anticipated invasion; he even went so far as to write one congratulating the men of Kent for their intrepid repulse of a wholly imaginary invasion.

To read these poems is almost to call the roll of crises and stirring events of the times. The imprisonment of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the subjection of the Swiss, the anti-Napoleonic leanings of the King of Sweden, the extinction of the Venetian Republic, the brave, unsuccessful effort of Major Schill to arouse Prussia against Napoleon, the death of Charles Fox, Napoleon's crushing victories of Austerlitz and Jena, the mounting tide of Spanish resistance to Napoleon, Waterloo, and (four years after the event) Napoleon's disaster in Russia—all receive their comment. Never once was he really despondent, even though he never underestimated the danger, and even though he was fully aware of England's spiritual weaknesses. Again and again he calls attention to these:

> The world is too much with us;

and

> Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
> England hath need of thee: she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
> Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness . . .

or

> No grandeur now in Nature or in book
> Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
> This is idolatry; and these we adore:
> Plain living and high thinking are no more.

But England nevertheless seemed spiritually superior to France; there was a historic "Flood of British freedom" which had challenged the world's ad-

miration for centuries and which it seemed impossible "in bogs and sands should perish." She had had great men, whereas France had produced "no master spirit." Napoleon himself lacked all the elements of the truly great "happy warrior":

> Wisdom doth live with children round her knees;
> Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
> Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
> Of the mind's business. . . .

Throughout all these poems true greatness, whether national or individual, is the basic note. "What has tamed great nations" is a spiritual and not a material force, while "the power of armies is a visible thing." "The martial courage of a day is vain;" the abiding forces are national tradition, the courage of daily life, simple, plain living, and persistent, manly determination. In the worst moment of depression, in 1806, when the Continent lay at Napoleon's feet and William Pitt on his deathbed was saying "Fold up the map" of Europe, Wordsworth was writing.

> Another year!—another deadly blow!
> Another mighty Empire overthrown!
> And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
> The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
> 'Tis well! From this day forward we shall know
> That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
> That in our own right hands it must be wrought;
> That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
> O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
> We shall exult, if they who rule the land
> Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
> Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
> Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
> And honour which they do not understand.

Five years later, while writing sonnets to encourage the Spanish patriots, he furnishes perhaps the greatest testimony of all:

> Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise,
> That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
> Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
> In the worst moment of these evil days;
> From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
> For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.

Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labors in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

With the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo came the reaction. England's most lively poets now were men who had been children, or unborn, at the time when the older generation hailed the French Revolution. Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Southey as poets were almost silent. Wordsworth, not altogether silent as a poet, was definitely the Lost Leader so far as political liberalism at home was concerned. The torch was now being carried by men like Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Moore. Two of these may be omitted from the present discussion—Keats, as a political liberal whose poetic bent was primarily non-political; and Moore, because his liberalism, though genuine, nevertheless spoke in a voice scarcely to be remembered in comparison with the voices of Shelley and Byron.

The Congress of Vienna was still propping up old Kings and new boundaries, and the older poets were still celebrating Waterloo as the gateway to a millennium when Byron visited that battlefield in 1816 and expressed there his scornful doubts as to what was becoming of Liberty in the shuffle:

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?

Byron, though he secretly relished being compared to Napoleon, somewhat agreed with Wordsworth's characterization of him, but, like Shelley, was inclined to think that Napoleon's tyranny was at least preferable to the tyrannies he overthrew.

Both Byron and Shelley saw it as a mission to oppose reaction at home and to encourage liberal revolutions abroad. Byron supplied arms and counsel to the Italian Carbonari and died in the struggle for Greek independence; Shelley hailed with joyous poetic encouragement the Neapolitan, Spanish and Greek uprisings, while he assailed the reaction at home in prose and poetry which he addressed sometimes, as in *Prometheus Unbound,* to the most advanced minds of the day, and sometimes, as in *The Masque of Anarchy,* to the intelligence of the average laborer.

With Shelley freedom was a religion to which in boyhood he had dedicated

a missionary zeal maintained thereafter with amazing intensity as the guiding principle of his life. In 1817, when he thought he might die before placing his love of freedom fully on record, he wrote his longest poem, *The Revolt of Islam*. This poem was an attempt to meet the greatest moral problem of the post-Waterloo era. Everywhere reaction was rampant, men were looking back upon the old Revolutionary ideals as a silly, evil dream, and were turning cynical and apathetic. A few years earlier, in 1814, Wordsworth had attacked the prevailing pessimism in his own way in *The Excursion*. Wordsworth had sought to restore an embittered former Revolutionary sympathizer to a positive, cheerful philosophy by the recipe of "plain living and high thinking" in a simple, healthful, natural environment among plain, honest people. He seemed to assume that the former enthusiasm was itself partly a disease. Perhaps this is why, after eagerly starting to read *The Excursion* aloud, Shelley and Mary entered in their journal, "Much disappointed; he is a slave." Shelley wished to restore and improve the revolutionary enthusiasm, rather than find a substitute. He first urged the task upon Byron, and assumed it himself only on Byron's default. In *The Revolt of Islam* he can hardly be said to have succeeded, except for a very select type of reader and on one important point. That point, reasserted in several later poems, is that the struggle for freedom can never be totally suppressed, that its many apparent defeats are only the times in which it gathers strength for a new outbreak. To Shelley this was a point which rendered relatively insignificant the success or failure of any particular revolt against tyranny.

From this fact proceeds a seeming paradox. The one Romantic poet who was most totally and passionately devoted to freedom is also one who writes relatively little solely about definite occasions. True, he seized upon the death of the liberal Princess Charlotte as an occasion for a prose pamphlet pointing out that the real funeral should be for Liberty; true, he wrote poems on every European revolutionary movement, upon the Manchester Massacre, and upon the general state of England in 1819. But even these poems were always escaping from the particular to the general. Though his *Masque of Anarchy* contains one of the best commonsense definitions of practical freedom that English poetry affords, Shelley could never confine himself to a particular occasion when the subject was liberty. Even in his *Hellas,* dealing with the Greek Revolution, the actual battle scenes are drawn more from the ancient Greeks than from current accounts, and the present struggle was to Shelley far less important than the eternal one which it symbolized.

This was because Freedom was for Shelley the essence of all life and of

life in all times. Shelley's only God or Goddess was ideal beauty, or Love, by which he meant universal sympathy; and ideal beauty simply could not exist without freedom. Life would be death, he proclaimed; hope would be despair, truth a lie and love merely lust,

> If Liberty
> Lent not life its soul of light,
> Hope its iris of delight,
> Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
> Love its power to give and bear.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Shelley's grandest poem of Freedom, *Prometheus Unbound,* should be deliberately as far removed as possible from the shackles of any local or temporal circumstances. The action covers endless time and limitless space, and the subject is the struggle against oppression in every imaginable form. It was so far from being intended merely for the present crisis that Shelley doubted if more than twenty contemporaries would really understand it fully. Yet it reaches its conclusion on a note which is applicable to every crisis of freedom and is certainly one of the most awfully impressive of all poetic passages on Liberty. Jupiter has been overthrown, and Demogorgon, the agent of his downfall, realizes, as Shelley had long since realized, that Tyranny is never overthown finally and forever. He therefore calls together the most inclusive audience imaginable to hear him assert the qualities by which alone Freedom can be kept or re-won:

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

Byron, though he failed to carry out Shelley's suggestion and even confessed privately that he could not understand Shelley's execution of it, served the same cause in his own way. In Canto IV of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* written while Shelley was writing *The Revolt of Islam,* he champions Italian freedom, excoriates the reviving tryranny of Europe, and asserts that Freedom, led by some nobler champion like Washington, must triumph in the end:

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind!

Byron was himself a partly cynical and embittered product of disillusion, but he was never cynical about Freedom. Even in *Don Juan,* which is so largely a collection of witty cynicisms, his attitude toward Freedom affords an almost startling contrast of earnest idealism.

The reaction which the younger Romantic poets combatted offers a rather general parallel to the spiritual defeatism which so largely characterized our own post-war thinking after 1918, and had its part in leading up to our present crisis. If it should have to be faced once more, perhaps from these poets we may be able to draw some of the strength needed "to defy Power, which seems omnipotent," "neither to change, nor falter, nor repent," and

to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

WORDSWORTH AND BEAUPUY

Seeing a starved girl tend a wretched cow,
" 'Tis this we fight against," Beaupuy exclaimed.
Young Wordsworth's Northern visage slowly flamed
And "Aye," he said. The word fell like a vow
From lips whose tightened passion even now
(More than a hundred years since it was tamed)
Sets youthful men afire to seek, unshamed,
That goal by him forgotten, none knows how.
Later he often mourned that earth and sea
And sky spoke always something that had fled—
A magic something he could not revive—
Was it of France he thought? . . . The Loire. . . . Beaupuy. . . .
Annette. . . . and Freedom? *Then* it was he said,
"Joy was it, *in that day,* to be alive."

Strange paradox, to tend a vital fire
And flee from it, and after years of doubt
And misery find Joy, raising the shout
Of victory in flight; and to inspire
With solid courage struggles in the mire
Of weary circumstance—to turn about,
A fugitive himself, and stay the rout,
And still self-righteous, take a tyrant's hire!
"Not so," said Shelley, holding that same course
By him forsaken. "Who betray themselves
Die, soul and word, a total suicide"—
O Irony!—O infinite resource
Of resolute Mind that sinuously delves
And never doubts, because self-justified.

How surely Nature fits into the Mind
And how the Mind fits Nature's ordinance,
The Joy that is man's natural heritance,
The individual worth of human kind,
He strongly uttered. When the state inclined
Ignobly, he rebuked, the arrogance
Of unripe science chastened, and his glance
Lent Sorrow strength to know itself resigned.
Take we our joy and strength of him, secure
That one great mind he probed not to the end,
Nor reached one smothered vision in its cell.
And we that search his weakness—oh, be sure,
As through the winding caverns we ascend,
Long quiet ghosts we slew will rise as well.

But what of him whose vision could not stray
From that starved girl and flashing river-side,
Beaupuy, who wrote no poems, but relied
Upon "the sense of youth"? Still day by day,
Through swift assault or stupid blind delay,
With ragged, singing soldiers at his side
He fought for his first love until he died—
Winning a moment's fame that passed away.
But Wordsworth, when he later calmly wrote
Of happy warriors—simple men inspired,
"Kept faithful with a singleness of aim,"
(His brother and Lord Nelson?)—Memory smote
For once unasked, and young Beaupuy, "attired
With sudden brightness" swept him like a flame.

N. I. W.

ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER

A paper read by NEWMAN IVEY WHITE before the English Club of Duke University on December 12, 1940.

WHEN a man has written and talked for years largely on one subject, he eventually gets the idea that people would prefer his expressing himself about something else. Generally he gets it too late, but if he is married there is a chance that he may still get it in time to save humanity some needless suffering. That is one reason why I am not talking to you this evening on the general subject of Shelley; the other one is that I am afraid I can add nothing to what I have already written on that subject.

In choosing for my subject the *Adventures of a Biographer* I may be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. But I submit that anyone already in the frying pan is invincibly constrained to jump somewhere, and the fire has not yet been proved the worse fate. Perhaps we shall settle that doubt this evening, if nothing more.

The trouble with the present subject is that it is so undisguisably egotistic. There is no way that I can discover to call it by any other name. Every avenue of evasion that I have explored leads straight to the diaries of Adam and Eve. According to herself, Eve exclaimed the moment she saw a strange bird, "Well, I do declare, if there isn't the dodo!" And Adam testified that her reason for this was that she could see at a glance that it looked like a dodo. So they called it by its proper name. And since my subject looks like egotism, I see nothing but to call it that.

Adventure, of course, is not the main business of a biographer. His main business is to sit at a loom for some hundreds or thousands of hours; to throw out inquiries everywhere in an effort to discover materials in archives, libraries, and human memories all over the world; to assemble a mountainous mass of old rags of all descriptions, each containing at least a possible thread or two for his loom; to pick to pieces one by one each of those rags and sort out only the threads that may belong to his pattern; to study those threads minutely until he can perceive the general outlines of the one and only pattern into which all of them can be harmoniously woven—a pattern never before fully perceived even by the human being who lived it; and finally to

take those innumerable threads and weave them carefully into that pattern with nothing of real significance omitted or over- or underemphasized, with every thread duly tested for genuineness of color and fabric, with every possible sign of the weaver and his loom removed.

This is the biographer's main business, at which no biographer has ever been fully successful. But it is also his biggest adventure—an adventure-serial, so to speak, full of disappointments and excited moments, full of long quests ending in blind alleys and long quests ending in minor triumphs, thrilling moments of supposed insight which turn out after patient investigation to have been sometimes leaps into the dark and sometimes leaps into a sudden bright clarity of understanding. Every biographer has had such experiences. If I had time and skill enough I could elaborate them all in turn from personal experiences. For examples: Of DISAPPOINTMENT—a ten years' search, practically fruitless as yet, for the hidden connection which there is reason to suspect existed between Shelley and the mysterious journal called *The Theological Inquirer;* or the long, tedious pursuit of clues which I hoped vainly might lead me to the vanished third volume of Hogg's life of Shelley. Of SUCCESS—the equally long search through numerous periodicals, indexes, catalogues, obituaries, and memoirs, to discover the identity of the nameless Newspaper Editor who evidently knew Shelley fairly well in his youth. And this time I succeeded, when I was able to establish through internal evidence that the Newspaper Editor whose reminiscences appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* was the Gibbons Merle whose obituary I finally traced down in a Paris newspaper, *Galignani's Messenger.* It is quite true that what I had found was little more than a mere name—little more, in fact, than a perfectly glorious momentary thrill.

This moment of elation was followed in just about an hour by one of my memorable moments of deflation—thirty minutes of it, to be exact. My discovery of Gibbons Merle was made in the British Museum Periodical Collection at Hendon, outside London. As I made it my eye was constantly on the clock, for I had to keep an appointment on the other side of London with a gentleman who I hoped would put me on the track of Hogg's lost volume of Shelley's life. With great difficulty I had located him as the son of the man who had last handled the lost volume when it was in the hands of the publishers. He and his wife conducted a rather exclusive school which fitted boys for one of the Oxford colleges. Having miscalculated the time, I arrived half an hour early and had to wait for the gentleman's arrival. His wife evidently felt that I would expect to be entertained in the interim; she

was prepared to suffer fools, but not gladly. I could see her glance occasionally at a French novel she had just laid aside, and I could feel a calm detachment and a supercorrectness of manner that showed me what a boorish interloper I was, even though she chose, officially, to ignore the fact. She was a cool, beautiful Frenchwoman who had had years of experience making awkward schoolboys feel superfluous. If during that half-hour I had gone suddenly insane I would surely have imagined myself an automobile tire with a slow leak.

Eventually I was rescued by her husband, who conducted me to the more cheerful atmosphere of his den. He talked about his own literary work and gave me an autographed copy of his book; he also recalled various interesting stories about the publishing house that had failed to publish Hogg's third volume. But on the all-important point of my quest he put a final quietus, so far as that line of investigation was concerned. He told me that he knew his father had handled the volume I was trying to trace, but that soon afterwards his father had retired from the firm's employ under such embittering circumstances that he had never talked in his family thereafter about the firm's affairs. So I was deflated again. But there is still one clue left by which it is barely possible to solve the mystery, if I can find some way into the confidence of an American collector who simply ignores all my letters.

Having mentioned moments of supposed "insight" I must offer an illustration of that also. I had always felt a little uncertain about the alleged attack upon Shelley in Wales. But my doubts were only general doubts, and against these was the statement of a Welshman long after the event, that he himself was the attacker. In the face of this it was idle to express a doubt without some substantial backing. Then it suddenly dawned on me that there was something curious about the time element. In 1812 a young man of twenty had been overthrown in single combat by a midnight marauder who could hardly be supposed to be much younger himself. But that same marauder, telling his story for the first time in the early 1860's (to three little girls who lived in the house where the adventure occurred), had been described as hopping about in a lively manner as he told the story. This seemed to me rather odd in a person who must have been between seventy and eighty at the time. I knew that there was something wrong, and when I went to Wales a little later one of my primary purposes was to find out the truth about this doubtful witness. I located his great-nephew, who knew and believed the story; I even had tea with an old lady in the same house in which the adventure had occurred—one of the three little girls to whom the marauder had made

his boast in the 1860's. She remembered him and the incident quite well and said she had never believed his story. But nobody could help me to find his birth or death certificate, which would settle definitely that curious matter of his age. How I found the certificate after my return to America is another story in itself—it actually came to me through the unpublished papers of a deceased Welshman who had investigated his similar doubts. But the document, when I did find it, showed that Shelley's professed assailant was hardly three years old at the time of the assault.

A less successful instance of the same sort has to do with Shelley's labors for the Tremadoc Embankment in Wales. Having observed his desire for newspaper notice in Ireland a few months before, I felt that there must have come a time in Wales when this young reformer simply had to receive a comment in the newspapers. I found out the name of the nearest English newspaper at that time—the *North Wales Gazette,* of Bangor. I located a file of the *Gazette* in the University College at Bangor, and decided when the supposed publicity would be most likely to break out. When I went to Bangor it took me just about five minutes to find precisely the newspaper article I had predicated, at almost exactly the time I had supposed most likely. But I had hardly done so before I discovered that another scholar, Mr. Roger Ingpen, had already found the article and had included it in his edition of Shelley's works, in an out-of-the-way location in which I had failed to notice it. The discovery was no discovery at all. Yet psychologically it had the same value for me as if it had been, for it gave me confidence in my handling of my subject.

My most sensational discovery was one for which I can claim very little credit. Any third-rate lawyer could have made it and would have made it if it had involved the settlement of an estate. For a hundred years people interested in Shelley had wondered about several vague references in his letters to "My Neapolitan charge," as he called her—a little girl who had died in Naples in 1820. These seemed to be linked with the story of a mysterious English lady, a devoted admirer of Shelley about whom the poet had told his friend Medwin, who had also died in Naples about the time Shelley took over his "Neapolitan charge." Everyone had wondered about these two circumstances, which were commonly supposed to be connected, but no one had done anything. Even Shelley's story of the mysterious lady had not been examined closely enough to reveal certain inconsistencies with proved facts. All that was needed in her case was a realization that an English woman of wealth and station could hardly have died in Naples in December 1818 with

out some record remaining in one of several places—in the *Gentleman's Magazine's* notices of deaths abroad, in the Neapolitan newspapers, in the papers of the English consul who would have to handle her effects and inform her relatives, or in the official death-records of Naples. In the case of the child, all that was necessary was to examine the Neapolitan birth-records for December 1818 and death-records for June, 1820. Having attended to all the other matters myself and discovered no lady who could possibly be the mysterious lady of Shelley's story, I asked the American Consul-General in Naples to engage an investigator to search the birth and death records. The investigator's report, as I expected, revealed no trace of the mysterious lady. She was evidently a myth. But the report on the child was shattering. I had expected a long list of children who had been born within certain dates in Naples and another of children who had died there at a certain time. By study and comparison of these lists I had hoped, *just possibly,* to identify Shelley's "Neapolitan charge." The last thing I expected, under the circumstances, was to find a child bearing Shelley's name. What I received was three official documents, the birth-record, baptismal record, and death-record of Elena Adelaide Shelley, who was described over Shelley's own signature as the daughter of Percy B. and Mary Shelley.

Then I suddenly realized that it was utterly impossible for this child to have been Mary Shelley's. The real quest was only begun. I had to account for that child, and to do it I had to penetrate the determined secrecy of long dead witnesses, the only three or four people who had ever lived who *could* have accounted for it satisfactorily. For over a year I searched and re-searched every possible letter, every possible journal entry, every imaginable circumstance that might have a bearing, consulted with doctors and lawyers for technical information, thrashed over every hypothesis again and again with all the best judges of human behavior that I knew. I wrote and rewrote at least four times my chapter dealing with this mystery, because what I found was so complicated that I despaired of ever presenting it clearly and simply. My first conclusion was that the child was an illegitimate daughter of Shelley and Claire Clairmont. My ultimate conclusion, that the whole episode was designed to cloak the adoption of a Neapolitan child, is still unproved and I fear is incapable of absolute proof. A few reviewers of my book have been inclined to doubt it, but I believe most readers accept it as probable. A far more important matter to which the reviewers have paid little attention is the general situation out of which this episode grew and to which it directed closer attention. In the end it resulted in a completely new view of Shelley's

domestic life in the fall and winter of 1818-1819, and in a new interpretation of nearly every poem he wrote during that time.

Meeting a number of very interesting people is an important part of every biographer's adventures. Chief among these, of course, is the subject of his biography. I cannot claim that I have ever fully seen Shelley plain; no human being has ever completely understood another personality. The imagination itself is unequal to the task, and words, our only medium of communication, are totally inadequate to convey even what the imagination is equal to. There are veils upon veils (to use a Shelleyan figure) which conceal (or should I say protect?) that utter loneliness which stands desperately at bay or seeks desperately to escape, in the far recesses of every human personality. But some of the outermost veils are penetrated by the biographer. Knowing, a little more closely, one great human spirit is one of the most exciting of all possible adventures, whether or not the knowledge may be adequately communicated. It is so thrilling that it always makes one seem queer to his friends, especially when a fourth at bridge is needed.

No one ever wrote a real biography without becoming acquainted with a most interesting collection of his own contemporaries. I have always admired the way in which Charles J. Finger some years ago took cognizance of this fact in dedicating his *Frontier Ballads* to "My horse Turpin, that died under the saddle at Palliaike; Agnes of the three-masted schooner, Martha Gale . . . Mysterious Billy Smith . . . Turner who fell at Bloomfontein . . . A. B. Calder, world's champion raconteur . . . Bruce Smith, police expert . . . Boozy Dick, shipwrecked with me near Cape Horn"—and about a dozen others. As it happens no such gloriously flamboyant acquaintances beset my path, but, like every biographer, I can name a few very vivid personalities. To wit:

The elderly Cambridge spinster, relict of the spacious times of Dr. Eliot, whose brother had been present when Captain Silsbee had prevailed upon the half-reluctant Dr. Eliot to accept several precious Shelley manuscripts as a gift. I was trying to discover what had happened to one of the manuscripts which the library had no record of ever receiving. But the lady thought I was a graduate student writing a thesis, and furthermore that I was intimating something dishonorable about her brother or Dr. Eliot—and she trampled upon me accordingly.

The enterprising, semi-invalid young man in a Pennsylvania town who had developed a clever skin-game in answering scholars' advertisements for information, and whom I met only by correspondence, in the rather amusing process of being skinned by him.

Mr. T. J. Wise, one of England's greatest bibliographers and book-collectors, latterly charged obliquely with being also one of her cleverest forgers of first editions. Mr. Wise was a former friend of Browning, Swinburne, and Morris, and a life-long admirer of Shelley. I had corresponded with him for years before I met him. When I last saw him he was suffering from the results of a recent stroke; his enunciation was thick and sometimes almost impossible to understand; and he was under the constant care of a nurse. But he insisted on my spending an hour or two with him every Saturday afternoon, during which he would concentrate fiercely on suggesting clues to be followed in the solution of some ten different searches for vanished materials. Several of these quests were successfully concluded through his aid, though all of them seemed lost hopes.

A nameless Welsh graduate student who happened to be hanging around the reading room of the University College of North Wales at the moment I discovered the newspaper account of Shelley's Welsh activities that I spoke of earlier. It was spring vacation; there was no one around except the librarian; I had another engagement which prevented my copying the article at the time, and there seemed no way at the moment to get it copied. This student, never having seen or heard of me before, overheard part of my conversation with the librarian and interrupted to offer to make a copy for me—nor would he accept any pay for doing so.

Bob Owen, M.A., of Creosor, Penrhyndeudraeth, North Wales, a self-educated former colliery clerk who had lost his job in the hard times and had turned antiquarian. He knew all the family histories and records of the region and had been given an honorary degree of M.A. by University College. Reaching his home was an adventure in itself. He lived in a little hamlet on the side of a mountain and could be reached only after winding several miles around a mountainside on a road that was exactly the width of an automobile. A bicycle could hardly have passed us. I have never seen a house so crammed with books and papers. Books in the sitting-room, books in the bedrooms, the pantry, the dining-room—books everywhere—he showed them all to us. Except for the children, there didn't seem to be much else.

Bob Owen himself is a very dynamic little Welshman. He didn't bother with collar and tie, but the burnished head of a gold collar button in the neckband of his shirt was like a big gun with which he kept you covered while he talked. Over very lively black eyes that bored through you he supported a thick pent-house of the longest eyebrows I have ever seen. They fascinated me even in memory, and I resolved, when I was thrown into his company later,

to satisfy myself as to their length. After some calculation I decided that they were between an inch and an inch and a half. His talk had an explosive energy, and if you stood within close range you actually got some of the shrapnel. Later I had a whole series of adventures with him in Carnarvon, where he was helping me with some local inquiries. I hope that in presenting the picturesque vigor of Bob Owen I have not overshot the mark and held him up to ridicule, for in many ways I respect him more than most of the more pretentious scholars I know. Considering the limitations under which he worked, I have never met a scholar who made me feel more humble by comparison.

If there were only time I should like to sketch briefly a dozen or more characters, acquaintance with whom I might honestly call an intellectual adventure: the grandson of Shelley's friend Ned Williams; the great-nephew of Thomas Jefferson Hogg; the retired art-critic and book notes editor of the London *Times* who flitted like a bird about his amazingly dusty, murky old library collecting faded clippings that might furnish me with stray clues; the town clerks of four or five British towns and villages whose courteous, efficient aid filled me with admiration for the British Civil Service; the delightfully hospitable old lady who lived for eighty years or more in Shelley's house at Tremadoc; the old gentleman of Carnarvon who took me in off the street, on my own introduction, to try to help me find further information about his great-grandfather who had once gone bail for Shelley; (here my helper, Bob Owen, proved a liability by engaging in a violent dispute on Welsh and Irish characteristics which I feared might get us thrown out of the house); the English scholar who remembered forty years back, to the time when his father had made a copy of a vanished letter I was seeking, and who searched among the family papers and finally produced it for me; the English librarian who told me how *we* had recently discovered a new letter of Keats which it happened by an odd coincidence I had discovered myself; Miss L. A. Jones, who lived with a dog and her stock of antiques in a little stone cottage by a Welsh country lane and assured me that she had an unknown diary of Shelley, his desk, with a secret drawer; and who gave me a snuff box which she said had been left in the region by the "dear boy"—and a great many others whom I should be loth to forget. But time presses, and I must give an instance or two of still another type of biographer's adventures.

The first of these resulted in considerable agitation for some of the officials of the British Museum. To show you that some days of a biographer may be actually crowded with adventure, I must mention that it happened on the

same day as my discovery of the anonymous newspaper editor's identity and my experience at the boy's preparatory school, as previously related. I was on the trail of several documents which at one time or another had been sold at Sotheby's auction rooms in London. Sotheby's sales-catalogues, with notes of the purchasers, had been deposited in the British Museum. I explained to the proper official that the only possible way of searching scores and scores of such catalogues was to go to the catalogues rather than have them brought to me. He agreed, and made an engagement for me to meet an official of the library at a stated time and place next morning. A colleague of mine who wanted a look at the same catalogues asked leave to accompany me, so two of us turned up at the rendezvous. Our guide was as silent and impressive almost as a guide in a Gothic novel. Gravely he led us through several rooms and halls, to an empty room where he told us to stand near the wall. He pressed something on the wall, and the square of floor began sinking with us. We had hardly recovered from our realization that this was a lift when we stopped on a cement floor only some six feet below. We left this room by a winding vaulted passageway of rough masonry, so low we had to stoop to traverse it. After that we walked some two hundred yards through a perfect maze of rooms and passages till we reached the room where the catalogues were stored. Here our guide was leaving us, but we insisted on knowing first how we were to get out. "Oh," he said, "we'll send a man for you at lunch time, and if you wish to get out earlier you can hail some attendant who may be passing within ear-shot."

As it happened, we soon discovered that the catalogues would not help us. We heard and hailed a passing attendant and were shown out by another way. My companion remained in the Reading Room of the British Museum, and I went to the periodical library at Hendon to discover the identity of Shelley's unknown newspaper editor. About the middle of the afternoon my friend in the Reading Room became aware of some commotion about him. Attendants were going about, peering at the various readers. Eventually one came to him, looking worried. "Aren't you Professor X?" he demanded, "and weren't you with Professor White examining the Sotheby catalogues this morning?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he exploded, "Then where *is* Professor White? We have been looking everywhere. He is lost somewhere down there under the Museum."

A few weeks before this experience we had an adventure which at the time seemed capable almost of international complications. We were on the way to Barnstaple in North Devonshire, where I wished to search the very fine

collection of local records to find some trace of the conviction of Shelley's servant there for disseminating radical literature. Incidentally, the reason I found nothing there to my purpose was that during several years in the early 19th century all the records of Barnstaple for several centuries had been regarded as worthless and were kept in open boxes in a kind of porch. Small boys who passed by had a habit of taking a few papers home for their mothers to cover jam-pots with. In this way most of the early 19th century records vanished before the documents were again put under cover.

On the way to Barnstaple we stopped at Bristol over Easter Sunday. Rather late in the afternoon we wandered into the fine old 14th century church of St. Augustine the Less. A service had evidently just been concluded; the doors were open and the church was dimly-lit, but there was no one about except one man, pacing thoughtfully up and down, whom we took to be a verger. We thought it strange that he looked directly at us, and yet ignored us completely. We looked about the church for a while and then sat down in a pew to see if our Baedeker contained anything of its history. The silent attendant walked within a yard of us as if we had never existed. He then paused before a door and stood perfectly still for several moments, after which he opened the door and vanished.

A few moments later we were ready to leave also. But the door was locked. Every other door was locked. The windows were too high to be reached. Every time we prowled past the box in which visitors were supposed to leave contributions we felt particularly enraged. I shook the front door vigorously and yelled, but nobody heard—the church sat back some distance from the street and on a higher level. We finally came to the conclusion that the only means of escape before the next service was to break down the rather flimsy front door. But I was deterred by a vision of the next day's headlines: *"American Vandal on Easter Sunday Wrecks 600-years-old Church!"* I resumed pounding and yelling, and this time some one came.

A very suspicious voice outside wanted to know what was wrong. Fortunately the man believed my story that we had been locked in by a malicious verger; *he* even offered to batter down the door. I sent him for the police instead, and in a few moments was telling my story through the keyhole to two officers. They undertook to find either the verger or the rector, and in thirty minutes our door was unlocked. We boiled forth, about as angry as it was possible to be. The two policemen stood even more stiffly on the other side. I immediately pitched in with a demand for an explanation. But our rescuer was the rector; and he was not amused that I had mistaken him for the

verger. He simply maintained with great dignity and conviction that the whole episode was impossible—he had known the verger for many years and the thing simply could not have happened.

After considerable discussion of the possibility of what had happened, we returned to our hotel, and I decided to write the rector a note demanding a full investigation. His answer to this note, received two weeks later, cleared up the whole mystery. Our jailer was not the verger, but the organist, who had remained after service to practice. He was a man almost completely blind, and had never seen us in the church, but before locking the door he had paused and listened for a moment to see if he could hear anyone. I am afraid the principal result of this adventure was to make us very cautious about entering strange churches.

Such episodes as these must serve only as samples; it would take a great deal of time to tell a dozen or so more on the same scale. With a certain amount of exaggeration they might be presented, if not as detective stories, then as a prospectus for a collection of such stories, with some such chapter headings as the following:

I. Adventure of the Lousy Book.

How the Author, on returning home one day, found his manuscript being officially de-loused, because a pair of robins were raising a family on the window-ledge adjoining his study desk.

II. Adventure of the Substituted Portrait.

How a protrait of Leigh Hunt in 1822 became a portrait of Shelley in 1905.

III. The Death of a Grandfather.

How the Author of a Biography Rejoices when his first important character is liquidated.

IV. Adventure of the Wandering Documents.

How the Author Went to England to Find Certain Documents that Were in America, and How They Came Back to England while he was there.

V. Adventure of the Belated Dinner Guests.

How, After Dining Well with a Poet and Fellow-Shelleyan, it was necessary to Walk a Mile to a Pub to Procure a Taxi.

VI. The Author Commits Theft.

How He Could Not Escape from the Bibliothèque Nationale Until He had Stolen a Card from a Frenchman.

VII. The Lawyer's Attic.

How a Lawyer's Attic in a Welsh Town Yielded Up Papers After 130 Years, and How the Same Attic Yielded Similar Papers Some Months Later.

VIII. Adventures in Psychologizing.

How the Subject Evinces a Strange Tendency to Reproduce in his Own Life Episodes from Books.

IX. Adventures in Handwriting.

How records were confused and how they were again clarified, Mirror-writing that had no significance, the Newspaper Handwriting Expert who read Claire Clairmont's character.

Possibly that would be enough to indicate that the biographer, like his subject, has moments of adventure. Perhaps because he has to submerge himself while writing his book, it may partly excuse his coming forth afterwards and parading himself. But in any event, here the story ends. An unseen auditor, a slender, pink-cheeked, tousle-haired and very earnest looking young man, who was entitled to a larger place in this lecture, has been making remarks audible only to your speaker. "At a time like this, when all civilization seems threatened by an evil tyranny, why not say something about the invincible spirit of liberty?":

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with Despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust—If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

"Why not try to show what it demands to win and hold true freedom?":

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

"Why not assert once more," he demands, "that imagination, true insight of which poetry is a principal voice, lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world—a beauty which I have repeatedly personified?"

> For she was beautiful; her beauty made
> The bright world dim, and everything beside
> Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.

A POEM FOR ARTHUR PEARSE*

The question before us, gentlemen,
Is our good friend Arthur Pearse,
Who didn't mind working,
But couldn't stand listening every Wednesday
noon to a lot of windbags who might have
talked better but who couldn't possibly
have talked worse.
He said he'd rather work his farm out there at
the fork of the roads
And fight nematodes.

And everybody knew he was still about
as hard as when he was a top sergeant in Cuba,
Or when he went to Africa and swore at
Kru-boys in a mixture of Nebraskan and Yoruba,
And that he wasn't a squealer
About eating raw fish for a year in Japan or
fighting bugs in Venezuela;
And when he was whirling at the end of a rope
over a Guatemalan cenote
He didn't howl like a coyote
But only got dizzy, and some of the Indians thought
he was drunk but others thought "Is he?";
And when he was prone on his belly
(With a tortilla inside of it) hunting parasites in a smelly
Bat-cave that had a very narrow enclosure,
His comparatively elevated and slowly vanishing
rear-end still preserved a strong and dignified composure;
And when he collected a bag of snakes in the Eno
swamps and they got loose in the kitchen sink
He met the situation with senatorial calm and
gathered them up again when the Branscomb kids
next door raised a stink,
And, ignoring the metaphorical smells,
He wrote another chapter in his philosophical magnum
opus, *Hell's Bells.*

But since he always said what he meant and meant
what he said,
Nobody could stop him when he swore he was quittin',
And all the little gab-fest boys could
do by way of benediction
(And without risking any possible homicidal friction)
Was to say that it was fittin'
That somebody should write a poem on Arthur
Pearse as a kind of token
Of a lot of things better left unspoken.
They thought he might listen
To a poem like this'n,
As a kind of return for all the poems on them that
he had written;
And even if it couldn't be as mendacious
or as terse
As all those kindly birthday poems by
Poet Laureate Pearse,
One thing was sure—
It could be truer.

But all it says is, at the Wednesday table
A chair stands always waiting and no one
shall fill it
But Arthur Pearse—
Nobody else is able.

N. I. W.

* Newman White was one of a group of eight or ten members of the faculty at Duke University from various departments, who have for many years met weekly on Wednesday for luncheon and good table-talk. This poem, occasioned by the retirement in June 1948 of Arthur Sperry Pearse, Professor of Zoology since 1926, is typical of Newman White's affectionate banter.

PARAPHRASES FROM THE SPANISH

I

See, in the corner, flung
  Long underfoot,
Dusty and loosely strung
  The harp! long mute.

Where the stiff branches swing,
  Silent, the bird
Sits—but in leafy spring
  Music is heard.

So, in the soul's recesses
  Dead Genius lies,
Whom then a Voice addresses:
  "Lazarus! Rise!"

II

The honeysuckle will remount completely
  The gray wall where your garden lies in bloom,
And fill the air, each May again, more sweetly,
  With all the world's most wonderful perfume.

They will come back, the dark-winged swallows, nesting
  Beneath your chamber window as before,
And, flitting past, will seem to call, half-jesting,
  "Come to the window, Dear; come to the door."

—But not the self-same birds that seemed to hover
  (Because your beauty held them, and my yearning)
And call our names—the loved one and the lover—
  They will not be the self-same birds returning.

N. I. W.

THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF NEWMAN IVEY WHITE

ROBERT W. CHRIST

THIS bibliography is intended to provide a complete record of Newman White's published work, with the exception of newspaper articles, interviews, and the myriad book reviews he wrote over a long period of years for many newspapers and periodicals. (He was a regular reviewer for the *South Atlantic Quarterly.*) Several "review articles" are, however, included on the ground that the book in question served here only as the stepping stone for a critical paper.

The bibliography is arranged in two principal groups: separate publications, and writings in periodicals or collected volumes; the second group is again divided into prose and poetry. Within each group the arrangement is chronological. His scholarly writings, beginning with a paper on the collection of folklore in 1916, show the maintenance and development of his two principal literary interests: Shelley and the English Romantics, and American folklore, especially that of the Negro.

Newman White edited and contributed to his high school yearbook in Greensboro in 1909, then entered Trinity College in the fall of 1909; the very next item in this bibliography is a poem in the October, 1909, issue of *The Archive,* the undergraduate literary magazine (i.e., *The Trinity Archive* through vol. XXXVII, no. 3, for December 1924; with the establishment of Duke University, the name was changed to *The Archive.* It is cited throughout under this current form of the name.) Beginning with his sophomore year (1910/11), there is a contribution from his pen in every issue save two throughout his undergraduate years. In 1913/14, when he remained at Trinity as a graduate student and assistant in English, he contributed to all but one issue, and the continuing contributions throughout later years testify to his interest in creative literary endeavors on the campus. In all, more than sixty poems and several short stories or articles appeared in *The Archive,* and many book reviews (not included here). Many of his contributions appeared over his nickname, "Ni," the pseudonym, "N'importe," or were unsigned. In his own copies of *The Archive* for 1910-1915 (vol. XXIV-XXVIII), now in the Duke University Library, he has signed in ink his full name to many of

these anonymous or pseudonymous writings, and many bear his manuscript corrections. An asterisk (*) in the bibliography indicates items which are attributed solely on the basis of the pseudonym or internal evidence.

Newman White's doctoral dissertation (Harvard, 1918) was *Shelley's Dramatic Poems;* this has not been published in full. Also unpublished are two major addresses: "Shelley as I See Him," read before the Friends of Duke University Library on March 25, 1940; and "Legend and Fact in Biography," delivered at Yale University on December 6, 1943 as one of the series of Bergen Lectures. The first volume of the projected five-volume edition of the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, which he was editing at the time of his death, is now in press. His personal papers and correspondence have been placed in the Duke University Library, where the manuscript and author's proof of the *Portrait of Shelley* are also preserved.

I. Separate Publications

G. H. S. Annual, 1909. [Greensboro, N. C., 1909.] 88 p.
Newman I. White is listed as head of the Editorial Staff of this yearbook of the students of Greensboro High School.

The Chanticleer, v. 1, 1912. Durham, N. C., 1912. 232 p.
N. I. White is listed as an Assistant Editor of this yearbook of the students of Trinity College.

The Chanticleer, v. 2, 1913. Durham, N. C., 1913. 240 p.
N. I. White is listed as Editor-in-Chief.

Folk-Lore primer. [Auburn, Ala.]: Folk-Lore Committee of the Alabama Association of Teachers of English [1917?]. 20 p.
Published in the name of the Committee, of which White was chairman for the year 1917-1918.

An Anthology of verse by American Negroes; edited with a critical introduction, biographical sketches of the authors, and bibliographical notes by Newman Ivey White . . . and Walter Clinton Jackson . . . with an introduction by James Hardy Dillard. (Trinity College Publication.) Durham, N. C.: Trinity College Press, 1924. 250 p.

American Negro folk-songs. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1928. 501 p.

The Best of Shelley; edited, with an introduction and notes, by Newman Ivey White. (Nelson's English series.) New York: T. Nelson and Sons, 1932. 531 p.
Second printing, New York, Ronald Press, 1945.

Report [of the] Committee for investigation and recommendation on student affairs; March 8th, 1934. [Durham, N. C.]: Trinity College, Duke University [1934]. 11 p.
Signed by the committee of twelve members, including White.

The Unextinguished hearth: Shelley and his contemporary critics. (Duke University Publication.) Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1938. 397 p.

Shelley. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1940. 2 v.
Also London: Secker & Warburg, 1947.

Portrait of Shelley. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1945. 482 p.
A condensation of his *Shelley,* 1940.

Duke University and the future. Durham, N. C.: [Duke University Chapter of the American Association of University Professors] 1946. 8 p.
A paper read at a meeting of the Chapter on November 27, 1945.

II. Writings in Periodicals and Collected Volumes

1. Prose

"A Historical incident [humorous story]." G. H. S. Annual, 1909: 35-36.

"Catullus and the Alexandrian school of literature [essay]." The Archive, XXIV: 229-233 (Mar. 1911).

"A Volume of Keats [story]." The Archive, XXIV: 291-296 (Apr. 1911).

"Ye 'Prentice turned alchemist [story]." The Archive, XXV: 168-173 (Jan./Feb. 1912).

*"College ideals [essay]." The Archive, XXVIII: 188-190 (Feb. 1915).

*"The Confessions of a theme-reader [essay]." The Archive, XXVIII: 286-288 (Apr. 1915).

*"The Compact [story]." The Archive, XXIX: 51-56 (Nov. 1915).

*"Mike's debut [story]." The Archive, XXIX: 103-111 (Dec. 1915).

"The Collection of folk-lore." Proceedings of the Alabama Educational Association, XXXV: 119-126 (June 1916).

[Trinity College songs]. The Archive, XXXI: 180-181 (Dec. 1917).
Long extract from a letter to President Few, relating to the need for more Trinity College songs.

"Racial traits in the Negro song." Sewanee Review, XXVIII: 396-404 (July 1920).

"The Historical and personal background of Shelley's *Hellas.*" South Atlantic Quarterly, XX: 52-60 (Jan. 1921).

"Shelley's *Swell-foot the Tyrant* in relation to contemporary political satires." Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, XXXVI: 332-346 (Sept. 1921).

"American Negro poetry." South Atlantic Quarterly, XX: 304-322 (Oct. 1921).

"Racial feeling in Negro poetry." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXI: 14-29 (Jan. 1922).

"The English Romantic writers as dramatists." Sewanee Review, XXX: 206-215 (Apr. 1922).

"Shelley's *Charles the First.*" Journal of English and Germanic Philology, XXI: 431-441 (July 1922).

"Wilfred Blunt's diaries." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXI: 360-364 (Oct. 1922).

A review article based on W. S. Blunt, *My diaries, 1888-1914,* New York, 1921.

"Shelley's debt to Alma Murray." Modern Language Notes, XXXVII: 411-415 (Nov. 1922).

"An Italian 'imitation' of Shelley's *The Cenci.*" Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, XXXVII: 683-690 (Dec. 1922).

"The Shelley Society again." Modern Language Notes, XXXIX: 18-22 (Jan. 1924).

"The Beautiful angel and his biographers." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXIV: 73-85 (Jan. 1925).

A review article based on André Maurois, *Ariel: the life of Shelley,* New York, 1924; and O. W. Campbell, *Shelley and the unromantics,* New York, 1924.

"Literature and the law of libel: Shelley and the radicals of 1840-1842." Studies in Philology, XXII: 34-47 (Jan. 1925).

Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound;* or, Every man his own allegorist." Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, XL: 172-184 (Mar. 1925).

"John Masefield—an estimate." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXVI: 189-200 (Apr. 1927).

A review article based on John Masefield, *The Collected works . . .* New York, 1925.

"The White man in the woodpile; some influences on Negro secular folk-songs." American Speech, IV: 207-215 (Feb. 1929).

"Shelley and the active radicals of the early nineteenth century." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXIX: 248-261 (July 1930).

"Teaching versus research." School and Society, XXXV: 109-113 (Jan. 23, 1932).

"Labor helps itself: a case history." South Atlantic Quarterly, XXXII: 346-364 (Oct. 1933).

The story of the Durham Labor and Materials Exchange, organized by White and operated under his direction from February 3 to August 26, 1933, to supplement Community Relief during the darkest days of the depression.

"Shelley at Oxford." Times (London) Literary Supplement, Nov. 16, 1933, p. 795.

A letter to the Editor, calling attention to a letter in the *Anti-Jacobin Review* for February, 1812, which refers to Shelley and appears to be the first published account of the poet.

"Shelley's biography: the primary sources." Studies in Philology, XXXI: 472-486 (July 1934).

"Keats and the periodicals of his time." (With George L. Marsh.) Modern Philology, XXXII: 37-53 (Aug. 1934).

"Academic freedom and tenure: Converse College." (With Harry DeMerle Wolf.) Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, XX: 434-447 (Nov. 1934).

"The Romantic movement: a selective and critical bibliography for the year 1937 [-1947]." ELH: a Journal of English Literary History, V (1938) [-XV (1948)].

11 "A combination of circumstances" caused the Shelleys to ~~If had been the Shelleys~~ plan to return to Naples late in May and remain there until winter. On April 20 however, Shelley was again "very unwell", and, though there are no further reports of his illness, it seemed wise to advance the date of their departure from Rome. ~~The doctors seemed to agree~~ Mary believed that the Roman air produced "cold ~~and~~ depression and even fever" in Shelley and the doctors recommended Naples. Mary wrote to Mrs. Gisborne to urge her to accept the invitation to visit them in Naples that Shelley had already pressed upon the Gisbornes in a former letter. They now expected to leave Rome on May 7. Meanwhile Shelley's health again improved and the pleasant intimacy with Miss Curran developed, so that the last week of May found Shelley's family still in Rome. [insert over]

On May 25 William Shelley fell ill. Hitherto he had always ~~enjoyed~~ excellent health and spirits. The next day he was better, but it was two or three days more before he could be pronounced convalescent from an attack of worms. As the doctors were of the opinion that he suffered from the heat of the southern climate his parents thought it unwise to take him still further south, to Naples. Moreover, Mary Shelley was expecting another baby in ~~November or December~~ October, and was already under

A page of Newman White's final manuscript draft of *Shelley*, published in two volumes in 1940; this passage appears on p. 91-92 of volume two.

White contributed bibliographical and critical notes to these annual bibliographies in the March issues of *ELH*.

"Unpublished letters." Times (London) Literary Supplement, Sept. 10, 1938, p. 584.
A letter to the Editor, calling attention to unpublished letters of Shelley, Burns, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and others in a grangerized edition of Moore's *Byron* in the British Museum.

"Probable dates of composition of Shelley's 'Letter to Maria Gisborne' and 'Ode to a Skylark.'" Studies in Philology, XXXVI: 524-528 (July 1939).

"Shelley in Wales." Min y Traeth, II: 184-194 (July 1939).
Min y Traeth is a publication of the Portmadoc (Wales) County School.

"The Development, use and abuse of interpretation in biography." English Institute Annual, 1942. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. Pp. 29-58.

"Academic freedom and tenure: Winthrop College." (With William McGuffey Hepburn.) Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, XXVIII: 173-196 (Apr. 1942).

"Organization of the Frank C. Brown collection of North Carolina folklore." Yearbook of the American Philosophical Society, 1945. Philadelphia: The Society, 1946. Pp. 218-219.
A report made as the recipient of a research grant.

"*The Shelley Legend* examined." Studies in Philology, XLIII: 522-544 (July 1946).
Robert Metcalf Smith and others, *The Shelley legend,* New York, 1945.

"Thomas James Wise: friend of Duke University Library; passages from his correspondence with Professor Newman I. White." (Compiled by Ellen Frances Frey.) Library Notes; a Bulletin issued for the Friends of Duke University Library, no. 18: 3-15 (July 1947).
Contains long passages from letters of White to Wise, regarding the development of the University Library; the correspondence is now in the Duke University Library.

2. Poetry

"Noughty Nine." G. H. S. Annual, 1909: 32.

*"Deliverance will come." G. H. S. Annual, 1909: 47.
Printed as the senior hymn, "revised by poet;" N. I. White was senior class poet at Greensboro High School, 1909.

"To ———." The Archive, XXIII: 21 (Oct. 1909).

"The Dreamer." The Archive, XXIV: 3 (Oct. 1910).

"The Demagogue (To T. R.)." The Archive, XXIV: 30 (Oct. 1910).

"At a Way-station." The Archive, XXIV: 74 (Nov. 1910).

"A Sonnet (After Wordsworth) [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXIV: 149 (Dec. 1910).

"Reciprocity [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXIV: 149 (Dec. 1910).

"A Farewell to 'Math' [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXIV: 150 (Dec. 1910).

"An Idyll in Silhouette." The Archive, XXIV: 173 (Feb. 1911).
[Humorous poem: "If a Laddie in the Street . . ."] The Archive, XXIV: 212 (Feb. 1911).
"To Paul Lawrence Dunbar [sonnet]." The Archive, XXIV: 301 (Apr. 1911).
"Winds of Destiny." The Archive, XXIV: 302 (Apr. 1911).
"To a Musician." The Archive, XXIV: 364 (May 1911).
"To the Thomas Cat (A Parody on Milton's 'To the Nightingale') [humorous sonnet]." The Archive, XXIV: 376 (May 1911).
"Scene Shifts." The Archive, XXV: 3 (Oct. 1911).
"Wanderings [sonnet]." The Archive, XXV: 19 (Oct. 1911).
"A Geometrical Soliloquy [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXV: 38 (Oct. 1911).
" 'When 'Orace Smote 'Is Bloomin' Lyre'—(See R. K.'s 'Barrack Room Ballads') [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXV: 38 (Oct. 1911).
"Insect Philosophies." The Archive, XXV: 61 (Nov. 1911).
"The Silent Songs." The Archive, XXV: 75 (Nov. 1911).
"Jim Key's Bonehead Philosophy [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXV: 89 (Nov. 1911).
"Time Wreckage." The Archive, XXV: 132 (Dec. 1911).
"An Essay on Pie: a Devilish Composition by the Printer's Devil [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXV: 150-151 (Dec. 1911).
"The Idealist." The Chanticleer, I (1912): 60.
"The Will-o'-the Wisp." The Archive, XXV: 181-182 (Jan./Feb. 1912).
"The Sons of Adam." The Archive, XXV: 213-214 (Mar. 1912).
"The Illusionist." The Archive, XXV: 269 (Apr. 1912).
"Minutes." The Archive, XXV: 299 (Apr. 1912).
"Rondeau of the Indignant Optimist [humorous poem]." The Archive, XXV: 314-315 (Apr. 1912).
"Flower Fancies: 'Est Rosa Flos Veneris.' " The Archive, XXV: 333 (May 1912).
"Flower Fancies: The Violet and I." The Archive, XXV: 333-334 (May 1912).
"The Shades." The Archive, XXVI: 3-5 (Oct. 1912).
"Catullus V [translation]." The Archive, XXVI: 22 (Oct. 1912).
"The Inn-Tower Speaks." The Archive, XXVI: 50-51 (Oct. 1912).
"Catullus VII [translation]." The Archive, XXVI: 122 (Nov. 1912).
"Blue Eyes." The Archive, XXVI: 149 (Dec. 1912).
"Campus Singing." The Chanticleer, II (1913): 184.
"The Inn's Farewell." The Archive, XXVI: 321-322 (May 1913). Revised and reprinted, in part, in The Archive, XXXVII: 251 (Mar. 1925).
*"To Chlais [sonnet]." The Archive, XXVI: 337 (May 1913).
"Campus Strolling." The Archive, XXVI: 366 (May 1913).
"A Distant Song." The Archive, XXVII: 19 (Oct. 1913).
"Catullus XXXI (On Coming Home from Foreign Travels) [translation]." The Archive, XXVII: 51 (Nov. 1913).

"The Co-Ed Annabel Lee." The Archive, XXVII: 70-71 (Nov. 1913). Reprinted in The Chanticleer, III (1914): 250.

"Altar Lilies." The Archive, XXVII: 101 (Dec. 1913).

"Jim Key on the Repression of the Poor." The Archive, XXVII: 152 (Dec. 1913).

"Song of the College Mail [humorous poem]." The Chanticleer, III (1914): 256.

"Summons." The Chanticleer, III (1914): 114.

"The Romanticist Awakes." The Archive, XXVII: 161 (Feb. 1914).

"Cry of the Battle-Weary." The Archive, XXVII: 232 (Mar. 1914).

"Birthdays." The Archive, XXVII: 258 (Mar. 1914).

"Ballade of Smiles (Being a Complaint of His Lady)." The Archive, XXVII: 287 (Apr./May 1914).

"Alumni Poem (Read at Alumni Dinner, Commencement, 1914)." The Archive, XXVIII: 169-171 (Dec. 1914).

*"The Ravings of a Whitmaniac [burlesque poem]." The Chanticleer, IV (1915): 296-298.

"Song of Trinity." The Archive, XXXI: 157 (Dec. 1917).

"We'll Go No More to Beaufort Town." The Archive, XXXII: 131-132 (Jan. 1920).

"Foolish Time." The Archive, XXXII: 211 (Feb. 1920).

"Radio." The Archive, XXXVI: 305 (Apr. 1924). Reprinted in R. P. Harriss, ed., The Archive Anthology; verse by little-known and well-known writers, Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1926, p. 66. Also reprinted in W. M. Blackburn, ed., One and Twenty; Duke narrative and verse, 1924-1945, [Durham, N. C.]: Duke University Press, 1945, p. 187.

"To his Young Cup Bearer (Catullus 27) [translation]." The Archive, XXXVI: 322 (Apr. 1924).

"Sonnet: Upon this day let all things quiet be . . ." The Archive, XXXVIII, 1: 14 (Oct. 1925). Reprinted under the title "For a Birthday" in R. P. Harriss, ed., The Archive Anthology, 1926, p. 35.

"Clais Returns." The Archive, XXXVIII, 2: 3 (Nov. 1925). Reprinted in R. P. Harriss, ed., The Archive Anthology, 1926, p. 43. Also reprinted in W. M. Blackburn, ed., One and Twenty, 1945, p. 189. Also reprinted in The Archive, LXII, 2: 16 (Jan. 1949).

"In a Grave-Yard." The Archive, XXXVIII, 5: 4 (Feb./Mar. 1926).

"Nosce Te-Ipsum: A Medieval Parable (With Apologies to La Fontaine)." The Archive, XLIV, 1: 7-8 (Oct. 1931).

"Barabbas to his Lieutenant on Mount Calvary [sonnet]." The Archive, XLIV, 1: 8 (Oct. 1931). Reprinted in W. M. Blackburn, ed., One and Twenty, 1945, p. 188. Also reprinted in The Archive, LXII, 2: 16 (Jan. 1949).

"The Fox and the Lion." The Archive, XLIV, 4: 17 (Jan. 1932).

"Examination Grades [humorous sonnet]." The Archive, XLIV, 4: 18 (Jan. 1932).

"Spring Warning [sonnet]." The Archive, XLIV, 5: 9 (Feb. 1932). Revised and

reprinted under the title "Mid-March in Hope Valley" in W. M. Blackburn, ed., One and Twenty, 1945, p. 190. Also reprinted in The Archive, LXII, 2: 16 (Jan. 1949).

"'If There were Dreams to Sell, What Would You Buy?'" The Archive, XLIV, 5: 13 (Feb. 1932).

"The Crow and the Serpent." The Archive, XLIV, 5: 13 (Feb. 1932).

"On 'A Catalogue of Rare and Valuable Books' [sonnet]." Library Notes; a Bulletin issued for the Friends of Duke University Library, no. 20: 1 (July 1948).

CAMPUS DOGWOOD, APRIL

Now that we see, miraculously white
  This scattered dogwood, shaded by a band
  Of slender, guardian pines—dark trees, that stand
Distinct and calm, brown-boled, erect and slight—
And now that in their depth, where filtered light
  Irregularly reaches, we command
  Remoter glimpses—beauty still at hand
Yet so sequestered that our trivial sight
Should never have obtruded—Who are we
  To speak of beauty fading? It abides
    Within the mind more firmly, being gone:
Diana, Flora, slim Persephone,
  We know you now—the loveliness that glides
    Not past, but forward, always moving on.

N. I. W.