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ing to the power of being in the upper strata of feudal society. Mutig is derived from *Mut*, the movement of the soul suggested by the English word "mood." Thus words like *Schwermut*, *Hochmut*, *Kleinmut* (the heavy, the high, the small "spirit"). *Mut* is a matter of the "heart," the personal center. Therefore mutig can be rendered by *beherzt* (as the French-English "courage" is derived from the French *coeur*, heart). While *Mut* has preserved this larger sense, *Tapferkeit* became more and more the special virtue of the soldier—who ceased to be identical with the knight and the nobleman. It is obvious that the terms *Mut* and courage directly introduce the ontological question, while *Tapferkeit* and fortitude in their present meanings are without such connotations. The title of these lectures could not have been "The Fortitude to Be" (*Die Tapferkeit zum Sein*); it had to read "The Courage to Be" (*Der Mut zum Sein*).

The letter from Dr. Tillich is focused precisely on this point, and written at a time when he was engaged in determining the exact meaning of the term and in exploring its broader significance.



CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES: CUPBEARER TO DEMIGODS

By RICHARD CARY

ONE of the occupational hazards that celebrated masculine authors can count on is the acquisition, willy-nilly, of a glowing "circle" of female zealots. Frequently these women suffer from *furor poeticus* and haunt the master in hope that some of the divine essence will rub off. Just as frequently they are motivated by vanity, surrogate fulfillment, or even a kind of refined voyeurism. Sometimes, rarely, they throb with mystic kinship and desire purely to serve. In any case, they enshrine their idol securely atop a crystal stylos and take up orbits as closely as they dare.

Over the short era of American literature, reaction to this phenomenon has been mixed. Whittier acceded beatifically, as one might accept a halo; Poe, half in rapture, half in wrath, exacted from it tenderness and legal tender; Hawthorne flailed it down with lugubrious dispraise of that "damned mob of scribbling women." None of these attitudes ruffled the en-

386 Colby Library Quarterly

chanted damsels in the least. With the unyielding pertinacity of natural law, they continued to revolve around their special star, happy in the fact that they were—however infinitesimal—members of the universal process.

In this iridescent sisterhood Charlotte Fiske Bates played a refractory role. She found the satellite concept inadequate to her stature and set about creating a new basic pattern. Not content with peripheral relation to a single author, she sought to compress the brightest of her male contemporaries into a manageable galaxy and install herself in dead center. She strove to emulate them in her own writings but only sporadically pretended to equivalence. Diffident yet determined, she affirmed in myriad ways her ruling notion that proximity to genius was heaven's reward to mediocrity. She used every artifice at her disposal to remain within arm's length of her chosen luminaries. Her life was a triumph of idealistic subordination: she touched the hem of many garments.

In New York City's labyrinthine halls of records the birth-day of Charlotte Fiske Bates is registered as November 30, 1838, but it is safe to conjecture that, in her own mind, life began with the appearance of her first poem in the magic of print two decades later. She was the youngest of six rather short-lived children born to Hervey and Eliza Endicott Bates. While she was still an infant her father died, and in her eighth year her mother removed the family to Cambridge, Massachusetts. There she received her education in the public schools and then engaged in private tutorage for twenty-five years. During this time she lived at 10 Ellery Street with her mother and a brother, Fletcher, who (though a bookkeeper at the Traders National Bank in Boston) eyed the slopes of Parnassus with ardency rivaling her own. His best known poem, "A Laurel Leaf," a three-quatrain adulation of Longfellow, appears in W. Sloane Kennedy's biography of the Maine poet.

To create for herself a place among the immortals of poesy was Miss Bates's principal passion, but she siphoned off a modicum of energy into civic amelioration, philanthropy, and Christian uplift, one instance being the Flower Mission for which she solicited Whittier's support. With her congenital flair for organization, she conceived and helped to fruition numerous councils and congresses devoted to the advance of

Colby Library Quarterly 387

women and of literature. At the Chicago Exposition she was cited for meritorious service in these areas.

Supplementary to her private school, Miss Bates conducted several series of "Illustrative Readings" from Crabbe, Campbell, Byron, and other British notables, later including examples of her own writings "in many veins of thought." Copious response to these sessions encouraged her to add a course of lectures on authors from "the Anglo-Saxon period to the time of Henry VII, inclusive." In the opinion of many who heard them, the talks were models of concision and cogency. She was urged to publish them as a contribution to literary criticism. No record of them exists.

In September of 1888 Miss Bates accepted the position of Instructor of English Literature in the Salisbury School for Young Ladies in New York City. So, after forty years, she returned to the city of her birth, enhanced her repute as teacher and lecturer, and underwent two momentous experiences. First: she had the macabre distinction of seeing her own obituary on the front page of the *Boston Transcript*. On January 6, 1890, under "Recent Deaths," the paper noted in part: "Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, the well-known writer, died at Bellevue Hospital, New York, Saturday, at the age of fifty-one." Although she had suffered a bout of pneumonia which her physicians did not expect her to survive—as with Mark Twain—the report of demise was grossly exaggerated. It was circulated widely in the New England press and, despite prompt retraction, was renewed in Cassell's *Younger American Poets*, the preface of which dolefully regretted her loss.¹ Second: perhaps more conscious of time's winged chariot now, in June of the following year (at 52) she married Monsieur Adolphe Rogé, a professor of French and a playwright of sorts. One account of the event observed owlishly: "Miss Bates . . . still keeps her maiden name in literature."

Winter of 1895 found the pedagogical pair in St. Augustine, Florida, busily transmitting English literature and French language to classes and individual pupils at the newly inaugurated Rogé School. The School was populous and the courses popu-

¹ The report curiously persisted. As late as October 17, 1896, the *Boston Literary World* bridled at "the inexcusable statement in one of the current encyclopaedias, one which professes to speak with authority, a statement which stars her name, as it were, among the dead."

388 Colby Library Quarterly

lar. But their happy activity was suddenly aborted. Within the first season of their arrival Monsieur Rogé contracted malarial fever and died (March 1896), three months short of their fifth anniversary. Mrs. Rogé stayed on in St. Augustine, bravely attending her multiplied responsibilities and trying to regain her balance, but by October 1897 she was back on familiar acres in Cambridge. Eventually she took residence at 304 Harvard Street, which she made the center of a wide web of projects, alliances, and correspondence. She died there on September 1, 1916.

Much of Miss Bates's private life was devoted to the cultivation of camaraderie with American writers of renown. It was as though consorting with the elite would somehow compensate for the dearth of genuine afflatus in herself. Meeting *vis-à-vis* was of course the apex. When that could not be achieved she compulsively commemorated her feelings in verse, letter, or gift. Not all her personal meetings are matters of accessible record today. However, thumbing through periodicals and chronicles of her time, one comes across traces of real and psychic encounters in curious relief, like frail imprints of petrified ferns. In her volume *Risk* she invokes Hawthorne in one poem, Whittier in two, Bryant and Longfellow in three each. At the garden party tendered by the *Atlantic Monthly* to Harriet Beecher Stowe in observance of her 70th birthday, Miss Bates recited a festive rhyme. On Lowell's return from England in June 1885 the Boston *Literary World* allocated ten pages to laudations in prose and verse from such as Holmes, Whittier, Mark Hopkins, George Bancroft, and Henry Cabot Lodge. Miss Bates furnished a twelve-line "Welcome" in which she apotheosized Lowell as "God's sweetest bird." On the rare book shelves of the Boston Public Library are autographed copies of *Risk*² to Holmes and to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, famed unearther of literary talent. Higginson's copy contains a letter from Miss Bates which conveys the "subtle satisfaction" she derived from a book of poetry she had borrowed from him.

From the two towering Transcendentalists—domestic and feral—she made more persistent demands for attention. On

² The Colby College copy is inscribed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich "With the compliments of the Author."

Colby Library Quarterly 389

April 6, 1877, she wrote to Emerson, begging him to forget her conduct at their meeting on Saturday. (The nature of the enormity Miss Bates committed in the Sage's presence might give pause for speculation were it not for her inflexible propriety, which forces the conclusion that it must have been something no more heinous than splitting an infinitive.) She wrote again around the 16th and again on the 23rd, returning a note which he had sent her by mistake.³ Emerson apparently, retained his olympian gravity. On the other hand, Whitman grunted and chuckled. When, in the summer of 1888, she sent him a box of flowers, he eyed it with a twinkle. "From Cambridge," he said, "from under the shadow of Harvard." On receipt of her letter four days later, he commented: "She is itching to write books—does write poetry some, I think. It is always a serious disease—sometimes even fatal: a few recover entirely unhurt—but very few." And when she wrote in August: "*My dear Friend*, I send you this comprehensive brevity to tell you how glad I am that you are regaining your old self," she barely touched his sentimental nerve while outraging his sense of spontaneous expression. "The feeling of the note is quite loving and correct," he mused, "but that 'comprehensive brevity' would surely trouble Polonius as a vile phrase."⁴ That year she published an elaborate sonnet to his birthday which must have caused him further lexical discomfort.

With similar éclat Miss Bates stormed scores of other fortresses, though none with greater concentration than Whittier and Longfellow, possibly the most benign and compliant of their kind. Through the massive phalanx of Whittier's female votaries Miss Bates strode confidently. She had some doughty rivals to contend with (biographers note at least forty), among them Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Celia Thaxter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Sarah Orne Jewett. "Out of principle, because they were women, he praised and encouraged them in their work. . . He was the devoted friend of all of them indifferently," writes John A. Pollard.

³ Ralph L. Rusk (ed.), *Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (New York, 1939), VI, 304.

⁴ The Bates and Whitman quotations are from Horace Traubel (ed.), *With Walt Whitman in Camden* (New York, 1915), II, 9, 23, 263.

Miss Bates consolidated her position with Whittier through frequent gratulatory poems in newspapers and magazines. Two reappear in *Risk*. To the *Literary World's* full-issue symposium on Whittier's 70th birthday she contributed a modest psalm of praise. Volume II of her *Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song* is headed by Whittier's portrait and includes nine of his poems. Dearest to her heart was her extensive correspondence with him, running almost without cessation from 1879 to the year of his death, 1892. In the January 1894 issues of *McClure's* and *Cosmopolitan* appear articles which are little more than braided extracts of unpublished letters from Whittier to her.⁵ The tone is that of old friends ruminating easefully in the glimmer of firelight. She sparked his crackling wit and sought to draw him out on topics as ordinary as weather and as extraordinary as God. They spoke of sin, health and fame, of favored charities, of snide lady scribes, of spiritualism, of epitaphs and other poets' poems, of time and death and life after death, of nature's manifold faces and languages, of Boston. Whittier's pervasive gaiety is typified in this remark he made after a long siege of illness: "It has left me very weak, but I am thankful that I am gaining daily. The Irishman's description of the *grippe*, 'That he was deadly sick for three weeks after he was entirely well,' is confirmed by my own experience." Miss Bates treasured the peroration of his last letter, written five months before he died: "My eyes fail me a good deal, and I can use them only for a brief letter, just to tell thee that I am glad to hear from thee, and that I am always affectionately thy friend." It certified her goodwill and assured her she was privy to the front rank.

⁵ One holograph letter, now at Colby College, reveals prime discrepancies in the transcription methods of Samuel T. Pickard, Whittier's official biographer. In Volume II, 651-653, of his *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1895) he prints what purports to be an authentic letter from Whittier to Miss Bates. Actually it is a telescoped version of two or more letters. Pickard obviously never saw the originals. He excised his material from Miss Bates's "Glimpses of Whittier's Faith and Character," (*McClure's*, January 1894, 125-126), arbitrarily bypassed Miss Bates's positive sign of separateness, rearranged paragraphs, omitted a sentence, inserted variant punctuation, and reproduced it faultily as a single epistle. In all innocence Thomas Wentworth Higginson perpetuated this fusion in his *English Men of Letters* biography of Whittier's (New York, 1902), 128-130. Miss Bates was not entirely blameless; she took about three dozen editorial liberties with Whittier's embattled manuscript herself. (For a full review of the distortions, see Richard Cary, "Whittier Regained," *New England Quarterly*, XXXIV, September 1961, 370-375.)

Colby Library Quarterly

391

have not much to hope
 for to you on this life is
 serious; but I say,
 life; it is a pleasant thing
 to be loved in this, I have
 before in her varied aspect,
 and all of your other,
 I feel made to love in the
 golden circles, and also
 more a gift. I hope for
 a life hereafter, I have
 the subject of immortality,
 but the smiling of that
 life are unknown; I cannot
 concern what my own
 identity is that of dear my
 one keeps me, with the, and
 then the innermost sense
 I win, for the world
 and doubtless time may be
 certain of the character I

of God, make the best
 that I can, and, and that
 remember the child's - pray
 of Martin Elgin's -

"There is, Martin Elgin's,
 something on my soul, and God,
 as I would do here - I don't
 see you see Martin Elgin's!"
 I think there is a volume of Grief
 in that verse, "We Christians soon
 can trace a hapless in hour of
 death, than the old Sicilian,
 history Marcus Antoninus, I
 wrote of the creed of Christianity
 is really the "Glad Stairs" of
 Grief and a sad people" which
 the angels sang of, for myself
 I believe in God in God's way,
 Justice, Tendency, in no word
 of me, and yet my heart in
 Now is not strong of feel enough
 to overcome the natural shyness
 from his love of death, even with
 Martin, pray, that that with

PART OF WHITTIER'S LETTER TO MISS BATES

See page 390, footnote 5

392 Colby Library Quarterly

Her most exhaustive engagement, however, was with Longfellow. She tended him in a profusion of capacities. Besides the three poems about him in *Risk*, she issued a spate of encomiastic verses over the long span of his lifetime and thereafter. It was a rare birthday upon which she failed to signalize his genius (she thought of him as "the World's Poet"), and no incident of honor to him was permitted to pass without metrical corroboration.⁶ When grammar schools across the country decided on simultaneous celebrations of Longfellow's 75th birthday, Miss Bates helped organize and then report the proceedings. The first pages of her imposing anthology, *The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song*, are graced with his portrait and a poem dedicating the two-volume work to him.

More directly, she assisted him substantially in the compilation of his monumental *Poems of Places*, thirty-one volumes of descriptive poetry culled from the world's literature, upon which he started in 1874 and completed in 1879. Her dauntless efficiency must have proved a solace to him in many a despairing moment. "What evil demon moved me to make this collection?" he cried. "Could I have foreseen the time it would take, and the worry and annoyance it would bring with it, I never would have undertaken it." In 1881-2 she edited a brace of tributary volumes, *The Longfellow Birthday Book* and *Seven Voices of Sympathy*, croppings of his best sentiments in prose and verse. At the poet's funeral, passages from the latter book were read by his brother, the Reverend Samuel Longfellow.

Her personal association with him was of the closest. She insinuated herself cordially into his innermost circle and was evidently accepted as a vestal by his family and cronies. During part of the period in which he was struggling with the odious *Poems of Places* she acted as professional amanuensis, spending considerable time in rapport with him.⁷ She was part of

⁶ Three specific occasions: February 1879, when the schoolchildren of Cambridge presented him with an armchair fashioned from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree; February 1885, when England bestowed a replica bust of Longfellow upon America; April 1894, when the tenth anniversary of Longfellow's memorial in Westminster Abbey was observed.

⁷ Edward Wagenknecht in *Longfellow* (New York, 1955), 278, states that for a time she filled the position of secretary. And in an 1878 letter to Una Farley, Longfellow remarked: "Returning home I found Miss Bates, waiting with more proof-sheets."

Colby Library Quarterly 393

the small, patrician band (Holmes, Howells, Aldrich, Miss Jewett) that celebrated Longfellow's 74th birthday with "a dinner in advance, at Mr. Houghton's." And she was "among those present in the house" during the funerary rites when, as W. Sloane Kennedy declares, "To the service at the house none were admitted but the members of the family and a very few of the poet's most intimate friends who had cards of invitation."⁸ The end of his life spelled no end of her activity. Often without other backing she labored tirelessly to promote the Longfellow memorial fund.

As a poet in her own right Miss Bates proliferated in the daily and periodical press. She began to write with a view to publication while in her teens and received initial impetus from Howard M. Ticknor, editor of *Our Young Folks*. Soon her name became a common occurrence in the major magazines: *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *Literary World*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Outlook*, but most habitually in *Century* and most pridefully in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She appeared both in the general pages of *Century* and in its special section, "Bric-a-Brac," given over to mannered light verse, dialect humor, and rhymed aphorism. Here she shared quarters with Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Joel Chandler Harris, James Whitcomb Riley, Bill Nye, and Oliver Herford until 1891, when the title was changed to "In Lighter Vein." The emphasis shifted to prose and parody, neither a favorite medium of Miss Bates, and her lucubrations quickly petered out. The *Atlantic Monthly* printed a baker's dozen of her poems between 1870 and 1899—prophetic date!—but with the onset of the 20th century, insurgent new voices (Harriet Monroe, Bliss Carman, Ridgely Torrence, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim) preëmpted her place in its pages.

As to quality, one well-placed but myopic critic assessed her endowment as of purest ray serene: "For purity, for brilliance, for luster, few gems yielded by American mines have exceeded hers." In all justice it must be reported that Miss Bates was no Sappho or Dickinson, nor even a Rossetti or Elizabeth Barrett. The thump of her pedestrian cadences and the solemn banality of her thoughts must certainly have been

⁸ Henry W. Longfellow (Cambridge, Mass., 1882), 130.

394 Colby Library Quarterly

poor paraphrases of what she aspired to write. She was genteel in taste, correct in metrics, bookish in diction, and sometimes fulsome in the elaboration of themes. The middle stanza of her "America to England" is representative. She is speaking of the receipt by Harvard College of a copy of Longfellow's bust in Westminster Abbey:

What else could touch his loved New England more
Than such a greeting from Old England's shore?
Her poet's breath here in the marble cast,
While in Westminster stands the protoplast.

One can hear Whitman's harumph at that final atrocious rhyme.

Although several collections were announced as forthcoming, Miss Bates published only one volume of her verse, *Risk, and other Poems* (Boston, 1879), fairly early in her career. It contains about 120 poems, ten of which are sonnets, ten translations from the French which she had done originally for Longfellow's *Poems of Places* and here reprinted with minor redactions, and five epithalamia, a genre she was excessively fond of. She deals in allegory more readily than symbol, constantly deferring the lyrical to the ethical. She personifies Love, Death, Genius, Soul, and reduces each to a single invariable facet. There is much rigidity and little spirit, but not all is debit. Few of her poems are longer than a dozen lines, and she displays therein a structural and thematic succinctness which spares the reader tortuous excursions after fleeting meanings. As the years accumulated she sharpened her technical weapons, but this of course was not enough. Most of her pages reflect the bleakness of earnest mediocrity.

A swath of epigrammatic humor cuts through Miss Bates's ponderous lines. She could write punning verses with a certain sprightliness, as this one to the Boston *Literary World* editor (February 7, 1885):

If all good editors but had the head
That blesses you;
Then many of my poems would be read,
Instead of few.
Some poets—pardon the hyperbole!—
Could soon supply
An ocean—yes, the *Atlantic*, possibly
Should that run dry!

Colby Library Quarterly 395

She continues in this teasing vein until the last stanza, when that certitude of permanence which afflicts every poetaster haplessly intervened:

I am content, however; time is just,
Though men may sleep.
What I distil will never gather must;
My wine will keep!

Miss Bates's poetic productivity flourished lushly until 1900. Fatigue of age and an incompatible new *Zeitgeist* cut her output sharply, although fugitive pieces are encountered as late as 1914.

Outside of poetry Miss Bates's energies found diverse channels of flow. In education, she was alert to the needs of her epoch and prescribed in speeches and essays advanced standards for public school curricula. As translator, she proved an invaluable aide to beleaguered Longfellow in preparing *Poems of Places*. As literary critic, she composed blandish reviews of contemporary poets, mostly too short and too slight to justify reconsideration. In biography, she turned out *A Remarkable Life: Remembering Aaron Martin Crane*, privately printed in 1915. A six-page eulogy on grey sheets with grey paper covers, prefaced by an octet in which Miss Bates likens Crane to "a high beacon light," it recounts with many homilies the unselfconscious benefactions of this paragon among faith healers. As biography it is more prescriptive than descriptive, for she favors spiritual emanation over factual documentation. She also published an article on John Adams Albro, pastor of The First Church of Cambridge from 1835 to 1865 and biographer of the Puritan dogmatist Thomas Shepard.

She was, moreover, a skilled anthologist, in this respect reaching her highest level of accomplishment: in a stretch of two years she released three extremely marketable collections. The first of these was *The Longfellow Birthday Book* (Boston, 1881), a tastefully illustrated, handsize book arranged in calendar sequence for jotting down anniversary reminders. The odd-numbered pages are blank except for the notation of two dates and, in minuscule type, the names and birth years of celebrities born on those respective days. Facing these are appropriate quotations from Longfellow's prose and poetry, wherever

possible a passage which alludes to the person noted opposite. This was the first use of its kind made of Longfellow's prose. The edition sold some twenty thousand copies in the year following publication. Her second anthology, *Seven Voices of Sympathy* (Boston, 1882), was also drawn from Longfellow's works. "Seven voices" refers to the tones of the seven sections into which the book is divided, each comprising two to twelve pages of prose selections and a more liberal sampling from his poems. Aimed as consolation to persons recently bereaved, the volume was dedicated to Longfellow and James T. Fields who, ironically, were to die within eleven months of each other between the time of its planning and publication. The repeated cry of the prefatory poem—"Until we meet again"—was thus rather promptly realized.

In October of the same year appeared *The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song* (New York, 1882), unquestionably her masterwork and the first of its type devised in the United States solely by a woman. The two volumes are dedicated to the memory of Longfellow, his steel portrait and a verse homage precede the title page of Volume I; Volume II carries Whittier's portrait but no dedicatory words. In her preliminary essay Miss Bates candidly exposes three biases that underlay her selective principle: feminist (she wished to present the genius of women as fairly as that of men); messianic (she wished to redress past injustices to deserving poets); modernist (she wished to offset the standard poets with "a goodly number of poems from the very latest volumes"). Pleading lack of space, she banishes translations, ballads, and poems adjudged overly long. "Circumstances over which she had no control" forced her to omit sundry desirable authors or to append works "not at first selected." She excused other imperfections on the score of time—"this compilation has occupied the leisure intervals of a busy life for but fifteen months."

After recovering from her heterodox interpretation of "Contents" and "Index," the reader immediately notices her catholicity of range. Into her net she drew some 300 men and 115 women, unknowns and grantees, comic and serious, classic and ephemeral. If the huge delegation of gimcrack newspaper poets evoked a shrug, Miss Bates could point out the counterweight of Byron, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and

Colby Library Quarterly 397

Tennyson (despite her personal regard for Longfellow and Whittier she did not give them preferential treatment). She was gracious to New England's petticoat poets—Susan Coolidge, Rose Terry Cooke, the Cary sisters, Rose Hawthorne, Harriet Spofford, Helen Hunt Jackson, Annie Fields, and others, but, unaccountably, not a word from Sarah Orne Jewett, who was then as much heralded for her slender verse as for her sturdy prose. Another bald exclusion is Walt Whitman, which she explains in her preface as one of the cases beyond her control.⁹

Her judgment may be impugned interminably—for she includes one offering each of Donne, Blake, Chatterton, three of Chaucer, and four of Poe as against fifteen each of Charles Mackay, John Godfrey Saxe, Richard Chenevix Trench, seventeen of Richard Henry Stoddard, and eighteen of Martin Farquhar Tupper—but ultimately she must be granted an accolade or two. She was among the first to endorse without cavil the merits of the germinal Southern group led by Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne; and she served the useful historical purpose of preserving between convenient covers a host of attractive tertiary poets who might otherwise have vanished from the national cultural consciousness. Within the space of ten years, this beautifully designed set, speckled with autographed facsimiles of poems and delicate drawings, proved pleasurable enough to sell out and require a reissue.

The aptitudes of Charlotte Fiske Bates were varied and of sufficient prominence to secure listing in *Who's Who*. As educator, editor, and public moralist she demonstrated unmistakable executive ability; as poet, critic, and biographer, a limited but perceptible creative force. In an era of the maiden lady, the tender heart, and the red plush album she was not entirely without warrant. She could have done worse. Narrowly talented in a calling which demands supreme gifts, she desperately annexed herself to the greater artists within her reach. If she was not to be of first magnitude herself she could at least bask in the brighter light. Not for her was Lucifer's

⁹ Oddly, as we have seen, this very proper bluestocking thoroughly approved of America's ranking barbarian. With an instinct that refuted every amenity of her upbringing, she perceived the shimmer beneath his uncouth exterior and paid it unremitting homage. In a sonnet on his 69th birthday (*Boston Literary World*, May 26, 1888), she identified his genius with that of Phidias the sculptor, proclaiming them both masters of "coarse outline" which in the end surpasses "faultless lines."

398 Colby Library Quarterly

intractable *non serviam*. Shrewdly she took to her bosom Milton's bristling dictum, "They also serve who only stand and wait." It was her salvation, her literary immortality.



LONGFELLOW'S CRITICAL PREFERENCES

By MARSTON LAFRANCE

IN a previous issue of the *Quarterly* (March 1963), I suggested that the most important aesthetic point of view discernible in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's writings through 1835 derives from the associationist theory set forth in Archibald Alison's *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste* (1790), and that *Outre-Mer* (1835) is an excellent example of Longfellow's use of associationist techniques. While this youthful commitment helps account for certain romantic elements in the mature Longfellow's poetry—notably his interest in history and his preference for simplicity—Longfellow soon outgrew the bounds of Alison's theories. Hence, the critical position which merely stereotypes him as the romanticist is as misinformed as it is unjust. The difficult years from 1835 to 1843 ravaged Longfellow with emotional crises which could never have been surmounted by anything available to him in associationist theory, and thus he was forced to embrace a more strenuous doctrine. Fortunately, he began his study of German literature early in 1836 and, as J. T. Hatfield says, "Goethe, who penetrated his whole life and grew constantly in his esteem, undoubtedly helped him to turn, from a mere idyllic and romantic contemplation of life, to sterner issues."

Longfellow's debt to Goethe has been noted by Paul Morin, J. T. Hatfield, H. A. Pochmann, and others; briefly, he learned that the immense energy of passion assumes the form of strength once the emotions are dominated by the will, and that a kind of classic repose may be attained when this strength is directed, again by the will, to the pursuit of some worthy end. This doctrine provides the philosophical foundation for *Hyperion* (1839), and it can hardly be coincidence that the first volume