THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GEORGE LIPPARD

DISSERTATION

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By

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It goes without saying that this study is dedicated to Mom and Dad, and to Candy, the girl on the ship I brought home to Mom and Dad.
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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

All men are dreamers. The geologist dreams, when he gravely attempts to reason himself and others, into the belief of a Pre-Adamite world; the historian dreams, when from a few puerile fictions, he constructs a solemn and truthful chronicle; and a very dreamer is your portentous Divine, who would convert the world, by describing, in lovely colors, the terrors of hell. All men are dreamers, from the niggard of a Dollar-worshipper, who builds up a fortune, to be squandered by his profligate heir, to the Ideal Perfectionist, whose supreme elixir for the evils of society, is, by turns, a very popular theory of government, where every man administers justice for himself, with Knife and Torch; or an Association, which herds men, women and children together, in a farm, like cattle in a barnyard, or yet again, a Flesh-aborring society, which, holding the butcher and his stall in superlative abhorrence, confines itself to sawdust bread and raw turnip.

—George Lippard, *Blanche of Brandywine.*

Even someone devoted to the Carlylean notion that history is moved by its great men cannot help but be interested on learning that when the name of George Lippard is mentioned in Philadelphia, "the conversation is changed or the party disperses with significant haste." Although almost no one today would recognize Lippard's name, let alone consider him a great man, one cannot but wonder why his name causes embarrassment and why he has been ignored. In truth, Lippard is a minor writer whose importance is primarily
historical. Yet in his own time he may have qualified as one of Carlyle's "heroes," and no less a figure than Edgar Allen Poe testified to his "genius." Although his name is known today by only a handful of historians and specialists in American literature, Lippard was probably the most popular and successful American novelist between 1844 and 1854, the very years in which Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville were struggling to survive as writers of fiction. The Quaker City (1845), his best known work, sold more copies than any other American novel before the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin (1852). So enormous was its appeal during Lippard's lifetime that it was pirated and imitated in the United States; and it found an audience abroad, being reprinted at least six times in both England and Germany. "His works of romance," commented his contemporary, the Reverend Chauncey Burr, "bring a higher price in the market of this day, than the works of any other American novelist. They have met with a rapider and larger sale, than was ever known in the history of novel-publishing, in this country, before this day." Only the novels of Walter Scott and Charles Dickens had a wider American audience than those of Lippard, who in an active career that lasted only a dozen years, was one of the few Americans of his time able to make a living by the pen. Before he died in 1854 at the age of 31, he had published more than a dozen novels and countless pamphlets, historical "legends," and newspaper columns; he also had
edited his own weekly, worked on some plays, lectured in many parts of the United States, and left a legacy, a secret fraternal order that climaxed his life's work, and, branching out eventually into at least twenty-six states, still is functioning and honoring his name even today. In light of these facts, it is surprising that scholars have ignored Lippard.

Why the mention of his name should cause conversations to change or parties to disperse is a question that invites a number of explanations. Certainly he is remembered, especially around Philadelphia, as a sensationalistic writer of little merit who was bent on shocking his readers; thus it is perhaps his vulgarity that is embarrassing. Others perhaps are scandalized by the principles he espoused, seeing explosive doctrines in his strange mixture of what today would be considered socialism and superpatriotism. In any event, if all parties have not necessarily dispersed at the mention of his name, almost all literary scholars have neglected him for one reason or another. Some scholars no doubt have ignored him because of the inaccessibility of primary sources, for materials relating to his life are scanty and rare; although thousands of his works were printed, few survive, perhaps because so many were issued in perishable paper wrappers. Others have ignored him because it is unfashionable to be associated with a writer whose name is insignificant and whose style is now deemed
insufferable—whose ill-fortune it is, in short, to be unable to please modern scholars while instructing them. But that Lippard will probably never again command the widespread attention he received while alive should not preclude him as a subject of scholarly concern. Modern tastes are different from those of Lippard's times, and for this reason he is, to an extent, "a misunderstood man of letters." His significance in his own time, although clearly attested to both by reputable testimony and by the tremendous popularity he once enjoyed, has been discounted because his tastes and values apparently have lost their importance to most people of the twentieth century.

But I do not believe that Lippard's tastes and values necessarily have lost their importance; I believe that their meaning has been transformed in the twentieth century, that indeed there is a continuity between many of Lippard's ideas and modern thinking, and for this reason he is important and may be found useful and absorbing. Thus, my purpose is neither to apologize for Lippard nor necessarily to attempt to effect his literary revival. His life and thought simply need to be introduced to the student of American literature and culture.

The picture of Lippard I intend to draw is to be at once comprehensive and critical. The only studies of his life and letters are some critical and biographical sketches written in the nineteenth century and an unpublished life
by the late Joseph Jackson, a historian whose study is incomplete, poorly written, and overapologetic. My dissertation is intended to fill this gap; it will be a critical biography which synthesizes available facts about Lippard's life, presents a critical exposition both of the matter and manner of his writings, and traces the relationship of the writings to his life in so far as they are an extension of his personality and world view. Moreover, since Lippard cannot be seen apart from his culture, I would like not only to see his life in the context of his culture but to see through him into his culture. In short, to delineate his peculiar vision of mid-nineteenth century America is the purpose of this dissertation—"to see into him," as Carlyle says, "understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him, but out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it."  

Lippard's life is intrinsically fascinating. Like his own melodramas, it is a romantic story of energy and eccentricity dashing to a sad and dramatic end. When he began his writing career he was literally an orphan in rags. Within a few years he was to strike the pose—with long curls, cape, and scroll in hand—of an American Byron or Bulwer-Lytton. He was an eccentric who would empty his pockets for a beggar even when in debt himself, carry a gun for protection, and marry by joining hands on a moonlit night near a stream by his boyhood home. Lippard's life is
also important as an index to the popular tastes and thinking of his time. His popularity was no accident. For better or worse he knew how to attract his readers' attention, how to fulfill their psychological needs and give expression to their beliefs and feelings. For this reason he must be seen not only as an eccentric personality, but as a representative of significant tendencies in mid-nineteenth century American culture. Always burning hotly for social, political, and religious reform, and becoming the object of controversy when not creating it, he gave expression to dreams that many of his fellow Americans shared.

Lippard's were "romantic" dreams. Even a cursory reading of one of his works will make it clear that his are not realistic or naturalistic novels in the modern sense, but romances in which the imagination and fancy are given free reign. It becomes clear, moreover, that one need not hesitate to apply the label "romantic" to him, for in his works are distinguishable many of the motifs that traditionally have been associated with literary and philosophic Romanticism. Lippard in one work may take us back to a glorified medieval past, enclose us within a gloomy Gothic structure, trace the beatific influences of wild nature, portray the grandeur and beauty of the primitive and innocent, and inform his narratives with transcendent spiritual presences that govern the mood and course of the
action. His literary manner—unchecked, unreasoned, unrevised—betrays his faith in the romantic notion that spontaneous expression is the most genuine and therefore the most inspired and truthful; indeed he thought of himself as a prophet or "seer." Lippard's romanticism, to be sure, was derivative and popular. He was unaware of romanticism as an intellectual movement, and simply inherited and fused eclectically its creeds and conventions. Yet the success he enjoyed by using these creeds and conventions is a good indication of the extent to which they appealed to the general reading public. While contemporaries like Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville were having a difficult time gaining the acceptance of the American reading public, Lippard was fascinating this public by popularizing the romantic notions of these writers more able and sophisticated than he.

Lippard's were not only romantic but also distinctly American dreams; that is, they were nurturable only on native soil. For all his attempts to give expression to a "universal" vision, this vision was unmistakably American. Ironically, although he was inspired by Europeans and made use of their traditions and conventions, one of his major missions was to disparage European culture in an effort to establish a new and distinctly American one. America, the ideals Lippard thought it stood for and the future he envisioned for it, was central to his life and thought. During an era when nationalism was coming of age throughout
the world, he was one of the most enthusiastic patriots to advance the superiority of the American way of life and his way of living it. He was one of the earliest of our writers to formulate a distinct and original "American dream."

Lippard's writings must be seen as dream-like. Just as during dreams our normal logical modes of interpreting seem to be held in abeyance, so must we willingly suspend our disbelief when reading a novel by Lippard and admit as plausible the most impossible turns of fate or coincidence. Like Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, whose allegory Professor Graham Hough describes as proceeding "by loosely associative, half-unconscious methods like those of a dream, rather than by the rigorous translation of clearly formulated conceptual ideas," Lippard's works are not governed by tight causal relations, but by principles that inhere by and large in the character and succession of episodes. Of course this dream quality is characteristic, as Professor Hough tells us, of romance literature in general, and Lippard, who wrote in frantic haste and seldom bothered to revise or even proofread, probably created this quality as much through his own carelessness as he did through a conscious adaptation of the convention of romance literature. His works fall on a continuum between pure romance (characterized by remote settings and imagined plots and characters) and didactic tales (characterized by familiar
settings, based on historic events and personages, and informed with explicit commentary); and one suspects that the purer his romances are, the more fully are they expressive of his unconscious experiences. Even a cursory reading of his works makes it clear that the fanciful world of his novels was a vehicle for his political and religious ideas, and dramatized the conflicts—political, religious, and psychological—he faced during his lifetime. Lippard projected himself into this fanciful world. Some of his contemporaries characterized him as a romantic dreamer, and the close correspondence between the events in his novels and those of his life indicates that in a sense he lived in the world his imagination created. What is especially revealing is that his conscious ideals—those ideals given expression in his more didactic works—are at times undermined by the current of events, episodes, and imagery that characterize his purer romances; that, to paraphrase Blake's poignant phrase regarding Milton, Lippard was often on the Devil's side and did not know it.

Thus, a picture of Lippard's life and thought necessitates some discussion of the way his imagination had, as it were, a tug-of-war with itself. In probing his works in so far as they are interpretable through a conventional analysis of the dominant character-types and the recurrent motifs, symbols and patterns of imagery that permeate his works, I hope to describe four key areas that define the
poles of his imagination. These areas we might call "dreams": firstly in the popular sense that they are conscious imaginative formulations of what people value (or fear) most; and secondly in the Freudian sense that they are symbolic revelations of unconscious desires or fears which make the dreamer an actor on the stage of a drama of his own making. Four distinct "dreams," manifested either as conscious statements of ideals or as unconscious expressions of coherent patterns of symbols, are, I think, discernible; they all blend and overlap to form one "American dream." Thus while proceeding chronologically with a record of his life I will proceed topically, showing how the four dreams developed and what forms they took through the course of his career.

The first of the four is a dream of the grotesque, the important implications of which are not only literary but psychological and metaphysical. In the dark grotesque world of Lippard's novels are hidden the premises and fears that belied his brighter dreams. The Gothic mode he used as a vehicle for his message of hope casts a pall over this message, darkening its implications. The trappings of the dream itself are the haunts, vaults and villains associated with the Gothic romances of Ann Radcliffe, "Monk" Lewis, Euguene Sue, and Charles Brockden Brown, many of whose works Lippard had read and in some respects imitated. The maidens in flight, the haunted countrysides and castles or
abbies, the ghosts, dungeons, and winding passageways, the "shadows" (villain-magicians who pursue the fair maiden), and the Wandering Jew and Faust character-types—indeed all the Gothic symbols enumerated by Leslie Fiedler in Love and Death in the American Novel appear in Lippard. The "beauty of the Medusa," described by Mario Praz in The Romantic Agony as the association of elements connoting beauty and horror, also finds its way into Lippard's pages, often in passages in which Lippard presents a kind of Satanic humor or perverse reveling analogous to modern black humor. Lippard's personal preoccupation with death makes it clear that he did not always dispassionately use these motifs merely as literary conventions; indeed, although Gothic and grotesque are not synonymous, his grotesque vision found such a fit vehicle in the Gothic that the two are inextricably bound. A psychological necessity, in short, seems to lie at the heart of Lippard's dream of the grotesque.

Running concurrent to this dream of the grotesque, and sharply clashing with it, is a bright utopian dream of social and political reform. Lippard lived during the heyday of American utopianism, when throughout the young and agitated nation reform and utopian schemes were being forwarded by word of mouth, in the press and lecture-hall, and in communal experiments in living. Lippard was one of America's ardent crusaders. Taking his cues from personal experience and perhaps from other writers who had portrayed the baneful
influence of city life, he was one of the first to expose the corruption spreading from America's growing urban and industrial centers. So taken were Philadelphians with his novel *The Quaker City* that its title became an ironic synonym for the city's name which since has lost its original irony. In the fight to abolish slavery, Lippard lined up with Lucretia Mott, Frances Wright, Ernestine Rose, Lucy Coleman, and other early abolitionists, but his efforts were directed not only at the institution of slavery but toward the social and economic emancipation of both Negro and white. Inspired by a strong faith in the common man and in America as the common man's refuge, he campaigned for woman's rights, for a more equitable distribution of wealth, for greater political representation for the common man, and for factory reform, antitrust laws, unionism and other remedies designed to curb the power of the rich. He was one of the first to introduce the cooperative system into factories, taking part in the establishment of a cooperative clothing factory in Philadelphia. He not only protested and drew attention to the evils of city life, but formulated an ideological solution to these evils. No doubt influenced by Michelet, Fourier, and the socialistic and communistic experiments being tried in his part of Pennsylvania, Lippard most often interpreted social ills in terms of a class struggle between the rich and the poor, between, as one of the titles of his novels suggests, the "upper ten
and lower million." Although he evidently never heard of Karl Marx, his program for social reform and his insistence that the gap between rich and poor be closed indicate that he stood with a number of other nineteenth century Americans who saw not capitalism but socialism as compatible with democracy and Christianity.

Today it would no doubt be difficult for many Americans to see that Lippard the socialist was also Lippard the super-patriot, that the "radical" could also be the "reactionary." But indeed he was one who looked both forward and backward, advocating not only abrupt change for a brighter future but a reversion to the past for the principles on which to build this future. Socialism, for example, he saw as efficacious because it represented to him the practice of democratic egalitarian principles fought for and won during the American Revolution, one which, unlike its corrupt French counterpart, in Lippard's eyes was glorious. Like many other writers, he believed that America's culture was superior to that of the Old World, and that America was the refuge for the people persecuted by the aristocracies of the world. Thus Lippard's third dream is a nationalistic one, at the heart of which lies a strong faith in the heroism demonstrated during the Revolutionary War, the principles of the U.S. Constitution, the promise of "manifest destiny," and the example of George Washington, who to Lippard embodied the virtues of Napoleon and Christ.
The year 1776 he saw as sacred; after the birthdate of Christ it was the most singular point in history, the birthday of a new era from which progress or regression were to be measured. When the promise that this date symbolized faded, he argued, then should another revolution occur to make the dream a reality. He was willing to further this revolution not only with the pen but with the rifle and knife, and willing to carry the fight well within the borders of Mexico and Canada to see fulfilled his vision of "the Continent of America as the Palestine of Redeemed Labor." His peculiar way of manipulating the facts of history into what he called the "Legends of the American Revolution" is interesting not only for the light it throws on the question of how novelists blend "fact" and "fiction," but for the light it throws on the way a nation's historical myths evolve.

Not only was Lippard's national dream a kind of religion in its own right, but it was enveloped in the creeds and principles that he saw as fundamental to Christianity. His expose of the evils of the city and of the exploitation of the poor stemmed from his belief in the brotherhood of men that Christ preached; his vision of America as a long-awaited haven or promised land for the downtrodden originated in his apocalyptic interpretation of history; and his grotesque dream no doubt had much to do with the religious gloom on which he
was nurtured as a youth. In any event, Lippard throughout his life was dreaming of what the Christian individual, society, and church should be, and it was this dreaming which accounted for the essentially religious and moral tenor of his life and work. Like his politics, his religion was in many ways curious and paradoxical. He was a staunch Protestant who unlike his fellow-believers defended Catholicism, attacked the Protestant clergy, and while allowing that individuals had the right and duty to follow their own consciences, was anti-sectarian. On the same page, moreover, he could plead that mercy was the highest Christian virtue and give his blessing to an army dashing off to kill Christian foreigners. Like Emerson and many of his other contemporaries he was fascinated by the phenomenon then known as "magnetism," which he saw as the means of reconciling the claims of science and religion. At the same time he was a kind of mystic who believed in the possibility of communicating with the other world and who claimed to have done so. Despite his unorthodoxy, his grand American dream was a Christian as well as a national one, its controlling image a portrait of Christ as a mechanic, its supreme virtue brotherhood, and its agency for the propagation of his gospel the secret society he formed.

These, then, in outline, are the dreams that moved Lippard, the four strands of his romantic American dream
that will be analyzed in detail in the chapters that follow. It is clear that elements of this dream, like his secret society, have persisted well into the twentieth century. The society itself, with its emphasis on secrecy, its elaborate regalia, and its ideological extremism, has a number of modern analogues both on the left and right of the political continuum. Likewise Lippard's socialism, his glorification of the Revolutionary past, and his crusading Christianity are still very much alive today—either in coexistence or in conflict with the grotesque elements permeating much of the literature, movies and other media of American popular culture. And although over a century separates them, there are many today who, like Lippard, wear the strange clothes and long hair that seem to characterize dissent. Clearly, the nineteenth century roots of these phenomena should not be forgotten. If Lippard, the popular best-seller of his time, may be instructive in regard to popular literary tastes and the development of the American novel, so is he an interesting representative of the age in which he lived. In his life and thought we find a bizarre coalescence of elements important to an understanding of American identity.
CHAPTER II

THE EARLY YEARS OF A REBORN SAVIOR

In the year 1822 he [Adonai] again arose, his Soul having once more returned to inhabit his Entranced body. Staff in hand, and in the guise of an humble man, he went on his second pilgrimage, anxious to discover, whether, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the Gospel of Nazareth lived upon the face of the earth.

--George Lippard, The Pilgrim of Eternity.

In 1847 George Lippard reconstructed, in one of his "Legends of the American Revolution," the picture of a boyhood scene that never faded from his memory. It was a picture of what he called the "old homestead." Surrounded in back by a barn, garden, and orchard, the house, which stood near the road, "was of graystone, only two stories high--and there was moss upon its roof. It was full of old fashioned rooms, with thick walls and narrow windows--an unpretending sort of place." Here four generations of Lippards had lived, and not far away was the graveyard where many of them had been buried. This he had described in an earlier work.

It is an old-time graveyard, defended from the highway and encircling fields by a thick stone wall. On the north and west it is shadowed by a range of trees...mingling in one rich mass of foliage. Wild flowers are in that graveyard, and tangled vines. It is white with tombstones. They spring up, like
a host of spirits from the green graves; they seem to struggle with each other for space, for room... I love its soil: its stray wild flowers are omens to me, of a pleasant sleep, taken by weary ones, who were faint with living too long. It is to me, a holy thought, that here my bones will one day repose. For here, in a lengthening line, extend the tombstones, sacred to the memory of my fathers, far back into time.²

That Lippard should reflect upon these scenes is understandable, for the old homestead and graveyard were not simply nostalgic recollections; they had become symbols of boyhood experiences that at once blessed him with a vision of the possibility for human happiness and plagued him with an irremediable sense of gloom. It was between these poles—between, in a sense, the old homestead and the graveyard with which he closely identified his boyhood—that the drama of his life was played.

Although Lippard always thought of the old homestead in Germantown as home, he was born April 10, 1822, on a farm in West Nantmeal Township, about forty miles from Philadelphia. He was the fourth of six children of Daniel B. and Jemima Ford Lippard, and the first and only son to survive infancy. Little is known about his boyhood and youth, for this period of his life was never chronicled. His parents were preoccupied by the practical affairs of daily living that any family uncertain of its fortune would have to face in the young nation; they little suspected that their son some day would become a popular American novelist and make a living by the pen, a feat almost unheard of in America before the middle of the nineteenth century.
Yet although no record and few documents exist, and although the primary sources of information about Lippard's early life are his own works and other recollections of him,* the few available facts seem remarkably consistent and suggestive of the course his life was to take.

*Only two major biographical sources exist, John Bell Bouton's *Life and Choice Writings of George Lippard* (published anonymously in 1855) and Joseph Jackson's unpublished life of Lippard entitled "George Lippard: Poet of the Proletariat" (1930?). Bouton, a member of Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union, was an Ohioan who probably came to know Lippard personally when the latter carried his lecture campaign westward just a few years before his death. Although Bouton relies heavily on Lippard's writings for biographical information and although he does not reveal his sources of information, there is no reason to suspect that his delineation of the main outlines of Lippard's life is exaggerated or inaccurate. His overriding sympathy for Lippard, however, makes some of his judgments suspect; one senses a more than mild tendency to dramatize and romanticize certain aspects of Lippard's life, as, say, Lippard's alleged "poverty," which, according to his sister, was never acute. Jackson's life is a storehouse of disarrayed facts, many of them revealing and many totally irrelevant. Although Jackson shared Bouton's enthusiasm for Lippard and also tended to romanticize Lippard's hardships and suffering, Jackson was an energetic researcher whose collection of facts, despite some of the conclusions drawn from them, is useful. Unfortunately, Jackson at times fails to document his sources.

Few primary sources exist. An autobiographical sketch of Lippard in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier (Jan. 15, 1848) is disappointingly sketchy. A few letters were found in the Manuscript Department of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, as was a diary containing primarily a record of his travels and transactions as head of the Brotherhood from about 1852 to the time of his death. A piece entitled simply "a Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," written, it seems, by Lippard's sister Sarah, has proven useful, especially in regard to ancestral and economic details. A few of Lippard's acquaintances left written sketches describing him, and newspaper accounts have also proved useful.

Most recent accounts seem to have been derived largely from the above sources and from Lippard's own self-revelations.
Lippard's ancestors were settlers of English and German origin who first came to the New World in the late seventeenth century. Two ancestors of his mother, Reuben and Nathaniel Ford, were among the earliest English immigrants to America, and a maternal great-grandfather, John Cook, had come to Germantown to escape religious persecution in his native Germany. John Libbert (or Lebbert, later changed to Lippard to suit local pronunciation), a German Palatine, also was one of the settlers of Pennsylvania. Arriving in 1736, he settled with his family in the area near Germantown, "a quaint old village" about six miles from Philadelphia eventually to be made famous for the Revolutionary battle which centered around Chew's mansion and the ancient Mennonite Church, where the Lippards and Cooks worshipped and in whose "old-time graveyard" the families laid their dead to rest. In Germantown John's son Michael, George's grandfather, became a wheelwright, and married Catherine, the daughter of John Cook, in August of 1773.

Thus, three generations of Lippard's family had died on American soil. He had reason to be proud of his ancestors, for some of them apparently at one time had had aristocratic connections, and, as he liked to think, had been instrumental in helping settle the new Colonies and then rid them of English rule. Lippard especially revered his grand-uncle, John Frederic Lippard, who had been a Captain in the Continental Army, and, as Lippard proudly announced
in *Blanche of Brandywine*, was one of the men who distinguished himself in the Battle of Brandywine. George's father, Daniel Lippard, was born in 1790, too late to participate in the Revolutionary War, but judging from the first names given his sons—George (perhaps after George Washington) and Henry Clay—it is apparent that he and his wife were proud and patriotic Americans.

Daniel Lippard's was a common struggle of the head of a family against misfortune and hardship. Born in Germantown, he taught school for a number of years in Philadelphia and in 1815 married Jemima Ford, a young lady of Germantown with whom he became acquainted at a ship launching in Kensington. The same year Daniel gave up schoolteaching and was elected Treasurer of Philadelphia County, a post he held for three years before buying the farm in the fertile valley of Chester County where George was born. Here Daniel and his family prospered for a time, before misfortune struck. One day while taking some goods by wagon to Philadelphia, he slipped crossing an icy stream and was badly injured by the wagon wheels. The injury was so severe that he was taken to his sister's house in Germantown, where for several weeks he was confined to a bed. Soon it became apparent that he had to give up farming, so in 1824 Daniel sold the farm and moved to Germantown. His health was never good afterwards.

Misfortune followed the family to Germantown. Within
two years Daniel and his wife, perhaps because they lacked the means to support their family or because it was discovered that she had contracted tuberculosis and should isolate herself from her family, moved again, this time to Philadelphia. Here Daniel opened a grocery at Sixth and Callowhill streets and shortly after was elected Constable of the South Ward. In the meantime, George, still an infant, was left in the old homestead in Germantown in the care of one or two of his sisters, two maiden aunts, and his German-speaking grandfather, Michael. The distance from Philadelphia to Germantown was short enough for his parents to visit or send for him, yet in effect George was "practically abandoned by his parents" at a very young age and the family by necessity disunited. Although death was not to claim George's parents for some years, it was perhaps in his infancy that "the years of Orphanage," which George remembers having spent with his sister Harriet, herself "scarcely more than a Child in years," began.

Not much is known about George's life during these years in Germantown. Certainly he developed a close bond of affection not only for his sister Harriet, but also for his Aunt Mary Lippard, his father's sister who became a second mother to him. She gave him home instruction, and entertained him with accounts of Revolutionary War incidents told her by people who had experienced or invented them. His Aunt Mary was, according to more than one biographer,
his chief inspiration. Born near Germantown in 1776, Mary
captured the revolutionary and patriotic spirit symbolized by
her birth-date. In childhood she had learned the story of
the Battle of Germantown by word of mouth, and later she
repeated it to her young and attentive nephew and pupil.
"Like the Indian mother reciting the legends and traditions
of her tribe, she would sit by the hour relating the inci-
dents of the war." Young Lippard, becoming fascinated by
the accounts, studied the details of the war and the German-
town battle-scene, much of which was within walking distance
of the old homestead. As a child and later as a writer of
"historical legends," he sought "the men and women who had
been living at the time of the Revolution, or who were
descendants of those who were and secure[d] from them any
tradition they had to tell." It was Mary, then, who
initially fired Lippard's imagination with a reverent sense
of local pride and of the importance of the Revolutionary
past, and it was she who introduced him to the fanciful
world of the storyteller.

Before he was about ten years old Lippard had little
formal schooling. He went to school a few hours a day like
other boys, acquiring the rudiments of an English education,
but it became evident that, "the precepts of instructors and
the cold formalities of text-books had little to do with the
structure of that strange imaginative mind of his." Similarly, he shunned many of the ordinary
conventions prescribed by authorities. George "wore his hair long in the back-country German fashion, and was thought 'queer' by his mates in the Concord School, across the road from his home. He liked to play hooky and fish or hunt for birds in the woods along the nearby Wissahickon Creek." 11

Young Lippard liked to roam along the banks of this stream and in the woods of the Wissahickon Valley. Here he absorbed the influences that the scenery provided and relived, in his daydreams, the tales told him about the battles fought there by Washington during the dark days of the Revolution. The Wissahickon perhaps affected Lippard as much as any person did. Indeed his boyhood wanderings in the woods around the Wissahickon Valley seem to have had as strong a formative influence as that recorded by Wordsworth in the early books of The Prelude, where nature's beauty is described as providing a benign retreat from civilization's confusions and its sublime grandeur as generated a feeling of religious awe. Lippard "was infatuated with the Wissahickon [sic]" 12 and his memories of the River always were particularly strong.

It [the Wissahickon] is a poem of everlasting beauty and a dream of magnificence—the world-hidden, wood-embowered Wissahickon....It is a poem of beauty—where the breeze mourns its requiem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness, and quiet, and intense solitude awe the soul, and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams, woven in the luxury of the summer hour....There is, in sooth, a stamp of strange and dreamy beauty impressed upon every
ripple of the Wissahikon....On a calm summer's day, when the sun is declining in the broad west, you may look from the height of some grey, rugged steep, down upon the depths of the world-hidden waters. Wild legends wander across your fancy as you gaze; every scene around you seems but the fitting location for a wild and dreamy tradition, every rock bears its old-time story, every nook of the wild wood has its tale of the ancient days. The long shadows of the hills, broken by golden belts of sunshine, clothe the waters in sable and gold, in glitter and in shadow. All around is quiet and still; silence seems to have assumed a positive existence amid these vallies of romance and of dreams.13

In these "vallies of romance and of dreams" Lippard was to spend "all his spare time...composing and writing his books."14

Before he was ten years old George had not yet beheld what he later was to call "that horrible libel on the Universe of God"--the Great City.15 But when his mother and infant brother, Henry Clay, died within a short space of one another in 1831, he was introduced to that "horrible libel," for his aunts Catherine and Mary left Germantown and took him to Philadelphia with them. Although his father continued keeping store and remarried in 1833, Lippard and his three older sisters apparently never permanently went to live with their father and step-mother. The arrangement was probably one of convenience, for there is no evidence that family relations were strained and it is certain that the young boy frequently saw his father.

In any event, on arriving in Philadelphia the "bright, ambitious, and thoroughly undisciplined boy"16 was sent to
a public school, where his development was rapid. Encouraged by the aunts, both of whom had a literary bent, Lippard discovered books. "He read incessantly, of history and such romances as came in his way," developing a passion for study and a desire for solitude. But the world of books he entered was a strange one, as a passage from Paul Ardenheim, which contains a host of autobiographical allusions, reveals:

...his eye [young Paul's] wandered to the shelves, burdened with massive volumes with clasps of steel and silver. There were the works of the Astrologers and Alchemists of the past ages, mingled with the writings of the spiritual dreamers and religious mystics of Germany, in the sixteenth century. From boyhood, nay, from very childhood, Paul had dwelt upon their pages, and as his mind--gifted by the almighty with a power as strange as it was peculiar--grew into form, it had been moulded and colored by these written Thoughts of Astrology, alchemy, and Mysticism.

The contents of this library may have been somewhat embellished by Lippard's imagination, but it is certain that the bizarre and the mystic fascinated him. Two other small volumes had a place in the family library. "Plainly bound, their covers indicating much service, they bore two rudely..."

*Note: Paul Ardenheim; or, the Monk of the Wissahikon has been called "autobiographical" by almost all the scholars interested in Lippard. Clearly, it is a romance into which Lippard projected his own views and experiences--some local and family history, some editorializing, and some expression of rhapsodic dream-visions. I have used this novel as an autobiographical source when relevant "autobiographical" passages have been substantiated by data outside the novel. In Chapter VIII I discuss the relations between romance and autobiography in connection with this particular novel.
emblazoned names; one was 'Shakespeare-' the other, 'Milton.'

Yet the Bible was probably more worn than any other volume, for the whole family was deeply religious. Lippard's ancestors, especially on his mother's side, had been extremely zealous Protestants. Not only had his great-grandfather, John Cook, come to America for religious freedom, but his grandfather, David Ford, had been "a Patriarch of his Time and a Christian above reproach" who "had a family altar reading of the Bible, prayers and singing, morning and evening." Lippard's mother, "a woman of great gentleness and purity of character [whose] life was, above all, a religious one," inherited much of this enthusiasm and passed it on to her children. Harriet Newell, George's youngest sister, was named after the then famous foreign missionary of the same name; and so well was he himself nurtured on the evangelical Wesleyanism of his forefathers that at the age of ten or twelve he was in the habit of getting together his young companions into prayer meetings, which he conducted "with a religious earnestness and decorum" that marked him, in the minds of some adults around him, as a good prospect for the ministry. It is no wonder, then, that in Paul Ardenheim Lippard could speak with such reverence of the Bible:

...from that boldly printed Hebrew volume, the Lord of God of Heaven and Earth talked to him, the unknown boy of Wissahikon, and talked in the language of the Other World. The Hebrew did not seem
to him the language of men, but the awful and mys-
terious tongue of Angels. Its syllables rolled,
full and deep, into his soul, as though a spirit
stood by him, while he read, pronouncing the words,
whose meanings permeated his brain.  

Probably no book left a deeper impression on the
young Lippard than the Bible, whose precepts he memorized,
whose stories he studied, and whose language and rhythms
he absorbed. Certainly he also read his Shakespeare, for
even in his earliest works his attempts to imitate Shake-
spearean devices are unmistakable. And perhaps Milton, with
his dramatization of the cosmic conflict between good and
evil and his description of the world as suspended from a
"great chain," left deep and vivid impressions on the boy's
imagination. Like Paul Ardenheim, Lippard had been taught
that

the great sky was no vague blank Universe. It was
crowded with the Spirit People of many tongues,
tribes, and forms. The Stars above were the Homes
of Souls, many good, many evil, some lost in crimes,
and some pure as the light of God....from very
childhood, he had been taught to believe, that even
as the chain of physical existence begins with
rudest beasts and almost imperceptible reptiles,
and extends upward to Man, so from Man up to God,
the chain of Spiritual Life extended in one unbroken
line, creation crowding on creation, and tribes of
spirits rising above other tribes, until the uni-
verse beheld its supreme source and fountain in the
Great Father of Eternity....peopled with absorbing
associations, not a rock but had its own interest,
not a tree but waved in the moonlight, stirred by
some hand, to him invisible. The very air was
thronged--dense--with the Spirit People.  

Thus, at an early age Lippard's imagination absorbed eclec-
tically and indiscriminately a host of myths and ideas
which "peopled" his world with "absorbing associations" and inclined him to see similarities where another would see differences. If he had any early training in logic and science—which is doubtful when we consider the emphasis that schools in his time placed upon the Three R's, religion, and everyday problem-solving—he hardly was affected by it.

Indeed, some of the everyday problems Lippard faced were of the kind that young minds cannot even comprehend. The Methodist enthusiasm for righteousness, reform, and the Kingdom of God that he heard expounded at home and in church was accompanied by a sense of gloom occasioned not only by the belief that this world was a vale of tears, but by the frequency with which disease and death in Lippard's family turned it into one. By the time he was fifteen, in 1837, George had lost his infant brother Henry Clay, his Aunt Catherine, and both his parents. The character of the pall that hovered over Lippard's home life is evident in a poem written by Catherine in 1825.

And when our clay resigns its breath  
And falls to dust in silent death  
May the blest spirit soar above  
To praise the God of peace and love  

Seize mortals seize the transient hour  
Improve each moment as it flies  
Life's a short summer man's a flower  
He dies alas how soon he dies.26

And people in Lippard's time could expect to die young, especially if afflicted, as were Catherine and George's
mother and sister Mary, with tuberculosis, a disease whose only sanitorium at this time was the grave. "I can remember the white hairs of an old man," reflected Lippard in an autobiographical sketch entitled "The Destroyer of the Homestead," "who used to take me by the hand when I was a little child—I can remember the face of a mother, when she was young and beautiful, before the paleness overspread her cheek, and the grave-cough was heard—I can remember how again and again, as the years passed on, we met in the graveyard, around a new made grave." George's mother died in May, 1831 at the age of thirty-six. Although her dates of birth and death are unknown, Aunt Catherine also was claimed by tuberculosis at the age of twenty-seven, a year or two after George's mother and infant brother died. George's father, afflicted by a liver disease, followed them to the grave on October 27, 1837, and Mary died two years later, leaving George and his three remaining sisters, the youngest only ten, orphans. The memory of these deaths was to haunt Lippard for years to come, and tuberculosis was to pay more visits to his family in the future.

George's youthful religious enthusiasm, however, provided a balm and an explanation for these gloomy events. And his zeal did not go unnoticed. Although he at first had attended the family Mennonite church in Germantown, both parents were members of the Methodist Church, and at thirteen he was enrolled as a regular member of the Western
Methodist Church in Philadelphia. At fourteen he attracted the attention of members of his church, particularly the eye of a certain spinster named Miss Bayard, who wanted him to prepare for the ministry and offered to pay for his education as a clergyman. Against the wishes of his Aunt Mary and sisters, George "jumped at the chance," spurred on by the pastor and elders of his church. To prepare him for college and eventually for the ministry, it was decided that he would be sent to the Classical Academy in Rhinebeck, New York, an institution owned and controlled by the widow of its founder, Reverend Freeborn Garrettson. So when he was fifteen years old, Lippard found himself in Rhinebeck, residing with the family of a Methodist clergyman who was in the habit of taking in hopefuls. Here he was to prepare to enter the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut.

At the Classical Academy Lippard "seems to have entered upon his theological studies with some ardor." He studied the Bible, being "ambitious to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, which was taught, among the other rudiments of biblical learning, by his pious instructors." But there were many practices at the Academy which Lippard resisted. "Here...he was taught many things at which his sense of justice rebelled. Equality was lacking; the students were fed and treated as inferiors and not admitted to the family circle. In nothing were the simple, communal
principles of Christ, which had elicited the enthusiasm of the neophyte, observed or even thought obligatory upon the modern disciple of Jesus. In the disgust at the contradiction between the theory and practice, he resolved to abandon the ministry."34 It was a "trifling incident" which triggered his decision. One day his preceptor took George with him to a religious conference held in the neighborhood. While there the preceptor bought some fine peaches, "which he proceeded to devour at leisure," without giving George any. George thought "he had been neglected—ill-used, and he brooded over the grievance," reasoning that if a clergyman could eat peaches without sharing them, he wanted nothing to do with the "fruits of Piety."35

Sources differ as to whether or not Lippard attended Wesleyan after he left the Classical Academy, but if he did it is certain that by this time he had renounced all ideas of the ministry and stayed only a short time. In any event, his formal schooling came to an end when homesickness and his father's illness occasioned his return to Philadelphia. No doubt he hoped to go to school elsewhere,36 perhaps by getting a part of the small estate his father had left in trust with his Aunt Mary. Apparently there were some relatives and friends of his family willing to assist, but the hard times of 1837 prevented his Aunt from giving him money,37 and, as one biographer speculated, "he scorned to be a dependent."38 Disconsolate and confused during this
time as to what direction his life was to take, Lippard "made his way back to the haunts of his childhood" along the Wissahickon and perhaps "spent his days in revery," wondering, no doubt, what new insult or what recompense fate had in store for him.

Lippard's sense of despair at this time was augmented by the family's financial difficulties. His father had proved to be a capable provider despite his disability, for he "had a very fair property, and, if not rich, was well to do in the world." As the owner of a grocery store and as Constable he had managed to earn enough money to invest in stocks, and in addition he owned the family homestead in Germantown. When in 1837 he was orphaned, however, George inherited little; his father had left seventy-one shares of stock in trust to Aunt Mary as part of an estate worth about two thousand dollars at that time, and doubtless part of this estate was to be used to support George. But what made matters very much worse for the family was that either through the failure of the United States Bank and the Bank of Philadelphia, whose depositors lost all they had during the crash of 1837, or through a heartless and perhaps unscrupulous business procedure, the family was dispossessed of the old homestead. Lippard's later words in regard to this matter speak for themselves:

I think I could sit down with a murderer, and be cheerful with him, sooner than I could endure the sight of the Destroyer of the Homestead: for he
is a Murderer of something more than flesh and blood. And yet I cannot tell precisely in what shape he came to blast our Homestead, whether as a land robber simply, or as a professional sharper, swindling with a law paper instead of a dice box; or yet as a seemingly pious man, blasting the family whose table had fed, whose roof had sheltered him. My memory is dim; I was but a child then; but the record is written somewhere—it is, may be, a Record that one day will bring retribution.42

Lippard's earliest biographers exaggerate somewhat when they claim that as a result of this incident he came close to starving, that indeed he "wandered weeping, with a single crust of bread in his pocket, up and down the glen of Wissahikon, and day after day wonder[ed] when he should die."43 Yet it is clear that the eye of this "sickly intense kind of boy, [who], like poor Dante, [was] perpetually haunted by an idea of his own mortality...caught first on the black side of the picture."44

With the death of his father and the loss of the old homestead, Lippard, not yet sixteen, gave up the idea of attending college and turned his attention to the study of law. This decision signaled the end of his boyhood, for from this point on he was to begin making his own way in the world. Whatever carefree childhood pleasures he had enjoyed in Germantown or in his wanderings along the Wissahickon were to linger on only as memories. And one of the strongest of these memories was of the old homestead.

Despite his early separation from his parents and their subsequent deaths, and perhaps because of it, persistent in
Lippard's mind until his death was a nostalgic desire for a happy home life, and a belief that America was founded so that each man would have the opportunity to own a homestead and raise a family. Again and again Lippard was to envision the old homestead, and gradually, as its reality faded into memory, it became a dream-like ideal:

...we will go back to the Homestead, though it has gone into other hands. There are but few of us now—on our way to the grave, we will rest under the old apple trees, and drink of the garden spring... How they group around us once more—the old man with white hairs, his children, the father, and the mother, and their grandchildren, who are sisters—as the sun shines above us, the family is complete again. Drink once more of the clean spring water—sit awhile under the orchard trees—and then come into the house,...Only a dream. That is all. But a pleasant sort of dream to have, as I sit alone, with the moon shining through the window.

Thus, Lippard learned some of his most difficult lessons not from books but from experience, and this was to hold true not only in his boyhood and youth but throughout his life. Disease and death in the family were to darken his idealism, qualify his hopes, and increase his fears; the gloom of the graveyard was to hover over everything he subsequently did and wrote. The treatment he received at the Classical Academy and the hypocrisy of his pious teacher there turned him against institutionalized religion and its ministers. And the loss of the old homestead was soon to emerge as a feeling of outrage directed especially at bank presidents and capitalists, whom he saw as mercilessly exploiting the downtrodden. His later dreams are rooted in
these boyhood experiences that quickened a highly impressionable, if not inflammable, imagination. While his intense religious education awakened in him a fiery sense of mission, his intimations of the world's injustices were to move him to seek reform, in the hope that Americans might regain a glimpse of the glory of their national past—a glory reflected in the Revolutionary War legends he heard about and so much identified with his beloved Germantown. At the same time, however, the gloom occasioned by his experience of disease and death was to plague him further, and, as we shall see, find appropriate expression in the grotesque inventions of his imagination.
CHAPTER III

INITIATION

Now, my friends, there's a description for you, done up in Bulwerian style, with a small spice of Eozaic picturesqueness. I sometimes think I'm cut out for a novelist. I could give such accounts of tender misses falling about two feet deep in love with nice young men, and then as for the hair breadth escapes—why I'd drub the brush so thick that the paint couldn't be laid on any thicker.

"Billy Brier," The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times

I.

On returning from Rhinebeck it became clear to George that his would not be a carefree, irresponsible adolescence. "In the year 1837, at the age of fifteen," he recalled, "I stood at the bedside of a dying father, and as he grasped my hand for the last time, felt that I was indeed alone in the world. From the hour of his death, I have been dependent upon my own exertions." 1 Orphaned but not altogether alone, Lippard went to live again with his Aunt Mary. The next five years were a time of troubles, disturbed not only by the family's recent misfortunes and the realization that he had to help ease his Aunt's burdens, but by illness and by the trials and errors of adolescence. During these years he had to decide upon a rewarding and satisfying
occupation, and his experiences brought him into contact with people and ideas that profoundly affected his personality and writings once it became clear, toward the end of 1842, that his career was to be literary.

His father's political connections provided him with his first opportunity. Still only fifteen, Lippard was put to work by William Badger, a Philadelphia lawyer and family friend whose father had handled the Lippard estate. George was to be a general office boy and in the process was to study law. After a short time he changed to the office of Ovid Frazier Johnson, a distinguished Philadelphia citizen who in 1842 became Attorney General of Pennsylvania. Johnson's background and rise to success were impressive:

Sprung from a hardy Revolutionary race, whose stout hands and firm hearts had transformed the wilderness of the North into the garden of Wyoming, sprung from a stern Puritan ancestry, his forefathers the advocates and the martyrs of civil and religious freedom, through the varied wars of the two hemispheres, Ovid Frazier Johnson owed his prominent position in the affairs of Pennsylvania, to his own exertions alone, without a single adventitious aid from hereditary wealth or station. He entered Harrisburg a poor boy--his enemies have stated on a raft with his personal wealth tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief--he quitted the Capitol, Attorney General of the Common wealth of Pennsylvania.

Although little is known about this period, Lippard worked for about four years in the law offices of Badger and Johnson. Johnson impressed the boy. Here was a man whose ancestors had fought the same battles as Lippard's, a man who, in presenting an honorary sword to a West Point Captain, lectured on military education with "powerful
eloquence, glowing patriotism, and beautiful imagery of thought...never heard surpassed," while a splendid band played soul-stirring airs. In Johnson Lippard saw a self-made man of humble origins who had achieved public success through hard work, and from him he learned about the road to success. At the same time, however, Lippard was getting some insight into legal processes. He was learning how fortunes are made and lost, forming some impressions of prominent Philadelphians doing business with his employers, and sensing that legal technicalities can retard the administration of justice. "It was while in the lawyer's office that the thoughts of his family at home, working away their lives for a mere pittance when competence—the money that was theirs—was buried beneath the 'rights of corporations,' troubled his sensitive soul." Thus, although Lippard saw in Johnson the virtues of hard work, patriotism, and public service, the disillusionment begun at the Classical Academy continued in the law offices.

Whether because his sense of justice rebelled against the workings of the legal profession, or because the law was incompatible with his undisciplined imagination, Lippard abandoned the law office in the fall of 1841. His stepmother maintained the dry goods business at the South Eleventh Street address where his father had died, and his sister Sarah had started a millinery shop, but he continued to live with his Aunt Mary, who still acted as mother and
kept the remaining family together at 370 Coates Street. One day, however, Lippard apparently quarreled with his aunt, perhaps over his decision to abandon the law, and he left home for a time to wander the streets of Philadelphia. He found a place to stay in "a rusty delapidated old house" near Franklin Square. The house, a "stupendous structure" thought to have a hundred rooms, had been abandoned and was doomed to make way for a new building. Here Lippard found a lonely sanctuary, as he picked out a room to sleep in after his daylong wanderings about the city. The old house, reminiscent of the Welbeck house in Arthur Mervyn, must have become a schoolhouse of Gothicism to him. Here his imagination was given ample opportunity to fancy the scenes that were to take place in Monk Hall, the dark labyrinthine structure Philadelphians soon were to read about in his novel The Quaker City.

Lippard's adventures in the old house were short-lived, for he attracted the sympathy of an artist who invited him to live in a garret of his house. Still unemployed, George tasted real poverty for the first and only time in his life. "His face was thin with hunger; his dress, a collection of rags, lashed together in some places with twine; his whole person the walking image of starvation and despair." Lippard could not go on in this fashion. It became known to the artist that Lippard had some ability with the pen, so he arranged for him to have an interview with a friend,
"Colonel" John S. DuSolle, founder and editor of a Philadelphia penny newspaper called the **Spirit of the Times**.

DuSolle was one of Philadelphia's most fiery journalists between 1837, when he founded the **Spirit of the Times**, and 1849, when he sold out his interest in the paper and later joined P.T. Barnum as a private secretary. Before founding the **Spirit**, DuSolle had worked as a clerk or accountant in the counting room of a shipping merchant operating a line of pack boats sailing between Philadelphia and Virginia. While on this job DuSolle developed an interest in literature and "an aversion to mercantile pursuits." At twenty-six he left his job to write light sketches for newspapers around Philadelphia. In 1837, with a printer-partner, Parker C.M. Andrews, he founded the **Spirit of the Times**. Dedicated to "God and the People," the **Spirit** was a four-page morning paper purporting to be "Democratic and Fearless; Devoted to No Clique, and Bound to No Master." In fact, its pages were monopolized by the advertisers of liver pills, pulmonic syrups, and curious alchemic remedies for a host of maladies. Between the advertisements appeared a selection from currently popular Gothic or sentimental romances, some news shorts paraphrased from other papers, a special column or two, and an editorial section.

The spirit of the **Spirit of the Times** was controlled by its boss DuSolle. In 1839 he had worked briefly as a partner of George R. Graham (publisher of **Graham's Magazine**).
on the United States and Saturday Post, the popular weekly magazine later known as the Saturday Evening Post. But Graham, ever-conscious of popular sentiment yet careful not to cross a line that might offend or alienate the respectable majority, did not hold enough of a rein on DuSolle to keep him from becoming "a red-hot Locofoco Democrat." American immunity from foreign intervention was a cause he championed vehemently. The Mexicans, he insisted, must be pushed out of Texas. England he saw as the real culprit spurring the Mexicans on. "Let us prepare for war," he wrote, "and demand satisfaction for our past grievances of England at the mouth of a cannon. No other arguments are needed." Domestically, few Philadelphians could equal the ardor with which DuSolle waged verbal war on banks, bankers, and all those he considered to be among Philadelphia aristocracy.

When Lippard appeared before DuSolle, the latter was well known for his fiery populist views. These views DuSolle expressed hotly both out of conviction and necessity. Although the population of Philadelphia was under 250,000, the city was served by as many as twelve dailies, all competing for attention and pennies, and all inhospitable to a new competitor. By devoting itself to the masses and by stirring up controversy, the Spirit did its best to succeed. Lippard, clearly from the proletariat himself, would fit in well; not yet twenty, he might be expected to sympathize
easily with DuSolle's ideas. Finding "something to admire" in Lippard, DuSolle offered to hire him as assistant editor. Lippard seized the opportunity. His new position would put him in one of the chief publishing centers in the United States. Within a few blocks of Third and Chestnut streets, where the *Spirit of the Times* was published, were to be found the homes of all the Philadelphia newspapers, the old Carey publishing house (at that time issuing editions of Cooper and Irving), the chief booksellers of the city, and the offices of the two great dictators of popular taste, *Graham's* and *Godey's* magazines. And occupying the editorial chair of *Graham's*, just across the way from the *Spirit of the Times* office, was Edgar Allen Poe.

The prospect of becoming part of this establishment excited Lippard. At first his assignments were small—anonymous paragraphs, news summaries, and the like. One of his first significant assignments was to report hearings conducted at the Mayor's Police Court, where the Mayor served as a committing magistrate. Appearing under a column headed "City Police," these articles were at first signed "Toney Blink" and after a few weeks "Billy Brier." The Blink-Brier columns were unlike anything written for modern newspapers. Rather than dispassionately reporting what he saw in court, Lippard wrote short quasi-dramatic sketches of the scenes enacted there. Inspired by Dickens' caricatures and by the idlers, fops, and vagabonds of Philadelphia
humorously and sympathetically portrayed in the Charcoal Sketches of Joseph C. Neal ("Philadelphia's own, native 'Boz'") Lippard tried his hand at imitation. The result was a series of lively sketches in which the "city worthies" (Neal's phrase) are depicted presenting their cases to the Mayor while Lippard editorializes from the sidelines.

As the titles to the sketches indicate, Lippard's aim was humor and satire. We meet a number of eccentrics—the drifter arrested for drunkenness, for example, who claims he is the Wandering Jew—and a host of good and bad characters representing the dregs of the Philadelphia streets. As interesting as the characters and the stories they tell is Lippard's interpretation of the way justice is meted out to them. One sketch deals with a Philadelphia philanthropist who hires a Negress prostitute and discovers, after he is done with her, that his gold watch is missing. The two end up in court, where she insists that he gave her the watch "while he was dressing." Without moralizing, Lippard makes it clear that justice was not served when the Negress was convicted of larceny. In another account he tells of a penniless old man given thirty days for sleeping on a market stall. Lippard speculates as to whether the same punishment would have been given to a banker, clergyman, or merchant for a similar offense. On the whole, Lippard is sympathetic to his city worthies. In one sketch he records the monologue of a Negro who refuses to work or otherwise become
respectable because he does not think his efforts will benefit him. In the end his reasoning falls on deaf ears and he is "taken below" into prison. "That's the way it's always bin. I've always bin took below--and when I die I 'spose I'll be took below likewise."¹³ In a sketch entitled "You'd Better Read It" Lippard simply pauses to think out loud:

As I stood within the bar of the Police Office this morning, and glanced at the confused heap of rags, dirt, and misery, which was visible there in the shape of four vagrant negroes, and two houseless, homeless, and hopeless white women, and as I saw the amount of fun which this mass of wretchedness seemed to afford the watchmen, loafers, and reporters, I says to myself, says I,—Wonder if the angels of heaven ever look down from the clear depths of the sky upon scenes like these, and I wonder what kind of tears they weep for the curses to that society which they were destined to ornament and adorn?¹⁴

Lippard's championing of the poor and downtrodden not only was sincere but conveniently reflected the populist bias of the newspaper, particularly the campaign it waged against banks. During the 1830's the "Bank War" had kindled many passions. Jacksonian Democrats, fearing that a few large banks might monopolize power at the expense of the common man, waged war against "the Monster Bank" and made the downfall of banking interests their cause célèbre. After the depression of 1837 many banks were unstable and frequently closed their doors at the threat of a run. Although there were fewer attacks in the 1840's, a vociferous few insisted on keeping the Bank War alive. DuSolle was one of those opposed to banks; for almost four straight months
early in 1842 he tirelessly waged war on bankers in bold
type. In early January Lippard was instructed to tour the
bank district and report his findings in regard to the
Girard Bank, then floundering but trying to reassure its
patrons of its soundness. Through the help of Ovid John­
son, who entered into the investigation of the bank's
affairs, Lippard learned much about the machinery of bank­
ing and was able to comment on the bank's poor condition.15
On January 11th a series of sketches by Lippard entitled
"Our Talisman" (by "Flib") began appearing. In them Lip­
pard described a few "rich scenes in Bank" and eventually
predicted the failure of the Girard Bank.

This assignment was linked to his coverage of a legis­
lative inquiry into the building of Girard College. Stephen
Girard, Philadelphia's richest man, had left the then
astounding amount of $2,000,000 for the building of this
home for white orphan boys. Though the cornerstone had been
laid in 1831, very little work had been done by 1842 and
much of the original money had been invested and lost in
Bank of the United States stock before the college was
built. Thus, when an investigating committee from Harris­
burg summoned its board of directors, headed by the eminent
bank-czar Nicholas Biddle, Lippard was on hand to give his
satiric rendition of the proceedings.16

When a run began on the Girard Bank, on January 26th,
Lippard had proved himself an able prophet. His next
assignment was to look into the affairs of the Bank of the United States, which had been forced to suspend payments to depositors while its leading directors, including Biddle, were under indictment for conspiracy. The Bank of the United States affair led to another series of sketches by Lippard, this time entitled "Asmodeus Among the Banks." In this series Lippard continued to attack bankers, focusing primarily on individual cases in which the banks had deprived the poor of necessary savings. In one sketch he depicts a poor widow unable to cash a $20 note drawn on an institution headed by a Sunday School superintendent. "God help the poor widow when she gets into the hands of the bank directors," he concludes.

After covering the Girard College and bank conspiracy hearings with DuSolle and seeing Biddle exonerated (as DuSolle earlier had predicted), Lippard continued his anti-bank barrage and exulted triumphantly when more banks failed in March and April. During this time, however, another grand event was occurring in Philadelphia. Charles Dickens' stopover while on his first tour of the United States caused as great a stir as that created by General Lafayette's return to America. Competing with New England for the distinction of being considered the literary capital of the New World, Philadelphia was eager to overwhelm Dickens, her citizens' favorite author, with a welcome. The Spirit did more than its share to create a commotion. Thinking that
the officials who had invited Dickens were unrepresentative "humbugs," the editors of the Spirit published an open letter to Dickens inviting him to shake hands with the public. On February 24th the Spirit published a reply, supposedly from Dickens, in which he said he "should be exceedingly glad to shake hands with you." The letter was addressed to John P. Gehler, a printer, James M. Davis, a bookbinder, and Thomas B. Florence, a hatter and popular Democratic politician known as "the widow's friend" whose portrait adorned the walls of almost every attractive barroom.

For presentation in Philadelphia, Dickens had two letters, one to Lucretia Mott, the anti-slavery advocate, the other to Henry C. Carey, the publisher, from Charles Leslie, the painter. Dickens had few other contacts in Philadelphia and hoped to have limited public engagements and a degree of privacy. His trip through the East had wearied him, and the behavior of his hosts had caused him to call into question the sophistication of his American admirers:

I can do nothing I want to do, go nowhere I want to go, and see nothing I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair....I go to a party in the evening, and am so enclosed and hedged about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches at me....I...can't drink a glass of water, without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow.
When Dickens arrived in Philadelphia on March 5th, he had some mixed impressions of the city. It was "handsome" but "distractingly regular." "After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street."22 Within a few days, however, the regularity produced some distractions, thanks, in part, to a notice appearing in the Spirit announcing that Dickens would shake hands with the public in his suite at the United States Hotel. On March 8th Dickens awoke to the sound of some 600 people clamoring around the entrance of the hotel to shake his hand. Astonished and indignant, he at first absolutely refused to hold a "levee," but the hotel proprietor prevailed when he informed Boz that the mob might riot. "We found 'Boz' in a large receptionroom in the second storey, earnestly toiling away with all his might, shaking the hands of a dense crowd of people, as they promiscuously thrust out their digits, at the announce­ment by Colonel Florence, who appeared to be master of ceremonies."23 When Dickens left Philadelphia the next day he was given another token of its hospitality: a bill from the Hotel charging him and his whole party full room and board for the week they had been detained in New York City.24

Lippard had been among the mob "lionizing" Dickens. Yet when he sensed Dickens' reaction he guiltily tried to minimize the Spirit's complicity in the unfortunate levee
by laughing at it. In a "City Police" article entitled "The Expected Interview between the Napoleons of Police Reporting in Two Hemispheres," Lippard wrote another letter to himself from Dickens, asking Billy Brier to name a suitable time and place for yet another meeting. Brier's reply was a left-handed slur at those who had mobbed Dickens that morning. "What say you," he wrote, "to a sociable talk at Mr. Denney's [of the Police Court] desk tomorrow morning, at 7 3/4 o'clock. You can come incog. you know, and ask for the ugliest fellow in the Police Office." The next day he poked fun at the idolizers. "For our part we were highly amused,...we indulged in a hearty laugh at the absurd idolatry of our countrymen, and the pictures which Mr. Dickens was evidently storing away in his common-place book of American eccentricities, weaknesses, follies, and ridiculous extremes."

If Dickens was storing away these pictures, so was Lippard. The Dickens event had taught him how impressionable the public was, how vulnerable it was to the power of the pen, and how eager it was to crown heroes—even democratic literary ones. Lippard was well aware that he was hardly a literary "Napoleon," but after seeing the majestic esteem in which Dickens was held, it is little wonder that the thought occurred to him that he himself might become a novelist.

Some of the last sketches Lippard wrote for the
Spirit indicate that he had more than a passing interest in the literary happenings about town. During the latter part of March in addition to his regular "City Police" column he wrote some sketches satirizing Henry B. Hirst and Thomas Dunn English, two literary upstarts writing for various Philadelphia publications. English was a professional dilettante, a physician and lawyer who preferred dabbling in poetry and magazine-editing to medicine or law; Hirst was an eccentric who befriended Poe and all his life insisted that he, not Poe, had written "The Raven." English and Hirst were only twenty-three when Lippard found them fit objects of satire. In his first two sketches, "The Sanguine Poetasters," Lippard used the pseudonym "Eric Iterbil" and left little question as to whom he was attacking. In these two sketches Lippard parodies Hirst ("Henry Bread Crust") by making fun of his physical appearance, his voice ("exactly like that of a stout, masculine woman") and his "namby pamby rhymes" that are "hard to tell from a New Year's Address." A few days later a series entitled the "Bread Crust Papers" began appearing. In them Lippard spun a tale designed to attack the characters of both Hirst and English. English—"Thomas Done Brown" or "the Bilious Rhymster"—swears by the "spirit of Shakespeare," but his poetry amounts to "such a mingling of invocations to this or that muse, with such descriptions of sun-sets, on this or that sea shore, such great big words, dragged neck and
heels into the service of poor, weak, sickly, consumptive ideas." In the end both are shown to be fops too eager to satisfy the foolish whims of women and too cowardly to duel each other.

What motivated Lippard's attacks on these two is not altogether clear. Because he himself was as yet neither a poet nor a storyteller he had no grounds for considering himself their rival, but their successes in the genteel periodicals about town may have stirred up some envy in the ambitious young Lippard, who so closely identified himself with the proletariat. To be sure, Lippard seemed to look for excuses for writing satiric pieces in which to unload the effusions of his turbulent imagination. Of the last two sketches Lippard wrote for the Spirit, "The Torture of Tortures," an "Eastern Apologue" by "A. Brownson Smallcott,"

30 strikes one as a satiric humorous effusion and nothing more. The apologue, which, as Smallcott says, "smacks of transcendentalism" and has some vague connection with A. Bronson Alcott, really smacks of neither. In the surprise ending we are told that the torture of tortures is a pair of tight-fitting boots. Lippard's final sketch in the Spirit is in the same vein. In "The Wickedest Thing Alive (An Apologue from the Arabian MSS.)" Lippard, again as "Smallcott," spins a yarn about Beelzebub. Offering as prize a "Crown of Fire" to the devil who will find him the "meanest thing alive," Beelzebub does not have to wait or
deliberate long before awarding the prize to a fellow-devil who brings him a bank director.  

These last two sketches were inauspicious performances for one entertaining notions of becoming a novelist. For the first time Lippard employed Gothic machinery—hell scenes, tortures, skulls, and the like—and for the first time he claimed that the source of the pseudonymously written pieces was a non-existent manuscript. But in these pieces the novelistic machinery clanks loudly, adding little to their humor, wit, or satiric impact. Lippard was flirting with novelistic conventions, but he was far from ready to employ them with any sophistication.

II.

After his "apologues" appeared, Lippard severed all connections with the Spirit of the Times. On April 10, the day of his twentieth birthday, no sketch appeared in its columns for the first time in over three months. To Lippard was due part of the credit for helping increase the Spirit's circulation, but the amount of work the morning daily required of him was not worth the small pay he received in return. The effects of the great quantity of writing he did, moreover, soon became evident on a constitution none too strong. In early April he fell ill and this played a role in his decision to quit the Spirit. Since another sister, Mary, had died in 1840 at the age of twenty-two, it
is probable that tuberculosis was making its rounds of the family, and now taking hold of Lippard.

Thus, he decided to rest and recoup his strength before taking another job. During the period of his recovery, however, Lippard was hardly inactive. His spare time provided him the opportunity to read and write, and this leisure proved to be instrumental in initiating his career as a novelist. When not confined to bed he returned to Germantown for visits and strolls. Among the people there he liked to converse with was John Fanning Watson, a cashier in a Germantown bank and author of *The Annals of Philadelphia in the Olden Time* (1830). Watson had gathered information for his *Annals* by going about among aged Philadelphians and taking down their recollections, however reliable, of life during Revolutionary times. Befriending Lippard, Watson helped quicken in him an interest in Philadelphia's role in the War for Independence. Interest in the War, which now was enough in the past to be considered "history," was already intense, mostly through the efforts of historians and romancers giving the public mixtures of adventurous and seldom uninspiring fact and fancy. The Reverend Mason L. Weems' *Life of George Washington*, for example, with its crude, amateur Euphuistic style, sold thousands of copies and helped inspire others to try their hand at telling fancy tales about the Revolution. By the early 'forties scores of "tales" and "sketches" of the
Revolution permeated the popular literature of the time, especially in the Post and in Graham's and Godey's magazines, which welcomed such productions. Thus by 1842 Lippard had a wide choice of authors and approaches to the Revolution. He could read more scholarly works like Jared Sparks' Life of George Washington, any of the quasi-historical narratives of writers like Charles J. Peterson whose Battle-Grounds of the Revolution was appearing in Graham's, or flashy historical romances like William Gilmore Simms' "stirring" The Kinsmen, and the Black Riders of the Congaree.

That Lippard during the summer of 1842 was steeping himself in Revolutionary War accounts with an eye toward writing historical romance is evident from a letter by him printed in the Saturday Courier for May 15, 1847. "Five years ago," he writes, "filled with an honest reverence for our Past—more impressed with the desire to picture, with my whole soul, the scenes connected with the Revolution, than cheered with the hope of pecuniary profit—I began my career as an author of Revolutionary History, Legend and Romance. I spared no pains to collect materials, searched old libraries for books and papers, and went to aged survivors of our battles, striving to gather from their lips the form and spirit of the past."

The Revolutionary War was not the only subject that might excite the interest of an aspiring young novelist.
The works of a number of romantic novelists were popular in Lippard's day. Poe's tales and sketches did not go unattended by any serious reader in Philadelphia. His *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, first published early in 1840, was but one of many current works dealing with the grotesque and exotic. Although still not popular, the works of Charles Brockden Brown, with their mixture of religious obsession, criminology, and humanitarian reform, were commanding more and more attention. From abroad had come the novels of "Monk" Lewis, Anne Radcliffe, Charles Maturin, and Mary Shelley—the school of terror whose renown depended on gloomy settings, supernatural or improbable events, and processions of wandering Jews, monks, and mad doctors searching simultaneously for forbidden knowledge and the love of innocent maidens. The swash-buckling school, with its dashing heroes fighting for noble causes and the defense of maiden virtue, found an eager audience in America, with writers such as G.P.R. James, Scott, and Bulwer-Lytton enjoying a popularity unequalled by native writers. Dickens of course was America's favorite author, but the more sophisticated and moralistic readers were giving greater attention to Thomas Carlyle's untamed pronouncements about many of the same social evils Dickens denounced as ruinous to England. Lippard hardly could escape the influence of all these writers. Little wonder, then, that when he made his first bid to join their ranks, he turned out a tale
only indirectly related to the Revolution.

Written during his period of recovery, Lippard's first published story is set in England. Appearing first in the July 9, 1842 United States Post, "Philippe De Agramont" (later reprinted as "Wat Tyler" in Lippard's weekly, the Quaker City) received front-page billing. The tale is based on the peasant revolt of 1381 led by Walter ("Wat") Tyler against King Richard II for his oppressive taxation of the poor. Despite its historical basis, the facts are greatly embellished by Lippard. Wat Tyler (also called "the Gentle Scholar") is given the romantic name Philippe De Agramont, and it is never made clear in the story whether he is of Florentine or British origins, as he is known by both names simultaneously. He is, moreover, portrayed as the wronged bastard son of Sir Giles De Agramont, Lord of "Wogsdon," whose legitimate son, Master Geoffrey, heaps scorn on Philippe-Wat. The action opens with an account of the rivalry between the half-brothers while they are both at the university in "Oxenford." There Philippe the Gentle is secretly hated by the physically deformed Geoffrey, even though he has saved Geoffrey from three thieves by stabbing and bludgeoning them. After this rescue, the scene shifts to a road near Wogsdon, where we overhear three of the King's tax collectors discuss how they are going to wring heavy taxes from the poor and abduct John the Blacksmith's daughter Mabel, "the fair flower of
Wogsden" who has "two of the prettiest feet in the wide world." The smith, after a quarrel, pays his taxes, but he refuses to part with his daughter, and Lippard describes John's defense of her honor in colorful terms: John "stepped back, his massive hammer he swung in the air—urged with all the force of his giant hand it descends; it crashes into the caitiff's skull down to the very eyebrows, while his blood spouts around, and his brains pollute the garments of the bystanders." Then Philippe comes to John's aid, decapitates the other two tax collectors, and the rebellion has begun. The final scenes of the story deal with the rebels' assault on Giles' castle; the treacherous death of Philippe at the hands of Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London; the insanity of Mabel (who awaits in vain the return of Philippe, her betrothed); and the death of King Richard, plagued to the end by Philippe's vow that Richard also would die treacherously and violently.

It is clear at a glance that in "Philippe De Agramont" Lippard had chosen to follow the popular Gothic romancers. "Philippe" is historical romance that exists for the sake of romance rather than of history. Lippard made no effort to achieve historicity or verisimilitude; indeed, he asked his readers to accept and expect the wildly improbable. Annabel (briefly mentioned foil of Mabel grieved by her discovery that her betrothed is a bastard son who will not inherit his father's dukedom) is literally killed by her
grief: "[She] lay prostrate upon the marble floor; a thin line of blood was trickling from her mouth. It was the blood flowing from a broken heart—a heart broken not so much by love, as by the pride of a selfish nature." The tale is fraught with most of the conventions of romance literature—a fair lady in distress, characters whose physiognomies accurately reflect their moral conditions, disguises, omens, and even a claim, prefixed as a prologue to the tale by a fictitious Benedictine monk, that this is an authentic history written by him in 1401 and placed in "the archives of our holy House, for the instruction of future generations." The diction has as false a ring as the monk, despite Lippard's attempt to give the tale authenticity through the use of archaisms ("Little reck ye of minstrel honor, and ye suppose a brother of gentle craft may be struck without revenge"). The tale, in short, is amateurish literature of the worst sort, aimed at an un sophisticated audience eager to experience a momentary spine-shiver, and perhaps titillated by some of the pretenses of authenticity.

Yet neither the trappings of "Philippe" nor its themes can be passed over lightly, for Lippard not only was to continue this manner of writing in his subsequent romances, but to concern himself throughout his career with many of the motifs developed in this tale. Firstly, this is a tale of rape-seduction in which threats to female
chastity become great evils to be overcome at any cost and in which seducers are associated with political and social evils. Although the price of victory over seducers is high in terms of human life, the resulting lower taxes, promise of freedom, and preservation of virginity are worth the sacrifice. Secondly, though not a tale of the Revolution, "Philippe" is a tale of revolution—of the revolution of the poor against the rich and of a conflict that can be resolved, as spokesmen for both sides tell us, only by recourse to the sword. In the conflict between Philippe and Geoffrey, Lippard personified his egalitarian beliefs, as he makes clear that the aristocratic Geoffrey's blood is no basis for special treatment and even suggests that his deformity is caused by his aristocratic blood. Philippe's genteel name does not testify to the rightness of aristocracy; it is a romance convention given a democratic twist. Lippard's tale shows that he is not merely a critic of European aristocracy but that he hates it. The struggle between rich and poor, between aristocrat and democrat, separates father and son, each of whom vows to get revenge on the other. Revenge itself is elevated to a noble theme, as a "good" character, John the blacksmith, makes an eternally binding vow to be the agent of Philippe's vengeance; even Philippe makes good his promise to overcome his brother and father. In every case, violence is the acceptable means of getting even and humility, compromise, and
reconciliation come too late: King Richard appeases the rebel mob after the battle and Sir Giles learns to love his step-son as he carries away his corpse.

Despite its literary crudity, "Philippe De Agramont" apparently made a hit with its readers. In any event, the publisher of the Post paid Lippard fifteen dollars and told him to write another story. The fifteen dollars inspired Lippard; if a short tale could bring that much, he would try a longer one.

Thus on October 22, 1842 the Post began serializing Herbert Tracy, or, the Legend of the Black Rangers, a tale that ran for six weeks. Deriving some of his ideas for Herbert Tracy from Simms' The Kinsmen, and the Black Riders of the Congaree, Lippard fused pure romance with historical events connected with the Revolution. Herbert Tracy, subtitled "A Romance of the Battle of Germantown," was to be set in a locale Lippard knew and loved. In this tale he could make use of all he knew about the lore and battles associated with Germantown and the Wissahikon, and all that his fancy could invent. In a preface Lippard tells us that the tale focuses specifically on the incidents of the fourth of October, 1777, the day of the battle for Germantown. The work, he says, "is not offered for perusal merely as an idle romance, but as a dramatic and legendary history of the battle, prepared from the details of the various accredited written histories, the narratives of survivors
of the field, as well as the thousand wild legends of the fight of Germantown, current in the vicinity of the battle-field."

The "wild legends" predominate in Herbert Tracy. The novel opens on a dark note, as two peace-loving Quakers, Joab and Hannah Smiley, bemoan the presence of arms and soldiers that threaten their domestic harmony. The threat becomes a reality as their door bursts open and their daughter, Marjorie, tumbles to the floor, hotly pursued by a drunken Redcoat. Marjorie and the Quakers are saved by the intervention of Henry ("Harry") Heft, a country bumpkin fighting for the rebels and seeking Marjorie's hand. Harry dispatches the Redcoat with a blow on the head, while "her bared bosom of virgin whiteness, and youthful outline, heaved upward in the light." After Harry is earnestly lectured on the evils of violence, we learn more about what is happening in the vicinity. The most noteworthy news is that Wallingford Tracy, a rich Tory, has disowned and cursed his only son, Herbert, for sympathizing with Washington; that Herbert's English cousin, Wellwood, has now become heir apparent to the Wallingford fortune; and that Waltham, another rich Tory, is trying to force his daughter Mariam to marry Wellwood, despite her love for Herbert. As events unfold, we find that Herbert saves Mariam from the marriage by rescuing her in the nick of time from the altar (he had met her by rescuing her from drowning) and that in time—
after Herbert goes to Paris, joins Napoleon's forces at Waterloo, elevates himself to the position of counsellor in kings' cabinets, and returns to America a success—the lovers are happily united.

This plot, typical of those found in the sentimental literature of Lippard's day, encompasses the "legend of the Black Rangers." The Black Rangers, headed by Herbert Tracy, is an elite band of warriors devoted to the Revolutionary cause. Wearing black coats, plumes, belts, and boots, riding black horses, and carrying richly ornamented guns and swords, they all are tall, broad-chested men each proudly sporting a battle wound. "They were such men as would have delighted the heart of a crusading knight of the thirteenth century, with all the wild love of adventure—all the daring courage, and all the frank, hardy qualities which mark the soldier." Their headquarters is the "Haunted House"—"marked by a style of architecture which mingled the steep, gable-ended roof of a cottage, with the high and pointed windows of the Gothic order." It is here that the famous men, Washington, Wayne, Greene, and even Hamilton, join heads with the Black Rangers to make plans before the battle of Germantown.

Besides the Black Rangers and the other major characters Lippard depicts in the tale, there are a number of minor characters whose functions are significant. We meet, for example, Betty Fisher, maid at the Chew Mansion who,
during the heat of battle exclaims, "Here's a purty how d' ye do, in Mr. Chew's house! I raley wish some foks 'ud stay at hum, and take care of their own duds." We meet Dennis McDermott, Irish patriot separated from wife and child by the English for operating a still. And we meet Charles "de Fust," Negro with a "general figure as grotesque in outline, and as ludicrous in proportion as though Nature herself had turned caricaturist, and manufactured a walking libel on the whole monkey tribe." Each of these in his own way represents the low-brow element, and each adds a comic touch to the battle scenes, except for Dennis who dies fighting the British. Each represents a common stereotype: Betty of the domestic innocent oblivious to war's horrors, Dennis of the Irish patriot victimized by the tyrannical British, and Charles of the domestic slave, giant in strength, sheepishly obedient, fiercely loyal to his rebel white masters, and unaware of the pejorative connotations of the nickname given him. To each of these Lippard tries to draw sympathy by showing how they are helplessly innocent, heroically devoted to a good cause, or impeccably loyal.

Besides the battle itself between the British and Americans, which occupies a central position in the tale, there are a number of conflicts suggested by the episodes and character relations. The most dramatic is the age-old conflict between fathers and sons (and, in the case of the
Walthams, father and daughter). Herbert and Mariam are rebels against a well-established older generation asking for conformity to its norms. These relationships personify the conflict between British aristocracy and American democracy, and the main consequence of this conflict is a clash between love and honor. A corollary of these conflicts is that which develops between the rich and poor. In cursing his son, Wallingford tells him that he is henceforth a "beggar" who no longer has title to the family fortune. Thus the aristocratic by blood are identified with riches, the rebels with poverty. Another key conflict centers around the Quaker figures, all of them believers in nonviolence yet caught in the midst of battle.

Lippard's reconciliation of these conflicts are evident in the tale's denouement. Some of the conclusions are obvious. The "fathers" are wrong, the "sons" (and daughter) right. Democracy is better than aristocracy, the poor nobler than the rich. Honor, moreover, is a higher virtue than love. The young, suggests Lippard, should separate themselves from their parents, and lovers should do likewise when a noble cause is at stake. Herbert falls passive before his father when they confront each other on the battlefield, asking not for reconciliation but for a blessing, which only enflames his father's anger and pride. Herbert's public profession is that country comes first, Mariam second; that the passion of love is secondary to the passion
of battle. Joab's conflict has a more ambiguous resolution. Joab has "a brame of great muscular power...You would have picked him out in a crowd, as the man to head a charge of dragoons, rather than suppose him the quiet Friend, whose theory and practice alike shunned the noise and bustle of war." Yet in practice Joab does join the noise and bustle of war; though not with gun in hand, he takes part and fights. Similarly, he has a compulsion to exact revenge, exclaiming, on seeing a youthful trumpeter treacherously slain by the Redcoats, "Father of mercy, if blood crying from the earth to thee for recompense, is ever in thy wisdom avenged, surely the account of these scarlet men is deeply dyed, and cries for tenfold vengeance!" That he has qualified his attitude toward non-violence is clear in the end, when he happily allows his daughter to marry Harry Heft, now a warrior hero.

Not all the heroism, however, is Harry's and Herbert Tracy's. The super-hero of the tale is Washington, whom Lippard surrounds with an aura of majesty. Intelligent, serene, and inspiring, Lippard's Washington is brave and womanishly gentle during the battle but a man of sorrows after it. Lippard recounts for us a bit of lore regarding this national hero in the making. It is during the fury of battle that Washington and Herbert are cornered by British fire near a fence:

'Leap, Captain Tracy, leap your horse and save yourself!' shouted Washington, as a bullet lodged
in the pommell of his saddle. 'Not till you are safe!' replied Tracy, facing the storm of battle with as much calmness and self-possession as though he were but breasting the career of a summer shower. 'I cannot endanger the limbs of this noble horse by leaping yon fence,' exclaimed Washington. 'He has borne me safe in too many a hard fought fight to think of it.'

Lippard uses a sophomoric trick— one footnote— to establish the "truth" of this account, related "on the authority of Col. Pickering, who was in the staff of Washington on the day of the Battle." The account indeed might be merely lore, yet it hardly disguises Lippard's intentions of establishing Washington as a noble and gentle national hero.

Despite the heroism of Washington and the happy reunion of Mariam and Herbert, the tale ends in more darkness than it began. We get a picture of the carnage of battle, of bodies of friend and foe heaped up together, sharing the peace of death. Of the sounds of battle we are told that "in every shout, a man formed like ourselves bites the dust,...[and] a score of souls wing their way from all the flush of life and vigor of early manhood, up to that unseen spiritual world which is invested with the brightest hopes and darkest terrors of the human mind.' Battle blackens even Joab's vision. It has made a mockery of "every high and heavenly sympathy" in man, and "seems to bear witness that the Lord God dwelleth not in man, but rather that he is the temple of the Evil One!" In the end, Herbert's father is mysteriously ambushed by an old man suddenly
thirsting for bloodshed and revenge; and Joab again lifts his hand in violence to rebuke a townsman. Herbert's main fear on seeing his dead father is that a dead man's irrevocable curse is on him, and during his years of being a "wanderer and exile" in Europe, his letters from Paris are sad and gloomy. To his dying hour the curse, we are told in the tale's last line, plagues him.

III

Lippard's experiences in law and journalism were an initiation that helped complete the premature disillusionment begun in his boyhood. Between 1837, when he entered Badger's office, and 1841, when he left the Spirit of the Times, his sense of social injustice was aggravated. In the law offices he learned that the law was prejudicially applied and could be legalistically circumvented. His daily visits to the Police Court brought him face-to-face with the unfortunate victims of poverty, ignorance, and injustice. Banks, he learned, could take the savings of the poor and never give them back, while bank directors maintained their positions of power and prestige in the community. As an orphan in imperfect health facing an uncertain future, Lippard identified with the miserable and exploited. The specter of death, visiting his family regularly every few years, made injustice seem like a universal condition. Consolation was to be found in the dreams
rooted in his boyhood past. The stories about the Revolutionary past told him by his Aunt Mary became more vivid as Lippard studied the facts and scenes more closely. Despite its ills, America's glory and promise could not be denied. Here one could look back to a young but noble past, to days when generals and peasants side by side sacrificed themselves for freedom and democracy. Here the common man still had a chance to lift himself to prominence, as Johnson's case proved; and God was on the side of the common man, as Du Solle's paper proclaimed.

Lippard's decision to become a novelist was shaped by both the dark and promising sides of his experiences. If Johnson taught Lippard that one could find fame through hard work, Dickens inspired him to seek literary fame. From his experiences with the Spirit of the Times Lippard learned that success could be achieved by daubing "the brush so thick that the paint couldn't be laid on any thicker," and the paper's rising circulation figures confirmed his faith in his potential. Thus, in choosing to be a novelist he sought to realize his personal ambitions, publish to the world his faith in America's glory, and disburden himself of his sense of the world's injustices by railing against them.

In "Philippe DeAgramont" and Herbert Tracy Lippard embodied elements of his brightest dreams. Both tales testify to the rightness of democratic revolution against tyrannical aristocratic masters, and both establish "honor"
and duty to country as the highest values becoming a citizen. After experimenting in "Philippe" with an English tale about an Italo-English hero, in **Herbert Tracy** Lippard found in Pennsylvania a setting and in Washington a hero appropriate to his dream of America's glory. In both tales he preached a gospel of social and economic reform. Wat Tyler, Herbert Tracy, and Washington emerge as heroes devoted to protecting and assisting the lowly Betty Fishers, Dennis McDermotts, and Charles de Fusts, whose pitiable originals he had seen pleading their cases in the Police Court. Finally, in Joab Smiley, in Washington's compassion for his horse, and in the gentle scholarly visages of Wat and Herbert, Lippard personified the Christian ideal of love and mercy he had learned as a child.

The action of these bright dreams, however, was played against the dark background of violence, vengeance, and gloom he borrowed from the Gothic and swashbuckling romances. Clearly, Lippard's social and patriotic visions were incompatible with the blood and thunder requirements of his Gothic and romantic techniques. In "Philippe" the gentle Wat kills unmercifully and in the end his dream of a successful peasant revolt dies with him. In **Herbert Tracy** Joab violates his ideal of pacifism, Herbert is followed by his dead father's curse, and Washington's compassion toward his horse is strikingly absurd when seen against the cold efficiency with which he kills British.
The cry for justice becomes confused with the cry for vengeance, and although the heroes survive the battles, the blood of the dead pollutes the promised land. So terrible is the upheaval that it shakes Joab's faith in God and in the goodness of man. Lippard no doubt included these dark events to play a game with his reader. The rules of this game demanded that he perpetually upset his reader's expectations so as to keep him terrified, awed, amused, and reading. Yet, as we shall see in subsequent chapters, Lippard took the dark events which were part of this game quite seriously. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he used these events as vehicles for expressing a dark vision. On the whole, his earliest tales suggest that however strong his faith in America, social justice, and Christian love, his darker vision was questioning the possibility that his dreams were viable.
CHAPTER IV

LITERARY CITIZEN SOLDIER

"OH, the manners of the age! Tales of wonder are believed, and the credence attached to them increased in the ratio of their improbability. Fiction is in the ascendent, and we may soon expect to see a revised edition of the Fairy Tales, designed expressly for the amusement and gratification of overgrown children of three score years."

—"The Cosmopolite" (in the Philadelphia Citizen-Soldier)

I

Little is known of what happened to Lippard during the six months after the appearance of Herbert Tracy. Though it is certain that he was busy studying and writing during this time, we are not sure of how many or on what tales he was working. His success at publishing in the Post fired his ambitions to contribute more tales to Philadelphia periodicals, but nothing new of his appeared in them. If rejections brought disappointment, so did family matters. Another sister, Catherine, was ill and dying, a fact that did little to decrease his personal sense of gloom or lighten the burden of his own illness. And once his health took a turn for the better, he had to face the problem of finding a place in the literary world, no easy task if one was rejected by Graham and the periodicals he controlled.
Lippard saw an opportunity in a new Philadelphia newspaper. *The Citizen Soldier: A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Interests of the Volunteers and Militia of the United States*, was inaugurated January 7, 1843 and published every two weeks until April 1843, when it became a weekly. With offices on South Third Street in the City of Brotherly Love, its proprietors, Isaac R. and Adam Harry Diller, took as their motto Washington's injunction, "In Time of Peace Prepare for War." Inspired by their father, Adam Diller, a general in the state militia and strong advocate of public security and safety, the younger Dillers proposed to "re-suscitate and invigorate the constitutional defence of our country, to render effective our citizen soldiery, to elevate and encourage the military of our state, and of the whole nation."¹ In keeping the state and nation prepared for war, the brothers hoped to stay clear of petty politics; our politics, they claimed, is "Human Nature." The paper, which they hoped would be almost wholly original, was to be made up of the usual quantity of literary material and news shorts, and of military matter such as synopses of militia law, discussions of tactics, and biographical or historical sketches.

Although the *Citizen Soldier* carried a literary piece on its front page during the first few months of its existence, it was devoted mainly to prosaic military matters. At first Lippard's offerings appeared infrequently. The
first of his works to appear was "A Chapter from Herbert Tracy" in the January 19, 1843 issue, followed, in two installments for February, by "The Legend of the Midnight Death; A Story of the Wissa-Hikon." By May more and more of his pieces began appearing, and by the middle of the year he had assumed important editorial duties. Correspondingly, the character of the paper changed; more and more fiction, especially Lippard's, received front-page billing, and the military pieces became fewer and shorter. A new anonymous, pert voice—Lippard's—was heard, chiding "our neighbour," The Spirit of the Times, for "coming to us this week dressed out in the tip of the fashion, but...destitute of that saucy, independent, fearless, devil-may-care air that used to characterize him." In the middle of July the Dillers made Lippard the chief editor. This move was accompanied by a new definition of the scope and purpose of the paper. In reply to a criticism that the character of the Citizen Soldier had changed considerably, Lippard claimed that the way to accomplish "the elevation of the military character of our yeomanry, the reformation of all military abuses, and the thorough and entire re-organization of our militia system" was not "by making our sheet a dull, dry, tasteless combination of cast-off military lore, worn-out our statistics, and long-winded pieces of declamation." A new approach was needed. "We wish our paper to go into the heart of the family circle, to be a dweller in the sanctity
of the household, a welcome messenger to the country fireside....We wish to make our paper a favorite with the ladies. Their influence in society is secret and silent, but effectual when devoted to good purposes, terrible when misdirected....Our first page is directed to the ladies [this page being devoted to] original revolutionary stories, as well as tales of a more domestic and quiet character."

A little "spice of satire" was to be included, "intended for the benefit of the cloud of literary humbugs who swarm in the corrupt atmosphere of Philadelphia literature."³

This announcement hardly concealed Lippard's intentions. The paper was boring, and because of its limited military appeal could not survive long financially. Appended to the announcement of new editorial policy were three boasts: that "our success has been almost unprecedented," that the paper "is noticed from north to south," and that "its circulation is increasing."⁴ His experience on the Spirit of the Times had taught Lippard how to sell newspapers. Since the readers of fiction were primarily female, the way to success was to cater to their tastes and interests, and to present, in the paper's fictional pieces, dashing romantic heroes championing military ideals. So Lippard went to work to save the Citizen Soldier and, at the same time, to sell his own works to its readers through it. In January of 1844, the title of the paper was changed to the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier. It now advertised
itself as a "Journal of American Literature," but its motto remained the same.

To achieve both his purposes—that is, to sell more papers and gain a name for himself—Lippard used a number of clever, if somewhat underhanded, devices. Because the only pieces to appear early in 1843 bearing his name had been his featured romances, only a few knew that Lippard was actively working as an editor for the paper featuring him. Thus, to make sure that one of his new tales would get a special "featured" position in the paper, he hid his editorship from his subscribers. With Isaac Diller as the announced writer of the military matter, it was easy for the reader to assume that his brother Harry was responsible for the rest. In fact, Lippard was doing most of the work, from Revolutionary sketches and editorials to short newsy or witty pieces. From this undercover position he wrote laudatory advance notices and advertisements of his own works. After a work had appeared, he at times discussed it critically, reprinted (by and large) favorable reviews of it, and invited readers to comment. He even wrote to himself anonymous letters to the editor, praising or explaining his own works. And to give the impression that a variety of contributors were writing for the Citizen Soldier, he invented a host of pen-names to hide behind, continuing a practice begun when he wrote for the Spirit of the Times. In these ways he preserved for the Citizen Soldier a measure
of journalistic respectability, kept himself employed, and never lacked an outlet for his own longer works, which began to appear rapidly—signed "George Lippard, Esq."

Besides editorials and news stories, Lippard wrote three other types of pieces for the *Citizen Soldier*: light humorous sketches satirically attacking what he liked to call the Philadelphia "literati"; Revolutionary sketches and romances in the vein of *Herbert Tracy*; and Gothic romance set in Medieval Italy. All three types dramatized, in one way or another, a particular aspect of his personality.

Among the lighter sketches, none is more clearly autobiographical than a piece entitled "How to Provide Oneself with a Chum." Written under the pseudonym "Baron de la War," the tale describes a dreamy youth's experiences at places quite familiar to Lippard: "M___ University" and "a school in the eastern part of the state of New York, near the village of R___, along the Hudson." Like the Middle-town University of Lippard's college days, the university in the tale is run by a hypocritical and heavy-handed minister who acts also as its president. Ostensibly in the university to become a Methodist minister, the hero of the tale—a young model student who is the envy of the university—is asked by the president to take on a "chum" for the coming term. Unknown to the president, the youth already has a "chum," the president's daughter, whom he has married despite the rule that young Methodist ministers are not to
marry for two years after ordination. In a plot summary that promises a better story than actually is narrated, Lippard tells us:

How [the youth] had lighted on the beautiful little hamlet of R___, on the banks of the Hudson; how he was wont to take solitary walks along the river shore, how a fair form intruded upon his vision in one of those solitary walks, and then came the story of the first acquaintance—their mutual love—the opposition of the wealthy father to the union—the contest in the mind of the daughter between love and duty—the triumph of love—the elopement—the consequent marriage.

The tale, of course, is not literally autobiographical; Lippard married no university president's daughter while at college. Yet the youth, like Lippard, mocks the "brothering" and "sistering" of the Methodists, becomes generally disillusioned with the clergy and decides to try making his fortune in the world. In the end the youth lives out a typical American success story. He marries, turns his genius to the law, goes west, rises in the profession, and inherits a large fortune from his father-in-law.

If Lippard's imagination was indulging in wish-fulfillment exercises in this tale, in "The Legend of the Coffee Bags" he treated humorously a more serious question facing him. The tale deals with two ex-students at Harvard, Charles Hamilton and Francis Warner, living together in an inexpensive Philadelphia boarding house hoping to become writers. Surrounded by books, papers, and unfinished manuscripts, Charles is poor but devoted to achieving fame and money through writing. He strikingly resembles Lippard in
many respects. He has dark eyes and uncommonly long dark hair; he is "altogether very student-like in appearance," is "embued with the little eccentricities peculiar to its autho­rrial craft, and his character partook largely of the strange mixture of reflection and prejudice, thought and petulance, not unfrequently visible in the demeanor of that class who term themselves men of genius, but who are designated by the world under the general name of scribblers." Seeking isola­tion and quiet, Charles swears off women and the prospect of raising a family to devote himself to writing a great work—"An Inquiry into the theory of Witchcraft, and the unreali­ties of the spiritual world together with some disquisitions on the probabilities of Animal Magnetism, etc., etc." Work on the great book is interrupted when a beautiful shadowy woman, Warner's sister Norah, comes to live in the boarding house. Charles, marking the "delicious outline of the [wo­man's] bust," is overcome by "some of the mysterious influ­ences of animal magnetism" and immediately falls in love. With his proposal of marriage comes a realization that his "beautiful period of dedication to literary success" is over.

Lippard may have been hoping that a beautiful woman would enter his life. More importantly, however, the tale suggests that he was well aware of the conflicts that a dedicated and well meaning author must face in the world when daily needs and responsibilities distract him from his high calling. Charles entertains grand ideas of literary
success, but it takes only a woman's glance for him to compromise his ideals. As one who believed that in order to sell and survive one had to daub the brush thick with paint, Lippard quite understandably derided Charles' devotion to literature as naive and unrealistic.

At best, Lippard hopes to hold his head a little higher than the rest of the scribblers in Philadelphia. He had his heroes, whose achievements he thought established literary standards. Charles Brockden Brown—"the great anatomist of the human heart, the analyst, the romancer of the good, the beautiful and true"—was the first among his idols from the American literary past. With Brown Lippard could identify easily. Like Lippard, Brown was a Philadelphian who on becoming disillusioned with the law turned to literature, only to be rejected by his readers and victimized by tuberculosis. Clearly, however, Lippard did not intend to court the fate that befell Brown. Rather than obscurity, he wanted to sell and survive, justifying the existence of his works on the grounds that they were a powerful vehicle for moral truths. To be identified with some of the current kings of Philadelphia literature would have satisfied him at this point in his career.

Poe was first among the living literary figures Lippard idolized. Living some blocks away on Coates Street, Poe probably became acquainted with Lippard through Henry B. Hirst, Poe's friend whom Lippard had mocked as "Henry
Bread Crust" but with whom he later had settled his differences. The opportunity to know Poe personally was excuse enough for Lippard to sympathize with him in his quarrels with George R. Graham, Reverend Rufus Griswold, Samuel D. Patterson, and Charles D. Peterson--the overlords of Graham's, the Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine. As one who had known poverty, Lippard sympathized with the unjust treatment Poe received under Graham. While Longfellow and George P. Morris received fifty dollars for a single poem, Hawthorne considerably more for a story, and Cooper $1800 for a serialized romance, Poe was paid four dollars a page for critical articles "and not much more for his tales." Since Poe's destitution was well known, the "Graham Group" could well afford to let him come begging while it paid top dollar even to foreign contributors.

In the Graham Group Lippard saw a resemblance to the bank directors against whom he long had waged verbal war. Perhaps aggravated by the way he had been treated by the editors of the Post after they published Herbert Tracy, Lippard made Poe's battle his own, and attacked what he called the mediocrity of the Literati:

Mediocrity is the order of the day. We have mediocre novels, mediocre tales, mediocre poetry, mediocre essays, and mediocre wit....The glory of American Literature is past. Brockden Brown wrote, starved, and is forgotten...the glory of Cooper is rather of the bygone than the present. Irving has walked 'Spanish;' Dana has fallen into comparative obscurity,...In the present literary world there is no striking scenery--no elevations. All plain,
level, pretty and dull....WE DO PROTEST Against the humbug of imbecile periodicals, with Guide Book plates, fashion plate outlines a year old, with Bedouin editors, lacking brains, but fine fellows for shameless theft, low abuse and small trickery. We do protest against calling these periodicals American Literature....We do protest against the prevalence of the petticoat in every magazine of the day. We do protest against the small criticizing of these magazines, their littleness of mind, their narrow views, their small malice to all who will not clique with them....we do protest against the underlings of the self-complacent proprietors, being yclept 'The Philadelphia literati.'

Three weeks before this editorial was written, a series entitled "The Spermaceti Papers," ostensibly written by one "Geoffrey," began appearing in the Citizen Soldier. According to Charles F. Heartman and James R. Canny, "Geoffrey" probably was Poe. They claim that if Poe was not the editor of the Citizen Soldier, "he most certainly enjoyed editorial privileges," and that a large number of shorts appearing in its pages are Poe's because "it does not seem possible that they could only be 'inspired' by him." The "familiarity with details and situations," they say, "point to Poe, as do similarities [to other Poe works] in verbal characteristics," and "direct references...skillfully slipped in all in the inimitable manner of Poe. No mere friendly editor would give Poe such boosts." The possibility that Lippard might have been the author of the "Spermaceti Papers" is written off on the grounds that "He was too busily engaged at this time with his historical novels."¹²

Lippard was busily engaged, but not with his historical novels, most of which were to be written a few years
later. When the "Spermaceti Papers" began appearing, the Citizen Soldier was beginning to show unmistakable signs of Lippard's editorship. His acquaintances with Poe enabled Lippard to become familiar with the circumstances of Poe's quarrel with the Graham Group, and his sympathy with Poe inspired him to come to his defense. Although Lippard would have been most receptive to contributions from Poe, Poe could ill-afford to be published in such a second-rate journal. "The Ghost of the Grey Tadpole," a piece bearing Poe's name, appeared in the Citizen Soldier, but it had been stolen from the Irish Citizen and was not Poe's work. That Poe had "editorial privileges" is highly unlikely for most of the shorts Heartman and Canny say Poe might have written are trivial and all also could have been, and very probably were, written by Lippard. As Heartman and Canny concede, it is only circumstantial evidence that points to Poe's authorship of the "Spermaceti Papers." 

In all likelihood Lippard wrote the series. He had sufficient motive: Poe's misfortune gave him the chance to come to the aid of a personal idol and at the same time to expound some favorite themes. Stylistically, the "Spermaceti Papers" resemble Lippard's work more than they do Poe's; they are strikingly similar to the "Bread Crust Papers" Lippard had written a year earlier. Thinly disguising the names of the figures he attacks, Lippard caricatures their foibles and parodies their work, pointing at the way they
unjustly rule over Philadelphia periodical literature and deceive the public. At first Lippard focuses on one figure at a time. "Spermaceti Sam" is Samuel D. Patterson, proprietor and editor of the "Salt River Saturday Stick and Lamp Post" (the United States and Saturday Post) and later of the "Ladies' American Magazine" (the Ladies' National Magazine). "Professor Peter Sun" is Charles J. Peterson, editor of the Post and chief contributor to Graham's. "Peter is a good boy," says Lippard. "He never puts nothing in his productions excepts something—really moral. Something to improve the mind, and keep the babies in order. Something that wouldn't raise a blush on the most fastidious cheek." To keep from paying "half-a-dozen beggarly authors" for original contributions to the "Stick," he writes under a half-a-dozen names, a trick attacked but learned well by Lippard. "Rev. Rumpus Grizzel" is Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, bitter antagonist of Poe and editor of Graham's and the Ladies' National Magazine—"a literary refrigerator,...an intellectual buttercooler! A spiritual victuals safe!" "Grey Ham" is of course George R. Graham, "the Autocrat of American Literature[who] dispenses immortality in monthly doses [and] gives out fame...[as] the publisher of publishers." In ten numbers Lippard indulged himself in a character assassinating tirade against the Graham Group, making "Thomas Done Brown" again the object of some of his barbs. The
attacks show that Lippard abhorred what he called the "Bombazine school of literature." "It [the bombazine] is fragrant of the petticoat. It writes under the names of Mrs. So-and-so and Miss This-and-that. It speaks much of female influence, and plunges neck-and-heels into the sentimental." Graham could be criticized for encouraging the "bombazine," but Lippard's dislike went deeper. He saw Graham as the enemy of the poor. He portrays "Gray Ham" in a huff because a member of the "rival Establishment" had accused him of once being poor. "With regard to my contributors," says Ham, "'Pay the rich, insult the poor' is my motto; it's a safe one....There's some dozens of poor devils whom I treat with proper scorn--the poor devils!" To malign the poor was to malign not only Lippard but Poe. "This same Edgar A. Poe is--is--rather a bitter fellow, and has a way of his own of using up all humbugs. He carries a tomahawk--does Poe. A very bad Tomahawk, a very nasty Tomahawk. Poe is poor...[and] doesn't think I'm a great man," says Rumpus. "'I suspect he thinks I steal the gems of my stories,' cries little Peter."20

On August 26, 1843, appeared the last number of the "Spermaceti Papers," simply an announcement that the series was to be suspended, but that new matter concerning the "Spermaceti gentlemen" would appear soon, "as well as certain researches into the mystery of coffin making." Appropriately placed below this was a news short announcing that
Griswold had been discharged from his editor's post at Graham's. Three weeks later appeared the first number of the promised new series, "The Walnut Coffin Papers...The Uprisings of the Coffin-Maker's 'Prentice." Written in the same spirit and style as the "Spermaceti Papers," this series continues the attack made in them. Lippard at the outset tells a story of how a youth apprenticed to a coffin-maker rebels against polishing coffins, one of which, significantly, is a bank director's. The boy's rebellion stems from a dream in which "Rev. Rumpus Grissle" appears to him promising him literary fame. The shape of this dream is "quite genteel."

"He said I'd be a great literary character--ownin' a great yellow kivered pamphlet, with all sorts of nice plates o' young ladies a nussing babies, little pussies playin' with spools o' cotton, and pictures of cross-eyed poets...And I was to have a great big house near the corner o'--and Chesnut Street, full six stories high...."

After others among the "literati" gather around--each one "hollerin' out his name and merits"--the youth's disillusionment begins. The second chapter depicts a "Meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Walnut Coffin," which turns out to be a drunken brawl in which the Literati make fools of themselves. Lippard uses the occasion to attack their abuses. Prize story competition he exposes as a sham: "Rumpus'" proposal to save the declining magazines by sponsoring such a competition is seconded by "Sun's" offer to be the first winner. Lippard also satirizes the way Peterson writes novels:
'Sir-I take a few pages of Weems' Life of Marion, I mix a few moral maxims from Montaigne (I've got an old translation), I steal a little dullness from James, a small touch of wildness from Bulwer—the flatness I furnish myself. I turn the mixture round in my brain—' 'Doesn't it hurt ye, Father?' 'I turn out a first rate, Original American Novel—'Marion and his Sweet Potato'--illustrative of the 'Domestic Life of the Revolution.' Grey Ham here says I'm a genius--' 'And Misher Edgar Allan Poe--what does he say of you Father?' 'Why—why—in fact—Poe—is—a—great reader of Bulwer, and—he looks at me—as if—he thought, you know—oh, d—m the thing, he knows I steal my stories, that's all!'22

Though not yet victimized by it himself, plagiarism was beginning to irk Lippard. But however valid his criticisms were, Lippard's primary object in the "Walnut Coffin Papers," as in their predecessor's, was character assassination. "Sam" rose in the world by creeping. "Crept up, sir. Very fat, sir—still I could creep. Creeping's my nature."23 To "Grey Ham" stooping is the true method. "When I was a five-dollars-a-week-sub-editor of the 'Taylor's-Alley-Dirty-Shirt'--I used to 'stoop'...and now I stoop, and intend to stoop, and will keep a-stoopin' to those gifted with a little wealth and very little brains."24

Such thinly disguised attacks could not but make a number of literary enemies for Lippard. There is evidence that Lippard was not simply martyring himself for Poe's sake, but that he too had been personally injured by the Graham Group. The promise of literary fame made to the coffin-maker's apprentice may have been very much like that made to him when he contributed "Philippe De Agramont" and Herbert Tracy to the Post; and his subsequent disillusionment with
"genteel" periodicals may have had something to do with the treatment he received at the hands of the Post's editors. In any event, Lippard's experiences turned him away from periodicals permanently. Ten years later he perhaps forgot, but nevertheless vehemently denied, that he had been a contributor to the periodicals of Philadelphia. "I have been, and am, a writer of books," he proudly announced in a letter to his publisher. 25 But what he failed to mention in the letter is that if his success as a writer of books did not depend on associations with periodicals, it did grow out of the work he did for journals. While many of his better contemporaries courted the periodicals, Lippard turned to journalism to attract the attention of readers he hoped eventually would read his novels. Working for the Citizen Soldier he was applying lessons he had learned on the Spirit of the Times: that to attract reader interest he had to generate controversies and in one way or another constantly keep his name before the public. As we shall see, Lippard repeatedly used the profession of journalism and the lessons he learned from it to propagate his career as a novelist.

II

Lippard found the Citizen Soldier an ideal vehicle for testing his earliest "books." With its patriotic bent, the Citizen Soldier was compatible with and receptive to a genre Lippard already had tried, Revolutionary romance.
Lectures on the Revolutionary war and military history were appearing in it regularly, as was a series of "Sketches of the American Revolution" by a certain "K." But something more dramatic and sensational was needed to excite the public's interest. By romanticizing the nation's military achievements Lippard could do much to further the paper's ends. As a young unknown at war with the principal publishers of Philadelphia, he could prove his popularity and establish a reputation that might lead to the publication of a book-length romance.

Lippard's first Revolutionary romance written for the Citizen Soldier was a short tale, "The Legend of the Midnight Death; A Story of the Wissahikon." As the title indicates, the story is a legend, a piece of local folklore that "forms the theme of many a fireside discussion." The plot is simple and involves some elements that now begin to appear as part of Lippard's regular stock. Michael Derwent is a rugged seventy year-old farmer who had settled near the Wissahikon after emigrating from England to escape tyranny. A "queer-odd-fellow," Michael is determined that the British shall make no advances through Pennsylvania, so he and seven of his eight sons plan to ambush a group of Redcoats known to be riding through the area. The one missing son is the youngest Derwent, George--"the old man's sore pint." George had run away to Philadelphia and disappeared, in despair over his failure to win the hand of
Fanny Warden, fair-haired young maiden with a heaving chest and tight fitting bodice whose Tory father had forbidden her to marry George. The time of the ambush nears, and the Derwent clan fells a host of British. Reinforcements come to the rescue, however, among them a strange youth wearing a black plume. As it turns out, some of the young Derwents are killed, and Michael is caught by the black-plumed Redcoat who, in the heat of battle, slits the old man's throat. The black-plumed Redcoat is George, forced by Fanny's father to join the British to win her hand. As identities are revealed, Lippard asks us to be overcome by a kind of sublime terror. "The scene was full of awe. It froze the hearts of the bystanders, ... denied them the powers of utterance; it thrilled them with fear of--they knew not what." We realize that George not only has killed his own father, but that he has "sold out" his family and country for the sake of love. Realizing what he has done, George, seeing a stain of his father's blood as a curse on him, goes mad and dashes, horse and all, off the nearest cliff.

The conflicts in this story are similar to those in Herbert Tracy. Again we find love of woman and duty to country clashing; again this conflict brings father and son against one another, their encounter being an instance of the larger antagonism between aristocracy and democracy, or the Old World and New. Although George Derwent, unlike Herbert Tracy, fails to win the fair maiden and in effect
fights against his country, the moral is clear: not even love of woman should dissuade one from doing his duty to his country. The story, however, goes beyond this platitude to give expression to horrors that in some ways exceed those in Philippe de Agramont and Herbert Tracy. The setting for the ambush is black, "war [being] abroad in the land" while the moon hides behind drifting clouds; the carnage of the ambush is brutal and bloody; a Gothic structure—"The Lonely House of the Wissa-Hikon"—lurks in the background, its name being the password of the patriots; and a yell of vengeance—"Send them to Hell!"—accompanies the volley of fire against the Redcoats. This yell brings to mind "the Demon of the Wissa-Hikon," a spirit familiar in many an Indian story who seems to return "to claim his world-hidden stream, and [who] again [startles] the air with the laughter of hell." It is this laughter that rings out at the end of the story, as George, with a "wild dread laugh" sinks to his death shrieking, "Hell is here!"

This story got front-page billing in the Citizen Soldier and was introduced as an extract from an unpublished work entitled Legends of the Land of Penn. Apparently Lippard never finished this work, but for a long time he entertained the idea of being the author of tales and legends related to Pennsylvania's Revolutionary past. In an editorial written for the Citizen Soldier, Lippard bemoaned Pennsylvania's lack of a eulogist, assailing critics from
both the North and South for claiming that Pennsylvanians lack industry and have no noble war heroes and battlefields. Throwing aside his love of country for a moment, Lippard vehemently defends his home state. Pennsylvania, he points out, has its Germantown, its Paoli, its Brandywine, its Mad Anthony Wayne, among others, and "her monuments are her own eternal mountains." 27 As one born under the shadow of these influences, Lippard felt that he could be the state's eulogist. Familiar with the scenes and aware of the facts, he thought that he had the imagination and talent necessary to bring glory to the "Land of Penn."

On the same day as the editorial, an anonymous series entitled The Men of the Revolution began appearing in the Citizen Soldier. Although called a series of "essays," these works may more accurately be called dramatic-descriptive sketches of scenes in the lives of Revolutionary heroes. The first depicts Benedict Arnold, to whom Lippard sympathetically attributes a combination of the best traits of the best American leaders. Lippard recounts Arnold's courage and daring at Quebec, his subsequent personal and financial failures, and his harsh reprimand by Washington in front of men who were his inferiors, an act which humiliated him to the point of treason. To Lippard Arnold is Lucifer, "proud and brave," and Samson, who once undone pulls down the temple with him. The last scene in the sketch depicts a lonely, pathetic Arnold, a scorned man
without a country. 28

The second sketch, entitled "The Poor Men Heroes of the Revolution," was inspired by Cooper. The "poor men heroes" are the New World's Natty Bumpos, pioneer patriots whose homes are the woods and whose friends are the beasts. The "poor man hero's" joy is to "track the Indian to his campfire," the panther to his lair. He is a natural man whose key attributes are "a sure rifle and a keen eye" [italics Lippard's]. Lippard depicts one scene in the life of one of these men, the moment of his death. Like Michael Derwent, this aging rude patriot stands in the way of British advance, and is "annihilated" by the polished Redcoats. "Such were the men that thronged the woods and peopled the solitudes of this, our glorious land of the New World, in the year of Grace SEVENTY-SIX,—in the year of Freedom—-ONE!" 29

The final sketch, "The Man of Paoli and of Stony Point," is a dramatic glorification of "Mad" Anthony Wayne for the revenge he took on the British at Stony Point after their massacre of Americans asking for quarter at Paoli. The sketch revolves around the idea of revenge. The American password at Stony Point is "Remember Paoli" and the battle-cry during the sneak night attack is "no quarter." Much of the supernatural machinery of Gothic romance is present. As Wayne surveys the tangled heaps of American bodies at Paoli, a "Voice of Blood goes shrieking up to God
for vengeance,...the ghosts of the slain darken the portals of heaven with their forms of woe, and their voices mingle with the Voice of Blood." At Stony Point these ghosts "nerve" the arms of the Americans as they go about their slaughter.30

A week after this sketch appeared, a new series of "essays" entitled The Heroes of the Late War began appearing.31 These sketches, three in number, pay tribute to William Harrison, Andrew Jackson, and Jackson's political rival, Henry Clay. Written in much the same style as the other sketches, these celebrate heroes and virtues that were to become favorites of Lippard. Harrison is portrayed as a heroic warrior-statesman and nation-builder, deprived of a reward by his death after one month in presidential office. Jackson is the "Bold Backwoodsman of the West," the "poor man hero" who becomes president. Clay, like Lippard, is at first a poor, awkward orphan boy. Enchaining audiences with his oratory, he rises to prominence and becomes the spokesman for just wars and an "American System, which gives independence to the...working-man." While explaining how these men have been champions of democracy and poor people, however, Lippard focuses on dark moments in their lives. Harrison is portrayed on his death-bed in the White House; Jackson as an eighty year-old man, his glory well past him, awaiting death; and Clay at the moment of his discovery that he has lost his bid for the presidency and is doomed to live
out his life in lonely obscurity.

The chiaroscuro effects found in both *The Men of the Revolution* and *The Heroes of the Late War* series set a pattern for the great bulk of longer stories and novels written by Lippard about the Revolution. History and romance not only were almost synonymous to him, but historical romance was closely associated with Gothic romance. The glory of the past was always shrouded in gloom, and much of the fascination that history held for Lippard lay in the violence and carnage of the battlefield. That these curious connections were formed in his mind is understandable. Naive and unsophisticated as a writer, yet gifted with a turbulent imagination, Lippard was fascinated by the glory of the past and by the gloom he absorbed from the Gothic romancers popular in his day. He took the death, blood, and darkness usually found in the vaults or mansions of the Gothic novel and put them on the battlefield. In Arnold he had a proud and brave Faustian character not unlike the demonic doctors and scholars of Gothic romance; and in the moonlight battles, cries of vengeance, and voices of blood he had elements not uncommon to the historical fiction of his day. Thus, from the beginning Lippard's revolutionary dream—with its message of hope and promise of freedom, and with its poor-men heroes close to a bright, benign nature—was melodramatically shrouded in a darkness designed to evoke terror and awe. However curious, this combination appealed to the public,
whose response he read not so much in letters to the editors as in rising circulation figures.

One of the longest and most successful Revolutionary romances Lippard wrote for the Citizen Soldier was The Battle Day of Brandywine, serialized in the three issues from June 28 to July 12, 1843. The scene of the battle was familiar to Lippard, and he had studied its details in books. The account begins inauspiciously, as the beauty of the Brandywine Valley, in all its fertility and peacefulness, is conventionally described. The peace is broken by the prayers of Quakers for peace, and by the arrival of the Continentals at Chadd's Ford under Washington and Wayne. The kinds of scenes Lippard portrays are similar to those in Herbert Tracy: the meeting of the officers before the battle, the battle itself, and a view of the fallen afterwards. We meet no Quakers in this account, but one major center of action is the Birmingham Meeting House, a Quaker church in whose graveyard the armies confront one another. Unlike Herbert Tracy, The Battle Day of Brandywine has no plot; it purports to be a true historical account. To establish verisimilitude Lippard uses statistics and mentions by name places familiar only to the inhabitants of the locale. Yet woven into the fabric of the "history" are a number of passages that give the account a strong flavor of both propaganda and romance. The Continentals are portrayed as poor and ragged ("Poverty and freedom in those days
walked hand-in-hand"), the British ranks as made up of criminals and renegades forced to fight to preserve British tyranny. Washington is glorified as the man whom the dying patriot addresses at the moment of death, and as him to whom the mother appeals "when she presses her babe to her breast, and bide him syllable a prayer for the safety of the father, far away, amid the ranks of battle." At crucial moments in the action, matters are suspended so that some legend may be recounted—the legend of the farmer named Taylor who tried to warn Washington that the British were coming from the north, but who was suspected of being a Tory spy; or of "an aged and venerable man" who years before the battle stood up in the meeting house to prophesy that the Quaker graveyard would be the scene of carnage; or of the gloomy Lord Percy, kin of a British nobleman, who dreams that he lies dead in a tombless graveyard and later falls in battle in the Quaker graveyard; or of the dying stout mechanic who asks to be propped up by a cherry tree so he can empty his rifle at the oncoming British in a final act of glorious revenge. At the same time elements of the grotesque find a place in the account. Just before the outbreak of battle, a ghostly vision appears over the Quaker meeting house: "Over all, in mid-air, unseen, and unknown, sits the Fiend of Carnage, like a vast vulture, smiling on the scene below, and throwing his dusky arms aloft with joy." After the battle Wayne's soldiers stop to drink from the
Brandywine, only to start back in horror on seeing that the stream is red with blood.

The appearance of the Battle Day of Brandywine was well-timed. Charles J. Peterson's series entitled The Battle-Grounds of America, which ran for over two years in Graham's, had just begun appearing. Lippard's account was published just in time to compete directly with Peterson's "Brandywine," the first in his series. Certainly Lippard's was more sensational, and to an undiscriminating reading public and even to some historians, it passed as credible history, despite the number of legends woven into it. Jackson tells of historians who as recently as 1913 were searching for the grave of Lord Percy near the battlefield, unaware that Lippard had perpetuated this bit of fiction which fancy and oral tradition had converted into fact. An advance anonymous notice helped nurture the public's credulity:

[The Battle Day of Brandywine] is we think without exception one of the most true and correct descriptions of that ever memorable battle, that we ever had the pleasure of perusing, and as the writer has been upon the ground once hallowed by the blood of our forefathers, and conversed with those who actually witnessed it, his descriptions of the scenery and incidents possess additional attractions to those who look upon truth as stranger than fiction. Readers were enthralled by the Battle Day of Brandywine, and it was copied by some fifty other country newspapers. This thievery was a compliment to Lippard, for it was "the means of extending the writer's fame considerably." By 1844
Lippard was busy incorporating the work into *Blanche of Brandywine*, a romance that proved to be his second most popular work.

It was not only the promise of popular success that attracted Lippard to battleground scenes. His position on the *Citizen Soldier* required a devotion to military ideals and to the feeling that war bears fruit. In an editorial written for the *Citizen Soldier*, Lippard expressed his convictions about war:

War is the great prompter of high deeds, the originator of noble impulses and generous actions. War is the great corrector of civil sloth, servile luxury, and national licentiousness...what influence has continued peace upon the manners of the people? Luxury stalks around in the apparel of broadcloth; temples of magnificence are peopled by an enervated people; dissipation shatters the lives of the young, and avarice curses the souls of the aged. Fraud, monopoly, unjust laws, an intolerant priesthood, arrogant aristocracy, and down-trodden poor, mark and give character to such a land. On every side is luxury and plenty, but luxury and plenty for the few alone...Then it is that the Almighty God points the solemn finger of his justice to the dial-plate of Time, and its shadow rests upon the crimson letters of WAR! Then it is that the decree goes forth, 'Let there be War!' Then comes the change. Society is reversed: the rich are made poor; the children of want eat their fill of the world's goods. Cities are sacked; beauty, in all her freshness and bloom is given to the ravisher; the temples arise in flames and smoke to the skies; the rivers are dyed with bloodshed, and the plains are sodden by the gore of strife. And yet from all this ruin and woe springs the light of military genius [Napoleon and Washington, for example]....War tries the mettle of men's souls....War requires nerve, courage, fortitude. War rouses up all that is noble or good in man's nature--it develops the firmness of woman, when the mother arms her son, and bids him fight for his country; when the wife, with unbidden tears in her eyes, shouts a God-speed-ye, as the husband...
bounds to the ranks of battle. There is sublimity in battle...the faintly heard peals of music bursting over the field, the groan of the dying man, and the shout of the victor, while swords flash, banners wave, and bullets whistle—all form a scene terrible as sublime. Much has been said about non-resistance; passive submission has been preached; self-defense has been decried. It is a pity that it is so, but ours is not a world of good angels; man's heart is not as peaceful as the bosom of a humming bird; nor is his nature as docile as a rabbit's. War is in the nature of man; as long as things remain in their present state it will be so.

This outburst, delivered by a youth who had never experienced the facts of war, was followed by the *Battle-Day of Germantown*. Running for five consecutive weeks, this work proved to be even more popular than the Brandywine account. The Revolutionary battle at Germantown had always had a special importance to Lippard. It had taken place outside the town he called home, near his beloved Wissahikon; his own ancestors had witnessed the battle. In *Herbert Tracy* Lippard had used the Germantown battle scene as the center of a romance having some comic overtones, but now he sought to give the battle itself a more serious and "historical" treatment. Dedicated to Watson, whose *Annals* were being prepared for a second edition, and to whom Lippard acknowledged himself "indebted for various interesting traditions and incidents of the time," *The Battle-Day of Germantown* supposedly was based on currently respectable histories; and the legends in the "chronicle" supposedly were "derived from substantial fact or oral tradition."

The pattern of the narrative is almost identical to
that of the **Battle Day of Brandywine**. Lippard opens with a picture of the beauty and peacefulness of Germantown and the Wissahikon, proceeds to a description of the battleground, dramatizes the meeting of the American leaders making plans, describes the battle itself, and surveys the field after the battle. Interwoven into this structure are the legends and oral traditions, the elements of romance that color the historical facts. Some of these are familiar: we see an unnamed Quaker courageously aiding fallen Americans in the heat of battle; we are told of the British General Agnew, who, like Lord Percy, presages his own death and dies according to his presentiment; we see Washington glorified as a leader, warrior, and champion of the downtrodden. On the whole, the legends Lippard uses make the picture of the warring parties melodramatically black and white. On the one hand we see a peasant boy, fowling piece in hand, dying in the defense of his home and country. On the other, we see the British treacherously murdering a plain farmer who had volunteered to carry a truce message for Washington. As in Herbert Tracy, the British are associated with drunken revelry. According to legend, says Lippard, the British defending Chew's mansion had discovered some casks of good old Madeira wine. What ensued was a "Debauch of Death:"

They drank and drank again, until their eyes sparkled, and their lips grew wild with loyal words, and their thirst for blood—the blood of the rebels—was excited to madness. Again and again were the soldiers shot down at the window, again were their
places filled, and again and again the goblet went round from lip to lip...The arm that raised the goblet was shattered at the elbow by one musket ball while another penetrated his brain...The wild wine was poured forth like water, healths were drank, hurrahs were shouted,...(p. 20)

There was something of ludicrous horror in the scene, says Lippard, obviously fascinated by blood-letting and wine-drinking.

To cast the British in the role of demonic villain did not seem unjust to a number of Lippard's readers. Anglo-American relations had deteriorated steadily during the 1830's and 1840's. The interruption of American slave ships at sea, the border disputes among settlers in northern Maine in the late 1830's, the growing controversy over the Oregon Territory, and the British desire to keep Texas neutral all were issues that contributed to the antagonism between the two nations. Many Americans, moreover, did not appreciate the British habit of regarding America as a semi-barbarous land. While the Revolution and War of 1812 were things of the past for most Americans, Lippard was among those vocal in their determination not to forget and forgive what they considered to be English tyranny over America.

In *Battle Day of Germantown* Lippard's Anglo-phobia manifests itself through the desire for revenge that motivates much of the action. Seeing the truce messenger shot by the British, the Americans are impelled to charge "for your country and for vengeance!"—and the cry of revenge goes up frequently after that. This grudge against
the British found its way not only into the Battle Day of Germantown but also into a fanatical editorial appearing in the Citizen Soldier on October 18th, the same day the first installment of the Germantown account appeared. Entitling the editorial "War with England a Blessing to Mankind," Lippard claimed that it may come to-day, it may come to-morrow, it may come during our time, but come when it will the contest will be fierce and terrible, a war of annihilation, carried on until the last bullet shall be spent, until the last ship shall be sunk, until the knife is buried to the hilt in the vitals of the foe.

To Lippard, England's power was overgrown, her empire an oppressive tyranny:

Her policy is the policy of blood, her justice is wrong, her mercy is the mercy of vulgar butchery, her religion is oppressive, and her flag is dyed with the blood of millions.

Asking the "Ghost of the Past" to call up scenes of Bunker Hill, Germantown, Brandywine, and Yorktown, Lippard claims that the British had trampled over America, and that Americans have no kinship with or sympathy for the British. Americans hate Britons for...

...their arrogance, their low braggadocio, their vulgar butchery, and their eternal succession of utterable wrongs....No sooner has one paw of the British Lion been stamped upon the soil of Maine, than the other is grasping for the land of Oregon, and his eye is fixed upon Texas....

Such a war would be just because England "wishes to have war with America." Thus, Americans must resist the first British aggression with the bayonet; indeed, "why not strike
the first and severest blow? Why should the American Eagle slumber?"

Coming from Lippard, such an outburst does not seem unusual. The British in Lippard's "histories" were made to look so much like the evil villains of romance that, according to Jackson, Lippard was responsible for a wave of Anglophobia. However rash the editorial was, the Dillers hardly could censure it. Certainly Lippard had only the "national interest" in mind, and a good war scare would not damage the paper's ideal of establishing well-prepared military forces. Someone capable of hot oratory had to bravely defend the cause of militarism in a city filled with Quakers. If not enthusiastic for a war with England, at least the people ought to be convinced to vote for military men for public office. So the next week, Lippard, moderating his tone somewhat, wrote another editorial, this time claiming that military men are the best qualified and the most deserving to be elected to civil posts. "As well appoint a dissipated son of the English king to the sacred office of a bishop of the Christian church," as elect a civilian to a high administrative post.

Judging by some scattered comments appearing in the editorial pages of the Citizen Soldier, Lippard managed to stir up some controversy and antagonism. Yet the antagonism was never so great that the majority of readers turned
against him. In November of 1843, the Citizen Soldier announced that the Battle Day of Germantown had "met with the most unprecedented success." Confessing that the style of the narrative was "somewhat singular" and "subject to criticism," the Citizen Soldier assured readers that "facts in themselves dry" would effectually secure their attention. "We are quite certain if the usual mode of narrative had been adopted, many might have said it was a valuable addition to American literature, but how many would have read it?" A week after the final installment of the Battle Day of Germantown appeared in November of 1843, the Dillers published it as an octavo pamphlet selling for twelve and a half cents. Lippard had produced his first book, and within a week its first edition was nearly exhausted.

The last historical narrative Lippard wrote for the Citizen Soldier was atypical. Written anonymously by "A Citizen of Philadelphia," The Buck-Shot War, or Pennsylvania...In the Winter of '38 and '39 is the first and only work in which Lippard pretended to the role of objective scholar-historian. Supposedly "entirely destitute of political...feeling or rancour," the work describes the stormy session of the Pennsylvania legislature which almost precipitated a civil war in the winter of 1838 and 1839. The "Buck-Shot War," so named because of cartridges distributed as mementoes when peace was restored, arose when Governor Joseph Ritner was defeated for re-election by a
slim margin in 1838. What ensued was a heated legislative quarrel between Anti-Masonic Whigs and Locofoco Democrats, each of whom elected assembly speakers and tried to force issues. So intense was the quarrel that Governor Ritner called out the militia, a move that paralyzed Harrisburg with fear. Order was restored when the Senate recognized the Democratic wing of the House.43

In presenting his account of the affair, Lippard pleaded passionately for disinterestedness. His work was intended, he said, "as a serious and enduring history," and was "not written with a limited design of creating a temporary sensation." It was to be a scholarly work based on "a vast amount of papers, documents and manuscripts" gathered by its author, whose name was withheld "in order to separate his private character from his capacity as [an] historian." The author, "a quiet looker-on during the last twenty years," belonged to neither party,44 and, although he was against political Antimasonry, was "not a member of any Masonic Fraternity."45 Despite these pleas, however, and despite a perhaps too obvious attempt to represent fairly the Whig point of view, Lippard betrayed his inability to record history impartially. His patrons—Ovid F. Johnson and Adam Diller, both of whom figured in the legislative quarrel on the Democratic side—are described in glowing terms. Lippard's interpretation of what caused the "war" also makes clear his political bias. Though he blames the "Spirit of
Faction" as the ultimate cause, his characterization of the Whigs as the "Master" and the Democrats as the "Slave" party belies his imputation that both sides were to blame.

The **Buck-Shot War** may have been an experiment on Lippard's part. Clearly, Diller and the ambitious Johnson encouraged its writing, hoping to find in Lippard a budding young scholar whom they could employ to advance their political beliefs and fortunes. But Lippard found dispassionate historical scholarship unsuitable to his temperament; it afforded him little chance to add the flourishes of fancy to historical fact, project his own beliefs, and develop atmospheric effects. Indeed it was impossible for him to achieve the very objectivity he so earnestly claimed for himself. Thus the genre of the **Buck-Shot War** is a mode Lippard tried and rejected as an alternative to his peculiar kind of historical romance. From now on he would make many more claims that his "histories" were truthful rather than fictional, but never again would he write history as pure as the **Buck-Shot War**.

Aside from the light it throws on the development of Lippard's career, the **Buck-Shot War** is interesting only to the political historian of nineteenth century America. In his naivete Lippard probably could see the work for what it was: a political tract inspired by a sense of duty to patrons trying to correct popular nations about Masonry and the Democratic Party while looking ahead to the next election.
Through it Lippard paid a sincere and dutiful compliment to Johnson and Diller, but to his mind the work was dull. Unlike the Battle Day of Germantown, the Buck-Shot War never appeared in pamphlet form. From its success Lippard would not have to recover.

III.

For all his patriotism and local pride, Lippard could not be confined by the Revolutionary past. As his "historical" accounts show, he was incapable of writing history. Even his most straightforward presentations of facts were colored by the romancer's imagination, an imagination which frequently attracted him to the unusual, esoteric, and grotesque. Like so many others writing during his time, he escaped at times into the realm of pure fancy--"A land of dreams, a land of magnificent visions, overshadowed by yon blue mountains of romance." His work for the pragmatic proprietors of the Citizen Soldier did not prevent him from sharing the romancer's fascination with feudal Italy, whose magnificent visions and blue mountains he blackened with a sullen preoccupation with evil and death. Lippard's influence helped make the Citizen Soldier receptive to Gothic romancers. On July 26, 1843, for example, it carried an announcement of a new edition of Poe's prose romances and a review of Salathéil by Reverend George Croly, who, we are told, seized with a monomania that he was the "Wandering Jew" he portrayed, shot himself in the head on finishing the
work. On the same day "a splendid new story from the pen of our friend Lippard" appeared, purported to be as good as anything written in the past year in Philadelphia.

The story was "Adrian, the Neophyte." Set in Florence during the Middle Ages, "when Romance came forth from the minds of men, and walked abroad, a thing of visible life," the story deals with twenty-year-old Adrian's initiation into experience. Adrian is a monk-scholar preferring the cloister to the romance of war, the courtly hall, or "the glare of the gay and flitting world." So deep is his devotion that he vows never to leave the cloister, as he glories in the meditative life. Adrian is happy until a fatherly elder of the Church informs him that he is eligible for a special place in a secret order. Adrian has been designated by this order as a possible candidate to be the "One Set-apart," a special monk chosen every hundred years to take a special vow. The One Set-apart vows eternal separation from the world and complete solitude, except when he is to appear once a year for an hour to speak from the pulpit of the Grand Chapel of the Cathedral. The one precondition for achieving this special status is that the neophyte must live in the world for one month just before taking his final vows.

This one month in the world is Adrian's trial, and he almost immediately fails the ordeal. Placed in the palace of the voluptuous Rose of Ellarini, Adrian immediately falls
in love with her beauty, as his heart is transformed into a "hell" and his brain into a "fire." The world, the flesh and the devil destroy Adrian when, after his meek confession of love to Rose, she playfully decides to discover whether "the passions or the feelings of youth find a lurking place under that solemn countenance." They do, and his confession of love only brings derision: he is "poor and nameless," she "rich and proud." The scene changes to the Cathedral a month later, where two processions, one Rose's bridal train, the other a funeral, move toward different altars simultaneously. The snare of the flesh has irreparably transformed Adrian, as his dream of love and beauty fades with his dream of God and heaven. Life becomes Despair, Death Hope to him, "for I am an evil spirit now—and I love these forms of horror—I woo them! Ha-ha-ha! I am a demon, now!"

Adrian's last act is damning. Interrupting Rose's marriage, he stands over her, dagger in hand, accuses her of tearing him away from God, and pronounces a curse to remind her that she caused him to "barter" his soul. He falls to the floor, "a wreck of all that is noble or good," a corpse, while "a sound of unreal laughter[is heard], far above in the air."

Many of the motifs developed in the Revolutionary romances find expression in this "Italian" tale. Again we see conflicts between love and duty and rich and poor; again a poor youth is convinced in the end that the pursuit of duty is nobler than that of love. There is gloom, death,
and revenge--channels through which Lippard's imagination had flowed before. Some new channels, however, were forming. This is the first tale in which Lippard gives elaborate expression to the theme of sexual passion, and the first in which he presents an "accursed" protagonist, such as Adrian becomes after his "fall." Finally, although we already have been introduced to Wat Tyler's gang of rebels and Herbert Tracy's Black Rangers, we sense a fascination with secret orders, their oaths, restricted membership, and elaborate regalia and rites. In "Adrian, the Neophyte" Lippard initiated his readers into new regions of his imagination, some of which were to extend beyond his romances.

The U.S. Gazette called Adrian a "very stilted" and "most miserable" imitation of Bulwer, adding that "the author imagines so much in his story that the reader is tempted to imagine something not very favorable of him." But most of the critics responded with praise. The reviewer for Godey's conceded that "Adrian" was written "with much skill," echoing Robert Morris' praise of its "powerful feeling and eloquent language." So confident of Lippard's abilities were two other critics that they praised him and his story after admitting they had not read it.

Lippard's habit of printing the most favorable reviews of his works in the Citizen Soldier, together with the Dillers' publication of his longer works in pamphlet form, helped him enlarge his audience. Yet it was not until the
Citizen Soldier began carrying a new novel, The Ladye Annabel, that Lippard came to be seriously considered in the literary world as more than a young, energetic upstart.

The Ladye Annabel was Lippard's first attempt at a lengthy romance. Before its first installment appeared in the Citizen Soldier on November 29, 1843, he was busy thinking of ways to make his first novelistic venture acceptable to his readers. Advertising notices preceded its arrival, and when it first appeared Lippard did his readers the favor of writing for the Citizen Soldier an anonymous essay on the "inestimable production of the unknown Author." This new production, he claimed, had been submitted in manuscript to critics of high standing who had pronounced it "'one of the most original works of the day.'" It invited comparison to any of the prize stories, "for while they in no case have cost more than $150--the copyright of the Ladye Annabel, was purchased for three hundred and fifty dollars." Each chapter was to contain a "distinct and startling incident" related to "a deep and absorbing interest" maintained throughout the novel, and the style was to be "wild and rambling," "now marked by periods of peculiar melody, now breaking into irregular sentences of dreamy enthusiasm." This style was to be consonant with the novel's subjects--the "terrible and thrilling in interest, the mystic and visionary in description, the grand and beautiful in thought." The novel, we are assured, would be read as long as the olden time of
romance, with both its history and "charm for legend," is admired, or until "the ideal of fiction has attractions superior to common-place matter of fact."51

Lippard, however, did not trust his readers to see the superiority of the "ideal of fiction" to the "matter of fact"; he could not rely on his readers to see fiction's relevance to their lives without establishing the historicity of his narrative. So in his letter, addressed to Adam Diller, he presents a "true" account of the novel's time, location, and "probable truth." Supposedly basing his facts on the diary of an aged friend, Lippard recounts how his friend visited the ruins of the Medieval Florentian "castle of the race of Albarone," the scene of his novel, and how he came across a manuscript containing the material for the story. "I need not tell you," Lippard goes on to say, "that most of these incidents are veritable legends, some of them admitted truths, while others fanciful as they may seem, are to this day believed and recited by the Peasantry around Florence."52

The popular novelistic device of claiming that one's novel was simply a retelling of someone else's account was well known to Lippard. In earlier works he had passed off the impossible or incredible as the truths of oral tradition or as events recorded in some honest monk's crumbling and now lost but "truthful" manuscript. The practiced reader would tolerate the device as a convention; the unpracticed
could only be awed and seduced into suspecting the fiction to be fact. Lippard certainly went beyond the ordinary in fabricating such deceptions, to such an extent that what he says about his own work often is suspect. Unquestionably he wanted his commentary on his own work to contribute to the emotional impact of the novel. Yet there is little reason to suspect that his Dedication in the book edition of The Ladye Annabel is a gross distortion of fact:

I do not let this work pass from my hands without emotion. It has been my companion for three long years. In sickness and in pain—in worse than either sickness or pain—it has linked my life, and cheered the gloomiest hours that ever darkened my experience of the world's goodness and faith, its honor to the orphan, its friendship to the friendless....Suffice it to say that this story has been carefully and slowly written. Suffice it to say that the author entered into the broad field of olden time romance with no unpracticed pen, that the scenes he pictures, the feelings he delineates, the passions he portrays,....[are] perhaps in some degree colored by his own experience....

If his own experiences helped give The Ladye Annabel its colors, the experiences must have been black streaked with a hellish red, for the novel is perhaps the most infernal book in American literature. Its protagonist again is named Adrian, who, like the Neophyte, is victimized by evil and who, after being buried alive, is saved in the end from a death-sleep through the agency of magic. The novel abounds in the gloomiest machinery of Gothic romance. We enter dark caverns replete with winding passageways, pits, and trap-doors; we share Dantian hell-dreams of horror not unlike the waking reality of the caverns, castles, and
chambers where most of the action takes place. Disguises, magic potions—both deadly and life-giving—a charmed signet ring, and mysterious scrolls are some of the devices used to stir excitement and move the spasmodic plot. We meet a mad executioner gleefully carrying on a perpetual recital of the ugliest ways of causing death, and a mad hound whose black skin, red eye, and snake-like head are fit emblems for the deviltry that pervades the tale.

The plot revolves around the melodramatic struggles of Adrian (son of Count Julius Albarone), Annabel (daughter of Aldarin the Scholar), and the Monk Albertine against the attempts of Aldarin (brother of Julius) and the Duke of Florence to usurp the power of Count Julius. At the onset Julius is drugged then strangled by the Scholar, and Adrian blamed. In league with the Duke of Florence, who passionately longs to marry Annabel, the Scholar takes control of the Albarone castle and begins his rule. After a series of escapes, disguises, close calls, and surprises that jeopardize but never finally destroy the forces of good, the Scholar and Duke are themselves destroyed by the "Monks of the Order of the Holy Steel," a secret order headed by Albertine. The novel closes on an almost conventional note. Adrian escapes from his burial vault into the arms of Annabel, Florence is freed of tyranny, and church bells ring as Adrian and Annabel speak their vows. All indeed seems well until a wild hollow laugh sounds over the
roof of the cathedral, reminding everyone that the "earthly dust" of the Scholar, "denied repose on earth, denied judgment by heaven, condemned to the eternal solitudes of the disembodied spirit" (258), must forever wander unseen through the air.

Lippard is far more fascinated by the figure of the Scholar than he is by Adrian or Annabel. The Scholar dominates most of the action, and in the end his voice has the final say. Adrian, on the other hand, spends most of the novel in captivity or buried alive in a death-vault, while Annabel flits through a scene or two bemoaning the hardships a golden-tressed maiden in distress must suffer. There were scholar types in Lippard's earlier works. Wat Tyler, Herbert Tracy and Adrian the Neophyte all had scholarly airs or visages, but all were young students rather than alchemists or professorial types. In Aldarin we see the archetypal Merlin--wizard-professor of the dark arts. Attired in black robes, he wears a cap of dark fur on his head, "with the blaze of a single gem relieving its midnight darkness" (122). The "Chamber of Mysteries" where he practices his arts reminds us of the garrets of doctors Faust and Frankenstein. Dark and gloomy, and illumined only by a glowing red light, the chamber smells of death, having at its center a table full of "hewn and hacked" lifeless trunks all in ghastliest disarray. In one corner of his chamber is a trap door that opens mouth-like to swallow victims doomed to the hellish
pit it hides: "The scholar hath enemies, but—ha—ha!—
they all disappear" (39). The Scholar is a man possessed. For twenty-one years (Lippard's age, incidentally, when the story was completed) Aldarin has ceaselessly toiled to discover the secret elixir of eternal life, which when found he will use to bring himself unbounded wealth. To this end he has bartered his soul by murdering his wife and Count Julius. Others in his way he summarily dispatches, remorselessly and with satanic glee. Not even an ominous dream, in which he visualizes himself irreparably doomed to hell, deters him. When finally undone, he mocks his executioners, scorns the chance given him to repent, and laughs at his fate. He is, in short, one of the most nightmarish archfiends in Gothic fiction.

For all his hellishness, the Scholar attracted Lippard in the same way that Faust draws sympathy from many modern readers. Aldarin is in many respects an admirable person. Like Aylmer in Hawthorne's "The Birthmark," his science is not crudely materialistic; its pursuit, though in the end destructive, is carried on with a spiritual fervor characteristic of the most idealistic perfectionist. Though not physically brave, he possesses "a soul worthy of the noblest efforts of moral courage," and his science leads him to condemn "superstitious terror" while despising "fear of the supernatural." Aldarin is a "self-made" scholar who frequently reminds us of how hard he has worked to succeed. He
is not, moreover, entirely selfish, for he has dedicated his efforts to Annabel, whose ingratitude betrays his tragic dilemma:

Baffled! and by whom? my own child. I have laid schemes—I have planned, I have plotted, and all for Annabel—my daughter. And she returns me—contempt and scorn. If, within the bowels of the earth, there is a place of torture, a boundless, illimitable and ever-burning hell—if within the fire of the stars, there is written a Doom for the Damned, then to the very hell of hell, to the very Doom of the Damned, have I sold myself, and all for thee, my daughter! What! a tear?—Shall I play the woman?—No—I will brace me up!—I will show the world the power of one who hates the whole accursed race. There was a time when I could weep, aye and talk of feeling and prate of the tenderness of humanity with any of them!—They gave me scorn, they heaped insult upon me! (143)

The injured Scholar is also a prophet and priest. His wild impulse toward evil is based on principle and on the revelations given expression in a "Bible" he has written. The "Theology which gave shape and purpose to the life of Aldarin" is somewhat diffuse, but not unfamiliar. "The Bible of Aldarin" first describes the "incomprehensible Power, which gives life and motion to the universe." This Power is

An Almighty Intellect, dwelling in the solitudes of infinite space, and yet pervading all Nature, guiding by his silent and overshadowing will, the courses of the stars, the fate of empires, the destinies of men, living for ever, the commencement of his being, dated by a past eternity, the duration of existence, bounded by a future eternity,... (145)

The soul of the universe has manifested itself through many religions; it is not confined to one religion or one era. From time to time it has enshrined its being "in flesh, and
walked the earth in the form of living man, and appeared 
among men--the Incarnate Universe" (145). Such men possess 
a superconsciousness, a mighty intellect that makes them no 
longer merely men but leaders of the human race "known among 
men, as Prophets, Apostles and Redeemers" (145). All such 
men retain intimations of immortality, a dim recollection 
of their origins. These men, usually monks and scholars, 
are the real kings of earth, the unacknowledged legislators. 
Evil exists in the world because there exists a correspond­
ing but inferior cosmic force whose power "is not eternal, 
and yet his existence appears like an Eternity when compared 
with the years of earth" (147). This power is the "Foe" 
and "Inferior" of the "Supreme Soul," even though it closely 
resembles the Supreme Soul and has mingled with that Soul's 
representatives to form a "race composed of Good and Evil, 
Life and Death." Some men, however, do not contain a simple 
mixture. Their entire nature "formed from the race of the 
Evil Soul, they have been called Monsters by their fellow 
mens, and their name has passed into a curse" (148). 

This "Bible," a jumble of the doctrines drawn from 
Manichaeism, Christianity, Deism, and Transcendentalism, 
seems strangely incompatible with the character of Aldarin. 
Aldarin we expect to be the founder of a new infernal reli­
gion based on a total perversion of all principles of good. 
But his Bible offers too much hope to be a murdering 
scholar's creed; certainly he is learned enough to realize
that Evil will not ultimately triumph. The injunction appearing at the end of the "Bible"—that "The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me to preach good tidings to the poor, sight to the blind, peace to them that are bruised"—only leads Aldarin to the speculation that "if these words spoken by the Nazarene are true, then is my whole life a lie" (148). The incompatibility between Aldarin and his creed, however, hardly struck Lippard as a theme worth pursuing. The Scholar goes his hellish way remorselessly and becomes a cursed monster, no mention ever being made again of his Bible. Thus, though the Scholar's actions demonstrate that he is a doomed minion of the Evil Spirit, we cannot help being struck by Lippard's efforts to create sympathy for him and for a credo which may well have harbored some of Lippard's fundamental beliefs.

In Aldarin we find personified some of the cultural and intellectual forces to which Lippard's quick but undiscriminating imagination was subject. In creating him Lippard fused two romantic traditions developing concurrently, but in many ways incompatibly, in his own time: the metaphysical and social idealism of men like Emerson and Brownson who saw Heaven smiling encouragingly on men of will and intellect bent on finding a spiritual elixir for themselves and for a society whose progress and perfection were possible; and the dark diabolism of men like Byron who emphasized the rebellious and dark sides of man's nature and who
defined heroism as reaction against a hopelessly corrupt society. Thus, while Aldarin's Bible is that of a confused idealist bent on humanizing the world, he himself is a stock Dr. Frankenstein—Dr. Faustus figure in league with the Devil and at odds with society; and while he searches with religious zeal for ultimate truth concerning eternal life on earth, he is a murderous villain. If Aldarin could not resolve these ambiguities within his own character, neither could Lippard. To him Aldarin was fascinating because he represented alternatives Lippard could not choose between. On the one hand, Aldarin—like Faust, Aylmer, Manfred, and Ahab—was admirable because of his great aspirations and depth of passion; on the other, he was terrifying for he tried the impossible, searched for the forbidden, and challenged society and God. Lippard could not choose between this idealism and terrifying rebelliousness personified in Aldarin, yet his fascination with the character type hardly reached its apex in The Ladye Annabel. The type was to appear again, and, as I shall suggest in the next chapter, help define the clash between his bright and dark dreams.

If Lippard sympathizes with Aldarin, he admires the Monk Albertine, high priest of a mysterious secret order called "The Monks of the Order of the Holy Steel." The history of this order, Lippard informs us, is shadowy, as are the names of the most noble and wealthy Florentians who make up its ranks, executing deeds in secret "with the most
The chronicles of the olden time are rife with legends of secret orders, linked together in some foul work of crime, or joined in the holy task of vengeance on the wronger, or doom to the slayer; these bands of men were wont to assemble in dark caverns, lighted by the glare of smoking torches, speaking their words of terror to the air of midnight, and celebrating their solemn ceremonies amid the corpses of the dead.

But Albertina's Order, though dedicated to righting wrongs and getting revenge on wrongers, meets at noon in the woods, where, veiled in the anonymity of uniforms that cover faces, it performs its secret rites. These rites, with their pageantry, processions, ceremonies, rituals—all trappings of a formal aristocratic way of life—give the Order a solemn and elaborate majesty.

In the novel, the Order acts as the agency of justice. It is the only force powerful enough to contend with Al-darin's wiles, and in the end it triumphs. After bringing peace and tranquility back to Florence it dissolves itself. But the Order is more than a clandestine collection of pompous citizen soldiers acting as an impromptu militia of Florence. Its mandate is sacred and its high priest devoted to a principle greater than the domestic tranquility of
Florence. After the traitorous Duke of Florence is killed by the Order by being forced off a high precipice, its work, and Albertine's, is done. One final step, however, must be taken before total fulfillment—in this case a kind of cosmic orgasm—is achieved:

Albertine slowly advanced to the edge of the platform, and gazed into the void below....Silence gathered over the universe, like one vast brooding shadow of omen and doom....he folded his arms silently on his breast, and looked up to the midnight heavens.

'She beckons me over the steep, she beckons me; and, with her burning eyes fixed upon my face, she waves her hands, and bids me--on, on! She points to the scenes of the past: God of my soul, how real, how vivid, how like the pictures of memory! The cottage in the vale; the sunshine sleeping on the roof sheltered by vines, the lordly hall,...

'Nay, may, wave not thy hands with that slow and solemn motion—glide not so ghastly to and fro—thine eyes burn in my very soul! I come, I come! Albertine glides onward to his bride!'

With folded arms, with calm and immovable countenance, fixing his glance upon the vacant air, without a fear, a sorrow, or a sigh, the avenger stepped from the platform rock, and with the speed of an arrow,...he sank into the darkness of the abyss.

There was a low moaning exclamation of joy, and the setting moon looked on the falling form no more. (220-221)

Unlike Adrian (the "Neophyte") Albertine's flight brings him both sexual and religious union in death; yet this action is poorly motivated and hardly necessary to the continuation of the plot. Albertine's suicide betrays Lippard's preoccupation with death in its most mysterious and ironic forms. Perhaps only Thomas L. Beddoes in Death's Jestbook and Ambrose Bierce in Tales of Civilians and Soldiers are more efficient and thorough in killing off
their characters. In the course of some two hundred pages Lippard presents a host of murders, describes two dreams in which the dreamers visualize themselves as dead, buries three characters alive, drugs two others with death-like sleeping potions, and dwells at length on some of the most monstrous vengeance scenes in all literature. The subtitle of the novel—"The Doom of the Poisoner"—describes more accurately its subject than does its title. In one scene the people of Florence take revenge on Aldarin, but not before he gains the satisfaction of duping his adopted "son," Guiseppo, into stabbing in the heart Sir Geoffrey, whom Aldarin knows is Guiseppo's real father. Aldarin, scornful and defiant to the end, is then tied by the limbs to four horses, which, on scattering in all directions, dismember him. "Sweeter Than the Love of Woman, Dearer than Glory to the Warrior, Power to the Prince, or Heaven to the Devotee, Is the Consummation of a Long Sought and Silently Treasured Revenge" reads the subtitle of the chapter in which this scene occurs. (218) And even the "Universe, awful and vast, seemed to hold a strange sympathy with the Revenge" (219).

The novel has its lighter and less horrid scenes. Guiseppo and Rosalind, for example, playfully court each other between horror scenes, and a number of "low" humorous characters drift through the novel trying to be entertainingly witty. Adrian, however ineffectually, twice advocates that mercy be granted to villains. And in the end, of
course, the marriage scene promises some felicity, especially after we learn that not only Adrian but Sir Geoffrey have miraculously been brought back from the dead. These bright moments however, fail to erase the dark pall of horror. We cannot forget Adrian's "Dream of Death," in which he embraces at the marriage altar the skeleton form of Annabel. In the end, we are left with the feeling that The Ladye Annabel is either a grotesque hoax or a ludicrous and incoherent dramatization of Lippard's own observation that, "In the breast of the man to whom God has given a soul, there also dwells at all times a demon; and that demon arises into fearful action" (56).

Lippard's fabrication about the discovered manuscript was obviously a ploy to save his name from adverse criticism. His insistence that the novel's incidents were "veritable legends" or "admitted truths,...to this day believed and recited by the Peasantry around Florence," was calculated to give the work a ring of authenticity that would help it sell. No critic, he claimed, could accuse him of dullness. Yet to Lippard the novel was not designed merely to make money. In its own way it was intended to have a didactic effect. The week after the first installment of The Ladye Annabel appeared, Lippard wrote:

There are many very good people who object to the perusal of novels. The work which we are publishing in our paper can, however, scarcely fall under the usual condemnation of such productions. When a novel is licentious, erroneous in its conclusions
of the Divine Government, or fraught with bad morals, bad philosophy, and worse religion, it should certainly be excluded from the family circle. It has been truly said that the best novels are those which merely describe things as they are, leaving the reader to draw his own moral, or relate incidents and scenes, as if the author and reader were silent spectators, instead of philosophers and commentators, of the scenes and incidents pictured— as Scott, Cooper, and James— such is the novel, the 'Ladye Annabel.'

'THE LADYE ANNABEL' possesses, apart from the peculiar charm of thrilling interest, the merit of describing the thoughts, motives, and feelings of a past age with as much distinctness and graphic power of detail as though the reader actually beheld each scene. It embraces the following points of illustration— Murder caused by monomania, and its consequent remorse— the feelings of the child, when her heart is divided between the murderer, her very father, and her affection for the son of the murdered. The fearful effect of crime on the human soul, "building its own hell," to use the words of a distinguished writer, "and creating its own devil." A deep feeling of reverence for the Book of books— marks the "Ladye Annabel." The fate of the stern and indomitable Atheist furnishes a terrible lesson. The course of the tyrant, debauchee, and libertine is illustrated in his fate— foiled by the victims of his own tyranny, libertinism, and unhallowed passion.

When, early in 1844, R. G. Berford published The Ladye Annabel as a cheap paper edition, Lippard again felt the need to justify the novel's existence by pointing out its moral relevance:

...the scenes, the feelings, the passions of the Gothic Age... are his attempted delineations of the heart of MAN in every age, however modified by country, circumstance or time. The true woman, whose heart is a well-spring of vivid hopes, and dream-like joys, whose soul calm and peaceful in the sunshine, becomes possessed of stern resolution and fearful determination in the hour of storm and difficulty, may find some reflection of her character in the Ladye Annabel. Who will say that the politician of our time, most truckling when in
search of power, most arrogant when his ambition is gratified, a thing made up of little vanities and small hatreds, most powerless at the time when he dreams he is gifted with omnipotence, who will say that this creature is not in some measure portrayed by the Tyrant Duke of Florence? Petty tyrants are the same today, yesterday and forever....I have endeavored to illustrate the punishments of the Gothic Age, the slow and lingering death of the wheel, the death by famine and by fire, and by the sudden descent from the tall precipice, or beetling cliff. The doom awarded only to the most fearful and inhuman crimes, the death by wild horses, never to my knowledge described in a Romance before, I have introduced into the pages of my work. The friends of sanguinary Capital Punishment can have their taste for slaughter gratified to the full in the very idea of the terrible doom, apart from any merit my description may possess.50

This rationalization was Lippard's way of driving morals home at the beginning rather than end of the novel, his attempt to argue the practicality of fiction to an audience easily made to feel a bit guilty by the "frivolous" recreation it provided. Lippard had to stretch matters to make his points, for some of the morals he draws are only dubiously relevant to the novel. He himself also must have felt somewhat guilty for expending his energies on subjects so vaguely relevant to his readers. That he had a moral vision he had to make clear; that he wrote a grotesque romance divorced from contemporary realities except in vague ways is also clear. Like the unfortunate author of Salatheil, Lippard felt the gloom he passed on to his readers as romance in *The Ladye Annabel*.

The promise of literary success, however, spurred Lippard on. His quarrels had gained him a certain notoriety
which confidence and continued effort might convert into fame. Some of his friends no doubt had heaped praise on *The Ladye Annabel* on seeing it in manuscript, and their opinions led Lippard to the opinion that on the strength of the prestige of an alleged three hundred and fifty dollar copyright his readers might concur. But what was lacking was an authoritative critical evaluation of his work. So shortly after the book-form publication of *The Ladye Annabel*, Lippard took a copy to Poe, at whose home he occasionally was a visitor, and asked his opinion. Sometime later, Lippard received this reply:

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1844.

My Dear Lippard--

It will give me pleasure to attend to what you suggest. In a day or two you shall hear from me farther.

Touching the "Ladye Annabel," I regret that, until lately, I could find no opportunity of giving it a thorough perusal. The opinion I expressed to you, personally, was based, as I told you, upon a very cursory examination. It has been confirmed, however, by a subsequent reading at leisure. You seem to have been in too desperate a hurry to give due attention to details; and thus your style, although generally nervous, is at times somewhat exuberant—but the work, as a whole, will be admitted, by all but your personal enemies, to be richly inventive and imaginative—indicative of the genius in its author.

And as for these personal enemies, I cannot see that you need put yourself to any especial trouble about THem. Let a fool alone—especially if he be both a scoundrel and a fool—and he will kill himself far sooner than you can kill him by any active exertion. Besides—as to the real philosophy of the thing—you should regard small animosities—the animosities of small men—of the literary animalculae (who have their uses, beyond doubt)—as so many
tokens of your ascent—or, rather as so many stepping stones to your ambition. I have never yet been able to make up my mind whether I regard as the higher compliment, the approbation of a man of honor and talent, or the abuse of an ass or a blackguard. Both are excellent in their way—for a man who looks steadily up.

If my opinion of "The Ladye Annabel" can be of any service to you whatever, you have my full permission to publish this letter, or any portion of it you may deem proper.

With respect and friendship,

Yours,

EDGAR A. POE

Poe's motives for such praise of a work of little merit understandable. In Lippard he recognized a partner in gloom—one fascinated with Gothic conventions, one fumbling but attempting to make his episodes generate the effect of terror, and one perhaps experiencing the very effects he hoped to create through fiction. Lippard he also saw as a brother suffering at the hands of the same "literary animalculae" plaguing him. In any event, Poe probably seized the opportunity of encouraging a young energetic literary upstart whom he liked, at the cost of a diminution of his reputation. The effects of the letter on Lippard are obvious. He now had a letter of recommendation attesting to his worth as a full-fledged novelist from the king of Philadelphia literature. And he hardly found it necessary to heed Poe's criticism about his being "in too desperate a hurry to give due attention to details."
IV.

The appearance of the last installment of The Ladye Annabel climaxed a year of feverish literary activity crucial to the development of Lippard's career and imagination. Through the summer of 1844 he showed no signs of slowing down. Still performing the chief editorial duties for the paper while writing sketches and stories for it, he also was busy writing two new novels. Under his guidance the paper became successful. Circulation gradually increased, despite the fact that in May of 1844 the paper had to postpone plans for expansion due to the illness of its still anonymous "chief editor." More importantly, his pointed thrusts at the Philadelphia Literati had established him as a personality not to be lightly dismissed, and his longer fiction had been widely acclaimed. He was no longer an apprentice, however young.

That Lippard in 1844 became intent upon a career as a novelist rather than a journalist is also evident. In April of that year he was busy transforming the Battle Day of Brandywine into Blanche of Brandywine, a romance for which he had been collecting "legends of the day of Brandywine." The success of his Revolutionary narratives and The Ladye Annabel inspired him to ally Revolutionary and Gothic modes of romance in another novel he was working on early in 1844, Paul Ardenheim, or the Monk of the Wissahikon. This new work, supposedly "in the course of preparation for years,"
was to be serialized in the *Home Journal* and *Citizen Soldier*. According to an advance notice, "the unprecedented popular favor" that greeted *The Ladye Annabel* had induced its "unknown author" to present a more "finished" romance in the same style—that is, "combining a thrill in every chapter." The novel's setting was to be the Wissahikon during the Revolution, its characters a young hero, the members of a "strange Masonic Order," a British officer and lord, a German alchemist in search of the "Universal Solvent," and his fair daughter. 59

As the prospectus to *Paul Ardenheim* shows, Lippard was determined to be a crowd-pleaser. The success of the *Citizen Soldier* and of his own works confirmed the truth of a lesson he had learned while working on the *Spirit of the Times*: that success depends on sensationalism. Yet if Lippard had decided to court the public's pennies as a sensationalistic novelist, he was also presenting himself quite sincerely as a voice of the proletariat. His association with the Dillers had helped steep him even more in the populist politics he learned from men such as Du Solle, Florence, and Johnson, so his courtship of the lowbrow was consistent with and indeed justified by his politics. While his subjects—Pennsylvania, the battlegrounds at Brandywine and Germantown—were familiar, what he chose to celebrate were America (the common man's land), Washington (the common man's hero), and the common man's own heroic deeds on the
battlefield and his ability to rise in the world as Andrew Jackson did. If his politics were populist Democratic, at the backbone of his beliefs was a militant patriotism and reverence for the honor, duty, justice and uniformed discipline it implied. The true American is, like Washington, a citizen-soldier who fights to preserve peace. Simultaneously, at the heart of Lippard's politics is a kind of Christianity. As an earnest preacher in one of his sketches proclaims (to a slumbering Bank Director), "Jesus was a Democrat." 60

If this turbulent thinking provided the ingredients for Lippard's romances, so did a gloomy personal disposition. Although he portrayed the Devil only in the dream of the slumbering Bank Director, to Lippard the Devil stalked the earth haunting the conscience and imagination. Behind Lippard's inability to see history in terms other than black and white was a melodramatic vision of the earth as a battleground for contending forces of good and evil, forces personified in characters like Arnold and Aldarin. Given this vision, his blending of the gloom of the Gothic with the glory of the Revolution is understandable. Certainly he allied Gothic and Revolutionary modes of romance because they sold well, but had his motives been strictly pecuniary he might have chosen the equally popular modes of sentimental and temperance romance. The choice of genres was not accidental; it was dictated by his personality. If Revolutionary
romance best gave expression to his brightest dreams for America, the Gothic horrors best represented his deepest fears. If he was the spokesman for America and the Land of Penn, he was also a young man still acutely conscious of being an orphan, and seething with a sense that the rich were undermining American ideals, that aristocratic England was still trying to rape a poor virgin America, and ultimately that death and evil were trying to rob humanity of its faith. As a dangerously ill young man who had seen disease carry off most of his family, Lippard understandably was preoccupied with portraying death, fascinated by a young hero buried alive but saved in the end from death, and sympathetic to a Scholar searching for the elixir of eternal life. His ambiguous Scholar personifies the debate he was having between optimism and pessimism in regard to man and society. As a youth nurtured on Wesleyan hell-fire sermons and beatific visions of a heavenly city, Lippard also could not help but be attracted to scenes which take place either in the gloom of caverns and dark chambers or in the daylight of gorgeous Florentine palaces. Similarly, the cry of vengeance heard throughout his works is a cry of outrage, a primitive and impulsive response to an overriding sense of injustice. The conventions of Gothic romance which Lippard adopted, in short, must not be understood to be mere conventions borrowed for the simple sake of telling a thrilling story. They are instead metaphors for a darker vision
struggling to find expression.

The Ladye Annabel was the last purely Gothic romance Lippard ever wrote; from now on he would keep the action of his novels closer to home. Yet the elements of the Gothic found in the fiction written for the Citizen Soldier were to be earmarks of Lippard's romances for the rest of his life, giving a grotesque aura to all his sublime sentiments.
CHAPTER V

THE QUAKER CITY—REPLETE WITH THE GROTESQUE-SUBLIME

"Shallow pated critic with your smooth face whose syllabub insipidity is well-relieved by wiry curls of flaxen hair, soft maker of verses so utterly blank, that a single original idea never mars their consistent nothing-ness, penner of paragraphs so daintily perfumed with quaint phrases and stilted nonsense, we do not want you here! Pass on sweet maiden-man! Your perfumes agree but sorrily with the thick atmosphere of this darkening vault, your white-kid gloves would be soiled by a contact with the rough hands of Devil-Bug... Our taste is different from yours. We like to look at nature and at the world, not only as they appear, but as they are! To us the study of a character like Devil-Bug's is full of interest, replete with the grotesque-sublime."

—George Lippard, The Quaker City; or the Monks of Monk Hall

I.

In the fall of 1844, Lippard began work on the novel which in the space of a few weeks made the anonymous editor of the Citizen Soldier and Home Journal one of the most notorious personalities in Philadelphia. Inspired by the success of his pamphlet editions and by the encouragement of Poe, Lippard at this time gradually disassociated himself from the paper in hopes of striking an independent course as a novelist. Chances for his success were not good. His snappy articles against the "literati" had alienated him
from the major Philadelphia publishers, who looked on his cheap pamphlet romances as irritating competition and little else. But when in September of 1844 the first installments of *The Monks of Monk Hall* began appearing in pamphlet form, it was clear that Lippard, combining his quick if bizarre imagination with the crafty opportunism of a public relations man, was scoring a victory despite his enemies.

Still living with his Aunt Mary and sister Harriet, with whom he shared the household responsibilities, Lippard only reluctantly accepted Philadelphia as his home. With an image of the peaceful, idyllic Germantown of his boyhood still present to his memory, he saw the big city as a seething source of the worst evils. His experience in the lawyer's office and as a Police Court reporter had given him first-hand knowledge of urban evils which had also been the subject of literature Lippard very likely had read. Long before Crane, Dreiser and Farrell, Frederick W. Thomas, for example, was exposing the evils of city life in his novel *Clinton Bradshaw* (1835), and John Todd was warning parents and youth alike in his book *The Moral Influence, Danger, and Duties Connected with Great Cities* (1841). In 1843 Lippard himself had written a diatribe on "The Canker of a Large City":

> Give us the country, say we. Give us God's own free air, the mountain top, where men learn to syllable the name of freedom ere weaned from the mother's bosom—...There is a curse in a city. It walks a-broad at noonday, in front of the State House, in
the forms of a thousand dissipated idlers; it stalks into the courts;...It rests with the lowly poor in their den of want;...It walks into the office of the editor, and makes a man of honor the merciless liar, whose pen stabs private character--for pay. It is found in the office of the attorney. It fills his head with lies, it makes his conscience very much like India rubber. Gaze down upon the scenes: here a murder--there a seduction--yonder a forgery--there a midnight outrage that may not be named; all crowded together, enacting at one time, going on under the eye of God, while the law sleeps, the judge snores, and the priest slumbers....Yonder the bank directors hold their orgies, and plan their next legalized robbery of the common people--widows, orphans, and all....Yonder steals the priest [entering] the house of low debauchery....Yonder in that lonely sick-room dies the father, gazing around with a blazing eye, while the children and the lawyer are fighting about his will....

Not only these private evils but the public violence that Philadelphians visited upon themselves in the late 1830's and early 1840's drew much attention. Much of the violence had political roots. The Anti-Masons and "Barn Burners," extremist elements in the Whig and Democrat parties respectively, were notorious for their attempts to force their opinions on each other. Their often illegal clandestine activities outlasted the Buck-Shot War. Much violence arose over the issue of slavery. Newly-erected Pennsylvania Hall, scene of many temperance, religious, and anti-slavery crusades, was burned to the ground in 1838 when the mayor refused to disperse a mob of some fifteen thousand people assembled to silence an anti-slavery group. On completing its work on the Hall, the mob terrorized the Negro section of the city, sacking a Negro church. As a result of low wages and poor working conditions, violent
labor disputes also occurred in all parts of the city. Finally, in May of 1844 the city's Irish were assaulted by a large anti-Catholic mob calling itself the "Native American Party." Attacking the Irish in the Kensington district, the Native Americans burned down twenty-nine houses and some deaths resulted. For a time the riots subsided, only to break out again in Southwark in July. Despite new ordinances, pamphlets, and pleas for peace made by all moderating elements, the City of Brotherly Love was hardly living up to its name.

Philadelphians also found violence on a smaller scale attractive. One murder case, played up heavily in the newspapers, drew special public attention. On February 10, 1843, a twenty-year old youth named Singleton Mercer murdered a wealthy gentleman, Mahlon Hutchinson Heberton, on board a ferryboat headed for Camden, New Jersey. The two, who knew each other, both had been frequenters of saloons and disreputable oyster cellars. The murder resulted when one day Heberton introduced himself to Mercer's sixteen year-old sister Sarah, who naively trusted him. Heberton abducted the girl, taking her to a house of ill-fame where at pistol-point he seduced her. Promising to marry her later, he placed the girl in a roominghouse, but the landlady learned the girl's identity and informed her parents. Heberton tried to flee the city to hide in South Jersey, but Mercer went after him, trapped him on the ferry, and shot him.
Some weeks later Mercer, admitting his guilt, was acquitted in less than half an hour by a jury whose decision was an echo of public sentiment.

The general stir caused by the riots and the murder case not only furnished Lippard with material for his new novel, but helped insure its success. Lippard abhorred the riots. Siding with neither party, he had denounced striking weavers in January of 1844, and criticised the Mayor for not calling out the militia and declaring martial law when the anti-Catholic riots were imminent later that year. Much had been written about the riots but the public had yet to see a fictionalized account of them. If the riots provided Lippard with proof that Philadelphia was "cankered," the Mercer-Heberton case gave him a sensational example of the way the city's citizens sinned in private. Grounded on these events and told from the point of view of a youth who claimed to have "no familiarity with the vices of a large city, save from [his] studentship in the office of an Attorney-General--the Confessional of our Protestant communities," Lippard's new novel was sure to gain the attention of a large body of readers burning with the issues and anxious to peek at the seamier side of life in the city.

The prospect of arousing the interest of Philadelphians prompted him to change the title of his novel from The Monks of Monk Hall to The Quaker City. In a Preface to the full length version of The Quaker City Lippard explains why he
wrote the book:

I was the only Protector of an Orphan Sister. I was fearful that I might be taken away by death, leaving her alone in the world. I knew too well that law of society which makes a virtue of the dishonor of a poor girl, while it justly holds the seduction of a rich man's child as an infamous crime. These thoughts impressed me deeply. I determined to write a book, founded upon the following idea:

That the seduction of a poor and innocent girl, is a deed altogether as criminal as deliberate murder. It is worse than the murder of the body, for it is the assassination of the soul. If the murderer deserves death by the gallows, then the assassin of chastity and maidenhood is worthy of death by the hands of any man, and in any place.5

In a preliminary sketch, Lippard made use of the "discovered manuscript" device to establish the "origin of this book." At his dying moment, we are told, an ex-lawyer and "private counsellor" transmits to the author a pacquet of papers containing a record of his thirty years' experience, with the injunction that the youth write a book devoted to defending female honor, showing "how miserable and corrupt is that Pseudo-Christianity which tramples on every principle preached or practised by the Savior Jesus," laying bare "vice in high places, and stripping gilded crimes of their tinsel."6

This ostensible purpose gave Lippard the opportunity to give further expression to his four "dreams." In portraying most of the seducers in the novel as wealthy gentlemanly types, he continued his attack on the economic aristocrats of America and pleaded patriotic and populist causes. In developing a character named Ravoni—a progressive
priest-scientist reminiscent of both Christ and Faust—we see Lippard growing more serious about a Christianized humanistic social gospel and again flirting with the idea of a secret organization to propagate a "New Faith." In the depths of Monk-Hall, the novel's Gothic mansion, and in the character of Devil-Bug, its arch-fiend, we see his persistent preoccupation with a labyrinthine "monstrous deformity of body and intellect"—with images of a dark cosmic incoherence which never left him. The way these four dreams are welded together, sometimes schizophrenically, provides a revealing and original picture of the popular imagination of the mid-nineteenth century.

On one level, it is clear that Lippard was offering a thinly disguised fictionalization of the Heberton-Mercer incident. But as Alexander Cowie points out, "nothing less than a small volume" could adequately summarize the contents of The Quaker City. Although they are interrupted by a section devoted to Ravoni in the last quarter of the novel, three main plot strands are discernible, two of them centering on the seduction of an innocent female, the other dealing with a wife's infidelity. The major strand closely resembles the Heberton-Mercer incident. Gus Lorrimer and Byrnewood Arlington, both frequenters of infamous oyster-cellars, make a wager concerning whether Lorrimer will succeed in seducing an unsuspecting girl of sixteen whom he had met one day quite by accident. The wager made, the two
young men visit a local astrologer famous for his prophetic abilities, and the astrologer warns them that in three days, Christmas Eve, "One of you will die by the other's hand" (29). Both men laugh at the prophecy, and Lorrimer continues his plan of seduction, which includes a mock marriage to the girl. As events unfold, we find that the sixteen year-old girl turns out to be Byrnewood's sister Mary, but the discovery comes too late. Byrnewood tries to come to her rescue, but after a series of adventures which he miraculously manages to survive, the best he can do is help liberate his sister. Later he catches up with Lorrimer on a riverboat bound for New Jersey and shoots him, fulfilling the prophecy.

A second strand of the plot deals with Albert Livingstone's attempts to avenge himself on his unfaithful wife, Dora. A raven-haired beauty and "perfect incarnation of Sensual Woman" (118), Dora has the dark beauty of Poe's Ligeia and the pride of Hawthorne's Lady Eleanor. A woman with "a mighty intellect and a sensual organization" (154), she has a boundlessly wealthy husband, yet seeks the prestige of an aristocratic title. As a result, she is easily led into sin by Algerton Fitz-Cowles, who claims royal blood and seduces her. Unknown to her, she is seen sleeping in his arms by her husband, who has been informed of her unfaithfulness by an ex-lover, Luke Harvey. Livingstone plots revenge on his wife, while she in turn plots his death. In
the end, Livingstone travels with Dora (and her coffin) to a country estate where he poisons her.

A third strand of the plot concerns the attempts of Parson F. Altamont T. Pyne, minister of a local group of "free believers and true repenters," to seduce or rape Mabel, a young girl whom he has led into believing she is his daughter. To do this Pyne, who speaks with "spermaceti smoothness," brings to his aid a strange poison which at once induces both sleep and sexual desire. Pyne almost succeeds, but is caught in the act by Mabel's true father, a hideously deformed urchin named Abijah K. Jones or "Devil-Bug." Devil-Bug saves the girl and torments the villain by almost literally tickling him to death.

What links the three interwoven strands is Monk Hall, the scene of most of the action. Monk Hall, reminiscent of the house on Franklin Square where Lippard spent some nights, is a typical Gothic structure. Originally an aristocratic residence, the house is a labyrinth of nooks, trap-doors, secret passages, and mysteries. Beneath its basement is an abyss-like pit, into which have disappeared a number of unfortunate victims. Monk Hall is "one of the vilest rookeries in the world. It unites in all its details the house-of-ill-fame, the club-house, and the gambling hall" (52). Its landlords are Mother Nancy Perkins, a whorematron, and, appropriately, Devil-Bug. The "monks" of Monk Hall are a fraternity of sinners who use the house for their various
vices. Some of the monks are characters central to the main actions—Lorrimer, Fitz-Cowles, Luke Harvey, and Parson F. A. T. Pyne.

Lippard wanted to expose the "secret" life of Philadelphia by giving his readers an inside view of Monk Hall. Under cover of dark or disguise, bank directors, lawyers, clergymen, and editors—all favorite targets of Lippard's ire—wend their way to Monk Hall to do their misdeeds. Congregating in the basement story is a mob of the Quaker City's "outcasts," vagabonds and ruffians ready to do Devil-Bug's bidding, while licentious revelry goes on upstairs. Here also we meet some common stereotypes—two monstrous and obedient Negroes, Devil-Bug's henchmen, who are dark embodiments of brute force; Lewey, a Negro servant who wonders, half-seriously, if Negroes, like whites, really go to heaven; and Gabriel Van Gelt, Devil-Bug's "siamese [yet Jewish] twin" who is less despicable for his avarice than for his lack of patriotism. Into Monk Hall Lippard brought every sort of villain he thought might be lurking about Philadelphia.

His condemnation of these characters is usually not subtle. Most of them are caricatured as ugly, stupid, malicious, and hypocritical villains plotting their evil schemes out loud before the reader. Occasionally, Lippard breaks into ironic polemic:

...we deem it proper to state a few facts.—Girard College has been built for years, and has been the
home of some thousand orphans, who have been fed, clothed, and educated, at the expense of good old Stephen. Everybody knows this to be true. Bank directors are always convicted in Philadelphia, when tried for robbing widows and orphans.... Churches have never been burned in Philadelphia. Nor halls fired, nor orphans' asylums sacked, nor school houses given up to a mob. Not in the least. The play of an author, who dared speak out for the truth, has never been ukase'd in this city. Never!...This is a great city, and its dignitaries are great men, worthy of all respect. (175)

Girard College of course had not yet been built and city officials had failed, by and large, to keep the city calm. But Lippard himself did little to keep matters from simmering, attacking in the pages of The Quaker City a wide spectrum of evils. The "Patent Gospellers" or "free believers and true repenters"—the Protestant fundamentalist group headed by men like Parson Pyne—receives a good share of Lippard's scorn; these, he says, wage war on Catholics in the name of God and are too ignorant to see the hypocrisy of their leaders. Literary critics Lippard pictures as feminine, and magazines as full of

Steel plates in front, depictin' the feelin's of pussies deprived of their ma's, and nice love tales full o' grand descriptions of the way young gentlemen and ladies [who] dies for won another, without so much as leavin' a pocket hank'cher to tell their fate!...Wot po'try, wot sentiment, wot murder, an' madness, an' mush-and-milk, for a greasy quarter! (242)

Buzby Poodle, editor of "The Daily Black Mail," and Sylvester J. Petriken, magazine proprietor, are attacked as scandalmongers who "fatten on the garbage of the town" and "live on stolen literature." And for the "ranting Millerites,
intemperate Temperance lecturers, or Reverend politicians,"
Lippard entertains "the most intolerable disgust and loathing," for, he says, "the first make maniacs, the second make drunkards, and the third make infidels" (Note, 170). Capital punishment also falls under Lippard's axe-like pen, as Devil-Bug delivers a gruesome sermonic parody on the glories of executing an innocent man. Missionary societies are indicted for aiding foreigners and savages while blinding themselves to domestic evils, and the law is accused of cruelty to pitiable petty offenders while covering up for greater (and more "respectable") offenders. An unnamed judge is accused of proclaiming a public hall used by Negroes as a "nuisance" because it was threatened by a mob (Note, 234).

Despite his frequent sporadic outbursts against the city's evils and wrongdoers, Lippard's main purpose was to dramatize the thesis that "the assassin of chastity and maidenhood is worthy of death by the hands of any man, and in any place." A beautiful woman, he remarked, is "the greatest wonder of God's universe" (211), and the novel amounts largely to a series of threats against the bodies and souls of beautiful women by lechers of one kind or another. In most cases the women are threatened not so much by seduction as by rape. Mary Arlington, at first seduced by Lorrimer's smooth speech, is finally forced to submit, and Pyne employs the sleep-love potion as a seductive inducement preliminary to rape.
Devil-Bug attempts a blackmail-rape of Dora Livingstone, only to be thwarted by Luke Harvey, who has his own "deal" to make with her. Placing herself in Luke's power, Dora is rudely disappointed:

'I, with this living picture of health in my arms, proffering her lip to my kiss, her bosom to my touch— I have still the moral self-denial, ha, ha, ha! to scorn the embraces of an— Adulteress!'

With that mocking laugh [Luke] flung her rudely from him, and rushed from the room. (219)

From this prolonged series of attempts at rape or seduction—carried on artlessly by callow seducers against usually naive and virtually helpless girls—Lippard emerges as the defender of maidenhood:

For this is the doctrine we deem it right to hold in regard to woman. Like man she is a combination of an animal, with an intellectual nature. Unlike man her animal nature is a passive thing, that must be roused ere it will develop itself in action. Let the intellectual nature of woman, be the only object of man's influence, and woman will love him most holily. But let him play with her animal nature as you would toy with the machinery of a watch, let him rouse the treacherous blood, let him fan the pulse into quick, feverish throbings...and the woman becomes, like himself, but a mere animal. Sense darkens like a vapor, and utterly darkens Soul. (73)

However poorly argued, Lippard's point is clear: sex is bad for women's souls, especially when women are unmarried. The alternatives open when an unwed girl is violated are all too familiar:

'God of heaven!' shrieked the old man, tottering as though he had received his death-wound. 'What dark confession is this?'

'Our child dishonored!' echoed Mrs. Arlington. 'Further concealment is in vain!' cried Lorrimer with a cool supercilious smile. 'Your daughter was
weak and foolish—I was but a—man!'

Byrnewood advanced, he laid his hand lightly on the Seducer's shoulder. His face was frightfully calm.

'There are but two remedies for this wrong. I give you your choice. Will you--' his voice died in his throat for a moment, and a sound like a death groan shook his chest, 'Will you marry my sister?'

The old man's blue eyes shone with a fierce glance. For a moment he smothered the hate which rose to his eyes and lips.

'Marry my daughter,' he shrieked, 'Save her from public shame? Let an old man's grey hairs plead with you!' (468)

Lorrimer refuses and must face the family's vengeance.

To a modern reader Lippard's polemics about such diverse topics as Girard College and female honor would seem strikingly out of place in a novel, yet to him they were ways of evening some scores while fulfilling one of the important demands made on the literary artist—that he be a teacher, preacher, or prophet. Lippard especially liked to assume the role of prophet. One section of The Quaker City is devoted to a prophetic vision of doom. Entitled "The Last Day of the Quaker City," this vision, dreamed by Devil-Bug, served notice on Philadelphians that their city was an American Sodom. Devil-Bug's dream is an apparently incoherent series of episodes viewed as he and a Ghost or Spirit fly together above Philadelphia. The year, we are told, is 1950, and the first scene we see is Independence Hall being torn down to make way for a royal palace built of marble from still unfinished Girard College. Noblemen ride about the streets in elegance, while beggars and workers walk about in rags. On Washington Square a jail stands, and in
the middle of town a gallows. The scene shifts suddenly to the rivers around the City, where fleets of coffins peopled by livid corpses and illumined by lights from orbless eyes of skulls float about. Unearthly music emanates from hollow skulls, in rhythm to the sound of bones beating on drums. Suddenly there are bursts of wild laughter and the coffin fleets engage in battle, then just as suddenly there ensues a peace, a lament for the dead, and a song of joy for the justice soon to be done. A group of dead arisen pronounce "Anathema" on "Sodom"—"like the blast of the last trumpet" (321). The scenes shift rapidly, with processions of a king shortly to be crowned and of poor people passing before our eyes. Then suddenly, amidst lightning and thunder, the earth quakes, fire descends from the sky and Philadelphia is destroyed in a vast cataclysmic "Massacre of Judgment." The last scene depicts a father, daughter, and lover in mortal conflict over who will occupy a space big enough only for one atop a rock away from the destruction. As father and lover hurl each other from the rock, the girl, with a cry similar to Albertine the Monk's, dives to join them in death. As the city melts away in a black-red flame, written in the sky above it is the injunction "WO UNTO Sodom."

"The Last Day of the Quaker City" is Lippard's attempt to be Philadelphia's Isaiah. Though the meaning of some of the incidents is obscure, the dream shows that Lippard had deeply absorbed the evangelical fervor and apocalyptic
vision of his Wesleyan forebears. As in many of the works he wrote before *The Quaker City*, royalty and aristocracy are symbols of the corruption threatening American democracy; and again, curiously related to this motif is the grotesque—the processions of living dead, the coffins, skulls, and corpses darkening even the great apocalyptic day of justice and judgment.

Devil-Bug's dream is a paradigm of a number of motifs that recur throughout *The Quaker City*. The "Massacre of Justice" is but a cosmic version of the quest for the same kind of vengeance and justice sought by a number of leading characters in the novel. Byrnewood, Livingstone, and Devil-Bug all see justice as the outcome of bloody vengeance, and their machinations in catching up with the villains who have undone the women whose honor they so jealously guard govern the novel's plot movements. The conflict between rich and poor—vividly suggested in Devil Bug's dream in the contrast between the aristocrats and commoners—also helps define the novel's overall structure. The non-seducers bent on pilfering the poor man's money are treated even more unsympathetically than the seducers of moderate means. To make sure that his readers get the point, Lippard includes an episode dealing with the inhumane treatment a destitute mechanic receives at the hands of a banker, who eventually dies ceremoniously according to prophecy. Yet, as is clearly evident in Devil-Bug's dream, good and evil are ambiguously
interlaced rather than clearly distinct from one another. In the dream the dead who come to pronounce anathema on the city war with one another, and the Power that brings the violent doom strikes with maniacal laughter and fury more becoming the Power of Blackness than of Light. Similarly, in the novel characters are curious mixtures of good and evil. Despite the many melodramatic episodes and blatant indictments of evil, very few characters are morally spotless, and none of the villains is without a saving grace. Byrnewood, for example, although he assumes the role of hero and preserver of virginity throughout the novel, has a past that places him in the same category as his antagonist Lorrimor. There are, moreover, "two Lorrimers," the dashing rake and the perfect gentleman. Dora, for all her pride and avarice, is capable of true love and repentance. Even to Longhaired Bess, prostitute, Lippard gives redeeming qualities:

Let not the reader wonder at the mass of contradictions, heaped together in the character of this miserable wreck of a woman. One moment conversing in the slang of a brothel, like a thing lapped from her birth in pollution; the next, whispering forth her ravings in language indicative of the educated woman of her purer days;...--these paradoxes are things of every day occurrence, only to be explained, when the mass of good and evil, found in every human heart, is divided into distinct parts, no more to mingle in one, no more to occasion an eternal contest in the self-warring heart of man. (71)

Nowhere is this ambiguity more evident than in Devil-Bug, the character "replete with the grotesque-sublime" who so interested Lippard. Lippard tried to lift Devil-Bug from
the ranks of caricature, but created instead a figure that seems like a strange cross between Dumas' Hunchback, Hawthorne's Aminadab, and Poe's Hop-frog. A murderer, robber, and rake, Devil-Bug has a capacity for evil as unnatural as his physiognomy; he revels in laughter while murdering and vows to swim in blood. He is in most respects the archetypal deformed monster of romance literature. As diabolic abbot of Monk Hall he presides over macabre revels and delights in dropping a victim into the pit carefully concealed by a trap-door. His second murder is performed in cold blood with a hatchet. Yet Devil-Bug is no incarnate fiend, no unredeemable aberration of nature, no mere cross between devil and bug. His behavior, Lippard carefully explains, is understandable in terms of environment; his evil stems from his background. Born in a brothel, "he had grown in full and continual sight of the scenes of vice, wretchedness and squalor. From his very birth, he had breathed an atmosphere of infamy" (91). Parentless and nameless, he had never heard an "ardent messenger of Jesus," had never known a church, Bible, or God. His ugliness, moreover, has thwarted his attempts to find love, and he is upset about his "neglected education" and the fact that a certain "nigger" can read while he cannot. For a time he had loved and lived with a common-law wife who had borne him a daughter, but with the passing of this love he committed himself to evil. As it turns out, Reverend Pyne's "daughter" Mabel is
really Devil-Bug's child, and when Devil-Bug makes this discovery he turns into a heroic defender of her honor and chastity. For her he wants only the finest—money, handsome clothes, a fancy carriage, and the rest. She inspires in him a fiery, jealous paternal love. After Devil-Bug rescues Mabel from the lecherous Pyne, Lippard tells us that "for a moment the soul of Devil-Bug was beautiful," and that for the moment he believed in God. Lippard also gives Devil-Bug a sensitive and vivid conscience. His apocalyptic nightmare about Philadelphia's destruction results from one of his attacks of conscience, and the faces and blood of his victims frequently intrude on him.

Lippard's sympathy for Devil-Bug is part of a larger and indeed (for Lippard's time) revolutionary message developed in the last third of the novel. "The Last Day of the Quaker City" concludes Book the Third of the novel; in it we see the imminent destruction of Philadelphia. In Book the Fourth, which seems tacked on to the rest of the novel, we meet a new main character—Ravoni the Sorcerer—whose arts and intelligence promise not destruction but a new world. Ravoni, like Aldarin the Scholar, is a conglomerate of a number of archetypes from romance literature—Faust and the Wandering Jew, to name but two. Ravoni (the name betrays Lippard's fascination with Italian romance) has wandered the earth for some two hundred years practicing his black and forbidden arts:
'Such as Ravoni have lived in all ages, in every clime! Bold intellects who wrested from corruption the secret of eternal energy. And these intellects so various in their powers, so various in their wierd histories, common Tradition has combined into one form, and called a thousand mighty Souls, by one paltry name, the Wandering Jew....Few of these great intellects survive at the present day. Some have grown tired of the sameness of their being, and rushed into annihilation through the grim portals of Suicide. But few survive--Among these, lives Ravoni!' (358-359)

Like Faust he is the "Mad-Doctor, the Dissector and the Sourcerer." With sallow face and "a devil's eye" he practices his arts in a black den, dresses in a long, black fur-lined coat, and, like Lippard himself and most of his heroes, has long black locks. His power over mortals is overwhelming and stems from a strong "Will" that overcomes all obstacles. Devil-Bug crouches at his feet "like a spaniel at the call of his master," an act that demonstrates "the triumph of an Intellect, over the Brute and Savage" (338). Like the child-genius Jesus, "he astonishes the Faculty; strikes Science dumb; plucks Theology by the beard, and in fact walks over everybody's notions on everything" (369). He is expert on the Reformation, and "the lawyers and the judges hate him worse than poison" (369). Despite his aura of diabolism and his sorcery, in short, Ravoni is the novel's hero.

Ravoni's twenty-four followers consider him as a God, the long-awaited Messiah of a New Faith. He is one of the first in American fiction to drag "God" to the bar:
In a low and musical tone he spoke of the New Faith, while the voice within was whispering unceasingly to his soul.

'There has been too much of God,' were the first words he uttered. 'There has been too much of God in all the creeds of the world! Wherever Fanaticism has raised its fanes, there the name of God has been mouthed by the foul lips of priests.

'The Hindoo mother gives her child to the Ganges in the name of God, and the car of Juggernaut crushes its thousands, who shriek that name as they are mingled in one gory massacre!

'The torch of St. Bartholemew was lit in the name of God, the fair fields of Ireland have been soaked with the blood of her children, while that name shrieked in every musket shot! Europe has been desolated in the name of God....

'In this fair land of the New World, the children of the Forest were hunted and butchered in the name of God! It mingled with cry of death and it shrieked in the bloodhounds yell! Helpless women and aged men were burnt by grim sectarians, who gazed upon the blackened flesh of their victims, and shouted glory to the name of God!....

'Now!' and his voice rose into a tone of absorbing enthusiasm, while his white hand undulated over...[a] corpse. 'Now! Aye now the time has come, when something for man should be done in the name of MAN' ....

'In the name of MAN and for the good of MAN shall our new Faith arise!' (378-379)

Ravoni proposes to found a new religion, one similar to that expounded in Aldarin the Scholar's "Bible":

'There is no God. There is no Heaven. There is no Hell. At least, the belief of the million, with regard to mysteries like these, is all shadow and fable.

'I believe in a God, but my God is the Power of a Giant Will. In a Heaven, but it is that Heaven which springs from the refused cultivation of all the senses. In a Hell I believe--it is the hell of Annihilation.

'The million, led on by the herd of Priests and Drones, have seized upon these Truths of the olden Sages, and made Realities of these Fables, by which Thought spoke to the souls of men, in the ancient times.

'I will build me up a Religion. A thousand years hence looking from the brow of some tremendous
mountain, I shall behold the plains below whitened by the marble domes of a mild and benificent religion; those domes shall tower in the name of a God, in the name of Ravoni!

'The rock on which all Religions have been wrecked, shall not endanger the Faith of Ravoni. Its Founder will not die! He will not like Mahommed build up a Beautiful System, and then sink into the grave, leaving his temple to the ravages of priestly liars and robbers.

'The Faith of Ravoni will be simple and beautiful. War shall be buried. Anarchy forever de-throned; all Treason against the Life of man, shall be eternally crushed. Men shall live, love and die in their peaceful beds. Priestcraft shall be no more!

'I will teach men that in the Refined cultivation of the Senses is Happiness. Not a pore on the body but may be made the Minister of some new Joy; not a throb in the veins, but may become a living Pleasure. Every outrage committed against the refinement of the Senses brings its own punishment. When Mirth sinks into Drunken Revelry man is a brute. When Love sinks into coarse Lust man is a brute and devil.

'In order to acquire an influence over the minds of men, which shall be irresistible and eternal, I will appeal to a principle rooted deep in every human heart. I will evoke the love of Mystery! I will awe and terrify by Miracles and Pageants and Shadows!

'At noonday to-morrow they will behold the First Miracle.' (359)

For the propagation of Ravoni's new Faith he proposes to establish a mysterious secret Order governed by twenty-four select "Priests."

'And you my chosen Priests will I bind together in a high and solemn Brotherhood, as the first ministers at the altars of the Faith! In silence and in mystery will we compass the wide land, selecting our converts from the mass, as we shall know them worthy of our mysteries, and adding them one by one to our holy brotherhood! No loud prayers in the tinselled church, no vapid trumpetings of our godliness from street to corners, but slowly and silently and in power will we work for the New Faith, built in the name of MAN for the good of MAN!' (380)
To demonstrate his power and the validity of his New Faith Ravoni does the impossible: he raises a corpse from the dead before his disciples' eyes. The miracle brings him universal acclaim, and at the moment of his triumph he nominates Mabel, Devil-Bug's daughter, to be the high priestess of his new religion. In celebration, a "Festival of Ravoni" is held, "where the Senses hold their revel, and Thought is softened and mellowed in the delirious atmosphere of Passion" (359), and a troop of the world's most beautiful women appear as hostesses. In a chapter entitled "God is Just," Ravoni's triumph seems near; he envisions a utopian world free from want and tyranny under his benevolent guidance. Devil-Bug, however, makes Ravoni's success short-lived. Incensed at the power Ravoni has over him, Devil-Bug stabs the Sorcerer-King in the back. Apparently not immune to violent death, Ravoni faces his "Annihilation":

'All black, dull, dead! Vacant space, darkness, nothingness! Darkness, darkness, darkness.... Annihilation! Oh God, the terrors of hell, the gnawings of eternal torture, anything but this nothingness! To die, to die like a brute of the field, to be thought and soul today, dust and worst than dust, reeking corruption, tomorrow!' (457)

Ravoni dies, but not before he transfers his last breath to a young enthusiastic disciple who, breathing in Ravoni's soul, becomes the new leader of the Brotherhood.

If only because he conjures up a great variety of associations, Ravoni is the most interesting character Lip­pard ever imagined. He is not only Faust and Wandering Jew,
but also Scientist and Savior. Lippard's fascination with "scientific" developments is apparent throughout the novel, where he explains in footnotes that such apparently improbable happenings as a man's hair turning grey overnight and his suddenly dying from heart failure are grounded on new incontrovertible scientific discoveries about the nature of "ossified arteries." What, asks Lippard, was the power of Ravoni? "In the dark ages they would have called it Magic; in the Nineteenth century, they call it Magnetism" (351). This "influence or sympathy," he says, "is the atmosphere of souls, the life of intellects" of which geniuses, warriors, and statesmen absorb a larger portion than others (380). Like Poe, Emerson and Hawthorne, all of whom were intrigued by the phenomenon, Lippard was in his unsophisticated way fascinated by the possibilities of magnetic "science," seeing in it a potential for achieving the perfection of man. Thus, Ravoni's doctrines embody a kind of transcendental humanism that undercuts doctrines of predetermination and natural depravity. The ordinary Philadelphia reader no doubt was shocked by Ravoni's diatribe against "God," and by his revolutionary insistence that "Crime is a disease to be cured, not an ulcer to be cut off!" (452). Yet however radical, to Lippard Ravoni was a kind of Christ. Ravoni does believe in a God higher than himself—in "a pure and merciful God" who entrusts "awful and sublime powers" to man (379). Ravoni's "sorcery" is a miracle power by
which he restores life, his Faith a liberal Christian social gospel, his Brotherhood a kind of church, and his everlasting gospel the forgiveness of sins—even of his own murderer. In death his blood besmears all those around: "It was sacred, the blood of their Founder, the blood of Ravoni" (459).

In a footnote (many of which are ironic) Lippard cautioned his readers against identifying him with Ravoni. Yet Lippard's sympathy with his fictional hero and the New Faith is, as we shall see in subsequent chapters, incontrovertible. The lengthy episode in which Ravoni appears is the heart of The Quaker City, the climax after which all else is hasty and (as always in Lippard's works) artificial denouement. In the end, Lippard returns to the three original plot strands. Byrnewood catches up with Lorrimer on the river boat, Dora is poisoned, and Pyne thwarted. Devil-Bug appropriately meets his end crushed under a huge rock in the pit of Monk Hall. The worst offenders all are done away with. Yet Lippard adds ironic new twists up to the last page. Byrnewood, we find, has been a seducer of a young poor girl—is no better than the man he murdered. Devil-Bug has unknowingly murdered his daughter's mother, the only woman he ever loved. Dora, who sold her soul for Fitz-Cowles' aristocratic title, discovers too late that he is in truth the bastard son of a Creole Slave, and that her husband's ancestors were noblemen. Even Livingstone, we
find, is hypocritical; like Dora he too has been unfaithful in marriage. All but Ravoni, the mechanic, and the stainless virgins are implicated in guilt. In the final chapter we see Byrnewood some years later, having atoned for his sins by banishing himself to the wilds of Wyoming and marrying the girl he wronged.

Though only a curiosity today, *The Quaker City* is of historical importance on the basis of its popularity alone. Not only is it a key to the manners and morals of its times, but it is an index to the widespread literary taste (or rather lack of taste) that more sophisticated writers than Lippard were forced to take into account. That such a sensationalistic, spasmodic, and bombastic novel could gain the attention it did must have caused some bewilderment and despair to contemporaries like Poe, Melville, and Hawthorne, who were struggling to refine the public's tastes yet subject to the power of its opinion. However much they disliked Lippard's kind of art, they could not ignore it and at times fell into its traps. In any event, we must not undervalue the role that low-brow popular tastes had in shaping the careers of the acknowledged American masters. We must not forget that Lippard made money from *The Quaker City*, while Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville all struggled to get a fair price for their work.

One of the key differences between the highbrow and lowbrow is implicit in the relationship between Lippard and
Poe. Lippard's teeming imagination drew from a wide variety of sources, but the strongest influence on the novel probably was Poe's. On the surface Poe and Lippard share many similarities, from the use of the grotesque to the fascination with characters of strong will and intelligence like Monsieur Dupin and Ravoni. Although seduction long had been a standard motif in both the English and American novel, Lippard also very likely had in mind when he formulated his purpose for writing The Quaker City Poe's theory that the death of a beautiful woman is the most poetic topic. Lippard's variation of Poe's theory, however--his portrayal of the seduction rather than death of a beautiful woman--reveals the basic difference between the two. While Poe chose his subject because it best fit the aesthetic ideal he had in mind, Lippard chose his because it could be the supreme focus, in white Protestant America, for all kinds of moral and political satire and utopian vision. Thus, although Lippard idolized Poe, he either did not understand him, chose not to follow him, or did a crude job of imitating him. In any event, it is easy to see why Poe is still read and Lippard forgotten. While both had a great popular following in their own time, Poe survives because he had genuine literary aspirations and was able to raise his art above the narrow demands of didacticism. Lippard could survive only as long as he could appeal to people who shared one or more of his myths.
To be sure, Lippard had "a finger forever on the pulse of his public;" and that he was too sensitive to the public's throbbings helps account for his deserved literary oblivion. Yet in the pages of The Quaker City itself he condemned "trashy novels" and "mere romance," wanting his own work to be the harbinger of an American literary Renaissance. He too was tired of the "scribbling women" of the 'forties, and his attacks on the ladies' books and effeminate critics were pleas for a more "masculine" literature, a national literature geared toward reconsidering "forbidden knowledge," inspiring awe, and effecting social reform rather than one doting on the sentimental love-effusions of the parlour. As a result, traditional genres are confounded in The Quaker City. The novel of seduction becomes crossed with the Gothic and with a type which emerged a half-century later with the naturalists, the city novel of social protest. This crossing of genres no doubt did much to make The Quaker City popular. In addition to its sensationalism, the novel had a broad range of appeal. Philadelphians could read about their own city, and could have their moral and political idealism reinforced or at least stimulated in regard to a number of specific topics; at the same time they could enjoy what promised to be just another scary story or novel of seduction. That Lippard sacrificed, or worked without, any specific aesthetic purpose in order to reach a greater audience is largely responsible for his failure to
effect the literary Renaissance he desired. For all its range of appeal, The Quaker City is artistically incoherent. What Lippard failed to realize was that all the truth in the world will not save a bad novel from oblivion.

The artistic flaws abound from cover to cover. Since the novel was issued in installments, Lippard improvised some episodes to such an extent that he never managed to tie up all loose ends; the result is a hodge-podge plot held together at times only by the loosely woven three strands and moved by artificial devices such as mistaken identity and disguises. Having no sense for the truly dramatic, Lippard was a master of the worst kind of melodrama. He capriciously made use of close calls, breathtaking escapes, chases, and wildly improbably reversals or surprises. He resorted to such devices even on the novel's last page, in which a new baffling character is introduced to stir up our tired interest. Blood, lolling tongues of dead men, and similar images of violence and gore abound. Lippard's dialogue, moreover, is always stilted, his attempts at realistic dialect unsuccessful, and his descriptions almost always exaggerations. His mode of portrayal wavers fortuitously between allegory and what some of his apologists, confusing their agreement with his moral stances with their appraisal of his style, have called "realism." At times capable of a genuinely poetical description, he is more often ludicrous in his use of figures. Witness, for example, this monstrous
(and ungrammatical) simile:

And then between the very fingers convulsively clutching the fatal letter, there fell large and scalding tears, drop by drop, pouring heavily, like the first tokens of a coming thunderbolt, on a summer day. (39)

In a word, only a bare modicum of either logic or artistry is apparent in The Quaker City, a work clearly designed to exhort and inspire its readers to do good while providing them with a thrill a minute.

If for no other reason, The Quaker City deserves to be remembered as the stormy ancestor of Maggie, Sister Carrie, and Studs Lonigan. The offspring are of course significantly different from the ancestor. Unlike these later novels, in which man's life is gloomily portrayed as the helpless plaything of naturalistic forces, The Quaker City reflects the innocent idealism of pre-Civil War America and merely dimly foreshadows the pessimism that was to come.

While Devil-Bug's evil is given a sociological basis that would have pleased the naturalists, Ravoni's New Faith and his Brotherhood would have drawn their skeptical scorn. While the naturalists merely pitied those victimized in their novels and condemned the victimizers, Lippard offered a positive vision reflecting the exuberance and optimism which the Civil War and later wars did much to destroy. Ravoni's was one more utopian scheme generated during a time when the faith that America was the New Eden was still alive. But beneath the surface of the explicit optimism is the ultimate
pessimism of Lippard's vision, a pessimism which had to wait for the naturalists to find full expression. Lippard's portrayal of Ravoni as an enlightened, progressive, and redeeming hero, coupled with his portrayal of him as a stock villain of Gothic romance, shows that good and evil and optimism and pessimism were mixed up in his mind. On the one hand, Ravoni, like Faust, Don Juan, and Ahab, must demonstrate to the world his apartness from its conventions in order to bring it to a new, and better, understanding. He must, like Huck Finn, decide to "go to hell" in order to save the world (if not himself). To put it another way, he must disrupt oppressive conventions by consciously rebelling against and demythologizing them. This rebellion in itself may be positive, redeeming, and optimistic, for it may point the way toward action or knowledge otherwise forbidden by mores and superstitions. But on the other hand, Ravoni wears the clothes of death and in fact dies, victimized by a cruel aberration of nature, Devil-Bug, incapable of sharing his vision. And Lippard, in a footnote, must disown Ravoni before his public. In the end The Quaker City leaves us with a garbled view of the world: we are left with a humanized Christian social gospel whose main foe is the church; with a promise that a common man's democracy will be effected by the superman Ravoni and his twenty-four priests; and with an optimism undermined by the preponderance of evil and gloom in the novel. It is understandable
that Lippard found the character of Devil-Bug—"replete with the grotesque-sublime"—fascinating; Devil-Bug personified the very incoherence he was facing.

II.

The Quaker City created a sensation in Philadelphia. The author's claim that it "has been more attacked, and more read, than any work of American fiction ever published" was perhaps true with respect to novels written before 1845. The novel sold immediately at a record-breaking clip. Thousands of the ten individual bi-monthly pamphlet-form instalments were sold for a few cents apiece, and within six months of the appearance of the first two-thirds of the novel (bound together as a whole) 48,000 copies were bought. When in May of 1845 the whole expanded version appeared, dedicated to Charles Brockden Brown and complete with engravings by Hobart and Darley, the publishers claimed that more than 60,000 copies had been sold in less than one year. Reviews in the local press were generally favorable. In the United States Gazette Lippard was termed a "writer of power" and defended from a "certain concern in Philadelphia, which has always pursued the author of the Legend of the Revolution with unsparing malignity." Other praise came from parties who had a stake in Lippard's success. I. R. Diller wrote a long review in the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier praising the novel as "bold" and as "the first American work which, written with the intention
of illustrating the secrets of life in our large republican cities, has met with the decided approval of the public."¹³

The Saturday Courier, one of the most popular weeklies, also praised Lippard and became the vehicle for his advertisements. This newspaper carried the comments of A. J. H. Duganne, the novelist to whom the first installments of The Quaker City had been dedicated. Duganne, as might be expected, praised Lippard for "a train of true reasoning and deep knowledge of the human heart, that marks the writer to be one of the few who have traced the workings, and the springs of good and evil, in the soul."¹⁴

Lippard's enemies tried either to ignore or attack his success. The Post at first simply dismissed The Quaker City as "a work which we would hesitate to notice in our columns at all,"¹⁵ but later charged Lippard with being "a writer of immoral works." DuSolle, his former boss, called the book "a disgusting mass of filth," and charged Lippard with trying to blackmail prominent Philadelphians.¹⁶ Unconvinced by Lippard's claim that resemblances between fictional characters and real people were purely coincidental, Singleton Mercer was piqued at Lippard's implicit condemnation of his own behavior while a comrade of the man he murdered, and (as we shall see) took pains to discredit Lippard. Other prominent Philadelphians, thinking (perhaps at times guiltily and correctly) that Lippard was caricaturing them, called the book libellous. The novel, we are told, divided
Philadelphia into two camps, with the common laborers and "great body of people" being on Lippard's side.\textsuperscript{17} His life even was threatened, but Lippard ignored the danger and never was harmed.\textsuperscript{18}

Of all the charges made against \textit{The Quaker City} the loudest was that it was "the most immoral work of the age."\textsuperscript{19} To some Philadelphians the novel was as outrageous as \textit{Lady Chatterly's Lover}, \textit{Tropic of Cancer}, and \textit{Candy} have been to some modern readers. However mild they seem today, the liberties Lippard took shocked his readers. Some of his characters swear outright, for example, and at other times he lets his reader fill in blanks. His preoccupation with "swelling bosoms" and the female form, the outlines of which he delighted in tracing, violated the norms of the day. For one of the first times in American literature a female is described as partially naked, as Mabel tries to "cover the round globes of her bosom, with outspread fingers of her fair white hand" (274). And indeed even more lurid is the lengthy and detailed scene in which Lorrimer, attempting to seduce Mary, puts his hand on her naked bosom! Lippard, of course, vehemently denied the charges of obscenity. In a preface to later editions he contends for the purity and honesty of his intentions, claiming that the novel is "desstitute of any idea of sensualism" (2). A clergyman friend, the Reverend Chauncey Burr, also rushed to his rescue:

\begin{quote}
His task is not to write immoral books...but to hold up in the face of the world a picture of what
\end{quote}
life is. If gross and sensual men can see in this picture only the gross characters there, whose fault is that?...No the fault of this book is not laxity of morals. It rather visits the seducer and all transgression with too severe and merciless a punishment. Every page shrieks with unrelenting vengeance against the doer of wrong....

Burr was partially correct about Lippard's conscious intention; an exposé of vice was not to be confused with its championing. Lippard considered himself and presented himself as a reformer of sexual mores. "Shame on the foals of either sex," he proclaimed sermonically, "who read the first love of a stainless woman, with the eyes of Sense" (72). Yet while admonishing readers he also seduced them into enjoying his seduction scenes, and was well aware that such scenes would improve sales. Peeks at forbidden anatomical parts raised many eyebrows, but he no doubt was sincere in believing that the properly mannered reader should condemn rather than indulge in the outrage the author was depicting, should not enjoy details for their own sake but see them as part of the awful reality being condemned. The attacks made on the novel show that Lippard overestimated the degree of confidence his readers had in the purity of his motives. If the bared bosoms themselves did not foster distrust, his manner of describing women did. Sharp only in outline, his frequent descriptions of the female form are so general and suggestive that they easily might entice a reader to fill in details from his own imagination, much as Stern asks his reader to do with his blank page in Tristam Shandy. Thus,
Lippard titillated while teaching; he did both quite consciously and quite enjoyed the titillating, for he had an innocent excuse for doing it. One cannot help being struck by the possibility that Ravoni's fascination with beautiful half-naked women and his religion of refined sensuality are sublimations of Lippard's own sexual fantasies. Such a possibility makes the charges of obscenity understandable, if not justified.

Those who attacked The Quaker City in Philadelphia only helped increase its popularity. Yet before the novel was even finished another series of events helped stir up interest in it. Before only a few of the ten parts of the serialized version had been issued, Ashbell Green, a Deputy Attorney General under Ovid F. Johnson, contracted Francis Coutney Wemyss, the manager of the Chestnut Street Theater, proposing that the novel be dramatized. Within a short time a contract was drawn up, Lippard agreeing to furnish a dramatic version of the novel for performance on November 11, 1844. According to Wemyss, no sooner had the preparations been made and posters displayed than an old and good friend of Wemyss, Judge Conrad, paid him a visit to be assured that he did not figure in the play. Though the Judge won assurances, Singleton Mercer himself could not be calmed. Before its featured Saturday night performance, Mercer defaced a poster at the theater and a crowd gathered, some laughing and others threatening. Mercer applied for two hundred
tickets to give away "for the purpose of a grand row," but
the treasurer (much to the chagrin of Wemyss) refused to
sell more than twenty-five. Threats that the theater would
be sacked and burned were heard, so Wemyss postponed the
performance and gave the play to Green, who read it and
assured him that nothing could reasonably be objected to in
it.

The Saturday postponement insured a full house for
Monday: "The play bills on Sunday," says Wemyss, "were the
magnets of universal attraction" (395). On Sunday after­
noon, however, Wemyss received a note from Mayor McCall,
asking for an interview. Meeting Wemyss "with bland
courtesy," the Mayor called the play libellous, directed him
to see Green, and told him to report back in the morning.
"Well," said Green, "this is a pretty affair--I approved
your [Wemyss''] suggestion--I advised you to try this affair;
and now as a public officer, I may be called upon to try
you for acting it" (395). Wemyss consulted with another
friend and met the Mayor the next morning, offering him the
play to read and proposing that he see it rehearsed. Appeal­
ing to Wemyss "as a good citizen and the father of a family,"
and pleading that no fuel was needed to add to the unrest
of the city, the Mayor declined to read the play. In truth,
Philadelphia's affairs were explosive. Elections were tak­
ing place, and the May and July Anti-Catholic riots were
still in the news, five alleged rioters going on trial for
murder on the very day the play was to be first performed.22 As a last resort, the Mayor refused to grant Wemyss police protection should the show go on, and eventually, under the pressure from the theater's board of trustees, Wemyss gave in.

The daily newspapers, however, announced that the play would go on. On the night of the Monday performance, Wemyss was faced with the problem of preventing a row because the play was not being performed. "An excited populace," he tells us, "filled the whole square from Sixth to Seventh Street; all the police of the city could scarcely keep order" (396). Lippard was present "wrapped in an ample cloak, and carrying a sword-cane to repel assaults. He moved freely among the mob, without much care whether he was seen or not."23 Threats again were made and play-bills torn down, but only when Lippard announced that he did not wish the performance to go on and that different plays would be substituted did the crowd finally disperse.

That the drama was not played disappointed Lippard, and Wemyss even more. He was to play the leading role as Lorrimer, and the play, he thought, "was really a good one; once heard, it would have secured a run. Had its satire been aimed at the low and vulgar, it would not have been assailed, but it struck at governors, judges, members of Congress, editors, as well as thieves and murderers" (398). Furthermore, although he received a promise from the Mayor
that a public statement exonerating the managers from blame would be made, Wemyss was assailed for obscenity, especially in the *Spirit of the Times*. The loss of approximately seven hundred dollars over two weeks also incensed Wemyss, but not more than the fact that the play was condemned as libellous and obscene without ever having been read or seen. A different version, part of which supposedly was written by Lippard, later was played in January of 1845 at the Chatham Garden Theater in New York, but Wemyss "could not recognize a line" of the original in this "mass of filth and obscenity" (398).

The abortive attempt to dramatize the novel made Lippard famous almost overnight, even before the final version of the novel had been written. Readers awaited each new installment, and Lippard caught the eye of George B. Zieber, a successful Philadelphia publisher relatively new in the business and always on the lookout for new potential best-sellers. In March of 1843 Zieber and Lippard agreed to terms for the completed novel's publication, and in May the first copies appeared. After Zieber published the novel Lippard made one more public appearance in an attempt to clear himself of the charges critics had made. Having become acquainted with the Reverend Burr, unconventional and popular pastor of the Second Universalist Church in Philadelphia, Lippard was offered the use of the church for a public explanation. According to the Philadelphia *Daily*
Keystone, he delivered an impassioned lecture in which he presented a history of the novel and asked his listeners to judge him. "This brief history," noted the paper, "was received with the most unqualified approbation, by one of the largest and most respectable audiences ever assembled in Callowhil Street Church." If the lecture satisfied Lippard's listeners in regard to the novel, it also showed that what he lacked as a novelist he could make up on the podium.

The success of The Quaker City was not confined to Philadelphia. The Saturday Courier reprinted reviews from newspapers as far away as Boston, and eventually the novel went abroad. Through the efforts of Zieber, who was a periodical agent as well as a publisher, it received a good distribution in England, and in 1848 was pirated by a London publisher who called the work Dora Livingstone, Adulteress of the Quaker City. In England it again stimulated mixed reactions. In the New Monthly Magazine it was praised as a "work of remarkable power," "one of the most remarkable that has emanated from the new world." But according to a reviewer from the Athenaeum, the novel "rakes all the filth it can from the common sewers of society to stimulate the morbid appetite of jaded curiosity, or some worse purpose. The scavenger's Lippard's] trade may be useful, but we don't like his company." In 1847 V. F. Gerstaker of Liepsic, Germany, translated and pirated the work, claiming
authorship, his translation going through three editions in as many months.29

The novel, then, was a great popular success. It was one of the first American novels to appear serially in pamphlets, and one of the few to bring financial success to its author. Within five years after its first publication, it reached its twenty-seventh edition, with one to four thousand copies printed for each edition. It broke all records for sales until the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin in 1852 and was said to be selling more than 30,000 copies per year even after Lippard's death.30 Today, however, the phrase "Quaker City" reminds us not of the ironic title of the novel but of the city that in 1845 began referring to itself by that name. Attempts to make the novel popular again failed in 1864, 1876, and 1900, and the novel that at one time aroused the conscience and ire of a great city is only found nowadays collecting dust on the shelves of a very few bookstores and libraries.

The success of The Quaker City solidified Lippard's position as a novelist. Though a great bulk of writing was yet to be done in the few years of life remaining him, he wrote very little that is essentially new. By 1845 he had come of age. He had come to the Great City and had become disillusioned (interestingly, in twentieth century fiction it is often a female who goes to the Great City for disillusioning). The remainder of his life was to be an attempt
to combat the dark forces of experience.
CHAPTER VI

ROMANCER OF THE REVOLUTION

No land under the blue heavens is more invested
with the poetry of tradition, now dark, now beau­
tiful, now terrible, and now sublime, than is our
own magnificent land of the new world. America no
antiquities—no legends—no traditions? Not a hill­
side in the land, but has witnessed some terrible
scene of midnight slaughter—no a lonely dell but
has been soddened by American blood, poured forth
by hireling swords—not a tree, ancient and time
honored, but has looked forth upon the scenes of
battle—not a speck of dust blown along the wayside
by the summer wind, but has once throbbed with life
within the heart of some humble patriot, or yeoman
soldier.

—George Lippard, Blanche of Brandywine

I.

In August of 1844, before the first installment of
The Quaker City appeared, Lippard wrote the following letter
to Robert Morris, the well-known Philadelphia poet and es­
sayist:

Philadelphia August 3rd 1844

My Dear Sir—

As I know your feelings are favorable to the
cause of a distinct and individual National Litera­
ture, I am induced to submit to you, these outlines
of a Magazine which I intend to establish, trusting
that they may be favored with your approbation.

It will be semi-monthly; will contain 48 pages
per number, making 96 pages per month; will be il­
ustrated with effective wood engravings and will
be mainly devoted to American Historical Romance.
I will publish in every two numbers, an Original

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Novel, illustrative of some remarkable American Battle-field or some appropriate event of the olden time. Occasionally however an Original Chronicle, descriptive of the Fact, Legend and Tradition, of a celebrated battle or historical event, accompanied by a Map, etc. etc. will replace the Novel.

It will be my earnest endeavor to give to the Magazine, an honest and manly tone of criticism, neither partaking in the character of the unprincipled cut-and-thrust school nor of the undiscriminating-praise school; if I may be allowed thus quaintly to designate the two evils of all our critical journals.

Now I wish to ask you frankly, whether this plan faintly outlined meets with your approbation, and whether you think me capable of executing it in the proper method. In case your feelings are favorable, would you have any objection to give me a letter for publication (with some others which I have obtained from other distinguished literary gentlemen) stating your sentiments, and encouraging the enterprize?

You can do me a great favor in this matter, but I do not will you to do it, at the expense of your own feelings....

The new magazine was to carry a "plain" title—"Lippard's Magazine of American Historical Romance"—because such a title supposedly would give it "an individuality not attainable by such general names as 'American,' 'Lady's,' et cetera." "As my name is accented on the last syllable," Lippard reasoned, "it has the merit of a full and easy pronunciation; and therefore seized with that vague despair, which takes hold of a man, when thinking of a name for a new periodical, I have cut the Gordian knot, and solved all difficulties, by placing the name of the Editor and Proprietor at the head of the Magazine...."1

Apparently, Morris was not impressed by Lippard's plan, but, given the subsequent success of The Quaker City, Morris' lack of interest was perhaps a stroke of luck for
Clearly, the letter suggests that Lippard's first love was Revolutionary romance and that he wanted to build his reputation on the successes of the Brandywine and Germantown accounts written originally for the *Citizen Soldier*. In *The Quaker City* Lippard had toned down considerably his zeal for the glory of the Revolution, only alluding to the war on occasion; but once *The Quaker City* had scored its initial success, he turned again to Revolutionary romance. The mode not only was closest to his heart, but was the most likely to bring him success. In 1845 and 1846 interest in the Revolutionary romance was still very high. Horace Smith's *Arthur Arundale, A Tale of the Revolution* (1845), Arthur Paley's *Tale of the Revolution* (1846), and a new edition of an anthology, *Stories of the American Revolution* (1846) were being given favorable reviews in *Godey's*, while *Graham's* was serializing Sir Henry's *Word, A Tale of the Revolution* (1846) and other Revolutionary tales and sketches. Lippard, of course, was well aware that this mode was a favorite with the public. Thus, from the middle of 1845 until well in 1847, he returned to Revolutionary romance. For Lippard this period was important for two reasons. During this time he considerably extended the scope and meaning of his Revolutionary dream, welding it with religious and social visions that gave it greater coherence and an historical basis. Secondly, his literary and public careers took some turns for the better, as he wrote three
more popular novels, became a writer for a successful Philadelphian weekly, and began a career as a lecturer.

Lippard's success defending *The Quaker City* in the pulpit of Reverend Burr's church initiated a new phase of his career. The William Wirt Institute, founded in honor of the former United States Attorney General, met in one of the lecture rooms of the church, where a number of Philadelphians periodically would assemble to listen. Among the members and guest speakers of the Institute were prominent men. Ovid F. Johnson often spoke, and Poe delivered some lectures, including one (the text of which is lost) on the state of American poetry.² Lippard began his career as a lecturer under the auspices of the Institute and with the full blessing of Reverend Burr.³ On the evening of December 2, 1845, he delivered the first lecture of a series of four—"The Mechanic Hero of Brandywine." His appearance alone was enough to make the event memorable. In his dress he "displayed considerable independence," a style all his own "which did not change with the caprice of fashions." He regularly wore a long blue coat buttoned tight at the waist, a scolloped Byronic collar, and was thought by the ladies to be a "very handsome man."⁴ With his long dark hair, parted from the left and dropping in curls on his shoulders, he must have seemed the very personification of romance. Thomas B. Florence, the popular politician, was especially impressed. Writing for the Philadelphia *Daily
Keystone on the day after the lecture Florence said:

"'This,' we believe, 'is the first time Mr. Lippard has spoken in public. If so, we can say it will not be the last. If originality of ideas and style, with the power of enlisting the feelings and riveting the attention have any claim to notice, he must become a popular lecturer.'"

On each Tuesday evening for the next three weeks Lippard continued his lectures. His next three—entitled "The Bible Legend of the Wissahikon," "Benedict Arnold, His Life, Treason and Death," and "The Bridal Eve"—were well attended. In January of 1846 he began a new series devoted entirely to Revolutionary romance, reworking his earlier battle accounts into lectures and inventing some original stories. Even though Lippard made little money lecturing, his reputation as a speaker spread, thanks, in part, to his dramatic style and to notices from friendly editors. "'The manner of Mr. Lippard is his own,' commented the editor of the Saturday Courier. 'At times he seemed carried away with his subject and feels with painful intensity the horrors of the battle, or the terrors of some dark legend which he describes.'"

As his popularity as a lecturer increased, Lippard received many invitations to speak throughout Pennsylvania from groups of various persuasions. Early in 1846 he spoke in the Julianna Street Church in Philadelphia, home of the city's Millerites, who just recently had postponed again the date of Christ's Second Coming and who became,
ironically, the first audience to hear Lippard's popular lecture on the life and writings of the "atheist" Thomas Paine. During the early months of 1846 he spoke before the Institute of the Revolution in Philadelphia and before audiences in Carlisle, Harrisburg, Reading, and Lancaster. Various small colleges also invited him to speak, Penna College of Gettysburg and Jefferson College of Cannonsburg electing him to their honorary philosophical societies. As his fame spread outside of Pennsylvania, he began to travel widely. The newly-founded Wittenberg College of Springfield, Ohio, made him one of its first visiting lecturers, and he travelled as far as Oxford, Georgia, where he spoke before the Literary Society of Emory College. Within fifteen months he gave some fifty lectures, and was heard by audiences of as many as fifteen-hundred people.

Lippard's success as lecturer and novelist caught the attention of Andrew McMakin, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. In 1839 he and a partner had purchased the Courier and by 1846 McMakin had become sole owner and had built it into the most widely-read weekly in Philadelphia. With a circulation of over 30,000, the Courier employed as contributors some of the most popular writers of the day. William H. Herbert ("Frank Forrester"), Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. E.T. Ellet, Caroline Lee Hentz, Dr. James McHenry, and T.S. Arthur—all popular
writers of Revolutionary, sentimental, or temperance romance—were contributors, as was Walt Whitman, who sent the paper some prose pieces. Especially sympathetic to Revolutionary romance, McMakin liked the historical pictures Lippard had written for the Citizen Soldier and had written laudatory notices of The Quaker City. Since that novel's full-length publication, Lippard had worked for a time on the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Home Magazine, a short-lived weekly (no file of which exists), but when McMakin offered to feature him on the front page of the Courier Lippard accepted.

In December of 1845 Lippard began contributing some inconspicuous pieces to the paper, and in February of 1846 the Courier began promising its readers a "Romance of Carolina" by Lippard. Characteristically, Lippard made a later and dramatic entrance. On July 4th, the first of his Legends of the American Revolution—"Valley Forge"—was published in the Saturday Courier, along with a flattering dedication to McMakin. According to the dedication, the "legends" were selected from the lectures on the Revolution Lippard had been delivering for the past half-year. His purpose was, as he later explained,

not so much to re-write history already compiled, as to fill up old outlines with newly-discovered truths,—in one word, to embody the traditions of the Revolution in a series of Historical Pictures, painted with the pen instead of the pencil. This object, of course, left me free to fill up those pictures of the past with details from my own fancy,
Lippard's legends were not in substance or style very much different from the historical sketches he had written for the *Citizen Soldier*, but the myth about America he was propagating through them became, as we shall see later in this chapter, more complex. Like everything he wrote, the legends show the effects of haste: their style is awkward and uneven and their plots disjointed; no apparent principle of organization lies behind the order of their presentation in the *Saturday Courier*. A friend is reported to have seen Lippard in an emergency dash off a legend three columns long (the normal length) in a couple of hours. Yet not even carelessness could destroy the spell the young writer had over his audience, for before the series was completed in early 1847 its popularity had increased the *Saturday Courier*'s circulation from 30,000 to 70,000. Lippard had scored another success.

Lippard's featured position on the *Saturday Courier* gave him a permanent job and helped establish him as one of the regular troop of fiction writers around Philadelphia. Repeating the pattern he had established while writing for the *Citizen Soldier*, through the *Saturday Courier* he continued to carry on his literary feuds, assailing his enemies and defending himself by quoting excerpts from friendly reviews of his works—tactics that always involved his readers in controversy and kept his name before the public.
However much the *Saturday Courier* benefitted financially from the presence of Lippard's now unmistakable personality, its success was not his primary concern. Appearing regularly in its columns were elaborate advertisements of new novels pouring from his pen. The "writer of books" again was serving notice that he was no mere journeyman journalist.

II.

Two of the three long works Lippard published during the time he was writing for the *Saturday Courier* were Revolutionary romances. He had been working on the first, *Blanche of Brandywine*, for about three years. "It was commenced in that golden time, when Honor is not a Romance, when Truth is not a bubble. The time of illusions--hopes--air-built fancies of the future, the time when the heart is young, and the hand warm." Dedicating *Blanche* to Henry Clay, who recently had lost in his bid for the presidency and after whom Lippard's dead brother had been named, Lippard wrote with two ends in view: to establish that the New World was "invested with the poetry of tradition, now dark, now beautiful, now terrible, and now sublime" (18); and to "correct" historians by proving that the Battle of Brandywine was at best a pyrrhic victory for the British.

Like so many of Lippard's novels, *Blanche of Brandywine* has a tangled plot whose many episodes intrude upon
each other with such abruptness that no major narrative strand seems to exist. As in *The Quaker City*, three major strands do in fact exist, hidden beneath what appears to be a rapid and arbitrary succession of seduction, chase, battle, and escape scenes. Although from the title one would expect only one heroine, three fair damsels—Blanche Walford, Rose Frazier, and Mary Mayland—are equally important in *Blanche of Brandywine*. Correspondingly, attracted to each heroine are various protagonists and antagonists. These are distinguishable from each other in a number of ways, the most important being that the protagonists (Randolph Waldemer, Clarewood Le Clare, and Gottlieb Hoff respectively) fight for the American cause, while the antagonists (Lord George Percy, David Walford, and Gilbert Gates respectively) fight for the British. The seduction-rape motif again generates most of the action, as the corrupt British hotly pursue the pure American virgins throughout the novel, while the American heroes appear in the nick of time to save the maidens in distress. A "curse," "destiny," "doom," or "Fate" determines the outcome of events; the courses of the warring antagonists are prophetically anticipated and eventually work out according to plan, while the reader, until the end, is tantalized into trying to figure out how the author will manipulate his material to fulfill the prophecies. At every turn shrouding events in mystery, providing surprise explanations and reversals, and
introducing new characters and episodes, Lippard loosely interweaves the three main strands of the plot into a rather untidy knot.

Much of the material of Blanche is not new to Lippard. In many respects the novel is but an amplification of the Brandywine account he wrote for the Citizen Soldier. In both works the battle of Brandywine itself is the central episode, and many of the leading and secondary characters are identical. Many legends of the battle mentioned only briefly in the former account are given considerable space in the novel. The legend about Lord Percy, the young Briton in the Battle Day of Brandywine who presaged his own death, is a notable example. In Blanche, Lord Percy is the leading antagonist and foil to Prince Randulph (who, like Prince Arthur in Spenser's Faerie Queene, flits in and out of the narrative at opportune times). Percy's efforts to win the heart of Blanche, his battle against his presentiment of death, and his confrontations with Randulph are central actions in Blanche. When not simply expanding the Battle Day of Brandywine account, Lippard weaves into the narrative of Blanche a number of "legends" surrounding the battle. Some of these legends by themselves had been the subject of his lectures and, in shorter form, of the series written for the Saturday Courier. Garnered primarily from oral tradition--"from the lips of old men, from the dim legends preserved in a thousand homes" (iii)--and freely
embellished by Lippard's fancy, these legends are "not regarded as things of fiction or dreams of fancy by the old denizens of the valley, but as settled historical facts" (48). From these he hoped to spin a "continuous Legend of the Revolution" (iii).

One such legend, a favorite with Lippard's audiences which subsequently has become a well-known part of American folklore, is "The Mechanic Hero of Brandywine." The Hero is Iron-Tom, a blacksmith who returns home one evening to find that his new house has been burned and that his wife Mary and child have been murdered by the British. The dream promised him by the New World is shattered:

...a quiet cottage, a dear home in the wilderness, where a man might toil hard for a whole life, and toil with pleasure, love his wife, and seek no joy but that which shone from her blue eyes, and die at last with childrens' faces around his head. (317)

In a fit of rage he exacts revenge for his losses. At the battle of Brandywine he becomes a savage warrior ignoring his helpless enemies' pleas for mercy. He dies with his wife's name on his lips while emptying his gun at the British. The virtues exhibited by the Mechanic Hero—hard work, peaceful domesticity, and fierce patriotic manliness in time of war—and the ideal he pursued—a happy family life in a quiet cottage close to nature—were part of the vision of the good life many of Lippard's contemporaries shared. Although Lippard undoubtedly was more naive, this vision was not unlike that of Hawthorne or even Melville,
in both of whose works (to use Ishmael's words) "the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fire-side [and] the country" are the only refuges for one acquainted with the heart of darkness. But while Melville and Hawthorne saw the necessity to lower, or at least shift, their "conceit of attainable felicity" to the quiet, happy cottage, Lippard saw the quiet cottage not as a refuge but as a positive ideal—not what one fell back on when disillusioned with "progress" and "perfectibility," but part of an American dream in which plain men's homes are their plain castles.

This vision no doubt stemmed from Lippard's memories of his boyhood in Germantown. In a prayer-like passage from the legend Lippard nostalgically reminisces about his Aunt Mary and the sorrow that had broken his own home:

Mary! Thou mild-faced Mother of Jesus, beaming upon me now, even in the darkness of this midnight gloom, beaming upon me, with those large full eyes, divine as the eyes of a mother, loving as those of a sister, Mary! That name of thine is musical at all times, for it stirs the heart...[and] calls up the forms of loved ones, now dead and gone home, for it speaks of the dim long ago....(320)

Yet except for moments, Lippard could not rest for long in the dim idyllic memory of boyhood happiness in Germantown. Like the Mechanic Hero's, his home had been destroyed and like the Hero he felt compelled to strike back violently to right the world's wrongs. In Blanche of Brandywine there is little serenity, as Lippard continued his attacks on these wrongs. Thus, picking up where the Mechanic Hero left
off, Lippard continued his now familiar attacks on the British and on aristocracy, all the time extolling the glory of the New World. Tories like Gilbert Gates are devils disguised as Quakers, and Britons like Lord Percy are corrupt rakes. The New World makes a quiet cottage, purity, and innocence possible; and the glory of the New World's banner is akin to the glory of nature:

...how fair that banner looks in green woods, how beautiful it breaks on the eye, as toying with gentle breezes, it mingles its stripes with green leaves, and pours its starry rays among forest trees!...Now it gives its stars to the sky, it flings its blood-red stripes, across the heavens, and comes gloriously on.... The Eagle swoops down with one rushing movement of his pinions, he perches upon the banner, and there, scenting the battle, sits with unfolded wings. (184)

To fight under this banner is to fight for the good in nature, for a nature as pure as the one Emerson saw as the organic link between man and God. Just as the American soil must be protected from intruding corrupters, so is "an American maiden never unprotected from insult" (120). Thus much of the novel's action amounts to frustrated attempts by British soldiers or sympathizers—in search, it seems, of redemption through a marriage with innocence—to win the hearts and bodies of pure American ladies. Almost always the ladies' reaction is flight and abject horror: "Kill, kill, but do not dishonor!" cries the jeopardized Mary Mayland (178). In the end, Americans mingle only with Americans, and the closeness to nature is associated with the New World's flag and implicit in the outdoor "natural
[marriage] ceremony" of Randulph and Blanche—a ceremony, as we shall see, that Lippard took quite seriously.

As in Lippard's other battle day accounts, Washington is glorified as the epitome of American manhood. To Lippard Washington was "all feeling, and enthusiasm and all man" (160). In Blanche, however, Lippard carried his comparison of Washington and Jesus farther than ever before. One chapter entitled "His Grace, George, Duke Washington, Viceroy of America" is reminiscent of Devil-Bug's nightmare in The Quaker City. In it Washington, alone on the knoll of Brandywine, is an American man of sorrows in an American Gethsemane. Later, in a scene reminiscent of the devil's temptation of Jesus, the British General Howe offers him a noble title in exchange for American surrender. "This incident was related to me by an old veteran," says Lippard, who also claims to have found "an allusion to a circumstance of this kind" in an old English magazine (Note, 166).

Another recurrent motif—the special coterie or band of men—is found in Blanche. The "Riders of the Santee" are a shadowy band of special soldiers who dash in and out of a number of episodes. These "Riders" Lippard associates with the partisan ranger troop of Captain Lee, who led the charge against the British at Brandywine. Another captain in this troop, Lippard announces with pride, was John Frederick Lippard, his grand-uncle; Enos Diller, a relative of Adam Diller, was a major in the troop. "Both these men
distinguished themselves at the Battle of Brandywine" (Note, 337).

The fiercest fighters of all, however, are a Negro named Ben Sampson and his white dog Devil. From the time he worked in the Police Court as a reporter for the *Spirit of the Times*, Lippard had been noticeably sympathetic to the plight of Negroes, and in *Blanche* for the first time he gave a Negro a major role in one of his romances. Sampson is a "poor niggers—berry poor—hab nuffin' to eat weren't for Massa Mayland—hab nuffin' to wear weren't for Missa Polly" (39). Like Queequeg and in a way Uncas, Sampson had a father who was a prince in his own country, and he has all the heroic traits admired by the white "civilizers" who have enslaved him. Indeed, he is a leader and example of devotion among the American rebels. He lets his own blood as a sign of commitment to the cause, and he is followed in this act and in battle by the whites. A tower of brute strength, he slaughters the British in his way with a long scythe, his only weapon, while his dog laps their blood. Yet despite his heroism, he is "seated a little aside from the group" (35), and he is still called "nigger," "Darkness," or "Charcoal." His black skin is a curse that no action can erase. "D'ye know, Sampson," says one soldier, "I sometimes take you for a speerit, and yer dog for a real devil" (134). When not in battle he is submissive, loyal, obedient, and grateful—a perfectly gentle Uncle Tom.
Lippard's racial consciousness extended beyond the Negro-white dichotomy. Living at a time when anthropology was an armchair occupation, Lippard relied arbitrarily on hearsay, appearances, and speculation to establish what he thought were distinct "racial" differences between peoples of different nations and cultures. In an explanation that brings to mind a variety of simplistic theories of human behavior such as the Medieval concept of body "humors" and Gavin Stevens' "blood" interpretation of Joe Christmas' fate in *Light in August*, Lippard speaks of "glorious French blood" as being instinctively antagonistic to English "blood" (238). Similarly, aristocratic titles based on blood-ties are associated with moral degeneracy. Most surprising is one of the novel's final episodes, where we discover that Randulph, the American Prince Arthur, who we earlier were told had (like Lippard) German and English origins, is in the truest sense a "native" American. Washington asks Randulph, "Do you not belong to the white race? Are you not an American?" To which Randulph proudly replies:

I am an Indian! Yes, I am one of that race whom it has been the policy of your European adventurers, to despoil of their lands, to trample under foot, to kill by nations at a blow! I am an Indian, aye, my fathers dwelt in this land two thousand years ago. I am a king, standing upon my own ground, for here, my fathers reigned among their people, when this European race were but a horde of savages, bending beneath the Roman yolk! If there is a drop of white blood in my veins, I disown and curse it, from this hour! (345)
Significantly, however, Randulph's antagonism does not extend to Washington, whom he admires, or to Blanche, whom he marries. Paradoxically, while severing himself from the "European race" Randulph allies himself to the symbol of the white race's authority, and marries the girl whose very name symbolizes the whiteness he has disowned and cursed. Unlike Cooper, who in Last of the Mohicans prevented blood-mixing by disposing of Magua, Cora and Uncas in the end, Lippard suggests that white American "blood" would benefit from the natural goodness of Indian "blood," but that such a mixing would necessitate the Indian's acceptance of the white man's civilization. Little did he consider that it might necessitate the loss of cultural identity as well.

Alongside his attempts to delineate racial differences, Lippard consciously manipulated the structure of his novel to show that all races constitute one brotherhood of man and that war destroys this brotherhood. This theme is dramatized in the perpetual feuding of the brothers David and Walter Walford, which finally leads to fratricide and infanticide. More important, it is implicit in the surprise revelation that Randulph and Lord Percy, chief protagonist and antagonist, are in truth blood brothers. As primary symbols of the causes and cultures they represent, their confrontation, which leads to Lord Percy's death, seems like a tragic necessity that has followed from aggravated petty differences and has victimized loyal followers on
both sides. One cannot help but sense that Lippard was pulling in opposite directions: that while pleading for the universal brotherhood of man he was emphasizing differences making that brotherhood impossible.

For, as a whole, we find in *Blanche of Brandywine* few moments of peace or harmony. As in almost all Lippard's works, the atmosphere is gloomy and the episodes are fraught with the grotesque. As intense as Lord Percy's heated and frustrated love for Blanche is the overriding presentiment of death he lives with throughout the novel. Blood and Death, two allegorical figures reminiscent of Milton's Sin and Death, appear after scenes of carnage to feed on bodies. Battle is glorified; a song is sung to the "God of Battles"; and the "instinct" for battle is described: "Dark and mysterious are the instincts of man, dark and horrible that instinct of life,... but darker and more dread and most horrible of all, is the instinct of Carnage,...[which] makes [man] mad with joy" (223). Revenge again becomes a dominant motive for action and is elevated into a grand theme, as Gilbert Gates, the Quaker-Tory, systematically murders all those who executed his father and as the Americans themselves raise the battle-cry, "Remember the Dead." Brutal murders and massacres occur frequently and, like Aldarin the Scholar, Gilbert Gates is cruelly executed by dismemberment. Death, moreover, becomes meaningful in connection with love, in that those whose love
desires have been frustrated seek death. Lady Isidore, the betrayed lover of Lord Percy, for example, poisons herself out of love for him, just as Percy seeks unity with Blanche in death. Before they die both have visions of a quiet, secluded retreat in nature—of "a quiet cottage"—and both see death as a climax that relieves their frustrations and finally brings them peace. Finally, no less dark than the carnage and gloom of the novel is our discovery (in the last chapter) that "Fate" is the "Executioner"—that "These [characters] are all instruments of fate....all blindly and unknowingly [being] led forward by their Destiny" (185).

To invoke Fate was not merely a romantic convention drummed up for dramatic effect. The sense that Fate really had the final say in human affairs seriously plagued Lip­pard. Like Hawthorne and Melville he struggled with the free will–determinism question. Curiously, he somehow managed to believe simultaneously in Fate and in the power of strong-willed heroes, without resolving the antithesis on a mat-maker's loom and without coming to terms with the incompatibility between a benign Providence and a dark Necessity. If throughout his works Lippard presented bright dreams of a heroic America led by giant-willed leaders and peopled by self-made men, he also betrayed his fear that men had no control over their actions and histories.

Except for The Quaker City, Blanche of Brandywine became Lippard's most popular novel. In May of 1847
Blanche of Brandywine, adapted into a two act play by Mrs. H. M. Ward, and advertised as "the first domestic drama on the Revolution ever played in this country," was presented in Peale's Museum in Philadelphia. Three years after the novel's first appearance in June of 1846, Godey's was still celebrating it as "one of the best books ever written by this author, and [one] that displays his peculiar genius to the best advantage. It is too well known already to need an encomium, and we can only wish the publisher success with his new edition."

III.

Blanche of Brandywine was obviously a long-pending chore rushed to completion on the heels of The Quaker City's success. The Quaker City had demonstrated to Lippard that a novel dealing with current problems would command attention, especially if the evils being attacked could be identified with particular localities. Although not to the extent he did in The Quaker City, in Blanche Lippard also railed against social evils such as capital punishment, church-burning, and corrupt politicians. And in making two of his three heroines Catholics he hoped to undermine the parochialism of those expecting to see the virtues of Blanche and Rose as reserved only for Protestants.

In September of 1846 Lippard began a new work he hoped would be a sequel to The Quaker City in his fight
against social evils. Issued at first in semi-monthly installments, *The Nazarene: or the Last of the Washingtons* was to be, as its subtitle announced, *A Revelation of Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, in the Year 1844.* The *Nazarene* was dedicated to Stephen Girard, whom Lippard eulogized in the book as a non-swindling banker, friend of labor, and public-minded, non-sectarian "Disciple of Jesus." According to an advertisement in the *Saturday Courier*, the novel was based on "four great facts":

1. The Riots of Philadelphia, which in 1844 planted upon the soil of William Penn the barbarous Religious Wars of Europe. 2. The Girard College...[and] that organized band of plunderers, who for thirteen years, have rioted upon the money of Stephen Girard. 3. The wrongs of the Indian Race, as developed in certain records at Washington, where Personages High in Place are implicated in the grossest frauds upon the children of the red men. 4. The Banking System, a corrupt organization of Capitalists, whose object is—1st. To use the Property of the many for the benefit of the Few; 2nd. To convert the Money of Government (derived from The People) into an instrument of panic, oppression, speculation and bribery. 20

To combat these evils Lippard wanted to illustrate a thesis:

"The immense good which may be accomplished, by a Brotherhood, who [sic], rejecting all sectarian dogmas, take for their rule of action, those great truths of Christ our Savior, on which all sects agree." Such an order, "with its branches scattered in every hamlet and town of our land, would sweep Fanaticism from the American Continent." 21

Whatever urgency the evils Lippard was attacking might have lacked he tried to generate. He assured his readers that he had not been deterred by attempts—real or
imaginary, we cannot know—to stop the novel's publication and take his life. Allegations made in the novel, he claimed, could be supported by "substantial documents now on file at Washington" (v, italics Lippard's), yet "because the Truth in its plain shape cannot be borne in this polite age," he was "forced to veil certain Facts [that] cannot be told, unless linked with the charm of Fiction" (vii, italics Lippard's). Thus instead of writing a political tract, he wrote a romance "which shall be read" (v). The plot of the romance he admitted would be "strange, extraordinary, thrilling," and at variance with "rules of critics" (vii). "The very nature of my subject demands that the plot should be original, that it should vary in every respect, from anything of this kind ever attempted in America" (vii).

In fact The Nazarene was not much different from some of his other works. Its plot is again complex, sporadic, and episodic, its episodes existing for the sake of dramatizing social and moral issues while thrilling the reader with romantic adventures. While heroes and villains struggle melodramatically, Lippard again attempts to leave the reader in suspense about the outcome of events, or surprises him with a sudden reversal or quirk of fate. A number of scenes are adaptations of scenes appearing in earlier works: an interrupted marriage ceremony, secret meetings of clandestine organizations, and a death-bed scene in the house of a starving family. A number of familiar character types
reappear. In Paul Mount Laurel, whose name is "but a translation of an unpronounceable Indian name" (47), we meet a hero very much like Randulph the Prince. Leon, another hero, is the gentle scholar type, a lover of the Wissahikon and of "a quiet cottage" (89), while "Black Larry" and his coterie remind us of Herbert Tracy and his Black Rangers. Malachi, committed to Calvin Wolfe, the novel's arch-villain, is another Devil-Sug. And again we meet a Mad Doctor (with no other name), a man who is a genius but (in this case) poor, and one "who will make any sacrifice for the sake of science and humanity (75). Most of the women we have met before, from Marie Markham, the beautiful and pure heroine, to Alice, the poor and repentant prostitute reminiscent of Long-Haired Bess. Instead of a Wandering Jew, Lippard introduces a shadowy Wandering Jewess named Herodia, wife of Herod doomed to perpetual life for having John the Baptist executed. Her life story returns us to some of Lippard's favorite haunts in medieval Florence. The element of the grotesque so characteristic of Lippard's romances is somewhat toned down in The Nazarene, but it intrudes in a number of scenes. The action opens in a gloomy cellar where a secret band is holding mysterious rites, and although the pall is lifted after a few chapters, Lippard returns to the grotesque in scenes in which he portrays a band of men swearing an oath while holding a dead woman's pox-ridden hand, or a thirsty threesome alone on
the open sea casting lots to see who will drink another's blood. The seduction motif is also present, as helpless and usually poor females are threatened or exploited by the rich and corrupt.

The "four great facts" and the issues they raised Lippard personified in characters or sets of characters. Calvin Wolfe, banker and church elder, has a name that betrays his fanatic puritanism and greed; he is the novel's leading hypocrite, bigot, seducer, and oppressor of the poor. His foil is Xavier Markham, Catholic ex-"Merchant Prince" ruined by Wolfe. Paul Mount Laurel, Markham's son-in-law-to-be, is the novel's chief hero, defender of the poor and virtuous, while Marie Markham is the damsel in distress, the girl Wolfe lusts after and Paul loves. Yonawaga, an Indian, is a noble savage and spokesman for Indian rights whose antagonists are Mr. Millstone, hopeful candidate for President, and his cohorts General Flynte Skinner and Colonel Sperme Oyle. The plight of the poor is represented by Gerald O'Brien, whose wife dies of smallpox, whose daughter is paid thirteen cents a day for factory work while being pursued by a rich Polish count, and who himself in desperation is driven to robbery in an attempt to alleviate his family's poverty.

Lippard thought that the responsibility for the evils he was attacking belonged to both political parties. Andrew Jackson, who had battled "against all the power of
Bank and Panic combined" (57), was of course one of Lippard's heroes, but so was Henry Clay, who in 1844 had run as a Whig candidate for the presidency. Lippard had no reservations about crossing party lines, especially when indicting those he thought guilty of social evils. Like Flynte Skinner, whose self-incriminating conversation with Millstone is a revealing statement of Lippard's political beliefs, Lippard believed that

The Democrat is the party of the many: the Federal the select coterie of the Few. The one opposes banks, monopolies, privileged bodies in every form; the other holds them to the last gasp. The one trusts blindly in the virtues of the People, and therefore is Republican to the core; the other scorns that People, and therefore favors any system which approaches Monarchy....(94)

Lippard would have liked to consider himself strictly a Democrat, but in his eyes that party had betrayed its original principles. As Skinner says, "the leaders of the old Federal party...are about equally divided among the opposing parties of the present day. The same remark applies to the leaders of the old Jefferson party" (94-5). And the Whig party, according to Lippard, was made up in the main of Democrats, but "ruled by a well-organized band of old Federalists" afraid of the populist leanings of Henry Clay. Thus, with the distinctions between parties blurred, Lippard found little use for either.

If the leaders of both parties were the objects of his attacks in The Nazarene, those who exploited the poor were even more guilty. In Lippard's eyes bankers and
manufacturers were allies in a scheme that perpetuated the evils found in factories:

While the Steam Engine growls his unceasing thunder, here in rooms, filled with an atmosphere as dense and deadly as the blast of an unclosed Charnel, you may see men and women and children bending down over their labor, which begins with the sun, and ceases not when the night comes on. But such men, such women, such children! The women with their pale faces, reddened by an unhealthy glow on either cheek, while their heavy eyes with swollen lids, look like the eyes of dead people, roused from their graves by some unearthly spell; the men with contracted forms, shrunken limbs and faces, stamped by the iron hoofs of Want; the children, dwarfed, stunted and hollow-eyed, with no smile upon their white lips, no hope in their leaden glance. This is a factory. This place crowded by miserable forms, swarming to their labor in rooms rendered loathsome by foul air, and filled with floating particles of cotton, that seize upon the lungs and bite them into rottenness, is a Slave-House. These men, these women, yes, these children, are only called so, by a stretch of courtesy. Their real name which they all bear, written alike in fearful characters upon the brow of man and woman and child, is—SLAVE. (16?)

From the sweat and toil of the many the few not only get rich but impose a legal form of economic slavery on the poor:

'We are the Manufacturers. Come, come we say, come and toil for us, from daybreak until dark, and after dark. Every year, from the sweat and blood which you expend in our Factory, we will coin our thousands, yes, our tens of thousands of bright, round, solid, beautiful dollars. We do not force you to work. Oh, no. This is a free country. But if you do not work for us, and work for a pittance, which would not feed the Dog which is kennelled in our factory-yard, why, God help you, this is a free country, and you must starve!' (167)

And from this attitude arose the spectacle of the tenement in which the O'Briens live:

On either side extended a long prospect of miserable tenements, whose toppling doors and window frames,
battered fronts, sashes stuffed with rags or straw, and roofs bending toward the sidewalk, almost within your reach, presented the details of a picture of utter misery and degradation. From these miserable huts, on a summer day, you might see crawl forth into the sun, a swarm of uncouth shapes—not the forms of human beings, for they were one mass of rags and sores, pollution and disease. Creeping from the damp cellars, crawling from the narrow doors, staggering forth from the dens where maddening drugs were sold, these creatures would lay their loathsome shapes in the sunlight, along the curb, or over the sidewalk, clustering together in groups of wretchedness and squalor. White and black, young and old, man and woman, were mingled in the hideous prospect....Like innumerable multitudes of grave worms, feeding on the corruption in which they are born, these shapes of misery wound along the dark alley, mingling together, until looking along the prospect of wretchedness you beheld nothing but a far spreading vista of rags and sores, blindness and misery, lameness, disease, starvation and crime. (138-139)

To Lippard the Philadelphia riots of 1844 had primarily political and economic roots. In reporting the riots he became convinced that a secret organization dedicated to the destruction of the temporal power of Roman Catholicism was at work, and in fact such an organization was being founded, its members becoming known as Know-Nothings. In The Nazarene the Know-Nothings' organization is called the "L.P.O." and its head is Calvin Wolfe, who, out of fear that a strong Irish vote is a threat to his banking interests, wants to keep "foreigners" (specifically Irish Catholics) from gaining naturalization. Rather than champion the Irish, however, Lippard attacked all fanaticism and sectarianism. To the elders of the "Holy Protestant League" which assembles to "uphold the Bible in schools"
and undercut Catholic influence, Lippard gives the auspicious names MacHowl, Bomb, MacFist, and Blowhard; only a Wesleyan and Quaker are sensible enough to bolt the meeting after hearing the League's aims. Wolfe, also president of this organization, is portrayed as crazed by a self-righteous conviction of his divine "election," a conviction he uses to justify all his hypocrisies. The Catholics do not escape their share of guilt; they too band together for a conspiratorial religious war of retribution against the Protestants which Lippard condemns as fanatical.

One of Lippard's severest indictments deals with a topic introduced for the first time in the last chapters of *Blanche of Brandywine*. "For years past," he had written there, "it has been the cant of Politicians--'The Indians cannot be civilized. They cannot ever become an Enlightened People. They must be driven away before the march of civilization, crushed to powder, beneath the feet of the white race'" (120, italics Lippard's). In *The Nazarene* Lippard introduces his version of Cooper's Uncas--Yonawaga, "Last of the Yonawaga race" (102). Yonawaga has two missions: first, to expose the way Skinner, Oyle, and Millstone have defrauded his tribe of public funds; second, to find his lost sister, who has been victimized by a white seducer. To plead his cause, Yonawaga, a statuesque, intelligent, and fearless figure, appears in Washington bearing a document signed by Andrew Jackson which proves that his
tribe has been defrauded by corrupt white politicians. Yonawaga also appears as an ally of Paul Mount Laurel in holy way against tyranny and injustice. He is a symbol of the natural, primitive nobility being undermined by corrupt politicians and ugly cities.

Lippard's championing of Indian causes plays a prominent role in the novel and is related to his championing of the poor in cities. Yet however sincere his desire to preserve the dignity of Indians Lippard had a rather pedestrian solution to their problems. While hoping to avoid having the Indians "crushed to powder" he expected in effect a subordination of the Indian race to white culture. His hero Yonawaga is "an Indian, but he [is] a white man in his feelings after all!" (144) Kneeling on the death-mounds of his defeated people, Yonawaga swears by the "Great Spirit" his fathers worshipped, but also by 'his Son—that JESUS, who died for me—even the red man—in a far land, eighteen centuries ago, to re-create the INDIAN PEOPLE! To save them from the bayonet and the fire-water—to combine a thousand scattered tribes in one nation—to rear the altar of that nation's rights, beneath the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, where the dregs of a corrupt civilization could not come—to unclose to the rude red man the knowledge of the white race—in a word, I swore to take the wild Indian, with his great impulses, his savage energy, and direct those impulses with the Revelation of Jesus, and shape that energy with the arts and sciences of the white man!' (108)

Thus, if Lippard hoped on the one hand that the Indian race would revitalize American culture and return to it some of the goodness and energy of nature it seemed to be steadily
losing, on the other hand he trusted more fully in the religion and arts and sciences of the white man. He was a decade ahead of Melville in lamenting the existence of Colonel Murdocks, yet his solution to the Indian problem was as ethnocentric and as fraught with unbending missionaryism as Endicott's. Tragically, Lippard's American dream harbored the seeds of its own destruction.

Of the "four great facts" with which he began, Lippard failed to develop only the one dealing with Girard College and the "plunderers" of its funds. The reason is that after five paper-wrapped parts were issued, for no apparent reason the novel was abandoned. No doubt more discussion of Girard College was to follow, along with, if we are to believe the novel's subtitle, more "revelations" of events occurring in New York and Washington in 1844. That Lippard intended to develop and perhaps unify the novel around a hero resembling Washington is also a possibility suggested in the subtitle. Only speculation is possible on this point, but Paul Mount Laurel probably was to be the "Last of the Washingtons," for he resembles the bust of Washington adorning the Markham mansion and embodies all the virtues Lippard attributed to his favorite Revolutionary War hero.

In abandoning the novel when he did Lippard also failed to develop his stated thesis. No fewer than seven secret organizations or brotherhoods are mentioned in The Nazarene: the L.P.O. and Holy Protestant League of Calvin
Wolfe, the Catholic league of Gerald O'Brien, Black Larry's gang of devoted followers, the White Brotherhood and Sisterhood referred to by the Wandering Jewess in her account of her travels, and the special coterie briefly mentioned as being organized by Paul Mount Laurel in one of the novel's last episodes. All these secret organizations are preoccupied with rites and regalia and all are devoted to special causes. The L.P.O. is described in fullest detail. Its purpose is "to fight the Anti-Christ of Rome" (28), and its rites are Masonic. Initiates must prove themselves by undergoing an ordeal and must be faithful to the order on pain of death. They are given a ring as a symbol of membership, and their identities are veiled in secrecy, as all faces are hid behind shrouds. However distorted its cause, the L.P.O. obviously fascinated Lippard. It is a perverted form of the non-sectarian and Christian brotherhood he hoped would "sweep Fanaticism from the American Continent."

Clearly, the idea of a secret brotherhood, if in some ways stranger than fiction, was becoming larger than fiction.

If The Nazarene announced the coming of a new brotherhood it also laid the groundwork of its principles and mythic history. Just as Ravoni is a spokesman for many of Lippard's views in The Quaker City, so is Herodia, the Wandering Jewess, in The Nazarene. Through Herodia's account of her two thousand years of wandering Lippard develops a historical myth in which elements of his religious and
social dreams become clear. The "First Era" of Herodia's account centers on Palestine in A.D. 30. Herod is that era's Calvin Wolfe; his doctrine is that

...the RICH must be rulers, the POOR must be slaves! Jehovah and Jupiter alike are the Gods of the Rich; the Priests of both bow down at altars of Gold! The poor--who even heard of their having a--God?...Let Religion flourish, say we, so long as when through various forms she tells the same old story--'King thou art born to trample--slave, thou art born to be trampled!' (244)

A white-bearded priest with a mocking smile objects: "But King, there are those, lately arisen, who doubt this truth."
The common people of Jerusalem, he says, "look for a Deliverer,...for a Messiah, who shall make the poor man...of the workshop and the mine, equal to the proudest King" (244).
The novel ends with the beginning of the "Second Era"; the scenes are Florence and Rome in A.D. 1500, where Herodia obviously has come to preach the gospel of the Deliverer to those tyrannized by the Borgia family.

Although Herodia's full story would have to wait to be told in full in another romance, it is not difficult to see that in The Nazarene Lippard had chosen the Wandering Jewess as a vehicle for a story-theory linking early Christianity with his own times, and that the arch-hero of the novel would again be a composite of the virtues of Jesus of Nazareth and George Washington. His conception of Jesus as a deliverer of the oppressed gave him a starting point and a principle by which to view historical developments. It also allowed him (for a time anyway) to rise above party
politics and appeal to the proletariat of all parties.

The extent of this appeal makes clear that in The Nazarene Lippard's thinking for the first time was taking a socialistic turn, that he was tending to interpret history as a series of class struggles. Much of the literature coming from abroad emphasized the gap between the rich and poor and described the baneful effects of the Industrial Revolution on a huge new class of exploited laborers. Carlyle's popular Past and Present (1843), with its account of the Manchester Insurrection of 1842, analyzed the "condition of England" and inspired a wave of sympathy for the laboring masses. In 1845 Benjamin Disraeli published Sybil: or the Two Nations, and immediately the book and the "two nations theme"—as the gap between the rich and poor came to be called—became known in America. The French reformers Michelet and Eugene Sue also were attacking social and economic inequities, and their works were translated for American readers in the early 1840's. Both within and outside of America, moreover, outright socialists were formulating their doctrines and making their experiments in communal living. Lippard, of course, had never heard of Karl Marx, for in America Das Kapital first appeared in 1867 and The Communist Manifesto not until the 1870's. But by 1846 he had read or heard of Charles Fourier, who hoped to abolish economic competition by instituting voluntary cooperative organizations, and no doubt was aware of the Fourieriest
Sylvania and North American settlements in Pennsylvania and New Jersey respectively. Lippard at this time also spoke knowingly of Louis Blanc, who wanted to organize state-financed national workshops and who invented the slogan later adopted by Marx, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." Moreover, Lippard hardly could have escaped the stir caused by the socialistic Owenites to the west or the controversies inspired by attempts to organize religious communistic settlements like the one at Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

Although many of these socialistic influences were stirring Lippard's imagination when he wrote The Nazarene, his abandonment of the novel when only five of its projected twenty-four numbers had appeared led to a temporary suspension in the development of his socialistic theories. He had promised that a new number would appear without fail every two weeks and had to cope with complaints from people who had paid in advance for the complete work, but matters more important than The Nazarene intervened to keep him from completing the work. Yet Lippard and especially some of his friends and sympathetic critics had high hopes that this novel would be the best he had written. The Philadelphia Enquirer called it his best work and Reverend Burr wrote a glowing tribute to both the work and its author:

From what has already appeared of the 'Nazarene,' and from what I know of the author's plan in the
completion of it, I shall look to that as his greatest work. Already it is freer of the faults of careless impetuous Genius than his previous books. I said faults: it were as well said merits. That wild, heedless, reckless dashing on, seen so often in the works of the freshest highest order of genius, would indeed be a merit to the tame dull perfection of less gifted minds. These faults, as we call them, to their 'smooth round periods,' would be like souls to a pile of dead bodies. It is not worth our while, though, to spend much time in talking of faults in the style of a man of Lippard's genius. What has he to do with style, whose great heart is already a furnace of fire-thoughts, seething and simmering with emotions for which he can find no utterance. Style indeed: that is a thing for pedants, word-mongers, sentence-makers to talk about. In this respect, however, our author is fast getting above all honest criticism. Five years hence, life and health prospering him, it will not be a very safe thing for any scribbler to meddle with his faults of style.23

Five years later his health and life were failing him, the faults of his reckless style were unchanged, and a gentleman from Arkansas wrote to Lippard asking for permission to complete The Nazarene,24 but he was turned down.

IV.

Early in 1847 Lippard was busy working on one of his thickest volumes, Washington and His Generals; or, Legends of the American Revolution.24 Most of his time was spent compiling rather than writing, for this volume is a collection of most of his Revolutionary tales and lectures written before 1847. Since most of the lectures are lost, it is impossible to tell how much of what appeared in the volume was new, but it is clear that in many instances Lippard simply added pages here and there to provide introductions,
frameworks, or transitions among works written years earlier. The various legends, based, he assures us, on "substantial fact or oral tradition" (Note, 76), Lippard rather haphazardly combined into six "Books." If his indifference to narrative coherence and chronology was flagrant, his determination was strong not to leave out some of his only recently published work. Lippard thrust upon his readers episodes—grouped according to no discernible principles of organization—which in the main were repetitions of work that had already done well for him. The volume is interesting, however, in that it is based in part on the lectures he had delivered during 1846 before the William Wirt Institute and the Institute of the Revolution. For it was in these lectures that Lippard had elaborated the social and religious implications of his American dream and attempted to place it in historical perspective.

The first and fourth books in this volume hardly need mentioning. Book the First, "The Battle of Germantown," is essentially an expanded version of The Battle-Day of Germantown. Most of the account is taken verbatim from the earlier work, and the expansions and new episodes are neither atypical nor enlightening. The same may be said for Book the Fourth, "The Battle of Brandywine." This series of episodes is a curious interweaving of sections of the Battle-Day of Brandywine and Blanche of Brandywine, with "The Glory of the Land of Penn," the editorial first written
for the Citizen Soldier, serving as an introduction. With these works we are already familiar, and it is only the carelessness with which the originals are arranged that is striking.

Book the Second, "The Wissahikon," contains much material that had appeared in the Citizen Soldier, in Blanche of Brandywine, and in the as yet unpublished Paul Ardenheim, which Lippard had begun four years earlier. Also included in this Book is one of Lippard's first lectures ("The Bible Legend of the Wissahikon") and the first piece he wrote for the Saturday Courier ("Valley Forge"). Curiously, some of the titles of the legends in this series appear incompatible with the general title of the Book, so in a note Lippard explains what moved him to group them together:

The legends of Valley Forge, King George, the Mansion on the Schuylkill, with others included under the general head of 'Wissahikon,' do not, it is true, relate especially to the soil of this romantic dell, but they are impregnated with the same spirit, which distinguishes her traditions, and illustrate and develop the idea of the previous sketches. I have taken Wissahikon, as the centre of a circle of old-time Romance, whose circumference is described by the storied ground of Paoli, the hills of Valley Forge, the fields of Germantown.---They were written on the banks of the Wissahikon, with her wild scenery before the author's eye, the music of her stream in his ears. (Note, 130)

The "spirit" of the Wissahikon, then, was the factor supposedly unifying the legends in this Book. Sitting in idyllic ease, Lippard associated his own fond memories of childhood with the heroic Revolutionary battles and events he heard from others, and while glorifying the Revolutionary
past he exalted the familiar people and places which had been part of that past.

In Legend IX, "The Graveyard of Germantown," Lippard's personal involvement with the past he hoped to bring to life is evident. The account begins with Lippard brooding melancholically: the old graveyard is "a pleasant spot" to stroll and rest in; here "sisters come to talk quietly with the ghost of sisters," and "I, too sometimes, panting to get free from the city, come here to talk with my sisters--for two of mine are here--with my father--for that clover blooms above his grave" (140). Meeting an old Quaker--"a Disciple of Saint William, the Patron Saint of Pennsylvania" (141)--Lippard hears the old man tell about the Battle of Germantown and hears him confess that he struck a Redcoat down. The Redcoat and other soldiers who fought in the battle share the resting place with Lippard's family. Thus, if the Wissahikon is the center of Lippard's circle of Revolutionary romance, the graveyard was to him the symbol unifying both the past and present and the heroic and humble.

The legends published for the first time in "The Wissahikon" are not unlike his other Revolutionary sketches. The lore Lippard liked to invent or report as local "legend" is matter that historians would dismiss as "old wives tales," yet it is instructive in many ways. Legend III, "The Bible Legend of the Wissahikon," illustrates how fully--and superstitiously--some relied on the Bible as a divinely
inspired encyclopedia magically capable of bailing one out of difficult situations. During the Revolution, says Lip­pard, a Continental named Warner captured a Tory and took him to "a quiet cottage, embosomed among trees," where a young widowed mother and child lived. After discovering that the Tory had killed the widow's husband during the mas­sacre at Paoli, the widow, uncertain whether to avenge her­self or spare the Tory, puts her trust in the Bible. Open­ing it at random, she happens on an Old Testament verse that condemns the Tory, but a second try by her daughter saves him, for she alights on "Love thy Enemies." As the Tory is released, the widow's husband walks in--wounded but alive--and everyone lives happily ever after. Other legends in "The Wissahikon" show that Lippard's fancy worked over­time inventing scenes that he liked to pass off as quasi­historical. In Legend VII ("King George in Westminster Abbey") Lippard--in a dream scene not unlike Devil Bug's nightmare or the "Temptation of Washington" in Blanche--portrays a tormented George III struggling in his sleep with hideous visions of his own guilty deeds. In Legend VIII ("Valley Forge") a heroic American maiden saves Washington from an assassin and takes the knife thrust intended for him, while in Legend VI ("The Hero Woman") another maiden holds off a host of British to save her father. Legend IX, "The Mansion on the Schuylkill," brings together three of Lippard's favorite motifs--a Gothic mansion, an astrologer,
and a "White-Indian," "the last of his race" (139). In the end, the astrologer reveals to the dying owner of the man­sion that the White-Indian is his [the owner's] son, and later we learn that the White-Indian dies saving Anthony Wayne in a battle with the Indians.

The thematic purposes of all these accounts are obvious: to glorify heroic deeds, to debunk British imperialism, to illustrate Pennsylvania's role in the struggle for independence, and to inspire awe by suggesting that supernatural agencies direct human events. In Book Third, "Benedict Arnold," these purposes are related to still another—the "correction" of history. Based in part on Jared Sparks' Life of George Washington (1842), the legends that comprise this Book had been narrated in lectures before the Wirt Institute, and here Lippard the romancer gave way somewhat to Lippard the scholar. Lippard's purpose was to show "the plain history of Benedict Arnold. It is, in one word, a Paradise Lost, brought down to our own times and homes, and told in familiar language of everyday life" (154). Lippard wanted to correct Arnold's historical image by delineating sympathetically the causes and course of his "fall" and by showing that Arnold was not a monstrous figure who as a child (according to some accounts) strewed roads with broken glass, fried frogs alive, and decapitated grasshoppers (155).

The description of Arnold's rise and fall is fraught
with heroic allusions. Marching through the wilderness toward Quebec, Arnold is "the Napoleon of the wilderness" whose courage and military genius are unsurpassed. The black horse he rides in the face of the British cannon is named Lucifer. His fall begins when he returns to civilization, Philadelphia, and, his ambition fired to join the ranks of the "aristocrats" assembled there, Arnold the Patriot is transformed into Arnold the Courtier. The agent of his fall is an Eve--"the Tory daughter of a Tory father" who "combined the witchery of a syren, with the intellect of a genius" (184). It is she who distracts him from the Revolutionary cause and lures him into proud and luxurious ways. Arnold's fall is "The Fall of Lucifer"--great because he once was noble. And in falling he is Samson, who "imagined that his pursuers had put out the eyes of his honor" and therefore hoped to "drag down the temple with him" (196). In the end, he is Cain, "wandering the earth...with the murderer's mark upon his brow" (286). When we last see him he is an outcast living in London and dying destitute with an American flag clutched close to his heart.

That Lippard should come to the defense of this most notorious betrayer of the American cause is not as unusual as it may seem. Lippard's researches taught him that Washington's refusal to promote Arnold humiliated and disappointed the officer, and that charges that Arnold used military goods for private advantage were exaggerated; yet these
discoveries alone were not what attracted Lippard's sympathy to Arnold. In Arnold Lippard saw first a military hero, a leader in battle. In Arnold's rise from druggist to hero Lippard also saw not only a citizen-soldier but a self-made man rising through industry and sheer force of will into the national limelight. Finally, however, Lippard sympathized with Arnold because he was fascinated with his powerful diabolism. Though not a scholar-type, Arnold is like Aldarin and Ravoni, flaunters of the matter-of-fact who dream grand and "forbidden" dreams; and like Ahab he is an "ungodly god-like man" whose rebellious perversity compels admiration. In short, Arnold's betrayal of the American cause suggests again that Lippard's grotesque dream was betraying his brighter ones: that his sympathy for a grand, dark, proud, rebellious hero was incompatible with his vision of a bright, harmonious republic of humble commoners.

Juxtaposed with Arnold are Nathan Hale and Isaac Hayne, both martyrs to the American cause. Scenes from their lives and the scenes of their deaths interrupt the Arnold narrative at various points so that the reader may appreciate their examples. In addition, two other figures fascinated Lippard—John André, the British spy whose capture led to Arnold's undoing, and John Champe, who vainly attempted to capture Arnold for Washington. Lippard's account of André is a long digression which attempts to resolve some of the mysteries surrounding André's history.
Lippard pitied André. In contrast to the martyrs, André is depicted as being hung ingloriously while forces on both sides, including Washington, work for his pardon. Champe is presented as a devotee of Washington, who, like the soldier in Elbert Hubbard's popular pamphlet "A Message to Garcia," unquestioningly (and indeed quite mechanically) carries out any order. His case is another example of the unswerving loyalty that Arnold failed to achieve.

On occasion Lippard also suspended his account of Arnold's betrayal to point out how his contemporaries were "betraying" America by perpetuating English culture. Attacking the "Tory Aristocracy of Philadelphia," Lippard lamented that "There is nothing this aristocracy hates so fervently, as Genius, native to the [American] soil":

It starved and neglected that great original mind, Charles Brockden Brown, and left him to die in his solitary room, while all Europe was ringing with his praise. It never reads an American book, unless highly perfumed...and tricked out in pretty pictures. It takes its history, literature, religion, second-hand from England.... (185)

Since his Citizen Soldier days Lippard had refined his attack on England. Now he distinguished between two kinds of Englishmen:

The England of Byron and Shakspeare and Bulwer, I love from my heart. The Nation of Milton, of Hampden, of Sidney, I hold to form but a portion of that great commonwealth of freedom, in which Jefferson, Henry, and Washington were brothers. But there is an England that I abhor!...It is that England which finds its impersonation in the bloody imbecile George the Third, [who]...set brother against brother, [and flooded] the American Continent with blood.... (283)
Clearly, Lippard was equivocal. His avid patriotism led him to denounce—quasi-xenophobically—all "un-American" activities, yet he did not question Europe's judgment of Brown. Similarly, while calling for a native American culture, he acknowledged his own debt to England's masters. Like many of his contemporaries, Lippard was trying to face the question of how distinct America's culture should be from that of Europe. In later chapters we shall see that despite his insistence on a purely democratic society and culture, Lippard turned to aristocratic principles to attempt to secure them.

In Book the Fifth, "The Fourth of July, 1776," Lippard celebrates the Declaration of Independence as "the Bible of the Rights of Man" (396). This book, typically inchoate, demonstrates that Lippard had found a new hero to celebrate, and that he was becoming increasingly preoccupied with evolving a mythic basis for his American dream. The hero of his mythic history is Thomas Paine, who in Lippard's time perhaps had gained more notoriety for writing *The Age of Reason* than fame for *Common Sense*. If Washington was Lippard's chief American military hero, Paine was his American "Author-Hero." Focusing attention on a few dramatic scenes from Paine's life, Lippard glorified the man as a champion of democracy. Paine's activities during the French Revolution, his subsequent imprisonment in Paris, and his writing of *Common Sense* were to Lippard the great
facts to justify his claim that Paine was the Revolution's literary George Washington.

Lippard's glorification of Paine is in part an attempt to defend him from an unsympathetic biographer—"a vulgar and infamous fellow" attempting to discredit Paine for his religious views. Lippard attacks this "violater of the grave" for discrediting Paine the patriot, but shares his dislike of Paine's religious views. The Age of Reason marks the "darkest hour of [Paine's] life"; it shows "Genius profaned" and Paine "sunk into the very sink of pollution" (440). Paine's great mistake is that he "mistook the cloud which marred the sun for the sun itself; he mistook the abuses of men, the frauds of hypocrites, the lies of fabulists, which have been done and uttered in the name of Christianity, for Christianity itself" (443).

That Lippard should thus qualify his acceptance of Paine shows the extent to which his American dream was at bottom a Christian one. The "Great Truth of the French Revolution" for which Paine strove was "this same principle [for which] Jesus toiled--endured--died": "all men are alike the children of God" (435). Taking us back 1800 years, Lippard in three pages writes a summary of world history showing that until 1776 the world had frustrated Christianity's efforts to realize this principle. The medieval church's "temples" were "pagan," the Reformation was drenched in the blood of persecution, and "enlightened,
liberal, Protestant, Reformed England" is corrupted by workhouses, gibbets, and jails. Jesus is the "redeemer of the Sons of Toil" (406), the king of the democratic heavenly city establishing itself on earth. In later novels Lippard was to develop in greater depth and detail the mythic history whose beginnings he suggested in The Nazarene and whose outlines he traced in "The Fourth of July, 1776." We shall see his attempts to square his idealized dreams of a Christian and democratic America with the grimmer realities he saw about him.

Book Sixth, entitled simply "Romance of the Revolution," is an assortment of sketches and tales which Lippard apparently could not work into his earlier "books." Differing widely in subject matter, the legends in Book Sixth include typical sketches glorifying Revolutionary heroes—Washington crossing the Delaware, Ben Franklin rising from poor printer to ambassador, and Peter Muhlenberg, "the preacher-general," putting on the whole armor of war. Also included are two tales, "A Tradition of Two Worlds" and "The Ninth Hour," both of which are interesting in that they illustrate that the grotesque element had not faded out of Lippard's hopeful tales.

"A Tradition of Two Worlds" is a fascinating story of disappointed love and revenge. Returning home after years of service in the War, an American finds that his betrothed, Alice, has betrayed him and run off with another man. In a
fit of madness, the soldier, Michael, rides to the seashore where he kills his favorite old war-horse and plunges into the ocean. Shortly, he is picked up by a pirate band with whom he signs a Covenant of Blood. At night he has grotesque visions of horror and destruction—dreams of soldiers dying, of cities burning, and of himself, like Prometheus, being chained to a rock and tortured by jackals and vultures. In time, a raid on a French ship leaves him adrift on a raft with the pirate captain and a beautiful woman. The woman is, of course, Alice. An "outcast, wanderer, exile," Michael takes revenge not by violating or killing his betrayers, but by bidding them to live.

This tale is full of implications. Freudians no doubt would make much of Michael's relationship with his horse ("'No one shall ever mount your back but your old master, or'—and a grim smile lighted the young soldier's face—'or, perhaps—Alice!'" [478]), which suggests much about the rise and fall of Michael's sexual expectations. Lippard's conscious intention, however, remains obscure; we sense merely that Michael is to be admired because he is a brave Revolutionary soldier and because he damns his betrayers to life rather than death. Moreover, Michael's grotesque dreams are unexplained. They simply happen. What occasioned them, what connection they have with other events in the story, or even whether they are expressions of guilt or remorse we never learn. They strike us as further
proof that Lippard was compelled to express a grotesque vision without himself understanding its roots.

This grotesque vision is dominant in "The Ninth Hour," a tale which perhaps veils elements of autobiography. George, its hero, is a valiant Revolutionary soldier who on the eve of his marriage volunteers for a dangerous spy mission against the British. Saved at the last minute from death at the hands of the British, George returns to marry his bride Isabel. Yet he does so reluctantly, for in fact he courted his own death, thinking that "on the ninth hour of the ninth day of the ninth year" his death was imminent. What gave rise to this presentiment of death? An old "superstitious" woman's prophecy, delivered after George had been bitten by a mad dog. This prophecy aroused an overwhelming fear, "the fear of being buried alive...of going mad...of dying of a loathsome disease":

This awful fear gradually poisoned my whole existence; it drove me from my books into the army. I began to thirst for death; I sought him in every battle. 'O, how terrible to long for death that cometh not!' For I was always haunted by a fear—not merely the fear of going mad...but the fear of dying a death at once horrible and grotesque—dying like a venomous beast, my form torn by convulsions, my reason crushed, my last breath howling forth a yell of horrible laughter— (507)

At the ninth hour, Isabel's love and a drink of water "fresh and sparkling, from the brook" assuage George's fear and enable him to live happily ever after. We can, of course, only speculate about the extent to which this story describes Lippard's own fears and in the end is perhaps an
exercise in wish-fulfillment on his part. Yet when the story appeared Lippard was considering marriage, and his fear of dying of consumption must have been especially acute at this time in his life. The story, in short, suggests again that his grotesque vision had a psychological basis, a fear of corruption and death which he hoped his brighter dreams would allay.

Like his other works, Washington and His Generals was widely read. Sparks' Life of George Washington had helped elevate Washington into a national super-hero, and many writers were anxious to use him as a literary subject. Godey's response to J. Murphey's Washington, the Model of Character for American Youth, a work issued the same month as Lippard's Washington and His Generals, helps explain why the public was ready to receive Lippard's book: "It [Murphey's book] should be in the hands of every boy who can read. We can place no mere human model before the young of such influence and perfection as that of Washington." Lippard's volume was also given a boost by Reverend Burr, who wrote a lengthy and eloquent "Introductory Essay" testifying to Lippard's genius and ranking him with Carlyle's heroes. "Altogether we take this to be the best book that has been written on this portion of our history," said Burr. At least one significant literary figure—Mark Twain—was affected by Lippard's work. Writing to his brother Orion when he (Twain) was a seventeen-year-old
printer working on the Philadelphia Inquirer, Twain said, "Geo. Lippard in his Legends of Washington and His Generals sic has rendered the Wissahickon sacred in my eyes, and I shall make that trip, as well as one to Germantown, soon."27

One other circumstance helped bring the volume into public view. On May 15, 1847, a month after the publication of Washington and His Generals, Lippard wrote a long letter to the Saturday Courier complaining not only of his critics but of "another thing which it is difficult to bear: To have the labors which have cost you long days and nights of toil, pilfered bodily from your grasp—to be torn to pieces by speculators in books, one of whom filches a page, another a line, a third an idea—this is hard to bear."28 Three years earlier Lippard would have been flattered by plagiarists, but his sudden rise to popularity brought on a sense that he was being exploited rather than honored by them. Because copyright laws were unenforced, many of his stories had been recopied in small country newspapers, and in 1846 he had seen Herbert Tracy "distorted into dramatic form, and played for some twenty or thirty nights, at well-known theatres, in this city and New York, disguised under the titles of 'Battle of Germantown,' and 'The Black Rangers,' without a word of credit to the author of the work."29 A short time after Washington and His Generals' publication was advertised in the March Saturday Courier, another book
bearing the same title was to be published by Joel T. Headley, a New York clergyman. Lippard hurried his book to press, issuing the hastily assembled stories in parts in an effort to upstage Headley. But Headley's book appeared first, and Lippard was incensed to find that the clergyman's account had been heavily colored by some of his legends printed elsewhere. Carefully documenting his charges, Lippard was generous in his indictment of Headley, accusing him only of "a want of due reflection" and "absence of courtesy." When Godey's proclaimed Headley's book "by far the best yet written on this never tiring subject," Lippard was incensed and periodically reminded his readers of the injustice done to him. Thus, by accident or design he had hit upon a way of surrounding his new work with controversy that could not but help its sale.

Lippard's Revolutionary tales were popular for still another reason: ambiguously, and at times deftly, he toed the line between fact and fancy, thus appealing at once to those wanting to have their sense of realism satisfied and to those seeking momentary escape into the world of romance. His reckless manner, or rather his lack of conscious principles of composition, enabled him at sporadic intervals to achieve a variety of effects. Like Melville, he was able to transform elements of history and autobiography into an imaginative experience in which the distinction between fact and fiction was lost to his readers. Like Hawthorne,
he was able to use history to derive moral truths, or to transform it into parable. Like Poe, he associated the "real" (history and autobiography) with the quasi-supernatural, and thus evoked the awe and fear attached to our misunderstanding of the relations between the known and unknown. Thus, somewhere in the countless pages Lippard wrote a variety of readers could find their tastes satisfied or at least their fancies momentarily intrigued. The amateur historian, the moralist, and the reader interested in romance for its own sake could find their respective kinds of instruction and delight.

Lippard’s blending of fact and fiction also illustrates the curious way some products of pure fancy became transformed into "fact." How some enterprising historians went in search of the fictional Lord Percy and his grave has been related in Chapter IV. In a less dramatic manner some products of Lippard’s fancy have crept into respectable histories. Most notable is Lippard’s account of the ringing of the Liberty Bell at the moment the Declaration of Independence was signed. Lippard’s account appeared in Rose of Wissahikon (see following chapter) but is connected to episodes in "The Fourth of July, 1776." Lippard’s obviously fictional account was picked up by Benson J. Lossing, a generally sound historian, and incorporated in outline into his Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution (1850). From there Professor J. F. Jameson allowed it to get into his
Dictionary of United States History, and J. H. Hazelton then quoted it in his "authoritative" work, The Declaration of Independence. Similarly, Washington's being offered a dukedom by General Howe and his prayer while kneeling between the opposing lines at Brandywine are fictions which have come to be accepted as facts not only by school children but by adults entertaining an idealized picture of American history. Such transformations of his "legends" into "facts" Lippard would have welcomed. They are one way nations and heroes are made, and, we might add, undone.

V.

In the period during which Blanche of Brandywine, The Nazarene, and Washington and His Generals were published Lippard considerably solidified his status as a writer. His association with the Saturday Courier gave him a widely circulating outlet for his works and an ally in his battle against the critics. While his romantic histories made him a favorite among the readers of country newspapers and lowbrow novels, his association with the Wirt Institute and lecture podium gave him a scholarly aura that extended the range of his appeal. By the middle of 1847 Lippard was no longer an independent struggling for recognition; he had not merely made a name for himself but had associated himself with an established journal.

At the same time his imagination was deepening and
travelling in new directions. What formerly were only loose associations between his visions of America and of Christianity began to coalesce into a myth having some coherence and continuity. What in earlier works amounted to simple railing against social ills was in some cases giving way to a deeper understanding of their causes. For the first time his writings showed the influence of socialistic theories, and his attention was directed to the plight of the Indians. And the secret brotherhood, a motif which in some form or other had appeared even in his earliest works, more and more was becoming a preoccupation and a historical possibility.

This period in Lippard's life is primarily interesting for the light it throws on his vision of America. Living at a time when America was a huge awkward child experiencing rapid growth, Lippard raised his voice among the loudest of those straining to discipline and give the child a good start in life. Fundamentally, his vision of America pointed backwards to two key points in history—the life of Christ and the American Revolution. His legends of the American Revolution were wandering into the "Jerusalem of [his] soul—That Jerusalem the Altar of the American Past, the Sepulchre of the American Dead." The American myth he was developing saw, as R. W. B. Lewis put it, "life and history as just beginning. It described the world as starting up again under fresh initiative, in a divinely granted second
chance for the human race, after the first chance had been so disastrously fumbled in the darkening Old World." If the time of Christ and 1776 were such beginnings, they were also symbols for the possibility of innocence, for unsoiled new starts showing the viability of deriving good fruit from good efforts and intentions. Lippard's preoccupation with innocence is evident throughout his writings: it is evident in his vision of a quiet cottage "embosomed" in the foliage of a benign nature; in his portrayal of the Indians and Negroes as noble savages cooperating with well-intentioned white nation-builders; in his insistence on female chastity as an inviolable absolute; and in his vision of Europeans as corrupt exploiters undermining the purity of the New World. Moreover, however much Lippard is in the mainstream of nineteenth century American Romanticism, his vision of America clearly owes a huge debt to the Enlightenment doctrines of progress and perfectibility. Innocence connoted perfection, and the promise of innocence the possibility of amelioration. Paine, in announcing to the world through the simple exercise of common sense the apocalyptic truth that all men are created equal, brought this possibility into currency. Christ had announced it long ago and Washington had made it a political possibility; now all that was needed was a strong new voice, a new Messiah, to remind the People again that they could build a heavenly city on earth.
Unfortunately, however, in formulating his vision of America Lippard sentimentally confused innocence with goodness. Looking backwards, he saw what he wanted America to be, but he could not square with his ideal what it in only seventy years had become. Thus his writings are a melange of faith and blight, of promise and unfulfillment, and of frustration born of betrayed naive expectations. The great symbol of American innocence—the Indian—was being pushed off the continent. The common man's Democratic Party was corrupt, and organized religion was torn by dissension and hypocrisy. Economic inequality was a fact of life, and city living necessitated periodic retreats into the country. Grotesque dreams and fears, moreover, haunted the imagination—the fear of going mad, being buried alive, dying from an infectious disease, or seeing even the truest maiden be unfaithful. More than ever a new savior was needed to stop the fall from innocence.

Fumbling innocently and hastily along, Lippard surged forward to be the champion of the people's causes. His faith was stronger than the facts. In the last few pages of Washington and His Generals he is explicit about what his next preoccupation is to be:

Tell us, ye Ages, what mysterious tie connects the history of the red men with the voluptuous children of the South?...Are there no Legends of the Lost Nations of America? As I start back, awed and wondering from the fancies that crowd upon me, there rushes on my sight a vision at once sublime and beautiful. It is the vision of a land washed by
the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, beautiful with vallies of fruit and flowers, grand with its snow-white peak of Orizaba, magnificent with its cities,...among which, sits supreme, the Capitol of Montezuma!...Crowd your wonders of the old world into one panorama, pile Babylon on Palmyra, and crown them both with Rome, and yet you cannot match the luxury, the magnificence, the splendor that dazzles, and the mystery that bewilders, of this strange land. The tamest word in its history is a Romance--the wildest dreams of Romance, hollow and meaningless, compared with its plainest fact. And the name of the vision that breaks upon me is--MEXICO!34

Like thousands of other Americans, Lippard was turning his attention to the south and west, the frontier.
CHAPTER VII

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE AND WAR

The sugar and the cotton plantations of the south, the prairies of the north, the mountains of Pennsylvania, the blue-hills of Kentucky, that dark and bloody ground, the massacre fields of Texas, all sent their men to swell the ranks of the New Crusade. The same Banner that waved over Bunker Hill, and Saratoga and Brandywine, from the Walnut Grove, flashed the light of its stars over Monterey.

—Legends of Mexico

I.

The year 1847 brought the excitement of love and war into Lippard's life. The fair maidens peopling his romances were made flesh in the form of Rose Newman, whom Lippard, now twenty-five, married in the spring of that year. At the same time he involved himself in the controversies surrounding the Mexican War and America's "manifest destiny," and shared the public's rapidly spreading interest in the western frontier. Although the past was no less fascinating than before, Lippard turned to the frontier and the future, fusing his interest in history with the exotic, the primitive, and the faraway, and finding new applications for his socio-political theories. Following the publication of Washington and His Generals in 1847, he published three more short volumes—Rose of Wissahikon, Legends of Mexico, and 'Bel of
Prairie Eden. All three works reflect his attitudes toward love and the state of the nation at war, and describe familiar and tragic paradoxes that a number of conscientious American thinkers were attempting to resolve.

Lippard's marriage was in some ways like a chapter from one of his novels. How long he had known Rose Newman, "the daughter of respectable persons residing in Philadelphia," is uncertain. According to one source, she was not only beautiful but full of "affectionate impulses," "soft sympathy" and "playful wit." When not away from Philadelphia on lecture tours before their marriage, Lippard met with her almost daily, and when apart they carried on a constant correspondance. Their marriage ceremony was in perfect keeping with Lippard's romantic character. At sunset on May 14, 1847, he and Rose met on Highrock, a huge rock overlooking the Wissahikon. There, they were married by Reverend Burr according to an old Indian ceremony. The only witness was Harriet Newell, Lippard's sister.

The wedding ceremony carried Lippard back to one of his favorite boyhood scenes, now made famous by some of his writings; and it dramatized his contempt for conventional religion. But news of the ceremony "did nothing to make Lippard more popular where prejudice against him was already nursed." Since legally the bond was a common-law contract, no notice of the marriage appeared in any Philadelphia newspaper. Even the Saturday Courier, still carrying Lippard's
sketches, was silent about the matter.  

After the marriage Lippard, Rose, and Harriet settled in a house at 965 North Sixth Street in Philadelphia, where he continued his career as journalist and novelist. Appropriately, on the day following the marriage a long and boisterous advertisement appeared in the Saturday Courier, announcing that a special Fourth of July issue would carry a new novel by Lippard, Rose of Wissahikon, A Romance of the Fourth of July, 1776, Embracing the Secret History of the Declaration of Independence. Lippard celebrated his marriage by associating his wife's name with Revolutionary romance. He dedicated his new story to "a name worthy of the purest page that ever kindled a generous emotion in the heart, or raised the soul with words of holy truth—to ****."  

The Rose of Lippard's new tale is described in glowing terms. Her dress is "of the plainest and coarsest material," but she is a "virgin beauty" with a "round and full bosom"; she is "just as the painters have pictured our Mother Mary" (103). Rose of the Wissahikon "knows the world from books alone," for she has lived all her life in isolation.  

The idea of a girl living for 16 years in the solitude of the Wissahikon, her only companion a rough old man, who, with all his rudeness, teaches her those arts which develop genius and soften the life of a woman....Very ridiculous, is it not, my dear lover of the common place, my dear matter of fact? And yet it is very beautiful; yes, even if a fiction, it is worth all your hard-featured stony-eyed Truth! But it is Truth. (105)  

Whether or not this is the truth about Rose Lippard we have
no way of knowing, but it is clear that Lippard had little patience for those whose minds equated fiction with falsehood and romance with unreality. If this picture of Rose was in some measure pure invention, it was intended to do justice to Lippard's concept of the poetic essence of the real Rose. By idealizing the commonness and voluptuousness of the fictional Rose, associating her with the Virgin Mary, and depicting her as an erudite child of nature, Lippard drew a portrait that no doubt conformed to his image of the real Rose.

Like his other Tales, Rose of Wissahikon is "a strange, a stormy history." Fast-moving and disjointed, it is in most respects typical of Lippard's Revolutionary romances. Though it has one main plot strand, many episodes arbitrarily intrude on the narrative, giving the story little organic unity. Lippard's imagination flowed through few new channels. The story's main scene is the Wissahikon, described with Lippard's usual poetic flourishes, and its subject is the Revolutionary struggle. Rose, of course, is the Fair Maiden in Distress hotly pursued by the lecherous Tory Gerald Moynton, whose sister Marion is a foil to Rose. Other major characters in the story are stock types that had appeared in other works by Lippard. Walter Landsdowne (also called Reginald and Arthur at various points—for some unknown reason) is a typical hero—gentle in love and fierce in war; Old Michael, the Hunter, is a "bold backwoodsman"
type borrowed from Cooper—replete with moccasins, buckskin leggings, and fur cap; Bran is another obedient Negro ("Dis nigga nebbow fails to do dat which Massa commands" [99]); Wayaniko, brother of Rose who has been brought up by Indians, is another "White Indian." Included in the cast of characters are the usual number of Founding Fathers—Washington, Franklin, Paine, John Hancock, Jefferson, and Robert Morris.

As is clear from the story's subtitle and date of publication, Lippard wanted concurrently to celebrate his marriage and the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. A love triangle defines one conflict, as Rose and Marion struggle for Walter's love. The larger conflict is the War. Around a few historical facts Lippard drummed up a story about how certain Tory spies (Marion and Gerald Moyneton) wanted to destroy the American cause by spreading dissension among the rebels. In love with Walter, Marion manipulates him into thinking most of the Founding Fathers traitors and into wanting to make Washington King of America. Rose, however, foils Marion's conspiracy and in the process wins Walter. In the end Marion enters Rose's bridal chamber to shoot her, but Michael, Rose's guardian, springs from nowhere to take the bullet instead (we dare not ask what he was doing there in the first place!) The conspiracy is crushed, and in a scene later to become one of Lippard's most popular, the Liberty Bell tolls "doom to Kings."
Lippard apparently wanted to divest this tale of much of the gloom and gore that had characterized his earlier work. The Saturday Courier advertisement announced that this story was "not so much devoted to Battles, [and] scenes of death and slaughter." Instead of gloom Lippard effected happy resolutions and asserted positive values. The marriage of Reginald and Rose is a comic ending signaling the end of frustration. Their marriage takes them away from the "Purple Chamber," lurid and luxurious, to a Cottage Home, "a nice bit of happiness hid away in the woods" (93). The discovery of Wayaniko's identity reunites the sole survivors of an orphaned family, as homestead and family become "holy things, which no law can touch." At the same time, blind obedience and devotion to "duty" are presented as supreme values. In the story's last episode Wayaniko becomes a "Messenger of Freedom" who bursts his horse's heart in a wild one-hundred mile journey to deliver to Washington news of the Declaration of Independence's signing. With this example of perfect manly behavior we have a joyous celebration, as Rose and Reginald stand hand-in-hand alongside the Founding Fathers while the Liberty Bell happily celebrates the birth of a new free Union and new marriage.

In Rose of Wissahikon situations which Lippard formerly might have turned into descriptions of gloom and destruction remain relatively bright. No descriptions of battle occur, and there is only one death, Old Michael's. A vague murder
motif does exist in the story, as we find that Old Michael had murdered some people (perhaps Rose's parents) thirty years earlier, but his death is made to seem like a pleasant piece of poetic justice and redemption. When Wayaniko drops in to witness Michael's death, he, like Lippard, seems tired of the scenes of carnage associated with white society: "I must to my tribe again. Too much blood here!" (122) Lippard conveniently disposes of the spy-murderess Marion by driving her insane, and thus avoids the responsibility of seeing "justice" done to her. To keep the story's tone bright, Lippard even consciously introduces an element of humor, an element conspicuously absent in his recent novels. The scene is Independence Hall, where Rose has just fainted after exposing the Tory conspiracy: "But Franklin caught her in his arms, exclaiming as he gazed upon the young cheek, 'Upon my life, it is a woman.'" "Franklin," says Lippard in a curt paragraph, "was a philosopher" (120).

In a word, Rose of Wissahikon is Lippard's humble epitaphalium to his (in his words) "Rose of the Valley." Typical in most ways except in its lack of a strong grotesque strain, it celebrates symbols central to his American dream—the year of beginning (1776), the Declaration of Independence, the Wissahikon, and the home. No doubt the work brought a blush to the cheek of his new bride.

II.

Lippard's next volume, Legends of Mexico (1847), was a
rhapsody on the romance of war. In the last pages of Washington and His Generals he had announced his desire to turn to Mexico for new subjects, a move he well knew would be consonant with the public's prevailing interests. During 1847 the Mexican War was still being fought both in the field and on the homefront, where there was considerable opposition to American efforts to extend the southwestern boundaries. Yet more and more settlers were moving to the open land west of the Mississippi and south of the Arkansas rivers, and boys from Philadelphia were volunteering for military duty. "At this very hour in the American Union," Lippard wrote, "hearts are palpitating in fearful anxiety, afraid that every moment may bring the news of the utter slaughter of Taylor and his Men."9

While people at home anxiously awaited news of the most recent exploits of generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, writers were busy satisfying the public's interest in the War. Between late 1846 and early 1848 no fewer than four biographies of Taylor were published. In addition, Michel Chevalier's Mexico Before and After the Conquest (1846) had generated interest in Mexico's past, while T. B. Thorpe's Our Army on the Rio Grande (1846), W. S. Henry's Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico (1848), Frank S. Edwards' A Campaign in Mexico (1848), and a History of the War Between the U.S. and Mexico, From the Best Authorities (1848) were keeping readers up to date on more recent
activities. It is clear that when Lippard announced his *Legends of Mexico* for sale in August of 1847 he again had his finger on his public's pulse, and was intent on converting a controversial cause into a popular and profitable one.

Lippard was wholeheartedly in favor of the War. His association with the newspapers for which he had written influenced his judgment considerably. As early as 1842 the *Spirit of the Times* had run elaborate front-page advertisements calling for volunteers to help in the skirmishes Texans were having with Mexicans. Similarly, Lippard's *Citizen Soldier* had attacked Santa Anna in editorials, and had used Mexico as one of its chief excuses for demanding more military preparedness. On May 15, 1847, next to an elaborate advertisement of *Rose of Wissahikon* in the *Saturday Courier* appeared the announcement (in bold type) of "Another Glorious Victory," with the comment that "we received the gratifying particulars of another battle,—the more gratifying, however, because we hope it will be conducive in expediting the preliminaries of an honorable peace."^10

While hoping for an eventual "honorable peace," Lippard nevertheless could think of a number of reasons for pressing the war vigorously. This "Crusade of the Nineteenth Century," he wrote, was necessary, first "because the Alamo still cried out for vengeance" (13). Secondly, it was necessary "because the American People, having borne for a series of years, the insults and outrages of Mexican Military
despots, and seen their brothers in Texas, butchered like dogs, at last resolved, to bear insult and outrage no longer" (14). These "hordes of military chieftains, trained to kill from childhood, and eager to kill, for so much pay" had destroyed "the homes of that virgin soil," butchered men and dishonored women (13). The "knifed and bearded Ranchero" waits until a fort is taken so "that he may cut throats, and feel hot blood spouting over his hands"; the Rancheros "cut a throat to give them appetite, and inflict a stab in the back from mere exuberance of animal spirits" (21-22). In a word, the War was necessary because in Lippard's eyes the Mexicans were evil monsters. Their tricolor represents Superstition, Ignorance, and Crime.

Behind this rant was a more sublime motive—manifest destiny. Lippard shared the beliefs of his exuberant fellow Philadelphian William Gilpin, who in 1846 said that the "untransacted destiny of the American people" was "to subdue the continent—...to agitate the herculean masses—...to teach old nations a new civilization—...to confirm the destiny of the human race." To Lippard the "deeper reason" for the War—the "Crusade of a civilized People, against a semi-barbarous horde of slaves"—was based on "the serene and awful current of Divine Truth".

Do you ask the explanation of this mystery? Search the history of the North American People, behold them forsake the shores of Europe, and dare the unknown dangers of the distant wilderness, not for the lust of gold or power, but for the sake of a Religion, a Home.
An Exodus like this—the going forth of the oppressed of all nations to a new world—the angels never saw before. All parts of Europe, sent their heart-wounded, their down-trodden thousands to the wilds of North America.

The German and the Frenchman, the Swede and the Irishman, the Scot and the Englishman, met in the wild, and grouped around one altar—Sacred to the majesty of God and the rights of man. From this strangely mingled band of wanderers, a new People sprung into birth.

A vigorous People, rugged as the rocks of the wilderness which sheltered them, free as the forest which gave them shade, bold as the red Indian who forced them to purchase every inch of ground, with the blood of human hearts. To this hardy People—this people created from the pilgrims and wanderers of all nations—this People nursed into full vigor, by long and bloody Indian wars and hardened into iron, by the longest and bloodiest war of all, the Revolution, to this People of Northern America, God Almighty has given the destiny of the entire American Continent.

The handwriting of blood and fire, is upon British America and Southern America.

As the Aztec people, crumbled before the Spaniard, so will the mongrel race, moulded of Indian and Spanish blood, melt into, and be ruled by, the Iron Race of the North.

You cannot deny it. You cannot avoid the solemn truth, which glares you in the face.

God speaks it, from history, from the events now passing around us, from every line of the career of the People, who followed his smile into the desert....

God Almighty has given the destiny of the Continent, into the hands of the free People of the American Union. (15-16)

If Lippard portrayed Mexicans as the kind of villains one might find in melodramatic romances, he saw not Mexico but England as the chief obstacle to the fulfillment of American destiny. His voice was not among the many boasting about "' the generous anglo-saxon blood' triumphing over the 'blood thirsty barbarians of Mexico.'"12 "We are no Anglo-Saxon People," he insisted. "No! All Europe sent its
exiles to our shores....We are the American People. Our lineage is from that God, who bade us go forth, from the old world, and smiled us into an Empire of Men" (16). Despite the settlement of the Oregon Question, Lippard still suspected that England had pernicious designs on America. Since 1844, when he advocated war against England, his Anglophobia had not been calmed. In his eyes England was still "hypocritical and ferocious, at once the fox and the hyena"; she was "that Carthage of Modern History, brutal in her revenge and Satanic in her lust for human flesh" (12-13). To England he openly issued a warning: "the British had better look to Montreal, for the day comes when the Banner of the Stars will crown its towers; they had better look to Quebec, for the hour is not far off, when the tramp of American legions will be heard upon its rock" (53).

It was such imperialistic ambitions that embroiled the nation in controversy. Most of the dissenting views came from the Northeast, the area Lippard long had considered the cultural rival of Pennsylvania. There Emerson beheld "the famous State/ Harrying Mexico/ With rifle and knife" and Thoreau insisted that the citizen had a duty to disobey the law to protest the War. Lippard heaped scorn on such dissenters. If "the pious folks of Puritan land" called a dissenter a "Godlike statesman," Lippard called him a "politician." To the charges that the War was unconstitutional and costly Lippard replied by referring critics
to portraits of Washington and John Hancock. To Lippard, the Mexican War was another Revolutionary War fought against the same enemy, England, and in behalf of the principles of the Founding Fathers. The "Tories" of this War were its critics—the "traitors [who] increase like vipers under a hot sun, though they poison our air, in the Senate and the Press" (16).

Such, then, was the background and ideology which inspired him to write legends of Mexico. The legends at first appeared individually in Scott's Weekly, a Philadelphia newspaper, and then in the Saturday Courier. In August of 1847 Theophilus B. Peterson issued the collected version of the legends, thus becoming Lippard's chief publisher, a role Peterson and his brothers enjoyed even after Lippard's death. Dedicated to Reverend Burr, the work was the first in a projected series of romances dealing with Mexico and the War.

In an introductory chapter entitled "The Crusade of the Nineteenth Century" Lippard presents his views on the War; the remaining chapters describe the battles Taylor fought at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista between May 7, 1846 and February 22, 1847.

Interrupting and interwoven into the battle accounts are a number of typical "legends." At the onset of Chapter III Lippard vaguely defines what a "legend" is:

What mean you by the word Legend? One of those heart-warm stories, which, quivering in rude earnest language from the lips of a spectator of a battle, or the survivor of some event of the olden time, fill
up the cold outlines of history, and clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood, give it eyes and tongue, force it at once to look into our eyes and talk with us!—Something like this, I mean by the word Legend. (26)

Clearly, Lippard hoped that his legends would rival more straightforward—"duller"—historical accounts. History, he said, "should, in narrating the records of an event or age, make us live with the people, fight by them in battle, sit with them at the table, make love, hate, fear and triumph with them" (27). Most histories, moreover, were overly-preoccupied with kings, revolutions, and battles—with spectacular events in the lives of important people. A legend, on the other hand, "is a history in its details and delicate tints, with the bloom and dew yet fresh upon it, history told to us, in the language of passion, of poetry, of home!" (26-27) In a word, to Lippard a "legend" was a personalized snippit of history emphasizing the common; it was shaped by the romancer's fancy, embellished by poetic diction, and elevated by poetic feeling. Lippard (like Hawthorne) believed that one other element was necessary to the legend, the element of truth. A legend was to be governed by a moral which appealed to the "head" while the elements of poetry and fancy appealed to the "heart."

Like so many of his contemporaries who used history as a subject for romances, Lippard was not so much interested in the facts as in the uses of history. The main use of history, the main reason for blending it with fiction, was
that it gave the semblance of substance to the social, political, and moral views the novelist deemed necessary to impress on his readers. Thus, taking historical incidents or figures and imposing on them elements of fiction, in *Legends of Mexico* Lippard drove home the truth that the War was part of God's Divine Plan and therefore good.

Though each of the legends in some way glorifies the Americans or their cause, each also revolves around motifs Lippard had developed in earlier works. As in his Revolutionary tales, the *Legends of Mexico* depict democracy's war against aristocracy. The Americans are plain men in simple garb; the Mexicans are gaudy and luxurious, descendants of the decadent Castilians of Imperial Spain. Seduction-rape also takes place, with the wily Ranchero violating Mexican girls in love (at times) with Americans. Unquestioning obedience is elevated into a supreme virtue by soldiers who blindly dash forward to fulfill orders, often at the expense of their lives. Revenge is a main theme. It motivates American soldiers in battle, and in Legend III, "The Dead Woman of Palo Alto," it drives a dying Mexican to kill his own daughter rather than to let her fall into the hands of an American who loves her. Lippard reserves a few pages for railing against the corrupt "Trickster-Statesman," "Politician," and "Military Chieftan" at home.

His populism is as strong as ever, and so is his local pride. Though at every turn he sought to establish the
heroic nature of the American soldiers and their cause, he was anxious to emphasize the "language of home"—that the glory of the War and its heroes were rooted in the common. General Taylor is the common man's hero. There is a "Providence about the Old Man" (25), but in his shaggy brown coat "you might take him for some substantial Pennsylvania farmer, mounted on a favorite nag" (48). Many of the passages in the Legends of Mexico are dedicated to Pennsylvanians who actually fell in battle. Some paragraphs read like honor rolls of war dead, as Lippard tried to pay tribute to names of soldiers he picked out of Philadelphia newspapers. Among those glorified is Henry Clay II, a plain soldier who just before dying "looked like the old Man" (132).

By using the names of real soldiers, Lippard hoped to give more than a touch of local color and the semblance of historicity to his legends. He wanted to emphasize the popular roots of the War and in so doing elevate the common to the grandeur his imagination associated with "that golden land" of Mexico. While the world wondered, he said,

> the 'PEOPLE' of America rushed to arms, and marched by tens and twenties, by hundreds and thousands, by companies, by legions, by armies, to that golden land, which rose to their vision, rich with the grandeur of past ages. (13)

Lippard associated this "golden land" with the Orient; Mexico was one of the stops along the "passage to India" which a number of enterprising Americans since Columbus had hoped to establish. In Mexico, says Lippard, "the blaze of
oriental magnificence blinds your sight" (23). Lippard's description of Matamoras, "an almost oriental city," suggests in turn that he associated the oriental with the primitive and pagan. In Matamoras lies a "voluptuous form, couched on soft pillows, [who] dreams a sweet wild dream" (28). The Catholic priests remind Lippard of "the horrible [Aztec] religion of old Mexico,...that creed of blood which raised its vast altar in every city, and led its human victim, to the place of the sacrifice" (34). Yet outside the magnificent city where the priests perform their dark rites is "a garden in the wilderness, hemmed in on all sides by the impassable chaparral" (35). Here one finds "pomegranates hidden among large trees," fields of tall corn, and "a wilderness of fig trees, rich with their tempting fruit" (35). Here one also sees beautiful "brown Women, with large lustrous eyes, gathering the rich fruitage of tree and field" (35). With its oriental splendor, dark priests, and pagan naturalness, Mexico was to Lippard at once a symbol of a fascinating and forbidden civilization and of a new Garden of Eden which promised escape from the humdrum realities of Philadelphia. However civilized, it stood for a primitivism much like that which Melville saw on Typee—free and natural, yet frightening.

How could Mexico and the United States be reconciled? If it was America's "destiny" to unite with this fascinating civilization and share the fruits of its gardens, then what
were the terms of union to be? Some of Lippard's legends are instructive on this subject. "The Dead Woman of Palo Alto," for example, revolves around a love affair between a young Virginian and the beautiful daughter of a Mexican general. How deeply divided the two nations are becomes evident when the general kills his own daughter, in an effort to keep her from marrying the Virginian. We find, however, that this daughter was a twin of the Virginian's true mistress, and that in the wake of American victory the Virginian claims his bride. Significantly, the bride readily accepts the offer of marriage, in complete disregard of the fact that her fiance has killed her father and has been cursed by him. While an old priest wails that there is "doom for the Spaniard in the air" and that a "new race from the north" is crushing his people, the marriage of the two "races" goes happily on (47). In Legend VI, "Monterey," another marriage of the races occurs. In this case an American soldier feels guilty because he killed the father of a Mexican family. His way of making amends is to "save" one of the Mexican's daughters ("a young, a beautiful girl, whose voluptuous outline of form, is not altogether hidden in her cumbersome dress" [121]) by taking her home as his wife. On arriving in Philadelphia, the girl is all thanks; "she comes tremulously forward and knelt at [her father-in-law's] feet, and kissed his hand" (121). In both legends, the beautiful Mexican girls are trophies of war who acquiesce
to the "benevolence" of the conquerors who killed their fathers. Both girls are indeed thankful to their conquerors; they are female Mexican "Uncle Toms" or "White-Indians." The legends suggest that Mexico and the United States would be reconciled when Mexico was conquered and its race assimilated, and that to Lippard such a conquest was not an act of imperialism but one of benevolence. The glory and splendor of Mexico—personified in the old priest—is fascinating, but the priest represents the waning of a race that must give way to "civilization"; just as Cooper's Uncas is "the last of the Mohicans," the old priest is "the last priest of Montezuma" (36).

That Lippard's views on Mexico were shared by many Americans is evident from an editorial written in the New York Herald. "We believe," an editor wrote, "it is a part of our destiny to civilize that beautiful country and enable its inhabitants to appreciate some of the many advantages and blessings they enjoy."13 [italics mine] No doubt it was this sentiment, mixed with a vague feeling of guilt, that prompted members of the United States government to offer fifteen million dollars to "purchase" over 500,000 square miles of land already annexed from Mexico.

If Lippard never openly doubted the legitimacy of his political purposes, he was ambivalent toward the carnage he knew was the price America had to pay to work out its destiny. On the one hand, battle is glorified. The heroic
feats of armies and individuals are celebrated, especially those of Taylor, who is always in the midst of battle instead of on the sidelines watching. One brief legend, a flashback, has as its leading figure Napoleon, whom Lippard was beginning to idolize not only for his crusade against Europe's kings but for his military genius. Battle at times is taken lightly. "Not a finer place in the world for a good fight," says Taylor on surveying a battleground (49). Lippard again asserts that battle is rooted in primitive instincts, that it is "natural." "Ah, there is in every heart, the Instinct of Carnages and a scene like this, would make a Saint throw down his cross, and seize a sword" (56). Moreover, the expression of this Instinct of Carnage is sanctioned by God. Lippard sums up the "truth of the matter" in prophetic tones:

From the dark cloud of battle was stretched forth the hand of Almighty God, and even from the shock of carnage, an awful voice spoke out: 'I speak to Man in the thunder storm, I speak to him, in the Plague. Now, I speak to him, in the breath of war, and write my lessons in the blackness of the battle-field.' Is this false? Does not Almighty God, lead the Nations to civilization, through the reeking Golgothas of War? (14)

Indeed, battle is not only holy but armies are beautiful. In passages reminiscent of Whitman's "Cavalry Crossing a Ford," Lippard celebrates the "gorgeous array" of soldiers dressed in brilliant suits and shining armor. "It must be confessed," he says, "that the details are very beautiful" and that "history never recorded a more beautiful
array" (50, 51).

Only "the going forth," however, "is beautiful."

Actual battle is horrible, and Lippard fills the pages of *Legends of Mexico* with many instances testifying to his preoccupation with "infernal beauty" and the grotesque irony of death. Scenes of death and battle are sharply contrasted with scenes of peace and tenderness. In one description of battle a woman with a babe in arms wanders onto the battlefield; she is the principle of mercy and love abandoned when battle begins. Death's ironic disservices to mankind are depicted in the account of a soldier named Blake, who survived a bold ride in front of the whole Mexican army only to be killed when he accidentally dropped one of his own pistols. The horrors of battle are elaborately described, frequently in connection with images of beauty:

You may be sure that it was horrible, this battle of street and square, of roof and cliff, of mountain and gorge. It was a storm—hurled from the mouths of musquets, cannon and mortar, wrapping cliff and dome in its dark pall, and flashing its lightning in the face of Sun, Moon, and Stars, for three days. You may be sure, that the orange groves, mowed down by the cannon's blaze, showered their white blossoms over the faces of the dead. That the San Juan, sparkling in the moon, like silver now, then blushed crimson, as if in shame, for the horrible work that was going on. That nothing but shots, groans, shouts, yells, the sharp crack of the rifle, the deep boom of the cannon, was heard throughout those three days of blood. That in the battle trenches, lay the dead men, American and Mexican, their silent groups swelled every moment by new corpses, looking with glassy eyes into each other's faces. That many a beautiful woman, nestling in her darkened home, was crushed in her white bosom by the cannon ball, or splintered in the
forehead, just above the dark eyes, by the musquet shot. (109)

Although battle is the means by which America must fulfill its destiny, Lippard's doubts whether the means justified the ends at times come to the surface. In the last legend we meet an American "sick of war" who wants to return home. "War in the Home" is proclaimed the greatest of evils, and even a clear warning is issued to the American people:

But have c. care, brave People! The same tide of war, that now sweeps over the vallies, and mounts the pyramids of Mexico, may roll back upon your American land. What Prophet shall dare to read the meaning of yonder portentous future? (14)

Thus Lippard simultaneously expressed a fascination for and a fear of war. While war was the God-sanctioned and necessary means by which the historic mission of America was to be realized, it was an ambiguous monster of beauty and horror. In other words, his attitude toward war reflects again the conflict between his bright and dark visions. The exuberant optimism of his doctrines of manifest destiny was checked by the fear that something "portentous" lay ahead in the future. Armies were beautiful, but battles were not. If in one breath Lippard could write that "the orange groves, mowed down by the cannon's blaze, showered their white blossoms over the faces of the dead," in another he could tell of the beautiful woman "splintered in the forehead...by the musquet shot" (109). While one description promised resurrection, another showed only death. Taylor was a sublime hero, but man was ruled by the Instinct
of Carnage, his feelings of tenderness and mercy abandoned, like the woman with the babe in arms, on the bloody battlefield where "justice" was being done. And even while the glorious work of God and America was pushing forward into Mexico, the same old tricksters and politicians ruled back home.

Despite the turmoil of thought and conscience apparent throughout Legends of Mexico, Lippard took seriously the views he had consciously expressed in them. When the presidential campaign of 1848 began, it became clear that he believed the glowing terms he had used to describe Taylor. Although he had no taste for politics as a trade, he travelled through the greater part of Pennsylvania stumping for Taylor. Rather than lecturing about the campaign issues, he recited legends and "talked of Taylor's bravery, magnanimity, purity, integrity, and ingenuousness in things political. All these he believed," and he did much to carry Pennsylvania for Taylor.

In November Taylor won the election, and Lippard no doubt read the review of Legends of Mexico in Godey's with more good humor than bad. "His Legends of the American Revolution," said the editor, "were very popular." Legends of Mexico was "a very interesting work, in Mr. Lippard's peculiar style. A little inflated, but still very entertaining. Mr. Lippard's writings are more popular with the mass than with the few—certainly not the most unprofitable
III.

Lippard followed his "historical" *Legends of Mexico* with *Bel of Prairie Eden*, a work of almost pure romance. "Here we have a story commencing on the praries of Texas, suddenly dashing away to a desolate rancho in the heart of Mexico, then to Vera Cruz and the vaults of the Sacrificios, and last of all to a Philadelphia theatre!" Like Timothy Dwight, whose *Francis Berrian, or the Mexican Patriot* was about a prairie Dwight had never visited, Lippard felt that he did not have to see the Southwest to write about it. As a result, *Bel of Prairie Eden* is an all-too familiar story atypical of Lippard only in its unfamiliar setting. In his home in Philadelphia he caught the fever the West was spreading in America, and took an imaginary westward journey. Yet, removed as he was from the actual frontier and unable to see the many ways the West was transforming American life, Lippard tried to make it adjust to the pre-established set of values and myths that had developed out of his own local culture and his love affair with the Revolutionary past.

In outline *Bel of Prairie Eden* conforms to familiar patterns prevalent in Lippard's earlier works. Its plot adheres to the hackneyed formula of many of his Revolutionary romances. A family (the Jacob Grywins) develops a prosperous homestead on the edge of the wilderness, only to be
threatened by an oppressive "foreign" power. Not only is the homestead threatened, but so is the virtue of a fair maiden—'Bel Grywin—by an aristocratic rake, Don Antonio Marin, who fights for the other side. Two Grywin sons, John and Harry, fight to preserve the homestead and their sister's virtue, but not before the invaders have ravaged the countryside, killed innocent people, including Jacob Grywin, and abducted 'Bel for the purposes of seduction-rape. John Grywin reacts against these injustices by seeking vengeance. Again, members of two families are involved in the story's action, as John Grywin becomes the "lover" of Don Antonio's sister, Isora. Thus the fates of two races, one the oppressor, the other the oppressed, become co-mingled through love-relationships. Clearly, then, there are not many deviations from the old formula of Revolutionary romance. Substituting Mexicans for British, Lippard was again telling a story of war, of seduction-rape, and of revenge; he was personifying the moral, political, and physical conflicts in two families whose fates were intertwined; and he was embodying his resolution of these conflicts in the outcome of the relationships of the two families.

Many of the characters and motifs embellishing the story also come straight out of Lippard's common stock. John Grywin is a typical Lippard hero, a patriotic warrior-son devoted to righting the world's wrongs, while 'Bel is a raven-haired Blanche of Brandywine. Isora is a dark-lady
type, and her brother Antonio a young and dashing but corrupt aristocrat. "Red" Ewen McGregor is an unredeemed Philadelphia bank director who, having fled to the prairie to escape his crimes, joins up with a pirate band. In one brief chapter we see a statuesque Indian figure pausing to reminisce about his noble past before pushing on further west away from advancing whites; he is another in Lippard's long line of Indians who are the last of their race.

In his imaginary trip westward Lippard took with him some of his heaviest Gothic machinery. Prairie Eden, the name of the elaborate homestead of the Grywin family built on the "virgin soil" abandoned by the Indian, is a Gothic mansion on the prairie; in all its "barbarous luxury," "this huge mansion looked like a baronial fabric of the Middle Ages" (15). It is a tribute to the enterprise, ambition, and hard work of Jacob Grywin, a "self-made man." Ewen McGregor's pirate band is another example of the perverted secret fraternal order, similar to those described in The Nazarene. It holds meetings in a cave and has secret rites and pagan rituals. The grotesque element is also present. The "Old Man of the Prairie" is a shadowy figure who is a "spectre of these horrible solitudes, [and] who comes to the dwellers in the wilderness and tells them of coming evil" (12). Again the grim fruits of violence are described in detail, as is a game of death played by Mexicans who force captured Americans to draw beans from an urn
to see who will live and who die.

Lippard's interruptions of his loosely-knit story occur for familiar purposes. For example, he has some choice words for critics. Those from Boston are "brimming full of cant," those from New York "talking alternately of Progress and Pennies, wanting very much to know--in one breath--when the human race will take passage in the Progressional Steam Car for the Millenium, and how much you will give him for a first-rate puff in his paper" (72). Lippard pities the Philadelphia critic who pities him "for being 'popular with the many rather than the select.'"

That "many," says Lippard, is the "rough, hardy people of the workshop and plough; that 'select' some dozen newspaper and magazine editors...who hate each other most fraternally" (72). When no one else was eager to justify his work, Lippard was quick to come to his own defense.

Appealing to his "kind readers in the country," Lippard also came to his own defense over obscenity, an issue that had been following him since the publication of The Quaker City. Since he had first been accused of obscenity, he had both written many descriptions substantiating the charge and had spent much hot wind denying it. In 'Bel of Prairie Eden Lippard reopened the case against himself. In one passage Isola is described in a manner hardly becoming for the age. Her bosom half-bared and heaving, she whips her robe off to thwart Don Augustin's sword-thrust at
John Grywin, and stands naked before the two men. But an explanation immediately follows:

I paint this woman, with the bared form, and look upon her unveiled loveliness, blooming in such roseate hues, flowing in such waving outlines, as a type of all that is pure in the wide earth, an incarnation of that love which hallows a man's soul, when he thinks of a mother or a sister, a love stainless as the snowflake trembling from the parent cloud, and bathed as it floats in the ray of the sun. (49)

Lippard also paused during a description of a Philadelphia theater scene to plead the honesty of his motives. "On what vision of moral or intellectual beauty is centered those thousand eyes?" he asked indignantly:

A half-naked woman in flesh-colored hose that clings to the skin, a piece of white gauze fluttering from her waist, her arms and bosom bare? A half-naked woman, whirling over the stage, now standing on one limb, while on the other is poised in the air, on a line with her shoulder, now trembling along on tip-toe, as in the ecstasy of lascivious frenzy; now crouching near the footlights, her head bowed until the naked breast is revealed to universal gaze...-- This is the sight which rivets the gaze of the crowded theatre—a woman floating along the stage and trafficking her nakedness for bread. (74)

Clearly, Lippard could tell the dancer from the dance. In both theory and practice he was equivocal about the portrayal of sex. However much he attacked prurience on moral grounds, he was quite obviously fascinated by the thinly-clad female form; and despite his attempts to save his reputation, he was cashing in on his notoriety. If some of the salacious passages in his novels remind us of modern toothpaste and cigarette advertisements, the way he cultivated his notoriety reminds us of publicity-hunting
Hollywood sex-stars.

Lippard, of course, always tied his publicity stunts to nobler purposes. As in all his novels, he made *Bel of Prairie Eden* speak for the poor. Instead of attacking the dancer in the theater, he indicted the rich who occupied the first circle of seats, while those in the third tier "festered with the painted prostitution of the Quaker City" (73). "These half-naked women on the stage," he lamented, "toss in lascivious transport; these painted ones in the third tier, bargain in pollution, while their pure sisters may look on and up, from the Aristocratic circle" (74). Below, in the overflowing pit, stand the "ragged vagabonds of the good Quaker City," and the "hardy sons of toil" (73). One scene in the novel takes us to Laurel Hill, the Philadelphia graveyard whose elegance prompts Lippard to contrast it with his humble "old graveyard" in Germantown. In another passage he portrays Philadelphia slums and attacks missionaries who go abroad and overlook evils at home. Even into his romance of the prairie, then, Lippard introduced his favorite social themes. If in *Bel of Prairie Eden* he took an imaginary westward journey, he returned in the end to the grim realities of city life.

Lippard's resolutions of the novel's conflicts are as familiar as its social messages. As might be expected, Ewen McGregor, the bad-guy bank director, dies after drinking lead. *'Bel, after being sexually violated by Don*
Antonio, also dies, and Don Antonio is killed by John Grywin in an act of vengeance. Of the leading characters, only John and Isola are alive in the end. Curiously, they are married, even though John, in attempting to avenge 'Bel's violation, had raped (or seduced) his wife-to-be. In the novel's last chapter, however, we see that even Isola is doomed to die, "the victim of a rapid and imperceptible decay" vaguely associated with her sexual undoing. Her last words reflect Lippard's antagonism to institutionalized religion: "'Ever since the day when the rite of the church blessed our union I have felt a burning here [over my heart]," she says to John Grywin (87). Such a denouement suggests certain inescapable conclusions. Ewen McGregor's death prevents him from enjoying his ill-gotten wealth; it is simple justice. Don Antonio's death is also simple justice—it is the evil Lippard visits upon those who do evil. 'Bel, like Isola, must die because evil has been done to her and because the evil is of a sexual nature; there is no place in respectable society for violated girls. The denouement also shows the terms upon which the "marriage" of the American and Mexican races will take place. If Don Antonio, representative of Mexico's military power, is killed, his sister Isola becomes the trophy the triumphant American takes home. Don Antonio and 'Bel are also "married" in death; his coffin is brought to America and laid next to 'Bel's. Thus, the two races are united, but not only do
more Mexicans die, they are absorbed by the conquering Americans. 'Bel of Prairie Eden suggests that Lippard would have solved the Mexican problem the same way he would have the Indian and Negro problems America was facing. The ideas of manifest destiny to which he had given expression in Legends of Mexico are implicit in the action of 'Bel of Prairie Eden.

In what ways, then, is 'Bel of Prairie Eden unique? The romance is interesting in that a new religious theme, forgiveness of sins, is given explicit expression. John Grywin's quest for revenge ends in success and remorse. He regrets his violation of Isola and his killing of her father and brother. Just before his death Don Antonio feels remorse for his sins. In the end, John Grywin laments about "too much bloodshed," 'Bel's dying words indicate that forgiveness is paramount, and the word "Remorse" concludes a grim graveyard scene. That Lippard should give such strong expression to this theme is interesting, especially in light of the vengeance he cried out for in Legends of Mexico and the evil-for-evil justice that befalls the villains of 'Bel of Prairie Eden. Certainly he was aware of the Christian injunction against returning evil for evil, and experience taught him that blood begets more blood. But at the same time he knew that the way of nations and of many people was to return evil for evil. So he fell into the common, and perhaps tragic, contradiction: while advocating
forgiveness of sins as a Christian ideal, he espoused justice brought about by warfare if necessary. Clearly, he was attempting to disavow the vengeance motif which had characterized so many of his earlier works, and was in some respects attempting to Christianize a crude sense of justice so long associated with returning evil for evil. Lippard, in short, was having doubts about whether violence was justifiable in bringing about social justice, and these doubts would recur in other contexts.

'Bel of Prairie Eden is also interesting in that Lippard makes some overtures toward developing a religious mythology synthesizing ancient Mexican pagan practices with Roman Catholicism and American Protestantism. His interest in primitive Mexican religion was evident at the end of Washington and His Generals, where he expressed a desire to establish an anthropological continuity between native American religions and white Christian culture. A few passages in 'Bel of Prairie Eden suggest that Lippard was beginning to make some connections. In the beginning, says Lippard, Mexico was ruled by a "God of Blood," a terrifying warlike god who demanded human sacrifices. Coexisting with this god, but not the official god, was the "God of Peace."

This latter god is not of the state, but of nature and home. "This God--only revealed to the Aztec people in the language of external nature, or the voiceless eloquence of the heart--was seen in the blossoms, in the cloudless skies, in
all the tenderness and sanctity that whispers in the syllable Home" (39). He was personified in Quet-zalcoatl, who had been banished by the God of Blood. "After ages of darkness this God was written in the Bible—He shown an image of Time joined to Eternity, in the serene Jesus" (39). Montezuma awaited the return of the God of Peace, but was "doomed" to failure. Then a conquering god came with the Spaniards, "but it was not the good god" (39). At this point Lippard cuts off his mythic history of Mexican religion. We are left to speculate as to whether Lippard thought that the God or gods the conquering Americans brought with them were to usher in the era of the God of Peace, but judging from Legends of Mexico we would suspect so. Clearly, there was nothing unusual in the way Lippard interpreted Mexico's religious history. He associated the God of Blood with the brutal and grotesque—with unknown shadowy practices which frightened and awed him. He associated the God of Peace with the benign and beautiful in nature, and with the heart and home—all metaphors rooted in his childhood on the Wissahikon. That he cut his history short perhaps indicates a deep doubt over whether the conquering Americans were bringing a good or evil God, but that he began it shows that he wanted to develop a coherent religious mythology encompassing different ages and cultures. In the next chapter we shall see how this myth was developed in greater depth and detail.
Bel of Prairie Eden is one of America's first dime novels of the west. Its publication history shows that Lippard was inextricably bound to the populist and lowbrow. Although it was first announced for sale in the Saturday Courier (March 18, 1848), Lippard, attempting to escape from Philadelphia newspapers plagiarizing his works, first ran the romance serially in the weekly Boston paper The Uncle Sam. Advertised as "The Cheapest Paper Published" and as a "Family Newspaper," The Uncle Sam was an appropriate medium for Lippard which promised to spread his reputation outside of Philadelphia. Yet his relations with the managers of The Uncle Sam did not all go smoothly. When he failed to deliver an installment on time, someone on the paper's staff wrote it for him (which one is uncertain), and Lippard promptly cried " Forgery!" Some time after the romance's serializing Hotchkiss and Company of Boston issued a pamphlet edition for twenty-five cents, and in 1870 Bel of Prairie Eden was reprinted as number fifty-eight in DeWitt's Ten Cent Romances series. Thus, it took its place among the many cheap novels romanticizing the West, and had the dubious distinction of being one of the few commodities offered to the American public at a substantially decreased price.

The end of the Mexican War diminished Lippard's preoccupation with the frontier. With the end of the battles in Texas and Mexico Lippard turned his attention again to
the battles at home, which, while growing more intense, were prompting him to rally and organize his forces. In the chapters that follow we shall see his efforts to make his dreams realities.

IV.

The period between the spring of 1847 and the fall of 1848 was a period of promise for Lippard. Despite the displeasure of the "select few," whose attacks he managed to exploit, his romances were still selling well and his reputation spreading. With the Saturday Courier still providing him not only the chance to contribute pieces when he needed money but also an organ for advertising his new romances, his career for the time seemed secure. In his wife Rose he had a permanent companion who could relieve his sense of loneliness and loss. And the war with Mexico, he thought, was finally righting almost two decades of indignities his beloved homeland had to suffer at the hands of foreign renegades. Despite a few doubts perpetually with him, this period impressed upon Lippard that progress on a grand scale was possible. Though still active, his grotesque visions and his sense of social injustice gave way somewhat to an optimistic belief in a grand American dream which he saw as part of God's plan for mankind.

Lippard's belief in progress was predicated on a fusion of nationalistic feeling and religious intuition. To speak of his American dream is to speak of his religious
vision. Not only did he revere the Founding Fathers, but he interpreted their efforts in behalf of American independence as the starting point and foundation of a worldwide Christian enterprise. His belief in manifest destiny is but an extension of a strong conviction that the political principles which triumphed in 1776 were held sacred in heaven by the Christian God. The urge which Americans like Lippard felt compelling them to extend their borders and conquer whole races was interpreted as a kind of *elan vital* breathed into Americans by a pushy but benevolent God anxious to get done with His work of establishing His kingdom on earth. Like Whitman, Lippard in his unsophisticated way had to have a religious mythology justifying the young nation's rather reckless political adventures; he too wanted to "Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables," but unlike the universalistic Whitman he demanded that the myths reduce themselves, finally, to Christian common denominators. Although he stopped short of stating that the conquering Americans were ushering into Mexico the reign of the God of Peace, his justification of the War, like that of any war, rested on the premise that they were. With the zeal of the missionaries whom he criticised for converting foreign savages instead of Philadelphia poor, Lippard was one of the loudest advocates of a new holy war destined, he thought, to win over thousands of willing and thankful converts to the creed of the invaders. Lippard's
motives for his "Crusade of the Nineteenth Century" were as pure as, if not purer than, those behind the Medieval crusades.

Just as his belief in manifest destiny was based on a faith that the westward urge was a manifestation of God's will, so was it based on a faith in the goodness of "nature." The God of Peace was seen in the beauty of nature, not in the magnificent temples where priests conducted their dark rituals in honor of strange, bloody, and unjust gods. The primitivism of the Indians and Mexicans was beautiful, and bespoke a freedom altogether lacking in the East. Both nature itself and "natural" people were good. So sacred a union as marriage was not fit for a magnificent temple; a rock beside a flowing stream was a more appropriate altar. If manifest destiny was a divine urge, then, so was it a natural one. Nothing but the whole continent would satisfy this force, bent, it appeared, on erasing all "artificial" boundaries separating various peoples on the continent. It was only "natural" that the whole continent be American, that man reassert his kinship to nature by making natural barriers define the limits of his political empire. The association of manifest destiny with the benignity of nature again reflects, I think, Lippard's, and perhaps the age's, preoccupation with innocence. In nature man's quest for innocence would find fulfillment. There, away from the maddening crowd, he would find plenty—trees loaded with fruit
and fields waving with wheat. There he could build a home, a Prairie Eden, and regain the Paradise which others had spoiled for him elsewhere. Sitting in his house on Sixth Street in Philadelphia, Lippard was enraptured by this vision. Ahead lay a brighter world, and this promise was implicit in the very geography and potential of the American continent.

Yet this vision of the world ahead clashed markedly with the world that the imagination dragged behind. Lippard's dreams of an American utopia socially harmonious and based on Christian principles were upset by a number of factors. If ahead there lay plenty, behind there lay politicians and rich people. If the natives of "that golden land" were beautiful, they were also members of tragic minority groups heartlessly exploited by the advancing whites and so reduced in numbers that they were the "last" of their races. Some of their morals and practices were in need of civilizing. If, moreover, the goal of manifest destiny was unquestionable, the war waged to achieve that end brought waste and destruction. One could not help but be somewhat confused by this God of Peace who on the one hand urged the Americans to avenge the Alamo in the name of justice and on the other to love and forgive one's enemies. And finally even the nature of "Nature" was open to question. One wanted to believe that it was kind and bountiful, a grand emblem, as Emerson thought, of God Himself. Yet what was
this strange "instinct of carnage" so prevalent in mankind, and why one's fascination with the beauty of armies? What indeed was the "will of God"?

In 1848 Lippard was living with these vague doubts, doubts whose force was diminished by a stronger overriding optimism. The presence of this optimism demonstrates, I think, how intensely the westward movement was felt, even by those who never went west. Lippard caught that strange fever called the "frontier spirit" and helped spread it to others. As the American experience has shown, this spirit was a deeply-rooted restlessness shared by discontented men driven by a strong sense of optimism; it led them to think they could alleviate their discontent by moving from place to place, usually from a place where greater restrictions existed to one where fewer did. Lippard's experience was perhaps in many ways representative. Taking a look at the realities of Philadelphia life, he decided, like Natty Bumppo, that "It's getting crowdy" and that it's time to go West. Vicariously, Lippard made an unsophisticated "passage to India," hoping, like Whitman, to find national fulfillment and answers to "aged fierce enigmas" and "strangling problems." The prairie and the golden land of Mexico represented, in a sense, the same kind of freedom and escape that momentarily seduced Melville into believing Nukuheva a tropical utopia. Yet like Cooper and Melville, Lippard had to face disappointment. The contrast
between the ideal and the real was sharp for him whenever his mind drifted back to Philadelphia and the present. If in *Legends of Mexico* he was the prophet of grand American and Christian dreams, he also showed signs of why he doubted those dreams. In *Bel of Prairie Eden* his imagination repeatedly returned him to the realities of Philadelphia and to doubts that his dream of a new social order could be realized. If in *Rose of Wissahikon* he consciously eschewed the grotesque, in both *Legends* and *Bel* he returned to it. Thus, instead of finding innocence and fulfillment in love and the West, he merely escaped experience for a time. When his honeymoon and the War ended, he returned to wage a tireless, loud, and somewhat more coherent war on experience.
"Go on, then, throwing out thy thoughts like cannonballs. The nineteenth century is a battle-ground, at last, for all good, brave men. And may be, we shall get a bolder, manlier Literature by-and-by."

— C. Chauncey Burr, The Nineteenth Century

"In fact, sir, this year 1848, will be a year in the history of ages, to be remembered side by side with 1776 and 1789. It comes in calmly on the New Year's Day—when it expires, and 1849 takes its place, we shall behold not a world sleeping in bondage, but the People of the world, in arms for their rights."

— George Lippard, The Philadelphia Quaker City

I.

The year 1848 was an unsettling one for the American people. While reports of the discovery of gold prompted many to try their luck in the West, each ship steaming into Boston or New York brought anxiously awaited news about the rumblings of revolution being felt throughout Europe. England had felt them earliest during the Chartist movement and Manchester Insurrection of 1842, and by 1848 discontent was widespread on the Continent. In Paris mobs barricaded themselves against the National Guard, and by March of 1848 they had stormed the French Chamber of Deputies, proclaimed a republic, and set up a provisional government in which
socialists such as Louis Blanc played a prominent role. In the same month Berliners urging a constitutional government clashed with the soldiery, and a few months later the Czechs of Bohemia rose up against their Hapsburg overlords in the hope of creating a grand Pan-Slavic state. As early as March, 1848, Hungarian Magyars headed by Louis Kossuth also rebelled against Austro-German control, while in Italy the struggle for unity gained momentum. These events were too serious and widespread to be ignored in America, but only speculation could settle the question of what all these rebellions meant and where they would lead.

Lippard was eager to speculate. All the rebellions had popular roots, and all were directed against established monarchies. It appeared that if God was shaping American destiny in the West, then certainly the European rebellions promised the dawn of a new democratic era abroad; and that if Europe was ripe for revolution so were the oppressed and poor of America suffering at the hands of the American aristocracy of wealth. With the news from Europe transforming his American dream into a worldwide one, Lippard devoted himself with even greater vigor than before to the causes of the poor and oppressed. What formerly amounted to railing against injustice began to coalesce into a program of action. The year 1848 was another year of great hope and optimism for Lippard, one in which he sought to realize his social, political, and religious dreams by laying a
foundation for a revolution to complement those occurring in Europe.

If confident of his qualifications, Lippard was anxious about the means he could use to be the voice of radical change in America. Early in 1848 he was still working under McMakin on the *Saturday Courier*. It was a comfortable position but not one which he could exploit as freely as he might want for his purposes. His novels had made him popular, but he knew that by themselves they did not constitute an organ through which he could put into action his social gospel. Significant critics, moreover, had made his motives and objectives suspect. "What fame I have acquired," he wrote, "has by no means come from the press of any large city. While the press of the large cities— with the honorable exception of the *Courier*— and one or more kindred journals— has been unswerving in direct opposition, or consistent in neglect— I have found friends, warm friends, among the press and the people of the country."¹ Thus, what Lippard sought was a prestigious organ, one which would make even the big city critics take note of him, and one committed to goals similar to his.

Lippard's ambitions were shared by his friend, Reverend Burr. Born in Maine and educated at Bowdoin College, Burr, after holding a church in Troy, New York, became the minister of Philadelphia's Universalist Church in 1845. In a short time he had made himself one of the city's most
popular preachers. A lecturer, politician, and poet as well, Burr exerted a considerable influence on Lippard. Not only had he married Lippard and introduced him to the lecture podium, but he had become a friend who greatly shaped his thinking. Certainly the two had much in common. Both were champions of the poor and resisted the narrow sectarianism of their Protestant background; and both had espoused radical religious and political views. Burr, whose literary style and ideas suggest that he thought himself America's Thomas Carlyle, also shared Lippard's zeal for social reform.

Thus, related in purpose and temperament, they decided to carry on their crusades together. Burr resigned his pastorate at the end of 1847. After corresponding with Horace Greeley, Carlos D. Stuart, and Anna Lewis (Poe's "Stella"), and after becoming acquainted with the Reverend William Furness, Philadelphia's well-known Unitarian preacher, Burr solicited their help in starting a new quarterly journal called The Nineteenth Century. With their encouragement, Burr decided to give the magazine a one year trial run, and took upon himself the duties of chief editor.

Although Lippard continued writing pieces for the Saturday Courier until well into 1848, he immediately became Burr's chief fiction writer and assistant. Burr could hardly promise him much in return, for the magazine was new and depended solely on subscriptions for its revenue. Burr
could only promise to keep its readers well supplied with information about Lippard's novels. Thus with Burr writing favorable reviews of Lippard's forthcoming works and with Lippard in turn supplying Burr with stories, the two cooperated to further their individual enterprises.

The "Prospectus" appearing in the January, 1848, issue announced that The Nineteenth Century was to include popular literature, reviews, national news, and articles on science, reform theories of government and law, and "religion without sectarism." The quarterly was truly a miscellany. It contained poems by Marion Ward, John Greenleaf Whittier, and R. H. Stoddard (then a factory worker in New York); fiction by Lippard and the then popular John C. Neal and Mary Howitt; and essays by Greeley, Stuart, Furness, Burr, and Theophilus Fisk, an active abolitionist and labor organizer. Reviews, news, and editorials were the staples to which Burr addressed himself, and occasionally an original drama was reprinted. The quarterly obviously was intended to have a broad appeal and to rival ladies' magazines such as Godey's and Graham's. "The People want a press," wrote Burr, "the Workers and Thinkers...are weary enough of all superficial and mere love-sick literature; sick of effeminacy, of lisp­ ing, senseless exquisiteness; of all foppery and mere con­ servatism." The magazine's philosophy was progressive and optimistic. In his first essay "To the People" Burr expressed his belief that the world was gradually improving.
"No doubt we shall get some new sins in our way; but what we are very fast leaving the old ones behind us. Those which have so long kept man poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, can scarcely come back again. I see that the work of reform is already half done, when man has found out his wrongs. Our hope, then, is in Progress."

If one judged from the vehemence with which the contributors attacked social ills, however, one would hardly think they believed that man was progressing. The magazine took sides on many controversial issues of the day, and did not spare its readers prophecies of doom. With most of the contributors sharing similar religious, political, and social views, the opinions presented were consistent or at least complementary. Articles critical of capital punishment appeared regularly, as did polemics on women's rights, the evils of sectarianism, and Anglo-American relations. Four issues—the Mexican War, land reform, slavery, and "emancipation of labor"—were given the greatest attention. Burr, unlike Lippard, was vocal in his opposition to the Mexican War and denounced the pending peace treaty as imperialistic. Lippard was silent on the issue but Burr's influence was effecting a radical change of heart. Greeley was the most articulate spokesman for land reform. Man, he said, has a God-given right to "a farm of ample dimensions"; every landless citizen should be given "a patch of the Public Domain—small but sufficient." Thus he opposed the
doling out of large tracts to wealthy people or corporations on the grounds that this would lead to an American landed aristocracy. A number of articles attacking slavery appeared regularly, and the American Slave Code, which made obvious that human indignity had become legalized, was reprinted. More attention was given to labor issues than to any other. "If we all have eyes for it," wrote Burr, "we may look upon the dumb agony of nine millions of American craftsmen—whose sweat and blood we are coining into gold—huddled together with their wives and children in some comfortless squalid abodes, after they have built our mansions and supplied our feast." In every issue there appeared some new article championing the laboring classes, along with statistics on pauperism, descriptions of factory conditions, or poems by working men. News about the revolutions abroad was reported in detail, with Burr associating the plight of the laboring poor in America with that of the popular revolutionaries in Europe.

With its impressive format and array of contributors, The Nineteenth Century promised to restore to Lippard some of the prestige lost through his role as a writer of lowbrow novels. Yet the title of the quarterly is suggestive of the growing scope of his interests. While the Mexican War had stirred his faith that America was achieving the grandeur he envisioned for it, the European revolutions inspired him to believe that the nineteenth century was the
era during which historical processes would reverse themselves, not only in America but throughout the world. It was the century promising progress and fulfillment, the one toward which God had propelled history.

Of the six pieces Lippard wrote for *The Nineteenth Century*, two deal directly with his dream of worldwide revolution. The others, written to denounce social evils, stem from his own experiences and reflect not only the anger and compassion of a young man seeing widespread injustice, but the gloom of one well aware of the frailty of human life.

Few issues angered Lippard more than the controversy over the building of Girard College, the main subject of "Jesus and the Poor," one of the pieces he wrote for *The Nineteenth Century*. In early 1848 the College finally was being built, but many critics objected to its pretentious (and expensive) design on the grounds that the architecture was incompatible with Girard's intentions. In "Jesus and the Poor," a rhapsodic, sermonic sketch, Lippard attacked the trustees of the Girard fund, calling the building "an immense Marble" and a "carved Monument of that City's degradation and shame!" The Girard College issue gave him an opportunity to renew his attack on bank directors, whom he saw as responsible for the delay in its construction. Hence, Lippard wove into this account "Jesus the Democrat," the piece he had written earlier for the *Citizen Soldier*, which depicted bank directors as aware of their misdeeds only
during their slumbers in church. In fact there is nothing essentially new in "Jesus and the Poor." Not only was Lippard reprinting old material, he was also making old accusations and associations: the rich are in league with the Devil, the poor with Jesus. What is significant about this piece is the vehemence of Lippard's charges. Unable to forget that the failure to build the College was a failure to provide for orphans like himself, Lippard did not end his battle with the banks now that he himself was becoming a success. Indeed "Jesus and the Poor" indicates that his feelings had hardened and that he was becoming more militant in regard to the rich.

In March of 1848 a new issue arose which prompted him to write a story called "The Imprisoned Jesus." This piece was inspired by a controversy that focused on Trinity Church, an Anglican church in New York City whose assets allegedly amounted to two hundred million dollars. The church, which owned property on which slums were located, was accused of not doing enough for the poor living in its own shadows. Perhaps what irked Lippard as much as the church's sins of omission was the fact that the church lands had been given to it by the English Crown before the Revolution, and that the lands had not been made public by the American government at the War's close. Trinity Church's huge assets demonstrated to Lippard the danger of land monopoly and the need for land reform. "Every year the Priests get more power,
and the lords more land, and the great Mass, the millions, who must dig, whether Pope, Autocrat, or President rules, only grow in rags and chains." (I, 295) The story of "The Imprisoned Jesus" is a parable designed to embarrass clerics. Set in tenth century Bohemia, it concerns an imprisoned religious heretic who is commissioned by the Church to make a statue of Jesus out of gold. The prisoner, reminiscent of John Hus, makes it out of lead instead—"as he is in your Church, a Sullen Spectre scowling upon the agony and anguish of mankind" (I, 299). This aspect will change when reform comes, at which time the "Imprisoned Jesus" will turn to gold, and his "sneer be changed into a smile."

While "Jesus and the Poor" makes evident that Lippard identified his cause with Christianity, "The Imprisoned Jesus" reveals the strength of his anti-clericalism. Implicit in both tales is the idea that Christianity had fallen away from its original mission and that primitive Christianity was incompatible with its modern institutionalized forms. Thus, just as Lippard saw the America of 1848 as having fallen away from the dictates of the Founding Fathers, so did he believe that the church had betrayed the original principles clearly set forth, Lippard assumed, in the Bible. Organized religion was one of the first institutions in need of reform. One could not sympathize with it or wait for it. Indeed one had to identify with the "heretics" who had radically transformed its historical role, and for this
reason it hardly could be looked to as the instrument of revolution.

Lippard reserved his greatest sympathy for the laboring classes, especially for women factory workers. In "Jesus and the Poor" he attacked the "Capitalists of this Large City, who employ the Labour of Poor Women in their various occupations, in five cases out of ten extort that labor—that is, so much health, so many tears, so much life—for a sum per day that would not keep a rich man's lap dog from starving to death" (I, 72). In another, "The Sisterhood of the Green Veil," he again defended the city's working women and pleaded for its "sisterhood" or solidarity. In both pieces he tried to establish that the lawlessness and irresponsibility of the poor had socio-economic sources. In the former he again described the Philadelphia slums, particularly rum-shop lodges where "You may see everything that is miserable in nakedness, disease, and rags" reposing at one cent a head. Lippard underscored the fact that such conditions destroyed the dignity of man, and went so far as to champion the prostitutes among the working women whose life of sin, he insisted, had sociological roots.

While writing about these problems, Lippard also made some of his first moves to do something about them. In June of 1848 he attended the Industrial Congress, a national convention held in Philadelphia by trade union and reform groups. Among the chief goals of this group was land
reform, homestead exemption, and more rights for labor. More specifically it sought direct taxation, disbandment of the standing Army and Navy, and repeal of laws for collection of debt. Its major purpose was to discuss various plans of cooperation and association for the organization of labor. The officials of the Congress apparently had heard of Lippard. So impressed were they that they made him an honorary member of the Congress and its President asked him to give the "Valedictory Address." The speech Lippard delivered, reprinted in The Nineteenth Century, reflects his belief that the labor movement was gaining momentum throughout the world. Characterizing himself as "a Neophyte in this great work," he filled the air with optimism in regard to "the cause."

I know that the cause must triumph—[he said] I know that the day comes when the interests of the Rich and Poor will be recognized in their true lights—when there shall be left on the surface of this Union no Capitalist to grind dollars from the sweat and blood of the Workers, no Speculator to juggle free land from the grasp of unborn generations...Is this a dream? Let not the Oppressor hug that thought to his guilty heart. A dream? Look at France—at Italy—at Europe, now palpitating in the throes of Revolution. Even Ireland stretches forth the white hands of three hundred thousand skeletons—the trophies of famine—and hails, from the deeps of her despair, the coming of a Better Day. (II, 187)

In the address, however, Lippard hedged on one volatile issue—slavery. "Let us not forget," he said, "that the Slave-holder is as much the victim of circumstance, as is the doer of willful iniquity—that he is an American—a
man of the great family of this Union—"a Brother!" (II, 187-188) Clearly, Lippard was pleading for union and brotherhood over an issue that was threatening to split the nation. Yet in a Congress attended by a number of representaives from the South, he was not only cautioning against divisiveness but exercising the practical art of political compromise. No longer merely a writer but a man advancing a cause in the world, he was learning the ways of the world.

After returning from the Industrial Congress, Lippard published in The Nineteenth Century "The Carpenter's Son," a piece giving fullest expression to a dream which in the past five years gradually had been getting larger and more viable. Rather than a story, "The Carpenter's Son" is a prophetic outburst, a mythic interpretation of history like that begun in sections of Washington and His Men and in the last chapters of The Nazarene. It concerns a secret meeting of a "Congress of Brotherhood" in the seventeenth century and "some gleams," Lippard tells us in a note, "of the true history of the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, otherwise called the Rosicrucians" (II, Note, 99). At the meeting, attended by members of all the races and nations of the world, representatives voice their grievances. All tell essentially the same story: "Kings everywhere, Priests everywhere, and everywhere Slaves" (II, 74). Although a Negro and American Indian testify to the opposite, the New
World is seen as "the last altar of Brotherhood left on the surface of a desolated globe" (II, 75). Despite its flaws, the New World is the hope of the world. "We have looked to the East for light," says Lippard, anticipating by almost a decade similar sentiments of Whitman, "--it will come from the East, but it is in the West that the light will reveal to us the perfect image of the human brotherhood" (II, 75). America is "the young Heart and the Young Brain of a decrepit Earth; the pulsations of that Heart and the thoughts of that Brain, will shake the Earth" (II, 85). A shadowy prophet, obviously a spokesman for Lippard, rises to explain to the assembled representatives why "history" has chosen America. Echoing Carlyle's theory of history, the prophet explains that America is the chosen land because its great heroes will make it so, and that the eras in which they live will define the great epochs through which history is evolving. William Penn, he says, will be the first hero. An "exile and wanderer," he will be the first to "rear the altar of Brotherhood in the Wilderness" (II, 84). Washington will be the second hero. His will be the "Epoch of the Apostle," during which he will make clear that "the New World is not for Priests, nor Kings, nor for any form of superstition or privilege, but for Man--sacred, and set apart by God for the millions who toil" (II, 88). Washington's is the "Epoch of the Deliverer." Just as "the Carpenter's Son scourged the money-changers from the Temple of
Jerusalem" (II, 88), Washington will free America from the corruption of king-rule. In 1848 America will be in the throes of its third epoch, "The Epoch of the Crowned Avenger, whose tremendous battles, supernatural glory, and Death, sublime in its very isolation, will prepare the world for the approach of the Holiest Epoch" (II, 88). This Epoch will take a bloody toil;

The New World will become the theatre of battles without object; bloodshed without an aim. It will become a land of robbers and of graves. The freedom which the Deliverer might have achieved in all its details in the year 1783, will be postponed until 1890. A terrible postponement, a fearful delay, only marked by murders in various forms, by petty kings conflicting with each other under various names. (II, 84)

If America was to be the setting for the new reign of brotherhood, what of Europe? How would the revolution take effect there? According to the shadowy prophet, European history similarly was being urged toward the "Holiest Epoch." In Cromwell Europe had an "Apostle" of Christian democracy; in Robespierre it would have a "Prophet of Carnage" who would murder "in the name of the people" and die "in the attempt to bring Religious Civilization back to France" (II, 86); and in Napoleon it would have an "Avenger" who would scourge kings and prepare the way for the "Deliverer of Europe." The year 1848 or 1884 (or maybe 1890) was to be the one when the Holiest Epoch would begin. "In the year of the Carpenter's Son, 1848, or 1884, the Epoch and the Liberator will be announced by convulsions over all
the world" (II, 88). "When the blessed Epoch is very near, "then will occur the Jubilee of brute force, the Saturnalia of Murder. It will be a day of reckoning for the Rich man all over the world" (II, 89). "It does not become me to say," said Lippard in a note, "how far that Prophecy has been fullfilled [in 1848]" (II, Note, 99), but clearly the European revolutions currently taking place suggested to him that the Holiest Epoch was already being ushered in on the Continent.

Once the prophet concludes, the representatives of the world's nations and races get to the business of hurrying history along. They conduct the affairs of their Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, "a secret order extending over all the earth, and dating back to prehistoric times" (II, 77). Including members of all races, nations, and creeds (including atheists), they initiate new members, elect a Supreme Chief (who turns out to be an ancestor of Napoleon Buonaparte) and seven Supreme Elders, decide on the dates for their next worldwide convocations (1777, and 1848 or 1884), and explain the elaborate symbolism governing every detail and action of the order. All the brothers are enjoined not to forget the Christian basis of the order, that the ultimate hero, the "Incarnation of Brotherhood," is Jesus, the Carpenter's Son. As they disband they are told to behold an image of the "Imprisoned Jesus" while they are charged to sell all they have and give to the poor, and work
to change the image's sneer into a smile.

If in "The Carpenter's Son" we see Lippard dreaming wild, apocalyptic dreams promising the dawn of a new era of happiness and prosperity, in "The Heart Broken," a tribute to Charles Brockden Brown, we see him musing melancholically about the burden of being a writer and about the frailty of human life. Lippard had complained of the plight of being an American author years earlier. "Oh, sad and bitter is the fate of the American Author," he said in Blanche of Brandywine. "He flashes for a moment...and then hisses down into oblivion....Or is he successful? Then malice hunts and stabs him....The mercenary Press--the Libel--the Lie; these are the bloodhounds tracking every footstep of his way." Heightening this sense of persecution was the sense that he was misunderstood. "The Heart Broken," a rhapsodic piece which is a cross between a sketch, a story, and a sermonic editorial, was published in The Nineteenth Century to inspire the citizens of Philadelphia to remove Brown's remains from a humble cemetery to Laurel Hill, resting place for Philadelphia's notables. Why Lippard idolized Brown has been suggested in Chapter IV, but in this piece we get a clearer and more revealing picture of their kinship. In many ways Brown's early life resembled Lippard's. Both were Philadelphians of relatively humble origins and both had forsaken the law for authorship, an activity which even in Lippard's time was hardly considered a profession, and one which, like
acting, was considered by many an idle, if not immoral, occupation. Lippard was sympathetic to Brown because he, like Brown, had had to contend against many of the popular prejudices against writers of fiction.

Novels? What, idle fictions? [laments Lippard ironically] Tales of an hour, in which exaggerated views of life are held forth, while the harsh realities are softened and mellowed into beauties.... He [Brown], in his silly novels preached about the immortality of the soul, the paternal goodness of the Creator, and all that sort of thing, which any man can find in his Mother's old Bible. (I, 22)

Perhaps the strongest tie between Lippard and Brown was their experience of the horror of consumption. Lippard's grotesque vision, his preoccupation with death, is again evident as he devotes almost half of the sketch (whose dramatic setting is a graveyard) to a discussion not of Brown's achievements but of his death. "I tell you, Sir," concludes Lippard,

the man who has not looked upon death by consumption, knows nothing of the invisible chain which binds the Spirit to the Clay....Oh, I have seen Death by Consumption; yes, I have seen a sister die. It was a dark night, but the Soul which shone from her glaring eyes seemed to give light to all around....Years have passed since then, but the eyes of that dying sister, even now, burn into my soul. Even now, I hear that strange, hollow, yet wildly musical voice, in which she spoke to us, telling all around that she was with God--the Angels were about her--she knew their forms--she felt their kisses on her cheek--...It may have been Delirium, but may I be this delirious, when my hour draws nigh! (I, 25)

If Lippard could admit that his dying sister's apprehension of angels kissing her cheek may have been delirium, so too must he have had moments of doubt in regard to his own
dreams of revolution. The memories of how consumption gradually destroyed his home always crowded into his imaginings; always undermining the promise of apocalyptic prophecies were the petty facts of mortality.

For over six months The Nineteenth Century was the only periodical besides the Saturday Courier carrying Lippard's message of revolution and blighted hope. But it did not take him long to see that the quarterly had a dim future. Relying as it did on subscription rather than advertising revenues, The Nineteenth Century had to be very popular in order to survive. The almost always sympathetic editor of Godey's considered it an "able" quarterly with a number of "exceedingly interesting pieces," and John Sartain's engravings gave the magazine pictorial interest. But after a deceptively successful one year run the magazine began to fade. Lippard, we know, contributed some sketches to it in 1849, but he had absorbing new interests by this time. In September of that year its price was reduced and its last numbers were prepared for publication. In many ways the history of The Nineteenth Century, as we shall see, reflected the waxing and waning of some of Lippard's highest hopes.

II.

The year 1848 was relatively unproductive for Lippard in terms of quantity of material published. Except for "The Carpenter's Son," the pieces written for The Nineteenth Century were relatively short and his contributions to the
Saturday Courier fewer. He was still spending much time on lecture tours in Pennsylvania and neighboring states, and of course he kept writing novels. But during 1848 he published only two novels—'Bel of Prairie Eden early in the year (see Chapter VII) and Paul Ardenheim, called by many autobiographical, in the fall. While 'Bel was a hasty bit of hackwork designed to buy him time to pursue more serious work, Paul Ardenheim "had been with the author for years,... [and was one novel] which he wrote for the love of the subject." 9

Paul Ardenheim, or the Monk of the Wissahikon is a massive unfinished work of over five hundred pages. The novel contains a tangled webwork of subplots, most of them only loosely related to its main hero, Paul. In some respects Paul Ardenheim is a bildungsroman describing the major crises of a young man reaching manhood, and there is ample evidence to suggest that the young man of the novel is Lippard himself. In his Prologue Lippard claimed that Paul Ardenheim was a romance embodying the "Dream [that had] been lingering about [his] heart for years" (10). Vague and amorphous at first, this dream was linked to the obscure history of certain Protestant monks who had lived on the Wissahikon during the eighteenth century; as it gradually developed it became associated with the European revolutions of 1848. At the dream's center was the secret brotherhood, an idea perhaps first suggested by the monks of the
Wissahikon, but one which proliferated as Lippard's researches brought to light new analogues such as the Rosicrucian Order. So many correspondences exist between events in the novel and Lippard's life that it is no exaggeration to say that for all its invention and incoherence Paul Ardenheim is a clumsy Gothic spiritual autobiography expressing many aspects of Lippard's world view and personality.

The novel is hardly clear or coherent. The editor of Godey's best characterized it. "Written in his peculiar style," he said, "[it is] full of nervous thoughts and strong imaginings in some instances verging to the unnatural and improbable, but oftener concealing morals of deep import under a vein of wild and strange rhapsody." It is perhaps an understatement to call the work incoherent from a structural standpoint. One reason for the incoherence is apparent: Lippard consciously eschewed common sense, proclaiming at the outset that "this is the MOST IMPROBABLE BOOK IN THE WORLD" (10). Another reason is that he indiscriminately mixed sections written as early as 1844 with pieces written in 1848. He had announced the novel ready for publication in 1844, but for some reason never finished the work. When he returned to Paul Ardenheim in 1848 he wove into it pieces he had written for the Nineteenth Century, most notably altered versions of "The Imprisoned Jesus" and "The Carpenter's Son." As a result we have a melange of early and later work which, among other things, reflects the differences
between what Lippard called "the time of illusions" or "the day of Romance," and the time when "you awake to the naked Realities of life, those grim skeletons" (444).

Lippard based the novel on some old Pennsylvania history. About 1713 a group of Germans fleeing religious persecution in their homeland founded a socialistic community, a kind of Protestant cloister, on the Wissahikon. Building a large house on the banks of the river, the men farmed the land by day and devoted the nights to study and prayer. The house became known as a monastery and the men as the "monks" of the Wissahikon. "The destructive feature of their organization," according to Lippard, "was the injunction of celibacy. Had it not been for this, the Communists of Wissahikon would be yet in existence."\(^1\) About 1745 the monks joined a similar community founded by Conrad Beussel, another German pietist, at Ephrata in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. These monks, says Lippard, were fanatics. They were very superstitious, believing in astrology, magic, and witchcraft. They were "imbued with all the mysticism of their Fatherland—and yet with it all, they had an unyielding hope in Man, a childlike faith in God."\(^2\) Apparently, they also were very patriotic Americans, for they helped American soldiers during the Revolution and within two weeks of the signing of the Declaration of Independence had printed copies.\(^3\)

With this history of the monks in mind, Lippard wanted
to show "the influence which the German mind, manifested in the case of the early settlers, has exerted upon the history of Pennsylvania, and the cause of human progress" (10). Although many of the connections between the two are only loosely made in the course of the novel, the monks of the Wissahikon were the American counterpart of the Rosicrucian brotherhood of the seventeenth century portrayed in "The Carpenter's Son." In Paul Ardenheim Lippard was not only concerned with the history of the two brotherhoods; he also wanted to show how they affected the life of the novel's young hero, Paul Ardenheim. To do so he wove The Nineteenth Century pieces into a novel having an unusually untidy plot but otherwise conforming to many of the conventions of Gothic romance.

Since it is known that "The Carpenter's Son" and "The Imprisoned Jesus" were written early in 1848, and since it was announced in 1844 that Paul Ardenheim was ready for publication, it is probable that the novel's main plot strands were conceived in 1844 or earlier. The leading characters, themes, and motifs that contribute to the novel's main actions (actions interrupted by "The Carpenter's Son" and "The Imprisoned Jesus") reflect the interests of a younger Lippard. In many respects Paul Ardenheim reminds us of The Ladye Annabel, Lippard's purest romance. There is an elaborate prologue in which Lippard pulls his reader's leg with a jerk by assuming a nom de plume and by claiming that the
work is based on "papers, letters, and other MSS." written in an absurd cipher which he promptly decodes. There is a linking of the novel's present (the year 1774) with Renaissance scenes in which a castle, "a gorgeous combination of Gothic and Oriental Architecture," is a central point (6). As in The Ladye Annabel we find a succession of prophecies, omens, and portentous warnings that presage the outcome of events, and we end up with a leading character buried alive for a time. In old Isaac Van Beheme we meet another Aldarin. He too is trying to find the elixir of eternal youth. Like Aldarin in his idealistic pursuit of knowledge he elevates science above human life. His quest makes him satanic, causes him to commit the "Unpardonable Sin," and dooms him to life eternal as a cursed outcast seeking a way to die. We also meet the "redoubted Twenty-Four," a select coterie (in this case devoted to evil), reminiscent of the first secret brotherhood Lippard had imagined, Herbert Tracy's band of twenty-four rangers. One of the novel's main conflicts returns us to the theme of "Adrian the Neophyte," as the sexually overpowering Madeline (daughter of Old Isaac) initiates the naive Paul into manhood and in so doing destroys his devotion to duty. As in Herbert Tracy and Blanche of Brandywine (also begun in 1844) a conflict between Old And New World interests is personified in two related families, one European and one American. In these ways and many others Paul Ardenheim is similar to Lippard's
earliest works. Although in "looking over the pathway of four years," Lippard no doubt wondered with his hero Paul Ardenheim "in what dim grave [he] buried the Boy of Twenty-Two" (444), he clearly did not find this older material incompatible with his purposes in 1848.

The novel's main plot unfolds the history of Paul Ardenheim's sorrows and trials. At the outset we see Paul as a naive romantic dreamer. Walking along the shores of the Wissahikon he envisions the world about him as alive. "To him, the great sky was no vague blank in the Universe. It was crowded with the Spirit People of many tongues, tribes, and souls. The Stars above were the Homes of Souls, many good, many evil, some lost in sin, and some pure as the light of God" (61). The sky itself is a Shelleyan veil--"a great curtain, hung between his eyes and that awful World of Eternity, crowded with spirits of Light and Darkness" (61). Even the earth is "peopled with absorbing associations; not a rock but had its own interest, not a tree but waved in the moonlight, stirred by some hand, to him invisible" (62). As yet uncorrupted by the evils of city life, this young pantheist is nurtured on the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. The former is the unquestionable Word of God, and the two poets "had received their intellect from God, and all that was good in them was God-like; therefore so the crude Enthusiast reasoned--they were his Prophets" (183). Paul's crises are brought about by his fanatical father.
Obsessed with religion and with a strange set of secrets involving a holy brotherhood, Paul's father, a German immigrant, has nurtured in his son his own fanaticism. Knowing that his end is near, he gets Paul to kneel before him and swear to carry on the untransacted business of the holy secret brotherhood. Paul is enjoined to prepare the way for the head of the secret brotherhood who will be the "Deliverer" of his nation. Paul is enjoined, moreover, never to marry and "not to mingle with the mass of mankind, and share in their feverish strife" (354). His "only bride [is to] be the good cause—[his] only hope and aim in life, its final success" (105).

Paul is willing enough to carry out his father's requests, but conflict arises when he meets Old Isaac's daughter Madeline. She is Satan, "incarnate in the form of a lovely woman, whose glance can plunge you into crime, whose low-whispering voice can make your heart forget its God, and your hand commit the Unpardonable Sin—" (364). Paul, overwhelmed by her wily charms, is caught in the dilemma of wanting to do good but of having to do evil. Passionate love and sacred duty clash. Eventually he falls, only to be submerged in guilt. "With this hand I struck him [his father] down—he moaned—I dashed him beneath my feet, and lived. Perjured! Perjured! The burden of the Unpardonable Sin is upon me" (268).

Because the novel is unfinished, the conflicts are
unresolved, but as the action progresses it becomes apparent that despite his violation of the injunction to celibacy, Paul is to become the "Deliverer" for whom he supposedly was preparing the way. Stormy and Byronic, he commands the respect of all who know him. "He was one of those natures which, indeed, do not often appear in the lower world--natures made up of Good and Evil in large proportions, and swayed to either side by the hand of Fate, or perchance the accident of the merest circumstance" (346). His ambition is to be acknowledged the champion of the poor, an ambition implicit in the motto of the secret brotherhood whose head he is to become--"Death to the Rich, Life to the Poor." He is the kind of dreamer whose purity of motive keeps his visions from becoming delusions, and one whose hard work makes dreams realities. In the Epilogue (written in 1848) Lippard tells us of Paul's end: he became a wanderer gliding "like a Ghost" through the American and French revolutions and fulfilling his dreams.

Lippard was careful to show that Paul's dreams could be fulfilled. Paul the dreamer sees "nothing improbable in a direct, continual and intelligible communication between this world and the Spiritual World, between disembodied Spirits and actual men" (347). He is in contact with a spirit world which confirms the validity of his dreams. Just as Galileo proved himself right, says Paul, so would his own apparent "sorcery" prove in time to be "Science."
Philosophers and Calvinists are mere fatalists who take the world as it appears and who despair about doing anything to change it. Dreamers such as himself are in touch with reality, and their dreams are realities awaiting fulfillment. The strain of mysticism that possesses Paul is not all pure invention. "Was this magnetism?" asks Lippard. "The Author has experienced sensations precisely similar, while in the magnetic state" (Note, 425). "Many things in the novel's pages, which appear dark and obscure," he insisted, "might easily be made plain as sunlight, by a simple reference to that great science of the Soul, which in our day is called Magnetism" (533). Despite the omens, portents, and prophecies that seem to control the actions of the novel, Paul not only believes that change but that all things are possible.

Thus Paul, the dreamy wanderer in love with the Wis-sahikon, reminds us of young Lippard; and Paul's dedication and ambition to work for the secret order is but a projection of Lippard's desire to form and head one. How fully and accurately the novel reflects Lippard's real experiences is a question only a dabbler in literary curiosities might want to answer. W. H. Gilman's detailed study of the relationship between fact and fiction in Melville's Redburn should make us hesitate when we attempt to establish one-to-one relationships between a writer's life and events in his works. Gilman's advice is particularly applicable in
Lippard's case, where some fact is blended with much invention and with conventions consciously or unconsciously borrowed. Certainly to read biographical significances into every page of Paul Ardenheim would be foolish and unfruitful; but to deny that this wild and reckless novel is in a general sense autobiographical would be to flaunt much evidence to the contrary.

In reading the novel as a pure romance we would overlook the special importance Lippard attached to this book as a history of his own mental growth and the Bible of his dreams. When we weigh Lippard's life against events in Paul Ardenheim it becomes poignantly clear that he tried in many ways to live the world his imagination created; that, in a sense, he took much in his own fiction literally and thought of the improbabilities and impossibilities of his fictional world as truth. He himself claimed that this "most improbable Book in the World" was rooted in truth; that although the incidents related in it did not necessarily occur "precisely, at the time and place, as they are set down," they are "true to the springs of Human action" and to the "feelings which sway mankind" (534). Unlike many of his readers and many writers who saw the improbable or supernatural as possible only in romances, Lippard literally believed that "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

Wherefore? because Fiction only revels and glows in the Probable, while Truth in her noblest form, dares and conquers the Impossible. Was ever Fiction so wild, so romantic, so utterly defiant of
all your rules of criticism, as the actual life of Napoleon Bonaparte? Fiction in its present form as displayed in the poems and novels of the present day, does not present extravagant views of life, or paint pictures that transcend probability; its delineations, on the contrary, are only extravagant in their tameness, and transcendent in their mathematical probability. The truest of true histories never look at first sight, like Truth. Tell a man of Franklin's day, that a time would come—was coming, and the boy of ten years old might live to see it—when carriages would go by themselves; when ships would cross the ocean without sails, when a man in Boston would converse with his friend in New Orleans, by means of a wire stretched along an infinitude of poles! Ten chances to one, but Dr. Franklin's neighbors would have quelled your lunacy in a mad-house. The veriest man of "common sense" of Franklin's day—the merest gossip of a neighborhood, or a newspaper could have told you, that your brain was mad, your skull soft, your blood red-hot with fever.

The thing, we deem Improbable, my friend, is many a time just the thing, about which we know precisely—nothing. Everything great in science, history or religion, has at first view been the most improbable thing in the world. Paul was mad when he spoke of Brotherhood among men; Galileo mad when he said the earth moved round the sun; Washington mad when he said that he could defeat the tyranny of an Anointed King. (533)

As a writer of fiction attempting to make a living by the pen, Lippard may have been a step ahead of most of his readers in understanding the relations between fiction and truth. What he failed to understand, however, were some of the reasons why he would not be admitted to the select circle of writers acknowledged to be the best. In the Epilogue to Paul Ardenheim he anticipated the objections of the critics by writing a review of his own work:

"The Monk of the Wissahikon! This Author is at his old tricks again; he wrote the 'Monks of Monk-Hall,' and now he writes the 'Monk of Wissahikon.'
Will he never have done with Monks? Who ever heard of Monks of the Wissahikon, or if you come to that, what is the Wissahikon, but an obscure mill-stream, hidden somewhere among big hills? Will he never have done with horrors? He wrote the Legends of the Revolution—we all know that the Revolution is past and gone—our people demand something more practical than this worn-out matter of the Revolution, and—all that sort o' thing. He crowds his pages with horror; skeletons, corpses; daggers; skulls! Monk Lewis is a fool to him in the horrible, and he distances poor Mrs. Radcliffe in the way of the monstrous. Besides his works smack of the French School, a school made infamous by the licentious George Sand, the profligate Sue, and the unnatural Dumas. Why does he not attempt something in a quiet vein,—founded on fact—touched with unpretending pathos, and pointing to some impressive moral, such as the immaculate purity of our banking institutions, or the spotless integrity of the Corporation which built Girard College, or the mysterious query, what ever became of the Funds of the United States Bank?"

There, my friend, you have it—a critique ready made and at the service of any gentlemen, connected with the critical department of our literature.

(534-535)

If Lippard understood what the objections to his novels were, he was hardly compelled to do anything about them.

With its interweaving of early and later work, Paul Ardenheim suggests why Lippard recklessly crowded his pages with skeletons, corpses, daggers, and skulls and why he flaunted the desires of his critics. Clearly, one reason is that he scorned his severest critics, seeing them as in league with the interest groups he attacked; he therefore categorically rejected all their advice. Moreover, he had enough of the public on his side; he wrote in haste, but sold well despite his many flaws and the disapproval of the critics.

Yet the differences between the parts written early
and late are also instructive. Stripped of "The Imprisoned Jesus" and "The Carpenter's Son," **Paul Ardenheim** is primarily a Gothic romance. Ostensibly the novel's center is Paul's initiation into manhood and the workings of the secret brotherhood he is to head, but these actions are merely worked into the machinery and framework of already established Gothic conventions borrowed from Brown, Lewis, Byron, Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Radcliffe and others. The social messages—attacks on aristocracy, banks, city life, etc.—are superimposed on the Gothic machinery, and are, in effect, editorial intrusions on the narrative. The reverse is largely true in "The Imprisoned Jesus" and "The Carpenter's Son," in which Lippard imposes the Gothic machinery of his purer romances on motifs generated by social injustices. However much they are colored by Gothic conventions, these pieces (like say Melville's *Moby Dick*, Holmes' *Elsie Venner*, or Faulkner's *Sanctuary*) do not properly belong to the Gothic *genre*, whereas works like Lippard's *The Ladye Annabel*, Lewis' *The Monk*, Brown's *Wieland*, or Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" do. Many works such as Lippard's *Quaker City* and Melville's *Pierre* fall in a middle ground, but the major difference between the Gothic and non-Gothic *genres* lies primarily in the kind of response the two modes elicit, and it is this difference which defines Lippard's development between 1844 and 1848. The Gothic novel is designed to elicit a form of terror, awe, or horror; it aims at an
essentially emotional response to our fear of the unknown or to our ignorance in face of the mysterious; and its main thrust is not the propagation of a faith, ideology, or program, but the unloosing, through metaphors that eventually became conventionalized as the form became more popular with writers, of the paraconscious experiences of its authors. Novels merely using Gothic conventions, on the other hand, draw upon the conventions to substantiate a thesis or color an atmosphere. Lippard did not abandon the gloomy Gothic conventions of his early purer romances, for they were appropriate metaphors descriptive of his total world view. If in 1848 the pure romancer gave way to the social crusader earnest in his belief that a worldwide revolution was about to occur, the gloomy conventions bespeaking doubt did not give way. Whether conscious or unconscious of their dark import, Lippard was compelled to use them; they were the subtle reminders of the "naked Realities of Life," "those grim skeletons" so much a part of his total chiaroscuro vision. Paul Ardenheim was Lippard's Bible, but even this Bible contained its Book of Ecclesiastes.

III.

Toward the end of 1848 Lippard had many good reasons to believe that he was achieving his personal ambitions. The revolutions abroad and his association with Reverend Burr's Nineteenth Century quarterly filled him with hope that widespread and radical social reforms were possible and
Indeed imminent. When the Peterson firm published **Paul Ardenheim** he also was at the peak of his popularity as a writer of romances. "This author has struck out an entirely new path," said the editor of *Godey's*, "and stands isolated on a point inaccessible to the mass of writers of the present day....He is unquestionably the most popular writer of the day, and his books are sold, edition after edition, thousand after thousand, while those of others accumulate like useless lumber on the shelves of the publishers."¹⁵ **Legends of Mexico** and **Blanche of Brandywine** also were doing well. New editions were being printed, and they were "so well known that it is hardly necessary for us to speak of them."¹⁶

Lippard gave much of the credit for his success to his sister Harriet, still living in his house in 1848. His attachment to her was strong; dedicating **Paul Ardenheim** to her, he referred to the "years of Orphanage we spent together," and to the time when his life was "poisoned by every slander that malice could invent, or falsehood announce" (3). When his fortunes were low, she had encouraged and comforted him and had developed the custom of listening to him read from his manuscripts. According to one source, she was a beautiful and "exquisitely sensitive" girl distinguished for her "talent at lively repartee." Her personal resemblance to George was very strong.¹⁷ In the spring or summer of 1848 Rose bore her first child, and a
year later Lippard recalled how Harriet played with the child on her knee. But after these happy events transpired matters took a dark turn. In December bad news arrived from the Diller family, which recently had established a homestead in Illinois. Harry Diller, Lippard's former associate on the Citizen Soldier, had died at the age of twenty-one. On the last day of 1848, a Sunday, Harriet, also twenty-one, took her place "among her people, in the old-time graveyard of Germantown." Her death, says Lippard, resembled her sister Catherine's. "Pale, emaciated, all the young beauty of her face whitened by Consumption, she looked upon you with eyes that were lighted from Heaven." And the author, who has battled so long against all the ills of life, finds it very hard to battle now--now, when the better part of him...is gone. We were children together. By the death of father and mother, and sisters, she was left with me, and I was placed in the position of a father, brother, and protector to her. She was the tie which bound me to my native soil, in spite of poverty and persecution. And we have shared the crust and cup of Orphanage together--we have alike been wronged out of the means of education; yes, out of the very means of existence, by corporate bodies, of whom I would not speak harshly now--and on the first day of the New Year I find myself alone in my room, while the ultimate of all my exertions, the Sister for whom I have toiled, endured and hoped so long, lies sleeping yonder, under the winter's snow.

Thus, Lippard had now lost his entire family except for his sister Sarah, and all but his parents had died before reaching the age of thirty.

The deaths of Harriet and Harry Diller occurred at an
important time, a time when Lippard was preoccupied with initiating what was to be the second most ambitious project of his life. Ironically, this project, intended to spread hope and revolution throughout America and the world, was to appear on the eve of the New Year, the day Harriet was buried. What happened to the great faith inspired by the "Year of Revolution" is a story best told in the following chapter.
CHAPTER IX

THE SECOND QUAKER CITY

"O, if this leaf which I have written should wander down the pathway of the next century, and encounter the eyes of 1949, how will the readers of that era, living amidst a redeemed civilization, wonder at the barbarous laws and fiendish theologies of the year 1849?"

--George Lippard, Memoirs of a Preacher

I.

The gloom which hovered over the Lippard household during the Christmas and New Year season of 1848 was an absurd anti-climax to a year in which hopes were soaring. Yet with an almost superstitious belief in the sacredness of numbers, Lippard chose New Year's Day, 1849, as the day to initiate a project which he hoped would lead to the achievement of his dreams. Hoping that Harriet's death would be one of his last setbacks, he clung to his indomitable belief that America still could be socialized, Christianized, and returned to the ideals of the Founding Fathers. The next year and a half was a period of frantic activity for Lippard. If in 1848 his literary output was relatively slight, his pen could hardly keep up with the flourishes of unrestrained fancy in 1849. While travelling widely on lecture tours, he wrote five new volumes and a play and began the two
greatest projects of his life: his own newspaper, and the secret society which for years had been evolving from a youthful fancy into a reality. While the former provided an official organ for spreading his gospel, the latter became the agency through which he hoped to put his ideas into practice. Paradoxically, in the face of some of his greatest disappointments and disillusionments, his dreams showed signs of prospering.

On December 30, 1848, the day before Harriet was buried, the first issue of Lippard's "second" Quaker City appeared. This was not a serial novel; it was a weekly newspaper whose title alluded to the novel that had made him famous around Philadelphia. The Quaker City weekly represented Lippard's attempt to gain independence as a writer. After being connected with Burr's Nineteenth Century for one year and with McMakin's Saturday Courier for almost three, Lippard parted with his bosses on friendly terms. He then persuaded his friend, Thomas Florence, and a publisher of popular literature, Joseph Severns, to support the new enterprise which he was to run almost single-handedly.

Lippard's move toward independence had economic roots. Neither McMakin's Courier nor Burr's Nineteenth Century had been major sources of income for him; they simply had supplemented the profits made from novel-writing. And despite his popularity Lippard was unhappy about the returns from his writing. Editors, he claimed, are "dollar-worshippers,"
who "fill up the pages of their magazines with the lucubra-
tions of the Hon. John Jones, M.C., from Piankstank and the
love songs of Matilda Diraway, who writes for nothing, and
are amply repaid for ink, paper, and labor, by seeing their
names in print, rather than with winged words from men who
have a mission from above." Publishers, he insisted, were
"getting the produce of your Author's brain; getting rich on
the harvest of your Author's days and nights, and at the
same time, telling everybody, 'what poor creatures these
Authors are to be sure.'" In starting the Quaker City
weekly, Lippard announced his desire to be rid of editors
and publishers. "We are determined," he said, "to write no
longer for these mere Agents between the author and
Reader....We wish to write for ourselves and the public; to
make, not a fortune, but a moderate share of the profits of
our writings—that is all."3

In his new weekly Lippard had the journal of popular
historical romance he had asked Robert Morris to support
five years earlier. Intending the newspaper to be a "Popular
Journal" offering "a Panorama of City Life," he also took
pains to make sure it profited well. Although he hoped to
finance the paper strictly through subscriptions and an-
nounced that it would not contain a single advertisement, he
devoted ample space to notices of his own works (some of
which Severns published) and eventually agreed to print ad-
vertisements submitted in behalf of Florence's hat business.
Some local, national, and international news appeared, but only when it was particularly interesting to Lippard. The paper was primarily a literary journal—not filled up "with the dead items of the daily papers." At the outset Lippard refused to promise his readers an illustrious array of contributors, but poems and essays by some well-known writers appeared regularly. Among the contributors were Theodore Parker, Orestes Brownson, Horace Greeley, and, curiously, Henry B. Hirst and Thomas Dunn English, the two poets Lippard had mocked without mercy some years earlier. Occasionally a poem or short piece drifted into his office from some reader with literary aspirations. Much in the same way his own works had been plagiarized, Lippard took much of his material from other writers, particularly from the Frenchmen Lamartine, Blanc, Fourier, and Chateaubriand, whose works were current in translation. In a sense, he also borrowed from himself, as he systematically reprinted many of the works he had written in the past seven years. Lippard, in short, wrote almost everything in the paper; since a supporting cast would have to be paid, he decided to be the whole show.

The Quaker City weekly was primarily a propaganda sheet through which Lippard hoped to disseminate his views. Selling at two dollars a year or five cents per copy, it was an instant success. Appealing for the support of rural and small town readers, Lippard sent review copies to the cities
and towns in and around Pennsylvania. When the reviews were favorable he printed them. By the middle of May, 1849, he claimed to have over ten thousand subscribers and a month later fifteen thousand. No doubt Lippard padded these figures somewhat to encourage readers to jump aboard the subscription band-wagon, but his popularity as a novelist and lecturer did help give the paper a widespread circulation promising him a comfortable livelihood.

The newspaper's staples were the news shorts, editorials, and serialized novels written by Lippard. Appearing concurrently with these were special series of legends emphasizing the ideas Lippard wanted to propagate. From the beginning he established the "American" character of the newspaper by reprinting in one special series some of his legends of the American Revolution; in addition to the old ones he wrote a "second series" of new legends especially for the Quaker City.

This second series is devoted almost entirely to the mythologizing of George Washington. Like Davy Crockett's and Paul Bunyan's, the life of Washington was then being elevated above the facts by a public in need of hero-figures and by writers allowing their fancies to soar. Washington of course was one of the principal figures in Lippard's own mythology. In the second series of Revolutionary legends he elevated his hero to an all but divine status. From his mother's prayer we learn that Washington is destined to
greatness, whether good or bad; he will, if nurtured correctly, be a hero, and if not, a pirate. He is a superior warrior and strategist with a superior moral sense. Instead of fighting a duel with a man he knows he can kill, he reconciles himself to him and in so doing exemplifies a kind of courage and honor higher than that associated with dueling. In one legend ("Washington's Christmas, A Legend of Valley Forge") we see him, in keeping with the season, forgiving an assassin on Christmas Eve. In another legend, "The Battle of Monongahela," Washington is portrayed as physically inviolable. "Ten times the Indian has fired at the heart of Washington; four bullets have touched but not wounded him; six have left him scathless. If the eleventh does not kill, the Indian will fire no more, assured that the Great Spirit panoplies the youth of twenty-three years."5 The Great Spirit comes through for Washington, proving that he is superior to Braddock, the English general under whom he serves, and that Fate plans to use him.

In keeping with his populist principles, Lippard was careful to show that Washington's heroic grandeur is rooted in the common. Washington has no use for duels because they betoken a decadent aristocratic code of ethics. He disdains all forms of pomp and ceremony, preferring to fight the Indians untidily from behind rocks and trees rather than out in the open in neatly ordered ranks. He has just the right blood mixture, for one of his
ancestors, Lippard tells us, was born from a union of peasant and aristocratic blood—a mixture that apparently combines only the best of two possible worlds. He has an apocalyptic mission; he is Moses, and America is the Israel he will deliver. He has a good home life; his mother cares and prays for her child, and it is her influence, we learn, that distinguishes Washington from the likes of Arnold, whose mother failed him. Like the Indian, Washington is brought up primarily in nature. He is not educated in a college "occupied in removing the shrouds from the mummies of Classic Literature, busy in familiarizing his mind with the elaborate pollutions of Grecian mythology, or in analyzing the hollow philosophies of the academy and portico."

No, after receiving the "plain rudiments of an English Education," he is "a pilgrim among the mountains," a stately Natty Bumppo.6

Lippard's Washington never quite experiences an apotheosis in the legends of the second series, but his life is embellished with substantial dashes of romance. Indeed Lippard's interpretation of Washington's life is determined by romance conventions. In "Washington in Love" Lippard spins a yarn about Washington's first love and portrays his hero as a swashbuckling young hero who comes in the nick of time to save a damsel in distress with whom he immediately falls in love. In this tale any resemblance to the Washington of history is strictly coincidental; the truth of his life and
personality is secondary to the image called up by the stock character of romance, a character whose reality Lippard, and no doubt many of his readers, were unable or unwilling to evaluate critically.

As Washington became larger and more godlike in Lippard's scheme of things, so did the American home and the everyday virtues of common people. Throughout his career Lippard's faith was strong in the ability of the masses to make the democratic experiment work; the common man and "home" to him were the best foundation of government. To underline this faith he included in the Quaker City weekly a series entitled "Legends of Every Day." "One who has often written Legends of War and Blood," he wrote in his preface to the series, "now strives to embody on these pages some Legends of every day life—Legends, not only of deeds, but of Thoughts and Emotions. Let us see whether every day Life has not its hero-men and hero-women, full as noble as those who for ages have flaunted their plumage amid the glare and bloodshed of the battle-field."

Although Lippard was better at glorifying generals and battles, he made a strenuous effort to idealize the American Everyman. This Everyman, especially if poor, is at heart an incomparably better person than the rich man, the corrupt American aristocrat Lippard saw as destroying the dignity and freedom of Everyman. Thus, many of the "Legends of Every Day" are full of the usual tirades against the rich.
The first two legends, for example, are deathbed scenes in which the deaths of a poor young girl and an old rich man are contrasted; while the one dies with a "first leaf of spring" blooming in her hand, the other dies clutching a vile greenback. Lippard's sense of outrage against the rich led him to exaggerate the basic differences between rich and poor and to romanticize the latter. The former are perverse money-grabbers whose greed stems from a bad nature Lippard seldom examined; the latter are good people whose misdeeds stem from understandable sociological roots and pure motives.

"When will Robert return?" the Widow murmured, and turned her eyes to the door. Robert is her son—he was the babe on whom Girard laid his hand in blessing—he is now the rude, uneducated Outcast of the Quaker City. Without a trade, without a single rudiment of the commonest kind of schooling, he roves the great City, ragged in his attire, and sullenly ferocious in his instincts. And yet he loves the poor Widow, his Mother, and has gone forth from his bleak room with the determination to win bread for her at any cost.

Robert ends up in jail, a victim of his own good nature and a hero-martyr in a society run by rich men who have fallen from the poor man's throne of grace.

Lippard's celebration of Everyman and his tendency to excuse his sins was closely allied to his religious vision. The "infidel" is not the atheist or the one who fails to go to church. He is the one who "believes in nothing but the Power of Money...scours Third street or Wall street in search of prey, [and] listens to a sermon which tells him
that the saviour lived among the poor—died for the poor—and the very next day...raises the rent upon his poor tenants, or pitches both tenants and their furniture into the streets. The infidel is the landlord, the rich man. The only true religion is found in the home. "Marriage is Religion. The love of husband and wife is Religion. The affection of brother and sister is Religion. The love of father and son, of mother and daughter, of mother and son, father and daughter—these are all Religion. Note-shaving is not religion. Marble pillared churches are not religion. The swindling of poor men by learned Bishops is not religion."

Religion, then, is a practical every day thing having little to do with churches or creeds; it is a force springing from the heart, a heart whose instincts and motives—like the poor man's and the Indian's—are basically good. Religion is, moreover, "natural" and therefore is best realized when one is close to nature—preferably on a homestead site away from the artificial and contaminating influences of money and the great city. Great cities, as the title to Legend XII indicates, are "Temples Built upon Human Skulls."

"These splendid triumphs of architecture, the Coliseum, the Parthenon delight me not," said a traveller who had journeyed over the globe. "While others find beauty in every pillar, and sublimity in every arch, I can only think of the millions of slaves, who spent their sweat and blood—nay their lives—to rear these magnificent monuments of mortar." How often has this expression occurred to me, while looking upon some of the big edifices of a great city. A speculator who has got rich by
fraud, rears a huge pile of brick and mortar, or of red sandstone or granite, and then gravely calls upon everybody to admire his enterprize...!'Enterprize!' Juggernaut would be a better name.11

Lippard also celebrated the American Everyman because of his growing suspicion even of those who had come to power legitimately. In Legend XI, "The Men Who Will Free the World," Lippard tells us that "you will never find the face of a Reformer, under the shadow of a chapeau, a crown, or a mitre."12 The true reformer is the common man. "Very humble men, toiling with their hands for daily bread, they set in motion the car of destiny, and give the first impulse to the wheel of Revolution. The car crushes them, and the wheel rends them, and their names are blotted out in history—but their work lives. Think of this, ye Thousand workers of America, who now in workshop and at loom, are planning and doing the welfare of America."13 Far from thinking that the masses of men led lives of quiet desperation and served the state only with their bodies, Lippard believed with Whitman that the American Everyman was instinctively in touch with the source of his society's regeneration. In order to be true, reform, like true democracy, had to have a broad popular base.

In a sense Lippard's "Legends of Every Day" are his "Song of Myself." That is, just as Whitman saw himself as a microcosmic representation of American democracy, so did Lippard dramatize his own life and draw from it the general truths he saw as applicable to all. A number of the "Legends
of Every Day" are personal reveries and reminiscences blended with quasi-autobiographical narratives. The narratives lead inevitably toward the didactic truths on which Lippard was building his dreams. The reveries and reminiscences almost always are expressions of gloom--complaints of how bankers and death cheated his family. They involve longing for an ideal which Lippard was able to enjoy only as a very young boy--a happy home life undarkened by death. "It was a pleasant place that old Homestead, and though it's gone from us forever, the thought of it remains to me, and will not pass away." In the "Legends of Every Day" Lippard paid tribute to the image of a happy home disrupted for the first time by his mother's death in 1831 when he was only nine, and later by the "Destroyer of the Homestead" (Legend III), the bank director who allegedly cheated the family after his father's death in 1837. At the center of his political, social, and religious dreams was the image of home and the prospect of returning to the peace, security, and carefreeness suggested by this image and the happy childhood associated with it. Lippard died before Horatio Alger wrote his first book, but he clearly opposed (at least by implication) the relation between home boy Everyman and rich banker that constitutes the structural fulcrum of the Alger stories. In Lippard no banker just happens to arrive on the scene as the boy is exhibiting his yeoman virtues and love of home; no banker is so impressed that he makes the
boy vice-president, or gives him his daughter in marriage. Like Whitman with his Adamic American Everyman, Lippard was insisting on a return to original innocence in a society beginning to mass produce evidence that that innocence was irrepairably lost. It would have been interesting to see, a hundred years later, how he would have responded to Thomas Wolfe's conclusion that you can't go home again.

Lippard included in the Quaker City weekly a special series much like the "City Police" column he wrote years earlier for the Spirit of the Times. In this series, entitled "Quaker City Police Court," Lippard dragged to the bar of ridicule all the "worthies" he now saw as deserving of scorn. By and large he saved this column for the local city officials, bank directors, and the like. But toward the middle of 1849 he began making President Taylor, the hero he had acclaimed as an agent of Providence during the Mexican War, the object of his attacks. After having invested much ink in glorifying the general and much energy stumping for his election as president, Lippard found himself the victim of broken promises. After his election Taylor, now called "His Excellency" by Lippard, was anxious to ignore the highly volatile issues of free soil and slavery. The man Lippard had idealized from a distance and had deemed a hero-spokesman for his own political and social dreams was discovered to lack those dreams. While Taylor's inaction was one reason Lippard felt betrayed, the hardest blow fell when Taylor
refused to recognize the legitimacy of Louis Kossuth's new constitutional government in Hungary. Taylor's failure to support the popular Kossuth left Lippard thinking that the head of the "last altar of human brotherhood" had failed the cause of world revolution. Taylor, Lippard concluded two years after publishing his *Legends of Mexico*, had failed to follow the footsteps of Washington leading from the battlefield to the White House; Taylor, he decided, had stolen the glory belonging to General Scott.¹⁵

Lippard's disillusionment with Taylor was accompanied by other radical changes of heart. One such change occurred in regard to the westward movement. Lippard still saw the plains states as suitable for establishing homesteads, but the mad rush for gold had tarnished the luster of his fascination for the American West. Gold, said Lippard, to whom California was becoming a bad word, was to be found in the home, not in a West attracting the avaricious. His most radical change of heart, however, came in regard to the Mexican War. Late in 1849 he still believed strongly in manifest destiny, but he felt God pushing America northward into British-hold territories rather than to the south and west. "Matters in Canada are verging toward Annexation," he wrote. "Before many years the place where Montgomery fell will be adorned by the Banner of the Stars."¹⁶

Lippard's change of heart in regard to the much-celebrated "Crusade of the Nineteenth Century" had been
evident much earlier in the year and may have been inspired by Reverend Burr, who now opposed the War. A regular series of legends of Mexico was appearing in the Quaker City, most of them reprints from the 1847 volume. But in February a new series based on "a most singular dream" appeared, one which "in this day of concealing one's thoughts, and only telling that which everybody is pleased to hear, [Lippard was] altogether afraid to make public." Lippard entitled this legend "A Sequel to the Legends of Mexico." In the legend Lippard opens by recounting the events leading to its writing:

I was sitting in my room; the candle was burning low....I had been writing a Legend of Mexico. The pen lay on the Manuscript, and leaning back in my chair, a confused vision of battles fought with bayonets and knives--of cannons blazing hot through sulphureous smoke--of strong men grappling at each other's throats, and wrestling over ground red and slippery with human blood--a vision of all this and something more, passed between my eyes and the light. For I had been writing of Monterey. I had been telling how a thousand men laid down their lives at Buena Vista. I had been picturing the Chivalry of War, which goes to Battle with Banners and Bugles, and meets the wave of Death with hur­rahs, and now—
--Now I only saw a thousand corpses lie stiff and cold in dull moonlight, on a field that was soft and miry with blood.

Certainly there is something grand in war. The mere work of disciplining a vast body of men into the mystery of killing, demands the finest display of intellect. The impulse which induces the common soldier to stand up and shoot, and be shot at, is an impulse which, however misdirected, tells a great story of the intrinsic self-denial of the human soul.

And while I was thinking all this over, and thinking too, whether the very pictures of war and its chivalry which I had drawn, might not be
misconceived and lead young hearts into an appetite for blood-shedding, the singular Dream came over me.18

Lippard's dream is set not in Mexico but in Pennsylvania, where an American army in full array is sweeping over a battlefield. But the soldiers are carpenters, masons, mechanics, and farmers, and their weapons are the tools of their trade: this was "not the Army of Occupation, nor of Invasion, but the INDUSTRIAL ARMY." 19 At the end of the day Lippard surveys the field of contest. There he sees "the Desert of Pennsylvania" transformed into "a very garden, adorned with the homes of one hundred thousand poor men, who before the campaign began, had been starving in the suburbs of the Great Cities." 20 The cost of the campaign? None dead and two wounded, one man cut by an axe and another with his toe chopped off by a plough. The cost in dollars? "Just One-Nineteenth part of the Dollars spent in the Mexican War." 21

There was self-righteousness in Lippard's charge that Taylor was "the incarnation of the Mexican War" who sacrificed ten thousand poor men on the battlefields of Mexico "to make his glory complete." 22 For unquestionably Lippard felt some guilt for his rabid flag-waving of 1847. In a May issue of the Quaker City he tried to atone for his guilt by announcing that he was to write a new work on the War entitled The Real Heroes of the Mexican War. Requesting all the soldiers who fought in the War to send accounts of their
personal experiences, he no doubt intended to rectify the image of the War he had presented in *Legends of Mexico*. The *Quaker City* carried his requests for many weeks, but *The Real Heroes of the Mexican War* was never written. The War was over, other issues were hotter, and more constructive activities were in the offing.

If Lippard's attacks on Taylor and the Mexican War signaled the end of his naive and wholesale acceptance of all causes flying the American flag, they signaled at the same time the beginning of a period in which he refused to be simply a complainer and propagandist. His lecture tours had familiarized him with labor problems across Pennsylvania, particularly the condition of factory workers in Pittsburgh and miners throughout the state. The fact that the problems of laborers were widespread impressed on him the necessity to act. By April of 1849 Lippard was publicly urging militant and unpopular measures which promised results. Men who work, he said, should

Combine with brethren of your own trade. Work together, appoint your own agent, and share the profits of your united labor. Deal only with similar combinations, composed of your brethren of all other trades....Have nothing to do with any political party--only so far as it will bow to your ends, that is, to the ends of honest work....Combination! Association! These are the words of the last Gospel which God has uttered to man.

The Combination of labor, until labor produces capital. The Association of workers for their own good, until every worker is a capitalist.23

A month later Lippard devoted a long column "To Those Who Work" in which he made clear that the terms "association"
and "secret society" were synonymous and that he was laying the groundwork for a secret society for workers. A secret society he defined as:

...a combination of a certain number of men, bound to each other by a common vow, dignified and strengthened by ceremonial rites, and having for its object some great action, in politics, religion or morals....Not now need we touch upon the constantly increasing degradation of the Workers of America. To remove this degradation, to elevate the Worker to his true position, to give him the power of Capital to defend his rights against Capital, you must teach him the great mystery of Combination....In the Secret Society the great Purpose of the entire Order, is the supreme Ruler. The hundred thousand minds of the Secret Society form one Great Mind, their hundred thousand separate dollars, one Great purse. It is a Secret Society, which must bind the masses together; which must... pervade the Union, with one great Idea...The idea is feasible. It is eminently practical.24

In June of 1849 Lippard "determined to put this thought into deeds."25 The Order had a humble beginning. After disclosing his ideas to a few personal friends and finding that they met with favor, Lippard initiated the first members of the order in a second story room of his house on Sixth Street.26 Thereafter he broadcast the claims of the order in his newspaper. On June 16th the order became known officially as the Brotherhood of the Union and its platform and the preamble to its constitution were reprinted week after week in the Quaker City. By July copies of the preamble and membership applications were being printed for distribution, and by the middle of September applications for Brotherhood charters were coming in not only from all over Pennsylvania but from Maryland, Ohio, Michigan, and from as far away as
Texas. With news of the Brotherhood spreading everywhere the Quaker City was read, the order gradually attracted enough attention to prove to Lippard that its success was guaranteed. Thus the dream which “had been the thought of [his] life for years previous to June, 1849,” and which had been “strewn over all [his] works written before that period” had come true. We shall explore the details and meaning of this dream more fully in the following chapter.

II.

In the meantime Lippard was busy trying to be a novelist. The year 1849 was his most prolific as a writer. In addition to editing the Quaker City and organizing the Brotherhood, he tried to sustain in serial form no fewer than five novels, with as many as three of them running concurrently. He also found time to write a play. All these works are interesting from three points of view: firstly, for the light they throw on the political, social, and religious issues that helped shape his program of social reform; secondly, for the way they show that his dark vision, couched until now primarily in the stock conventions of Gothic romance, was beginning to emerge into fuller consciousness; and thirdly, for the light they throw on the relationship between his artistic and reformist views.

The first installment of Memoirs of a Preacher appeared in the first issue of the Quaker City. It ran through the May 12th issue, at which time its "sequel," The Man With the
Mask, picked up the adventures. The genre of the two works together (actually they are so interdependent that neither can stand alone—and they were published in 1864 as one novel entitled *Mysteries of the Pulpit*) is a melange typical of Lippard. The novels were intended to be confessional revelations on the order of Charles Dumas' *Memoirs of the Physician*, a work which appeared in America just weeks before Lippard's *Memoirs of a Preacher* and one which served as a source for some of his scenes. Curiously, however, although the title suggests that the "memoir" motif was to be prominent, we are given no indication of what the preacher's memoirs are about. Instead, Lippard again blended the gothic novel with the novel of city life and rape-seduction. As is usual with Lippard, *Memoirs of a Preacher* and its sequel (I will refer to them together henceforth as *Mysteries*) is a collection of episodes full of surprise, suspense, and moralizing brought to a hasty denouement with a quite laughable arbitrariness. To unravel the plot lines and identities of all the characters would be as fruitless as trying to ascertain the causal connections between scenes; events are not caused, they happen, as Lippard fails even to make slight overtures to verisimilitude.

In the novel the usual melodramatic lineup of Good Guys and Gals versus Bad Guys and Gals gradually evolves, with "Unknown" (Charles Lester) and Edmund Jervis, a popular preacher, squared off as hero and arch-villain. Their
adventures all revolve around Fanny Jones, the Beautiful Damsel in Distress pursued by Jervis and eventually married by Lester. There are a number of stock characters—from Slinkum, the slander-mongering editor, to Giant Peter, the obedient muscular Negro who greets the corrupt Preacher in Fanny's marriage bed just as the Preacher is hotly anticipating the premature beginning of his honeymoon. In addition to a host of other characters, mostly evil, we meet some interesting new villain types: Israel Bonus, the slum landlord (a Quaker, not a Jew); Caleb Goodleigh, the rich man whose fortune was made in the slave trade; Reuben Gatherwood, the atheistic doctor who delights in treating females in their chambers; and Stewel Pydgeon, the private policeman in business for himself. In setting his inordinately large cast of characters into action, Lippard had two main purposes in mind: the defeat of evil, and pure adventure based on suspense and surprise and the defeat of evil. He cultivated the former with an amusing deliberateness. In one section of the novel, for example, he locks Ralph Jones (Fanny's brother) in the closet of a darkened room full of villains, finally allows him to escape the closet and room, but leaves him hanging—for fifteen chapters—from a breaking lattice outside the window of another house surrounded by more villains. Much of the element of surprise depends on Lippard's penchant for cloaking the identity of key characters by means of disguises, shadowy names ("Unknown," for
example), and, in this novel, masks. Relations are reversed when true identities are revealed: families are united, fortunes claimed and villains discovered. The denouement brings "justice." The Giant Peter saves Fanny from a fire and from the Preacher's bed of lust; she then marries Lester. Israel Bonus dies of a smallpox infection contracted from one of his dead tenants, a widow, while Caleb Goodleigh and another greedy villain burn to death in Caleb's mansion. Three families, all members of the Good Guy team, start homestead farms in Wisconsin, while a few lesser villains—newspaper editors, lawyers, preachers, and the like—are allowed to live and carry on as before, emblems of the evils still plaguing society.

The novel's adventures were intended to expose and correct social evils. It was "Reality" and not "Fiction" that was Lippard's main preoccupation. "You will observe once for all," he wrote in one chapter, "that we have set out in our tasks with the intention to paint human beings. We have nothing to do with heroes or heroines. We have not time for that kind of thing. So much Reality lies along our path—Reality, vivid and appalling—Reality as palpable as is the corpse whose very touch chills you from the hand to the heart—that we have no time and not much inclination for Fiction." In Paul Ardenheim Lippard had celebrated "fiction's" identity with "truth" or "reality," but the statement made in Mysteries, despite its deprecation of
"fiction," does not contradict the one made in Paul Arden­
heim. His belittling of fiction stemmed from a fear that
the adventure in his novel would simply entertain or amuse
his readers and thereby distract them from his didactic pur­
poses. Scorning the sermon and essay as dull, he used fic­
tion as an attention-holding vehicle for his readers' liter­
ary joy-ride down the road to truth. Thus, Lippard defined
his "work in the world" as the need "to speak the wrongs and
the hopes of Humanity in the parables of Fiction."29 This
definition reflects a certain intellectual maturation in
Lippard; he had now come to a clearer understanding of the
relationship between his literary and social vision. What
now was needed was a corresponding aesthetic maturation.

Lippard attacked a host of wrongs in Mysteries. Yet
the editor of Godey's was correct in saying that the novel
was in his "usual style" but not in "his best vein"; that
"it lacks what Mr. Lippard's books seldom lack—a distinct
and ever-prevalent moral."30 As diffuse as its plot and
structure is the thematic content of the novel. Failing to
present a preacher's memoirs, Lippard leaped into the novel
and through its episodes with uncertain purpose. What ap­
parently motivated its writing in the first place was a
paragraph appearing in the local newspapers written by the
Reverend Alonzo Potter, Anglican Bishop of Pennsylvania.
Bishop Potter attacked "the insipid French novels with which
our country is deluged" and warned that only when people
learned to read good books would a return of good morals be possible. 31 Lippard took personal offence at the Bishop's statements. He was an admirer of Dumas and George Sand, and on the suggestion of one of his friendly critics had begun thinking of himself as "the American Eugene Sue."

    Have you read [Sue's] 'Wandering Jew,' [asked Lippard] in which he depicts the terrible organization of Church Power, ... and have you ... stumbled upon the character of La Mayeaux, the poor seamstress of Paris? Do you pronounce that character, or the general tone of the work, as 'the seed of robbery, arson, piracy, and assassination'? Again let me ask you, did you ever read in any work of fiction, a purer or holier creation than fleur de Marie, in Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris'? Did you ever read a nobler defence of the Rights of Labor, or a more touching picture of the wrongs and miseries of landless and homeless Toil, than are embraced in 'Martin the Foundling'? ... Did you ever read [George Sand's] 'Consuolo'? 32

With the memory of New York's rich Trinity Church fresh in his mind, Lippard diverted attention to the failings of institutionalized Christianity. "Which is the greatest robber," he asked, "the wretch that steals for bread--or the Ecclesiastical Corporation which robs and plunders in the name of God [and] ... owns and rents whole blocks or squares of houses" devoted to immoral purposes? 33 Reflecting on the working girls of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Lowell "lured from their homes and plunged into these [places]... owned by this Colossal Church," Lippard asked, "how many souls have been assassinated in these hells?" 34

In his reply to Bishop Potter, Lippard proclaimed that his intention was to write an American novel which would
escape the Bishop's ban and "accomplish much good." But instead of substantiating his allegations in regard to the Trinity Church or attacking the high church Anglicans as "aristocrats," he focused on the preachers spreading their fundamentalist gospels among the masses. Such preachers, he insisted, were subject to two great evils: sensualism and fanaticism. Knowing that his public's attention easily could be engrossed by the former, he exposed this evil by dramatizing Jervis' pursuit of Fanny. The evil of fanaticism he exposed primarily through his didactic outbursts.

One target of these outbursts was popular preachers in general, whose words, he insisted, would not bear criticism when committed to paper and whose rhetoric led to hysteria. Another target was the Millerites, who since 1844 had been anticipating Jesus' Second Coming and setting new dates for his arrival. To Lippard the other-worldly concern of these believers had blinded them to the need to do God's will on earth. And their faith was built on a faulty conception of God: that He was a cosmic judge waiting for the day to get even with his disobedient underlings. April 23, 1849, was the current date the Millerites had set for Christ's belated Second Coming. On this day the hearts of many were filled with a fanatic fear:

It was not so much a fear of Death, as a fear of a world in flames, and an Avenging God enthroned in judgement clouds, while one-half at least of the innumerable millions of earth...were doomed by his Voice, to misery without a limit, and despair that
was to grow blacker and deeper through the unfathomable ages of Eternity. 35

Though such a fear was not good, Lippard claimed that it should be tolerated. Even if wrong, the Millerites were sincere and pious. The kind of fanaticism that was intolerable was that which was divisive. Sectarianism, he asserted emphatically, was the evil offspring of fanaticism: "that Form of Religion only is false which teaches one sect to deride another." 36

While denouncing the evils associated with religion, Lippard advanced the claims of "magnetism," a phenomenon which was beginning to play an important part in his religious vision. Lippard's own understanding of this phenomenon was imperfect. On the one hand it represented to him what today would be considered "hypnotism"—a psychological phenomenon which by means of suggestibility one man controls the will of another. On the other it was linked to the concept of "animal magnetism"—or what Poe called "mesmerism"—a phenomenon through which the hypnotic or trance state was thought to be achieved by means of a physical "fluid" comparable to and often confused with electricity and other "imponderables" pervading the universe. 37 Many of Lippard's contemporaries found both "magnetism" and "mesmerism" intriguing and debated their validity as means of arriving at supersensory knowledge. While Emerson, for example, regarded animal magnetism as a scientific analogue to spirit, skeptics like Hawthorne—who was fascinated with it for
years—concluded that its enthusiastic proponents were men lacking imagination. From the famous spirit-medium seances of the Fox sisters to literary representations such as Maule's curse in *House of the Seven Gables* and mesmerism in Poe's "Premature Burial," the cult of "spiritualism" found a broad expression.

From a note in *Paul Ardenheim* we learn that Lippard had personally experienced the magnetized (or hypnotized) state. Some years ago, he said, he had been magnetized by a certain Dr. Nott, President of Union (Pennsylvania) College and "a man above suspicion of trickery or deceit of any kind." The sensation "was one of unutterable calmness; the Physical Being in a state of paralysis, while the Mind was in possession of all its powers, and as clear and serene as a sky without a cloud." Although his enthusiasm for the phenomenon waned after his initial experience, he became fascinated with it again in 1849. Like Emerson, he saw the phenomenon as a "scientific" one, and wanted to see Science and Religion going down separate paths to the same end: "Every step in scientific discovery, is also a step gained towards the altar of God." In *Mysteries of the Pulpit* he celebrated it as a highest good, associating it with his brightest dreams:

It may be that Magnetism is the great tie which binds the great family of Humanity to its God. It may be the invisible Ocean of Being which is evermore breaking upon the shores of our lower world—its low murmurs repeated in the songs of Poet and Prophet, through all time....It is not Evil [but]
like every good thing it may be perverted....Magnetism is Good. It is of God. It will, without a doubt, at some future day, be made the direct agent of incalculable blessing from God to all the human race....These histories of Enranced persons, are not peculiar to any age....[A person in trance utters] the ravings of incoherent frenzy, or the revelations of Prophetic Inspiration.40

Clearly, Lippard saw magnetism as a strange power that might be used in the cause of reform. Being good, divine, and the cause of inspired revelations, it was assuming in his scheme of things the function of a great mystic element, an elan vital informing and urging to completion his bright dreams.

In contrast to his championing of magnetism, Lippard railed away at the humdrum evils of the Great City. In one chapter he reprinted a portion of his novel *The Quaker City* in which he complains in abstract terms, agreeing with Jefferson that "'A great city is the sore of the body politic.'" But his list of complaints included many specifics. In the *Quaker City* weekly he had urged reform of Philadelphia landlord and tenant laws, and in *Mysteries* he dramatized the need for reform through his depiction of Israel Bonus and the destitute John Cattermill family living in Bonus' tenement; the mistreatment of the Cattermills is an "everyday" tragedy. One chapter in the novel is a long satiric disquisition on feuding firemen whose rivalries prove stronger than their hoses. Another outburst is directed against clean streets. "The house within may be dirty, but the pavement without must be clean. This is the Twelfth Commandment of the Quaker City. The mania for
pavement washing, as it rages all the year round in Philadelphia, is something, worse than the Yellow Fever." This mania affects all classes, and results are "wet feet and slippery pavements, terminating sometimes in broken necks, and, in nine cases out of ten, in the galloping Consumption."\(^{41}\) Evident also is Lippard's growing concern for the slavery issue. Up until now he had remained relatively quiet on slavery, preferring to attack the evils of Northern cities or what he called the "white Slavery" inherent in the factory system. In *Mysteries*, however, Caleb Goodleigh, the ex-slave trader, is soundly denounced, and Giant Peter celebrated as a hero. Woman's rights also became an issue for the first time. Lamenting that libertine doctors on professional pretexts can steal into women's chambers and perform all sorts of rites, Lippard argued that women should be given the opportunity to study medicine. (This argument gained resounding support from a woman who wrote Lippard complaining about the presence of doctors at the bed side of suffering females.)\(^{42}\) Thus Lippard's program of social reform was not all, as one critic claimed, the brainchild of a "moonstruck" dreamer; if it struck at some of the nation's greatest inequalities, it was not so out of touch with reality as to exclude problems of daily living.

Once again the element of the grotesque is present in *Mysteries of the Pulpit* darkening the novel's atmosphere and Lippard's hopes. The Gothic conventions so prevalent in
Lippard's earlier works are present, but only as shades of their former selves. Caleb's mansion, with its dark closet and iron room replete with secret trap door and spring, is no Monk Hall or Castle of Otranto. Dr. Reuben Gatherwood, the licensed libertine, is, despite his penchant for dissection, a dull and unimaginative Dr. Frankenstein. Yet evident throughout the novel is a gloominess which has autobiographical overtones. Charles Lester experiences an agony whose source is rooted in Lippard's own background. It is "such agony as distorts the face of him who sees his 'best beloved' lowered slowly into the grave, and feels that part of his soul is laid to rest in that unsightly cavity." Aged 27, Lippard's age in 1849, Lester contemplates suicide. Death on the battlefield he could accept, "but to slowly anticipate the hour, to know that my sentence is written, and that I must die with all my work undone--ah! It is better to die now." Lippard's preoccupation with death is evident in the very number of death-bed scenes--four; and his preoccupation with death by means of contagious disease betrays his fear of dying from the same malady that claimed his sister Harriet and other members of the family. In Mysteries of the Pulpit Lippard disposed of two arch-villains by means of contagious diseases--Israel Bonus and Stewel Pydgeon--and he burned another, Caleb Goodleigh, to death after revealing that he too had "the disease" that "kills its victims by slow degrees." Interestingly enough, Charles
Lester, the novel's main hero, lives happily ever after, despite his brooding.

On the whole, Mysteries of the Pulpit is an extremely disappointing work, the worst work perhaps of an already inferior writer. If it is interesting in spots, it is dull, disorganized, and confusing most of the time. Lippard and even the editor of Godey's apologized for the work, the latter explaining that it had been written "in extraordinary haste." J. M. W. Geist, a man who worked with Lippard as a compositor for the Quaker City weekly, substantiates this claim. "He was a remarkably rapid writer," says Geist.

...but it seemed as if his pen lost its cunning when the aroma of his Havana ceased to regale his olfactories. He could rarely be induced to sit down to write until his call for 'copy' became too imperative to be longer resisted. When his novels were running through the Quaker City weekly he would not begin writing the weekly installment until the morning of the day before the paper had to go to press...He would not rise from the table until the installment was finished. On those days it was my assignment to sit by his side, receive the copy, sheet by sheet, prepare it in 'takes' for the compositors, and see to it that his cigar did not go out, as that would be sure to cause an interruption to his train of thought and consequent loss of valuable time. When one cigar was nearly burnt out I would replace it with a freshly lighted one, and it really seemed as if he was unconscious of what was being done, so deeply was he absorbed in his writing. His manuscript was so correct that he rarely altered a word in the proof; in fact, he would not look over it unless pressed to do so.

However inspired these hasty and unrevised outpourings might have been, they were still disappointing as art. It was Lippard's failure to see art as important that led to his
failure to produce a worthy predecessor to Harold Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware* and Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*. This failure, as we shall see, had an ideological basis.

The *Empire City; or, New York by Night and Day, Its Aristocracy and Dollars* was begun after *Mysteries of the Pulpit*, but many of both novel's episodes ran concurrently in the *Quaker City* weekly. After the success of his *Quaker City* novel Lippard realized that for a novel to pay off it would have to appeal to the readers in the great urban areas. In *The Nazarene* he had proposed to deliver an expose of Philadelphia, New York, and Washington at once, hoping to 'cash in on the interest generated in all three cities; but despite his many promises that *The Nazarene* was ready to come out in completed form, he never finished the novel and it never caught the public's fancy in the way his *Quaker City* had. Early in 1849 Lippard began announcing in the *Quaker City* weekly that *Washington City; or, The White House and the Capitol* was soon to appear, but only one chapter did. In the meantime he had been writing chapters of *The Empire City*, recognizing New York City as America's most cosmopolitan area and therefore as the one furnishing "more abundant materials for a great book, than any city in the world." At the same time Lippard also hoped to duplicate the success of his *Quaker City* novel and find a following in New York that would increase the circulation of his weekly. But most importantly he wanted to show how the "green island" of
Manhattan had become a "desert of walls, with Broadway shining like a track of fire, through its whole extent, and a million of lives swarming beneath its countless roofs, and along its tortuous streets."49

Perhaps in response to criticism of Mysteries of the Pulpit's disorganization, Lippard made more of an effort to structure The Empire City. The time span covered in the novel is twenty-one years--1823 to 1844--but the action is restricted to a few locales and is relatively controlled. The plot revolves around the making and carrying out of a will. Before supposedly committing suicide, a rich and benevolent New York merchant, Gulian Van Huyden, puts his two million dollar estate in trust to a certain Dr. Fulmer, who is to see to it that in twenty-one years (1844) the terms of the will are carried out. The beneficiaries are seven relatives, unless it should happen that Gulian's son, born on the eve of his suicide, is still alive. Most of the novel's action occurs in 1844 in different cars of a train speeding its passengers toward the New York office where the will is to be executed. The Van Huyden estate is now worth twenty million dollars, a prize many on the train--some of them heirs apparent--contrive to get.

The story was designed to be a sensational mystery. Disguises, name changes, and unnamed characters ("Nameless" and "Ninety-One," for example) are used to obscure identities until a sudden quirk of fate occurring at just the right time
makes everything clear again. Throughout the story mystery surrounds the question of whether Gulian's son is alive or not, and what has happened to Dr. Fulmer. To give the action some flair Lippard included some rape and seduction. We find, in some of the novel's more fully developed episodes, that Charles, Gulian's brother, has seduced Gulian's young bride Alice; that Reverend Barnhurst has raped another girl named Alice on the train after her brother "sold" her to the preacher for one thousand dollars; and that Beverly Barron has seduced a poor man's beautiful daughter named Mary.

Worked into the framework of sex and mystery is the usual grotesque strain. As in Mysteries of the Pulpit some of the grotesque elements are borrowed from Gothic romance and transposed into a nineteenth-century setting. The action begins in a graveyard, and the Van Huyden mansion is a "gloomy edifice." In order to be saved from the gallows Nameless must be put into a death-like trance, buried alive, and dug up again in another graveyard scene. Other grotesque elements seem to stem not from convention but from Lippard's imagination. The Van Huyden family, for example, is hereditarily prone to suicide, and Nameless, a clairvoyant, associates trance with death:

When I am awake, or rather when I appear awake, my memory is dim; my thoughts confined; my life seems to me a chaos. When I am in the present state, my body is to all seeming, paralyzed--dead--but my soul is in the possession of all its faculties. It is in this state, which you may call sleep, or half-death, that I really live.
Worked into this mixture of mystery, seduction, and gloom is social commentary. The dialectic of Lippard's social criticism is apparent in his use of character (or, more appropriately, caricature). John and Betsy Hoffman, penniless poor people trying to maintain a home for their infant son, are virtuous "every day" people exploited by the rich. Israel York is another Israel Bonus; he is a banker and a financier in "cotton and breadstuffs," the necessities of everyday life. Evelyn Somers is a malevolent and rich New York merchant. In Ishmael Ghoul, city editor; Jebediah Buggles, hench-man; Gabriel Godlike, corrupt politician; Reverend Barnhurst, rapist-preacher; and Blossom, amateur policeman—we meet types Lippard was fond of ridiculing or denouncing. In Frank, a repentant whore, and Royal Bill, a huge, good-hearted and obedient runaway slave, we see types Lippard admired. One of the novel's significant actions centers on Harry Royalton, a Southern planter, and his attempts to bring back Randulph, a white-skinned fugitive slave who turns out to be Royalton's blood brother. In return for enslaving his brother, Royalton is tried in a clandestine "Court of the Ten Million" and is sentenced to be whipped by Royal Bill. The episode of course crudely allegorizes the animosity developing over the slavery issue and indicates where Lippard's sympathies lay. Indeed the moral lessons to be learned from the interaction of almost all the characters are hardly complicated. Like most of the popular writers of
his day, Lippard rewarded virtue and punished evil.

Lippard's denouement to The Empire City, a two page affair, neatly brings most of the cast together, unclouds the mystery surrounding identities, and brings "justice" to all. Justice often amounts simply to getting rid of the Bad Guys. John Hoffman gets justice-revenge by killing Evelyn Somers and his son, the family which exploited him; Arthur Dermoyne (in love with the raped Alice) finds her betrayer in a graveyard and kills him by dashing his head against a tombstone; Gabriel Godlike dies of natural causes; Harry Royalton returns to the South where he is killed "by a pistol bullet in a fracas which his insolence provokes." Of the villains only Israel York "still lives and prospers."

While the Bad Guys are rather mechanically disposed of, the Good Guys go on to lead what to Lippard was the ideal life. "Nameless," we discover with no surprise, is Gulian Van Huyden's son and legitimate heir; not really dead, he returns to marry the repentant whore Frank, who in a fit of gratitude drinks poison and dies. (Seen from a modern point of view, her death indicates that she is a victim of a sexual double standard and puritan mores that demand that no fallen woman, however sincere her repentance, be allowed to marry a good man.) After Frank's death Gulian remarries, becomes the father of a "blooming family," and spends happy afternoons "in the beautiful cottage on the banks of the Hudson." His father, we find, had not really committed suicide; he too is
alive and well in Rome. And Arthur Dermoyne, having righted the wrong done to Alice through murder, is not prosecuted; he marries not Alice but someone else and becomes wealthy and happy in the end, liberally bestowing his money "on plans of active benevolence." (Even though Alice was forced to fall, she too must fend for herself rather than marry the man she loves.) Lippard leaves his reader with this thought: "May you, dear reader, be equally prosperous and equally judicious in using the gifts of fortune."  

On reading the denouement one cannot help being struck by the extent to which Lippard's sense of justice was confounded by his interest in revenge. Yet we must not lose sight of the fact that the fates he meted out to his evil characters probably reflect more the extent to which injustice outraged him than what he would have done were he a judge dealing with real people. If he failed to try to understand what motivated his villains (and therefore did not excuse their misdeeds as liberally as he did those of the poor he depicted), he demonstrated in The Empire City that his sympathies for mankind were as broad as his outrage was intense. It was not unusual for him to champion causes that had little support or sympathy from the masses with whom he identified. Some of the most poignant scenes in the novel take us to the interior of the prison where he pleads the cause of prisoners and of men condemned to die. Lippard also takes us to a madhouse owned by "strict" Quakers where,
he says, people are legally mistreated after being put out of the way by their husbands, wives, or enemies. Quite heedless of the disapprobation that might ensue, Lippard felt committed to give at least some example of whatever social injustice his panoramic vision happened on at the time of writing. More and more it was becoming apparent that he was developing a determination not to be conciliatory or silent about injustice.

By the middle of 1849 it was clear that Lippard was particularly unwilling to be silent about the slavery issue. In his speech before the Industrial Congress in June of 1848 he had passed over the issue, but in January of 1849 he was not quite so willing to look the other way. Slavery, he wrote in the Quaker City weekly, is an evil "not to be cured by mere paper manumission but by general reform, which will give the slave a direct object for which to live and work. It is more of a social even than a constitutional evil. Let the slave receive his share of the profits of his labor... let him be educated and invested with a sense of responsibility as an immortal soul." Some weeks later he paused during one of the episodes in The Empire City to issue a warning to the South:

We have done much for you, people of the South. We have called every man--dog and cur--who dared to raise his voice against your domestic institutions. On the floor of Congress we have done your bidding; patiently, tamely, and with but a murmur now and then. We have called Jefferson a 'visionary,' because, weak man, he said that black slavery was your curse and would be your doom. We have
made it a moral felony for any Northern man to open his mouth, or wield his pen against your domestic institutions. Have we not done enough? Could we do more? Have not the great body of the Northern people stood between you and the attacks of Abolitionists? Have you made a demand that has not been answered with a ready—I do not say—servile obedience? Has there been one concession in the vocabulary of submission and silence, that we have not granted unto you? Pardon, then, if we speak—not of slavery as it exists among you—but of slavery as it shows its front to us, to the people of the North....But must this silence on the part of Northern men last forever? Dare we not speak a word on this dreaded subject without having the words—abolitionist, dog—thrown in our teeth? While we attack the despotism of the bank, the corruptions of the church, shall we not say a word—only a word—of the horrors that surround the slave-mart?

In January of 1850 he wrote a "Legend of Everyday" depicting John C. Calhoun, then a senator from South Carolina, dreaming of writing a constitution for slave states conspiring to break away from the Union. Thus, ten years before its outbreak Lippard had anticipated the Civil War, and while much of the nation was still drawing up battle-lines, he had taken a side.

*The Empire City* was not as successful as *The Quaker City* novel. Despite his efforts at tighter structure, Lippard failed to make *The Empire City* as good or as interesting a novel as *The Quaker City*. No titillating seduction scenes occur, and no characters as interesting as Ravoni or Devil-Bug are portrayed. On the whole the later novel was hastily and carelessly conceived; it is understandable that New York readers did not take to the fledgling from Philadelphia.
On December 1, 1849 the Quaker City weekly began carrying a new story called "The Killers." This is essentially a story of rape-seduction, suspense, and pure adventure in the grotesque strain typical of Lippard. The story contains few unfamiliar motifs. Its leading characters—from Jacob Hicks, a corrupt banker, to Kate Watson, a beautiful Damsel in Distress, and Bulgine, a muscular Negro who "instinctively" rescues Kate from a fire—are types we have met before. In the "Killers," a gang of desperadoes, we find another example of the perverted secret society which Lippard found so fascinating. As in many of his other works much of the story's interest depends on obscured identity resulting from confused parentage, from chase episodes climaxing in close-call escapes, and from the eventual working out of justice whereby the evil are disposed of (usually killed) and the good are saved from danger, rewarded, and married to each other.

The story was inspired by some local issues about which Lippard wanted to present his views. The first was prison reform, particularly the reform of Philadelphia's Eastern Penitentiary. Contrasting the fate of a rich man able to avoid prosecution through legal technicalities with that of a poor man sentenced to jail for passing a spurious ten dollar note, Lippard not only criticised prison conditions but the inequities surrounding the enforcement of law. He attacked solitary confinement, moreover, as dehumanizing
and murderous to both body and soul. The whole theory and practice of punishment needed reforming. "When a man enters the Bastille he leaves his name at the door. He becomes a number" whose later chances of success in society are plagued by his record.56

The second issue arose from a riot that had taken place in Philadelphia on election night in October of 1849. In one sense the story was to be a factual account of what occurred. The incident began when during the rancour of the evening a shot rang out and a white man was killed. According to Lippard, the attention of a mob was attracted to

...a house at the corner of South and St. Mary, kept by a black fellow who (so the rumor ran) was married to a white woman. The mob gathered numbers every moment, and a conflict ensued between the white mob and the negroes who had fortified themselves within the California house [a bar]... and in the neighboring tenements and hovels. The inmates after a desperate battle were forced to fly; the bar was destroyed, and the gas set on fire. In a moment the house was in a blaze.... Amid the clamor of the riot, while pistol shots broke incessantly on the air, and the flames of the burning house, innocent firemen and bystanders were killed.57

Lippard was not content with a simple account of the incident. Earlier in the year he had denounced the police for firing upon the crowds during another riot which became known as the New York Massacre. He saw the Philadelphia incident as a race riot in which Negroes had unjustly been "burned out of house and home" because of an incident provoked by the notorious killers and the angry self-righteousness of whites trying to take the law into their
own hands.\textsuperscript{58}

On both the riot and prison reform Lippard took unpopular stands in an attempt to erode popular prejudices. Though not alone, he was flaunting majority opinion in championing condemned criminals and Negroes who had taken white blood; and in so doing he was risking the disfavor of the very masses on whom he relied for support. Both issues shook his faith in the common man, who, unlike Bulgine the Negro, had not done right instinctively. He was beginning to make a distinction between the common man he had idealized in his "legends of Every Day" and the common man of the streets. The one, close to nature and God, could be trusted to know and do the good; the other had to be taught. Thus Lippard argued that money should be spent "upon a broad system of education, which shall embrace all classes of society."\textsuperscript{59} General education he now saw as necessary because he was discovering that some of the most undemocratic ideas and institutions were being given support by the very common man he saw as the bulwark of democracy.

Aside from its social commentary, "The Killers" is interesting for the light it sheds on Lippard's attitude toward literary style. For the first time we get a hint that Lippard was amused by his own style, that he was capable of parroting his own hackneyed fictional formulas. "I vow, it's as good as a play," says one character as true identities are revealed in one of the story's melodramatic
closing episodes. "If they'd only sing it, we should have an Opera on the spot!" Lippard was capable of mocking his own style because he did not see style as important. In a May issue of the Quaker City weekly he had presented "Twenty Three Thoughts" concisely expressing some of his basic attitudes toward fiction (among other things). The novel-writer, he wrote, "with fictional names and real incidents, arranged in the order suitable to his own taste, draws a true picture of the whole scope of life [for he] pictures the hearts as well as the actions of his characters." But "style"

...is only the dress of thought. A strong man may make a bad style popular: the reader does not look at the dress, but at the form which that dress serves to clothe. A weak man, may write ever so euphoniously; style, grammar, and words all correct, and of the smoothest sound; and yet he can never become a popular writer. The pretty dress of his words cannot conceal his emptiness. 

These statements are not merely rationalizations for his own style. When Lippard's friend Geist asked him what he was going to do with Ralph, the boy left hanging on the lattice for fifteen chapters, Lippard's answer was, "'I cannot tell until next week.'" Lippard could not tell because he himself probably did not know; he did not regard a controlled plot necessary to the success of his novel. Similarly, he had no concern for a controlled style. Considering fiction as merely a vehicle for preaching, preaching as best when stemming from the inspiration of the moment, and "style" as the "dress of thought" debilitating the effects of
inspiration, Lippard quite understandably wrote bad novels. The "only rule of literary composition worth minding" was: "Have something to say, and say it with all your might."^63

Toward the end of 1849, Lippard, hoping to capitalize on the interest stirred by the Quaker City weekly, induced Severns to publish The Memoirs of a Preacher, The Man with the Mask, and Washington and His Men, his "second series" of Revolutionary legends. A few months later The Empire City and The Killers (later reprinted as The Bank Director's Son) appeared in novel form. In addition, he wrote a play, "designed to illustrate the evils of intemperance," which was shown at Peale's Museum and another popular theater in Philadelphia.^64 This play was the only piece in which Lippard ever treated the question of intemperance, a subject monopolized by his prolific contemporary T. S. Arthur.

Judging from a piece written in the Quaker City, we may surmise that Lippard's play was intended to rectify Arthur's conception of the causal relationship between drinking and social evils. The evils of intemperance, argued Lippard, stemmed from social ills, rather than vice versa; thus those wanting to rid society of intemperance should attempt to rid it of its defects rather than spirits.^65 A debate between Arthur and Lippard never developed, and Lippard never returned to the subject of intemperance. The play, however, "had a good long run to crowded houses."^66 Its "high success" climaxed a year in which Lippard again proved his
ability to capture the popular imagination and stir the popular conscience.

III.

Despite his aversion to style, Lippard prided himself on one work which he thought was the best product of his pen. Begun early in 1849 in the Quaker City and concluded in September of that year, The Entranced, or the Wanderer of Eighteen Centuries was special to Lippard because in it he attempted to give controlled expression to the theories on which he based his hopes for world revolution and the Brotherhood of the Union. This work is primarily an interpretation of history from early Christian times to 1848, the year Lippard considered sacred as the time for world revolution. It concludes and in many respects complements Lippard's other mythic histories presented in The Nazarene and "The Carpenter's Son," but more importantly it is an allegory of Lippard's own mental growth and an explicit revelation of the ambiguities surrounding his dreams. The Entranced, wrote Lippard, is "a kind of prose-poem [addressed] to that class in particular who believe that Christianity is not merely a theological fable, but a practical matter altogether, designed to improve not only the spiritual but the physical condition of man."67

Reminiscent in its general outlines of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Shelley's Triumph of Life, The Entranced (later retitled Adonai, or the Pilgrim of Eternity)
is an allegory based on premises popularized in America by Carlyle: That history, when correctly interpreted, "is the perpetual Revelation of Almighty God," and that the great movement of history is shaped by great men. Beginning with Nero's era, Lippard intended to show how history had progressed through various stages, who were its heroes, and where it was heading. The interpretation is heavily influenced by socialist thought. The conflicts common to all stages in history reduce themselves to class struggles between the rich and poor, with the rich invariably portrayed as the orthodox in religion and politics and the poor as an exploited class subject to the repressive laws of the rich. At certain times in history heroes arise to flaunt orthodoxy and lead the poor in battle against the rich. Whatever their names, these heroes are basically similar: they are religiously inspired, they are militant in pressing their demands, and they are considered rebellious or heretical by the forces of orthodoxy. They are never really defeated; they pass their inspiration on to other heroes, and each successive hero, according to Lippard, brings victory closer.

Perhaps because the number had a special charm about it, Lippard distinguished three significant stages in world history. Lippard begins with the age of Nero, the period during which he saw primitive Christianity triumphing over pagan Rome and becoming a force in history. The hero of this stage is a certain Lucius the Sabyrite, at first a
favorite of Nero assigned to guard a secret "Iron Door" separating the rich and poor, but later a convert to Christianity, the religion of the poor. Lucius' conversion turns him into an outcast and martyr. Before he is killed by a grim Executioner with a black sense of humor, Lucius is magnetized or put into a trance so that his soul stays alive. After in effect being buried alive, his soul enters the body of another person. Now called Adonai the Arisen, he wanders the earth spreading his gospel and preaching revolution.

We see Adonai again in the year 1525 at St. Peter's in Rome. In the guise of a humble monk, he decides to go forth to "search for the Religion which you heard preached in the Catacombs in the days of Nero." Travelling the length of Italy and into Germany, he sees that the Body of Christ "is crucified afresh, in the form of the Poor Man, who is mocked and murdered, everyday, by new Herods, and new Pharisees" (26). In Germany he meets a "great Reformer...[who] preaches the real Gospel, as it was preached in the days of old" (27). This man is Martin Luther, "a jocund man, with a Bible by his side, a pen in one hand, and a flask of cheerful wine in the other" (26). On theological matters Adonai and Luther are perfectly compatible; they agree about how to save man's soul. But in regard to other matters they differ sharply. Luther, says Adonai, does nothing to save the bodies of the poor. "Enough it is for you that I
preach spiritual freedom,' [cried Luther] in angry tones—
'The body is born to suffer and die. Suffer on, my friends;
obey your lords; in the next world you may have your foot
upon their necks. Suffer—suffer—suffer! But do not dare
to revolt against your Lords—Revolt has never ended well."
(27-8) Adonai's response is that Luther is a "Half-Way"
prophet.

"No--no--thou art only great enough for Half-Way....
Thou wilt die, with only half of thy work achieved,
and men will wonder, often time, as they sit in the
kennels of the world—whether it had not been bet­
ter for Man hadst thou never worked at all. Until
labor is rewarded, and man is encircled by circum­
stances worthy of his destiny, this world will only
exist for superstition and bloodshed....So long as
men, like thee, preach to the Poor the falsehood of
a bestial submission to the Rich—so long as Men,
chosen of God to give voice to the Poor Man's agony,
prove false to their sacred trust—so long will the
efforts of the Poor, to free themselves, resemble
only the efforts of a blinded giant, who rushes
from his cell, and, knife in hand, mangles every­
thing in his path." (28-29)

Many listen to this debate, including one man in the shadows
whose grim and smiling visage resembles the Executioner's.

To correct and complete the work of Luther, Adonai
rises again in 1822, the date of Lippard's birth and the be­
ginning of the climactic third stage of history. Again in
the guise of a humble man, he takes his staff and makes a
pilgrimage, "anxious to discover, whether, after the lapse
of eighteen hundred years, the Gospel of Nazareth lived on
the face of the earth" (29). First, he travels throughout
Europe where he surveys the graves at Waterloo and sees a
"new Nero on the throne of England." So sad is his journey
that he returns to the catacombs of Rome where the Executioner, a figure much like Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor, greets him:

'Go back to sleep again. Thou hast nothing in common with the people of earth. Go back and sleep,--and let thy Soul return to the purer form, the happier being, which it has left for this dull shape of clay and this dread world of dust.' And Adonai wondered much within his Soul, at the trouble and unrest of the Executioner. (30)

Adonai arises once again in 1848 for a second tour of Europe. This part of the third stage of history, is not altogether a sad journey. In Italy he sees the Pope losing power and the Jesuits being thrown down. In France he meets Lamartine, Louis Blanc, George Sand, and Eugene Sue—all poet-prophets of proletarian revolution. Inspired, he crosses the Atlantic to visit the New World. "There, at least, while the Old World is given up to the throes of Revolution, the Arisen Gospel walks divinely among millions of happy homes," he thinks (41-42). Attended by the Spirit of Washington, "returned from Eternity for awhile, to inhabit a human form" (51), Adonai first tours the city of Washington. The first man he encounters there demands to know whether he is there to buy or sell. This man is a slave merchant bargaining to sell a Black who is "a capital fellow to have on a plantation--preaches the Gospel and keeps the Slaves in order" (47). Later Adonai stops in the Senate where he hears "a senator from South Carolina [John C. Calhoun]" plead for the maintenance of slavery and the
necessity of protecting the rights of commerce. In one of Washington's domed buildings he finds a "King" who has spent ninety million dollars on an unpopular war rather than on poverty. He travels to Valley Forge, where he finds a factory whose workers are underfed and whose smoke pollutes the air. Not far from there is a "Christian prison" whose inmates are all poor. Travelling in the Northern cities he sees "the Steam Engine, the Lightning wire, and the wheels of Machinery," but he ends up asking, "What if these wonderful discoveries in science, these developments in machinery, should be used by the FEW as the means to oppress and degrade the MANY?" (57) After many wanderings Adonai finally rests; an Iron Door separating rich and poor, he concludes, also exists in America. And the omnipresent Executioner laughs in assent.

Adonai's wanderings reveal that while many men and movements are stirring up revolution, the conservative forces outweigh the radical ones. Although inspired by the likes of Lamartine and Louis Blanc, Adonai is dismayed by Thiers and the kings of Europe who meet "to celebrate, in solemn ceremonies, the sacred reign of Law and Order" (80). One scene in particular stands out as the one representing best the dilemma facing the revolutionaries in 1849. Set in a vast desert, this scene brings Adonai and Washington together outside a sepulchre where is gathered a multitude of people from all over the world; these are the world's
poor. Encircling the sepulchre itself is a band of priests, kings, and rich men who form a wall keeping the multitude away from the sepulchre and preventing its light from reaching them. Behind the Iron Door of the sepulchre is the imprisoned body of Jesus radiating a light which has the "Power to make the desert blossom and not only the desert of sand, but the desert of the human heart, made barren and dead by ages of oppression" (86). On occasion a man rushes from the crowd and attempts to press through the circle, "But a priest touched him, with an iron cross, and he was dead. There was magic in that iron cross—a sad terrible magic" (87). Other men kneel before the powerful and pray. "And in this manner was answered the prayer of every suppliant: One was killed by the sceptre of a king, another by the axe in the hands of a Rich Man, and a third by the iron book or the iron cross of a priest." (87) Finally, a man clothed in rags advances, but not to die or pray. "'We have tried prayers long enough,' he said. 'Long enough have we tried tears. It is in vain to attempt to move these Kings, these Priests, these Rich Men, with prayers or tears.'" Seizing the sword of Washington, he shows it to the crowd, and "the multitude, swaying to and fro, began to understand." (89)

The story's last scene takes us to a gloomy mountain top where Adonai and Washington, "sick of the earth and of the suffering which clothed it," have been called by a Voice
to hear "the last great secret." Kneeling on the summit they survey the chaos below them. "Europe was arched with a rainbow of flame. And everywhere the earth shook with the tread of armies." (94) People in arms fall on Pope and King, sparing no one in their way. "But is not peaceful progress possible for Europe?" cried Adonai. "Is peaceful progress possible for the infant whose throat is in the tiger's clutch?" replies the Voice. A cloud sweeps over Europe, "thus struggling in the throes of her Last Revolution," and a vision of America appears.

All over the land the roar of the steam engine was heard. The clang of iron wheels upon roads of iron, broke harshly through the stillness. The lighted windows of the Factory blazed through the darkness on every hand. From Golden California to the Empire City, huge cities reared their heads, swarming with countless souls. An empire no less bewildering in the suddenness of its growth than in the god-like glory—or yet the awful gloom—of its Future.

"Not an Empire," said Adonai, "but the last altar of human Brotherhood—the scene of God's last experiment with the human race—such is the New World." (96)

Shall the New World fulfill her destiny by means of peaceful progress alone? A mocking laugh breaks over the air, and the Executioner—Satan—speaks:

"Listen," continued that sombre Figure, towering there in his sullen grandeur, on the mountain top. "Listen Washington, and then curse yourself for your folly, in trying to free the Land by seven years of Revolution. Listen Adonai, and then curse the Christ in whom you believe. This land is mine, and here will I bring the human race to a point of degradation never known before. Kings, and Lords, and Popes, shall never rule here, but in their place you will have a Despot with talons of iron, and a granite heart—the MONEY CHANGER. In the
cities shall reign supreme the lust of traffic—
the lust of getting money for money's sake, no
matter at what cost of suffering or woe—corrupt-
ing in every human heart every hope that looks
higher than the Dollar Out yonder on the broad
prairies shall dwell, not Lords of old, with lance
and spear—but Lords of Land, who, owning all the
Land, shall in effect own the lives and souls of
the millions who toil upon those lands. Yonder in
the Earth, the very presence of the African race
is sure to give birth at first to Disunion, and
then to a war of races—a war of annihilation be-
tween the white and black. Amid scenes like these
what will become of your beloved Masses—your
People? Despoiled by the Men of Money—bought and
sold by the Lords of Land—employed as soldiers to
cut each other's throats—swept off by one plague
after another—embruted by the very air of the
large cities—worked like beasts of burden in fac-
tory and workshop—what then will become of your
Masses? No--Adonai and Washington—learn the truth
at last. Progress is a lie. Mankind were born to
be the prey of a few oppressors—born to work, suf-
fer, and die. The instruments of degradation may
change their names, but they are always the same.
And thus I feel--I know that this New World is
mine--my lawful spoil—the scene of the utter and
final degradation of the human race." (96-97)

The Executioner's rhetoric is devastating. "Adonai
bowed his head—he could not answer the Executioner" (97).

It takes a sudden apocalypse to override the arguments of
the Executioner and reconfirm Adonai's faith.

Suddenly, Adonai was encircled by the spirits
of those, who in all ages, and in face of all man-
er of superstition, avarice, and despair, had held
fast to hope in Man, to trust in God, and to faith
in the social regeneration of mankind.
The mountain top was alive with their forms—
not vague mist-like shapes, but spiritual bodies,
composed of substance, but of substance as much
more refined than electricity than electricity is
more refined than flesh. The Satan mocked as he
beheld them, but he trembled.
The Seers of all ages were there—the Arisen
Washington uttered a shout of prayer and joy. Of
all ages, called by all manner of names—Christian,
Heathen, Dreamer, Infidel—all were there in
shining groups.

Some of them known in their earthly life as Plato, Socrates, Swedenborg, Sir Thomas More, Fourier—these and a thousand others—many unknown to earthly fame—but known to Heaven and God—these joined hands, in one vast circle, which girt the mountain top. And with one voice they said—

"Behold us! We are here! We, who in all ages, and in climes widely removed, and in face of all manner of superstition, avarice and despair, have witnessed to the truth, that Man is capable of social regeneration, that Society is capable of social re-organization, that it is the will of the ONE AND LIVING GOD that Heaven shall begin upon this earth, so that it may go on in the Other." (97)

This holy confession of faith floats over the American Continent and whole world. In the meantime the Executioner mocks on: "Dreamers! Dreamers all! From Plato down to the very latest of ye all! A fine dream, but how will you ever accomplish it?" (98) The Executioner's question is answered by a Wayfaring Man attired in humble garb and carrying "A dark globe, a white cross and a rising sun"—symbols of Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union. With the coming of this "Master," the Executioner fades into air.

Adonai's pilgrimage through the Old and New worlds is a tragic battle against experience. At every turn he is confronted with the facts of life—the overwhelming evil of the world personified by the Executioner. So heavy does his and Washington's burden become that they wish for death. "They prayed incessantly that their bodies might return to the dust, and that their souls—their better and immortal nature—might be permitted to rise again, into the regions of the Higher Life. And their prayer was not answered" (83).
They travel "ever in a circle" without a mark or guide; they fall silent at the Sepulchre when the multitude cries for the blood of the rich, and in the home of a frontiersman who will use "The Gospel of the Rifle" to defend his homestead against his rich landlord. What ultimately enables Adonai to salvage his hope and maintain his desire to live is a faith in a transcendent spiritual world. As one who has been there, Washington assures Adonai of this world's reality—"A reality so beautiful, that our hearts sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future—always golden steps to mount" (69). This world's greatest promise is that "there is no such thing as Death"—only a "transition from one state of life to another" (70).

The *Entranced* is Lippard's best and most important work, one which because of its scope and the representativeness of Lippard's experience should be made available to students of American history and culture. The work is the best summary of Lippard's thought and reveals in clear outline the roots of his dreams. Clearly, his bright dreams had their genesis in a strong faith in the possibility of returning to the primitive pre-institutionalized religion of the Christian martyrs and the democratic principles of the Founding Fathers. These ideals were personified by Jesus, Washington, and now Lippard himself who, with a consciousness not unlike a host of Protestants from Luther to Wesley, were
bent on iconoclasm in their efforts to reorient society to the communalism of the early Christians. To Lippard this communalism had an economic dimension which he wanted to re-capture; it implied the existence of a classless and controlled social system in which the wealth is equitably distributed. In a word, it implied economic as well as political democracy. Ultimately, it implied a faith in a concerned and active God and in the ability of self-appointed prophets to interpret history's convulsions as promises of a pending apocalyptic revolution. If the fulfillment of these dreams depended on faith in God, self, and revolution, they also necessitated works; the apocalypse had to be helped along by a secret brotherhood. The nemesis of these dreams is the world of experience, the threat of violence, and the longing for death that accompanies the feeling of doubt and despair—all personified in the ever-present and convincing Executioner. This world of experience is the world of 1850—fallen away from the ideals of Christian communalism and democracy into exploitive capitalism, monarchic tyranny, dehumanizing industrialism, slavery, and war. If in this summary work Lippard gave expression to the great idealism he saw implicit in Christianity and America, he was also acutely aware of the impending catastrophies that might result from the failure of Americans to live up to their religious and national ideals. Like many of Lippard's contemporaries, Adonai the Arisen had visions of glory, but the
glory was surrounded in gloom. Paradoxically, despite Lip­
pard's subsequent success in instituting the means of Ameri­
cia's redemption, the gloom only thickened from now on.

IV.

To Lippard the success of the *Quaker City* weekly
equalled and in some ways surpassed that of the novel by the
same name. If the novel's success gave him a name, the
weekly made him a self-made man independent of creditors
and editors. Confirming his belief that a combination of
good intentions, hard work, and sheer will-power could bring
results, this success also reinforced his sense of the
righteousness of his cause. While the work done for the
weekly was exhausting, its rewards could be measured in
terms of the applications for membership in the Brotherhood
of the Union. Words were leading to organization and
action.

Moreover, Lippard could measure his success in terms
of the disillusionments and discoveries suggesting that he
had experienced mental growth and achieved a more coherent
total vision. Firstly, he now thought that he more clearly
saw through the patriotic motives of politicians. No longer
would he support any general or cause flying under an Ameri­
can banner, as he had Taylor and the Mexican War. Indeed
he saw the political establishment as so corrupt that it was
necessary to organize outside the normal channels of govern­
ment. Secondly, he saw the need to become more practical
and militant. Evils had to be attacked not only in word but in deed. Workers had to organize and pool their resources, and revolutionaries, while denouncing violence, had to use the coercive power of the threat of violence.

Thirdly, Lippard more clearly identified his allies and enemies. While idealizing the common man, he saw the need to make distinctions between the enlightened common man who saw things his way, and the common man supporting orthodox views who had to be educated. No longer did he blindly trust the American Everyman to have all the virtues necessary to general social reform. Finally, he lighted upon a mystic phenomenon—magnetism—which he believed held the key to the source of power he could tap to realize his dreams. Like so many of his mad-doctor and Faust figures, he thought his efforts had been climaxed by the discovery of a life-giving elixir confirming the truth of his theories.

Against this success, enlightenment, and faith stood the world of experience. By the middle of September, 1849, just after the final installment of The Entranced had appeared in the Quaker City, it was becoming apparent that the European revolutions were being quelled or put down by the authorities. As news from abroad darkened his dream of worldwide revolution, critics at home were loud and angry. While one attacked him for being a "moonstruck dreamer," others called him a "worthless rake" and "a vain, sickening, licentious popinjay." His championing of Jesus brought
the charge that he was "an infamous Atheist of the school of Robespierre and Fourier." This charge of atheism was accompanied by other all-too familiar epithets. While from the pulpit he heard Fourierists denounced as "children of the Devil," Lippard had the distinction of being among the first in America to be labelled a "Red." His opinions on slavery prompted one man from Arkansas to threaten to tar and feather him should he ever travel through a certain town in the South.

Lippard passed off these comments as the words of foolish cranks. But he could not as lightly dismiss the regular visits of death. In October of 1849 Lippard lost one of his greatest literary idols, Edgar Allan Poe. One evening in July of that year Poe had visited Lippard in his office. Ill and destitute, Poe had arrived in Philadelphia a few days earlier on his way South only to be arrested for drunkenness. After being freed from the county prison, he sought a refuge in the home of John Sartain, a local engraver, and turned to Lippard for help. Together with Reverend Burr, Lippard cared for Poe, gave him some money, and put him on a train for Baltimore. Poe acknowledged the debt in a letter to Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law. "To L [ippard] and to C [hauncey] B [urr], and in some measure also to Mr. Sartain," he wrote, "I am indebted for more than life. They remained with me and aided me in coming to my senses."
In the October 20 issue of the *Quaker City* Lippard wrote this account:

Edgar Allan Poe died, in the city of Baltimore, on Sunday, nearly two weeks ago. He is dead and we are conscious that words are fruitless to express our feelings in relation to his death. Only a few weeks ago we took him by the hand in our office, and heard him express himself in these words—'I am sick—sick at heart. I have come to see you before I leave for Virginia. I am homesick for Virginia. I don't know why it is but when my foot is once in Virginia, I feel myself a new man. It is a pleasure to me to go into her woods—to lay myself upon her sod—even to breathe her air.' These words, the manner in which they were spoken, made a deep impression. They were the words of a man of genius, hunted by the world, trampled upon by the men whom he had loaded with favors, and disappointed on every turn of life. Poe spent a day with us. We talked of the time we had first met, in his quiet home on Seventh Street, Philadelphia, when it was made happy by the presence of his wife—a pure and beautiful woman. He talked also of his last book, 'Eureka', well termed a 'Prose Poem', and spoke much of projects for the future. When we parted from him on the cars, he held our hand for a long time, and seemed loath to leave us—there was in his voice, look and manner something of a presentiment that his strange and stormy life was near its close. His looks and his words were vividly impressed upon our memory, until we heard of his death and the news of that event brought every look and word home to us as keenly as though only a moment had passed since we parted from him. We frankly confess that, on this occasion, we cannot imitate a number of editors who have taken upon themselves to speak of Poe, and his faults in a tone of condescending pity! That Poe had faults we do not deny. He was a harsh, a bitter and sometimes an unjust critic. But he was a man of genius—a man of high honor—a man of good heart. He was not an intemperate man. When he drank, the first drop maddened him; hence his occasional departures from the line of strict propriety. But he was not an habitual drinker. As an author his name will live, while three-fourths of the bastard critics and mongrel authors of the present day go down to nothingness and night. And the men who now spit upon his grave, by way of retaliation for some injury
which they imagined they have received from Poe living, would do well to remember, that it is only an idiot or a coward who strikes the cold forehead of a corpse.74

Although the Quaker City ran poems and pieces eulogizing Poe for the next month, Lippard never found the time to pay him further tribute.

Poe's visit just before his death made his passing more poignant to Lippard, who was surprised and flattered by the visit. While he could be thankful that in 1849 death had not darkened his household, he could not get over his sense that death would not let him alone. Christmas brought forth memories of Harriet. "I can remember," he wrote in the Quaker City, "how we took her forth, on that last day of the year,...and heard the rattling of the frozen clods upon her coffin lid. And also do I remember how for days and weeks and months after she was gone (I cannot say dead) I would come home at evening, and expect, as I opened the door, to find her there, as of old."75 The New Year 1850 issue of the Quaker City was full of good news about the Brotherhood of the Union's rapid growth; but in one corner of a back page was a satiric piece attacking "Bunk's Grand-Patent Lung Renovator for the Cure of coughs, colds, consumption," and other pulmonic remedies that did not work.76 Like so many of the characters of his fiction, Lippard was intensely conscious of disease and death, yet his work in the world was going forward.
Sometime in April or May of 1850 the Quaker City weekly ceased operations, and with it died Lippard's hopes for worldwide revolution which gradually had been waning throughout 1849. "The hymn of Liberty," Lippard wrote a few months after the Quaker City's closing, "is hushed in every land. Brute force and priestly craft, rule everywhere.... Kossuth, Mazzini, Louis Blanc, John Mitchell, all these are in exile. Louis Napoleon sits on the throne of France. Pius wears his blood-stained Tiara, the money Lords rule alike in London, Paris, and Vienna, and Humanity is dead again. What hope for Europe? By means of peaceful progress, none." With his hopes for Europe destroyed, Lippard lost interest in foreign affairs. Death, moreover, soon was to strike again in his household, sinking him into despair and leading him to a deeper interest in mysticism.

For the next three years (1850-1852) he devoted himself almost fully to what he called "the great purpose of my life," the Brotherhood of the Union. As its chief, "its speaker, its servant, and its clerk," he did everything it needed, "from the folding up of a package, to the highest
duties of its government." In this chapter we shall ac-
count for Lippard’s activities during 1850 to 1853, explor-
ing the development, principles, organization, and, in a
broader sense, meaning of the Brotherhood as a part of the
American experience which attracted thousands of members for
over three-quarters of a century after Lippard’s death.

I.

The failure of the Quaker City was connected with the
growing success of the Brotherhood. The heavy response to
the Brotherhood notices appearing in the June, 1849 issues
of the Quaker City prompted Lippard in September of that
year to take to the road to advance the organization’s
claims. As a result he could not give the weekly the atten-
tion it normally received, and more and more he resorted to
reprinting the works of others rather than writing further
installments to his own works. What also led to difficul-
ties was the departure of Reverend Burr for New York, a move
that left Lippard alone to carry on the work both of the
Brotherhood and the weekly. As Lippard’s partner and part
owner of the paper, Joseph Severns was displeased with Lip-
pard’s new interest. Although he was given a nominal high
rank in the Brotherhood, Severns wanted to keep the paper
and Brotherhood separate and regarded the Brotherhood simply
as the servant of the paper. Lippard of course believed the
opposite, but was forced to make concessions to Severns, es-
pecially when the latter was called upon to print matter
pertaining to the Order. On one occasion the Quaker City did not appear because Lippard was out of town lecturing. From that point on interest in the paper faded quickly, and debts began to accumulate.

As the Quaker City began suffering because of the Brotherhood, Lippard thought it more necessary to keep the Brotherhood than the weekly alive. The Order's growth within weeks of the first notices in the Quaker City was astonishing. By the middle of September, 1849, requests for charters had come in from all over Pennsylvania and surrounding states, and by December Lippard had announced that the West had taken to the Brotherhood, "with the accustomed spirit and energy of its people. In the West, Ohio leads the way, but Michigan, Illinois, and Arkansas are not far behind. Last week Indiana entered the field." Lippard's own exertions gave impetus to the membership drive and kept interest from waning. He wrote countless letters, and in October of 1850 began a tour of towns in Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, Maryland, New York, and Ohio that carried him thousands of miles in behalf of the Order.

The movement was at first a small town affair. "Fearful of the corrupting influences of Large Cities," he wrote, "the Supreme Chief of the Brotherhood, has refrained from granting many charters to applicants who reside in the great cities. It has indeed granted but two charters in Philadelphia; two in Baltimore, and one in New York, the Brothers
of all which are thoroughly imbued with the principles of
the Order. Some idea of how new circles were formed may
be had from this account in the Quaker City of the beginning
of "Equality Circle No. 1" in Pennsgrove, New Jersey. Ac­
companied by some "brothers" from "Humanity Circle" of
Wilmington, Delaware, Lippard took a steamboat for New
Jersey.

It was a beautiful evening, the moon was shining
brightly, from a clear sky. As the Brothers left
Wilmington, the Hymn of Brotherhood was sung, its
strains floating clear and deep through the still­
ness of night. After a most delightful passage
over the Delaware, the Brothers landed at Penns­
grove and were met at the wharf by the Applicants
for 'Equality Circle,' some twenty-five good men
and true. The Chiefs of the S.C. then left the
boat, attended by the Applicants and by the Brothers
of 'Humanity Circle' in procession, the White Ban­
er of Brotherhood, being borne in the van. The
ceremony of 'planting the Banner' was then performed.
The Brothers clad in full insignia formed a circle
on the sand, and the Banner was planted in the
centre, and with the usual form, one of the Chiefs
of the S.C., solemnly inaugurated the introduction
of the order into the State of N.J....The proces­
sion then moved on to the Hall of Equality Circle,
where a special Convocation was opened by Brother
Lippard. Twenty-five applicants were then duly in­
itiated....The sword used in the ceremony by the S.W.
of the Supreme Circle was the sword of Anthony
Wayne....

Lippard no doubt felt his mission to be as holy as
that of Washington when he crossed the Delaware and Wayne
when he charged into battle. That the Brotherhood survived
and branched out as extensively as it did is a remarkable
testimony to the faith and energy of Lippard himself, who
carried his gospels directly to the people with a tireless
missionary zeal.
The cost of being absorbed by the cause of the Brotherhood was great. First, Lippard had to forsake what in his own terms was a successful literary career. Except for work published for the Brotherhood, he only wrote one novel between 1850 and 1853, the manuscript of which he kept in his trunk until shortly before his death. "Did I attempt to bestow my mind upon a work of literature," he lamented, "the Order stepped in, and demanded my whole attention." Secondly, Lippard counted his loss in terms of dollars. To pay the debts incurred by the Quaker City he was forced to sell the copyrights and his share of the stereotype plates made of the five novels published in the Quaker City weekly. Thus not only did he "count the loss of three years of literary ambition," but he had to forsake what he thought was a means of a comfortable income for years to come. Most importantly, however, he regretted the extent to which the work of the Brotherhood interfered with his family life. "My greatest error (in the eyes of the worldly)," he wrote to a member of the Order, "is that I suffered the Brotherhood to swallow up my very life." Despite his religious devotion to the Brotherhood, Lippard, who long had idealized the home, at times must have looked upon his long journeys from a "worldly" perspective that relegated to the Brotherhood a secondary importance.

Lippard returned to Philadelphia every year for the Order's Annual Convocation held the first week of each
October. He decided to hold such a meeting when at the end of its first year the Order had branched out into nineteen states and the District of Columbia. Some solemn function was needed to draw members together, elect officers, discuss financial and organizational matters, and give solidarity to the various branches of the Brotherhood diffused throughout the Union.

The first Annual Convocation of the Brotherhood of the Union was held on October 7, 1850. Presided over by Lippard, the Convocation, in keeping with its principles, was opened in Independence Hall; later it adjourned to the Hall of Brotherhood, where the Order's regular business was conducted. Lippard brought the day to a climax with a stirring speech, setting the stage for the election of new officers. Although nominal top-ranking degrees had been conferred on Reverend Burr, Severns, and Thomas B. Florence, a new set of officers was elected, with the title "Supreme Washington," the Brotherhood's highest rank, going to Lippard. Lippard's election to the top post in the Brotherhood intensified his obligations to it. Not only was he its founder now, but he was responsible for its success.

Lippard's absences from home after his election were made especially difficult by his realization that consumption was destroying his family. In the spring of 1850 Mima, his first child, had died at the age of eighteen months. In August of that year a son, Paul (named, no doubt, with Paul
Ardenheim in mind), was born, but within nine months he too died. While this event fulfilled one of the dark prophecies uttered in Paul Ardenheim—that the dreamer Paul would not be outlived by any offspring to carry on his work—an even greater grief awaited Lippard. In May of 1851 death visited him once again, this time claiming his wife Rose, who had been failing for some time. Lippard's married life had been as romantic as the marriage ceremony which bound him and Rose, and Rose's death left him with a gigantic sorrow. Although he could never recollect the incident when told of it by others, at her funeral he seated himself by the side of the coffin and drummed listlessly upon the lid while the services were progressing at his house.  Death now had orphaned him, taken all but one of his sisters, some of his best friends, and his whole immediate family.

Intensifying his grief were quarrels with Rose's family over the division of her clothes and furniture. Lippard's correspondence following Rose's death is full of pathetic expressions of his grief and loneliness. I am a "lonely and blasted man," he wrote to a Brotherhood member. "This calamity has shut down upon me like a leaden coffin. I live in the past. I wander from place to place, like a man who feels that he has no business in the world. Against such feelings I struggle,—of course,—and bend my mind to work. But when I lift my eyes from my work...in search of
the face of Rose,—she is not there. My life, my past, are in the grave with her."\textsuperscript{14}

After Rose's death Lippard took up residence with two aunts in the upper part of the Kensington district in Philadelphia. "I only live for the Order now," he wrote to a Brother in Rhode Island. "The fact that the Brotherhood \textit{demands} that I shall \textit{live}, alone keeps me alive."\textsuperscript{15} Soon he was anxious for a change of scene and took to the road both to assuage his grief and further the Brotherhood. Henceforth he was faced with the paradox of wanting to return to the city associated with home and wanting to stay away because of the grief he had experienced there.

Until October of 1851, Lippard spent most of his time travelling in towns in northern New York where branches of the Brotherhood had been established. Among the larger cities he visited were Rochester, where he spent considerable time with the family of a friend, and Buffalo, from where he left for Cleveland before returning to Philadelphia. Bouton relates a number of interesting experiences that befell Lippard during his travels, all of which testify to the extent to which the deaths in his family affected his mind. While in Rochester he visited the Spiritualist, Leah Fish, and her two younger sisters Maggie and Katie Fox, the renowned "spirit-rappers" living in a village outside Rochester. At the time of Lippard's visit, the excitement stirred by the Fox sisters' alleged communications with the spirit-world was
at a peak, and exhibitions, public meetings, and seances were as common as they were controversial. As is clear from Paul Ardenheim and many of the works he had written since 1848, Lippard had heard of the Spiritualist movement and had entertained the belief that communications with a spirit-world were possible. Moved no less by a desire to satisfy his curiosity than to obtain a message from his departed loved ones, he attended a seance given by the Fox sisters, and received, he said, three sharp blows from an unseen hand upon his shoulder. Reinforcing this first-hand proof of the validity of spiritual communication were his own trance-like visions. Bouton tells of Lippard being carried away at times by visions of heaven, where he visualized his family living and waiting for him. During one of these trances he dictated his impressions as rapidly as they could be put on paper, and later incorporated the results—entitled "The Other World"—in a revised version of The Entranced; or The Pilgrim of Eternity. We see through a glass darkly, he said in "The Other World," but "sometimes the glass barrier becomes transparent in dreams—in sleep—in visions—which for a little while free the soul from its casement of clay....And in these times we gain a vision—rather a clear sight—not so much of the gorgeous complete of Eternity, as of some single home of the Other World—some home, where live as in our world, men and women and children...redeemed and purified by sacrifice."
Lippard did not live to hear the Fox sisters recant and expose themselves as frauds; indeed their undoing probably would have mattered little to him. So convinced was he of the validity of his own visions and beliefs that in the winter of 1852 he delivered several lectures on Spiritualism in Philadelphia. According to Bouton, his theories on spiritualism were peculiarly his own. He was no man's disciple and accepted few of the popular current dogmas. The substance of his teachings was that man has the power to communicate with the spirits of the dead, but he did not espouse the theory or advance the alleged facts of physical manifestations. He used to say, reports Bouton,

that he conversed silently with his deceased companions upon earth while sitting alone in his room. He asserted that he felt at times the pressure of a cold hand upon his forehead. We do not say how much his vivid imagination might have contributed to these impressions....He loved to believe that the form of his wife continually attended him. We remember that on one occasion, when Lippard and the writer were sitting together in a room, he suddenly pointed over his shoulder, and with an earnest eye, said, 'There is a figure in a shroud there! It is always behind me.' He never spoke with greater sincerity. These visions haunted him so constantly that he was sometimes apprehensive of going mad with his own wild fancies. He disliked to be alone. He rushed into society to escape the torture of solitude. After a friend had been spending the whole evening with him in social chat he would beseech him, in tones of piteous entreaty, to stay all night. When one asked 'Why?' he replied, 'For ten thousand reasons.' It is a wonder that he did not lose all control of his reason.

Lippard's espousal of Spiritualism came at a time when the preoccupation with death that had so invested his novels
for the past ten years was no mere invention of his fancy. A number of his characters (most of them hero-types)—from early ones like Albertine the Monk to later ones like Gulian Van Huyden—had suicidal tendencies or great yearnings to find fulfillment or union and the ecstasy of love in death. Suicide seems also to have haunted Lippard. Late in 1852 he consciously planned suicide, drawing up directions indicating how the Brotherhood was to be run after his death. In August of 1853, while visiting Niagara Falls, he made a sudden step forward as if to jump over the brink of the falls, but was caught by a friend who suspected his intentions. While this suicidal tendency might have stemmed from self-pity and a desire to dramatize his plight, it indicates as well the depth of his sorrow and the intensity of his faith that the Brotherhood would make his suffering redemptive. Throughout the formative years of the Brotherhood—whose mushroom growth promised Lippard that his dearest and wildest dream was succeeding—its founder lived in the greatest of gloom.

II.

While the Brotherhood took only a few years to develop into a nationwide organization, the thinking which lay at its basis took almost a decade to evolve. Herbert Tracy's Black Rangers, the Order of the Holy Steel, Ravoni's holy fraternity, and many of the other coteries and brotherhoods populating Lippard's fiction during the 1840's suggest that
the ideas behind the Brotherhood of the Union were a long time in the making. Clearly, Lippard's initial fascination with secret brotherhoods had something juvenile in it: the Black Rangers is the kind of gang many adolescents lead in and out of battle in their melodramatic daydreams. However, it is evident from his fictional successors to the Black Rangers that Lippard's thinking about secret societies developed in complexity until the idea of actually starting one overmastered him. In this section we shall examine some of the historical roots and analogues of Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union, as well as the principles and practices of the Order as set down in its constitution and official publications.

Even if at times he had only a vague sense of their histories, Lippard was steeped in the lore of secret societies and fraternal organizations, many of which may have been distant ancestors of Lippard's Brotherhood. The ancient Chinese, Greeks, and Romans, for example, had burial clubs with relief and mutual assistance funds, while later the Medieval guilds provided mechanics and tradesmen the means of advancing their interests through cooperative association. The English friendly societies, which first were formed in the early seventeenth century and which, with the passing of the Friendly Societies Act in 1793, proliferated throughout Britain, were organized to promote good fellowship in local ale-houses and provide relief funds for their
members. So successful were they that by 1850 some 20,000 societies—most notably the English Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Manchester Unity, and the Ancient Order of Foresters—were registered in Britain and welcoming American counterparts. While the fame of these open, practical, and convivial societies spread the interest in fraternal organizations in the United States, Lippard was attracted to a different type whose function he connected with that of the friendly type. This type was secret and solemn, and was devoted to social reform or overthrow. One thing is certain, wrote Lippard in *Paul Ardenheim*: "The French Revolution of 1789 was the work of a Secret Society, sometimes called the Illuminati. Various secret orders, known as Friends of Man, Carbonari, etc., have undermined Europe for the last fifty years." A series of Secret Societies de-throned Charles the Tenth," he wrote in the *Quaker City* weekly. "Louis Phillippe, backed by 10,000 soldiers, saw his power crumble into dust, in a moment. A secret society had dug the mine, and at its watch-word, his throne sank into abyss." Many of these societies Lippard associated with the semi-legendary Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, whose symbols and secret rituals he had closely studied. He went so far as to vaguely suggest that the politically active European societies might have been combined under one head and united in one supreme organization "imbued with the ancient spirit and ritual of the Rosy Cross." The secret
society, then, struck Lippard as the vehicle for radical change. To the conviviality and practicality of the friendly societies and their offspring he added his own apocalyptic fervor and love of mystery.

In another sense Lippard's Brotherhood may be seen as one of many attempts made throughout the nineteenth century to establish utopian communal societies within the framework of the American government. The work of the pietistic Monks of the Wissahikon—so closely connected to Lippard's family and place of birth and to the Revolution which he regarded as a sacred pivotal point in history—was one such attempt; but Lippard was well aware of and inspired by other attempts:

The idea of the re-organization of society—which throbs at the very heart of this Century—has had its witnesses, its prophets, and its martyrs in every age. Plato dreamed of it, in his picture of the island of Atlantis, Sir Thomas Moore embodied it in his Utopia, and in modern times a 'multitude of witnesses' for the Truth have appeared, and forced the world to hear them. And in all ages, true men and women, have attempted to carry out this Idea, by founding Communities, governed by equal laws, and cemented by that Love which embraces the whole Human Family. In the days of Christ, the Essenes lived in harmonious community. The first Christians looked upon the Sacrament of the Eucharist, as a divine symbol of the Communal Life. The Fathers of the Catholic Church, in many respects, held the same faith. And coming down the ages, we find that in the close of the seventeenth century, a number of exiles from Germany founded in Pennsylvania, a noble Community, near the city of Philadelphia. The history of these People is bright with good deeds. In the present day, efforts at Communal or Associative life, in the highest sense of the term—have been frequent. The North American Phalanx, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, has been eminently successful. Cabet the
celebrated French Socialist has succeeded in establishing his Association at Nauvoo. And before many years are gone, our western country will be made the theater of countless demonstrations of the truth of this great Idea.26

Of all the societies of which Lippard was aware, it was along the lines of the Masons and Odd Fellows that he most closely modelled his Brotherhood. Both organizations sprang from and prospered with the English friendly societies, with the Odd Fellows, according to tradition, being an offshoot of the London Freemasons.27 Similar in many respects in regard to symbols and ceremonials, both the Masons and Odd Fellows prospered when introduced into America. The Odd Fellows particularly became very popular during Lippard's lifetime. From 1819, when the first American lodge was formed, to 1843, the Odd Fellows gained 30,000 members; by 1849 they numbered 138,000, a membership outweighed only by the 216,000 Sons of Temperance.28 Although he nowhere published the fact, Lippard was a member of both the Masons and Odd Fellows when he died. His sympathy for the Masons was apparent as early as 1843, when he attacked the Anti-Masonic league in The Buck-Shot War chronicle, and it is no doubt about this time that he was initiated into Masonry. Judging from the number of ways the Brotherhood of the Union resembles the Odd Fellows organization, Lippard was at heart more an Odd Fellow than a Mason. All three organizations had similar secret ceremonies, regalia, relief funds, and provisions for helping brothers
in distress; but Lippard's Order, like the Odd Fellows, had lodges named after patriots and altered the Odd Fellows motto "Friendship, Love, and Truth" to "Hope, Love, and Truth."

With both the Masons and Odd Fellows prospering, why then did Lippard find it necessary to originate his own order? He answered this question in the Quaker City weekly: "Suppose a Society arises having all that is good in Odd Fellowship and Masonry, with the addition of a certain Great Idea, which has not yet been embodied in either Odd Fellowship or Masonry?" This Great Idea, said Lippard, is three-fold: "1. The Defense of the American Union, against all hazards, whether of opinions or of force. 2. The elevation of the Man who works. 3. The organization of the workers, into a compact, one-minded body, working in silence, in order that it may reap the harvest when the time comes." Lippard, in short, wanted an organization more devoted to American traditions and safety, and more intent on social revolution. Although the Masons drew members from all classes of society, they were nevertheless too bourgeois for Lippard; and although the Odd Fellows came almost exclusively from the middle and industrial classes, they emphasized too much the conviviality of "Friendship" and not enough the apocalyptic "Hope" that was so central to Lippard's vision of America.

While Lippard's Brotherhood drew heavily on the
traditions of the Masons and Odd Fellows, it must also be seen as part of a movement initiated in the 1840's and early 1850's by patriots and workingmen desirous of organizing for effective action. During the 1840's the activities of the Native American Party and what became popularly known as the Know-Nothing Party helped precipitate some of the worst civil disturbances in America's history. Anti-Catholic and anti-Irish, these parties wanted to limit American citizenship and spread Bible-reading and flag-waving throughout the land. From these parties secret patriotic and nativistic societies such as the Sons of '76 or the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner developed. One such society, the Patriotic Order of United Sons of America, originated in Philadelphia in 1847, and may have been one of the secret organizations alluded to in Lippard's *The Nazarene*. Some of these nativistic societies were designed to appeal to tradesmen and laborers. In 1845 the Order of United American Mechanics was founded in Philadelphia, and eight years later a Junior Order intended to prepare for senior membership was begun. Some idea of the purposes of these orders may be seen from a leaflet circulated to recruit members:

*Immigrations must be restricted; protection to Americans, American institutions, and promulgation of American principles; a flag on every public school of the land, the Holy Bible within, and love of country instilled into the heart of every child; principle paramount to partisan affiliation; and our country right or wrong—to help it right when wrong; to help it on when right.*

30
In addition to emphasizing patriotism and nativism, both of these societies were secret and paid members benefits in case of sickness or death.

While Lippard no doubt shared the patriotic and religious fervor of such organizations, he detested their nativism. His Brotherhood was their rival both for new members and for a non-discriminatory Americanism. More to his liking were the various purely industrial societies which, however powerless to act like modern labor unions, sought labor reforms and provided benefits for members. One such organization, the Associated Working Women and Men (or the Daughters and Sons of Toil), was organized in Philadelphia in 1851, regularly met in a place called Jubilee Grove, published a monthly magazine, and sought a ten-hour working day. Needless to say, it had Lippard's warmest sympathy.

As is evident from the Brotherhood's Constitution, Lippard wanted his Order to serve the working man. The following extracts from the Preamble (or "H.F.") to the Constitution explain the principles of the Brotherhood:

Taking for its basis the principle of Brotherly Love embodied in the Gospel of Nazareth and the affirmation of the Right of every Man to life, liberty, land, and home, embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION, now comes before the world, not as an organization of dreams or shadows, but as a Worker—a practical everyday Worker—in the cause of Labor.

Once for all, the Brotherhood has nothing to do with sectional questions, or with the party politics of the day.
It does not seek to array Labor against Capital.
It does seek to render the operations of Labor and Capital harmonious, and to protect Labor against usurped Capital.
It does not seek to array one class against another, nor one creed against another.
It does seek to unite all true men, of every class and creed upon the broad platform of "BROTHERHOOD."

And in its ritual the word "Brotherhood" does not mean alms, charity, or friendship, but has a meaning infinitely more vast and significant—a meaning which will strike home into the heart of every sincere man.

"BROTHERHOOD" properly followed out, will give to every Man the fruits of his Labor—will secure to every Worker a Homestead—will protect the Men who work against those usurpers of Capital who degrade Labor in Factories, and swindle it in Banks—will by means of peaceful Combination, so reform public opinion that Legislators will no longer dare to make special Laws, and bestow privileges upon one man at the expense of ninety-nine of his brothers and sisters.

"The Brotherhood of the Union" works by Combination of true hearts—and that Combination is aided by means of rites, ceremonies, and symbols which, in some form or other, have been celebrated by the friends of Humanity for untold years. Yet the Brotherhood does not boast of this antiquity of its rites for mere antiquity's sake—nor for the purpose of exacting a superstitious veneration—but in order to show that the Principles for whose fulfillment we are now struggling, have had their believers in every age, and that the smile of God has blessed them in the darkest epochs of human despair. These Rites trace the History of Labor through every age, and point to the Future, when the "acceptable year of the Lord" shall come to the Sons of men, blessing every Man with a place to Work with the fruits of his Work (not wages nor alms) and with a bit of Land that he may call by the sacred title of Home.

"The Brotherhood" is eminently patriotic. It is American. It is the only actually American Order in the world.

But it is not patriotic in a party sense, not American according to a narrow creed. It is American because it is imbued with the great idea of America—to wit—that the new World was given by God to the Workers of the World as their especial
domain—their own free Homestead—sacred forever from the craft of the priest, or the power of the King.

Thus, the New World bears the same relation to the Workers of the World, that Palestine bore to the Israelites enslaved in Egypt. The Continent of America is the Palestine of Redeemed Labor.31

Lippard wanted to make it clear that the Brotherhood was eminently American; that instead of being another socialist experiment inspired by European thinkers it was a microcosm of pure Americanism modelled after the desires of the Founding Fathers and devoted to radical but peaceful change. Its six chief officers were entitled Supreme Washington, Supreme Jefferson, Supreme Franklin, and although these latter designations later changed, Supreme Wayne, Fulton, and Girard. Lippard maintained dictatorial powers over the Order for the first year, but he wanted his organization to be a constitutional democracy mirroring the government of the United States. "Remember," he said in one of his first addresses to the Order, "our Order is governed in all its circles by clearly defined Law. To that Law the Supreme Washington...is as much subject as the Brother who only yesterday received the rite of Brotherhood. The Supreme Circle is no absolute or monarchical body. It is the Supreme guardian of the laws and principles [of the Order] and is desirous to distribute the major part of its governmental powers among Grand [or State] Circles....Much less is the Supreme Circle designed to become a monopoly, or a large property holder."32
The Brotherhood was organized along lines resembling the federal, state, and local structure in the United States. One Supreme Circle of fifty-six members and an inner circle of thirteen was the central governing unit of the whole Order. Its officers were the various "supreme" figures. "Grand Circles" operated on a state or district level, with their officers designated "chief" Washingtons, Jeffersons, and so on. The smallest units were the individual "Circles" made up of no fewer than six men; these were named after patriots, and, in some cases, after Lippard. In order to extend the scope of the Brotherhood, Lippard offered membership to anyone living in continental America; his spirit of manifest destiny had not waned. Moreover, he tried to involve women in the Order's work. He asked local circles to open their halls to the public of both sexes after the official work was done so that lectures and discussions could go on and tracts be distributed. "Use your earnest efforts to interest your wives, your sisters, and all the good women of our land," he said with this word of caution, "without touching upon what is secret in our Order."33

New members had to be recommended for admission to the Order. They had to be between twenty-one and fifty years of age, profess a belief in God, "possess a good moral character," and swear to uphold the American Union and "Rights of Labor." They were admitted by a two-thirds vote,
and "the use of black or white balls, or any form of this kind [was] not permitted." After paying a fee new members were initiated according to solemn and secret rites. Then they were eligible to buy the Order's regalia. "This Regalia," wrote Lippard, "gives unity of appearance to the Armies of Organized Labor, embodied in the Brotherhood. It is not intended to create distinction, but to level all distinctions. Kings and Priests have had their Regalia long enough." The conduct of members was strictly governed. Meetings were conducted along parliamentary lines, and boisterous or indecorous behavior was subject to fines. Lippard insisted upon solemnity and formality; he himself felt a strange elation when vested in full regalia, and members always found him "serious, earnest, and full of work." Upon initiation, a member had a right to the secrets of the Order printed in a book entitled "B.G.C." Lippard considered the authorship of this book, translated for the benefit of many members into German, "the most arduous labor of [his] life." "The time expended on it," he wrote, "the thought and literary labor, bestowed on it, if applied...in the composition of literary works for general sale--would have benefitted me to the amount of thousands of dollars." In the "B.G.C." Lippard framed "step-by-step the organization of a vast organization" and tried to provide for its harmonious government "in view of all contingencies." So concerned was he with keeping its
contents secret that he parcelled out parts of it to various printers. Since no copies are known to exist, many of its secrets have been well preserved.

Some of these secrets no doubt had to do with the trappings of the Order—passwords, secret signs, and the like. Others, however, probably dealt with ways members could associate and cooperate for economic advantage. The society provided its members a number of benefits which were to be "proportioned to the wants of the applicant, and to the capacities of the Circle." Provisions existed for the assistance of brothers who were sick or distressed and for the collecting of funeral taxes for the benefit of families of deceased members. Brothers "in actual distress" could signal for help, and travelling brothers could expect assistance when out of town. Similarly, a brother out of work or having "difficulty proceeding from his being defrauded out of the fruits of his work" was considered a brother in distress. As a general service, moreover, a free library was begun, and a "hermitage" was provided for members wanting to retreat and live communally for a time. Lippard's boldest plan, however, and the one most cloaked in secrecy, was called the "Union of Capital." Any circle could tax itself to form such a union, "according to the principles of the B.G.C." This meant that a circle could pool its resources, enter a business transaction of its choosing, and at the end of six months divide the profits,
"share and share alike." Such a plan was intended to give members sufficient economic power to free them from dependence on non-members. Lippard heartily encouraged the formation of groups of cooperating members. "Your ideas of co-operation are good and practical," he wrote to a brother in Rhode Island. "I can name to you an honest man, who will buy coal for you at Potterville and upon reasonable terms. That is the only way to fight these White-Slave holders. Combination! Buy and sell and work for yourselves. Strikes avail not." Lippard's efforts were not made solely in behalf of members. Shortly after the Brotherhood was founded he attempted to organize the workers in a textile factory in Philadelphia into a cooperative system. His plan worked for a time, but finally failed because he could not convince the workers of the necessity of sacrificing immediate profits to build up the capital needed for long-term gains. Despite the failure of the plan, his effort was noteworthy. Not only did it demonstrate that this "moon-struck" reformer's Brotherhood was bent on significant action, but it was one of the first attempts to organize labor in an America that had to wait another eighty years for the advent of unionism.

While his work for the Brotherhood demanded that he forsake literature, Lippard still hoped to serve the Order not only as its Chief Washington but as its literary
spokesman. Although he charged a fee for his lectures and collected expense money, he forsook the five-hundred dollar salary granted him as chief of the Order. This money he applied to the weekly publication intended to be the official Brotherhood organ. When he failed to raise the $2,000 in capital needed for the weekly, he published, in early 1851, the first number of a quarterly entitled The White Banner. Containing sketches and tales, Brotherhood business and correspondence, and news and history shorts, The White Banner was intended to popularize the Order's principles. Everything in it, of course, was written by Lippard. Included in its first number were a reprinting of the Brotherhood's Constitution, a slightly revised version of The Entranced (now called Adonai), a long sermon-essay entitled "Brotherhood Versus Atheistic Sectarism," and an editorial department containing various shorts.

"Brotherhood Versus Atheistic Sectarism" is, by and large, a plea for various political and religious factions to end their quarrels. Delivered originally as a lecture, the essay was written in response to a lecture by Archbishop Hughes of New York who asserted that Catholicism was declining. Because of their strife and internal quarrels, wrote Lippard, both Catholicism and Protestantism were declining. His argument, developed by means of dream passages and a panoramic survey of Western history like those in The Entranced, reduces itself to the idea that Christianity was
declining because it served the rich few rather than the poor many. Luther is criticized for the same reasons he was attacked in *The Entranced*—his failure to concern himself with an earthly kingdom and his preoccupation with doctrine. Calvin is attacked for his "cold-blood Logic" and its secular consequences:

Let this Idea of a predestined family of Elect, and a predestined family of castaways, be carried into political action, and you have at once, the explanation or the theory of the growth of our Modern Civilization, which treats the largest portion of the Race, as beings born to utter misery, and the Few as the chosen people of God. You have the Modern Oligarchy of the Money power, as the richest blossom of John Calvin's Idea.

Reduce Calvin's theology to political economy and you have this result,—The poor, the laboring, the unfortunate, are the castaways, damned in this world, beneath the hoof of oppression and destined to damnation in the next, beneath the frown of God—the Rich, the powerful, the successful, who coin their riches, power and success, out of the last dregs of human woe, are the ELECT destined to hold the wealth, the power and fame of this world, and to enjoy the eternal happiness of the next.44

Of the great religious reformers Lippard embraces only Wesley, the founder of the religion of his childhood. Wesley was a "modern Apostle of Love" trying to redeem the Protestant Church of England. Wesley's emphasis on emotion appealed to Lippard. "You may quarrel about Trinity and Unity," wrote Lippard, "and compare theatrical Catholicism with self-righteous Puritanism,—you may dissect Popes, Fathers, and Reformers,—but for me, I am a weary man, whose feet the wayside flints have torn, whose heart the world has jaded and wrung—I am feeling my way to the Master, who says
plain words and has a loving heart." 45

However much "Brotherhood Versus Atheistic Sectarism" is a rehashing of themes Lippard had been preaching for years, it is a revealing and at times penetrating document. For one thing, it reveals the extent to which Lippard wanted to keep his Brotherhood free of factionalism. One of the general rules of the Order was that "Nothing of a sectarian or political character can be introduced into the discussions of the Circle." 46 This prohibition grew in part out of a general disillusionment with existing political channels. "Let me advise you," he wrote to a brother,

to have nothing to do with the so-called Industrial Congress and Legislatures. The last one at Washington was a farce. Such efforts at best, are fragmentary: they feed the masses with sawdust. . . . [The Brotherhood works] regardless of the factions, parties, Presidential elections, or spasmodic Reform societies. And the worse enemies, mankind and the Brotherhood have, are those brawling Negative reformers (1) who pull down, but never attempt to create or build up. 47

Secondly, the essay reveals that Lippard attempted to repudiate what later became known as the Protestant Ethic, a phenomenon, to use his words, stemming from "the relentless bitterness of New England Calvinism" and resulting in "a race of teachers, who do not worship a Pope, or bow to a silver image of Christ, but who do worship a banker and bow to the silver image of a Dollar. Yes,—it cannot be denied,—orthodox, and in many cases heterodox, Protestantism, is the paid vassal of usurped Capital." 48 This attack, too, indicates the extent to which Lippard was disillusioned
with the American system, a system he hoped to fight with his politically feeble Brotherhood.

The Editorial Department of The White Banner tells us something of Lippard's attitudes toward the relationship between literature and the Brotherhood. Lippard called for the creation of a national literature, a literature dedicated to the ideals of the Brotherhood. "We need unity among our authors; the age pulsates with a great Idea, and that Idea is the right of Labor to its fruits, coupled with the re-organization of the social system. Let our authors write of this, speak of it, sing of it, and then we shall have something like a National Literature."49 With his characteristic Anglo-phobia, he resented the fact that English literature was fashionable in America. While Dickens, J.P.R. James, and Charles Kingsley were exempted from his charge, English novels were accused of doing more "to corrupt the minds of American children, than any sort of bad literature that ever cursed the world."50 "Woodsworth" he attacked for becoming a "conservative" who has "lost all faith in social redemption," Thackeray as a cynic who lost "all his moral force, by long contact with the world of fashionable fools," and his one-time idol Bulwer as a "pander to all that is base in British aristocracy" since he had a "Sir" appended to his name.51 Clearly, then, if Lippard was not a penetrating critic he was at least consistent. America's literature had to be, like his own, popular and
populist; had to be informed with didactic democratic truths; and had best avoid the luxury--at once corruptive and superfluous--of "art" as practiced by unredeemed English writers.

Lippard expended much energy and money on The White Banner, yet it was not successful. The editor of Godey's tried to come to Lippard's rescue, commenting that "aside from his flashing style,...Mr. Lippard is also an original and independent thinker." But the journal failed to win the approval of Brotherhood members, one of whom accused Lippard of initiating it for private gain. The feasibility of financing more issues caused debate at each Annual Convocation, and, much to Lippard's disappointment, opponents always prevailed. No subsequent issues of The White Banner appeared during his lifetime, yet the journal was to have been an important part of his grand scheme, a scheme sound in principle, governed by a constitution, and dedicated to practical reform and the broad dissemination of Lippard's truths.

III.

Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union is a paradoxical manifestation of the best and worst aspects of mid-nineteenth century American culture. On the one hand, it is the product of some of the grandest dreams ever inspired by the American democratic experiment; on the other it is a fumbling, and somewhat fanatical, attempt to save the great
experiment from disaster. While it was inspired by the faith that the common man could govern himself, it developed as a reaction against the riots, misled patriotism, and exploitation that characterized his self-rule; and while it professed allegiance to no party, its growth indicates a profound disillusionment with the American party system. The fact of the Brotherhood's existence is both a tribute to the democratic framework which allowed for its creation, and an indictment of the society it sought to return to the "true" principles of Americanism and Christianity. In the following pages some of the implications of this paradox will be discussed in light of Lippard's four "dreams."

The Brotherhood embraces all the dreams that preoccupied Lippard. First, it was eminently the offspring of his American dream. Not only was the Order invested with patriotic insignias and designations, but it looked back, as Lippard did throughout his literary life, to the supposed equalitarianism of the Founding Fathers. Equality, he and a great many others assumed, would bring freedom and fraternity. Thus the Brotherhood battled against all class distinctions, hoping to help raise American society into a homogeneous mass of modestly prosperous individuals sharing the same faith in God and country. Little did Lippard anticipate what De Tocqueville feared: that democratization might lead to a vacuous mollification rather than a creative elevation of the masses. And little did he try to account
for the fact that American freedom gave one man the right
to rise over another, irrespective of birth-right, talents,
or industriousness. Moreover, unlike so many other utopian
schemes contemporary with Lippard's, the Brotherhood was
not content to be self-contained within a federation of
states, subcultures, and beliefs. While it preached non-
sectarianism and combatted nativism, it attempted to rede-
fine for Americans what America stood for and took decisive
but ineffectual steps to revolutionize the American system.
In a word, the Brotherhood was typically American because
it had to face a paradoxical problem that has recurred
throughout American history: the problem of trying to es-
tablish, undictatorially, a single American identity based
on social justice in a pluralistic society whose diversity
of origins and beliefs has kept the "melting pot" boiling.

The thrust of Lippard's dream of social reform was
aimed at the establishment of greater consistency between
democratic theory and economic practice. The Brotherhood
was but one of many furtive attempts to align democracy with
socialism rather than with a capitalism which, both in
theory and practice, was predicated on a hierarchy of
strength. What added insult to the injury suffered by the
advocates of socialism was that this strength, like that of
European aristocrats against whom they had rebelled, often
was inherited. In a land of almost unbounded wealth, the
struggle for survival implicit in capitalism was unnecessary.
There was enough to go around, if people could learn to be satisfied with a homestead or small enterprise bringing in just enough income. Factories, the basis upon which the American empire was being built, were reprehensible because to their owners they brought too much and to their workers not enough profits, and because this imbalance was destructive and undemocratic. Lippard emphasized the word "Brotherhood," then, to show that the elimination of the scramble for riches would lead not only to economic cooperation but greater social harmony. Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, he liked to believe, would have agreed with him; in any event, he asked their spirits to preside over every Brotherhood meeting.

The Brotherhood of course also reflected Lippard's Christian beliefs. He was conscious of the fact that he drew his inspiration from primitive Christianity. "The ritual of the various secret societies, which have kept the Kings of Europe in terror, for half a century," he wrote as early as 1848, "has, in many cases, been imbued with the spirit and form of the early Christian church." Among other things, the early Church provided evidence that his own Brotherhood could succeed, and its gradual prosperity was in turn justified by the connection. The Brotherhood also was rooted in an experience closer to Lippard, the evangelistic Methodism of his youth. Of all the great religious leaders, Wesley was his hero. Lippard's early
religious training gave him a missionary zeal he never lost. That the Brotherhood was "continental" and that it hoped to extend its benefits to "all the oppressed nations of the world" shows that this missionaryism became coupled with fervor for manifest destiny and gave the Order's social, political, and economic principles a religious sanctification. The deepest root of the Brotherhood, however, was Lippard's mysticism—his repudiation of logic and theology in favor of "feeling," and his belief in magnetism and spiritualism. These beliefs were not kept personal; they were central to the spirit of the Brotherhood. One of the leading spiritualists of Lippard's time, Andrew Jackson Davis, expounded the ideas of which Lippard's Brotherhood was an example:

This world of thought and affection, and of social relations, shall be progressively purified, until there shall be unfolded a new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. And the evils which now exist, shall be known only to those who will trace the history of our race; which they will do with mingling feelings of pity and regret. By spiritual intercourse we learn that all men shall ultimately be joined into one Brotherhood, their interests shall be pure and reciprocal; their customs shall be just and harmonious.54

In the face of much social havoc, and with a civil war brewing, belief in progress was still strong, strongest in the minds of those whose main concerns were not mundane.

Lippard's grotesque dream was an outgrowth of his religious vision and found expression in the shadowy lore, secrecy, and symbols in which the Brotherhood was steeped. Feeling himself to be a rebel of the sort that started the
Boston Tea Party, he gave the Brotherhood a conspiratorial aura; it was a swashbuckling, but secret, agent coming to the rescue of the American Virgin Land in Distress. This aura, however, involved more than Lippard's penchant for romantic intrigue; it stemmed from his love of mystery. Mystery invoked awe, fear, humility, respect, and love—feelings that bound men together more strongly than reason. While reason failed, feeling put one in touch with the "other world" which, in moments of hope, confirmed his actions on earth, but which, when these moments passed, terrified him by reminding him of death. The lore, rites and symbols, then, enveloped the Brotherhood like a shroud, investing it with Lippard's own sense of the universe's mysteriousness.

If he was not conscious of the way the mysteries of the Brotherhood were sublimations of his preoccupation with death, he was aware that "Many persons, who cannot receive ideas through the means of Books, or oral lessons, may be instructed by means of rites and symbols."55 This observation was not erroneous. The rapid growth of secret societies like Lippard's between 1840 and 1900 suggests a general American proclivity for secret signs, rites, and symbols. The proclivity stemmed in part, I think, from America's disavowal of the aristocratic tradition of the Old World; it is perhaps an awkward half-intended, half-conscious substitute for the ripened accumulations of European traditions.
and formality which Henry James saw as lacking in America. Yet as Lippard's Brotherhood so clearly demonstrates, the popularity of secret societies stemmed also from a need to find a formal outlet for religious expression outside the organized church. The Brotherhood was an outgrowth of the cult of sensibility. Like a Gothic cathedral or castle, the dark grandeur of a mountain crag, or the death of a beautiful woman, it was to call up a religious fear, a fear felt most intensely by its founder.

The story of the Brotherhood of the Union, then, is one of victory and defeat—of the hope and despair that filled the life of its author and characterized his times. There is an element of heroism in the story: Lippard's persistence in the face of gloomy odds, a persistence that many Americans shared right up to the debacle of the Civil War. And there are tragic ironies, particularly the fact that Lippard was able to do so much to keep his Christian socialist idealism alive when so many other historical forces in America already had doomed it to failure. Like the many similar utopian schemes of his time, Lippard's Brotherhood will be remembered as one of the curiosities of American history—as one of those queer attempts by the member of a minority to define for the recalcitrant majority its American dream. Lippard, with good reason, would have been outraged by such an interpretation, for the Brotherhood was not as queer as it now sounds. Instead it typified—to use
Alice Felt Tyler's words from *Freedom's Ferment*—"the
eagerness with which the New World grasped at the things of
the spirit." 56

IV.

Because it has been largely unrecorded, the history
of Lippard's Brotherhood after his death in 1854 is shadowy.
Indeed the history of American secret societies and frater­
nal organizations--particularly of their rapid prolifera­
tion after the Civil War, and of their influence and mean­
ing--has been very imperfectly and sketchily told. Lip­
pard's Brotherhood was one of hundreds of such organizations
enlisting over two million members by the turn of the cen­
tury and having assets totaling well over one-half billion
dollars. 57 It rode the crest of a general movement, in
many instances bizarre, which led to organizations as di­
verse as the Ku Klux Klan, labor unions, and mutual insur­
ance companies, and inspired the development of contem­
porary organizations such as the Elks, Moose, and Lions clubs
and the John Birch Society. In the following account, ad­
mittedly but necessarily incomplete, we shall trace the de­
velopment of Lippard's Brotherhood until it fades from
sight sometime in the 1930's.

For well over a half a century after Lippard's death
in 1854 the Brotherhood gradually but steadily prospered.
In 1854 O. L. Drake, a member of the original Supreme Circle,
was elected Supreme Washington. He headed the Order until
1865, at which time he stepped down. Drake—whose home, appropriately, was Freedom, Ohio—was no less dedicated than Lippard and did much to make the Brotherhood prosper. So active was he in Ohio that Ohio was the "banner state" of the Order for many years, even though secret societies generally were more popular in Pennsylvania than elsewhere. Although exact statistics are lacking, it is clear that Drake increased both the membership roles and treasury, and that he was faithful to Lippard's principles.

When Drake gave up the highest office of the Order a schism resulted. The election of Supreme Washingtons for life as well as some other practices did not meet with unanimous approval; thus circles in Maryland, Washington, and Virginia formed an independent order that remained intact until 1869. The break undid the work of a decade, as total membership dropped during the Civil War to 1,288 in only eighteen circles in seven states. At the Annual Convocation of 1864 a committee was formed to bring the prodigal circles back into the Order, and a year later a compromise was agreed upon. The next annual session "was prolific with new ideas for advancement and active work," and the "laws generally placed on a more liberal and popular foundation." Exactly what changes were made we do not know, but from this time the Order's strength showed a marked increase, especially in Pennsylvania, which now became the banner state.
The membership was given a substantial boost in 1867 by the establishment of a woman's branch called the Home Communion. The Home Communion no doubt was originated to swell the Order's ranks, yet it is also probable that it grew out of efforts to secure women's rights, a cause occasionally championed by Lippard. Although Lippard had prepared a ritual and plan of organization for the Home Communion, up until 1867 women merely had been encouraged to take an interest in the Order and given social memberships. The development of the Home Communion made women official members and gave them a structure of Grand Homes and Homes paralleling that of the males. In addition, social memberships were still granted to relatives and friends.

During the 1870's the Brotherhood's influence spread. In 1873 members of the recently revived United Order, Sons of America (who also held membership in the popular Senior Order of Mechanics) joined with Lippard's Brotherhood of the Union to form the Order of the American Union (or United Order of Deputies). This new organization (later called the American Protective Association or "A.P.A.") did not supersede Lippard's Brotherhood, but existed side-by-side with it. The A.P.A. represented the liberal wing of the Sons of America and Senior Order of Mechanics, a wing which became politically active, contested the nativism of the two original orders, and opened its ranks to immigrants. Because of this entangling alliance with orders avowedly nativistic,
the Brotherhood of the Union has been termed a patriotic "America for Americans" order intent on the limitation of immigration. This designation is inaccurate. On the contrary, it was Lippard's Brotherhood that tried to erode the nativism of some of the strongest patriotic workers' societies.60

Lippard's influence was felt in another important order founded in Philadelphia in late 1869. This was The Noble and Holy Order of the Knights of Labor, whose first Grand Master Workman was Uriah S. Stevens. Stevens, a tailor, moved to Philadelphia in 1845, knew Lippard and his Brotherhood, and "was strongly influenced by them."61 Like Lippard, Stevens was a humanitarian idealist seeking a universal brotherhood of workers and the establishment of a cooperative system to replace the wage system.62 Unlike Lippard, however, he believed in strikes, and his organization conducted the great railroad strikes of 1877 which brought great power to the Knights and demonstrated the viability of unionism.

Efforts to enlist the support of the Brotherhood and ally it to other labor or humanitarian movements were not uncommon. One "Worker" wrote the Brotherhood advancing the claims of an organization called "The Sovereigns of Labor." This group was "national in its character, with aims radical enough to satisfy the Brotherhood." It was modelled after the Brotherhood, and, as the Worker insisted, he wanted his
brotherhood to take hold "by forming Councils where there are Circles...[to] aid in bringing about the good time that is coming. All such organizations like this should fraternize, each forming a link in the great chain of movements that are destined to redeem the world." When last heard of, the Worker—also a socialist humanitarian—had organized three hundred councils.

The Brotherhood was not successful in all matters. Since 1851 attempts to revive the White Banner or start a new official publication had all been in vain. In 1869 a group began a new White Banner. This, however, was "A literary Journal of Progressive Philosophy" only indirectly connected with the Brotherhood. Featuring literature of the kind Lippard had written, this White Banner was primarily the mouthpiece for quacks in whom the spiritualist fever of the 1850's had not died. The journal quickly failed, but its existence testifies to the extent to which Lippard's ideas persisted and inspired others. Two years later yet another White Banner appeared, this time as an official Brotherhood organ. In it was reprinted a revised constitution, notes, literature, and correspondence. It happily reported that "the Order is steadily increasing," but by January of 1875 it too ceased publication. The White Banner was never again resurrected. It was one aspect of Lippard's dream that faded long before the Brotherhood did.
Despite the support it rendered to similar organizations, the Brotherhood lost the missionary zeal of its founder as it prospered and grew. The new constitution of 1874 made "some reputable means of support" a precondition of membership. The jobless had to stand outside the Order and wait to be championed by it. Instead of the redemption of the world, pecuniary benefits became more and more the topic of debate during the last quarter of the century. Originally, financial benefits to be paid in the event of sickness or death were left to the discretion of local circles. In 1875 the Grand Circle of Pennsylvania agitated for a general funeral fund which would pay $500 at the death of a member. The proposal was debated for fifteen years, until, in 1890, such a fund was initiated. In the interim the amount paid for burial and sick relief increased, as did the membership fees, dues, and debates over who was eligible. The preoccupation with benefits helped change the complexion of the Brotherhood by turning it into a multi-million dollar insurance business. In the same year the funeral fund was initiated, the Brotherhood of the Union, still theoretically bound to the principles of Lippard, changed its name to the Brotherhood of America. For the next twenty-five years its membership swelled quickly, and it paid out thousands of dollars in benefits annually.64

The year of the Brotherhood's fiftieth anniversary, 1900, was marked by a celebration suggestive of the nature
of its success. Hundreds of the now more than twenty-one thousand members came to Philadelphia from all over the country for meetings, speeches, and ceremonies that continued for four days. Rather than merely a business and inspirational meeting like other annual sessions, this one was a self-congratulatory grand fête which included the printing of an elaborate souvenir program and entertainment by the Philadelphia Orchestra. The Brotherhood remembered its founder. Extracts from his speeches were read and a procession formed to visit the monument in Odd Fellows Cemetery erected in his behalf in 1885. After a brief ceremony at the monument—inscribed with the motto "God Is Love and All Men Are His Children"—members were enjoined to attend church regularly and moved on to a flag-raising ceremony at a local high school. But no far-reaching plans for social reform were discussed. The fury of Lippard, which would settle for nothing short of social revolution, was lacking in the Brotherhood. From champion of the laboring poor, the Brotherhood had become primarily an insurance agent of the middle class.

The Brotherhood of America reached its peak just before the outbreak of World War I, at which time its combined regular and social membership was about 30,000. During and after the War, however, a gradual and steady decline set in. By 1919 the Order claimed 7,837 members, and by 1925 this number fell to only 3,140. During some of these
waning years the Brotherhood had trouble balancing its budget, and the amount of insurance written decreased significantly. The fate of the Order after 1926 is mysterious. That it survived into the 1930's is certain, but what role, if any, it played in labor and other reform movements is unknown. According to Roger Butterfield, the only recent historian to discuss Lippard's Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of America still exists, "but its aims have been greatly modified."66 If it does exist, facts about it are extremely difficult to come by. We know of one Christian socialist order—the Society of Brothers, founded in 1945 by German Protestant immigrants at Farmington, Pennsylvania—of which Lippard would have been proud. But his Brotherhood must take its place beside the many noble schemes of the nineteenth century initiated throughout the United States but especially in Pennsylvania, which have not been able to endure twentieth century progress.
CHAPTER XI

THE WANDERER COMES TO REST

"I was sitting in my room; the candle was burning low and the old clock ticked through the silence, as though it was the Heart of my Home...."

--George Lippard, Legends of Every Day

"Thy name, thy race must end with thee, and be buried in thy grave."

--George Lippard, Paul Ardenhelm

I.

The story of the last year and a half of Lippard's life is morbid and pathetic. Not only did memories of Rose haunt him, but he began to have premonitions of his own death. "My health in general is good," he wrote to a friend in Cleveland in June of 1853, "[but] I am sentenced to death by consumption. If this impression prove incorrect, I will be the first to acknowledge it, a year from today....It is an ugly word to say, and I hate to see it on paper, to say nothing of writing it, but I am making my last march; a year hence your friend will be among those who have been... I write as I feel, and there is no evading the truth. It is as I have said." To ward off this feeling along with memories of Rose, Lippard tried several means of escape. He returned to his favorite haunts along the Wissahickon, took
up the pen again, and continued travelling in behalf of the
Brotherhood. But these activities left him only with a
sense of restlessness and uncertainty. Like the Wandering
Jew figures of his own fiction, he was moved by grand plans
for the salvation of mankind, and while seeking the elixir
of life he was absorbed by the sublime terror of death.
Only the Brotherhood kept his hopes alive, but, ironically,
while it advanced he declined. "While I speak words of hope
to you," he wrote to a Brother after the death of his wife,
"I much need some one to help and console me." 2

Lippard's restlessness drove him back and forth from
Philadelphia. In the summer of 1852 he took a second trip
to Cleveland, this time traveling and lecturing through
central Pennsylvania. He was met in Cleveland by Noah
Castor, later a leading figure in the Brotherhood, and other
friends who made his stay pleasant and who enjoined him to
make his permanent home there. In Cleveland he worked on
Brotherhood correspondence, read, and gave public lectures.
Most of all he liked to stroll along the shore of as yet
unpolluted Lake Erie and "look off upon its broad blue
bosom." 3 After three months he started back for Philadel-
phia, lecturing as he went and stopping in towns where
Circles had been formed to encourage their work. The trav-
eling was tedious. "Indeed," he wrote to a friend in Phila-
delphia, "the farther I get from Philadelphia, the more my
heart lays there. I hate travelling....I am anxious to get
back home as 'i...and am left in uncertainty as to the course of my action."^4

Lippard arrived in Philadelphia late in September of 1852 to attend the third Annual Convocation of the Brotherhood. When the meeting ended, however, he took to the road again. This time he visited New York City, where his good friend Reverend Burr and Burr's brother, Heman, were publishing a daily, the New York National Democrat. Earlier in the year Lippard and a friend had laid out plans to start a new weekly to be called "The People's Paper," and they had sent out advance notices of its publication. The weekly was to serve the Brotherhood much in the way Lippard hoped the White Banner would, but delays and uncertainty led to the project's quietly falling through.\(^5\) On his arrival in New York the Burr brothers took Lippard into their household and offered him the chance to resume his literary career by becoming the literary editor of the National Democrat. Lippard accepted and began writing sketches of New York life (which he later incorporated into his last novel, New York, Its Upper Ten and Lower Million), but he could not sustain interest in his work for long. According to Heman Burr, Lippard "was much given to fits of abstraction and meditation," and the Brotherhood was uppermost in his mind.\(^6\) The newspaper work, moreover, had proved too much for him and he fell ill.

In the spring of 1853 he again took to the road. First
he headed north from New York, visiting Boston, Providence, and Pawtucket to conduct Brotherhood business and start new circles. We may well guess what was the substance of Lippard's speeches during his barnstorming. When not trying to explain the principles of the Brotherhood, he delivered the lectures—particularly those on Thomas Paine and Benedict Arnold—which had made him a popular pulpit orator some years earlier. He carried his campaign against social injustice everywhere he went, one time assailing the government for selling land "worth countless millions" for $300,000 to contractors building the Soo Locks, and another time beseeching Brotherhood members to petition both houses of Congress in behalf of a homestead act. His outspokenness made him an unwelcome visitor in some towns. In the spring of 1852, for example, he had been invited to speak before an Odd Fellows' Lodge in Fredericksburgh, Virginia. Lippard spoke on Arnold and was well received, until word of his anti-slavery views spread. At a supper following the speech Lippard, having heard the rumors whispered against him, toasted his hosts with words that were hardly conciliatory:

'Here's to the revolving pistol. The best antidote to a Northern scoundrel who meddles with the opinions of a Southern gentleman upon slavery while traveling in the North; and an equally good course of treatment for a Southern blackguard who interferes with the sentiments of a Northerner while the guest of the South.'

Lippard did not live to see the grand duel between North and South fought, and never again was invited to speak in the
On his travels he had to face many disappointments. The annual Industrial Congress had disappointed him time and time again as an agency for social reform. He attended the 1853 session in Wilmington, Delaware, only to complain afterwards of its "want of verity and organization, relevancy, and brotherhood." His own Brotherhood, he discovered, was afflicted by pettiness. Some members resented his attempts to collect dues, and one clothier joined in order to be commissioned to make the Brotherhood's regalia. At times his appearance worked against him. "It was certainly ungenerous," comments Bouton, "to condemn Lippard the author because Lippard the man chose to sport long hair and a rolling collar; and yet it is wonderful how much those little eccentricities counted against him."

Despite his problems, Lippard labored and traveled in behalf of the Brotherhood until the very end. By the summer of 1853 he had returned to Philadelphia to rest for a few months. Consumption had taken hold, and his premonitions of death had become certainties. With the end drawing near, he turned to the West and its impressive scenes of natural beauty. "I wish to go to Lake Superior," he wrote to Noah Castor, "and spend a part of the summer there. To see Niagara again—once more. To see Ohio again. And if my means favor, I will do this. After thirty years in this world, I naturally wish to enjoy my last summer, and bid to
it a kindly good-bye." On August 8, 1853 he left for New York City and a brief visit with the Burrs. From there he went to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and Cleveland, where he met friends who left with him by boat to Detroit, Mackinaw, and Sault St. Marie, Michigan. He spent a few weeks in Sault St. Marie walking, fishing, chatting, and, on one occasion, going down the dangerous rapids between lakes Superior and Huron (now the Soo Locks) in a frail canoe. His health improved slightly during this time, but just before he left he caught a cold and took a turn for the worse. Towards the end of August he was back in Ohio lecturing in small towns on his way to Philadelphia. In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he saw a friend and told him he was going home to die. He arrived in Philadelphia in October, in time to preside over the fourth Annual Convocation of the Brotherhood. At this meeting he expressed a desire to be re-elected Supreme Washington so that he would not leave his work undone. He was elected by a majority vote to a lifetime term.

II.

During the Brotherhood's formative years Lippard had little time to write. After the Quaker City weekly folded he considered the Brotherhood rather than literature his full-time profession. For both financial and psychological reasons, however, he did not wholly enjoy this new role. He had always been both a successful and feverish writer, and the long hours on the road made him look back fondly on the
writer's lot. The desire to return to writing novels became especially strong after the death of his wife and children, when, pressed by his Brotherhood work and sad memories, he longed for a way of escaping the facts of experience. "Take up the pen once more," he wrote in his Prologue to *New York: Its Upper Ten and Lower Million*, "Banish the fast gathering memories--choke them down. Forget the ACTUAL of your own life, in the ideal to which the pen gives utterance." Between 1851 and 1853 Lippard found time to write one new major novel, *New York: Its Upper Ten and Lower Million*, and to assemble for publication, in 1853, some other pieces and tales. As might be expected, these works all reflect the gloom and hope of his experiences, but they also begin to show some signs of literary development.

*New York: Its Upper Ten and Lower Million* is, properly speaking, a sequel to *The Empire City*, the serial novel first published in the *Quaker City* weekly and brought to an obviously rushed denouement just before the paper folded in 1850. It took Lippard almost three years to complete this sequel; he worked intermittently at the manuscript until early 1853 when E. Mendenhall of Cincinnati secured the publication rights. Adding a few preliminary paragraphs which explain the course of events described in *The Empire City*, Lippard ignored the fact that he already had concluded *The Empire City*; he chopped off the denouement, resurrected many of the characters, and resumed his portrayal of the various
struggles revolving around the Van Huyden family and estate.

Lippard's intentions are fairly obvious. The Empire City and New York were designed to exploit the growing interest in novels dealing with city life. In 1848 Ned Buntline's Mysteries and Miseries of New York had appeared, and within two years James Rees' Mysteries of City Life (1849), Clara Moreton's "Glimpses of Life in the City" (in Godey's for August, 1849), and A. J. H. Duganne's Mysteries of the Three Cities (1850) helped stimulate interest in the seamier side of life in the city. As has been suggested earlier, Lippard had The Quaker City novel in mind when he wrote The Empire City. That he did in writing New York is also evident. In New York, as in The Quaker City, Lippard not only presents an expose of the city's public and private sins, but he uses some of the very same motifs and even names employed in The Quaker City. Again we have portrayed attempts at rape-seduction, adventures in a plush house of ill-fame, and intrigues of marital infidelity. And again Lippard's digressions are often tirades against the social injustices he had been railing about for years: bank directors, the factory system, the city's poor "outcasts," and the like. Like The Quaker City, New York was intended to be a spicy expose of the evils of the Great City which, if read by sufficient people, would lead to their moral elevation and bring its author a handsome income.

Three themes stand out in New York, both because they
are new to Lippard's work and are important in a socio-political context. First, Lippard explored the possibly dangerous effects that huge corporations and wealthy estates might have on social and political institutions. He had, of course, attacked bank trusts in his earliest works, but in New York he tried to warn Americans of the dangers of great concentrations of wealth. Trinity Church came under more fire. The fact that the church had huge land holdings incensed him, and it became what Girard College had been for him a few years earlier: a symbol of how the masses are cheated by a few hypocrites who misappropriate wealth that is properly the people's. Like Trinity Church, the Van Huyden estate is made up of various stock, land, and trust holdings which bring in immense profits and lead to mushroom growth. It is a fictional representation of the Rothschild and Astor estates—a capitalistic empire in its own right which becomes associated with what is generally held to be "decent" and "respectable" in society. Behind the scenes, however, the caretakers of the Van Huyden estate hire a secret police force and draw up elaborate secret files on countless persons of importance; they are, in short, a wealthy junta capable of dictating to political leaders. More importantly, they control the real machinery of society, machinery leading America to ruin:

Yes, modern civilization, is very much like a locomotive, rolling along an iron track, at sixty miles per hour, with hot coals at its heart, and a cloud of smoke and flame above it. Look at it, as it
thunders on! What a magnificent impersonation of power; of brute force chained by the mind of man! All true,—but woe, woe to the weak or helpless, who linger on its iron track! and woe to the weak, the crippled, or the poor, whom the locomotive of modern civilization finds in its way. Why should it care. It has no heart. Its work is to move on.... (207)

Labor saving machinery ("the most awful feature of modern civilization"), wrote Lippard, will, when no longer monopolized by a few, bless mankind; but until then it will kill more people than all the wars of three centuries (207). In the hands of the few, Lippard argued, great wealth leads to great tyranny and destruction and it rendered helpless the poor and those who would help them. Throughout the pages of New York one complaint is uttered over and over by Arthur Dermoyne, a socialist hero who feels helpless against the machinery of wealth: "with but a moderate portion of money, what good might not be accomplished" (207).

The second noteworthy theme concerns the nativism which, when the novel was published, again was becoming one of the central issues in political campaigns around the country. In The Nazarene Lippard had expressed his scorn of both Catholic and Protestant fanatics and their secret organizations, with the Protestants emerging as distinctly fanatical and the Catholics as gracious and good except in their reaction against Protestant fanaticism. In New York Lippard swung the other way, expressing his fear that the Pope had a grand, conspiratorial design to make Washington a satellite of the Vatican City. Despite Lippard's attraction
to the ceremonials of the Catholic Church and his attempts to aid the beleagured Irish-Catholics against the self-righteous Protestants of Philadelphia, the Pope's repression of attempts to unite Italy had destroyed Lippard's sympathy for Catholicism. He believed that the Pope was behind attempts to rid the schools of Bible reading and that he wanted, eventually, to build an "Empire" on democratic American soil. While he tried to eschew aligning himself with the nativists, and while his attacks on Catholicism are mild in comparison to theirs, Lippard gave in to a popular prejudice of his time. His reaction against his own former pro-Catholic stand could only be read by contemporaries as a vote for nativism.

While he steered comfortably near the middle of the road in regard to nativism, Lippard turned far left on the slavery issue. Perhaps one of the most poignant scenes in *New York*—and one of the best Lippard ever wrote—deals with a "Black Senate" of fugitive slaves who capture a mercenary fugitive slave hunter named Bloodhound and beat him to death. What is significant about this scene is that Lippard draws the blacks sympathetically and suggests that Bloodhound gets what he deserves as an exploiter of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Lippard went even farther than to suggest the efficacy of disrespect for law and order. One of the main strands in *New York* deals with the love affair of Eleanor Lynn and Randolph Royalton, the light-skinned runaway slave and
half-brother of Southern plantation owner Harry Royalton. The affair is complicated by the fact that Randolph is a Good-Guy hero type, Eleanor a lily-white Damsel in Distress raised in the South whose honor was once preserved by Randolph, and her father, Bernard, is a Southern bigot who "was ferocious at the sight or mention of a negro, [and] regarded the African race as a libel upon mankind; a link between the monkey and the man; a caricature of the human race; the work of Nature in one of her unlucky moods" (80). Despite Eleanor's ignorance of the Negro strain in him, Randolph justifies going ahead with the marriage on the grounds that he is the grandson of "_____ _____," a person who, we may guess from numerous hints, is no one else than George Washington. The most serious obstacle to the marriage is the bride's father and his peculiar reasons for being anti-slavery:

'Are you from the South, and yet, ask me to give you instances of the evils of slavery? Pshaw! I tell you man, the evil of slavery consists in the presence of the black race in the midst of the whites. You cannot elevate that race save at the expense of the whites—not the expense of money, mark you,—but at the expense of the physical and mental features of the white race. Don't I speak plain enough? The two races cannot live together and not mingle. You know it to be impossible. And do you pretend to say, that the mixture of black and white, can produce anything but an accursed progeny, destitute of the good qualities of each race, and by their very origin, at war with both African and Caucasian? Nay, you need not hold your head in your hands. It is blunt truth, but it is truth.'

Randolph had buried his face in his hands,—'I am one of these hybrids,' he muttered in agony; 'at war at the same time, with the race of my father
Bernard Lynn of course is outraged on discovering that his daughter is to marry a mulatto, and Eleanor's love for Randolph is not strong enough to overcome her own prejudice. She too is repulsed by the thought of such a marriage, but in a fit of graciousness she shows her gratitude to Randolph in a most unexpected way:

'I...the honor of your daughter was saved once in Italy, by Randolph Royalton,—she was grateful, and would have manifested her gratitude by giving him her hand in marriage, but she could not do that, for there was—negro blood in his veins. So as she could not marry him, she showed her gratitude in the only way left her,—by the gift of her person without marriage.' (251)

This turn of events—no doubt shocking to Lippard's readers—is a victory for Randolph over the bigotry of the Lynns, despite the fact that Bernard shoots him in a fit of revenge. It is important to note that Lippard did not revert to stock surprises to "save" the situation. He conveniently might have dodged the inflammatory miscegenation issue in the way he at times did other controversial or perplexing problems: for example, he might have driven Randolph or Eleanor insane, killed them, sent them to Argentina or an island to live, or suddenly revealed that Randolph really was white. The episode's ending was not designed merely to shock readers; it was Lippard's way of punishing Bernard and
his daughter for their views. It was his way, moreover, of rejecting Reverend Burr's views, which are echoed by Bernard Lynn.* Lippard's was one of the first, and boldest, portrayals of miscegenation in American fiction. It dramatized the necessity not merely of abolition, but of total equality. That Randolph is shot by Bernard Lynn indicates that Lippard saw bigotry avenging itself for injustices of its own making. That Randolph is purported to be a grandson of George Washington underscores Lippard's belief that there was to be a place for all races in the great American family of the original Founding Father.

Surprisingly, New York is not explicitly about the Brotherhood of the Union. While hero-types mouth the proper sentiments in behalf of principles the Brotherhood would support, no secret society plays a role in this novel. In the end we find that Arthur Dermoyne, the novel's arch-hero, is a socialist who rejects his share of the Van Huyden estate; he is as close as we come to a "Chief Washington."

Lippard expressed the need for brotherhood without resorting

*After the Nineteenth Century failed, Burr went to New York and started the Daily National Democrat. His views on race were hardly liberal. He traveled about trying to prove that Negroes would be better off as slaves than freedmen, and that they were genetically and culturally inferior and therefore dangerous to whites. During the Civil War he started a monthly called The Old Guard, and was rabidly anti-abolition and anti-Lincoln. He was an ardent states-righter, arguing that the Constitution conferred no war power on the president and that the states should obey the laws and "mind their own business." He died in May of 1883 of a heart seizure.
to pleas for the Brotherhood. This he did by manipulating the plot so as to show that those who do evil to one another are literally members of one human family. After it is too late to avert tragedy, Harry Royalton finds that Randolph is his half-brother, and Charles Van Huyden finds that he has killed his own son. While these discoveries strike us as artificial turns of fate, they clearly dramatize Lippard's belief that all men are related and that evil is the result of their losing sight of their interrelatedness. Though Lippard was in no sense their equal on an artistic level and though his total vision is quite inchoate, some of his final moral visions were not unlike those of Hawthorne and Melville: at times he too saw that there was a magnetic chain of humanity and a monkey-rope binding all men together in mutual responsibility and peril.

Lippard's penchant for surprise endings is as evident in *New York* as it is in earlier works. These endings—appended artificially and anti-climactically to the denouement—give additional twists to already tangled events. However artistically gauche, the final twists given to *New York* are interesting in that they are parables suggestive of Lippard's final preoccupations and views. First, we find that the pleasures of humble domesticity win out over the allure of immense wealth, as Carl Raphael, the rightful heir of the Van Huyden estate, forsakes the fortune and takes his bride to a quiet humble cottage on the Hudson. Secondly, we
discover that hopes for European revolution are utterly crushed. Gulian Van Huyden forsakes the Old World for the New: "Away to the New World; if the battle must come, let us, let the friends of humanity, strike the first blow!"

(283) Thirdly, while the New World is the last remaining hope for the world, it is only in the American West that this hope may be realized. In Arthur Dermoyne, and the great American West, lies the real hope for mankind. Under Dermoyne's lead, "Three hundred emigrants, mechanics, their wives and little ones, leave the savage civilization of the Atlantic cities, for a free home beyond the Rocky Mountains—such is the band which now moves on in the light of the fading day" (284). Finally, despite this vision of hope, peace, and humble prosperity there exists a grotesque and inexplicable brutishness. In one of the final, and most novel, episodes, Lippard takes us to the open sea, where three men cast lots to see who will kill the one woman aboard ship so they can drink her blood and live. The lot falls on the woman's fiance, he kills her, and all drink. While the shock effect of this episode is apparent, its moral is not; it is one more instance of the grotesque strain so incongruous with his brighter dreams and so necessary to Lippard's total vision.

Blood-drinking gives way to melancholic depression in The Midnight Queen; or, Leaves from New York Life, the last work Lippard published in 1853. Made up of three stories—one of which ("The Midnight Queen") is lifted verbatim from
New York—this volume also was designed to appeal to those interested in exposes of city life. One of the stories, "Margaret Dunbar," is hardly noteworthy. It deals with the hardships that befall a happy couple when a foolish husband forsakes his wife and home to find gold in California; its matter, manner, and morals are familiar. The other, "The Life of a Man of the World," is a revealing account of the iconoclasm and gloom preoccupying Lippard in his last days. The iconoclasm is apparent in the story's subject matter. The story's hero marries one woman but keeps and has children by another. While many readers would have found this subject in itself objectionable, we may well imagine their reactions on discovering that the hero is remorseless and that Lippard presents no rebuttals to his self-justification. Indeed Lippard pleads his hero's cause, arguing that marriage without love is not marriage, and that only the marriage of true hearts is true marriage. In effect, the story justifies not only marital infidelity but divorce, and is directed against squeamish respectability. Lippard's argument has corollaries which attack the kind of respectability associated with wealth and success. His hero discovers that the words of "complacent gentlemen" are a "brutal joke": it is untrue "that wealth is the sign of a virtuous life, spent in honest effort." With these attacks Lippard was stimulating thought about some of the mores and morals fundamental to American middle class life. If to the end he
remained the purveyor of the sensational, he also showed signs of the prophetic righteousness that made him a sincere and relevant scourge of the morally and materially comfortable.

Yet it is the gloom of "The Life of A Man of the World" that is most striking. This gloom, to be sure, was apparent in New York where we find numerous deathbed scenes, one hero buried alive, and an artist, dying of consumption, contemplating suicide at Niagara Falls. But in "The Life of the Man of the World" the gloom is pervasive. The story is a confession and lament which, Freudians would be quick to tell us, veils Lippard's fears and desires. Lippard himself calls it an autobiography, because it was written from the point of view of its hero, and because he so closely identified with the mood of his hero, if not all the details of his life. This mood is darkly melancholic. The hero (his name is, appropriately, Frank) loses his beloved (but common law) wife and child, and wanders aimlessly in search of happiness. Throughout his ordeals—which include a life of sin in the city and the willful repudiation of a large fortune—he feels lonely and tortured by maddening dreams. He feels a despair that Lippard now felt on realizing that death was a short time away:

There is something terrible in that hour which brings to the heart a fullness of despair—an utter listlessness in all the affairs of life—a conviction that there is no use to struggle and suffer longer—a sense of the utter futility of any and all kinds of effort—a settled disposition to brood
upon the past, to hope not in the future, and thus

to wear the last elements of life away.

Loud-voiced suffering there is in the world

that relieves itself in wild utterance, in alternate spasms of hope and despair, and in tears.

But there is a suffering which is hard to bear. Quiet in its action, always with you, crowding upon you unbidden when you try to rouse yourself to effort—coming to you in dreams, and in dreams that call back everything of the past, and print their images even upon your waking hours—this kind of suffering is hard to bear, and it wears, and wears the very life away. 14

When The Midnight Queen appeared, Lippard's life was well worn away. He could find comfort in the thought of his own earnestness, in the Brotherhood's success, and perhaps even in the knowledge that he was becoming—despite his anti-aestheticism—a better story-teller. While there is, both in New York and The Midnight Queen, much that strikes us as loud-voiced suffering relieving itself "in wild utterances, in alternate spasms of hope and despair, and in tears," there is much to suggest that Lippard was paying more heed to the art of fiction. In New York he cut down on the number of episodes, digressions, and surprises. Its structure, while loose by any standards, was tighter than in most of his earlier works, its overtures to verisimilitude more frequent, and its attention to detail more acute. In The Midnight Queen stories he tried to avoid melodramatic flair—cheap thrills and twists of fate pointing with relentless artificiality to didactic truths. More importantly, he discovered the first person narrative and for the first time explored the mind of one of his characters in a narrative more
continuous and fluid, and in a style more sophisticated than that of any earlier work. These improvements were hardly enough; by almost any standards he is a poor novelist. Yet although by choice he would never be anything but a popular novelist, and although his own theory of art would prevent his fiction from separating itself from propaganda, he was beginning to develop a taste which might have become more refined in time.

III.

The last weeks of Lippard's life are singularly morbid. After he returned from his trip to Lake Superior in September of 1853 he took up residence with his two aunts on Apple Street in Philadelphia. He was very ill now and knew that the end was near. He wrote another letter to Heman Burr in New York confiding that his days were numbered; he told Heman that he would die in March of 1854.15 His guess was not far wrong.

To the end Lippard manifested the tremendous energy that had driven him throughout his life. With visiting friends he would argue "with all his old fiery vehemence of language and gesture."16 Late in 1853 he began writing sketches and tales for Scott's Weekly; these included a series entitled "A Turnpike and a Divorce."17 In addition he made a deal with the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury to contribute a story called "Eleanor, or Slave-Catching in the Quaker City" (which probably was pieced together from parts
of New York), and it appeared serially after his death.\(^{18}\)

Even when the end was near he could not reconcile himself with critics and plagiarists. He chastised his old boss Arnold McMakin for his review of The Midnight Queen and wrote an angry letter to the editors of the Philadelphia Dispatch complaining that they and other unscrupulous editors had stolen his "Turnpike and a Divorce."

Despite his sense that he was being robbed of his due, Lippard had a comfortable income at the time of his death. Most of his novels were still in print and "Eleanor" yielded him a considerable sum.\(^{19}\) His house was large and well furnished, he provided for his two aunts, and he had something to spare. He had proven that it was possible to be a professional American novelist.

Few men thought unkindly of Lippard as a person. When news of his failing spread, his friend General Diller sent money for the services of a nurse, and contributions came in from various parts of the country. While a few suspected that his grand schemes were designed for nothing but self-aggrandizement—and while John P. Watson, the old friend whose Annals of Philadelphia Lippard had relied on heavily as a sourcebook, accused him of forgetting to pay his debts—most who knew him testified to his generosity, honesty, and sincerity. We have, for example, the words of J. M. W. Geist, who worked as a compositor for Lippard:

He was generous to a fault. The friend of the downtrodden and oppressed; a democrat in the
broadest sense of the word; the hater of shams and hypocrisy; and although erratic in some things, he was ever sincere and conscientious in his convictions—his faults leaned to virtue's side. If he was unjust to anyone it was to himself. He was tender-hearted, and could not bear to look upon suffering if not in his power to relieve it. He had less appreciation of money for the sake of money than any man I ever knew. If he met a cripple, a poor blind man, or any person in distress, he would put his hand in his pocket and the first coin grasped would be given, whether it was a dime or a dollar. This is a fact within my personal knowledge on more than one occasion. I recall one instance that was the subject of some comment in the office. Lippard missed a gold coin he had reserved for paying a bill. When he searched his pockets it was missing and he had no idea of what had become of it. Mr. Severns had been with him on the street that day and he remembered that Lippard had impulsively given a coin to a poor blind man who had excited his sympathy. Its destination was then accounted for.

In 1853 Lippard had been asked by friends both in Cleveland and New York to stay with them, but he wanted to spend his last days in Philadelphia near his boyhood home in Germantown and the old graveyard in which most of his family had been buried. He frequently visited the graves of his parents, sisters, wife, and children in the old graveyard, and remained about the sad spot in solemn communion for a day at a time. Just before he died he developed some superstitious idiosyncrasies—a horror of omnibuses, and an obsessive belief that, contrary to all the evidence, he was suffering from a liver ailment rather than consumption. In a letter written late in January of 1854 to Mrs. Burr, he complained about his liver and about the writing of a book which prostrated him. About this time two spiritualists,
a Mrs. French of Pittsburgh and a Mr. Gordon of Philadelphia, came to visit him with a potion "which, she said, had been prescribed by the spirits specially for his case."\textsuperscript{23}

The spirits, however, failed Lippard this time. He spent his last days on his deathbed pencilling sketches to accompany chapters in his novels. On the eve of February 9th, 1854, he asked his doctor to pray, and turning to a friend in the room, asked if he was dying. Her answer was, "Do you want to die?" "The Lord's will be done," he replied. About four o'clock in the morning of February 9th he died. His last words, according to his sister Sarah, the only surviving member of his family, were "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."\textsuperscript{* 24}

An examination conducted before the funeral confirmed that consumption had led to his death. Conducted according to the ritual Lippard himself had written for the Brotherhood of the Union, the funeral was impressive. Brothers of the Order thronged to Philadelphia, and the funeral procession—led by members of his Brotherhood, the Free Masons, and the Odd Fellows in full regalia—was large. A great number

\textsuperscript{*The fate of Ovid F. Johnson, the former Attorney-General of Pennsylvania who gave Lippard one of his first jobs and inspired him to work and get ahead, adds to the skein of ironies surrounding Lippard's life. After his term as Attorney-General, Johnson was not re-elected. He went west, started a newspaper in Texas, and became active in politics. When the newspaper failed he went to Washington, D.C. to try his luck in political circles. In February of 1854 he was picked up for intoxication and sent to the Vagrant Department of the workhouse. He died a few days later—probably on the same day Lippard did—at the age of forty.\textsuperscript{26}
of German-Americans, to whom Lippard had become somewhat of a hero, lined the route and followed the procession to the cemetery.25 Ironically, Lippard did not finally join the rest of his family in the old graveyard in Germantown. He found perhaps just as appropriate a resting place in the Odd Fellows' cemetery in Philadelphia, where, in 1885, a marble monument was erected in his honor.
CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

"I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

--George Lippard, Legends of Every Day

"I have had a singular and grotesque dream. In its very grotesqueness, you may find a meaning. Listen—I beheld an immense plain, which was overshadowed by a gloomy twilight...."

--George Lippard, The White Banner

Clearly, the strongest justification for a study of a minor figure like Lippard is that his life and works provide representative examples of certain aspects of our literary, social, and religious culture. That this is so hardly needs to be debated; through the course of my dissertation I have pointed out Lippard's affinities with his popular and more sophisticated contemporaries, and I have shown not only that his life found expression in his works but that his works reflect his times. Yet while in many respects Lippard was a man of his times floating with and adapting himself to them, he also was a paradoxical prophet who, while pointing to an idealized past, foreshadowed what lay ahead. What remains is to make a judgment of Lippard's literary importance and an interpretation
of his four dreams in so far as they are expressive and critical of American culture.

Lippard is conspicuous in our literary history for his unenviable failure as an artist. History's judgment of him as an artist has been harsh, and rightly so. Whatever their biases, his critics were more often right than wrong in their condemnation of his literary techniques; and more often than not Lippard was a bad critic of his own work. History has not, as he self-righteously believed it would, eventually honored him among its truth-sayers. Indeed within days of his death history began passing a severe judgment on him.

Privately published in 1854 before Lippard was known by its author to be dead, Parnassus in Philadelphia, a witty satire on Philadelphia's literary lights written by Nathaniel Chapman Freeman ("Peter Pindar, Jr.") chided Lippard for his romanticism, sensationalism, and naivete:

Lippard comes next, the censor's frown to meet,  
And soft enough his song, if not so sweet.  
This mild disciple of romantic school,  
Is just the style of poet termed the fool.  
Methinks I see thee with thy nuptial flock,  
Perched up, like scarecrows, on thy marriage rock,*  
O, Momus guard us! dost thou think like Bell,**  
The unpurged mixtures of thy brain to sell?  
While deathless authors, dead, to glory live,  
And living ones Fame's yearly measure give.  
Break up thy quill, nor blushless, boldly strive  
To feed on prose, on poetry to thrive:—  
For fifty cents a book to foist thy pen,  
When Longfellow complete, is sold at ten.  
Go save thy money, put thy brains to school,  
Nor squander both to prove thyself a fool.  
What though sharp publishers to print be found,
Praise doubtful wit, and rhymes of varied sound;  
Lead thee the crown of Eros to expect,  
And pass lame lives, like Woodward's for correct?  
Know that the world will seldom judge as they,  
Unless, like them, you make it judge for pay.

Over fifty years later in 1906, Ellis P. Oberholtzer in his *Literary History of Philadelphia* confirmed Freeman's judgment of Lippard. "Of the refinements of literature he lacked understanding and appreciation," wrote Oberholtzer.

For art he endeavored to substitute social reform, which meant the uncovering of vice until it stood naked before you, and a blatant Americanism.... Lippard daubed all his canvases red. He did not know the value of soft colors, and the sense of a man of a finer organization is pall'd by his narrative, which will be dismissed as a confusion of horrors expressed by a writer who is working at too high a mental pitch, tense with morbid incident detailed with windy adjectives.  

This judgment has remained consistent to the present, and it is a fair one. By almost any literary standards Lippard is a third-rate writer whose works no sophisticated critic would want to admit into the canon of American belles-lettres. While he is a curiously representative figure who formed an important part of the literary and historical background of his times, he must be dismissed as a figure of little literary merit.

* "Mr. L., like a good poet and most faithful romancer, scorned the heartless custom of marriages in a church or Alderman's office. Nothing would do but to lead his virgin bride out to a rock on the astonished Wissahickon where they stood billing and cooing like two turtles, until the happy ceremony was performed. Query--What did the birds think of these novel performances?" (Freeman's note)  
** Bell was an eccentric and popular Philadelphia book auctioneer.
Yet his achievement cannot be ignored. On the day following Lippard's death the Philadelphia Public Ledger commented that "He was the author of a number of novels which have been read probably as extensively as those of any other writer in this country." A persistent champion of the development of a national literature, Lippard was one of the first Americans to become a successful professional novelist. His efforts to give "fiction" the credibility of "history" and his desire to write distinctly "masculine" literature no doubt did much to undermine the notion that novels were merely a means of light entertainment for ladies. His successes we must attribute to his energy, ambition, and ability to capture the popular imagination. His was a rags-to-riches story of the sort popularized by Horatio Alger. From an orphan boy and cub reporter, he rose to become the hottest seller of his day and head of the Brotherhood he envisioned in some of his earliest dreams. To all appearances he was a "self-made man" who made his peculiar "American Dream" come true.

His failure as an artist, however, is rooted in his success as a popular novelist. Lippard was the product of, and helped propagate, the circle of cause and effect which led to history's severe judgment of him. While his novels were written in conscious reaction to the sentimental parlor romances in vogue in his day, their staples were the equally popular sensationalism, melodrama, and didacticism which did
much to retard the development of the American novel. His major mistake as a literary theorist was to overvalue popular opinion. With his populist convictions demanding that he uphold the causes of "the People," he let his audience establish the requirements of his art, and indeed he even celebrated popular tastes. Such a view makes popular success the ultimate determinant of good art, and Lippard enjoyed success. Writers attempting to adjust their own tastes to the reading (and paying) public's have a number of alternatives: they may make nominal concessions to public taste in hopes that these concessions will enable them to survive both financially and artistically; they may pander to the public in hopes of buying time to indulge in better things; or they may veil their real intentions and artistry in parodies of public values. Lippard did none of these. Instead, he catered to his public's demands because they were consistent with his own intentions and world view. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Lippard experienced no conflict between public and private sensibilities; he made public approval the justification of his work. He is a "misunderstood man of letters" if we insist on accusing him of violating critical standards he never professed, and fail to see the degree to which his productions were consistent with his populist principles. His own popularity proved to him that the representative American was not a Brahmin scholar in love with old books and the Old World, but an
American Everyman in love with the Declaration of Independence, the Bible, and a quiet cottage in a green valley. Thus Lippard easily rationalized his literary faults and suffered no visible pangs of artistic conscience. His failure was rooted in a kind of Americanism—indeed a common man's anti-intellectualism—with which he was in love.

He and his public, however, were engaged in a process of mutual delusion. "We must remember," says T.S. Eliot, that what a writer does to people is not necessarily what he intends to do. It may be only what people are capable of having done to them. People exercise an unconscious selection in being influenced....It is the literature which we read with the least effort that can have the easiest and most insidious influence on us. Hence it is that the influence of popular novelists, and of popular plays of contemporary life, requires to be scrutinized most closely.  

Eliot's words suggest what the true relation between Lippard's and his readers' values were; for the rhetoric of his fiction often undermined his intentions. As I have tried to indicate, the charges of obscenity raised against Lippard had a basis in his readers' responses to his descriptions, and had little to do with the purity of his intentions. Similarly, the optimism he exuded in regard to the nation's destiny and mankind's amelioration was undermined by the darkness which inevitably intruded upon his narratives. Thus while the critical could dismiss Lippard as incoherent, the uncritical assimilated his works in all their ambiguity and confusion. Lippard's greatest failure is that his works
present us with no coherent clarification of life. They are instead the record—and, I might add, a peculiarly American record—of how clarifications are resisted by the popular writer and his followers.

Lippard's four dreams—with all their paradoxes—reveal the dilemmas facing Americans, the symbols they used to express their hopes and fears, and the limitations weighing on them as creatures of God and citizens of a new nation. Lippard's conception of America's role in history—his "American Dream"—was not unusual in its time. Stemming from the pride implicit in an intense nationalism, this dream was on the surface optimistic. Lippard elevated into supreme importance one date (1776), one hero (Washington), and two documents (The Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution). These became his main symbols, the givens of his American mythology accepted on faith and invested with truth and authority. From these he evolved his interpretation of America's meaning and mission. To Lippard, America was a land ordained by God to be the common man's kingdom, a place where the common man could be his own overlord in a small business or on a plot of land sufficient for his needs, and where he could worship as he pleased. To insure equality of opportunity, wealth was to be shared equally. To insure freedom of worship, all creeds were to be tolerated. In a word, America represented the opportunity for common men to achieve
liberty, equality, and fraternity. The nation's mission was as clear and simple as its ideals: it was her manifest destiny to spread freedom and democracy throughout continental America, and eventually throughout the world.

This credo is familiar to almost every American, but to one acquainted with the vicissitudes of American experience it seems naive and out of step with the facts. Yet its hold on the popular mind must not be underestimated. That it was in many ways out of step with the facts Lippard would have been quick to acknowledge; yet much of his energy went into mythologizing and popularizing it in story form. As Lippard's example shows, this credo was persistently used (then as now) to confront the facts of American life that contradict it.

Two tendencies are apparent in Lippard's mythologizing of the credo. One is the tendency to glorify and idealize—to elevate the ordinary by giving it a religious aura. Lippard glorified heroes, history and home. As the novels of Cooper, the poetry of Whitman, and a mass of popular writing make clear, Lippard was not alone in doing this. Glorification is a way of giving expression to great faith, exuberance, and optimism, and usually attends the making of nations or grand events. The desire to glorify was in the air. As America was expanding its frontiers and gaining a sense of self-importance in the world, patriots and visionaries gave expression to the surge of energy being
felt throughout the land. What is curious about this phenomenon is that the glorified version of the facts often became confused, in the popular mind, with the facts themselves. This is clear in Lippard's case. He was apologetic about and yet insistent upon mixing "history" and "fiction": apologetic because he thought "fiction"—which he thought most people associated with "romance" and "unreality"—would undermine the credibility of the history he was telling; yet insistent because he believed quite literally in the myth he was propagating. Thus, he chose to write "legends" of the American Revolution—stories he claimed were only loosely grounded on fact but at the same time pleading to be accepted as fact. Implicit in all of Lippard's histories is the idea that psychological reality is stronger than historical reality, and that one's suspicions are not as valid as his intuitions.

The consequences of such glorification are all too evident. While it may reinforce fruitful energies, it may indiscriminately reinforce negative ones. Leading to a suspension of the critical faculties, it tends to cloud historical perspective and induce hysteria. In addition, it may lead to the betrayal of the most commonplace realities. We find it difficult to believe, with Lippard and even Whitman, that soldiers die for God and country and union as painlessly and without regret as do theirs.

The second tendency apparent in Lippard's American
Dream may best be described as the Backward Look: the tendency to see the best in the past and to believe that at one time the ideal was a reality. Lippard had an eye for present evils and for a utopia that might be achieved. Yet he was obsessed by a desire to return to conditions that were not nearly so ideal as he envisioned them. He hoped to restore a falling America to the imagined innocent ideals of the Founding Fathers. These he associated in turn with an even purer innocence. Identifying Washington and Christ, the Constitution and Declaration of Independence with the Bible, and democracy with the communalism of some early Christian sects, he sought to turn America back to the ideals of the primitive Church. Moreover, he wanted to turn the nation back to an idealized agrarianism—to a simple faith in the benevolence and purity of nature and to an economy centered around the homestead farm rather than factory system. To do this he propagated the myth that America was a "virgin land" and new "Palestine" for the laboring classes, a New Eden unpolluted by European values and great cities. Much of his imagery and many of the episodes in his works also suggest that this vision of America was associated with chastity or with a state of perpetual honeymooning. Reflected throughout Lippard's works, in short, is some variation on the basic theme of the Fall of Man and a profound regret that the fall has occurred. In every case he appears as the advocate of the unfallen
state, and hopes to achieve an innocent union of past and present, of man and his fellows, of man and woman, and, ultimately, of man and God.

Most remarkable is that the Backward Look—as abundant evidence suggests—almost invariably takes us back to Lippard's own youth: that his American dream is associated with adolescent innocence and carefreeness, and that in contrast fallen America is metaphorically linked to adulthood, the present, and images of decay and death. Lippard's desire to turn the clock back was in part a desire to return to his own youth. That he drew such connections suggests in turn that his frustration and sense of alienation from the present was very deep. The facts frustrated him. He saw America "falling" into the hands of the rich and corrupt, becoming an urban and industrial nation, and acquiring new variations of European forms of corruption. And he knew that nature provided no lasting refuge—that inevitably it claimed human life. Yet he persisted in turning to an impossible innocence that lay in the past instead of seeking what William Blake called a higher innocence growing out of experience.

Expressive as it was of the flurry of reformist activity of the 1840's and 1850's, Lippard's dream of social reform reflects the intensity of his commitment to the past as well as the sense of frustration and alienation this commitment helped to foster. The possibility of reform in a society
dedicated to egalitarianism but practising a system of privilege confused him. Lippard gradually came to see some of the paradoxes implicit in democracy: that the human condition was such that all men were not equal; and that the governing majority, with its lethargy and prejudices, often legislated against its own interest. The disparity between his conception of the American Everyman's inherent virtue and his experience of the common man's political behavior was great, with the result that he eventually repudiated party politics as a means of reform. Lippard watched some of the facile democratic theories he held most sacred dissolve about him.

The disparity between democratic theory and practice led him to conceive the true champion of democracy as a rebel. Historically, of course, democracy was a rebellious force; both the French and American experiments in self-government were revolutions which, in effect, set precedents for further revolt. Absorbing this historical spirit of rebellion, Lippard applied it in a nation that was ostensibly revolutionized. Thus he became an alienated agitator within his own society. His long hair and eccentric dress announced to his world that he was in it and would have to be recognized by it, but that he was not of it. For the same reason he frequently chose as the most eloquent spokesmen for his ideals dark rebellious types such as Aldarin, Ravoni, and Paul Ardenheim—types which in many respects were inversions of
respectable norms. Like Faust, Don Juan, Manfred, and Ahab, Lippard's dark heroes personify the sense of alienation and frustration felt by unconventional types who refuse to compromise their ideals before forbidding powers in control. They come into being because they represent the doubt and latent rebellion present in any society whose practices are out of joint with its ideals.

Lippard's attitude toward violence is enlightening in this connection. He was the product of a society that sanctioned violence. While he entertained visions of a meek and mild Jesus, he rabidly championed military types such as Napoleon, Washington, or General Taylor, and he never carefully considered the discrepancies between the fundamental values of his heroes. His first job with the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times brought him in contact with a newspaper pushing for war with Mexico. Later he wrote editorials for the Philadelphia Citizen Soldier glorifying the fruits of war, advocating immediate war with England, and calling for the intervention of the army in riots in Philadelphia and New York. He crusaded fanatically for the Mexican War in Legends of Mexico, and championed the violent European revolutions of 1848. When in 1849 Lippard repented his views of the Mexican War and began forming his Brotherhood, he became equivocal about violence. In The Entranced a number of clear suggestions—even threats—suggest that violence is the only way to reform; Adonai and Washington do not reject violence,
they merely lament that men must resort to "The Gospel of the Rifle." Around the same time Lippard reversed his attitude toward the militia, denouncing its use against violent strike mobs in New York. The violence he once saw as necessary to the Americanization of the rest of the world he now justified for minorities within America.

The Constitution of the Brotherhood of the Union, of course, stated that the Order was dedicated to peaceful change; such a statement was legally necessary. Yet as the Brotherhood became a larger and more viable means of venting grievances, Lippard's militancy waned. The history of the Brotherhood suggests a directly proportional relationship between revolutionary fervor and the sense of injustice: as the Brotherhood became absorbed into the mainstream of American life and evolved into an insurance business, it disregarded its own revolutionary principles. If we may measure violence in terms of the degree of frustration preceding it, then surely Lippard's life and the history of his Brotherhood contain valuable lessons.

Any discussion of Lippard as a social reformer would be incomplete without an acknowledgment of his contributions. Lippard is to be honored for his attempts to reconcile democratic theory and practice. Although his advocacy of socialism brought him to much grief, we must recognize him as one of the earliest and most earnest advocates of an economic theory that would allow for the better control and more
equitable distribution of wealth. As champions of the laboring poor, he and his Brotherhood stimulated the growth of industrial labor unions and warned against the development of monopolies. Lippard also must be regarded as one of the first to forcefully bring attention to the problems of urban life, and as one of the first American novelists to offer a sociological explanation of evil. For this reason, and others I shortly will delineate, he foreshadowed the naturalistic movement. We of course have no way of assessing how his outcries might have helped alleviate problems in prisons, hospitals, and factories; but if his popularity is any gauge, he at least stirred the public conscience.

As we might expect, Lippard's religious vision was closely related to his zeal as a reformer. Although he dissociated himself from formal religion, Lippard never lost the Wesleyanism of his youth. Its emphasis on inspiration and missionaryism helped shape him into a self-proclaimed prophet who conceived of himself as a new messiah ushering in a world-wide apocalypse. While his reformist spirit grew out of his Christian ethics and his socialism from early Christian communalism, his revolutionary urge derived from his view of Christianity as apocalyptic. To this view—popularized in the early nineteenth century by that sincere upsurge of mass hysteria called the second Great Awakening—Lippard added his own twists. One such twist was anti-
clericalism, which grew from his disenchantment with institutionalized religion, which, he thought, had allied itself with respectability rather than returning to the ways of the primitive Christians. Another was a reaction against the "patent gospellers," revivalists who avoided social issues in the heat of their egoistic emotionalism. A third was the kind of humanism expounded by the Faust-figures Aldarin and Ravoni, who wrote their own bibles, proclaimed man as God, and set about to make earth a heaven. Finally, faced by a vague awareness that the claims of science threatened his beliefs, and by a dim consciousness that death reduced them to absurdity, Lippard lighted upon magnetism and spiritualism as ways of reconciling science and religion and the present and hereafter.

Lippard's experiences show that he was groping to find a coherent religious vision that would answer both his personal problems and America's. While his efforts to practice his religious beliefs led to his being considered an eccentric, his efforts to evolve these beliefs led to a chaos of consciousness. Man's relationship to society and his relationship to God often were incompatible. Social regeneration demanded justice, but God, mercy; reform would occur through rebellion and maybe violence, but God demanded obedience, trust, and resignation to an unknowable divine plan. Lippard's tales express these incompatibilities in a number of ways. They abound in cries
of vengeance, as crusaders for justice go about the business of killing for truth, and also in arbitrary acts of mercy. Often their action is set alternately in a battlefield or city where national and social issues fight to the death, and in the quiet shade of a forest or river bank, where a lonely hero retreats to find God in nature. War heroes are almost always portrayed as lovers of peace, and lovers of the poor as righteous haters of the rich. Clearly, Lippard could not satisfactorily reconcile the demands of what Paul Tillich called the horizontal and vertical dimensions in life, the demands of social and divine harmony. His reverence for the Bible as the supreme source of knowledge was typically Protestant, but, like most Protestants, he had to face the problem of deriving coherence from its diverse books and difficult passages. As a result, he had only one absolute way to truth—feeling. He relied on his feelings somehow to justify his manner of relating to both society and God, and his feelings often tugged in opposite directions.

Lippard's feelings failed him in important respects. As has been demonstrated throughout this study, faith and doubt struggled for ascendancy in Lippard's life. His progressive humanistic faith often is personified by dark characters who are outcasts from society; and the Gothic conventions, dark imagery, and ironic twists of fate create an atmosphere of gloom suggesting that inscrutable gods
preside over the universe. Lippard's preoccupation with death blights all the promises of regeneration; death is a metaphor for the senselessness of existence. Even magnetism and spiritualism strike us .. s dei ex machina Lippard called to sublimate his deep-seated fear that death means eternal annihilation. His flirtation with such doctrines suggests that faith in mystic and transcendental experiences was in eclipse, that such experiences needed catalysts from outside the human psyche. Lippard was not aware of the arguments of the materialist philosophers, but he did sense that traditional religious belief was in trouble. Yet although he rejected the institutionalized church and many of its creeds, he could not cast off its symbols and myths. He often spoke of heaven as a real place where he would join his family, and took his readers into dark caverns smelling of brimstone. His words of hope and trips into hell were expressions of a divided religious consciousness struggling to find coherence in an increasingly secularized society.

The deepest implications of this lack of religious coherence are expressed in Lippard's grotesque dream. Reading a "Gothic novel" analytically should clear the doubt away from an obvious idea that for many years has been resisted by many: that such novels are full of more than mere trappings designed to amuse, and that they dramatize serious social, moral, and religious dilemmas. Both Leslie Fiedler,
in *Love and Death in the American Novel,* and Robert D. Hume, in a recent monograph, "Gothic versus Romantic: A Revaluation of the Gothic Novel," have argued strongly that the Gothic mode gives expression to psychological states. Lippard's case supports this thesis, for we can see that Gothic conventions served as a means of symbolic self-expression.

The course of Lippard's career shows, as Hume states, that "In its earliest form it [the Gothic] is filled with 'crude claptrap,' but increasingly it takes on a 'symbolic resonance' as external suspense is subordinated to involvement in moral ambiguity." As is evident (particularly in *Paul Ardenheim,* in which examples of Lippard's early and later writing appear), Lippard became increasingly aware of Gothic elements as personal symbols. Also clear is that the grotesque in Lippard's novels is "one kind of treatment of the psychological problem of evil," and that this treatment offers no clear conclusions, finds "only paradox, never high truth," and "shares the romantic 'confusion' of good and evil" epitomized in Byron's *Cain* and Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* In short, the grotesqueness of both Lippard's experience and works testifies that beneath the shiny surface of a professed belief in Christ, progress, America, and the goodness of man and nature there lies a deep sense of incoherence and gloom finding only covert expression.
This conclusion, as Fiedler points out, has far-reaching implications:

The American writer inhabits a country at once the dream of Europe and a fact of history; he lives on the last horizon of an endlessly retreating vision of innocence—on the "frontier," which is to say, the margin where the theory of original goodness and the fact of original sin come face to face. To express this "blackness ten times black" and to live by it in a society in which, since the decline of orthodox Puritanism, optimism has become the chief effective religion, is a complex and difficult task.7

Thus, consciously or unconsciously American writers have turned to the tale of terror:

However shoddily or ironically treated, horror is essential to our literature. It is not merely a matter of terror filling the vacuum left by the suppression of sex in our novels, of Thanatos standing in for Eros. Through these Gothic images are projected certain obsessive concerns of our national life: the ambiguity of our relationship with Indian and Negro, the ambiguity of our encounter with nature, the guilt of the revolutionist who feels himself a parricide—and, not least of all, the uneasiness of the writer who cannot help believing that the very act of composing a book is Satanic revolt.8

We need not here debate Fiedler's central thesis that the success of the tale of terror is derived from the failure of love in American life. What is sufficiently clear, however, is that Lippard's popularity, his representativeness, his works, and his experiences as an individual and writer, support Fiedler's claim that horror is essential to our literature. Lippard's sensitive and more sophisticated contemporaries—Poe, Hawthorne, Melville—all gave expression to this horror, and the popular literature of the time is
full of it. Lippard's grotesque dream indeed is an early popular expression of the tragic dilemmas later to be treated--in new terms, to be sure--by the naturalists and the novelists of the absurd: man's sense of alienation in an unfriendly universe, and the frustration of his social ideals and attempts to derive an identity. These themes, popular and given explicit expression in the twentieth century, Lippard kept submerged in the "crude claptrap" of Gothic conventions. What is noteworthy about Lippard's example is his resistance to making his horror conscious; his resistance, as it were, to a tragic view of life. As strongly as his gloom was felt, Lippard always managed to advocate the performance of good works and profess idealism. His death in 1854 signaled, in its own quiet way, the beginning of the end of his kind of naive and persistent idealism, for the Civil War brought out the violent division and doubt in the American character.

As I look back over the course of Lippard's life, one dominant figure seems to sum up its meaning. This figure is that of the Wanderer--the "lonely individual," according to Fiedler. Aldarin, Ravoni, Paul Ardenheim, Adonai and Lippard himself all personify the paradoxical, unsettling, and ongoing experience of Americans trying to find a workable belief at not too great a price to their integrity. Like that boy-wanderer Huck Finn and that more articulate, conscious, and coherent wanderer Ishmael, they seek shelter
from a damp, drizzly November of the soul.
CHAPTER I.

1Joseph Jackson, "George Lippard: Poet of the Proletariat." Unpublished manuscript which is part of the Joseph Jackson Collection in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The manuscript is undated, but probably was written about 1930. Hereafter cited as "Poet of the Proletariat."


CHAPTER II.

1George Lippard, The Legends of the American Revolution, "1776": or, Washington and His Generals (Philadelphia, 1876), p. 140.

2Ibid.

3Catherine Lippard Bilbough, "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible." A family record written by George's sister; from a manuscript in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. See pp. 1 and 5-6.


6George Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, The Monk of the Wissahikon... (Philadelphia, 1848), p. 3.

7O.W. Whinna, Fiftieth Annual Session, p. 11.

8Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter I, p. 7.

9John Bell Bouton, The Life and Choice Writings of George Lippard (Philadelphia, 1855), p. 8. This work was published anonymously. Hereafter cited as Life and Choice Writings.

10Ibid.


12Bilbough, "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," p. 10.


14Bilbough, "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," p. 10.
15 Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, p. 62.
18 Bilbough, "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," p. 10.
19 Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, p. 182.
20 Ibid., p. 181.
21 Bilbough, "A Leaf from Grandfather's Bible," p. 5.
22 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 8.
23 Ibid.
24 Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, p. 182.
25 Ibid., pp. 61-62.
26 In Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," p. 292.
27 Lippard, Legends of the American Revolution, p. 140.
30 Ibid.
32 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 12.
33 Ibid.
35 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 13.
37 Ibid.
39 Ibid.
40 Ibid., p. 8.
42 Lippard, Legends of the American Revolution, p. 141.
44 Ibid., p. iv.
45 Lippard, Legends of the American Revolution, p. 141.
CHAPTER III.

1George Lippard, untitled article in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, Jan. 15, 1848.

2Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter (II), III, p. 1. Some of Jackson's chapters were given two numbers. Chapter number in parentheses in this citation and hereafter denotes the original number.

3The Buck-Shot War...(Appears in the Philadelphia Citizen Soldier and Home Journal, April 10, 1844 and thereafter serially for some weeks. The Buck-Shot War was anonymously written, but it is undoubtedly Lippard's work. See Chapter IV for a further discussion of Lippard's work for the Citizen Soldier and for a discussion of The Buck-Shot War.)

4The Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, April 26, 1843. A report, probably by Lippard, on Johnson's lecture before the William Wirt Institute on April 9, 1843.

5Henry D. Barron. Quoted in Whinna, Fiftieth Annual Session, p. 15.

6Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter (III), I, p. 3.


8Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter (III), IV, p. 1.

9Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," p. 293.

10George Lippard, untitled article in the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, March 29, 1842.

11No file of the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times is known to exist for January and February of 1842. My account of the work Lippard did for the paper during these two months is heavily dependant on Jackson's "Poet of the Proletariat." Jackson did see the January and February issues.
Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, March 12, 1842.

Ibid., March, 19, 1842.

Ibid.

Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," p. 293.

Ibid.

See the Butterfield account, Ibid., p. 293.

See Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter (IV), V, p. 2.


Philadelphia Gazette, March 8, 1842.

J.K. Thompson, The Dickensian, p. 91.

Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, March 8, 1842.

Ibid.

Ibid., March 22 and 23, 1842.

Ibid., March 9, 1842.

The "Bread Crust Papers" appeared in the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, March 28-31 and April 1, 1842.

Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, March 29, 1842.

Ibid., April 5, 1842.

Ibid., April 9, 1842.

Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VI, p. 3.

Philadelphia Saturday Courier, May 15, 1847.
Copies of the Saturday Evening Post for these dates are difficult to acquire. The text used for this analysis is Lippard's reprinting of the tale in the Philadelphia Quaker City, a weekly newspaper he edited in 1849. "Phil-lippe" appeared in it as "Wat Tyler."

"Herbert Tracy" was reprinted as "Legend Fourteen" in Lippard's Washington and His Men, Being the "Second Series" of the Legends of the American Revolution, of "1776."
CHAPTER IV.


2Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, June 28, 1843.

3Ibid., July 19, 1843.

4Ibid.

5Ibid., June 14, 1843. Subsequent quotations from this sketch refer to this citation.

6Ibid., June 7, 1843. Subsequent quotations from this sketch refer to this citation.

7Ibid., June 21, 1843.


10Ibid., p. 273.

11Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, June 21, 1843.


14Heartman and Canny, p. 273.

15Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, June 7, 1843.

16Ibid., June 14, 1843.

17Ibid., July 12, 1843.
18Ibid., July 19, 1843.
19Ibid.
20Ibid., July 26, 1843.
21Ibid., Sept. 20, 1843.
22Ibid., Oct. 11, 1843.
23Ibid.
24Ibid.
26Philadelphia Home Journal and Citizen Soldier, Feb. 1, 1844. All subsequent quotations from this sketch refer to this source.
27Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Aug. 16, 1843.
28Ibid.
29Ibid., Aug. 23, 1843.
30Ibid., Oct. 4, 1843.
31Ibid., Oct 11, 1843; Jan. 24 and May 8, 1844.
32Ibid., June 28, July 5, July 12, 1843.
34Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Oct. 11, 1843.
35Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VI, p. 2.
36Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Oct. 11, 1843.
37Ibid., Oct. 18, 25, 1843; Nov. 1, 9, 16, 1843. All subsequent quotations from the text of this account taken from the published novel version: Original Revolutionary Chronicle: The Battle-Day of Germantown (Philadelphia, 1843).
The following passage from the first installment of the Buck-Shot War, as well as other biographical, stylistic, and thematic details, provide ample evidence of Lippard’s authorship: "We mentioned in our prospectus that the history would be written by a 'member of the Philadelphia bar;' in this, however, we were disappointed, as subscribers may have anticipated from the delay in its appearance. We feel assured, however, that in securing the services of the Author of 'The Battle-Day of Germantown,' 'Brandywine,' &c., &c., we have given our readers the assurance of a handsome treat." (Philadelphia Home Journal and Citizen Soldier, April 3, 1844). The "Prospectus," announcing that the first installment was to appear on Feb. 21, 1844 appeared first on January 31, 1844. The first installment did not appear until April 3, 1844. Installments continued every week throughout April, and no file of the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier is known to exist beyond the end of April, 1844.


George Lippard, The Mysteries of Florence (Philadelphia, 1864), p. 21. The Ladye Annabel; or the Doom of the Poisoner first appeared serially in the Citizen Soldier between Nov. 29, 1843 and Jan. 17, 1844. It later was reprinted, with minor variations, as The Mysteries of Florence. Quotations used in the discussion of The Ladye Annabel are taken from the reprinted version.

Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, July 26, Aug. 3, 1843. Subsequent quotations from this sketch refer to this source.

Review reprinted in the Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Aug. 16, 1843.
49 Ibid.

50 Ibid.

51 Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Nov. 29, 1843.

52 Ibid., Nov. 29, 1843.


54 Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Nov. 29, 1843.

55 Ibid., Dec. 6, 1843.


58 Philadelphia Home Journal and Citizen Soldier, April 24, 1844.

59 Ibid., Jan. 24, 1844.

60 "Jesus the Democrat," Ibid., Jan. 31, 1844.
CHAPTER V.


5. Ibid., Preface, p. (1).

6. Ibid., p. 4. All further references to The Quaker City, unless otherwise cited, will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.


15. The United States and Saturday Post (The Saturday Evening Post). Quoted in Jackson, "George Lippard: Misunderstood Man of Letters," p. 386.


19Lippard, The Quaker City, Preface, p. (1).


21This account of Lippard’s attempt to dramatize The Quaker City is given in detail in Francis C. Wemyss, Twenty-Six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager (New York, 1847), pp. 394-399. Page numbers in parentheses appearing on pages 26-28 of the text refer to Wemyss’ book.

22Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VIII, p. 23.

23Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 19.

24Legal contract kept in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The document defines the terms agreed upon by Lippard and Zieber.


26Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VIII, p. 23.


29Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VIII, p. 29.

30Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 128.
CHAPTER VI.


2See Philadelphia Citizen Soldier, Nov. 29, 1843.

3Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VIII, p. 2.

4Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 46.

5In Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter VIII, p. 4.

6Ibid., Chapter VIII, p. 5.

7Ibid., Chapter IX, p. 2.

8Ibid., Chapter IX, p. 8.

9Ibid., Chapter VIII, p. 6.

10Philadelphia Saturday Courier, May 15, 1847.


12Ibid., Chapter IX, p. 4.

13Ibid., Chapter VIII, p. 7. The Home Magazine may have been a different later title of the Philadelphia Home Journal and Citizen Soldier, but since no copies exist we cannot be sure.

14Letter written by Lippard in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, May 15, 1847.

15Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 28.

16George Lippard, Blanche of Brandywine; or, September the Eleventh, 1777... (Philadelphia, 1847), p. 338. All further quotations from this source in this chapter will be noted in parentheses in the text.


21. George Lippard, The Nazarene; or, the Last of the Washingtons... (Philadelphia, 1846), p. vi. All further quotations from this source in this chapter will be noted in parentheses in the text.


24. George Lippard, The Legends of the American Revolution. This is a later reprinting, off the same plates, of the 1847 Washington and His Generals. All further quotations from this source in this chapter will be noted in parentheses in the text.


29. Ibid., May 15, 1847.


32. Lippard, Legends of the American Revolution, p. 552.


34. Lippard, Legends of the American Revolution, p. 524.
CHAPTER VII.

1Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 45.
2Ibid., pp. 45-46.
3Ibid., p. 46.
4Ibid.
6Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter X, p. 17.
7George Lippard, Rose of Wissahikon; or, the Fourth of July, 1776... (Philadelphia, 1847). This work was reprinted as "Legend Thirteen" in Washington and His Men (Philadelphia, 1849). All further quotations from Rose of Wissahikon in this chapter refer to the reprinted version, and will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.
8Philadelphia Saturday Courier, May 15, 1847.
9George Lippard, Legends of Mexico (Philadelphia, 1847), p. 77. All further quotations from this source in this chapter will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.
10Philadelphia Saturday Courier, May 15, 1847.
13Ibid., p. 281 (italics mine).
14Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 57.
15Ibid.
17George Lippard, 'Bel of Prairie Eden (Boston, 1848), p. 72. All further quotations from 'Bel in this chapter
refer to this source and will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.

18 Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," p. 305.
CHAPTER VIII.

1Philadelphia Saturday Courier, Jan. 15, 1848.

2The Nineteenth Century, I (Philadelphia, 1848), pp. 151-152.


6"Jesus and the Poor," The Nineteenth Century, Vol. I, p. 63. All further references to The Nineteenth Century in this chapter will be indicated in the text, with volume and page number given in parentheses.

7Lippard, Blanche of Brandywine, p. 339.


9Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, p. 10. All further references to this novel in this chapter will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.


11Philadelphia Quaker City, May 19, 1849.

12Motto on the title page of Lippard's Paul Ardenheim.

13Philadelphia Quaker City, May 19, 1849.

14See William H. Gilman, Melville's Early Life and Redburn (New York, 1951).


16Ibid.

17Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 19.

18Philadelphia Quaker City, Jan 6, 1849.

19Ibid.
CHAPTER IX.

1The Nineteenth Century, No. 4, 1848. Quoted in Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter XIV, p. 10.

2Philadelphia Quaker City, Jan. 20, 1849.

3Ibid.

4Ibid., Dec. 30, 1848.

5Lippard reprinted the "Second Series" of "Legends of the American Revolution" in a volume entitled Washington and His Men... (Philadelphia, 1849). The quotations in my text have been taken from a 1876 reprinting of this 1849 volume.

6Washington and His Men, p. 15.


8Ibid., Legend V, p. 111.

9Ibid., Legend X, p. 121.

10Ibid., Legend IX, p. 120.

11Ibid., Legend XI, p. 122.

12Ibid.

13Ibid., Legend III, p. 106.

14Ibid., Legend XI, p. 122.

15See the Philadelphia Quaker City, Aug. 18, 1849.

16Philadelphia Quaker City, Nov. 10, 1849.

17Ibid., Feb. 17, 1849.

25. This quotation is taken from a speech probably delivered to members of the Brotherhood of the Union sometime in late 1852 or early 1853 (p. 6). The first page of this speech is missing, so its date is unknown. It is seven pages long and contains much information in regard to Lippard's work for the Brotherhood. The original is in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Hereafter I will refer to it simply as "Speech."


29. Ibid., p. 55.


31. Quoted in the Prologue to Mysteries of the Pulpit, p. v.

32. Ibid., p. vi.

33. Ibid.

34. Ibid.

35. Lippard, Mysteries of the Pulpit, p. 46.

36. Ibid., p. 54. (Italics Lippard's).


Lippard, Mysteries of the Pulpit, p. 168.

Ibid., pp. 80-81.

Ibid., p. 56.

Philadelphia Quaker City, Dec. 8, 1849.

Lippard, Mysteries of the Pulpit, p. 16.

Ibid.

Godey's Ladies' Book, XXXIX (July, 1849), p. 79.


See the Philadelphia Quaker City, June 30, 1849.

George Lippard, The Empire City; or, New York by Night and Day... (Philadelphia, 1864), title page. This is a later reprinting of the original.

Ibid., p. 42.

Ibid., p. 160.

Ibid., p. 205.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Philadelphia Quaker City, Jan. 13, 1849.

Lippard, The Empire City, p. 76.

George Lippard, The Bank Director's Son... (Philadelphia, 1851), p. 20. The Bank Director's Son is a later reprinting of The Killers.

Ibid., p. 38.

See the Philadelphia Quaker City, May 26 and Oct. 20, 1849.

Lippard, The Bank Director's Son, p. 20.
Philadelphia Quaker City, May 12, 1849.

62Geist, "Recollections of George Lippard," in Fiftieth Annual Session, p. 23.

Philadelphia Quaker City, May 12, 1849.

64Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 57.

See the Philadelphia Quaker City, Nov. 3, 1849.

Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 57.

Philadelphia Quaker City, Jan. 27, 1849.

George Lippard, Adonai, or the Pilgrim of Eternity. Reprinted in The White Banner, p. 25. This is a later reprinting, with slight revisions, of The Entranced. All further references to this work are taken from the reprinted version in The White Banner, and will be indicated by page number in parentheses in the text.

Philadelphia Quaker City, June 30, 1849.

Ibid., March 30, 1849.


Philadelphia Quaker City, Oct. 20, 1849.


Philadelphia Quaker City, Oct. 20, 1849.

Ibid., Dec. 22, 1849.

Ibid.
CHAPTER X.

1Lippard, The White Banner, p. 146.
3Ibid., p. 2.
4Philadelphia Quaker City, Dec. 29, 1849.
5"Speech," p. 5.
6Philadelphia Quaker City, Dec. 12, 1849.
7Ibid., Dec. 29, 1849.
10Ibid., p. 2.
11Ibid., p. 6.
12Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 48.
14Ibid., p. 2.
16Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 72.
17Ibid., p. 70.
18Lippard, Adonai, or the Pilgrim of Eternity. In The White Banner, pp. 69-70.
20. Ibid., pp. 83-84.
21. Ibid., p. 74.
29. Ibid., May 26, 1849.
31. See *The White Banner*, p. (3).

33. Official Brotherhood of the Union notice. This appears, along with other papers, in Lippard's diary, a loosely organized collection of papers, accounts, and anecdotes. The diary is kept in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Hereafter it will be referred to as Lippard's "Diary."

35. Ibid., p. 4.
38. Ibid.
40Ibid., p. 10.
41Ibid., p. 23.
42"Letter to a Brother in Rhode Island."
46See ibid., p. 14.
49Ibid., p. 148.
50Ibid.
51Ibid., p. 149.
52Oodey's Ladies' Book, XLIII (Sept. 1851), p. 188.
53Lippard, Paul Ardenheim, Note, p. 99.
55Philadelphia Quaker City, Sept. 29, 1849.
56Tyler, Freedom's Ferment, p. 85.
57Stevens, Cyclopaedia of Fraternities, p. 113.
58Fiftieth Annual Session, p. 43.
59Stevens, Cyclopaedia of Fraternities, p. 303.
60See Arthur Preuss, ed. A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies (St. Louis, Mo., 1924), p. 78.
61 Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," p. 298.

62 Ibid., Note, p. 298.


64 See Fiftieth Annual Session, pp. 7-44, for an account of the Brotherhood's development.


66 See Butterfield, "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood," Note, p. 286.
CHAPTER XI.

1Letter to Noah Castor, dated June 25, 1853. Quoted in Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, pp. 116-117.


3Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 78.


5Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 94.

6Ibid., pp. 116-117.

7The account appears in Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, pp. 94-95. The words of Lippard's toast are paraphrased by Bouton.

8Lippard's "Diary." (no pagination).

9Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 95.


11Lippard's "Diary."

12George Lippard, New York: Its Upper Ten and Lower Million (Cincinnati, 1854), p. xii. All further quotations from New York in the following discussion of the novel refer to this source, and the page numbers where they appear will be indicated in parentheses in the text.

13George Lippard, The Midnight Queen; or, Leaves from New York Life (New York, 1853), p. 73 (italics Lippard's).

14Ibid., p. 53.

15Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 122.

16Ibid., p. 95.
17 Ibid., p. 119. See also Lippard's letter to the editor of the Philadelphia Dispatch, Nov. 14, 1853.

18 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 119.

19 Ibid.

20 Fiftieth Annual Session, p. 27.

21 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 119.

22 Quoted in Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 122.

23 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 121.


25 Bouton, Life and Choice Writings, p. 125.

26 See the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Feb. 13, 1854.
CHAPTER XII.

1Quoted in Jackson, "Poet of the Proletariat," Chapter XVIII, pp. 8-9.


5Ibid., pp. 288-289.


7Ibid.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The materials used in this dissertation have been gathered from a variety of sources. Two early attempts at a biography of Lippard—John Bell Bouton's Life and Choice Writings of George Lippard (1855) and Joseph Jackson's "George Lippard: Poet of the Proletariat" (1930?)—have been most helpful in giving me a sense of the shape of Lippard's life and in pointing me toward other sources. Both these works also impressed on me the necessity for rewriting the story of Lippard's life for, as I have indicated in the notes from time to time, these accounts are incomplete, overly apologetic for Lippard, and not up to modern scholarly standards. Except for these two sources, Lippard's life and works have been given only brief analysis in a few monographs and encyclopedic sketches.

All available manuscripts relating to Lippard are found in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Included in that collection are manuscripts of some of Lippard's novels, copies of some of his letters, his "Diary" (a loosely organized collection of papers, ledgers, speeches, and anecdotes), and other miscellanea. The most complete collections of Lippard's novels are found in the New York Public Library, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Library Company of Philadelphia, and the Library of Congress.

Lippard would give any bibliographer nightmares, but more than one has attempted to ascertain the various titles and editions, issues, and reprints of his works. Joseph Jackson's "A Bibliography of the Works of George Lippard" /Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, LIV (April, 1930)/ is a useful but incomplete descriptive bibliography. Roger Butterfield has appended a descriptive list of the "Separately Published Works of George Lippard" to his article on "George Lippard and His Secret Brotherhood" /Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, LXXIX (July, 1955)/. Joseph Sabin (A Dictionary of Books Relating to America... 29 vols., 1868-1936) lists some of Lippard's works, as does the Library of Congress Author Catalog. The most recent and by far the best bibliography of Lippard's works is found in Jacob Blanck's recently published fourth volume of Bibliography of American Literature (New Haven, 1969). This contains a complete list of all the known editions, reprints, ghosts, and piratings.

The bibliography that follows is a list of the works found useful in the present study.
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