Chapter I: Introduction

At the time of his death in 1886, Paul Hamilton Hayne was the acknowledged Poet Laureate of the Old South. Hayne scholar Rayburn S. Moore goes so far as to proclaim Hayne the South's "representative poet" as well as its "acknowledged literary spokesman" (Rubin, Jackson, and Moore 192). In spite of this, however, Hayne has become an "unperson," and scarcely earns even a footnote in the most recent literary histories and anthologies. Therefore, in this thesis, I propose to reassess Paul Hamilton Hayne as an American and Southern poet. Specifically, I hope to investigate how and why his literary reputation has changed, from his being considered the Poet Laureate of his section to virtual erasure from the most recent literary anthologies.

To investigate how and why Hayne's reputation has changed, I shall first construct a reception history outlining the important changes that have taken place over the past 150 or so years. Second, I shall re-evaluate several of Hayne's poems by comparing three of these poems with similar poems written by established poets in the literary canon, both contemporary and non-contemporary, and by analyses of several other poems considered to be Hayne's best. By making this re-evaluation, I hope to show his worth, both as one of the most important and representative poets of the nineteenth-century South and as an important American poet in his own right. Thus, I propose to offer a justification for Hayne's reassessment, demonstrating how Hayne is deserving to be placed within the canon of both Southern literature and U. S. literature in general. Most of Hayne's poems referred to in this thesis may be found, in alphabetical order, in appendix A; the exception is "The Wife of Brittany," which, at over nine hundred lines, is too long for inclusion.

Two fairly recent works, De Bellis's Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne (1978) and Bain and Flora's Fifty Southern Writers before 1900 (1987), are essential for understanding the state of Hayne scholarship. De Bellis offers a comprehensive and annotated *chronological* listing of works about Hayne from 1855 to 1974. Although the annotations are brief, De Bellis attempts to give the reader the essence of the critics' views. Bain and Flora's work makes no attempt at completeness; yet, it is useful in providing notice of the more recent published works, listed *by author*. The section on Hayne, written by Hayne scholar Rayburn S. Moore, contains a listing of works written by Hayne himself; Moore also presents a brief biography, an overview of the major themes to be found in Hayne's writings, and, most importantly, a brief survey of Hayne criticism, as it existed in the mid-1980s.

Moore believes that Hayne, a minor poet, "has been treated well" (Fifty Southern Writers 248). In spite of that claim, there is still no edition of Hayne's complete works, nor is there a "full-scale" biography of the poet. Moore also recognizes that there has been no "final appraisal" of Hayne's poetry; this is said in spite of Moore's belief that Hayne is indeed a "minor poet' (Fifty Southern Writers 248), an evaluation echoed by critic C. Hugh Holman in his essay "The Literature of the Old South" (1971). This essay and bibliography supersedes that written by Moore himself in A Bibliographical Guide to the Study of Southern Literature, edited by Louis D. Rubin, Jr. (1969). During the interim only two projects described by Moore in the 1969 essay were accomplished, one being the book-length study of Hayne and his poetry, written by Moore and announced as "forthcoming" in the essay (see below); the other work is Moore's collection of Hayne's letters, published in 1982. Moore also announces James S. Purcell's plans to edit the final

unpublished poems of Hayne, but this work has yet, after several decades, not materialized. Except for the two works completed by Moore, and in spite of his call for a complete biography and the critical edition, a final critical evaluation of Hayne has remained the same after almost twenty years. I shall give a more thorough treatment of Moore's views on Hayne below in chapters three and four.

The final purpose of this thesis is not, therefore, only to explain this *ignorance* of the Poet Laureate of the South; I intend to explore if Hayne deserves inclusion or whether he is forever doomed to be ignored, or, at best, given a brief mention and no more. According to C. S. Lewis, literary criticism as it is normally practiced cannot be objective, but is restricted by the literary taste of the critic. Note the following edict given by Rayburn Moore in his discussion of Hayne's narrative poem "Daphles": "The revolution wrought by Robert Browning, E. A. Robinson, and Robert Frost, among others makes Hayne's narrative poems seem old-fashioned and out of date"; specifically,

> Its style is not in fashion and is not likely to be revived soon, but it possesses some small intrinsic merit and even more historical importance, for it is another manifestation of Hayne's affinity for the dominant Anglo-American poetic tradition of his day, a tradition under attack in his own generation by Whitman but since changed considerably by Emily Dickinson, W. B. Yeats, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot." (Hayne 65)

As he admits, writers are constantly falling in and out of favor and in some cases back again. As Lewis states, the "dethronements and restorations are almost monthly events" (Experiment 105). Because of this problem, Lewis proposed a way of avoiding the whims of the critic, founding the worth of an author upon much firmer ground. Specifically, he

proposes that we should judge literature "by the way men read it" (Experiment 104). The advantage of such a method is that "the accepted valuation of literary works varies with every change of fashion, but the distinction between attentive and inattentive, obedient and willful, disinterested and egoistic, modes of reading is permanent; if ever valid, valid everywhere and always" (Experiment 106). Furthermore, Lewis believed that a critic should not be preoccupied "with originality or novelty, but with that which is eternal" (Edwards, 120). The advantage of such a focus would be that the critic would be forced to ignore the fashionable and instead concentrate upon to what degree a work embraced, in Faulkner's terms, "the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral or doomed."

Once accepted, this method of determining the worthiness of an author or work allows us to question the critics who dismiss Hayne out of hand for being traditional, irrelevant, or old-fashioned. The only criterion is *how* a good reader engages his poems, not how a handful of self-proclaimed critics judge them. The critics examined below are, we can assume, good readers, and most, though finding some fault with Hayne's poetry, found it "spirited" and "stirring" (Boynton), possessing "genuineness" (Wendell), being "good, and the workmanship […] competent" (Hubbell). A few early in the last century, as I shall document, highly praised Hayne's work. Thus if a good book is one that "'permits, invites, or compels' good reading,'" and what "damns a book is not the existence of bad readings but the absence of good ones "(Lewis, Experiment 113, 114), then surely Hayne's poetry passes this test. He has had more than his share of good readers, as well as some bad, and even though most recent critics have found fault, it is invariably fault rooted in taste or what is, or is not, considered relevant for our times.

Furthermore, once a writer has been acknowledged as having merit, has been proclaimed by good readers to be worth reading, not only once but in multiples, then the burden of proof falls on those trying to dismiss that writer as inconsequential. Thus, as Lewis maintains, "there can be no question of totally and finally 'debunking' or 'exposing' any author who has for some time been well inside the pale. We start from the assumption that whatever has been found good by those who really and truly read probably is good. All probability is against those who attack" (Experiment 112). Given this, Hayne's poetry deserves a "re-evaluation," a re-evaluation that must, I suggest, in the end, give him his rightful place as one of the significant nineteenth-century American poets.

Chapter II: Nineteenth-Century Criticism

The first reviews of Hayne's poetry appeared in early 1855, with the publication of Poems (1855), with three of the four reviews being positive. De Bellis notes that one anonymous reviewer, from Harper's New Monthly, states that Hayne, as a poet, exhibits "fluent versification" and that his poetry contains "good images" (qtd. in De Bellis143). Moore assents in this evaluation, and states that the reviewer "noted the 'true poetry' in the volume, liked the versification and imagery, thought well of 'several of the smaller poems,' and concluded that the work as a whole gave 'promise of excellence'" (Hayne 39). Another anonymous reviewer in the Southern Literary Messenger is of the opinion that Hayne's first collection of poetry, Poems, is "proof that the South can produce true poetry." The reviewer provided his readers with "numerous quotations" that reveal, "fine, arresting images and resonant thought" (qtd. in De Bellis 143). Edwin P. Whipple, writing for Graham's Magazine, praises Hayne's "artistic sense" and concludes that Hayne has emerged as a poet of "great promise" (qtd. in De Bellis 143). In addition, Moore adds that Whipple believed that Hayne's volume was a "fine performance" (qtd. in Hayne 39) Putnam's Monthly gave Hayne the one negative review, concluding that his poems were 'an efflux of mere emotion" (qtd. in De Bellis 143). They were also, according to Moore, considered "indistinct in thought" and "not studied long enough to have any clearness"; the reviewer also felt that the poems were not written "for a clear purpose" (qtd. in Hayne 39). More notes that the reviewer also believed that "the titles of the poems [were] frequently vague and general: 'Lines,' 'Stanzas,' 'A Fragment'" (Hayne 39). Ironically, these "titles" have a distinctly modern ring, especially the latter.

According to Moore, The Messenger published a "laudatory" review of Hayne's first published volume, and Moore adds that "other notices were encouraging" (Hayne 39).

Hayne's second collection, Sonnets, and Other Poems (1857) received minimal attention, especially in the North; that the volume was published by a Charleston publishing house obviously hurt Hayne's chances of being noticed by the more influential critics. In spite of this, Charles W. Stoddard offered high praise for the volume in the Home Journal; according to Moore:

> Stoddard considered the work in the collection 'thoughtful and earnest and often highly felicitous.' He was impressed by the 'finish' imparted to the poems, and he especially liked the sonnets: 'we consider them among the very best ever written in this country….With the exception of Mr. Boker, no American poet at all approaches Mr. Hayne in this difficult school of poetry.' He concluded that Hayne had now 'placed himself in the front rank of southern authors.' (Hayne 44)

As Moore notes, Stoddard was known for his fairness, that he was for neither "wearing his heart on his sleeve nor for promoting the books of his friends" (Hayne 44). In addition, with this proclamation of Hayne as the leading man of letters in the South, Stoddard placed the relatively young man ahead of the more famous and highly respected William Gilmore Simms.

The only other antebellum review listed by De Bellis is that written by James Russell Lowell on Hayne's third collection, Alvolio (1859), a review that appeared in the Atlantic in the January, 1860 issue. Lowell felt that the collection contained a "great deal of real poetic feeling, thoughtfulness, culture, sensibility to natural beauty and great

refinement of feeling" (qtd. in De Bellis 143). Lowell's main criticism, according to Moore, is Hayne's lack of self-criticism, a fault Lowell believes is a general one among younger poets. Lowell thought that Hayne "need only persevere in self-culture to be able to produce poems that shall win for him a national reputation" (qtd. in Hayne 49). Whipple, writing in the Evening Transcript, offered praise for the collection, according to Moore, noting Hayne's continued progress as a poet; specifically he stressed that there was "hardly a poem…which did not convey a sense of the writer's intellectual growth" (qtd. in Hayne 49).

The first postbellum review is that by James W. Davidson, which appeared in 1869 in Living Writers of the South. Davidson praises Hayne, comparing him favorably to the greatest poet of his day, suggesting "Tennyson might have written the shorter lyrics 'without damage to his career" (qtd. in De Bellis 144). In 1872 and 1874, several reviews of Hayne's Legends and Lyrics (1872) appeared. All are positive; as Moore notes, Whipple, Thompson, and Mrs. Preston noted Hayne's improvement over his previous collection (Hayne 82). Moore also quotes a letter Hayne received from Bayard Taylor, in which Taylor commends Hayne on his advancement as a poet of substance, stating that Hayne's "Poems show a finer finish, a greater symmetry, both in form and idea" and adding that this confirms his belief that Hayne has now recognized "the true nature of the poetic art—proportion" (qtd. in Hayne 82-83). Thompson, writing in the Indianapolis Journal, goes so far as to proclaim Hayne "a scholarly, graceful singer, dreamful rather than imaginative, as truly Southern as a palmetto tree….I know of no truer poet than Hayne" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 83). In addition, Henry Stoddard praises Hayne's

collection in reviews, although, for Stoddard, Hayne has by now been eclipsed by Timrod as the best Southern poet (De Bellis 144).

Several poems received special attention. Hayne's reworking of "The Franklin's Tale" receives much criticism, criticism examined in more detail later in this thesis. Significantly, given the politics involved, William Dean Howells seems especially moved by Hayne's poems on the War Between the States and proclaims in the Atlantic that Hayne had related his section's experiences with "uncommon temperance and dignity" (qtd. in De Bellis 144). However, Howells was not taken with Hayne's short narrative "The Macrobian Bow"; according to Hayne, Howells

> was unaffectedly struck by what he calls its 'dramatic vigor,' but he nevertheless rejected it! And why? Because, oh! Ye Gods!—because the subject was *too painful*, & the "strong picturesque treatment" only made it the more *agonizingly 'impressive'!!!* (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 67, italics in the original)

Moore admits that this review is "strange, coming as it does from the future high priest of Realism" and that it may reveal much about his "readers' taste, or about his own editorial crochets, than about the merit of Hayne's poem" (Hayne 67). Many of the lyrics also received praise. Edward Spencer considered "The Bonny Brown Hand" as "well nigh perfect," praising Hayne's crafting of meter, feeling, and "tenderness of touch," finally comparing the poem favorably to Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 71). Hayne's sonnets also found favor with the critics; as Moore points out, "Edward Spencer and Maurice Thompson praised several of them, and Mrs. Preston considered them 'as perfect…as [any] our country has produced'" (Hayne 76). "A

Summer Mood" caught the attention of Howells and Lanier, Howells declaring that the poem revealed "flavors of the Southern air and soil" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 77). Both critics believed the lyric the best work in the collection, Lanier going so far as to proclaim it the "nearest approach to the ideal of lyric poetry" in Legends and Lyrics (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 77). Lanier also praised "Fire Pictures," and although he found the poem to contain deficiencies, he still believed it a worthy poem, one that deserved acclaim for its "rhythm, the variety of its fancies, the artistic advance to its climax, [and] particularly the management of its close" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 82). In spite of such positive reviews, Hayne was unable to find a publisher for his next collection, finally having to "advance" the New York firm of E. J. Hale and Son money before they would agree to publish. During this time, Hayne was included in the Cyclopaedia of American Literature. After noting Hayne's work as editor and listing journals and magazines (predominantly Southern) to which he often contributed, the small "portrait" praises his poetry as "spirited," noting that Hayne "has cultivated the music of verse with effect" (Duyckinck & Duyckinck 736). The portrait also describes Hayne's War verse as "fiery" and "sensational," and notes the "pleasing versifications" contained in Legends and Lyrics. Five poems are included after the portrait.

The reviews of The Mountains and the Lovers (1875) all appeared in the same year as its publication; all are, for the most part, positive, and even the negative aspects of some reviews are contradicted by opinions expressed in the others. For example, an anonymous reviewer writing for Appleton's Journal (26 June) finds that Hayne's short poems have "some descriptive power"; the narrative poems are dismissed as lacking in "vigor" (qtd. in De Bellis 145). James Harrison of the Southern Magazine agrees with

the deficiency of the narrative poems, believing that they "lack grace and warmth" (qtd. in De Bellis 145, 146). However, the anonymous reviewer of The Aldine cites several of the narrative poems, insisting that they are "charmingly told" and "tenderly truthful," going so far as to proclaim that "The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana" is "simply perfect" (qtd. in De Bellis 145). All reviews, however, find the lyrics well crafted. Moore gives a more complete excerpt of the anonymous review in the Appleton's Journal, noting that the reviewer

> commented without unfavorable implication that Hayne declined "to recognize an obligation…'to set the crooked straight,' to storm the soul with passionate lyrics, or to grope with morbid curiosity amid the inner recesses of the human heart. Enough for him […] to delineate the scenes and interpret the moods of Nature, and to reveal to the reader a few of those melodies which communion with Nature has awakened in his heart." (Hayne 100)

Furthermore, Harrison, although qualifying his praise by assuming Hayne's lack of originality, admits that Hayne's poetry has "airy grace and tenderness" and that the shorter work contains "fervor of utterance" (qtd. in De Bellis 146). An anonymous reviewer in Scribner's goes so far as to praise Hayne for the "melody of verse, clearness of diction, [and] power of stating directly and forcibly what he wants to say" (qtd. in De Bellis 145). William Dean Howells, again writing in the Atlantic, once more praises Hayne's "sly humor, easy satire, [and] sympathy of nature and legend" (qtd. in De Bellis 146). In addition, he gave Hayne more than just praise, accepting nine of the poems for his magazine (Moore, Hayne 101; "Northern Magazines" 144). Two poet / critics, James

Barron Hope and Maurice Thompson praised Hayne's sonnets, ranking Hayne "as one of the best sonneteers in America" (Moore, Hayne 100). Moreover, several reviewers thought The Mountain and the Lover Hayne's best collection to date; Whipple went so far as to conclude that this "best" collection displayed "his genius in the maturity of its power" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 100).

In 1878, Sidney Lanier wrote a general review of Hayne's poetry that appeared in the January issue of Southern Magazine. Here we see the major issues that appear repeatedly in the years to follow and that I shall discuss more fully in the next chapter below. Specifically, De Bellis notes that Lanier

> Asserts that the poetry is "thoroughly and charmingly tuneful," and that the words and rhythms of "Fire Pictures" are "incontrovertible." Hayne's resistance to materialism in his use of nature and family as major subjects pleases Lanier, but Hayne's poetry is weakened by "trite similes and commonplace sentiments" creating "diffuseness." (146).

Later in 1886, Lanier would call "Fire Pictures" a "rare flame beauty" and proclaim that "The Macrobian Bow" was filled with "dramatic verve." He also believed that Hayne's verse revealed "a distinct growth" and that it was "higher and quieter" (qtd. in De Bellis 147). One interesting review, written by an anonymous reviewer for The Christian Union, wrote an opinion that is counter to much of the modern consensus as to the effect of the War Between the States on Hayne and his work. Specifically, the reviewer "Contends that these faithful pictures of nature are the result of affectionate loyalty to the South" (De Bellis 145). Once again, despite the positive reviews, Hayne was unable to find a publisher for his next collection. After an unsuccessful negotiation with several New

York firms during 1878, Hayne, with the help of John Garland James, persuaded D. Lothrop of Boston to put out a "complete edition" of his poetry. For this collection, Hayne chose only what he considered his best work from the earlier collections, adding the poems written between 1875 and 1882, these latter poems making up 167 of the 386 pages.

As Moore points out, despite Lothrop's agreeing to publish the work, the firm "was chary of sending out review copies"; Moore adds that Hayne "apparently received no royalty payments prior to his death" (Hayne 136). Moore in a *footnote* reveals how costly to Hayne his relationship with Lothrop was: despite promises from Lothrop that they would publish a "cheaper edition in which all of the errors of 1882 would be corrected" (and these were numerous), such an edition failed to appear (Hayne 178). In addition, this cost Hayne an audience and critical reputation, for, as Moore continues,

> It prevented the publication of a selection of his verse and for all practical purposes put a stop to contemporary efforts to collect his last poems, to say nothing of what it did to his reputation by concentrating critical attention on an edition which, since none has succeeded it, has by default been taken as final and authoritative, yet which contains many printer's errors, has not been proofread by the author, is by any modern standard far too inclusive in its selection, and does not comprise the poet's latest work. (Hayne 178)

Although the reviews were not numerous, the reaction through personal correspondence was uniformly positive. In addition to a positive reception by Mrs. Preston, amateur poet and friend Mrs. M. B. M. Toland wrote of the superior quality of Hayne's poetry,

specifically that Hayne's poems "are the *best American poems* I have read. They should wear our country's laurel wreath" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 137, emphasis in the original). Others to praise the poetry included Hamilton Wright Mabie; the blind English poet, Philip Bourke Marston; and Mrs. Julia Dorr. By far the most important of these acclamations came from E. C. Stedman, the "greatest of American Art-Critics"; after noting that he had received Hayne's letter with an attached "list of *errata*," he praises the collection in the highest terms, calling it a "beautiful success—in every way such a voucher & witness as an American poet may be proud to bring forward." He closes by claiming that there is not "an affected, careless, untrue piece of workmanship in the entire collection" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 137).

Of the reviews, Maurice Thompson's review in the Indianapolis Times (4 March 1883) is quite laudatory. Any "limitations" are due to "*sectional bias*" and, in his final analysis, he "ranks him as one of the *four "best known" living poets* of America"; furthermore, he insists that the collection contains "the worthiest and wholesomest kind [of verse], that has been made in this country" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 137, emphasis mine). A reviewer for the Literary World (19 March 1883) disagrees with Thompson, concluding that Hayne may only expect an "honourable place among the minor American poets" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 138). De Bellis only lists one review of the Complete Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne (1882), and that appears in 1885 in Harper's, three years after the collection's publication. The reviewer, Charles Deshler, praises the collection, finding the "poems freighted with melody and impassioned" (qtd. in De Bellis 147). Yet, this reviewer finds limitations in Hayne's work, citing some "immature" poems in the collection as a whole, as well as defects in "some form or spirit" in many others. In spite

of this, his conclusion is positive, asserting that "there is visible a sensitive and loyal conscientiousness begotten of their author's ever-present idea of the loftiness and dignity of the poet's calling" (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 138).

After Hayne's death, several general reviews of the man and his poetry appeared. The Literary World published an obituary of the poet on 24 July 1886, eighteen days after his death (De Bellis 147). About a month later, Joseph A. Hill wrote a biographical sketch on Hayne in the Independent (19 August 1886) where he states that Hayne "was a poet of purity and truth as well as a poet of nature" (qtd. in De Bellis 148). A month later, the respected literary critic, and Hayne's friend, Margaret J. Preston wrote a laudatory piece on Hayne for the September issue of the Southern Bivouac, and the summary given by De Bellis deserves to be noted in full; specifically Preston

> Examines the formative influences on Hayne, from his mother's inculcating Christian tenderness to his friendship with various writers in Charleston. As a Southern poet he was sensitive to Henry Timrod's work, and his edition of Timrod created Timrod's fame. In his role of poet he wished to become "The Poet of his Southern Land." Yet he may be finally remembered as a Southern Longfellow since they shared the same themes of Home, Hearth, and Heaven. As a correspondent and reviewer, he never wrote a "bitter judgment." He was a man "of very chivalrous and high-bred feeling. (148)

Despite the fact that Preston was close to Hayne, and might have very well harbored biases in his favor, many of her points are echoed in the later criticism, especially the comparison to Longfellow, Hayne's love of tradition, and his worthiness as a man.

In early 1887, Thomas Wentworth Higginson published his general evaluation of Hayne in Chautauquan, where, according to De Bellis, he praised Hayne's ability to excise "all bitterness from his work" (148). According to De Bellis, Higginson makes the astute observation that "a fair estimate of [Hayne's] worth can only begin with an understanding of the South" (148). (I shall argue below that it is this lack of understanding concerning the South's history, educational ideals, and respect for tradition that has clouded many reviewers' evaluation of this notable poet.) This respect for literary tradition and love of homeland can be observed in Maurice Thompson's article in the 22 September 1888 edition of Literature, where, after summarizing the life of this "pre-eminent man of letters," Thompson determines that Hayne's best work is "a mixture of the Southern 'sights' and English 'thoughts'" (De Bellis 149), again echoing the idea that Hayne was respectful of the tradition passed down to him. However, unlike many minor poets, Hayne was able to incorporate these traditional "thoughts" into his own unique grasp of the Southern landscape, a point I shall demonstrate in chapter IV. Finally, in 1890, nearly four years after Hayne's death, Douglass Sladen, according to De Bellis, "Calls him the patriarch of the young poets, who, though uneven, produced vivid, eloquent poems" (149), giving Hayne an importance usually ignored by modern critics.

Young et al. (1952, 1968) assert that Hayne's poetry was acclaimed by his contemporary poets, as it was "received with enthusiastic approval of Holmes, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Longfellow in America, and of Tennyson and Swinburne in England" (318). This respect was for more than his poetry; Hayne was particularly close to Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier. For example, Bryant had helped Hayne financially in 1873, Hayne having had his home "destroyed during Sherman's infamous march to the sea"

(Herzberg 443), losing his library and most of his other possessions. Shortly thereafter, Hayne responded by dedicating a poem to the aging poet, to which Bryant responded on 1 November 1877 expressing his appreciation and admiration of the poem:

> My Dear Sir.
> I accept with pleasure the honor you offer me—the dedication of your poem entitled "unveiled."
> I do not wonder that you speak of it in affectionate terms, for it is written with a genuine poetic enthusiasm.
>
> I am, dear sir,
> Truly yours,
> W. C. Bryant. (Bryant and Voss 389)

In a letter, dated 30 March 1879, addressed to Mrs. Hayne, Longfellow thanks her husband for a recent poem he had sent him and then concludes by informing her he has sent her a small collection: "I shall soon have the pleasure of sending you the 'poems of Places' containing the Southern States. Please judge it leniently and sympathetically" (Hilen 467). On 4 December 1878, Longfellow wrote Hayne praising Hayne's sonnets: "These Sonnets of yours are beautiful, both in conception and execution. The 'Last of the Roses' strikes me as particularly striking and original. […] You desire my opinion of the Sonnets from an artistic point of view. I can truly say, I see no flaw in them" (Hilen 408-409). On 10 April 1880, Longfellow sent another letter praising Hayne's "pen-portraits" of Whittier and himself ("Snow Messengers"): "Your pen-portrait of Whittier is excellent—both in likeness, and as a skilful [sic!] drawing. Equal artistic skill is shown in mine, but of the likeness it becomes me not to speak. I can only thank you" (Hilen 595).

From Whittier also came praise and encouragement. In a letter dated 17 March 1870, Whittier expresses gratitude to Hayne for sending him "The Legend of Daphales," of which he writes that he believes the story "admirably told. There are lines in it which

linger ling in the ear, and find an echo in the heart" (Pickard 219). Despite their political differences, Whittier and Hayne were very close friends, and Hayne and his wife had visited Whittier at his home in 1879. Whittier often questions Hayne on his health, citing references in the papers to Hayne's ill health. That Hayne and the Fireside poets held similar views of poetry can be inferred from a letter sent to Hayne from Whittier on 11 October 1880:

> The poetical temperament has its trials and keen susceptibility to the hard, harsh and unlovely things of life, but, my dear friend, we have also a capacity for enjoyment which others do not know, "the still air of delightful studies," the glow and enthusiasm of rhythmic utterances, the rapturous love of all beauty and harmony, and, as Holmes says, it is a satisfaction "sometimes to sit under a tree and read our own songs. (Pickard 425)

The death of Longfellow and Bryant affected Whittier and Hayne deeply, as can be seen from their correspondence. The letters they exchanged after Longfellow's death have been preserved and only serve to reinforce the respect and deep friendship each held for the other (Moore, Man of Letters 189-190; Pickard 446-447). Furthermore, the letters display Hayne's high regard for Tennyson's verse, quoting lines from Idylls of the King (Moore, Man of Letters 190, note). (These letters are quoted in full in Appendix B.) These examples demonstrate that Hayne could separate his politics from his assessment of individuals; any conjecture that Hayne was affected by jealousies or blind hatred of the North does not meet with the facts.

Bassett's collection of various "perspectives and assessments" of Southern Literature contains several mentions of Hayne by various critics. In 1898, twelve years after Hayne's death, William Dean Howells wrote concerning Timrod and Hayne, that their "verse can scarcely be said to survive them" (qtd. in Bassett 207). However, this prediction is brought into question when one considers his prophecy on Hayne's son who, Howells asserts, has written poetry that has "moments of delicate charm and tender truth to his native scenes" (207). Furthermore, from 1876 until Hayne's death, Howells only published a few of Hayne's brief quatrains and those were not published until late 1884. During this time, Hayne confided his anger that Howells kept him listed as a "regular contributor" and Moore insists that the numerous rejections were "not warranted" ("Northern" 145). The result was a long literary war conducted between Howells and Hayne; as Moore notes, "Hayne had little regard for the man or his work" (Man of Letters 318, note). Specifically, Hayne admitted, in a letter to Philip Bourke Marston, that Howells's work, as well as that of Henry James, made him "sick at my moral & mental stomach" (Man of Letters 316). The major problem Hayne had with this new school was the disregard for authors of the recent past who, according to Hayne, upheld the traditional order. In this, Hayne was *not* a voice crying in the wilderness; Moore notes that Hayne was "only one of many who did not care for the analytical fiction of James and Howells and who were particularly alarmed by Howells' criticism of the work of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott as outmoded" (Man of Letters 328, note). In addition to this change in literary taste, Hayne perceived a sectional bias against him; in a letter to Lipscomb in the spring of 1885 Hayne declares

> These Yankee periodicals are crowded with contributions from England & the No & No-western States of America; & invariably they give the preference to Englishmen & their own writers. The poor Southerner stands at the foot of the authorial class, unless he chances to be a *clever* & unscrupulous *Renegade*; then he will not find it "a long cry to Loch Ame!" as the highlandmen used to say! (Moore, "Northern" 146, emphasis in the original)

I will examine this debate, eventually won by the "realists" and "Yankees," and accepted by modern critics, more closely in the next two chapters.

In the 1898 edition of Henry S. Pancoast's Introduction to American Literature, the author, according to De Bellis, places emphasis on the "similarities between Hayne and William Morris and Leigh Hunt in Hayne's feeling for 'classic and romantic ideals'" (151). This recognition of the South's respect for what are usually seen as contradictory tendencies demonstrates another aspect of the Southern character.

In contrast to this grasp of subtlety at work in Hayne's poetry, James L. Onderdonk, in his History of American Verse: 1610-1897, remarks sarcastically that Hayne would be better called the "'Woodland Minstrel of the South" instead of "Laureate of the Confederacy" (De Bellis 152). What Onderdonk fails to realize is that *Timrod*, and not Hayne, was given the title of Laureate of the Confederacy, "a term his contemporaries seemed to impose on him" (Young et al. 291). In addition, by using the term "minstrel," he fails also to recognize the classical influences on Hayne's poetry. Wendell, in his early history (1900), notes that in his technical skill Hayne had "something in common with the New England poets" (491). In addition, Hayne possesses "a genuineness" seldom

found in the South. Although Wendell believes that his contemporaries' praise of Hayne's sonnets is "excessive," he nevertheless notes that sonnets of excellent quality "are rare in the whole range of literature" (491). Furthermore, he believes Hayne's ability to use such a complex form says much of Hayne's ability as a poet. Specifically, Wendell notes:

> The fact that Hayne loved to express himself in this studied and deliberate form…and that he managed it well enough to be remarked, means that he was at heart not only a man of deep emotional impulse, but an artist […]. ["Fate or God?"] has genuine fervour. Few American sonnets seem more sincere. (491-492)

This assessment of Hayne's talent in composing sonnets mirrors Moore's critique (see below). Offering a similar evaluation of this poem in the 1898 Studies in American Literature, Charles Noble argues the sonnet possesses for him an "earnest, pure character" (qtd. in De Bellis 151). That "Fate, or God" is one of Hayne's "most sincere" poems having an "earnest, pure character" suggests an interesting comparison with Thomas Hardy's "Hap," and I shall compare these two poems below in chapter IV.

Chapter III: Twentieth-Century and Twenty-First-Century Criticism

A. 1900-1950

Hayne and his poetry were still a topic of interest in literary journals of the early twentieth century, and, again, the reception he receives is mixed. For example, J. Thompson Brown, Jr., writing in the Sewanee Review (April, 1906) thought highly of Hayne's work; according to De Bellis, Brown calls Hayne a "'priest of nature'" who "shows 'moving power' in his nature lyrics" (154). George Armstrong Wauchope, writing in the 1 December 1923 Bulletin of the University of South Carolina, praises Hayne, according to De Bellis, as the "finest sonneteer in America" (157), giving earlier confirmation to Moore's judgment. Most of the other reviews of Hayne's poetry deal with Hayne's letters to other literary men of his day, and although this may show a decrease in critics' interest in Hayne's poetry, it does suggest Hayne was still important as a major figure in the world of literary letters.

According to De Bellis, Alphonso G. Newcomer, in his 1911 American Literature, determines that Hayne and Timrod were each superior to the other, depending on the kind of poetry discussed; Timrod was judged better for his "martial verse," whereas Hayne was considered the better poet at "nature lyrics" (156). In another older literary history, Boynton (1919) refers to Hayne as "a man of moderate talents," yet he describes his verse as "spirited" and "stirring," finding that his nature poems "ring finely true" (348). De Bellis points out, significantly, that Boynton considered Hayne a "real representative of a period and locality" (qtd. in De Bellis 157).

Ludwig Lewisohn, in his 1932 Expression in America, offers, according to De Bellis, a somewhat contrary view to what most modern critics have determined, namely that "unlike Timrod, Hayne moved away from Tennyson's influence." However, this "innovation" is not enough for Lewisohn, who maintains that Hayne had nothing of importance to "'*say*'" (159, emphasis in the original). That the death of Hayne helped hasten the end of a defense of tradition, especially in the South, against novelty by a respected man of letters is seen through George Edward Woodberry's comment in his "South in American Letters" (1903) that with the deaths of Simms, Timrod, and Hayne "the literature of the old South ceased" (Bassett 255).

In contrast with Howells's and other modern critics' evaluations of Hayne's poetry, Edwin Anderson Alderman, writing in a defense of the South and Southern literature, includes Hayne as part of a group that deserves recognition; he proclaims that

> A just appraisement of human values will place the makers of literature in the South, during the decades stretching between 1840-1870, along side, if not above, our martial heroes, as souls of very rare quality from whose eyes no veil could hide the vision of things human and spiritual. (Bassett 272)

Granted this response must be understood as a reaction to northern critics, such as Howells; but others who have given a more balanced judgment of Hayne's poetry have stated the opinion that his writings promote and are endued with martial valor. Moncure Conway (1916), for example, believes that it was Hayne and Timrod who, after the War Between the States, ushered in this "new note of sincerity" in Southern poetry (Bassett 282). Furthermore, in 1930, Howard Mumford Jones argued that "the social and

economic evils of reconstruction days" brought about "great energy among southern literary men" (Bassett 309), Hayne being among those he mentions.

Agrarian and Fugitive writer Donald Davidson was an important twentieth-century critic. Although he maintains that Hayne and Timrod are minor poets, he believes that they are more than worthy of just a cursory mention. Furthermore, in this 1932 response, "The Southern Poet and His Tradition," Davidson directed his criticism toward those who issue "passionate and contemptuous repudiations of the supposedly 'sentimental' literature of the Old South," going on to insist that it had been the Northern critics who have unjustly labeled Southern writers as "sentimental." Specifically, he notes that particular Southern writers have "proved that the South shared with the West the dignity of producing a more respectable body of literature than the New England Brahmins ever used to allow" (Bassett 319).

Southern literary histories give an erratic view of Hayne and his poetry. Parks, in his Southern Poets (1936), claims for Hayne "minor" status, but like Moore, he mixes praise with faultfinding, quoting Lanier at length to bolster his claims of Hayne's deficiencies as a poet (cvii). Montrose J. Moses's The Literature of the South (1910) reveals the author's bias against traditional Southrons who would not embrace the pro-industrialization and pro-northern attitudes of the "New South." Thus, Moses insists that Lanier deserves a place as a major writer, and that Hayne does not, because, according to De Bellis, his poetry lacks "the needed 'moral consciousness' of the New South" (155). Other older Southern literary histories, Literary Hearthstones (1912), Poets of the South (1903), and Pioneers (1913), look more favorably on Hayne as a poet. All three praise him for his lyricism and poetical ability. Link and Painter specifically place Hayne at the

summit of Southern poets, so much so that Link looks for an equal "who shall gather up the fallen laurels and string anew the broken lyre" (87); Painter states that for "delicacy of feeling and perfection of form, [Hayne's] meditative and religious poems deserve to rank among the best in the language. They contain what is so often lacking in poetry of this class, genuine poetic feeling and artistic expression" (63). In addition, De Bellis notes that William P. Trent in Southern Writers believes that "no other Southern writer displayed a more delicately receptive genius" (qtd. in De Bellis 153).

Kreymborg's history of American literature (1934), published seventy years ago, offers a view of Hayne as modernism was reinterpreting the American literary canon. Dickinson had found her place, receiving her own chapter, and Whitman was still being reconsidered: "A prophet in advance of his time," suggests Kreymborg, "Walt's future is hard to appraise even now" (207). As for the poets of the Old South, they receive a chapter unto themselves. Of the major Southern poets of this period, Lanier receives most of the attention, followed by Timrod, and Hayne receives the least. Yet, Kreymborg seems at a loss at how to evaluate Hayne; he first emphasizes that, like Timrod, Hayne "deserves better luck with posterity," and that his poems are "informative," known for "their skillful modeling of varied English meters"; yet, he feels that Hayne's poetry lacks "intensity" and often times "tend to monotony." Still, Kreymborg quotes the following lines from "Aspects of the Pines" as demonstrating a "vivid Southern mood" (158):

> Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
> They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
> Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
> As if from realms of mystical despairs.

It is this kind of description in his poetry that led his Southron contemporaries to proclaim him their Poet Laureate.

B. 1950-Present

Moore has made a book-length preliminary assessment of Hayne's poetry in Paul Hamilton Hayne. In fact, the chapter in Bain and Flora and the introduction in his own Man of Letters are brief summaries of this major work. Because this is the only book-length assessment of Hayne's poetry, it is, even after thirty years, an invaluable resource. After a brief fifteen-page biographical sketch, Moore devotes a chapter to most of Hayne's published works, offering critical assessments, with excerpts and complete poems within the text. In addition, Moore gives the reader a glimpse of the yet unpublished, final collection of Hayne's poems. At times Moore waxes eloquent about Hayne's ability as a poet, especially concerning the sonnet form, a form, as Moore notes, that is "too demanding for some and surely not widely employed by many nineteenth-century American poets" (163).

However, Gay Wilson Allen (1966) disagrees with this assessment, contending that although Hayne "wrote a large number of sonnets, most of them in the Italian form," and although "most of them are competent, […] few are comparable to the best of Longfellow and Backer" (304). For Allen, Hayne's forte was blank verse, asserting that, although it was inferior to Bryant's, it was superior to that of any other Southern writer (304). Having determined that Lanier alone deserves major poet status, Allen concludes that Hayne was the "most important" poet after Lanier (303).

Moore's final assessment places Hayne below poets who could not approach him in skill within *traditional* forms. Nevertheless, Moore also makes it clear that poets of renown, including Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Tennyson, thought highly

of Hayne himself and of his work. Finally, Moore laments the fact that a contemporary anthology of nineteenth-century American poetry "that is purportedly representative does not offer [Hayne's] work, but poets of considerably lower stature are included" (166). Numerous examples of this will become evident below as I examine the literary histories and anthologies of Southern literature, and then the literary histories and anthologies of American literature in general. Before proceeding to these works, however, I shall look briefly at more general references on American and Southern literature.

In the fifth edition of The Oxford Companion to American Literature, James D. Hart (1983) notes that Hayne was "called 'the last literary cavalier'" (322). For Hart, Hayne's poetry can be divided into his Antebellum and Postbellum poetry: his earlier work was known mostly for its concern with nature, whereas later he "won fame for his martial lyrics" (322). Hart, for the most part is complimentary, describing Hayne's poetry as "fragile," yet "charming" and maintaining that Hayne's best Postbellum work is found in Legends and Lyrics.

. The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature (1963) echoes these sentiments, noting that Hayne's "ardent patriotism expressed itself in a group of fervent poems, such as The Battle of Charleston Harbor" (443). Speaking of his nature poetry, the assessment continues, believing that "Hayne's poetry is notable chiefly for its landscapes of the South, as in Aspects of Pines and The Cottage on the Hill" (443). However, the final verdict is far from laudatory, and he declares that Hayne's poetry has a "tendency toward diffuseness" (Herzberg, 1963 443), echoing the conclusion made by Lanier (see above).

The Encyclopedia of American Literature (1999) is surprisingly complimentary. Stating that Hayne was known "throughout the nation as the 'poet laureate of the South,'" the editors also note that he was the "South's most prominent spokesman in the 1870s and the 1880s" (498-499). In speaking of Hayne's position as poet, editor, and literary critic in the ravaged Postbellum South, the editors state that Hayne's "commitment was rare in his own day, and his sense of vocation may be found rarely today" (499). From his very first collection, his Poems (1855), Hayne is said to have been firmly established within the "Anglo-American tradition of romantic poetry," following the examples set by such canonical figures as Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Poe (499), an assessment that fits nicely with the early reviews he received, as noted above. Furthermore, Hayne continued to develop as a poet, as his collections published before the War Between the States show; the poems of this time "demonstrate his interest in a variety of forms and a growing mastery of technique, but the advent of war interrupted his development" (499). Interrupted, but not halted it seems, for the editors maintain that Hayne's "best verse appeared after the war" and their analysis deserves a more lengthy quote:

> These poems display his continuing interest in the forms and themes of the Anglo-American tradition, but they also reveal a more mature interest in his own natural surroundings and in the 'great heart of humanity.' The diction and imagery, however, are conventional and often appear to smack of tradition rather than the outside world. Yet, the poems are Southern to the core in the virtues of the culture, in the verbal music of the lyrics, and in the notion that heard melodies are the sweetest. (499)

Here we see a common sentiment expressed: Hayne was a "mature" poet, one who mastered literary poetic forms, and who was an archetypical Southern poet; yet, for all this, his reliance on the traditional is held against him. It may be good here to recall, not for the last time, Higginson's warning about not understanding the South, including its devotion to tradition.

Given this animosity, it should come as no surprise that several prominent literary histories and anthologies have treated Hayne's work with what amounts to contempt, or have made him conspicuous by his absence. A recent anthology of Southern Literature, The South in Perspective (2001), includes no work of Hayne; in fact, the editors mention him only once, and they omit any mention that he was a significant Southern poet. For these editors, Hayne is only a "friend" and an indistinct member of a "group of Charleston writers led by William Gilmore Simms" (Francisco, et al., 310). In addition, they ignore that it was Hayne who saved Timrod's poetry from near oblivion, anthologizing his friend's poetry, and writing for that collection a moving tribute to the young poet who had suffered so greatly the aftermath of Sherman's notorious march to the sea. Hayne's name is also excluded from the index. This omission clearly contradicts the editors' own defense of whom was to be included in the anthology. After noting the "inseparable relationship between the South's history and its literature" and that this relationship reflects "a phenomenological relationship in which significant historical events informed the sort of literature produced," they praise their efforts of not having imposed an "agenda of 'diversity' that would, in actuality, minimize the richness and complexity of Southern literary expression" (xxvi). In their efforts to "*discover* genuinely

diverse voices," they have succumbed to an agenda of diluting the voice of arguably the most representative voice of his time (xxvi, emphasis in the original).

Another anthology of Southern literature, A New Reader of the Old South (1991), specifically focusing on the literature of the "Old South," admits only one poem and four letters by the Poet Laureate of the Old South. Just as disturbing is the editors' claim that Hayne published his works in three volumes plus "a not-quite-complete volume titled *Poems*" (635); in fact, Hayne published six volumes of poetry in his lifetime (Forkner and Samway, 635; Moore, Hayne 181, Serafin 488), and the 1882 volume was complete at the time of its publication. As noted above, the last complete edition of his poetry was arranged by Hayne's son soon after the poet's death in 1886, but was never published (Moore, Hayne 139). Yet, one of the editors, Ben Forkner, offers an interesting critique of Hayne and his contemporaries. Before offering praise, Forkner senses the need to qualify it, and so offers up the

> usual qualifications […] that their idea of poetry was defined by an extreme devotion to a conservative, overly 'poetic' diction, and to the standard classical forms, [and] that they were derivative and tradition-bound, rather than willing to work through the traditions toward more original poetic voices and themes. (xli)

It should be noted here that, unlike that in the North, education in the South was still centered on a classical curriculum, and it is common knowledge that, as Moore notes, both Hayne and Timrod "attended the Classical School of Christopher Cotes" (Hayne 15). In any case, Forkner believes that Timrod wrote "a handful" of poems about the War Between the States that are "close to perfection" (xlii). As for Hayne, Forkner, although

not thinking much of the lasting value of his verse, admits that he "may very well have possessed the most dedicated poetical faith of all" (xlii).

An anthology from 1968, edited by Young, et al., is more generous, giving Hayne a prominent place in their unit on "The Rise of the Confederate South"; four poems are included, along with a lengthy excerpt from Hayne's essay "Ante-Bellum Charleston" as well as letters he wrote to William Gilmore Simms and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. An earlier edition (1952) contains the same poems and letters but does not include the lengthy excerpt, and we might infer from this that Hayne's stock increased, if not as a poet, as an important representative thinker of his time. In spite of Hayne's importance, the editors claim that "Critics are in general agreement that Hayne wrote too much and revised his first drafts too infrequently"; in addition, they state that the "voices of Tennyson and Keats seem to echo in [Hayne's] verse" (318). Yet, the editors do not substantiate their former criticism, and F. V. N. Painter contradicts this view by taking into account the reflections of Hayne's son, who was also a poet. According to W. H. Hayne, after his father had written a poem, the "labor of revision usually followed,—sometimes promptly, but not infrequently after the fervor of conception had passed away" (qtd. in Painter 59). Painter follows this observation with his own critique, stating, "painstaking care with which the revising was done is revealed in the artistic finish of almost every poem" (59).

More recent writers of Southern literary histories fall into an analysis similar to that of Moore, and Jay B. Hubbell's authoritative study (1954) is no exception. He gives Hayne around fourteen pages in a numbered sub-section of his chapter "The New South, 1865-1900." One wonders, however, why Hubbell should place such a traditional writer

within a period of which he was not representative when he discusses such contemporaries as Timrod, Legare, and Simms in the previous chapter "The Road to Disunion, 1830-1865." (I wish to emphasize that Young, et al. placed Hayne in precisely the Antebellum section of their anthology.) Hubbell's final analysis is a restrained praise for an old-fashioned poet; Hubbell notes that "Hayne's poems were good, and the workmanship was almost always competent," especially when judged by "the standards of his own time" (756-757). Hubbell admits that, at times, "Hayne holds his own with better poets" (757). Furthermore, Hubbell admits that Hayne's reputation was equal to that of several Northern poets, including that of Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, but that this "verdict" is suspect because these poets are no longer considered "great." This comment is telling in that it suggests that Hayne, too, was once considered "great." Furthermore, if these Northern poets *are* no longer great, we might ask why these poets continue to be deemed worthy of mention and study, whereas Hayne is not. I shall show below that these poets continue to receive attention in the most recent American literature anthologies. Finally, Hubbell agrees that Hayne was the "*representative poet* of the South in his own time" (757, emphasis mine).

Bassett (1997) seems to agree, noting that along with Timrod and Lanier, Hayne's poetry "provided critics later in the century with evidence that the South had indeed contributed as strong a poetry as the North to postwar literature. Given the absence of Whitman and Dickinson from the postwar literary discussion, one might well have found grounds to agree" (26). Of course, given the fact that Whitman overturned the Anglo-American tradition and that Dickinson would remain unknown for several decades to come, Bassett's assertion seems a nod to modern fashion rather than a traditional critique

of the poetry of these Southern poets. This interpretation seems to be upheld by an admission by Robert Bain; the age in which Dickinson and Whitman wrote had literary tastes very different from that of today. As Bain says, "That taste [in poetry] was largely not the taste of those who admire Whitman or Dickinson today" (xxiii). For Bain, Hayne's poetry is a perfect example of mid-eighteenth century poems in general that "simply picture the landscapes or scene or record the poet's responses. Paul Hamilton Hayne wrote many pictorial poems; his 'Aspects of the Pines' and 'The Voices of Pines' represent well this response to nature" (xxv). Still, Bassett admits that as the "most active and respected proponent of a revived Southern literature, Hayne was one of the few significant Southern writers to do serious work both before and after the war" (26). It gives one pause for thought how such a "significant" and "respected" writer could be kept out of the most recent anthologies of Southern literature.

Likewise, Ridgely (1980) falls into the same mode of analysis, insisting that Hayne's verse "remained old-fashioned, just as his political sentiments went unreconstructed," emphasizing what he sees as Hayne's "taste for the ornate [and] his love of subject matter remote from everyday affairs" (81). He also seems genuinely surprised, and possibly perplexed, that such a man and poet could keep up a "surprisingly large correspondence with northern and even English writers" (81). Obviously, Ridgely seems unable to accept that an "unreconstructed" Southron writer such as Hayne could put aside his political feelings and respect men for their deep sincerity and literary ability.

The most recent analysis of Hayne's poetry in a history of Southern literature is in two essays by Moore in Rubin, et al.'s History of Southern Literature (1985). Moore's ambivalence about Hayne is once again evident. He maintains that Hayne's poetry is

> unabashedly in the Anglo-American tradition, and he is Southern to the core in his celebration of the land he loves, in his pride in his state and the virtues of the Old South, and in the natural melody of his lyrics, music that is heard in the forest and the sea, in upland and lowland, in pine, bee, and spirea, and in the voice of humanity everywhere. (193)

Having thus proclaimed Hayne's poetry to be both beautiful and universal in appeal, Moore then states that Hayne "was not a great poet, only an honorable minor one" (193). Finally, Aiken (1999), in his more recent Fire in the Cradle, notes that Hayne is remembered as a "gifted but minor poet" whose "devotion to literature was unequaled in his day" (48, 49).

Hayne fares less well in general American literary histories. As noted above, many works, even those purporting to focus on the nineteenth century, fail to include Hayne. One such example is Jason's Nineteenth Century American Poetry: An Annotated Bibliography (1989), a work that does include such representative, if now "lackluster and old-fashioned," poets as Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes. The same is true of Brenner's work; more incredible is the inclusion of Eugene Field, a writer who, by Brenner's own admission, is "not a great poet," who failed to compose even *one* great poem (p. 320). In spite of this, Field receives twenty-six pages of attention. Hayne also does not receive mention in The Columbia History of American Poetry (1993). What makes this omission interesting is that the history makes an attempt to re-establish several of the Fireside poets, in particular Longfellow. In the introduction, Jay Parini summarizes Dana Gioia's chapter, noting that after evaluating Longfellow's narrative poems, Gioia determines that although "'These were the poems that earned him a preeminent position

among his contemporaries, […]. They were also the works most utterly rejected by Modernism'" and then calls for a reevaluation of Longfellow (xiv). If Hayne was an equal to Longfellow, his Southern counterpart, it seems Hayne might also deserve such a reevaluation, although none was given the Southern Poet Laureate in this literary history.

Alan Shucard's study (1988) of early American poetry up until the time of Whitman has little room for Southern poets in general. Poe is the exception, garnering a chapter for himself, and, not surprisingly, Hayne fares ill in Shucard's analysis. Once again, Hayne is grouped with Timrod and Lanier, the three joined by William Gilmore Simms. None of the poets in question is given a section, let alone a chapter, to himself, for, as Shucard alleges, "there were, arguably, no southern poets who had much merit in their craft except that which becomes magnified by comparing them with each other" (96). He explains this lack of talent by putting forth the old standard Northern myth of the intellectual impoverishment inherent in the South:

> The cultural forces that militated against the writing and publishing of poetry in the South during the eighteenth century—including widespread anti-intellectualism and a dearth of outlets for publication outside of the North—with some exceptions continued through the nineteenth." (95)

Luckily, common sense can correct much of this slander; a short list of eighteenth Southern intellectuals would include the likes of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Madison, and John Randolph of Roanoke; the nineteenth century saw such intellectual giants as Jefferson Davis and John Calhoun. The "anti-intellectualism" most likely refers to the South's rejection of Northern Whiggism, scientism, and transcendental skepticism. However, this disagreement was quite *intellectual*, as Richard Weaver has

demonstrated in his "Two Types of American Individualism." For Weaver Henry David Thoreau and John Randolph of Roanoke serve as types. Thoreau is the forerunner of what Weaver terms "anarchic individualism," an individualism that "is revolutionary and subversive from the very start; it shows a complete despite for all that civilization or the social order has painfully created, and this out of self-righteousness or egocentric attachment to an idea" ("Individualism" 102), the "ideas" being at different times abolition, industrialism, scientism, and progressivism. Randolph, on the other hand, is the example of "social bond individualism"; here, there is a "belief in the dualism of man's nature" not found in anarchic individualism, and in having a firm acceptance of the Christian humanistic tradition, a tradition that is "distrustful, on principle, of innovations" ("Individualism" 101). Nevertheless, Hayne is lumped unceremoniously together with Simms and allotted one short paragraph. (Timrod and Lanier have a section to themselves.) For Shucard, Hayne is interesting for his self-delusion, that

> he owed his status as merely a minor poet to his southernness. True, it was hard for a southern poet to secure a northern audience and outlets for publication (like other southern poets, he paid for publication of his books in the North), but Haynes [sic!] was blind to the primary obstacle to greatness—his own acutely limited poetic gifts. (99)

Unfortunately, Shucard ignores that many of Hayne's contemporaries suffered under the same "delusion." What is of interest, however, is his admission that many Southern poets had to pay Northern publishing houses for the publication of their works.

Hyatt Waggoner (1984) mentions Hayne twice, once in the introduction and once in a section on Sydney Lanier, only to disparage him. In the introduction, he informs his

readers that he has not suffered much distress "by having to omit such nineteenth century poets as Ellery Channing, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne" (xvi). He later mentions Hayne only to ridicule Lanier, presumably to demonstrate how open-minded he is to include this token Southern poet; Waggoner explains that far from maintaining that Lanier was the best of his contemporaries, "he was the least bad of them. Henry Timrod and P. H. Hayne are the other two in this regional category, and their work is so bathetic that to call Lanier *better* is not to say anything absolutely positive" (235, emphasis in the original). Of those other critics who have discussed Hayne's poetry, however, it seems Waggoner is speaking for a vast minority. What is even more amazing is Waggoner's appreciation for the poetry of both Bryant and Longfellow, given both poets decline into minor-poet status. Maybe the answer to this inconsistency can be found in his own stated thesis, that of "Emerson's centrality in our poetry" (xv). If a transcendentalist poet, with his radical philosophy, is the center around which American poetry must be judged, surely poetry of the more traditional Anglo-American style would seem "bathetic."

Hayne does receive mention in Bernard Duffey's Poetry in America (1978) but is not evaluated or discussed at length, again being placed in the company of Timrod, Lanier (both discussed), and Tuckerman. Yet, Duffey does briefly mention Hayne's work in a context with the other poets mentioned. Duffey believes that Hayne, Timrod and Lanier shared a Southern tendency, in contrast with northern poets, to color "its romanticism […] by a hedonistic rather than ethical order. The young southerners seemed more generally at home with images of love, fancy, and beauty than with any others" (96). It is this, maintains Duffey, which "condemned Hayne's work, early and late, to thinness and repetition"(96). As should be apparent, describing Hayne's poetry in a

semblance of consistency is not easy for the modern critic. Each critic finds a fault, but it is seldom the same fault; what one critic may grudgingly praise is the very thing another finds weak.

Spiller, in his generally respected history (1963), states that Hayne lacked "genius in poetry" and devotes only a few paragraphs to him (318). Yet, Spiller's bias is evident when he implicitly accuses Hayne (and Timrod) of hypocrisy and false loyalty to their homeland, stating that "there is something ominous from the standpoint of the Old South in the fact that both men seriously entertained the idea of moving North' (320). That they did not do so, in spite of the dire poverty that they themselves, and the South, found themselves in after the War Between the States, and the subsequent military occupation of Reconstruction, should make such an implication questionable. Indeed, Rubin defends these men from exactly this charge in his Writer in the South. Specifically, he accuses other literary historians of confusing the modern view of slavery with what the institution actually was:

> Today, when the nature of the South's "peculiar institution" has been subjected to stringent analysis, the fashion is to think of it as utterly without its redeeming qualities, and therefore to view all who sought to defend it as hypocrites or knaves. Yet if we read the correspondence of Simms, or Hayne, or others like them, we must surely come away with the conviction that these were good men, kind men, honest men, who wanted to do what was right and good. (18)

Furthermore, it is undeniable that the South, and things Southern, have, for the past few decades, been the unjust target of political "correctness"; as Bassett notes, the South "for

years" has been a "marked region, as the linguists might say, not the region initially associated in most minds with 'America'" (17). He continues:

> A Northern character in a novel, unless deliberately set against a Southerner, would not be interpreted as signifying 'Northern'; but the traits of a Southern character always had the potential to be read as representative of 'Southern.' Evils set in upstate New York would not be read as Northern evils, but evils set in Birmingham, Alabama, might well be read as 'Southern.' One might say something similar about 'black' or 'Negro' as a category. (17)

Given this predisposition against the traditional South, what amounts to the censuring of the South's poet laureate might be more understandable. Regardless, Anderson gives several examples of Hayne's anger at those who *did* flee north; specifically, in a letter to Charles Gayarre, Hayne satirically and harshly criticizes Cable because of his moving north, into a "far distant and more pure region" (qtd. in Anderson 247). As Moore notes, Hayne "Faithfully supported his 'beloved country' with every means at his disposal" (Hayne 50).

Other American literary histories contemporary with Spiller give little or no information on the South's Poet Laureate. Quinn (1951), for example, in his work of over one thousand pages, gives only three brief mentions of Hayne, all in the context of discussing another poet or several poets as a group. Clark (1953) devotes one paragraph to Hayne, where he is comparing Hayne and Timrod to several contemporary New England poets; after offering moderate praise, he concludes the paragraph by asserting

that their "poems do not move readers any longer" (326). The reason this is so is taken for granted and not open to discussion.

Recent anthologies of American literature also reflect this general neglect of Hayne, the poet, critic, and man of letters. The Perkins's (2002) massive two-volume work of over four thousand pages allows space for over two hundred pages of Whitman's poetry, one hundred pages per volume. The representative New England contemporaries of Hayne are also represented; yet, there is no mention of Hayne, or for that matter his Southern contemporaries Timrod, Legare, and Simms. Specifically, Bryant has fourteen poems; Longfellow, eleven complete poems, plus a twenty-seven page excerpt from "The Song of Hiawatha"; Whittier, eight poems, including "Snowbound" in its entirety; and Holmes is allotted four poems.

The editors state that they have continued "the revision to the American literary canon this book pioneered in 1974" and they claim that this tenth edition honors the "central tradition" while, at the same time, attempting to

> reconfigure the boundaries once more, especially with respect to women on the frontier, writing about writing, literature of the South and West, writers of mixed heritage, American writers born abroad, emerging literary voices, and concern with ecology and the land. (xxi)

However, as I noted above, no nineteenth century Southern poet appears in the anthology; in fact, no nineteenth century Southern author except Poe and Twain (and their claim as Southerners is debated) appears, except for works written by slaves or former slaves.

In the note to their "Criteria for Selection," the editors maintain, "Literary merit remains foremost in the criteria for selection, with serious attention given to the continuing critical discussion of the nature of that merit" (xxiii). What the "nature of the merit is, however, remains a mystery. They insist, "Major authors are allotted generous space. Less significant writers are represented by their best and most characteristic work" (xxiii). Given the "space" Longfellow and Whittier receive, I must assume that the editors consider them "major authors; if so, it is significant that their peers in the South do not deem even a "less significant" place. Clearly, as I have shown above, Hayne, Timrod, and Lanier all wrote poetry deemed worthy of respect, and consistently their work was judged the equal of Longfellow and Whittier. Even, if these poets are judged slightly inferior, it seems impossible that an entire section, for four years its own nation, would be excluded. Surely, to be "representative" would necessitate as much. I shall discuss this more below.

Harper's shorter anthology (1999) by just over one thousand pages, also neglects these ante-bellum Southern writers, even though the editors insist that they "have included […] a sampling of southern writing from the pre-Revolutionary era through the antebellum South and beyond" (McQuade, et al. xlii). One should note that they have not felt it necessary to say this about any other region of the United States. This anthology is different in that Longfellow is also omitted, even though both Bryant and Whittier, usually considered to be inferior to Longfellow, are included, Bryant receiving ten pages and Whittier thirteen pages.

The 2003 edition of the first volume of The New Anthology of American Poetry, subtitled Traditions and Revolutions, Beginnings to 1900, incredibly, ignores Hayne and

many of his Southern contemporaries. In fact of all the eighteenth and nineteenth century poets included in the Young, et al. collection, only Poe and Lanier are favored with inclusion, and Lanier is only given room for one poem. It would be hard for the editors to argue that quality was the only determining factor for inclusion in this collection: such little known poets as Coolbrith and Lazarus are given prominent position; even Abraham Lincoln is given room for one poem! Indeed, the editors insist that their collection is presenting "American poetry as a multiplicity of canons—a boisterous chorus of voices, some competing, some cooperating" (xxvi). But some voices seem to be conspicuous by their absence, and despite the editors' claim that each poem "evokes the everyday life of its community" (xxvi), some communities are denied a voice with which to compete or communicate. The editors insist that that have given care to allow for varying "voices" to speak, including voices from different regions: "from the North, from the South, from the East, from the West" (xxv). If this is so, one wonders where the major poets from the nineteenth century South have gone. For example, the only poems about The War Between the States are those written by Northern poets, in spite of the fact that, as I have shown, Hayne and Timrod wrote several poems about the War, many of which have received critical praise. One can only wonder how a poet deemed *representative* by nearly all critics can be denied a place in the American literary canon, especially in those volumes purporting to be comprehensive in nature; one can only wonder what kind of "inclusion" and "tolerance" excludes and is intolerant of the representative Southron poets of the nineteenth century.

The fifth edition of American Poetry and Prose (1970) offers a stark contrast to the previous anthologies. Although Hayne is not present, Timrod is represented by three

of his better poems ("Ethnogenesis," The Cotton Boll," and "Charleston"), although what is usually considered his best poem, his "Ode to the Confederate Dead" is not included. Furthermore, Lanier is also allotted three poems, and, of course, the "Fireside Poets" are well represented. Ironically, given the exclusion of his poetry, Hayne is discussed in both the biographical information of Timrod and Lanier. In addition, in contrast to recent editors' obvious opinion of Timrod, these editors praise him highly, believing his poems reveal "a fine sensibility, at once passionate and controlled. They *endure* as F. O. Matthiessen has said, with a classic hardness" (803, emphasis mine). However, he has not "endured" in the most recent anthologies; having endured over a hundred years, he has been removed from twenty-first century American literary history. Already by 1970, the editors admit that they have consciously focused on the contemporary, even though they insist that they have given "the great figures of the nineteenth century […] much the same emphasis as before" (vii). Still, by determining the contemporary deserves foregrounding, what they call the "center of gravity," there might be more of a tendency to de-valuate what had been written earlier by the standards of "modern" and contemporary literature. These editors may reflect what C. S. Lewis has termed "chronological snobbery," defined by Lewis as "the uncritical acceptance of the intellectual climate of our age and the assumption that whatever has gone out of date is on that account discredited" (qtd. in Duriez 45). Lewis continues to warn the modern and post-modern intellectual that it is not enough to accept that an intellectual or literary idea is no longer accepted, one needs to ask why this is so. Specifically, he continues

> You must find out why it went out of date; was it ever refuted (and if so by whom, where and how conclusively), or did it merely die away as

> fashions do? If the latter, this tells us nothing about its truth or falsehood. From seeing this, one passes to the realization that our age is also "a period," and certainly has, like all periods, its own characteristics. (qtd. in Duriez 45)

If the becoming unfashionable can tell us nothing about the truth of an idea, it most surely can tell us nothing about the *goodness* of a style of poetry. However, what Lewis was able to realize seems hidden from most contemporary critics.

The 1996 edition of Penguin's Nineteenth-Century American Poetry also omits Hayne's poetry as well as that of Timrod. In fact, of the seventeen poets included in the anthology, only three are from the South: Poe, of course, is included, along with the typical token Southerner Lanier, and the minor poet Sarah Morgan Bryan Piatt. According to the editors, they have automatically disregarded any poet they considered "mediocre" and "hence of potential interest to cultural historians but little or none to readers of poetry" (xxiii). One might well ask why Piatt was included, if this was indeed the criterion for selection. Her poetry has been generally evaluated, by the editors' own admission, as "'conventional,'" but the editors accuse those who have made this judgment as not having taken "the trouble to read them" (xxiii). They continue to state, "anyone who does read them will find them unusually fresh, free of the poetic boilerplate that enabled countless nineteenth century hacks and poetasters to produce versified sentiments and pieties by the yard, without much thought, effort, or skill" (xxiii). But it is their handling of the Fireside Poets that deserves a digression, for it is with these that Hayne is so often favorably compared. The editors note that the more formal style is a barrier to a modern's appreciation of their poetry. Specifically, they state,

> To readers accustomed to such modern poetic values as informality, colloquialism, compactness, concreteness, ambiguity, and difficulty, the poems of Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes are apt to seem rhetorically inflated, formally contrived, and morally simplistic—in a word artificial. (xxi)

In other words, what makes their poetry "artificial" is their differing values, so that "Their poems may seem to us unnatural—which is to say, unlike our own" (xxi). Yet, who is to determine what is natural and what is not; might not their poetry have been natural to them; would not modern poetry be described as the editors themselves have defined it, but not in praise, but in scorn? They were, after all, following the Anglo-American tradition where such a combination of diction and subject matter was the "fashion."

Specifically, this was exactly the way the traditional critics saw the poetry of Whitman, and Hayne was no exception. Seeing Whitman, not as an advocate of democracy, as Whitman himself proclaimed, but of "mobocracy," Hayne wrote of Whitman to "fellow-editor" John R. Thompson that "The *comparative* success of [Whitman's] work demonstrates the lowness both of *morals & taste* among even the better class of readers, & critics at the North." Specifically, Hayne thought Whitman's poetry ambiguous and obscene, stating "his ideas when comprehensive, being filthy and revolting; and the whole atmosphere of his writings a vague, nebulous haze, composed in about equal proportion of feculence and falsehood." In the same letter, Hayne also found fault with Whitman's informal style, referring to it as "that fantastic, & monstrous style of metrical architecture"; he further notes, in an editorial of his Southern Opinion, "It

consists in the arrangement of the baldest prose into couplets and paragraphs of uneven length, which no system of prosody the world has ever known could be made to interpret" (qtd. in Parks, Critics 230, 331, emphasis in the original). To further stress this difference in opinion as to what made good poetry, I shall quote at length from a letter Hayne wrote to A. H. Dooley on 8 March 1876, concerning the newest edition of Whitman's Leaves of Grass:

> I have not seen Walt Whitman's new book; nor, to be *frank*, do I care a "button" about it! The world, or rather a few *artists*, English & American, have gone mad, touching the characteristics of this odd Writer. *One thing is certain*! If Mr. Walt Whitman really *is in any sense*, or to *any degree*, a genuine Poet; then, *all the canons of poetic Art must be reversed*; *and their most illustrious expounders* be consigned to oblivion, from Job to Homer; from Homer to Horace, from Horace to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Tennyson.
>
> The admiration for this false, shallow, feculent *Eccentric*, is either *half affectionate*, or *complete madness*! Were an Angel from Heaven to praise him to me, I would think it more probable that the Angel was a *false spirit* than that his commendation was *just*.
>
> Good God! My Dear Sir., think of *any mortal* coolly writing such ineffable stuff as this;—
>
> "*The scent of these arm-pits is aroma sweeter than prayer*!,"—and *then*, the big, shameless *Beast* in his "*Leaves of Grass*," actually "*apotheosizes*," (if I may use that term), his own *genital organs*; falls

> down, & *worships* them (!), as if some visible deity glowed in the spherical beauty of his (doubtless) enormous testicles, and equally enormous *Penis*!! (Pardon such vulgar expressions, but *apropos* of *Whitman*, one becomes necessarily, & involuntarily vulgar!).
>
> *Perhaps* W's poems are a species of "*Palimpsest*,"—that is to say, profoundly *mystical* compositions, with an *outside layer* of filth, & *revolting bestiality*, but *beneath these*, wonderful thoughts of power, sweetness, and exceeding beauty!! If so, I at least, have not been able to discover the merit which lies *au fond*; & am naturally skeptical as to its existence!— (Moore, Man of Letters 133, emphases in the original).

This from the leading critic at the South, and, still, critics find fault with Hayne for not writing like Whitman. One should note, however, that Hayne could disagree with a poet's basic philosophy and still judge him as praiseworthy; Emerson earned his praise, and Hayne wrote a poem for the poet to celebrate his seventy-seventh birthday. Parks points out in a note that Hayne "noted with some bafflement that he had read 'the eloquent mystic with a pleasure similar to that with which we gaze upon a sky of mingled cloud and starlight' in the 18 December 1852 edition of the Southern Literary Gazette" (Critics 335). Furthermore, Hayne was not alone with his assessment of Whitman. According to Kreymborg, "Manhattan, if it noticed the book, laughed at the frontispiece of the man in laborer's attire, ridiculed the pretentious preface and shuddered at the indecencies of the so-called poems. Whittier, the one man-poet of Whitman's class, threw the book into the fire" (207). It just may be that the editors of the Penguin anthology have made one good point, a point agreed upon by Lewis: to evaluate a poet so different from what during his

lifetime became the accepted modern American standard, is to fail to appreciate the traditional poet of the nineteenth century, and especially at the South, and by which attributes he must be judged, if indeed he is too be judged justly.

Terry Roberts offers some guarded praise for Hayne and his poetry in a short biographical sketch included in Bain's Whitman's and Dickinson's Contemporaries. Following the (post-)modern mantra that Hayne's poetry was "At its worst, […] self-absorbed and tritely romantic," Roberts admits that "Hayne was not an entirely derivative poet. There is evidence that he was willing to experiment with form and rhyme, if only within traditional parameters" (289, 290). It is good to note that, according to Roberts, Chaucer and Shakespeare were not "entirely derivative." Robert does praise "The startlingly modern 'Fire Pictures'" and records that Hayne produced "several lyrics of undeniable power" (290). "Fire Pictures" was obviously inspired by Poe's "The Bells," but whereas Poe's poem is simply an exercise in sound and meter, and is seldom anthologized as one of Poe's best poems, Hayne's poem, although derived from it, is often cited as one of Hayne's best and most powerful works. This is just one example of where Hayne has taken an older poem and reworked it into something entirely his own. (I shall demonstrate this ability of Hayne's more clearly in an analysis of Hayne's adaption of Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale" in the next chapter.) Roberts further notes that Hayne lived during a tumultuous time in American letters. Because of the rise of Whitman and the acceptance of his radical style of poetry, Hayne, "a holdover from an earlier era" was soon forgotten; Roberts notes that as "distasteful as [Hayne] found Whitman, Whitman represented the future. By 1882, the year of Hayne's Poems, Whitman's Leaves of Grass had gone through seven editions and was approaching a form that would bury Hayne and

so many of his contemporaries" (290). One wonders if an English scholar would speak of Ted Hughes or Dylan Thomas "burying" their predecessors, or of Tennyson, Shelley, or Wordsworth doing the same. It might be the (Northern) American sense of scientism, "progress," and lack of tradition and history that account for such a tendency to abhor the traditional and proclaim the innovative.

Thus, what seems to trouble the editors of recent anthologies and the writers of literary histories in general about Hayne and his poetry are two factors: his use of traditional forms and the traditional subjects he chooses for his poetry. Concerning Hayne's use of traditional forms, it is odd that other more recent poets *do* obtain inclusion within the modern canon; Robert Frost, for example is given space for eleven of his poems in the Harpers single volume anthology mentioned above (1900-1912). Furthermore, a poet of Hardy's reputation still has a place in the canon of English literature, and he used traditional forms for his poetry also.

Instead, what seems to bother these experts is Hayne's persistence on extolling tradition, and a Southern tradition at that. Just what this Southern "tradition" is must be open to debate, but Randall Stewart offers this definition, and it is one offered frequently by Southern writers and philosophers themselves, including Andrew Lytle, Cleanth Brooks, and Richard Weaver. Stewart notes that "Southern literature has been prevailingly humanistic: it has been informed, not by the amorality of science, but by the responsibility of an ethical system" (1952 xix). And the humanism has a Christian basis, not a secular one, as has been repeatedly stated by Lytle in several essays, including "A Christian University and the Word," The Search for Order in American Society," "The Momentary Man," and "They Took Their Stand: The Agrarian View After Fifty Years."

First, the very idea that man has the literal ability to create anything is contrary to a Christian humanistic worldview. As Southron Agrarian and author Andrew Lytle explains in "The Momentary Man," all that was given to man by God "was the sense of craftsmanship" (181). Noting that only God can create, not the creature, Lytle stresses that the best man can do is "recreate out of his vision" (181). Second, the Christian humanist vision stresses tradition against groundless innovation and the ultimate purpose of education, including literature is to instill Christian values. In "A Christian University and the Word," Lytle demonstrates the difference between the northern and Southern views by noting that

> Out of the clear faith of a Christian view [the Southron] knew that the Northern secular education relates to Christendom only in so far as it has for its patron that old adversary, that fallen light which shines in darkness but does not illuminate. The lie we live today is that a secular society and a carnal world is the whole of life. (163)

As Stewart points out, this conflict between the traditional and the progressive, what he calls the humanistic and the naturalistic, is what is so evident and unique about Southern culture. If this tends to make Southern literature "provincial," it is not necessarily a point of weakness, even though this tends to be the opinion of a critic who has embraced "progressive naturalism." And this is another point that Stewart demonstrates, insisting that "Provincialism is often a source of strength: a provincial writer is likely to have roots that strike deep in his native soil" (1952 xxi). Therefore, any depreciation of Hayne's poetry as too traditional, not modern, or too provincial only demonstrates and furthers the claim of Hayne being the Poet Laureate of the South and thus should ensure him his place

in the canon as *the* representative poet of his section during the mid-to-late nineteenth century. In the next chapter, I shall examine several of Hayne's poems in an effort to make a preliminary evaluation of his poetry focusing on his ability to work within the Anglo-American tradition.

Chapter IV: A Preliminary Re-Evaluation of Hayne's Poetry

To begin this examination, I propose to look at two poems by Hayne, "In Harbor" (1882) and "By the Grave of Henry Timrod" (1872), in comparison with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (1889) and In Memoriam (1850). Here the focus will be predominantly on the way these poets examine their subject matter: faith and death. I shall then proceed to examine Hayne's use of form by comparing one of his sonnets, "Fate, or God" (1882) to a comparable sonnet by Hardy, *viz*., "Hap" (1898). In addition to an exploration of their use of the sonnet form, I shall also examine their use of subject matter in these two comparable poems. To complete this look at Hayne's use of tradition in his poetry, I shall examine his adaptation of Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale," focusing on how Hayne modified Chaucer, while maintaining much of Chaucer's story. In addition, I shall examine several of Hayne's better poems during this general discussion, including a few poems that were to be included in the unpublished final edition of his poetry.

"In Harbor" and "Crossing the Bar" were both written by an aging poet on the subject of death and of what may come after. Similarities are evident in setting and point of view; both poems are set in the evening, a fact explicit in Tennyson's, "Sunset and evening star"(l. 1), though implicit in Hayne's "lights" in the harbor (ll. 11, 22, 37); both poets abjure the use of persona to speak to the reader directly as "I." Furthermore, both poems utilize a ship metaphor: the voyage on the ship symbolizing death as well as the journey to what awaits one after death. It is here the similarities end, however, and it is with the differences that the reader can discern the faith inherent in one and the hope inherent in the other.

The tone of "Crossing the Bar" is melancholy, as the reader should expect from a Tennyson poem on the subject of death. In spite of the speaker's admonition that there be "no moaning of the bar" (l. 3) and "no sadness of farewell" (l. 11), there is "a tide as moving seems asleep, / Too full for sound and foam" (ll. 5-6); there is sunset, with its evening star, that becomes "twilight and evening bell"(l. 9); and the evening becomes dark, as does the bell, given the context. There is no light on this journey. The only thing "clear" is the call for the poet to embark; death is sure, but the journey is one of mystery and darkness, even if this journey is a return voyage "home." There is no assurance that there is a journey home at all; in fact, there may be nothing after the ship crosses the bar to head out onto open sea. Yet, the poem is not one of agnostic doubt.

Alastair Thomson noted that many critics have been "unhappy" with the images of the last stanza (246). One such critic, in fact, finds the last stanza superfluous, as "the problem of the poem has already been solved in the first three stanzas" (qtd. in Culler, 246). This may be true if the speaker wished to be content with mere doubt; death, by being portrayed in "naturalistic" terms may be nothing more than a journey into oblivion. Even the "home" of the second stanza might then be nothing more than a return to ashes and dust. It is in this important and necessary last stanza that the speaker attempts at a faith in a God and an afterlife. Yet, there is no blessed assurance here, only a hope that the waters of death "may bear" the speaker to an unknown destination where he "hopes to see" his maker "face to face."

"In Harbor" reveals a different frame of mind, noticeable immediately both in the title and in the poem itself. Hayne has not focused on the journey from the point of death; instead, he has chosen to reveal the moment of escaping mortal life into eternal life. For

Hayne, the possibility of an afterlife is a hope upheld by faith. Here is no melancholy resignation. Although there may be, at the last moment, a "faint sobbing sea-ward" (l. 7), Hayne anticipates the passing of stress and storm and the coming of calm and peace that await those who have entered the "heavenly harbor" (ll. 12, 25). The speaker admits that the promise of eternal life is not glaringly obvious; the "omen" that "hinted redress and release" was at best "distant and dim" (ll. 17-18). But the hints and omens were there, if we had the eyes to see, and now that the poet has embarked on his journey, he notes in paradoxical terms both the peace and vibrancy of Heaven where there is "calm" and "quiet," along with the throbbing of lights in the waters and of the waters themselves (ll. 8, 10, 20, 22-23). The lines that begin the poem as a simple statement of fact, "I think it is over, over / I think it is over at last" become, given the context, shouts of joy and exaltation in the second stanza: "I feel it is over! Over!" (ll. 1-2, 13).

Similar sentiments can be found in "Death's Self," a late poem by Hayne. Here, in what Moore calls the "best poem" of the numerous sonnets that were to appear in the final edition, the reader can note Hayne's awareness that death is an ever-present reality in the mortal world (Hayne 162). Hayne begins the poem by declaring, "The thought of death walks ever by my side" (l.1), and then proceeds to examine this general phenomenon in the octave. Initially, Hayne examines death in its human conception, in the way human "fancies" transform "A thing protean" into something paradoxical, as both "Lovely or loathsome, dark or glorified" (ll. 3-4). From hence, Hayne notes that death, "While his dread hour to smite is delayed," must remain hidden from human sight, "Like a masked Presence in a cypress glade" (ll. 6-7); the last image a good example of Hayne bringing the Southern landscape into a meditative poem and thereby

individualizing the poem itself. The octave then becomes more personal, and the poet wonders how death will appear "For me," and then continues to meditate on death's "aspect," on how death will reveal itself; Hayne seems to believe it comes shapeless, without sound to bestow a sleep-like state from which the soul will be "new-born" and "wake" in the presence of "God's fair gardens on the hills of light" (ll. 9, 13-14). Yet, the poem ends with a question, not it seems of whether the soul truly is immortal, but the way one will experience this transition from mortality to ever-lasting life.

Hayne also wrote on the death of those he loved and respected. An example of the latter is Hayne's late sonnet "Robert Lee," a work that Moore praises as "a model of Hayne's achievement in the [sonnet] form as well as a declaration of what he admired in the man" (Hayne 160). In the octave, Hayne paints a portrait of the great gentleman, who in defeat rose to such a stature that he towered "more grandly high," where poverty enriched him, clothing him in "gold / And royal purple" (ll. 1, 2-3). This transformation comes not from physical sources, but from Lee's "soul" and his "deep knowledge," allowing him to be "Calmly benignant, and superbly bold, / All incorruptible—unbought, unsold— / A steadfast splendor in a stormy sky" (ll. 4, 5, 6-8). The sestet then demonstrates how Lee's memory still inspires his countrymen, who can know that, even amidst the raging winds of the ever-threatening storm, "That star—his soul—is shining calmly still, / A steadfast splendor in a stormy heaven!" (ll. 13-14).

Hayne's most profound elegy is his tribute to his close friend and fellow poet, the Poet Laureate of the Confederacy, Henry Timrod and serves as an interesting comparison with Tennyson's In Memoriam. In both Tennyson's poem and Hayne's elegy "By the Grave of Henry Timrod" (1872), referred to by Hayne himself as his "In Memoriam"

(Moore, 92), there is a movement from loss and despair to a relief from that loss and despair. For both poets, there is a remembrance of the dead friend that leaves a void in their very souls. Tennyson repeatedly refers to Hallam's hand that he can no longer grasp (e.g., lyrics 7, 14); likewise, Hayne, in the first two stanzas of "By the Grave" recalls his last meeting with Timrod when he "clasped" Timrod's hand, a hand that now is "dust." Furthermore, both poets find within nature some evidence that all that die are reborn. Tennyson's Lyric 115 relates how the coming of spring and the burgeoning of life give the speaker a sense of hope blooming in his soul; in Hayne's most despairing moment, he hears "a bird-song half divine" and notes a sun beam bursting from an overcast sky, and in these occurrences recognizes that "God-given are these—an omen and a sign!" (ll. 67, 70).

Where the poems depart is in their musings on the state, or even existence, of the dead men's souls. For Tennyson, these musings take up a good portion of the early lyrics and are ultimately tied to the new interpretations evolutionary scientists had begun to give the processes of nature. This is especially true of lyrics 54-56, where Nature is pictured as being "at strife" with God, where the possibility that God cares for each sparrow is placed in such doubt as to cast doubt upon God's promise of eternal life. It is as if Tennyson had forgotten St. Paul's assertion that "if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" (I Corinthians 15:12); instead of turning to Scripture, Tennyson turned to nature for comfort, only to find nature fallen and base. The result of such contemplation leads Tennyson, in lyric 57, to find peace only in the thought that through his elegy for Hallam will Hallam live in the minds of the reader. Even in the penultimate lyric, Tennyson

seems to infer that Hallam's soul is not resting with God so much as it has "mix'd with God and Nature" (l. 11), the pantheistic belief that somehow the Creator of the universe is a part of that same universe He created, and that to die is to become, through the decay of the body, a part of nature and thus of God.

Hayne offers quite a different view of nature, and it is thus that Hayne maintains a solid faith that Timrod is at peace with God. Although, as I noted above, Hayne believed that nature may give insight, as granted by God Himself, he did not hold it to be the source of Truth. On the contrary, nature has no voice of its own; it is the poet's voice that gives meaning to nature, and Hayne reminds the reader of this when various forces of nature "weep / O'er the dead poet, in whose breast / Dumb nature found a voice" (ll. 38-40). Furthermore, where Tennyson struggles with the fact that Hallam's physical body is nothing but dust, and then questions the immortality of the spirit, Hayne pauses only for a few lines in torment as he laments that he and Timrod have not been able to meet at the graveside "—my friend and I— / Ashes to ashes in this earthly prison! / Are these, O child of song, / Thy glorious self, heir of the stars and sky?" (ll. 46-49). His answer is one of defiance and certainty; where Tennyson would have left the question unanswered, uncertain of the answer, Hayne asserts, "*Thou* art not here, not *here*, for thou hast risen!" (l. 50; italics in the original).

Finally, both see visions of their dear friends, but, as we might expect, given these poets' views of nature and immortality, these images differ. Tennyson addresses Hallam in Lyric 127, stating, "thou, dear spirit, happy star, / O'erlook'st the tumult from afar, / And smilest, knowing all is well" (ll. 18-20). Hayne takes leave of Timrod whom he sees as "high-exalted, far / Beyond all memory of earth's guilt or guile; / Hark! Tis his voice

of cheer, / dropping, methinks, from some mysterious star; / His face I see, and on his face—a smile!" (ll. 76-80). Although both poets see their friends as being far removed from the troubles of mortality and as smiling lovingly on friends left behind, Tennyson envisions Hallam *as* a star, a part of nature itself, whereas Hayne envisions the face of Timrod *emanating from* a star; the star may allow Hayne a glimpse of Timrod, but the star is not Timrod. Whereas Hallam's soul has seemingly been combined with the physical world of science, Timrod's immortal soul has maintained its separation from the material world of nature, in a state in communion with God and Heaven.

What seems clear from this comparison is that when Tennyson's poems are placed next to those of a poet such as Hayne whose faith is so explicitly open and strong, they reveal a palpable and undeniable doubt. This very real presence of doubt gives Tennyson's poems a sad, resigned, and melancholy tone due to his insistence on seeing "the tears of things," in spite of the fact that he speaks of hope and faith. Furthermore, given the post-Christian man's penchant for fashionable doubt and skepticism, it is, perhaps, not surprising that modern critics and even Christian poets such as Eliot were so keen on stressing this aspect of Tennyson's poetry. And it is this doubt that modern critics have found so interesting and fascinating. Compared to poetry exhibiting this doubt, Hayne's poetry stands magnificently rock-like and, without the fashionable doubt, is exposed to severe criticism as simplistic or naïve. Still, even Tennyson, in his poetry, consistently struggles not to descend into the abyss of non-belief and hopelessness. His hope might be fragile, lacking a strong, unshakable faith, but it is plainly there nevertheless; there is none of the utter hopelessness of Hardy's poetry, for example, as I will discuss below. All the same, the lamenting and the tears are always present, even

when Tennyson knows these to be "idle," and he remains within the weariness of his resignation, unlike Hayne, who, when he comes to the understanding that "Our bitter sorrowing" is "idle" (ll. 56-57), finds acceptance through his faith. According to St. James, "faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone" (James 2:17), and the "works" of a poet must *include* in part, in the last analysis, his very poetry.

Not all of Hayne's elegies mourned the loss of specific persons; he wrote several works lamenting the Confederacy's failed attempt at independence, although Hayne altered many of the poems from their original form for the 1882 edition. As Moore explains, Hayne wished to make the entire collection more presentable to Northern readers and he thus "toned down their passion and fervor (as in the case of 'My Mother-Land,' for example); and, by not including such ardent pieces as 'The Kentucky Partisan' and 'Butler's Proclamation' his 'rebelliousness' sentiments appear less vehement than they actually were" (Hayne 103-104). In a prefatory statement, Hayne states that he was republishing these poems "with no ill-feeling, nor with the desire to revive old issues; but only as a record and a sacred duty" (65). Yet, it is interesting that Hayne makes evident where stanzas and lines have been deleted, as if reminding his readers that more had been "scorched" than the land and its cities. One poem not included in the 1882 edition is the sonnet "Carolina." Moore opines that this "melancholy *cri de coeur*" is "despite its poetic devices and conventional diction" a "moving lyric" (Hayne 75). Of course, such an elegy demands such poetic treatment. One must remember that by this point in his life, Hayne was forced, by the burning of his home during Sherman's incendiary march, to remove himself into the hills of Georgia, but his love of and devotion to his "mother" state is more than evident. In the octave, Carolina, "That fair young land that gave me birth" is

described in images of coming death: "a fallen star that quivering dies / Down the pale pathway of Autumnal skies, / A vague faint radiance" (ll. 1, 2-3). Hayne laments how Carolina's splendor was brought low, "Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethe" (l. 7); a fitting image of attempts by New South advocates and their Northern supporters to portray the Old South in the most deprecatory terms. The sestet is built up of images upon which Hayne, in spite of Lethe's waters, recalls Carolina's "antique chivalries,— / Thy beauty's blasted like their desolate coasts;—" (ll. 10-11) and then proceeds to ask where such beauty has gone: his answer is that they are "Lost in dim shadows of the realm of Ghosts!" (l. 14), possibly referring as much to those he describes as "Martyrs" in a poem included in the 1882 edition (85) as to the memories that were quickly disappearing.

To continue this examination of the issue of Hayne's poetry, I shall now compare another representative example of Hayne's work, the sonnet "Fate, or God?" (1882) with Thomas Hardy's oft-anthologized poem, "Hap" (1898). A cursory glance at these poems makes one immediately suspicious of the charge levied at Hayne by Moore, Hubbell, Ridgely, et al., that he was "old-fashioned" in his versification, diction, and subject matter. On the contrary, it seems that Hayne used the form and diction necessary given the seriousness of his subject matter. For their poems, both Hardy and Hayne chose the sonnet form, and both poets used a mixed form: Hardy uses the typical Italian form of octave and sestet, employing a complex rhyme scheme: the octave having an English rhyme scheme of *ababcdcd* and the sestet breaking the rhyme scheme with the last line rhyming with line nine and eleven. Like Hardy, Hayne modifies the traditional sonnet form, albeit in a different way. Hayne employs the Italian rhyme scheme, maintaining the

rigid rules exactly. The thought division is innovative and on the surface appears to be traditionally Italian, but a closer examination reveals that he uses the traditional English thought pattern of three quatrains and a couplet, with three different aspects of God explored in the quatrains and a final assessment given in the couplet. Yet, at first glance, it seems as if Hayne's third quatrain ends one line short, thereby making the final couplet into a tercet. The brilliance of these last lines lies in Hayne's using line twelve to both look back to what has come before *and* to anticipate the poem's concluding couplet. Thus, all the attributes of God that have been given up until line twelve are "Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands" (l. 12); it is this same summation of attributes that is "Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands" that has been named "Fate" by those who lack faith, yet has been known as "God" by those possessing faith. The sonnet form thus is ideal for a serious contemplation of what men perceive as fate, requiring the poet to be concise, precise, and formal.

In terms of meter, both poets employ the traditional iambic pentameter line, while allowing for variation within the lines as well as punctuated caesuras within the line (in Hayne, e.g., ll. 6 and 10) and enjambment between lines (in Hayne, e.g., ll. 5 and 7). Neither Hayne nor Hardy allows his use of meter to fall into a monotonous pattern. Note the scansion of the first four lines of "Fate, or God":

Be**yond** /the **rec**/ord of/ **all eld**/est **things**,
Be**yond** / the **rule** / of **re**/gions of / **past time**,
From **out** / An**ti**/qui ty's **hoa**/ry-**head**/ed **rime**
Looms the / **dread phan**/tom of / a **King** / of **Kings**

Here, Hayne masterfully mixes the basic iambic feet with spondees (ll. 1, 2, and 4), a trochee (l. 4), an anapest (l. 3), and a pyrrhus (l. 4). Other examples are evident throughout the poem. It should be noted that C. S. Lewis found meter to have a positive

impact on how a poem should be judged, if it was well constructed. Furthermore, he felt that "alternative lines," if handled properly within a regular framework, could only enhance the poem taken as a whole, for if the meter is lost, then "nearly all merit of such lines would vanish" ("Metre" 283).

Hardy and Hayne employ what might be termed a "high" diction, although some might rather term it "old-fashioned." In Hardy, this is evident via his use of the familiar form of the second-person singular pronoun (Hayne also uses this familiar form in many of his poems), and it is found in Hayne's use of the word "thrice." In Hayne's poem, this diction is revealed especially in his use of anastrophe; Hayne consistently places the subject near the end of a dependent clause; one example is the subject "the dread phantom" (found in line 4) that follows the verb "looms." Furthermore, like Hardy, Hayne employs several sound devices to good effect, most notably alliteration and assonance. Hardy's use of "Crass Casuality" is a good example of the former, as is Hayne's "hoary-headed," "sombre splendors…mysterious," and "Heal…His…Hands." Examples of assonance in Hayne include "thrice…behind…climb" and "names…fate." Moreover, Hayne's choices of words, whether descriptive of thing or action, are exemplary. The "Deep calms […] Gird and uphold" rightly from below (l. 9); "Antiquity" is "hoary-headed" (l. 3), the words are archaic enough to suggest the antiquity of its subject; the "thrice royal crown" (l. 6) nicely anticipates the Christian Triune God; the "dread phantom of a King of Kings" (l. 4) suggests the original creation of all men by God, even if He is only now recognized by a ghost of His former glory.

Both Hardy and Hayne take as their subject a probing of man's subjection to a power greater than his. This topic has never been an "old-fashioned" one; what the critics

find "old-fashioned, it seems, is not Hayne's subject matter, but his conclusions. Hardy, being the post-Christian man that he was, needed to find an answer outside the realm of faith; having none, he was doomed to submit to the pagan god-force of *weird,* here rendered "Crass-Casuality" (l. 11). Indeed, his title is as Anglo-Saxon as his "unknown god," and the poem harkens back to the more pagan conceptions of fate (*weird*) found in Anglo-Saxon poetry. There is nothing new here, only the "derivative" (by post-modern standards) helplessness such that is found in the "non-Christian" section of "The Wanderer." Hayne's conclusion may also be seen as derivative; yet, it is this acknowledgment of the past that renders his conclusion significant. Hayne's Recognition that this King is "Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands" (l. 12) is reminiscent of St. Paul's understanding that the Greeks, too, had worshipped this "unknown God" (cf. Acts 17:23). To dictate that a relevant poet must be a poet of skepticism is to deny a place in the modern literary canon to the poet of faith. In the end, however, the skeptic must be a poet of *anti*-faith; Hardy is sure that the answer to his questions of "How arrives it joy lies slain, / And why unblooms the best hope ever sown" (ll. 9-10) is "Crass Casuality" and "dicing Time" (ll. 11, 12). He can offer no proof, and his despair of there not being some "vengeful God" (l. 1) only serves to heighten the hopelessness of his circumstance, making him a poet of his time, of the *fin de siecle*. Hayne is also a poet of his time *and* place, and one must, again, question why this should be held against a poet of the Old South and not held against other poets of their times, such as Hardy, Tennyson, or Longfellow.

Hayne also wrote verse devoted to his family and home, including poems written for his son and wife. One early sonnet to his son, "To W. H. H.," and included in the

1857 volume, expresses what Moore describes as the "joy and the dream of a son following in his father's footsteps" (Hayne 42). For an early work, "To W. H. H." is more than competent; Moore includes it as representative of Hayne's "achievement as a sonneteer (Hayne 103), and Hayne himself included it in his 1882 collection. As I noted above, many critics have praised Hayne's ability at using the sonnet form, and Moore is not an exception. As Moore notes, though Hayne utilizes the Italian form almost exclusively, he avoids monotony by consistently varying the sestet. As Moore points out, Hayne uses fourteen different rhyme schemes in fifteen Italian sonnets and all "retain the integrity of the six-line unit, even the two that end with couplets" (Hayne 163). (Moore is, I think, ignoring the subtlety of "God, or Fate.") Thus, Hayne, according to Moore, should be considered along with Longfellow as one of the premier writers of sonnets in the nineteenth century (Hayne 163). When this is considered with the fact that the sonnet form is a demanding one, so much so that, according to Moore, few nineteenth century poets employed it, including Whitman and Dickinson, Hayne deserves much more attention than he presently receives.

Also of interest are several poems to his wife, Mary Middleton Michel Hayne, including "Bonny Brown Hand" and "Love's Autumn." "Bonny Brown Hand" was the poem addressed to his wife "Hayne most cherished" (Moore, Hayne 71). Moore notes the "lack of esthetic distance," but notes that "it appealed to many readers in the nineteenth century" (Hayne 71) as the review by Edward Spencer attests (see above). The poem begins with the speaker's despair at the coming of evening: "Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down! / And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!" (ll. 1-2). But the thought of enfolding his hand with his wife's "little hand […]—so dainty,

yet so brown!" (l. 3) even if the hand has been worn rough by daily toil, transforms his mood. Now he can hear his children "merrily, how merrily"; the shadows that now flit past the parlor, though pulsing along with "solemn sounds" and "murmurs," have no power to disturb his joy and tranquility (ll. 14, 29-30). By the end of the poem, the hand becomes both a symbol of eternal paradise as well as earthly contentment as it "points the path to heaven, yet makes a heaven of earth" (l. 39). In addition to the sentiments, the poem is masterly crafted. The poem consists of three stanzas of thirteen lines, rhymed *ababccdeedaad*. The intricate rhyme scheme is matched by the meter; five iambic trimeter lines are nestled between four lines of iambic heptameter. Still, even this is more intricate than it appears. The first two lines and the last two lines of middle section of iambic trimeter employ feminine rhyme, the middle line uses a masculine rhyme. Furthermore, his use of spondees and pyrrhi keep the lines from becoming too regular and monotonous: But I **fold** \ it, **wife**, \ the **near**er, / And I **feel**, \ my **love**, \'tis **dear**er / Than all \ **dear things** \ of **earth**, / As I **watch** \ the **pen**\sive **gloam**ing, / And my **wild** \ **thoughts cease** \ from **roam**ing (ll. 5-9). Hayne's creative use of meter and rhyme in the poem, along with his fine handling of his subject matter, make the charges that Hayne was simply derivative questionable.

"Love's Autumn," written in 1880, and appearing in the 1882 edition, is a love poem written in middle age, displaying, says Moore, Hayne's "mature and mellow passion" (Hayne 112). This "mature and mellow passion" can be seen in the first lines, where Hayne asserts that he would not wish one strand of his wife's white hair be lost or changed back into its previous "dark midnight […] raven" color. There are echoes of Shakespeare's 130th sonnet as Hayne meditates on his wife's mature beauty, contrasting

this with that of her youth, a contrast that is poignant as Hayne describes the change that has taken place with her eyes, her cheeks, and her grace. The last three stanzas reveal Hayne's love for his wife *as she is*, noting that "While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more / Divinely beautiful with perished years" (ll. 20-21); the move toward the divine then allows the speaker to find a higher truth in their mortal lives together. Even though "Love's spring was fair" and "love's summer brave and bland," he can now, through "love's autumn mists," envision "The land of deathless summers yet to be" (ll. 25, 26, 27). Because their love is eternal, they may share eternal summer and love in heaven, where he may bask in his wife's smile as he does now on earth: "But there as here, thou smilest, Love! on me!" (l. 30). Furthermore, Hayne exhibits his talent as a traditional poet in the poem by using, in Moore's analysis, "a variation of the *terza rima*" (Hayne 112), the poem rhyming *aab ccb dde ffe*, etc.

As noted above, critics and reviewers most often praised Hayne for his nature lyrics, and it was this kind of poem that Howells repeatedly accepted before he ceased accepting Hayne's work for the Atlantic Monthly. Hayne turned often to the pines around his home at Copse Hill, Georgia, and two of the better poems were included in his 1875 collection, "Aspects of the Pines" and "Voices in the Pines." "Aspects of the Pines" is of special interest as the first poem Hayne was able to publish in the Atlantic Monthly *after* the War Between the States, Howells accepting the poem in late 1872. The poem offers the reader a painting of a pine wood "at morning, noon, afternoon, sunset, and twilight," each period revealed in one quatrain (Moore, Hayne 94). As Moore points out, Howells believed the last "twilight" stanza "marred" the poem; yet, Hayne defended his last stanza, stating, he had "*purposely* introduced that 'Twilight' image to *relieve* the *dark*

colors elsewhere employed in a realistic picture of Nature" (qtd. in Hayne 94). Hayne wrote "Voices in the Pine" as a companion piece to "Aspects." Although Moore finds "echoes" of Wordsworth' "Tintern Abbey," he also claims he finds "*anticipations* of [Lanier's] "'Marshes of Glynn'" (Hayne 96, emphasis mine). Thus, as Hayne was using ideas from those masters who came before him, his poetry also influenced later poets, placing him solidly within the Anglo-American tradition. Overall, "Voices in the Pines" is a more complex poem than its companion piece, both in meaning and structure. Whereas both are written in iambic pentameter, "Aspects" is made up of quatrains rhyming *abab*; "Voices," on the other hand, has five-line stanzas with the more complex rhyme scheme of *abaab*.

Hayne's "Hints of Spring" also deserves mention; Moore cites the first two stanzas as calling to mind "the great lines on [the renewal of life] theme by Chaucer, Shelley, Browning, and others" (Hayne 115). To emphasize the ever-new freshness of the Springtide, Hayne prefaces the poem he subtitled "Composed in Sickness" with a quote from Goethe: "When the hill-side breaks into green, every hollow of blue shade, every curve of tuft, and plume and tendril, every broken sunbeam on spray of young leaves is *new! No spring is a representation of any former spring!*" In addition to the beauty of the images themselves, Hayne handles the meter and rhyme with great skill. Made up of two eleven-line and one seventeen-line iambic tetrameter stanzas, the poem has an intricate rhyme scheme, the first two stanzas rhyming *abccdeedffg* and the third rhyming *abccdedeffgghhiij*. What is not clear here, however, is that each stanza ends with the same word, thus ending with a similar refrain. The last six lines scan as follows: "**Come clad** \ in per**fume**, **glad** \ with **song** / **Breathe** on \ me from \ thy **per**\fect **lips**, / Lest

Mine \ be **closed**, \ and **death's** \ e**clipse** / **Rise dark** \ be**tween** / Me and \ thine **ad\vent ten**\der **queen**, / Al**be**\it thou art \ so **near**, \ so **near**!" What stands out in particular is Hayne's manipulation of the basic meter, especially in the third line from the end, where Hayne emphasizes the "betweenness" in which he finds himself by shortening the line to a dimeter, a short line that enjambs onto the next. Moreover, Moore insists that the theme is "*intensified* at the end by a personal plea from the sick poet" (Hayne 115, emphasis mine).

Hayne also receives praise from Moore for his "Visit of the Wrens." After noting Hayne's deft handling of material that is similar to Bryant's "To a Water-Fowl," Moore acknowledges that Hayne does not fall into the trap of offering "Bryant's moral warmed over." But he then contrasts the poem with Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and Dickinson's "A route of evanescence" (# 1489 in Franklin's edition), finding Hayne's poem lacks the "scope of Whitman's thought and vision […] or the distinction of concentration and imagery of Emily Dickinson's"; still, Moore maintains, Hayne's poem has "its own quality" (Hayne 98, 175, note). Here Moore falls into the same trap I examined above, *viz*., that to judge Hayne by the standards of poets writing outside of the nineteenth-century Anglo-American tradition, by the standards of modern poetry, is to judge between styles, with the result that Hayne simply fails to write in the style, one might say "the fashion," of a Whitman or Dickinson. One could just as easily condemn Whitman and Dickinson for lacking the scope of Hayne's ability to write in *various* traditional forms, something any poet in the Anglo-American tradition of any worth could do. Nevertheless, Hayne finds in the wrens' return a reminder of a past that flows through a "spiritual air" that brings joy and peace to the poet by making what has

come before, “all sweet and vanishing things,” what was once “a bygone joy,” alive and “vital as actuality” (ll.101, 102, 103). Still what one receives remains “lost in a pure, ethereal grace!” (l. 105). Another similar lyric that demonstrates Hayne’s ability to combine sense and meaning with original form is “Our ‘Hummingbird’”; in a note, Moore compares this poem favorably with the Dickinson poem mentioned above, maintaining that the lyric is

> A delicate treatment of the capricious and bewitching bird in an intricate stanza rhyming *abccbdde*, the first line stating a rhyme which is echoed in the initial line of each succeeding stanza, and the last line of the first, a four-syllable modified refrain, establishes a similar pattern for the remaining four stanzas and serves as a tail to each one. (Hayne 174)

Indeed, in four eight-line stanzas, Hayne masterfully creates the impression of the hummingbird as it darts with “Fair hues of softly shifting flame; / Light is she as the changeful air, / Born on gay humors” (ll. 5-7); then, “just hovering nigh, / In life’s broad garden, rife with sweets, she deftly drains of nectar dew; / The sylph-like, sweeps o’er pathways new” (ll. 17-20). For Hayne, the bird’s flight “glimmers like a beam / Of fancy, on from dream to dream” (ll. 27-28), and therefore the bird belongs to such a perfect day as he is witnessing. It would in fact be a blight upon nature to attempt to interfere with the bird; it would be “Cruel” to disturb “her matchless light / By one rude touch to dim or bright, / To see her luminous pinions furled / In grosser airs than those which stray / Round the fresh rosebuds of the May, / Deliciously” (ll. 35-40). For Hayne, to possess nature one must not possess it.

Two of the finer nature lyrics in the 1882 collection are in honor of the most Southern of birds: "The Mocking-Bird (at Night)" and an ode, "The First Mocking-Bird in Spring." Of the two poems, Moore finds the former superior, stating that it "deserves to hold a high place in the canon of Hayne's work on Southern topics" (Hayne 116). Indeed, in this lyric, Hayne mimics the flight of the bird as he alternates iambic pentameter and trimeter couplets over the first twenty-six lines, finishing with four iambic lines of five, three, two, and five feet, rhyming *abab*, with the last word an off rhyme. The ode also makes use of an innovative meter and rhyme scheme to add emphasis to the poem. Each of the three strophes begins with a four-line introduction, each line having an iambic base, with several anapestic feet mixed in: the first, second, and fourth lines are trimeter; the third is tetrameter. These lines rhyme *abcb*. The rest of the lines of each strophe are in regular iambic tetrameter couplets, with the last three lines rhymed in triplet.

The final nature lyric I shall look at here is "Muscadines," considered by Moore as one of "the best long lyrics Hayne ever wrote" (Hayne 105). This 156-line lyric is an irregular ode of eleven strophes of varying lines plus a two-line concluding couplet. The poem contains within it a dream vision, brought on by the wine of the "Southern grape": as the speaker "reclines" by a stream, he

> With careless grasp / The sumptuous globes of these rare grapes to clasp. / Ah! how the ripened wild fruit of the South / Melted upon my mouth! / Its magic juices through each captured vein / Rose to the yielding brain, / Till like the hero of an old romance, / Caught by the fays, my spirit lapsed away, / Lost to the sights and sounds of mortal day. (ll. 33-41)

From this example, we can see what Moore describes as "conventional idea, structure, and diction"; but, again, given the tradition within which Hayne is working, the conventions, one might as well call them traditions, seem appropriate. And regardless of these "conventions, Moore finds that the poem "possesses a quality which mitigates its conventionality" (Hayne 109). For despite the poem's indebtedness to older poets, it is not derivative; as Moore emphasizes, the ode's

> musical flow brings to mind parts of the Faerie Queene, the odes of Keats (especially the one to the nightingale), a lyric or two of Poe, and the songs of Tennyson; but the music is not derivative in the sense that it appears to come from any of these masters. […] It is rather Hayne's own music; born of his predecessors perhaps, its heritage so well absorbed that it bears Hayne's stamp, not theirs. As Thompson proclaimed, too enthusiastically [sic!], […]: "No one else could have written it." (Hayne 109).

This is high praise indeed; no wonder Moore felt the need to add the parenthetical "too enthusiastically," while agreeing completely with Thompson's "too enthusiastic" opinion.

Hayne obviously delighted in traditional tales, and he showed his respect for the "classic" writers of the English-language canon by, in addition to using the traditional forms, making use of the traditional stories themselves. In 1872, Hayne published "The Wife of Brittany," a poem "suggested " by Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale," in Legends and Lyrics. That Hayne chose as his topic a work that had received its "definitive treatment" should not, as Moore notes, surprise the (post-)modern critic, as Hayne "lived in a day when poets on both sides of the Atlantic turned to the medieval past for inspiration and substance" (60). Like Tennyson, Morris, and Arnold in England, and the Fireside poets in

New England, Hayne was attempting what many established poets had deemed an appropriate and worthy endeavor: that of giving an old story a "modern Romantic treatment" while exploring a "typical medieval problem" (Moore, 60). According to C. S. Lewis, Chaucer often "medievalized the works he adapted from Boccaccio ("What Chaucer Really Did" 27), and it can be argued Chaucer himself did this with "The Franklin's Tale," an adaptation of the "Fourth Question" from Boccaccio's Filocolo. Moore, has noted several "changes" Hayne made to Chaucer's poem (Hayne 57-60). Hayne himself insisted that the poem was

> no mere modernization of Chaucer. Excepting the plot, it has indeed little to do with Chaucer; the few lines retained from the antique verse being in themselves by no means characteristic. What I intended, was to embody the old legend—which struck my fancy strangely, despite its grotesquerie—in verse partaking, in some measure, of Dryden's stately "heroics," mingled with the freer metrical movement of Keats; taking care to bring the entire story to the reader's view in a series of pictures. (qtd. in Moore, Hayne 57)

Here we can see Hayne's respect for the tradition of Anglo-American poetry, encompassing five hundred years, from Chaucer, through Dryden, to Keats. Still, in spite of Hayne's claims, Moore attests that Hayne kept to the original more than he claimed, noting that E. W. Parks had shown that the poem is "not quite so original as Hayne asserted," while maintaining that it is not "on the other hand, a slavish imitation of the Chaucerian work" (Hayne 57). Although, for the most part, Moore describes these changes accurately, he misinterprets others, often because he has ignored the other

changes Hayne made, especially those changes he dismisses as minor and not as revealing.

Hayne's poem is divided into five parts, the proem, the three sections of the story itself—or what Hayne termed "cantos," according to Moore (58)—and the untitled epilogue at the end. In the Proem (ll. 1-28), Hayne introduces his subject matter; this would correspond roughly with the Franklin's Prologue (V 709-728). (N.B., the line numbers for "The Franklin's Tale" are for Fragment V of *The Canterbury Tales*; "The Franklin's Tale" takes up ll. 709- 1624, or a total of 915 lines.) Canto I (ll. 29-325) is concerned with the romance and marriage between Arviragus and Iolene, the departure of Arviragus for England, Aurelian's obsessive pursuit of Iolene, and Iolene's giving to Aurelian his "impossible task" of removing the rocks from off the shore of Brittany; this corresponds roughly in Chaucer to ll. 729-1010. Hayne's second section (ll. 326-568) focuses on Aurelian's despondency; Aurelian's brother, Curio's, advice and help in seeking out Artevall, an illusionist-clerk in Orleans; and Artevall's ridding the shore of the rocks through his skill in illusion; this section takes up ll. 1011-1296 in Chaucer's tale. Hayne's third and final Canto (ll. 569-937) reveals the homecomings of Arviragus and Aurelian; Aurelian's demand for payment for his accomplishing his task; Iolene's despondency, and ultimate revelation to Arviragus about her dilemma; Arviragus's anger and commitment to honor; Aurelian's release of Iolene from her bond; and the reconciliation between husband and wife. In "The Franklin's Tale," this part of the story is related in ll. 1297-1620. Finally, Hayne ends with an epilogue (ll. 938-959); there is no direct correspondence in Chaucer's tale, which ends (ll. 1621-1624) in a question for debate.

Hayne follows Chaucer in using rhyming couplets throughout "The Wife of Brittany," often, during the first few dozen lines, taking Chaucer's rhymes for his own: cf., Chaucer's "many a greet emprise / He for his lady wroghte er she were wonne, / For she was oon the faireste under sonne" (V 732-34) with Hayne's "many a grand emprise / He wrought ere that sweet lady could be won. / She was a maiden bright-aired as the sun" (38-40) and "That pryvely she fil of his accord / To take hym for hir housbonde and hir lord" (V 741-742) with "Thus with pure trust, and cheerful calm accord, / She made this gentle suitor her soul's lord" (51-52). However, once Hayne moves away from Chaucer's sequence of events in line 63ff., adding the wedding ceremony that takes place "On a June morning, when the verdurous woods / Flushed to the core of dew-lit solitudes" (63-64), he begins to rely more upon his own talent of versifying.

Like Chaucer, Hayne employs the formal iambic pentameter line, but unlike Chaucer, he divides his poem into stanzas of varying length. To avoid monotony, Hayne employs at times an alexandrine line at the end of a stanza: e.g., at the end of his "proem" he writes "**Throbbed** with \ its **pulse** \ of **fire** \ **'gainst youth** \ ful **En** \ gland's **heart**" (28); and the line ending the third canto " And **one** \ **winged faith** \ that **soars** \ be**yond** \ the **hea** \ venly **gate**" (937). The stanzas may roughly be analogous to paragraphs, but with dialogue taking place within the stanza.

Unlike Chaucer's poem, which begins with the Franklin's prologue, Hayne begins with his "Proem," a clever supplication, not to the traditional Muse, but to Chaucer himself and to Spring; Chaucer himself uses a "proem" in four of the five books of his *Troilus and Criseyde* to call for inspiration for his tale. Hayne's proem echoes Chaucer's most famous prologues outlining the glories and inspiration that come via springtide.

Hayne calls upon the "early spring-dawn" that "steals on me wooingly from that far time / When tuneful Chaucer wrought his lusty rhyme / Into rare shapes and fancies and delight, / For May winds blithely blew, and hawthorn flowers were bright" (7, 15-18). Hayne then apostrophizes Chaucer: "O brave old poet! genius frank and bold! / Sustain me, cherish and around me fold / Thine own hale sun-warm atmosphere of song" (19-21). Thus, what is for Chaucer a tale told by a pilgrim is for Hayne a story, received from "authority," in this case Chaucer, in much the same way as Chaucer, in many of his works, relies upon and cites his indebtedness to his "authorities." Thus, although deviating from Chaucer in *this* specific tale, he is following him by using the same traditional form.

In spite of this difference, Hayne's narrator, like Chaucer's Franklin, introduces to his audience the setting and derivation of his tale. The Franklin makes it clear that his poem is not original, but was one of numerous "layes, / Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge" (V 710-711); in fact Chaucer's poem, as I noted above, is itself an adaptation of Boccaccio's *Il Filocolo*. In addition, Chaucer's Franklin doubts his ability to adequately present the lay as he is a "burel man" who has never learned "rethorik" but speak "bare and pleyn" (V 716, 719-20). Hayne also refers to his poem as a "lay," and "old-world song," an original to which the narrator doubts he can do justice, actually fearing that he may do the poet wrong, and hopes that his "strain some faint harmonious echo bears / From that rich realm" of Chaucer's age (26-27).

Although Hayne changes the names of all of his characters to some extent, all but one of the changes are minor; Chaucer's Arv*e*ragus becomes Arv*i*ragus and his Aureli*us* becomes Aureli*an*. Furthermore, whereas Chaucer does not name Aurelius's brother,

Hayne gives him the name of Curio. Likewise, Chaucer does not name his "Clerk of Orleans; Hayne dubs him Artevall, a clerk of Orleans. Yet, in the midst of these minor changes and additions, Hayne drastically alters the name of Chaucer's Dorigen; under Hayne's pen, this becomes Iolene. Granted that this change makes no difference to the narrative, Hayne seems to have changed the name of Chaucer's character to preserve the beauty of the original. It would be hard to argue that "Dorigen" has a pleasing "poetic" sound in modern English; on the contrary, it may be best described as suspect, possibly reminding the modern reader of "doggerel" and "boring," and lacking a pleasing combination of sounds. Hayne, by substituting Iolene, has substituted the sounds of the winds and waves for, what in modern English, sounds of towns, buildings and caves. This is done through the substituting of the "l" for the "r" and removing the "g" (whether it has a hard or soft sound does not make the combination any more pleasing). The glide "i" at the beginning allows for a "y" or a more pronounced "i"; in either case, the name flows from the tongue, the "liquid "l" mimicking the water that surrounds her. In l. 85, where she is first mentioned by name, the meter seems to demand a three-syllable reading ("But **I**\o**lene**, \ **fond I**\o**lene**, \ **whose heart**") as does l. 197 ("The **lone**\ly, **sad**, \ un**con**\scious **I**\o**lene**") and l. 819 ("O **I**\o**lene**!'— \ but **here** \ his **an**\gry **voice**"). By beginning the name with "i," Hayne has crafted a name that is effective both metrically and aurally.

Although Chaucer and Hayne incorporate the character of Aurelian's brother, only Hayne gives him a name as well as a developed character. For Chaucer, the character appears only to provide his brother with the knowledge of those who reside in Orleans who might be able to help him through "science," meaning in the Middle Ages simply "knowledge." This brother is given no dialogue, and serves, for Chaucer, as an

opportunity to remark on "yonge clerkes" who are "lykerous / To redden artes that been curious" (V 1119-1120) and their delving into "swich folye / As in oure dayes is nat worth a flye" (V 1131-1132). Once Aurelius has this information, he departs alone, and the brother is never heard from again. Unlike Chaucer, Hayne gives Aurelian's brother a name, Curio, and provides him with an opportunity to discourse with his brother on a strange experience he has had with his friend, an illusionist clerk, who lives in Orleans. This provides the modern reader with over a hundred and fifty lines of description of the experienced illusion, allowing the suspension of disbelief needed in a more "scientific" age. Having listened to Curio give his brother a detailed account of his own experience of the Clerk's power of illusion, where "what wonders weirdly blent / Did smite me with a hushed astonishment! / A troop of monsters couchant lined our path, / Their tawny manes and eyes of fiery wrath / Erect and blazing" (448-451). The skeptical Aurelian becomes fascinated in the possibilities, and joins his brother on a trek to Orleans. There they find the clerk, here given a name by Hayne, Artevall, who like in Chaucer seems to have had a vision of Aurelian's coming.

Moore notes that Hayne discards "much of the astrological lore" given by Chaucer (59); yet, given that the poems are nearly identical in length (over 900 lines), what Hayne deletes he replaces with something else. In this case, what he inserts is Curio's description of his experience via the "power" of Artevall. Moore believes that because of this Hayne's poems loses "some of the texture and complexity of Chaucer's tale" (59). However, it is also true that such a description, of what in Chaucer's day was both common knowledge and of interest as well, would have been bewildering to most modern readers. Instead of just cutting out material that was sure to be disruptive to his

narrative, Hayne inserts a risky and long discourse. Indeed, Aurelian himself, interrupting Curio, states "Enough, good brother! By the Holy Rood / Thy tale is medicinal!" (522-523). How much verbal irony is here may be debated. Curio's tale has been medicinal, assuaging Aurelian's grief and granting him a new hope where none before existed; still we wonder, whether Curio has gone on a bit long. Maybe both are true, adding to the complexity of the work. For the discourse to work, Curio's tale of his experience at the home of Artevall must be entertaining and interesting in itself in order to work as a device to persuade the reader of the probability of what Artevall will perform later in the poem. Thus, the tale is "interrupted" in both, but by very different means: Chaucer uses a narrative aside to connect the astrological and alchemical beliefs of his day to further the illusionary tactics of the Clerk of Orleans; Hayne uses a long speech by a minor character to further the probability of the workings of illusion.

Both Chaucer and Hayne use the different forms of the second-person pronoun to great effect; they only differ in what form is used as the polite and which is the familiar form of the pronoun. For Chaucer both forms were in common use: the polite form was the same as the plural "ye"; the familiar form was "thou." Thus, when Dorigen accepts Arveragus as her husband she address him as "ye": "Sire, I wol be youre humble trewe wyf—" (V 758) as would be in the manner of polite courtly love. When she addresses God in her complaint, she initially uses the polite form: "Why han ye wrought this werk unreasonable?" (V 872); as she becomes angrier and disconsolate she changes to the familiar and, because it is addressed to a superior being, disrespectful form to highlight Man's closeness to God as made in His image: "mankynde is so fair part of thyn owene werk / That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene merk" (V 878-879). Dorigen then continues

her apostrophe using the "ye" form as she attempts to reconcile God's creation with her own understanding. Later, Dorigen blames Fortune for her ills and addresses her in the familiar: "'Allas,' quid she, 'on thee, Fortune, I pleyne, / That unwar wrapped hast me in thy cheyne'" (V 1355-1356). Arveragus changes from the polite form, the normal, address for speaking with a spouse, to the familiar to demonstrate his anger with Dorigen upon learning of her promise: Contrast "Ye shul youre trouthe holden, by my fay […] For verray love which that I to yow have, / But if ye sholde youre trouthe kepe and save" with "I yow forbade, up peyne of deeth, / That nevere whil thee lasteth lyf ne breeth / To no wight telle thou of this aventure" (V 1474, 1477-1478, 1481-1483).

Hayne also moves from one form of the second-person pronoun to the other, but admittedly he is less "creative" in this; for Hayne and his audience the use of the "familiar" form would have the opposite effect that it had for Chaucer and the medieval audience. For most nineteenth century readers, the use of "thou" would have religious overtones, and as such, it would be used in the context of love and devotion. Still, given this restriction, Hayne employs the available distinction with care. His lovers use the devotional thou in their conversations, highlighting their love for each other: "'And I,' she said, 'will be thy loyal wife'" (61), "'Dear Iolene!' he wrote, 'thou tender dove / That tremblest in thy chilly nest at home'" (109-110) exhibit this usage.

According to Moore, the response of the husbands is distinct, "representative of the poets and their times. Arviragus is much angrier and more reproachful" (59). What Moore fails to take into account is Chaucer's switch from "ye" to "thou," which for a medieval audience would signal, as discussed above, a great increase in his anger and disgust with the situation. What is true is that Hayne gives Arviragus the more Romantic

description; he is "pregnant with thunder; through the dismal hush, / His pitiless voice, sharp-echoing round about" (794-795). His "thunderous, pitiless" speech is thirty-five lines long. Chaucer's Arveragus's speech is less than twenty lines and he is described as bursting out in weeping at Dorigen's disclosure: "But with that word he brast anon to wepe" (V 1480). But Chaucer's "bursting suddenly" is an image of thunder, the weeping of rain, and given that Arviragus will speak to Dorigen in the familiar form "thou," Hayne has correctly interpreted the mood of the original. There is no discrepancy.

The plot of the poem revolves around the impossible task Dorigen / Iolene sets Aurelius / Aurelian, that of the removal of rocks along the shoreline of Brittany. According to Moore, the main reason each woman has for setting the task is different: "Iolene…proposes that the squire remove the rocks not in 'pley' as in Chaucer, but in the hope that Aurelian will realize how impossible his passion is for her" (59). The result of this, for Moore, is that "Iolene seems more sympathetic than Dorigen; and her motives are more humane, though her punishment may seem more disproportionate" (59). Although technically correct as to their specific motivations, Moore misses the subtle aspects of their reasoning. Dorigen may have spoken "in pley" at l. 988, but before she has been confronted by Aurelius, she has cried out to the "Eterne God," questioning why he has made the rocks through which "menes make it to destroyen, / Which meenes do no good but evere anoyen" (V 884-885). Chaucer makes it clear that what is on Dorigen's mind are the rocks that could cost her dear Arveragus his life within sight of his home. There might also be a pun on "pley" (jest) and "pleyne" (complain), again highlighting the previous "pleyne" to God. Given this, there might be a dark humor in her jest that may add to the playful interpretation of the passage. Furthermore, after giving Aurelius

the task, she reiterates that her reason is to show him how impossible his love for her is; as she emphasizes, “For wel I woot that it shal never bityde. / Lat swiche folies out of youre herte slide” (V 1001-1002). By surrounding Dorigen’s ‘pley’ with her adamant refusal to be Aurelius’s paramour, Chaucer does seem to emphasize Dorigen’s humaneness, allowing for our sympathy.

Hayne’s inability to incorporate such complexity into his poem may prove only to be the lack of an appropriate word play, for Hayne also gives Iolene’s thoughts on the rocks, her thoughts of shipwrecks and funeral bells, before her meeting with Aurelian. Her setting of the task also follows an initial refusal, and here we might see a glimpse of the “pley” found in Chaucer. Where Chaucer states directly that Dorigen’s task is given in “pley,” with the knowledge that this may be complicated by the pun described above, Hayne describes Iolene’s “frown / Just struggling faintly with as faint a smile / […] Round the arch dimples of her rosy mouth” (294, 296). From that hint of a smile comes the task, and her thinking of it is given in an ambiguous set of images: “Whereon, in fitful fashion, like the South / Which sweeps with petulant wing a field of blooms, / Then dies a heedless death ‘mong golden brooms [sic!, blooms?), / And lavish shrubbery, briefly she resumes, / With quick-drawn breath” (297-301). This smile, the images, and “quick-drawn breath” allow for a more darkly ironic and “playful” task-setting than Moore saw in these lines. Like Chaucer, Hayne reiterates the seriousness of Iolene’s loyalty to her husband by her final remarks, said in a whisper: “‘Fare-thee-well, / And Heaven assoil thee of all sinful sorrow!’” (319-320).

As Moore notes, both Dorigen and Iolene suffer greatly at having to uphold their promise: indeed, they both “lament their respective positions and contemplate suicide”

(59). The form these lamentations take, however, differs; Dorigen meditates on "the memories of many ladies who chose death rather than a life of dishonor, whereas Iolene is restrained from taking her life by a 'mystic voice' which saves her but leaves her distraught and full of anguish" (59). Dorigen's response, although typical for Chaucer's time, would make little sense in the nineteenth century. What Chaucer puts in Dorigen's mouth are a series of more than twenty "legends" concerning "good wives" whose chastity was more precious than their lives. These eighty lines depict the plight of "good women" who, having been deprived of their husband's protection, choose death to dishonor. Chaucer gives no reason for why Dorigen does not follow the majority of these "good women" into suicide, but we might assume a medieval audience might have recognized, as Dorigen must have also, that her husband would not be absent for long and, like Penelope (one of the good women listed who does not commit suicide), she must endure until her husband's arrival and rescue. In fact, he returns three days later.

Hayne, of course could not rely on such knowledge, nor could he assume his audience would have tolerated such a list (a device typical and expected in medieval writings). Instead, he contracts Chaucer's list of eighty lines into three; after contemplating suicide, Iolene acknowledges the existence of "pure wives, brave virgins, on the brink / Of shame and ruin have struck home and fled, / To find unending quiet with the dead" (686-688). In place of the list, Hayne presents his audience with Iolene's thoughts of refection and actions, how she finds a sword in the room, her raising of the weapon to strike herself a fatal blow before the "mystic voice" counters the voice of "reason." This "voice" is not her conscience in a "modern" sense; it comes from afar, and seems to be the voice of some divine being, keeping her from "death and shame" (743) in

much the same way as C. S. Lewis describes the medieval view of "conscience" in The Discarded Image, where its is "conceived as the Voice of God" (158).

As for why the squires decide to release the women from their promise, Moore finds a difference: "Aurelius does it as a 'gentil dede' appropriate to his calling, whereas Aurelian is prompted by what Parks calls a 'noble religious impulse'" (59). Yet, these two seem a difference of small degree rather than of kind. Acts of courtly love had behind them a "noble religious impulse," and the language of Aurelius in his releasing of Dorigen from her bond is permeated with religious feeling. So serious is Aurelius that he insists in language that is reminiscent of a wedding ceremony "My trouthe I plichte, I shal yow never repreve / of no biheste" (1537-1538); words sprinkled throughout, such as "routhe"(pity), "distresse," "shame," "love," and "serement" (sacred oath), only reinforce this feeling.

Interestingly, the words of Aurelian are a mystery, words "whispered closely in her eager ear" (878). Like Aurelius, the despondent woman's words and actions have their effect, and Aurelian's change of heart comes from "nobler nature's grave command / (That fair, indwelling angel sweet and grand, / Born to transmute the worn and blasted soil / Of sinful hearts by his celestial toil / To Eden places and the haunts of God)" (872-876). Thus, both men's actions come from *noblesse,* with Chaucer revealing Aurelius's character through his words and Hayne revealing the character of Aurelian through the workings of his soul.

Hayne, unlike Chaucer, who closes with the Clerk of Orleans forgiving the debt of Aurelius, ends the narrative portion of his poem with the reconciliation between Arviragus and Iolene. Chaucer needs to end thus because he has put Aurelius into a

position where, not knowing the Clerk, he needs to pay the Illusionist for his elaborate and expensive illusion. Chaucer, of course, circumvents this potential problem of not ending with the couple's reunion by having the Franklin propose that one of the three men was "mooste fre" (most noble) and thus most worthy of our respect; each man has given up or was willing to give up, a thing he was owed and the question is who gave up the most and who was most noble. Because Chaucer's tale is told by a character in a context of having listeners, this is necessary. In addition, Chaucer's source (*Il Filocolo*) contains the same event, and the narrator of that tale is also a character who is relating the tale to others. Hayne, by changing the character-as-narrator into a third-person narrator, ends his version of the story with the focus on where it needs to be placed: on the couple who have to face a seemingly impossible predicament. Though we never hear their discourse, we are able to see their reunion, and then in a series of images we are drawn farther and farther away by increments as night falls, a pulling back from the scene. As they meet we can see Iolene's "face that seemed transfigured in the light / Of Paradise, it shone so softly bright" (905-906); then, as

> Evening closed o'er them, mellowing into dark; / Along the horizon's edge, a tiny spark, / Dull-red at first, but broadening to a white / And tranquil orb of silver-streaming light, / Slowly the Night Queen fair her heaven ascends: / The outlines of those loving forms she blends / Into one luminous shade, which seems to float, / Mingle and melt in shining mists remote (926-933)

As the two lovers, reunited in bliss together, recede from our view in the growing darkness, we are reminded that they are a "Type of two perfect lives, whose single soul /

Outbreathes a cordial music, sweet and whole" (934-935). Thus, Hayne's moral is similar to Chaucer's: both serve as a type by which we are invigorated into a better understanding of what is noble and true.

As noted above, Chaucer ends "The Franklin's Tale" with a question given to the other pilgrims. Hayne ends his poem with an epilogue. It is that, but it is more. By appending his epilogue, he is following the tradition set by many medieval poets, including Chaucer, who appends a similar appeal to the end of his *Troilus* when he addresses "O moral Gower, this bok I directe / To the, and to the, philosophical Strode, / To vauchen sauf ther need is to corecte / Of youre benygnites and zeles goode" (1856-1859). Just as Chaucer hoped to inspire moral and philosophical truth in his *Troilus*, Hayne hoped to wed truth to beauty (l.1) for his contemporaries in his rendition of Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale." That he was unsure of the result is evident from the epilogue itself; he perceives that his song has arrived for publication "Ghostlike and strange," containing "silences and old dreams" (941). Even given that the "dust of these dead loves hath passed away," Hayne remains sure that the story still has a power to uplift, that "a soft, ethereal ray / Illumes the tender record, and makes bright / Its heart-deep pathos with a marvelous light" (946, 947-950). Thus, Hayne does not end his tale with a question as to who acted with most nobility; he asserts the poem's power to inspire us toward nobility, regardless of time and space. And it is this intention that makes Hayne a poet in the very tradition of Southern ideals, and thus a poet of his time.

Chapter V: Conclusion

For C. S. Lewis, a writer might be "of his time" in a "negative" or a "positive" sense. In "Period Criticism," Lewis observes that it is negative if the writer deals "with things which are of no permanent interest but only seemed to be of interest because of some temporary fashion" (115). On the other hand, it is positive if "the forms, the set-up, the paraphernalia, whereby [the writer] expresses matter of permanent interest, are those of a particular age" (115). Thus, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Wordsworth, and even the prophet Isaiah are dated in the latter sense, but not in the former, in that they all worked within the forms of their time and yet dealt with topics of "permanent interest."

As we enter the twenty-first century, there seems to be finality in the decree of Hayne as a *minor* poet. Yet, Moore, who also places Hayne in that category, admits that Hayne's "poetry needs final appraisal, but such an estimate is unlikely until an adequate selected edition of his verse is available" (Fifty Southern Writers, 248). Several writers have mentioned, usually negatively, the amount of poetry Hayne wrote. One wonders, however, if a poet is to be judged by the average of his work, or by the *best* he achieved. The poems analyzed above show Hayne in a most favorable light when compared to poets who are generally accepted as major writers of the nineteenth century. Likewise, his handling of such serious issues as death and faith compares well with similar poems by these writers. In addition, Hayne's ability to adapt an older work, one written in a vastly different time, in a language much different from his own, reveals his talent as a poet in the largest sense. Furthermore, as Moore acknowledges, Hayne has no peer among Southern poets of the nineteenth century in terms of "scope, versatility, and bulk of his production"; that Hayne failed to write one poem "which comes near the perfection

of Poe's 'To Helen' or Timrod's 'Ode'" (Hayne 168) is open to debate as I have shown above.

A brief survey of the assessment of literary historians and anthologists of poetry tends, however, to mirror the prevalent opinion. For critics who feel that poetry must be innovative and full of heterodoxy to be considered "valid and great," Hayne's poetry obviously comes out second rate and derivative. To complicate the issue further, Hayne was a writer of the Old South, and as a *Southron* writer, in contradistinction to being merely a "Southern" writer, supported and defended the Confederate States of America, his defeated country. According to Moore, Hayne was a "gentlemen of the Old South" who "believed in its ideals of duty, integrity, loyalty, courtesy, and noblesse oblige" and practiced these ideals "sincerely" (Hayne 31). Furthermore, Hayne remained "'unreconstructed' in politics at the time of his death" (Hayne 31), a view taken by Daniel Morley McKeithan when he notes,

> In politics Hayne was a conservative. Even before the war he was disturbed by demagoguery, in the South as well as in the North. After the war when he saw the disgraceful spoliation of his native state by carpetbaggers and the worst elements of the population—done under the protection of the Federal Government and in the name of democracy—he came to doubt the democratic theories of Jefferson and to exclaim, "Republics are impossibilities!" As a Charleston aristocrat, he believed in the rule of the best men. (xvii)

Anderson offers a brief analysis of this problem in his "Last Literary Cavaliers." Anderson maintains, rightly, I believe, that in the Postbellum United States there was a

combination of anti-Southern bigotry and the movement away from what was then being termed "Romanticism." As Anderson recognizes, the revolution against Romanticism, in addition to taking place in the South, "was being sounded with equal vigor in the North. Only there was a difference" (254). The difference was that the old Northern poets were "accorded the inestimable privilege of growing old gracefully [….] they were surrounded by the homage of all […] and their feeble swan songs […] were enshrined in sumptuous editions" (254). Such was not the case for the traditional Southron poet, especially a poet such as Hayne who refused to apologize for his "section's" fight for independence. So deep was his commitment to his conquered land, Hayne consistently sent "his very best essays and some of his best verse" to "Southern magazines which he knew could not pay" (McKeithan xvii). In spite of Hayne's abilities, and maybe because of his reputation as the Poet Laureate of the South, Northern publishing houses and magazines repeatedly rejected his individual poems and two memorial works submitted immediately following his death (Anderson, 267-268, 280). Bassett agrees for the most part with this assessment, determining that the opportunity for Southern writers to publish diminished as the War Between the States grew nearer. As recently as 1855, Hayne had received favorable press, most notably from Graham's Magazine, which stated "his poems exhibited 'healthy, manly, vigor' unlike other poetry of the day" (Bassett 21); yet, "by 1860 there was little transactional publication of Southerners in the North or Yankees in the South" (Bassett 15-16). This last statement might be misleading if one does not know there were few publishing houses in the South and that all the major publishing houses were in the North. Moore confirms this belief, noting, "Northern publishers were reluctant to publish poems lauding the Confederate cause; and those firms willing to

bring out Hayne's other poems were chary of taking the usual risks of publication without a substantial subsidy from the poet" (Hayne 56). When we consider that Hayne and the South was left destitute after invasion, war, and Reconstruction, the latter requirement resulted in hardship rather than opportunity.

A reaction against tradition in poetry in general and the ideals of the Old South in particular should come as no surprise, given the ascendancy of science in, to use the words of C.S. Lewis, our post-Christian Western world. What Western man had once accepted as truth, and had grounded on faith, had come under attack during the mid to late nineteenth century, as the new priests of science offered a secular explanation of the universe and man's place within it. Given science's role in the rise of the industrial revolution, there were few to question its propositions in any area. Hayne then, was only one of the few poets of his day who still strove to maintain their strong devotion and belief in God, Christianity, and an afterlife. Although, like many intellectuals in his day, Hayne, according to Moore, held certain reservations on the doctrines of God's complete sovereignty and "eternal damnation," he underwent a complete conversion later in life and "became a communicant of the Episcopal Church" (Hayne 31). Other poets such as Tennyson and Browning, although adhering to their faith in God and Christianity, were more clouded by doubt, and this is evident in their poetry. Eliot's well-known comment about the "quality" of Tennyson's doubt, in contrast with that of his faith, has, by now, become the established interpretation of Tennyson's work in general. Thus, while several well-known contemporary poets turned further away from the faith of their fathers, Hardy and Arnold come instantly to mind, and where others became doubtful as to the validity of their faith as did Tennyson and Browning, others rejected doubt, and embraced a

knowledge predicated upon faith. This, of course, brings up whether a writer need have doubt permeating his poetry in order for the poem to have merit in the post-Christian world.

Hayne, then, must by all accounts be considered both representational of his age and section and, more arguably, a poet equal in talent with those Northern American poets writing in the Anglo-American tradition. Thus, as C. S. Lewis maintains, if the judgment of good readers means anything, and if scholars are truly committed to inclusion and diversity, then the poetry of Paul Hamilton Hayne deserves a firm place in the Canon of American, and especially Southern, literature.

Works Consulted

Aiken, David. "Paul Hamilton Hayne." Fire in the Cradle: Charleston's Literary Heritage. Charleston, South Carolina: Charleston Press, 1999. 48-51.

Allen, Gay Wilson. American Prosody. New York: Octagon Books, Inc., 1966.

Anderson, Charles R. "Charles Gayarre and Paul Hayne: The Last Literary Cavaliers." American Studies in Honor of William Kenneth Boyd. Ed. David K. Jackson. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1940. 280-293.

Axelrod, Steven Gould; Roman, Camille; and Travisano, Thomas. The New Anthology of American Poetry: Traditions and Revolutions, Beginnings to 1900, Vol. 1. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 2003.

Bain, Robert, ed. Whitman's and Dickinson's Contemporaries: An Anthology of Their Verse. Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1996.

Bassett, John, ed. Defining Southern Literature: Perspctives and Assessments 1831-1952. Madison: Associated University Presses, Inc., 1997.

Brenner, Rica. Twelve American Poets Before 1900. 1933. Freeport, New York: Books For Libraries Press, 1961.

Boynton, Percy H. A History of American Literature. 1919. New York: AMS Press, 1970.

Bryant III, William Cullen and Voss, Thomas G, eds. The Letters of William Cullen Bryant, vol. VI. New York: Fordham University Press, 1992.

Chaucer, Geoffrey. "The Franklin's Tale." The Complete Poetry and Prose of Geoffrey Chaucer, 2ed ed.Ed. John H. Fisher. Boston: Thomson, Heinle, 1989.

---. Troilus and Criseyde. “The Franklin’s Tale.” The Complete Poetry and Prose of Geoffrey Chaucer, 2ed ed.Ed. John H. Fisher. Boston: Thomson, Heinle, 1989.

Clark, Harry Hayden, ed. Transitions in American Literary History. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1953.

Culler, A. Dwight. The Poetry of Tennyson. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1977.

De Bellis, Jack. “Paul Hamilton Hayne.” Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne: A Reference Guide. Boston: G.K. Hall & Co., 1978. 139-177, 207-213.

Duriez, Colin. The C. S. Lewis Encyclopedia: A Complete Guide to His Life, Thought, and Writings. Wheaton, Illinois: Crossway Books, 2000.

Duyckinck, Evert A. and George L. Duyckinck. Cyclopaedia of American Literature: Embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from Their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present day; with Portraits, Autographs, and Other Illustrations. Edited to Date by M. Laird Simons, vol. II. 187?. Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1965.

Duffey, Bernard. Poetry in America: Expression and Its Values in the Times of Bryant, Whitman, and Pound. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1978.

Edwards, Bruce L. “‘Christianity and Literature.’” The C. S. Lewis Readers’ Encyclopedia. Edited by Christopher Mitchell. Grand Rapids, Michigan: Zondervan Publishing House, 1998.

Forkner, Ben and Patrick Samway, S.J., eds. A New Reader of the Old South: Major Stories, Tales, Slave Narratives, Diaries, Essays, Travelogues, Poetry and Songs: 1820-1920. Atlanta, Georgia: Peachtree Publishers, 1991.

Francisco, Edward, Robert Vaughan, and Linda Francisco. The South in Perspective: An Anthology of Southern Literature. Upper Saddle River: Prentice Hall, 2001.

Hart, James D. The Oxford Companion of American Literature, fifth ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 1983.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton. Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne: Complete Edition. 1882. New York: AMS Press, 1970.

Herzberg, Max J. et al. The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1963.

Hill, Robert W. Jr., ed. Tennyson's Poetry. New York: Norton & Company, 1999.

Hilen, Andrew, ed. The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, vol. VI. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1982.

Holman, C. Hugh. "The Literature of the Old South." Fifteen American Authors Before 1900: Bibliographic Essays on Research and Criticism. Eds.Robert A. Rees and Earl N. Harbert. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1971. 387-400.

Hubbell, Jay B. The South in American Literature: 1607-1900. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1954.

Jason, Philip K. Nineteenth Century American Poetry: An Annotated Bibliography. Pasadena, California: Salem Press, 1989.

Kreymborg, Alfred. A History of American Poetry: Our Singing Strength. New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1934.

Lewis, C. S. An Experiment in Criticism. London: The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, 1961.

--- The Discarded Image: An Introduction to Medieval and Renaissance Literature. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1964.

--- "Metre." Selected Literary Essays. Edited by Walter Hooper. Cambridge: The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, 1969.

--- "Period Criticism." On Stories and Other Essays on Literature. Edited by Walter Hooper. New York: Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, Publishers, 1982.

--- "What Chaucer Really Did to 'Il Filostrato.'" Selected Literary Essays. Edited by Walter Hooper. Cambridge: The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, 1969.

Link, Samuel Albert. "Paul Hamilton Hayne." Pioneers of Southern Literature. Vol. 1. Nashville Tennessee: Smith and Lamar, 1913. 43-87.

Lytle, Andrew. "A Christian University and the World." From Eden to Babylon: The Social and Political Essays of Andrew Nelson Lytle. Ed. M. E. Bradford. Washington, D. C.: Regnery Gateway, 1990.

---. "The Momentary Man." From Eden to Babylon: The Social and Political Essays of Andrew Nelson Lytle. Ed. M. E. Bradford. Washington, D. C.: Regnery Gateway, 1990.

McKeithan, Daniel Morely, ed. A Collection of Hayne Letters. 1944. Wesport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, Publishers, 1970.

McQuade, Donald, Robert Atwan, Martha Banta, et al., eds. The Harper Single Volume American Literature, 3rd ed. New York: Longman, 1999.

Moore, Rayburn S., ed. A Man of Letters in the Nineteenth-Century South: Selected Letters of Paul Hamilton Hayne. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State

University Press, 1982.

---. Paul Hamilton Hayne. New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1972.

---. "Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886)." Fifty Southern Writers Before 1900: A Bio-Bibliographical Sourcebook. Eds. Robert Bain and Joseph M. Flora. New York: Greenwood Press, 1987. 240-249.

---. "Paul Hamilton Hayne and Northern Magazines, 1866-1886." Essays Mostly on Periodical Publishing in America: A Collection in Honor of Clarence Gohdes. Ed. James Woodress, with the assistance of Townsend Ludington and Joseph Arpad. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1973.

Parks, Edd Winfield. Ante-Bellum Southern Literary Critics. Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1962.

---. Southern Poets: Representative Selections, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes. New York: American Book Company, 1936.

Painter, F. V. N. Poets of the South: A Series of Biographical and Critical Studies with Typical Poems, Annotated. 1903. Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1968.

Parini, Jay, ed.; and Miller, Brett C., assoc. ed. The Columbia History of American Poetry. New York: Columbia University Press, 1993.

Perkins, George and Barbara Perkins, eds. The American Tradition in Literature, 2 vols. Boston: McGraw-Hill, 2002.

Pickard, John B., ed. The Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier, vol. III. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1975.

Picket, La Salle Corbell. "The Poet of the Pines." Literary Hearthstones of Dixie.

Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott Company, 1912. 67-96.

Quinn, Arthur Hobson, ed. The Literature of the American People: An Historical and Critical Survey. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc, 1951.

Ridgely, J. V. Nineteenth-Century Southern Literature. Lexington, Kentucky: The University Press of Kentucky, 1980.

Roberts, Terry. "Paul Hamilton Hayne." Whitman's and Dickinson's Contemporaries: An Anthology of Their Verse. Robert Bain, ed. Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1996.

Rubin, Louis D., ed. A Bibliographical Guide to the Study of Southern Literature. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: University of Louisiana Press, 1969. 215-217.

---. The Writer in the South: Studies in a Literary Community. Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1972.

Rubin, Louis D., Blyden Jackson, Rayburn S. Moore, et al., eds. The History of Southern Literature. Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1985.

Serafin, Stephen R., general ed. and Bendixon, Alfred, associate ed. Encyclopedia of American Literature. New York: The Continuum Publishing Company, 1999.

Shucard, Alan. American Poetry: The Puritans through Walt Whitman. Boston: Twayne Publishers, a Division of G. K. Hall & Co., 1988.

Spengemann, William C. with Roberts, Jessica F., eds. Nineteenth-Century American Poetry. New York: Penguin Books USA Inc., 1996.

Spiller, Robert, et al. Literary History of the United States. 3rd Ed. Vol. 1. London: The Macmillan Company, Collier-Macmillan Limited, 1963.

Thomson, Alastair W. The Poetry of Tennyson. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1986.

Waggoner, Hyatt H. American Poets: From the Puritans to the Present, revised ed. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1984.

Weaver, Richard M. "Two Types of American Individualism." The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver. Ed. George M. Curtiss, III and James J. Thompson, Jr. Indianapolis: Liberty press, 1987.

Wendell, Barrett. A Literary History of America. 1900. Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1968.

Young, Daniel Thomas et al., eds. The Literature of the South. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1952.

Young, Daniel Thomas et al., eds. The Literature of the South, revised edition. Glenview: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1968.

Appendix A: Cited Poems by Paul Hamilton Hayne and "Crossing the Bar" and "Hap"

"Aspects of Pines"

Tall, somber, grim, against the morning sky
  They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
  As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
  Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
  But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
  Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
  Rests the mute rapture of deep hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
  Borne from the West when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
  And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
  Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
  Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

"The Bonny Brown Hand"

Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!
  And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown!
  For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow:
    But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
    And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
    Than all the dear things of earth,
    As I watch the pensive gloaming,
    And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,
And birdlike furl their pinions close beside our peaceful hearth:
Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers down,—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown,—
The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy hearth.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!
  And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall!
But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for their our nestling lies,
  Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest face of all;
    And she looks so arch and airy,
    So softly pure a fairy,—
    She scarce seems bound to earth;
    And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling,
    As at some child fay's beguiling,
Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the hearth.
Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the bright locks down!
But, little hand,— but, trembling hand,—but, hand of bonny brown,
Stay, stay with me!—she will not flee, our birdling on the hearth.

Oh, flittingly, how flittingly, the parlor shadows thrill,
  As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and pass!
And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweep the haunted hill,
  And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the graveyard grass.
    Let me feel your glowing fingers
    In a clasp that warms and lingers
    With the full, fond love of earth,
    Till the joy of love's completeness
    In this flush of fireside sweetness,
Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside the hearth.
So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters down,—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown,—
The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a heaven of earth.

"Crossing the Bar" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

"Death's Self"

The thought of death walks ever by my side,
  It walks in sunshine, and it walks in shade,
  A thing protean, by strange fancies made
Lovely or loathsome, dark or glorified.
But past such fantasies Death's self must hide,
  While this dread hour to smite is still delayed,
  Like a masked Presence in a cypress glade,
By all save heaven's keen vision undescried.
For me what final aspect shalt thou take,
  O Death? Or shalt thou take no shape at all,
  But viewless, soundless, on my spirit fall,
  Soft as the sleep-balm of a summer's night,
From which the flower-like soul, new-born, shall wake
  In God's fair gardens on the hills of light?

"Carolina"

That fair young land which gave me birth is dead!
Lost as a fallen star that quivering dies
Down the pale pathway of Autumnal skies,
A vague faint radiance flickering where it fled;
All she hath wrought, all she hath planned or said,
Her golden eloquence, her high emprise,
Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethe lies,
While cold Oblivion veils her piteous head:
O mother! Loved and loveliest! Debonair
As some brave Queen of antique chivalries,—
Thy beauty's blasted like thy desolate coasts;—
Where now thy lustrous form, thy shining hair?
Where thy bright presence, thine imperial eyes?
Lost in dim shadows of the realm of Ghosts!

"Fate, Or God?"
Beyond the record of all eldest things,
Beyond the rule and regions of past time,
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,
Looms the dread phantom of a King of Kings:
Round His vast brows the glittering circlet clings
Of a thrice royal crown; behind him climb,
O'er the Atlantean limbs and breast sublime
The sombre splendors of mysterious wings;
Deep calms of measureless power, in awful state,
Gird and uphold Him; a miraculous rod,
To heal or smite, arms His infallible hands:
Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands,
Doubt names this half-embodied mystery—Fate,
While Faith, with lowliest reverence, whispers—God!

"The First Mocking-Bird in Spring"

Winged poet of vernal ethers!
  Ah! where hast thou lingered long?
I have missed thy passionate, skyward flight
  And the trills of the changeful song.
Hast thou been in the hearts of woodlands old,
Half dreaming, and, drowsed by the winter's cold,
Just crooning the ghost of they springtide lay
To the listless shadows, benumbed and gray?
Or hast thou strayed by a tropic shore,
And lavished, O sylvan troubadour!
The boundless wealth of thy music free
On the dimpling waves of the Southland sea?
What matter? Thou comest with magic strain,
To the morning haunts of thy life again,
And thy melodies fall in a rhythmic rain.

———————

The wren and the field-lark listen
  To the gush from their laureate's throat;
And the blue-bird stops on the oak to catch
  Each rounded and perfect note.
The sparrow, his pert head reared aloft,
Has ceased to chirp in the grassy croft,
And is bending the curves of his tiny ear
In the *pose* of a critic wise, to hear.
A blsckbird, perched on a glistening gum,
Seems lost in a rapture, deep and dumb;

And as eagerly still in his trancèd hush,
‘Mid the copse beneath, is a clear-eyed thrush.
No longer the dove by the thorn-tree root
Moans sad and soft ass a far-off flute.
All nature is hearkening, charmed and mute.

———————

We scarce can deem it a marvel,
  For the songs *our* nightingale sings
Throb warm and sweet with the rhythmic beat
  Of the fervors of countless springs.
All beautiful measures of sky and earth
Outpour in a second and rarer birth
From the mellow throat. When the winds are whist,
And he follows his mate to their sunset tryst,
Where the wedded myrtles and jasmine twine,
Oh! The swell of music is half divine!
And I vaguely wonder, O bird! Can it be
That a human spirit hath part in thee?
Some Lesbian singer’s, who died perchance
Too soon in the summer of Greek romance,
But the rich reserves of whose broken lay,
In some mystical, wild, undreamed-of way,
Find a voice in thy bountiful strains today!

“Hap” by Thomas Hardy

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: “Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love’s loss is my hate’s profiting!”

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casuality obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan….

These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

"Hints of Spring"

[Composed in Sickness]

"When the hill-side breaks into green, every hollow of blue shade, every curve of tuft, and plume and tendril, every broken sunbeam on spray of young leaves is *new! No spring is a representation of any former spring!*"— Goethe

A softening of the misty heaven,
A subtle murmur in the air;
The electric flash through coverts old
Of many a shy wing, touched with gold;
The stream's unmuffled voice, that calls,
Now shrill and clear, now silvery low,
As if a fairy flute did blow
Above the sylvan waterfalls;
Each mellowed sound, each quivering wing
Heralds the happy-hearted Spring:
Earth's best beloved is drawing near.

Amid the deepest woodland dells,
So late forlornly cold and drear,
Wafts of mild fervor, procreant breaths
Of gentle heat, unclose the sheaths
Of fresh-formed buds on bower and tree;
A spirit of soft revival looks
Coyly from out the young-leaved nooks,
Just dimpling into greenery;
Through flashes of faint primrose bloom,
Through delicate gleam and golden gloom,
The wonder of the world draws near.

On some dew-sprinkled, cloudless morn,
She, in her full-blown joyance rare,
Will pass beyond her Orient gate,
Smiling serene calmly elate,
All garmented in light and grace:
Her footsteps on the hills shall shine
In beauty, and her matchless face
Make the fair vales of earth divine.
O goddess of the azure eyes,
The deep, deep charm that never dies,
Delay not long, delay not long!
Come clad in perfume, glad with song,
Breathe on me from thy perfect lips,
Lest mine be closed, and death's eclipse
Rise dark between

Me and thine advent, tender queen,
Albeit thou art so near, so near!

"In Harbor"

I think it is over, over
  I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
  The sweet and the bitter, have passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! Like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! Over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:—
 From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last,
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throb in the sanctified river,
  Which girdle the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

"Love's Autumn"
[To My Wife]

I would not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which like a milky way
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence Love looks forth, touched by the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,

The lips less dewy-red than when the South,—
The young South wind of passion sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheeks, soft as September's rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace
Which breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest;

Naught would I miss of all thou hast, or art,
O! friend supreme, whose constant, stainless heart,
Doth house unknowing, many an angel guest;

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more
Divinely beautiful with perished years;

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet! repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears;

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land,
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There, I behold thee, young again and bright,
In the great flood of rare transfiguring light,
But there as here, thou smilest, Love! on me!

"The Mocking Bird"
At Night

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,

As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! From a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

"Muscadines"

Sober September, robed in gray and dun,
Smiled from the forest in half-pensive wise;
A misty sweetness shone in her mild eyes,
And on her cheek a shy flush went and came,
    As flashing warm between
The autumnal leaves of slowly dying green,
    The sovereign sun
Tenderly kissed her; then (in ruthful mood
For the vague fears of modest maidenhood)
Behold him gently, lovingly retire;
    Beneath the foliaged screen,
    Veiling his swift desire—
Even as a king, wed to some virgin queen,
Might doom his sight to blissful, brief eclipse,
    After his tender lips
Had touched the maiden's trembling soul to flame.

    Through shine and shade,
Thoughtful I trod the tranquil forest glade,
    Up-glancing oft
To watch the rainless cloudlets, white and soft,
Sail o'er the placid ocean of sky.

The breeze was like a sleeping infant's sigh,
Measured and low, or, in quick, palpitant thrills
An instant swept the sylvan depths apart
    To pass and die
Far off, far off, within the shrouded heart
    Of immemorial hills.

    Through shade and shine
I wandered, as one wanders in a dream,
Till, near the borders of a beauteous stream
    O'erhung by flower and vine,
I pushed the dense, perplexing boughs aside,
    To mark the temperate tide
Purpled by shadows of the Muscadine.

Reclining there at languid length I sank,
One idle hand outstretched beyond the bank,
    With careless grasp
The sumptuous globes of these rare grapes to clasp.
Ah! how the ripened wild fruit of the South
    Melted upon my mouth!
Its magic juices through each captured vein
    Rose to the yielding brain,
Till, like the hero of an old romance,
Caught by the fays, my spirit lapsed away,
Lost to the sights and sounds of mortal day.

Lost to all earthly sights and sounds was I,
    But blithesomely,
As stirred by some new being's wondrous dawn,
I heard about me, swift though gently drawn,
The footsteps of light creatures on the grass.
Mine eyelids seemed to open, and I saw,
    With joyance checked with awe,
    A multitudinous company
Of such strange forms and faces, quaint, or bright
    With true Elysian light,
As once in fairy fantasies of old
High-hearted poets through the wilds beheld
Of shadowy dales and lone sea beaches pass,
At spring-tide morn or holy hush of night.

    Then to an airy measure,
Low as the sea winds when the night at noon
Clasps the frail beauty of an April moon,
Through woven paces at soft-circling leisure,

They glided with elusive grace adown
The forest coverts—all live woodland things,
    Black-eyed or brown,
Firm-footed or up-poised on changeful wings,
Glinting about them ‘mid the indolent motion
    Of billowy verdures rippling slow
    As the long, languid underflow
Of some star-tranced, voluptuous Southern ocean.

The circle widened, and as flower-wrought bands,
    Stretched by the incautious hands,
Break in the midst with noiseless wrench asunder,
So brake the dancers now to form in line
Down the deep glade—above the shifting lights,
Through massive tree-boles, on majestic heights;
    The blossoming turf thereunder,
    Whence, fair and fine,
Twinkling like stars that hasten to be drawn
    Close to the breast of dawn,
Shone, with their blue veins pulsing fleet,
    Innumerable feet,
White as the splendors of the milky way,
Yet rosy warm as opening tropic day,
With lithe, free limbs of curvature divine,
And dazzling bosoms of unveilèd glow,
Save where the long, ethereal tresses stray
Across their unimaginable snow.

    One after one,
By sun-rays kissed or fugitive shades o’errun,
All vision-like they passed me. First there came
A Dryad coy, her sweet head bowed in shame,
And o’er her neck and half-averted face
    The faintest delicate trace
Of the charmed life-blood pulsing softly pure,
    Next, with bold footsteps, sure,
And proudly set, from her untrammeled hills,
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, upon her lofty head
A fragrant crown of leaves, purple and red,
Chanting a lay clear as the mountain rills,
A frank-faced Oread turned on me
Her cloudless glances, laughter-lit and free
As the large gestures and the liberal air
    With which I viewed her fare
    Down the lone valley land,—
Pausing betimes to wave her happy hand

As in farewell; but ere her presence died wholly away,
    Her voice of golden swell
    Breathed also a farewell.
Farewell, farewell, the sylvan echoes sighed,
From rock-bound summit to rich blossoming bay—
    Farewell, farewell!

Fauns, satyrs flitted past me—the whole race
    Of woodland births uncouth—
    Until I seemed, in sooth,
    Far from the garish track
Of these loud days to have wandered, joyful, back
Along the paths, beneath the crystal sky
    Of long, long-perished Arcady.
But last of all, filling the haunted space
With odors of the flower-enamored tide,
Whose wavelets love through many a secret place
Of the deep dell and breezeless bosk to glide,
    Stole by, lightsome and slim
As Dian's self in each swift, sinuous limb,
Her arms outstretched, as if in act to swim
The air, as erst the waters of her home,
A naiad, sparkling as the fleckless foam
Of the cool fountain-head whereby she dwells.

O'er her sloped shoulders and the pure pink bud
Of either virginal breast is richly rolled
    (O rare, miraculous flood!)
The torrent of her freed locks' shimmering gold,
Through which the gleams of rainbow-colored shells,
And pearls of moon-like radiance flash and float
    Round her immaculate throat.

Clothed in her beauty only wandered she,
'Mid the moist herbage to the streamlet's edge,
Where, girt by silvery rushes and brown sedge,
She faded slowly, slowly, as a star
Fades in the gloaming, on the bosom bowed
    Of some half-luminous cloud,
Above the wan, waste waters of the sea.

Then sense and spirit fading inward too,
I slept oblivious; through the dim, dumb hours,
Safely encouched on autumn leaves and flowers,
I slept as sleep the unperturbèd dead.

At length the wind of evening, keenly chill,
Swept round the darkening hill;
Then throbbed the rush of hurried wings o'erhead,
Blent with aerial murmurs of the pine,
Just whispering twilight. On my brow the dew
Dropped softly, and I woke to all the low,
Strange sounds of twilight woods that come and go
So fitfully; and o'er the sun's decline,
Through green foliage flickering high,
    Beheld, with dreamy eye,
Sweet Venus glittering in the stainless blue.

Thus the day closed whereon I drank the wine—
The liquid magic of the Muscadine.

"My Study"

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Areadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.
"Our 'Humming-Bird'"

Ah, well I know the reason why
They call her by that graceful name:
She seems a creature born with wings,
O'er which a rainbow spirit flings
Fair hues of softly shifting flame;
Light is she as the changeful air,
Borne on gay humors everywhere,
                Bewitchingly.

Her soul hath seldom breathed a sigh;
No hint of care hath ever stirred

Her being; sunshine and the breeze
Have been the fairy witnesses
Of all those joys our happy bird
Hath from the golden fountains drawn
Of youth unsullied as the dawn,
So lavishly.

Full many a flower, just hovering nigh,
In life's broad garden, rife with sweets,
She deftly drains of nectar dew;
Then, sylph-like, sweeps o'er pathways new
To taste some balmier bliss she meets;
Now flashing fast through myrtle bowers,
Now clinging to the red lips of flowers,
Capriciously.

Forbear, rash heart! Forbear to try
Our bird to capture with your wiles,
For, lo! she glimmers like a beam
Of fancy, on from dream to dream:
Vain are a lover's tears or smiles
To check her flight bewildering,
To tame her soul, or chain her wing
Submissively.

Nay! Let the dazzling fairy fly
From flower to flower, so gladly whirled;
Cruel it were her matchless light
By one rude touch to dim or blight,
To see her luminous pinions furled
In grosser airs than those which stray
Round the fresh rosebuds of the May,
Deliciously.

"Robert E. Lee"

Defeat but made him tower more grandly high—
Sackcloth about *him* was transformed to gold
And royal purple, in each flawless fold;
His soul pierced darkness, like the sun-god's eye;
His the deep knowledge how to live, and die.
Calmly benignant, and superbly bold,
All incorruptible—unbought, unsold—
A steadfast splendor in a stormy sky.

The winds may rage, the frightened clouds be driven
Like multitudinous banners, torn and tossed,
Retreating from some mighty conflict lost—
But, far beyond all shapes and sounds of ill,
That star—his soul—is shining calmly still,
A steadfast splendor in a stormy heaven!

"To W. H. H.

How like a mighty picture, tint by tint,
This marvelous world is opening to thy view!
Wonders of earth and heaven; shapes bright and new,
Strength, radiance, beauty, and all things that hint
Most primal glory, and the print
Of angel footsteps; from the globe of dew
Tiny, but luminous, to the encircling blue,
Unbounded, thou drink'st knowledge without stint;
Like a pure blossom nursed by genial winds,
Thy innocent life, expanding day by day,
Upsprings, spontaneous, to the perfect flower;
Lost Eden-splendors round thy pathway play,
While o'er it rise and burn the starry signs
Which herald hope and joy to souls of power.

I pray the angel in whose hands the sum
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,
That to the soul which fills these deepening eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear, the spirit of Song may come;
That strong-winged fancies, with melodious hum
Of pluméd vans, may touch to sweet surprise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise,
And thrill to worship though the world be dumb;
That love, and will, and genius, all may blend
To make his soul a guiding star of time,
True to the purest thought, the noblest end,
Full of all richness, gentle, wise, complete,
In whose still heights and most ethereal clime,
Beauty, and faith, and plastic passion meet.

"Visit of the Wrens"

Flying from out the gusty west,
To seek the place where last year's nest,
Ragged, and torn, by many a rout
Of winter winds, still rocks about

The branches of the gnarled old tree
Which sweep my cottage library—
Here on the genial southern side,
In a late gleam of sunset's pride,
Came back my tiny, springtide friends,
The self-same pair of chattering wrens
That with arch eyes and restless bill
Used to frequent yon window sill,
Winged sprites, in April's showery glow.

'Tis now twelve weary months ago
Since first I saw them; here again
They drop outside the glittering pane,
Each bearing a dried twig or leaf,
To build with labor hard, yet brief,
This season's nest, where, blue and round,
Their fairy eggs will soon be found.
But sky and breeze and blithesome sun,
Until that little home is done,
Shall—wondering, maybe—hear and see
Such chatter, bustle, industry,
As well may stir to emulous strife
Slow currents of a languid life,
Whether in bird or man they run!

But when, in sooth, the nest complete
Swings gently in its green retreat,
And soft the mother birdling's breast
Doth in the cozy circlet rest,
How, back from jovial journeying,
Merry at heart, though worn of wing,
Her brown mate, proudly perched above
The limb that holds his brooding love,
His head upturned, his aspect sly,
Regards her with a cunning eye,
As one who saith, "How well you bear
The dullness of these duties, dear;
To dwell so long on nest or tree
Would be, I know, slow death to me;
But, then, you women folk were made
For patient waiting, in—the shade!"

So tame one little guest becomes—
'Tis the male bird—my scattered crumbs
He takes from the window sill and lawn
Each morning in the early dawn;

And yesterday he dared to stand
Serenely on my outstretched hand,
While his wee wife, with puzzled glance,
Looked from her breezy seat askance!

My pretty pensioners! Ye have flown
Twice from your winter nook unknown,
To build your humble homestead here,
In the first flush of springtide cheer;
But Ah! I wonder if again,
Flitting outside the window pane,
When next the shrewd March winds shall blow,
Or in my April's showers glow,
New come from out the shimmering west,
You'll seek the place of this year's nest,
Ragged and torn by then, no doubt,
And swinging in worn shreds about
The branches of the ancient tree.

Nay, who may tell? Yet, verily,
Methinks when, spring and summer passed,
Adown the long, low autumn blast,
In some dim gloaming, chill and drear,
You, with your fledglings, disappear,
That ne'er by porch or tree or pane
Mine eyes shall greet your forms again!

What then? At least the good ye brought,
The delicate charms for eye and thought
Survives; though death should be your doom
Before another spring flower's bloom,
Or fairer clime should tempt your wings
To bide 'mid fragrant blossomings
On some far Southland's golden lea,
Still may fresh spring morns light for me
Your tiny nest, their breezes bear
Your chirpings, household joyance near
And all your quirks and tricksome ways
Bring back through many smiling days
Of future Aprils; not the less
Your simple drama shall impress
Fancy and heart, thus acted o'er
Toward each small issue, as of yore,
With sun and wind and skies of blue
To witness, wondering, all you do,
Because your happy toil and mirth

May be of fine, ideal birth;
Because each quick, impulsive note
May thrill a visionary throat,
Each flash of glancing wing and eye
Be gleams of vivid fantasy;
Since whatsoe'er of form and tone
A past reality hath known,
Most charming unto soul and sense,
But wins that subtle effluence,
That spiritual air which softly clings
About all sweet and vanished things,
Causing a bygone joy to be
Vital as actuality,
Yet with each earthlier tint or trace
Lost in a pure, ethereal grace!

"The Voice in the Pines"

The morn is softly beautiful and still,
  Its light fair clouds in penciled gold and gray
Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
  Uprise as mute and motionless as they!

What voice is this? What low and solemn tone,
  Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furled.
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
  From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?
  Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Floating yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
  That strange unearthly music of despair?

Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
  And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
  Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
  Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,

The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum—
  Scarce heard for that strange, sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to deep
  Of spiritual life its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
  Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose.

Appendix B: Letters by Hayne and Whittier on the Death of Longfellow

A. Letter to John Greenleaf Whittier, dated 31 March 1882 (Moore, Letters 446-447)

Dear Friend,

I write to ask how you are? The effect of the news of Longfellow's death has been such upon me, that I know only too well what it must be upon you!

God have mercy upon us all! It seems as if, day by day, the horizon were contracting, & the inevitable end comes nearer.

You I see were present, at our friend's funeral. How did he depart?

Was he in pain?—or did the last sleep come upon him quietly with the *thorn* of death blunted by a soft unconsciousness?—

The last letter I rec*d* from Longfellow was dated *1st Jan*, 1882 (my own birthday), and acknowledged in his usual sweet cordial manner, some verses I had addressed to him;—in all probability the last of the kind he ever rec*d*, so, at least, as to be enabled to read, understand, & comment upon.

After all, however, his life was so rounded, complete, & exceptionally fortunate (from dawn to evening)—, that we *ought* to suppress our own *grief*, as far as human weakness may, and following the emancipated soul, picture it crowned, & happy among the Immortals!

I wonder oh! My friend! if even as blatant an Infidel as the man named *Robt Ingersoll could* stand by *Longfellow's grave*, and say *"all dust & ashes*!!" His individuality, his spirit, (*so termed*), every thing which constituted *the Man*, sleeps here clod-like & *brute-like* forevermore; the *very expressions* carry with them their own refutation.

We are becoming somewhat uneasy & anxious concerning yourself, *not* having heard *directly* from you for a considerable period.

I know you rec*d* my letter near Xmas (because of Phoebe's acknowledgement of the book), & I've written you *once* since, but (as remarked) heard *nothing*. This makes me fear that you have been too *unwell* to write? My wife & I think so often and lovingly of you, (that if your health precludes correspondence) do ask one of the ladies to inform us about your condition. A kiss for my little favorite *Phoebe*, & *warmest regards* to Mrs *Woodman* & the *Misses Johnsons*, form *both* of us.

May Heaven console & beautify your age, & lead you at length to "*where beyond these voices there is peace.*"

Always Faithfully & affectionately

Yrs. *Paul* H. Hayne.

B. Letter to Paul H. Hayne, dated 6 April 1882 (Belknap 446-447).

My Dear Friend:—

Ever since our great poet fell asleep I have wanted to write thee; but I have had scarcely courage or strength for the effort. I heard from my dear Mrs. Fields who visited him that he was wishing to see me. As soon as I was able I went out from Boston, on the Sunday of his last week. His daughter told me he had been taken suddenly ill the night before, and it was not possible for him to see me or any one. I was greatly grieved of course, but I hoped he was not seriously ill. He was more comfortable afterwards but no permanent restoration. The last two days of his life he slept much and seemed quiet. And so he passed out as from one lower chamber to one higher. Ah me, but the world seems

less for his leaving. And a feeling of great loneliness oppresses me. The shadows of the Eternal World seem falling over me. I should have answered thy last letter but for illness and weakness. I am so dreadfully oppressed by my correspondence with strangers that I cannot do justice to my friends. My letters for the last six months have been at the rate of twenty per day. I hope thy health is improved, as thee do not mention it. My brother, the last of our family, is seriously ill and at Wilmington, Delaware; and I have been very anxious about him. Give my love to dear Mrs. Hayne. My cousins and Phebe all send their love.

Ever and truly your friend,

John G. Whittier