

ARTEMUS WARD'S "THE CHILDREN
IN THE WOOD" LECTURE ON THE
TOUR OF 1861-1862

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I

Artemus Ward, the first literary comedian to achieve great popularity as a comic lecturer, made his first lecture tour during the season of 1861-62 with a lecture entitled "The Children in the Wood."¹ After the initial presentation of the lecture in New London, Connecticut, on November 26, 1861, Ward toured extensively with it throughout the northern states until late in the next spring.²

Principally because of his national popularity as a humorous writer, Ward drew large audiences wherever he went, and the tour was, on the whole, a decided success. Newspaper reviewers praised him for his "exquisite drollery," his "peculiar wit," his "plain truths" and his "sharp hits at folly and prudery."³ The following comment by a reporter in Portland, Maine, is typical of the accolades which he received: ". . . the affected seriousness, the pauses, followed by something ridiculous and comical combine to make it irresistible."⁴ A number of reporters found it a refreshing change from a steady diet of serious lectures. As a reporter in Paterson, New Jersey, wrote, the lecture "affords an agreeable variety to those who have become somewhat wearied with the old run of lyceum lectures."⁵

Despite the generally favorable response which the lecture received, however, there was some adverse criticism. Some of the sharpest criticism was directed at comic lectures in general rather than at "The Children in the Wood." Since most lyceum lecturers presented serious discourses on literary, religious, social and political topics, many people felt strongly that a comic lecture had no place in a lyceum lecture series.⁶ A reporter in Newark, New Jersey, for example, complained that the lecture offered "no instruction, nor suggestive reflection,"⁷ and another in Madison, Wisconsin, was displeased because it contained "nothing which would cause a person to feel he had been instructed or improved by it."⁸

Two further criticisms were, ironically, a direct result of Ward's great popularity as a humorous writer. First, because he did not play the same role on the lecture platform which he had in the Artemus Ward letters, many of his listeners were confused and disappointed. As a reporter in Salem, Massachusetts, expressed it, "Most people probably expected to

see an elderly gentleman, corresponding somewhat with the pictures of the showman which they have been accustomed to see in V. F. [Vanity Fair]"⁹ When they saw instead a slim, well-groomed young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight step to the platform, they thought that they had been duped. But another perhaps more serious criticism which stemmed from the popularity of the Artemus Ward letters was that since many of his jokes were taken from his column in the Cleveland Plain Dealer and his articles in Vanity Fair, many people were quite familiar with them. A reporter in New Haven, Connecticut, stated this objection when he wrote, "We were sorry there were so few new things in the lecture--many best bits being old acquaintances--original with 'Artemus,' to be sure, but well laughed at before."¹⁰

Finally, several reporters criticized the "ragbag" quality of the lecture. No one complained because he failed to treat his announced topic, but several reviewers did feel that the lack of a firm structure and a unifying theme was a weakness in the lecture. Another reporter in New Haven, Connecticut, summed up this criticism when he wrote, "It was altogether fragmentary--a conglomerate of odds and ends--a hash of witticisms and jokes."¹¹

It is regrettable that newspaper critics did not offer more extensive comments on Ward's style of delivery, for comic lecturing is a fugitive art, and the basic text of the lecture conveys only a vague idea of the actual performance. Reviewers generally agreed that the genuine humor of "The Children in the Wood" resided much less in its content than in Ward's manner of presenting it, but they failed to record in any detail his style of presentation. The most discerning report found was one from the Milwaukee Daily Sentinel.¹² The writer of this article perceived, as many critics apparently did not, that basically Ward was burlesquing the platform technique practiced by the type of serious lyceum lecturer exemplified by Ralph Waldo Emerson.¹³ Ward's mien, said this critic, was grave and dignified, and his delivery was characterized throughout by simplicity and extreme restraint. The humorist spoke, he reported, slowly, seriously and deliberately, eschewing any attempt to be "oratorical," and however nonsensical his jests might be, he seemed utterly unconscious of their humor or absurdity. He concluded, "Take it all in all, the lecture, while it was in a new style, and in every sense a production of Artemus Ward, was sufficiently humorous and entertaining to make an agreeable variation from the fixed drowsiness of lectures in general." Since this report tallies with descriptions of his delivery several years later of his lecture on the Mormons,¹⁴ it is apparent that he had discovered the basic technique which was to make him famous and which was to influence so many subsequent comic lecturers, including Mark Twain.

"The Children in the Wood" was never published, and the manuscript, unless it is buried in some collection, has not survived. The lecture was extensively reported, however, in a number of newspapers, several of which printed what purport to be long verbatim extracts from it. It is evident from these newspaper reports that Ward continually revised and rearranged the lecture in the interests of effectiveness and timeliness, so the placement of some of the anecdotes is somewhat arbitrary. But by making a composite of these verbatim reports and by piecing them together with summaries when necessary, the text can be reconstructed. In the main, the text below follows the structural arrangement of the longest account discovered, that in the Chicago Times, January 22, 1862.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

I will state upon the very threshold of the little paper house, which I have built, that it is a cold collation rather than a steaming banquet which awaits you within. I can only offer some scraps of salad, a few pic-nic relishes, and it may be a little whipped cream. But you are very welcome. The lecture-field has been ploughed, planted, and dug; mowed and raked; sowed and reapt; and cultivated, indeed, in so many ways, that I suppose that a man of very able mind might not feel too sure of offering you anything strikingly novel or brilliant. Oblige me, then, by overlooking the shortcomings of a person who has no such thing as an able mind. I have tried, however, to make these paragraphs cheerful in the main. Some of them, indeed, may border on the farcical, but I make no apology for that. The fool with his cap and bells often deals Folly its deadliest blows.¹⁵

I have chosen the subject of the Children in the Wood on account of its novelty. Anybody who has ever kept school and boarded round knows what it is to have fried pork for breakfast, boiled pork for dinner, warmed up pork for supper, and cold pork for luncheon, until even a slice of ham would have been welcome as a rarity. Had my vein been tragic I might have selected Bluebeard, who had an unpleasant habit of getting rid of his poor wives, who could not go to Indiana for a divorce. But having a taste for the pathetic, I have chosen the "Children in the Wood." The story must have been a capital sensation item. The barbarous uncle, the hireling ruffians, the death of the children, the loving care of the robins, must have afforded a prolific theme for the reporter's pen--if not for a lecture.¹⁶

It is more than probable that I have not grouped my thoughts in a very artistic manner. I can only plead in excuse that my ideas of a first-class lecture are in a somewhat confused and unsettled state. I never attend lectures myself--I should rather think not. I am not at all brilliant, but then I flatter myself I am too smart for that.¹⁷

But had I not made up my mind to address you on the Children of the Wood, I might have spoken of the fast young man, who finds that sending torchlight processions down his throat is not conducive to happiness, nor dice to early piety; who goes it while he is young, from the vain idea that when he gets old he can't, and thus never gets old, so he don't know whether he could go it or not. I might also have spoken

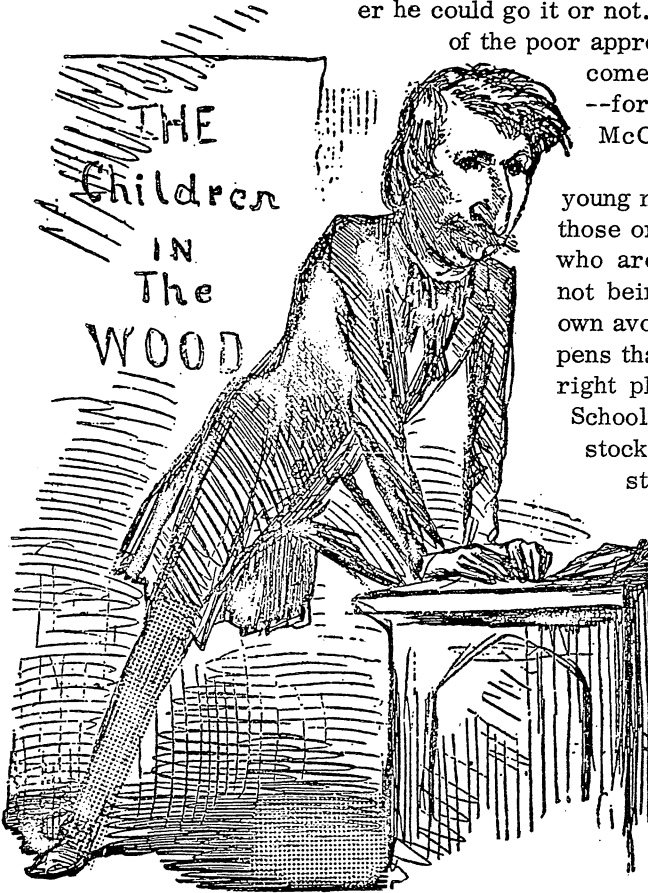
of the poor apprentice boy, who hopes to become a Greeley, and go forward --forward to Richmond, if Gen. McClellan is ready.

If I had not spoken of fast young men I might have alluded to those ornamental but useless people who are out of their place through not being allowed to choose their own avocations. Frequently it happens that the wrong man is in the right place. There are Sunday School teachers who ought to be stock-brokers; seldom, however, stock-brokers who ought to be Sunday School teachers; politicians who should be in the penitentiary; Generals who ought to be old women--and some of them are; lecturers who ought to have staid at home with their mothers--but we will not speak of that now!¹⁸

[Here Ward spoke of the South as a bad boy determined to have his own way. He continued his attack on the South as follows:]

When he stole all his little brother's gingerbread, and made covert attacks upon the jellies, and pinched his little sister, and then boldly asked

to "be let alone,"--when his little hands froze to the odd coppers around the house--he had all the elements of rebellion, and he is only waiting to be old enough to secede from the kindly roof that had sheltered him, unfurl the seven-starred banner of ingratitude, and commence a systematic course of villainy on an extensive and devastating scale.¹⁹ It were better to have all



ARTEMUS WARD AS A PUBLIC LECTURER
(Cartoon from *Vanity Fair*, May 24, 1862)

the measles of the neighborhood than an incipient Floyd²⁰ in your family.²¹

The prize-fighter has a term--"I mean business." True it is mean business. But let the young man borrow the motto. Let him mean business. The road of life is macadamized but for a few. His success must depend upon his own exertion. He must not wait for some uncle to die, for uncles seldom forget themselves so far as to die.²²

[At this point Ward, with Lincoln's patronage problems in mind, said that if the bad boy became a political office seeker, his ruin was complete. He continued to attack office seekers as follows:]

The cause of the Bull Run panic was, that just as the eagle of victory, like a good bird, was about to perch upon our banner, some person appeared upon the field of battle with the news that there were three vacancies in the New York Custom House. All the soldiers but one were office-seekers--he was a musician and staid to spike his fife. Whatever your boy shows an inclination for, pat him on the shoulder and bid him go on. Don't laugh at his first composition; he may be an embryo editor. If he incline to oratory and declaim loudly of Norval,²³ let him alone; he may be a Webster or a Douglas. If you see him brandishing his tin sword, let him alone; he may be a Scott or McClellan, or some other great man. Great men, by the way, have their fortes. Napoleon's was war and conquest; Patterson's²⁴ to be behind time; Russell's²⁵ to lie, when it is as convenient to tell the truth; Anderson's²⁶ Fort Sumpter [sic]; Mason's and Slidell's Fort Warren; Parson Brownlow's²⁷ carrying the gospel to the rebels of East Tennessee. Franklin would not have succeeded as an army contractor; Shakespeare would have failed as a New York reporter, --he would have lacked the required fancy and imagination.

Never ridicule the juvenile composition. They are often exceedingly profound. Here is one on The Elephant--so complimentary to the elephant, indeed, that he might well be proud to carry it in his trunk:

THE ELEPHANT

The Elephant is the most largest animal in the whole world. He eats hay and corn, just like a horse or a oxen. You must not give the Elephant tobacker, because if you do he will stamp his great big feet upon to you, and kill you Fatally Dead. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest animal in the whole world, but as for me, give me the American Eagle and Star Spangled Banner.²⁸

There is a hidden beauty, too, about the following juvenile poem. It is entitled "Verses Suggested by My Two Uncles."

Uncle Simon he
 Clum up a tree
 To see what he could see
 When presentlee
 Uncle Jim
 Clum up beside of him
 And squatted down by he.²⁹

[Ward here alluded to some of his own early efforts as a writer, mentioning an essay which he had written upon Africa. He then brought up the subject of would-be writers, and castigated them as follows:]

He is a sad and yet at times an amusing spectacle. He rails at society; he sneers at virtue; he attempts -- but how signally he fails -- to be smart at the expense of religion; and everything that is not destructively fast is, to his jaundiced vision, dismally slow. He has read all of Byron's poems, studiously ignoring all that unhappy lord's good ones, and he essays weak imitations of the bad ones. What can be more dreary than vicious stupidity. I am by no means an admirer of highwaymen, but, if I had lived in the time of Richard Turpin, I think I should have been willing enough to give my watch and purse had I encountered that popular robber on Hounslow Heath. For, look ye, Turpin was a daring, fascinating sort of fellow, polite to ladies, and pleasant to everybody if so be the gold and diamonds were forthcoming on demand. Who shall say that Turpin was not a gentleman beside the army contractor and other robbers of the present day? He rode a splendid black mare too--her name was Bess--and he did not seek to at all disguise the fact that he gained his living, and a pretty princely living, too, upon the road. That was brilliant rascality, which is sometimes tolerable; but dull knavery, be it ever so elaborately gilded, is insufferable.

If the crushed literary young man, trying so vainly to imitate the author of Childe Harold, would stop snarling at everything good, and write some useful poem, like--

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November,

or a cheerful refrain with a healthy sentiment, no matter if the chorus was "Hoop-de-dooden-doo," he wouldn't be crushed. Only bad poets are put through the crushing process. No one ever heard Mr. Whittier complain of being crushed. Messrs. Bryant and Halleck were never heard to openly bewail a similar misfortune. And our last advices from Mr. Longfellow do not in any manner denote that the author of "Evangeline" has the world's cold shoulder. We should be glad of this. We should rejoice that the world knows wheat from chaff. And if the world were a little less kind towards French novels, --the apparent chief object of which is to tell us, in the most sparkling and piquant manner possible, that it is quite right to run off with other men's wives, --we should get along very well indeed.

Some reforms are quite evidently needed in our social system. Where are the reformers?

We have them. Oh, yes! And a nice lot of people they are.

Some of them are "electro-mesmerico biologists";

Some are "phychycologists";

Some are "hippo-hifalutino-hum-buggo-prestidigitateurs," while others are "mejeums."

The "mejeums" have called the spirits to their aid, and a man can go among them and learn all about what his defunct grandfather thinks of the war, or next year's crop of cabbages. They likewise cure the headache, gout, consumption, measles, teething, and, for aught I know, spavin and corns, by the "laying on of hands."

Some of these reformers are opposed to razors. Others are opposed to warm bread. Others are opposed to law. Others are opposed to the Bible. All are opposed to work. They toil not, neither do they spin. It was a "reformer" who, being thirsty one hot summer's day, took a tea-kettle of boiling water off the stove, and waited for it to cool, too lazy to go to the spring and get a drink. That was about as lazy a thing as a man could possibly do, even if he exerted himself. They, however, fight terrific battles in the realm of thought. A very safe place to fight in. We have Home-Guards of the same warlike character, who daily cover themselves with imaginary gore. These reformers use fearful words,--ponderous, tremendous, jaw-dislocated words,--words which would have caused the late N. Webster to froth at the mouth, and made the ever-to-be-remembered Walker beat his brains out with his own dictionary,³⁰ in sheer despair.

Some of them would have us abandon our delicious Young Hyson and sparkling Old Java. They would even rob the old man who sits in the chimney-corner of his pipe of clay. "Tobacco," observes one of these reformers, "will kill a dog." Well, let us not give our dogs tobacco, then. By that means we may save them."³¹

The honest reformer I would treat gently; it is the meek philanthropists, the Aminidab Sleeks, I would condemn. Just now, John Bull gives us practical example of this kind of reformatory philosophy. The clanking of the chains of our slaves troubled him once. Now, his ears are so full of cotton that he cannot hear a clank.

England calls herself our mother; if she is so, we would be better off to be orphans. But she has proved herself a mother-in-law, and a mother-in-law is sometimes a great trouble. Adam was happy because he never had a mother-in-law. But we have heart enough, brain enough, men enough, and money enough to fight our battles without the aid of England, the sword of Garibaldi, or the mediation of Smith O'Brien.³² The Goddess of Liberty is no unprotected female. She is as well set up with as any young lady of my acquaintance. Twice has the British Lion come to the West, and re-

turned with his tail several inches shorter than he came. If he comes again he will return without any tail at all! -- His tail is not to be continued, like the tales in the Ledger.³³

This, gentlemen and ladies, is what I might have said if my subject had not been the Children in the Wood! And here would have been a good place to speak of those peace men who shriek for compromise, while the red knife of rebellion is searching for the heart of the Republic. There can be no peace until this rebellion is crushed.³⁴

Once on a time a nice young Frenchman came over glowing with patriotic fire. There is a nice hotel in this country named in his honor; it is situated in New York harbor;³⁵ has accommodations both for man and beast, the landlord is a prince of good fellows. Southern gentlemen patronize the Hotel de Lafayette. Mason and Slidell would have put up there, but thought they would get better accommodations at Mr. Warren's hotel, Boston Harbor.³⁶ Both are kept on the Southern plan.³⁷

If I had not chosen another subject I might have spoken of those honest but absurd people, who make very singular speeches. Like the young widow who said at her husband's funeral, "Just wait till I get my things on, and we'll start this man right along;" or the man who at his wife's grave, said, looking at his borrowed watch, "It was just twenty minutes past three when we got her in," or the young man from the country, who pointing with his blue cotton umbrella to a piece of statuary in his city cousin's house, said, "Wouldn't that cupid look a little better with trowsers on?"³⁸

I don't know whether the late Joseph Miller, Esq. (who, by the way, still writes exclusively for all our comic papers) originated this trifle or not, but I will relate it or perish in the attempt. The efficient manager was pointing out the peculiarities of the Siamese Twins to a deeply interested audience, when a gentleman gravely inquired if they were brothers!

I have the misfortune to know a showman, an illiterate fellow, who spells Constantinople with a little "k," Jordan with a little "g," and business with four "z's," when every intelligent person knows there should only be three "s's" in business. I say I know a showman who, upon being asked by an old lady "if she couldn't go in without paying," replied, "No, marm, but you can pay without going in."

It is utterly impossible, grave as the subject is, to resist a smile in reading the obituary poetry which now and then finds its way into the newspapers. Such lines as these occasionally meet the eye;

Death has claimed our little Moses,

And he is now a flower among several other kinds of roses.

This is sad trash--very little, if at all, superior to the western poet's celebrated couplet:

I love the blooming daffodil, and various kinds of roses;
I also love the old gray hoss, for when he goes, he go-sis.

There are people, however, who are disagreeably absurd. For instance, a man in York State arose and left the hall because he didn't like my lecture. That man will come to a bad end.

I here leave the absurd people for the purpose of saying a few words about Debt and Debtors. The most of us, I take it, have had a grandmother. I hope so; and that grandmother might have told you charming stories of ghosts which had "appeared" to various worthy and strictly reliable persons within the circle of her acquaintance--cheering stories to go to one's trundle-bed on, as I very well remember. But these ghosts rarely harmed anyone. I never learned of their carrying off the spoons, and they most always conducted themselves in an exemplary manner.

But debt is a different kind of ghost. It is a healthy, a tenacious ghost. A ghost you can depend upon. Unlike the more considerate and courteous, sheeted dead, it comes in broad daylight, and, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, it positively declines to down. Debt is one of the giant curses of the day, and yet I suspect the utterance of a thousand virtuous truisms on this head would be of little avail. When gorillas are particular about changing their linen; when the omnibus horses on Broadway look contented and cheerful; when postmasters resign; when glaring impossibilities become possible, then, but I suspect not until then, will certain people stop dreaming.

"In the midst of life we are in debt."

Looking back into the practical Past we see a pleasant picture of a homely house in the woods, far from the noisy town. Huge logs blaze cheerily upon the hearth of stone; the winter wind roars wildly without. What cares the rosy Mehitable Baxter for that, sitting in a plain wooden chair before the fire? What cares John Jones, sitting on another plain wooden chair, before the same fire, and not very far from Mehitable? for here is what follows:

Presently he hitches his chair a little nearer to her, and she hitches her chair a little nearer to him. Then they both hitch their chairs, and continue to hitch, and hitch, until they can't get any hitcher. There is no sofa in the house, and you know a young man's arm will get tired. Hence let us excuse John Jones if his right arm does rest on Mehitable's chair, and if it dropped so as to encompass her waist, let us believe that it was purely accidental. She tells him she wishes he wouldn't. Their lips are near together. Again she wishes he wouldn't, and he wouldn't's. We have all been present at the opening of pop beer, and remember the peculiar sound incident to that refreshing operation. By and by John and Mehitable wouldn't again. Who wouldn't under similar circumstances? Anybody would.

It is modestly submitted that parents are apt to regard love's young dream with a too cool and calculating eye, apparently forgetting that they were once young themselves. Henry Adolphus addresses some verse in the "Poet's Corner" of the village newspaper to Henrietta, in which he alludes to that young lady's "drooping eyelids." Henrietta's parents say, "Never mind the gal's eyelids, young man. Have you any property? Our daughter's eyelids may droop, but, in case you marry her, have you money enough to keep out of the poor house?"

Advertising for a wife is about as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. It is absurd--it is mean--and I suspect that the most of those fellows who adopt that method of securing domestic bliss ought to hammer stone in some well regulated penitentiary. Once in a while, however, there may be a simple-minded but meritorious young man among those advertisers, and to him the lecturer would say, why advertise? There is probably some young lady of your acquaintance for whom you have a certain regard. Why not go to her boldly, and tell her there is a commodious apartment to let in your heart, with board? If you get the mitten, do not despair, but charge gallantly elsewhere for another mitten. You may as well have a pair of mittens. One mitten is of no possible use. I know a young man out West who has got mittens enough to go peddling and he is yet healthy.

Don't be bashful, young man. Don't be like the young person who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a pretty girl one bright moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was:

"It is quite moony to-night!"

"Yes," she replied, "muchly!"

And there wasn't another word said.

We read of sylphs. I don't object to sylphs. We can endure sylphs. But, if I were a sylph, --I am not one--I never claimed to be one, --but if I was one, I think I would try to adapt myself to the earth while I adorned it. Occasionally the novelist exhibits a gushing child of nature to us, which is Bad; and if it was my last breath--if it was positively, without reserve, my last gasp--I would say, with all the feeling possible, Don't Gush!³⁹

[At this point Ward praised highly the patriotic spirit of the young women of the time. Their patriotism, he said, was equal to that of the American women of 1776.]

I suppose you want to hear something about the Children in the Wood. They were good children. They were unfortunate, but entirely respectable. But I found the subject such a difficult one to write about that I concluded I would not deliver a lecture on the Children in the Wood this evening. I may do so sometime, however, and so in bidding you good night, I shall take the liberty of saying,

"To be continued!"⁴⁰

Footnotes:

¹ Although the lecture was popularly known as "Babes in the Wood," Ward himself advertised it and announced it from the platform as "The Children in the Wood." Ward's broadside in Clifton Waller Barrett's Collection of First Editions and Manuscripts of American Literature carries the latter title.

² See Don C. Seitz, Artemus Ward: A Biography and Bibliography (New York, 1919), 100-111, for a partial itinerary, and my article, "Artemus Ward's First Lecture Tour," American Literature, XXXIV (Jan., 1963), 571-573. This paper is based on newspaper reports of thirty-two lectures.

³ Boston Evening Transcript, Dec. 7, 1861; Concord (New Hampshire) Independent Democrat, Dec. 12, 1861; Newburyport (Massachusetts) Daily Herald, Dec. 2, 1861; Manchester (New Hampshire) Daily American, Dec. 21, 1861.

⁴ Portland Daily Advertiser, Feb. 6, 1862.

⁵ Paterson Guardian, Dec. 10, 1861.

⁶ Mark Twain, a decade later, had to contend with this same bias. See Fred Lorch, "Mark Twain's 'Artemus Ward' Lecture on the Tour of 1871-1872," The New England Quarterly, XXV (Sept., 1952), 327-343.

⁷ Newark Daily Advertiser, Dec. 3, 1861.

⁸ Madison Evening Patriot, May 30, 1862.

⁹ Salem Register, Dec. 9, 1861.

¹⁰ New Haven Daily Register, Dec. 27, 1861.

¹¹ New Haven Daily Palladium, Dec. 27, 1861.

¹² Jan. 27, 1862.

¹³ In the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Jan. 21, 1859, Ward stated that he would just as soon see a "perpendicular coffin behind a lecture desk as Emerson."

¹⁴ See London Spectator, Nov. 24, 1866.

¹⁵ The lecture to this point is from the Boston Post, Dec. 7, 1861.

¹⁶ Portland Transcript, Feb. 15, 1862.

¹⁷ Chicago Times, Jan. 22, 1862.

¹⁸ Portland Transcript.

¹⁹ Chicago Times.

²⁰ John Buchanan Floyd, who had been Secretary of War under Buchanan, was popularly supposed to have given ammunition and supplies to the South by sending them to southern forts and arsenals.

²¹ Portland Transcript.

²² Syracuse Daily Journal, Jan. 9, 1862.

²³ A melodramatic tragic character of John Home's Douglas, written in 1757. During the season of 1861-62, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallock and

E. L. Davenport toured with Home's Douglas and a number of Shakespearean plays.

²⁴ Major General Robert Patterson commanded Union troops along the upper Potomac in June and July 1861.

²⁵ William Howard Russell, correspondent for the London Times, became persona non grata to the Union because of his detailed and embarrassingly accurate report of the rout from Bull Run in July 1861.

²⁶ Major Robert Anderson was assigned to command Fort Sumter on November 15, 1860; he surrendered it on April 14, 1861, to Beauregard's Confederate forces.

²⁷ William Gannaway Brownlow was a strong Unionist who became governor of Tennessee at the end of the war.

²⁸ A slightly different version of this piece had appeared in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Nov. 10, 1859.

²⁹ These verses, too, had appeared in the above issue of the Plain Dealer.

³⁰ John Walker's A Dictionary of the English Language. This dictionary, in which words are listed according to their terminations, contains an index of "allowable rhymes."

³¹ Chicago Times.

³² William Smith O'Brien (1803-1864) was an Irish insurgent and leader of the Repeal League of Ireland.

³³ The New York Ledger, a story-weekly, which specialized in the publication of serialized sensational and sentimental novels.

³⁴ Portland Transcript.

³⁵ Fort Lafayette, in which Confederate prisoners of war were confined.

³⁶ A reference to Fort Warren, where Mason and Slidell were confined in the fall of 1861.

³⁷ Brooklyn Evening Star, Dec. 13, 1861.

³⁸ The Portland Transcript.

³⁹ Chicago Times.

⁴⁰ Chicago Times.

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