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VII

The Ancestral Mansion and the Haunted House

The beginning of Bracebridge Hall (1822) shows an Irving highly conscious of the mask he had created for himself in The Sketch Book. The title-page motto magnifies Crayon into a world traveler, and in “The Author” he pulls out all the stops to harmonize again on the theme of national differences. “It has been a matter of marvel, to my European readers,” he says, “that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English.” He fears that he has been overpraised and that his English topics aren’t very original but hopes that they at least will continue to be of interest “when discussed by the pen of a stranger.” For “England is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome” (pp. 10–11). There follows one of American literature’s more memorable declarations of the attraction of “an old state of society” for a man from a new world:

Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, anticipation; where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay.

His feelings were what might have been expected of an American raised on English history, on poetic allusions to larks and

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nightingales, on magazine illustrations of London landmarks, on English books which made him “familiar with the names of . . . streets and squares, and public places” in London before he knew those of New York. “Having been brought up also,” he says a bit later, “in the comparative simplicity of a republic, I am apt to be struck with even the ordinary circumstances incident to an aristocratical state of society” (pp. 12–14).

Irving was trying to stay in character, to work out a literary destiny as a representative American in Europe. He had been successful in the part in The Sketch Book. He had won the acceptance not only of the Edinburgh Review (which was perhaps not surprising in view of his acquaintances with Scott and with the Francis Jeffrey circle in Edinburgh) but also of that particular scourge of American authors, William Gifford of the Quarterly. Already he was something of a celebrity in London. John Murray was his publisher, and he counted such authors as Isaac D’Israeli, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, and Samuel Rogers among his friends. Uncertain as to his next literary venture, he had responded to Moore’s suggestion that he follow up Crayon’s Christmas visit to Bracebridge Hall in The Sketch Book with a book-length sojourn.¹

But writing sketchbooks proved to be something Irving could not do automatically. Bracebridge Hall ran into difficulties, and, though generally well received, it was thought to be a falling-off from its predecessor. One disappointment is the diminution of the personal, wistful quality, a consequence of Irving’s not utilizing fully the Crayonesque viewpoint. The emphasis is again on place, landscape, environment, atmosphere, manners, customs. But, whereas the Christmas sketches, which started with Geoffrey Crayon on the road and stopping over at random inns, had rescued him from solitude and found him a temporary home, Bracebridge largely dispenses with this narrative prop. Crayon is present as a guest during the festivities leading up to the marriage of one of the Squire’s sons. We find him at the very beginning contemplating the “prospect” from his window (p.

¹ STW, I, 202.
With general consistency the book moves outward from his room to the Bracebridge estate, the nearby village, and the surrounding countryside, all leading more or less in the direction of a consideration of the national character. But there is not sufficient concern with the personal attitudes and reactions of Crayon to guarantee *Bracebridge Hall* the kind of unity implicit in *The Sketch Book*. This unity Irving did not achieve again until *The Alhambra*.

In *The Sketch Book* Irving had used the Bracebridge estate as a place of refuge for Crayon at a time when “nature” lay “wrapped in her shroud of snow.” The function of Christmas had been to fill up houses, brighten hearths, and shut out darkness and ill feeling, like a roaring fire diffusing “an artificial summer and sunshine through the room” (*SB*, pp. 226–27). In contrast to the solitary Crayon, the figure of a coachman, with his vehicle jammed with passengers “bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner,” presides over the early part of the Christmas sequence in *The Sketch Book*. His “jolly dimensions,” a swelling brought on “by frequent potations of malt liquors” and extended by his being “buried like a cauliflower” in a “multiplicity of coats,” are a part of the largesse of feeling attached to the season (pp. 231–33). A day’s ride with this fat god of good tidings and connections made prepares Crayon for an accidental meeting with young Frank Bracebridge at an inn, whence he is hustled away to Bracebridge Hall, to a magical Christmas-card world. There, under the eye of the benign Squire, everything tends to become song, sport, pageant, or ritual.

It is primarily the novelty of festival pastimes, the keeping up of “the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles” (p. 245), that gives Bracebridge Hall importance in *The Sketch Book*. Crayon’s temporary homecoming becomes in part the American writer’s discovery of traditional forms and symbols whose absence from his own country he laments. They become so palpable as to turn, almost literally, into dramatis personae. In the Christmas sermon, for instance, the parson gets “completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the
Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by proclamation.” These were the times of “the fiery persecution of poor mince-pie throughout the land,” the denunciation of “plum porridge . . . as ‘mere popery,’ and roast-beef as anti-Christian.” No relief came until Christmas was “brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration” (pp. 265–66).

The martial imagery here, the overtones of battle, both echo Butler’s Hudibras and suggest what Hawthorne was to do in “The May-Pole of Merry Mount” with the device of having puritans make war on ceremony and ritual. After the Christmas dinner several of the figures from the sermon actually materialize, as the guests at Bracebridge Hall perform a “burlesque imitation of an antique mask,” based, we are informed by Crayon, on Ben Jonson’s Masque of Christmas. Master Simon, the Squire’s relative, plays the lead as Ancient Christmas, while Dame Mince Pie, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding join in the procession, oddly mixed with such characters as Robin Hood and Maid Marian. The “medley of costumes” makes it appear that “the old family portraits” have “skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries [are] figuring at cross hands and right and left; the dark ages . . . cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jigging merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations” (pp. 286–88).

Thirty years later Miles Coverdale was to witness at Blithedale, though with less pleasure than Crayon, a masquerade in which there was a similar quaint mixture of figures from various settings, creatures out of Greek and Christian myths juxtaposed with each other and with native American heroes.

Such parallels suggest not only the excitement that Irving’s exploration of English folklore and tradition helped to generate, especially in Hawthorne, but also an important connection between that sort of excitement and the American concern for the

2 Canto I.
3 Hawthorne, Blithedale, chap. xxiv.
Puritan past. There was, for instance, a deeper significance for nineteenth-century Americans in Crayon’s description of “Yule clogs” and mistletoe than is usually noticed today. Christmas was still a subject of controversy in the United States. As the sailing of the “Pequod” on Christmas in *Moby-Dick* makes clear, the day, for some industrious Christians, was not an occasion for celebration at all but an incentive to harder work. “Puritan opposition” to Christmas did not disappear, nor was the day formally recognized as a “national holiday” or accepted as a “folk festival” until well into the century. Meanwhile sects which did and did not observe Christmas still eyed each other suspiciously.

But while the Squire’s interest in traditions is a reflection of Irving’s reading in old almanacs, song books, handbooks for gentlemen, and compendia of ancient customs such as Joseph Strutt’s *English Sports and Pastimes*, Irving refuses to allow the interest to degenerate into mere antiquarianism. In the Christmas series, using a pair of dubious figures, he directs a steady undercurrent of humor against the very flair for the traditional which is so vital to the work. One of these figures is Master Simon, “a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor.” His nose is “shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn.” He has a quick, vivacious, and droll eye and can “cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature that the young folks . . . die with laughing.” Yet Simon is a

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4 Daniel Hoffman’s discussion of “The May-Pole of Merry Mount” (*Form and Fable*, chap. vii) brings out strongly Hawthorne’s interest in English folk custom. He stresses Hawthorne’s reliance on Joseph Strutt’s *English Sports and Pastimes* and especially on William Hone’s *The Every Day Book*. But I suspect Irving may have been equally important, at least as an original stimulus to further investigation by Hawthorne. To reread the Christmas series in *The Sketch Book* and “May-Day Customs” (partly reproduced in Hone) and “May-Day” from *Bracebridge Hall* is to be struck by the frequency with which costumes, customs, gestures, and rituals that Irving describes, passages of English verse that he quotes, and comments that he makes relate to aspects of Hawthorne’s knowledge and awareness which Hoffman sees fit to discuss.

sterile offshoot of the family, particularly in contrast to the Squire. Having no immediate connection with any of the others, he revolves “through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit,” is essentially flighty and frivolous, flirts with all the ladies, talks much of marrying, but backs away at the crisis. While the Squire superintends his estate, raises his family, and cultivates venerable traditions in order to implant manly feelings in his sons, the interest Master Simon takes “in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge” stems from his having essentially nothing to do (pp. 248–49).

If Simon’s attitude toward the past is frivolous, the parson’s is unhealthy. He is portrayed as another Knickerbocker, a “little, meagre, black-looking man,” with an ill-fitting, “grizzled wig” and a head that seems “to have shrunk away within it, like a dried filbert in its shell.” The Squire, realizing the parson’s love of old books, has set him to doing research into “the festive rites and holiday customs of former times.” The parson complies zealously, but it is “merely with that plodding spirit with which men of adust temperament follow up any track of study, merely because it is denominated learning” (pp. 261–62). On the whole, in the Christmas series Crayon, who is allied with the Squire, can laugh off in the holiday spirit the threat of dryness and sterility in the behavior of Simon and the parson. Irving does not let the reader become aware enough of character to ask the kinds of questions that were bound to come up in a longer work, questions as to the moral and social implications of the Squire’s interest in tradition.

But the festive interest in itself was not enough to sustain a whole book about the Hall. Although Irving tried in Bracebridge Hall to give the Squire another good excuse for reviving ancient rites and pastimes by building toward a climax in a rousing May Day celebration, the emphasis on spring, rebirth, and procreation required at least a pair of lovers and a marriage—and one pair of lovers attracted others. Still composing by contrast and complement, Irving began adding stereotyped characters out of British comedy and sentimental fiction: Lady Lillycraft, the rich but antiquated widow, whose mind dwells only on her
deboutante days before her looks were ruined by smallpox, who loves lovers and love stories and who flutters the feeble pulse of Master Simon; General Harbottle, retired, another bachelor, who eats inordinately, ogles Lady Lillycraft, is bored by love stories, and talks endlessly about campaigns in India; Hannah, an aging spinster and maid to Lady Lillycraft; Christy, the crusty old-bachelor huntsman; and Phoebe Wilkins, the housekeeper’s niece, educated above her station and in love with the son of a prosperous yeoman who, everyone fears, will not tolerate an alliance between his family and the servant class.

Adding them all up, we get in Bracebridge Hall the rough outlines of a quadruple plot: an upper-class romance between the Squire’s son and his fiancée, the fair Julia; a comic counterpart to this in the Lillycraft-Simon-Harbottle triangle; a middle-class intrigue turning on Phoebe; and at the end, on a still lower social level, the surprise engagement of Hannah and Christy. Meanwhile titillating suggestions of sexuality hover about a band of gypsies in the vicinity, whom the bachelors make occasional jaunts to see. Crayon, Simon, and Harbottle relish the romantic innuendo that goes with the rituals of fortune-telling and arranging for false fortunes as practical jokes.

To prolong the activity, Irving has the fair Julia take a bad enough fall from her horse to have to postpone the wedding until later in the month. And this is about all that happens to her, except that she is crowned by the Queen of the May and finally married. Among the other couples, however, there are conventional maneuverings which provide pretexts for spinning things out to greater length. Thus Bracebridge Hall, though it is another collection of essays, sketches, and tales, comes close to turning into a novel.

But Irving, with what in one sense seems sound instinct (though he is flirting with literary suicide) refuses to be drawn into developing a single sustained complication as a rack on which to hang his scenes and characters. He offers no suspense, no real action. What could he have done but produce a faint imitation

6 "... I am not writing a novel, and have nothing of intricate plot or marvelous adventure to promise the reader." B, p. 18.
of Fielding, Jane Austen, Scott, or any of the dozens of writers who had made the country gentleman, the manor, and the village the staples of English fiction? Not pretending to originality of character, he could at least draw freely on the stereotypes of that fiction and treat them with a certain playfulness. The light, frequently mocking touch keeps the reader at a distance, free from involvement with character. And as he piles up stock characters, he unconsciously produces something close to a parody of a novel. In this sense, one sometimes wishes he had gone further.

The sentimentality, the heavy emphasis on home and harmony that one might have expected after *The Sketch Book*, on the whole fails to materialize in *Bracebridge*. Irving does provide a few outright sops for sentimental readers, including two of the four interpolated tales in the book, the pathetic “Annette Delarbre” and “The Student of Salamanca,” a dreadful gothic melodrama. But for the most part contemporary readers had to satisfy their appetite for sentiment by ignoring, or discounting the full import of, the quasi-satirical humor that surrounds all the flocking about the nest (and this was a feat of which a good many of Irving’s admirers appear to have been capable).

The surprising thing is that the twentieth-century reader tends to read the book in much the same way, except that because he disapproves of sentimentality he finds it difficult to tolerate *Bracebridge Hall*. Stanley Williams put it bluntly: this “insipid” book serves “an interest long since dead”; Irving, in his “determination to de-Americanize himself,” employs “orthodox rhetoric,” unites “an approved style with an approved subject,” and romantically idealizes “English village life” in conformity with a “tendency still alive in reactionary literary groups.” But a close look will not bear out the interpretation. The social orders in *Bracebridge* prove not to be so mutually subservient to, and respectful of, one another as one would expect. And Irving, far

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7 And “St. Mark’s Eve” is full of sentimental regret at Crayon’s inability to believe literally in the existence of spirits and guardian angels.

8 See, for instance, the review of *Bracebridge Hall* in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, XI (June, 1822), 91–96, or that in the *Monthly Review; or Literary Journal*, XCVIII (August, 1822), 400–414.

9 STW, I, 211.
from uncritically endorsing all of the Squire’s views, leans rather toward exposing him as an ineffectual, if lovable, Quixote.

The Squire has something of the old feudal feeling. He looks back with regret to the “good old times,” when journeys were only made on horseback, and the extraordinary difficulties of travelling, owing to bad roads, bad accommodations, and highway robbers, seemed to separate each village and hamlet from the rest of the world. The lord of the manor was then a kind of monarch in the little realm around him.

Benevolent as the Squire’s despotism may be at Bracebridge Hall, it is in no way made to seem an adequate compensation for perpetuating anarchy on the highways. The Squire actually prefers wretched traveling conditions because they promise him “adventures.” When he sallies forth on horseback, he fancies himself “a knight-errant on an enterprise.” He prefers to the “more spacious and modern inns” the older establishments, “ancient houses of wood and plaster.” And he “would cheerfully put up with bad cheer and bad accommodations in the gratification of his humor” (B, pp. 332–35).

He also keeps gypsies in the vicinity of the Hall in spite of the protests of the community, in order to add color to country life. They become his allies in superstition and adherence to old customs, his examples of natural boldness and manly courage. But they take advantage of him by robbing his sheep, the arch sheep-stealer being Starlight Tom, the jolliest and the most daring gypsy of all and the one most willing to help the Squire promote ancient sports and pastimes. When Tom is caught by Ready-Money Jack, the yeoman farmer, the Squire, as justice

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10 Williams wrote that Irving “anxiously debates the dreadful question of whether the passion for coaches will destroy the temper of the old English gentry.” STW, I, 211–12. But there is no anxiety in Crayon. Only to the slightly quixotic Squire is the question a “dreadful” one. In “Horsemanship” Crayon’s sympathy for the Squire’s insistence that being a good rider is essential to manliness is qualified by views we get of the recklessness of the Squire’s sons as riders, and of the greater interest one son at Oxford shows in keeping a horse than in keeping a tutor. By the time we get to “Travelling,” a much later essay, the Squire’s character as a fond lover of old fashions who vainly fights the future and is not really capable of dealing effectively with the present has been so firmly established that Crayon in the first sentence can present the Squire’s concern with horsemanship as at best an ability for riding a delightful hobby horse.
of the peace, has to preside at the trial, and in the courtroom order comes close to breaking down completely. The Squire has no stomach for the job and unfortunately is supported in sympathy for the culprit by most of the women of his household who, under the influence of the fiction they read and the fortunes they hear from the gypsy women, are all too eager to take Tom for a romantic desperado. Slingsby, the good-natured schoolmaster, willingly undertakes to defend Tom, summoning up arguments more from the “heart” than the “head.” And, in spite of anything Master Simon, as clerk of the court, can do, dignity and decorum go by the board.

Irving describes the scene with a gusto reminiscent of that in some of the scenes of furious confusion in *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*. If he had been able to work up to such outbursts more frequently, *Bracebridge Hall* might have become a successful comic novel. The Squire is forced to convict Starlight Tom, only to discover that he has no jail in which to house him. Christy and the gamekeeper, who represent the forces really bent on stopping the gypsy depredations, volunteer to stand guard all night with a “fowling-piece” and an “ancient blunderbuss.” But although Starlight Tom is shut up in an old tower on the estate, by morning he has flown the coop—an apt metaphor in this case, since Tom has been seen already as a “hawk entrapped in a dovecote,” and hawks, as we shall see, exist as something more than figures of speech at Bracebridge Hall (pp. 348–55).

Irving probably discusses topics such as the absenteeism of the landed gentry because it was conventional to touch on them in English novels of country life, just as it was conventional to create scenes in which squires acted as justices of the peace. He was hardly a profound or original social thinker. But even at this stage in his career one can easily exaggerate Irving’s conservatism. He may show dislike of the village “radical,” who reads Cobbett and the newspapers, by giving him a “long, pale, bilious face; a black beard, so ill-shaven as to leave marks of blood on his shirt-collar; a feverish eye.” But the radical’s

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aristocratic and middle-class antagonists are hardly made a match for him. He terrifies Master Simon, saddens the Squire, who hates to see politics intruded into the quiet complacency of the village, and arouses the violent and wholly irrational hostility of Ready-Money Jack Tibbets. Irving's tone implies that politics and talk about reform have come to the village to stay. Opposition to the radical is ironically defined as a fear that the community, which is the Squire's personal protectorate, will be transformed into an "unhappy, thinking" one (pp. 280–83).\footnote{Williams, however, found "The Village Politician" not only "banal" but reactionary. \textit{STW}, I, 211.}

When \textit{Bracebridge Hall} appeared in the spring of 1822, Cooper was hard at work on \textit{The Pioneers}, the first of his Leatherstocking novels. Though the two books are fundamentally different in attitude, and as different in structure as a novel and a loose collection of essays and sketches can be, nevertheless, because of their heavy indebtednesses to certain conventions of the English novel, they have a good many resemblances to each other. Each presents a comprehensive view of a small, rural, relatively isolated community, taking care to include representatives of the various prominent social types. In spite of the fact that one is British and the other American, the two communities have much in common: both are dominated by paternalistic landlords who seek through force of character and personal example to encourage on all social levels a respect for law, order, custom, and ceremony. Both Squire Bracebridge and Cooper's Judge Temple, as conservators of traditional values and natural resources, are opponents of selfish commercialism.

In the matter of particular parallels (though the details mentioned here do not always have the same kind or degree of significance for both authors), both books deal with the wanton destruction of trees and contain scenes in which flocks of birds are slaughtered; both the Squire and the Judge have imported into their domains Anglican clergymen who are (in different ways) pedantic and literal-minded, although good-natured and well-meaning; and both landlords are assisted and at the same time often thwarted by relatives (Master Simon and Richard
Jones, the Judge's brother-in-law) who, not really understanding the Squire's and the Judge's visions of the ideal society, act largely out of purely personal motives. There are characters in both books who, in contrast to the landlords, are overzealous about exacting the penalty of the law, and each contains a tavern-haunting village malcontent or agitator.¹³

Most interesting of all, the relationship between Judge Temple and Natty Bumppo bears resemblance to that between the Squire and Starlight Tom, the gypsy sheep-stealer. The gypsies, like Natty and Indian John, represent a way of life outside the normal social order, a life closer to nature and therefore more robust and spontaneous.¹⁴ While the landlords tolerate, and indeed encourage, the presence of the outsiders as "squatters" on their lands, both Natty and Tom run afoul of the law and become "outlaws," the one by stealing sheep, the other by killing a deer out of season; in each case the culprit is apprehended not by the landlord himself but by characters who occupy intermediary positions on the social scale. Although the landlords sympathize with the defendants, both are forced to apply the law, hold trials, and serve as judges. At bottom, Judge Temple recognizes in Natty's stubborn insistence on his natural rights a sense of freedom more substantial, because less self-centered, than that implicit in the behavior of many law-abiding citizens who use their connection with law-enforcement agencies to promote their own importance. Squire Bracebridge's sympathy for Starlight Tom is more sentimental; Tom is a less reputable character than Natty. Nevertheless, even in Tom there is an element of manly strength. Finally, both Irving and Cooper stage jailbreaks which expose the incompetence of (in some cases self-appointed) petty officials and the resourcefulness of the "outcasts."¹⁵

¹³ A similarity of names, Cooper's Judge Temple and Irving's Julia Templeton, is simply another reminder of how convention-ridden English and American fiction was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Probably both writers had Susanna Rowson's Charlotte Temple (1791) somewhere in mind.

¹⁴ Crayon talks about the "primitive independence" of the gypsies and specifically compares them with the American Indians. B, pp. 258-59.

¹⁵ On the English novel's conventional concern with poaching, see Slagle, pp. 60-64.
The comparison suggests how close Irving was to writing a novel and yet how far he was from doing so. In *Bracebridge Hall* the tensions are eased arbitrarily and unconvincingly, as though he hadn’t the patience to see them through. Instead of finally representing a social order, the book simply delights in disorder. One even doubts whether, had Irving as an American been foolish enough to try to write an English novel, he could have found a consistent attitude toward society on which to base it.

Crayon declares in “English Country Gentlemen” that he is “more and more confirmed in republican principles by every year’s observation and experience.” In viewing “the mixed nature of the government” of England, and “its representative form,” he seems to prize the “rural establishments” of the gentry and nobility only to the extent that they promise to promote and preserve English “freedom.” The function of the English gentleman, as Irving sees it, should be to eschew absenteeism and “lavish expenditure” and to superintend the welfare of his home community and to reside on his estate, except when he is serving in “legislative assemblies” (pp. 240–41). Irving justifies the system in theory, in spite of his loyalty to republicanism, by appealing to the Burkean and Montesquieuvian conception of the suitability of different social and governmental institutions to different peoples. When it is operating properly, the British system ought to alleviate economic distress and bring the various classes of society into closer relationship to one another.

But speaking about the privileges and responsibilities of the landed gentry, Crayon admits to being “both surprised and disappointed” to find that he was “often indulging in an Utopian dream, rather than a well-founded opinion.” Times are growing harder. The “fine estates” are “too often involved, and mortgaged, or placed in the hands of creditors, and the owners exiled.” Among the upper classes “heedless, joyous dissipation” and addiction to French pleasures are increasing. Theoretically, more squires like Bracebridge would solve the problem. In fact Crayon argues that “the virtue and welfare of the nation” depend on “the rural habits of the . . . nobility and gentry, on the manner in which they discharge their duties on their patrimonial posses-
sions” (pp. 240–42). But the increasing quirkiness of Squire Bracebridge suggests that Irving did not have much hope that his solution could be effected.16

Interesting in this connection is “English Gravity,” an essay dealing with another commonplace of English fiction, the conflict between the country gentleman and the retired bourgeois. In spite of his name, Mr. Faddy is not satirized so much for his addiction to outlandish nouveau modes as for excessive earnestness and Puritanism. He wants to put a stop to the idle pastimes, sports, and festivals that the Squire promotes. He would encourage sober industry and “plans for public utility” (p. 250) in the neighborhood. Crayon obviously finds Faddy’s aggressiveness distasteful but cannot gainsay a certain merit in some of his plans. The Squire’s reaction, on the other hand, is to fulminate less at Faddy himself than at the contemporary expansion of trade and manufactures. Crayon sympathizes up to a point, but in the end brushes off as a mere “whimsical lamentation” a long tirade in which the Squire uses imagery derived from epic descriptions of hell or gothic scenes in alchemists’ laboratories to dramatize his fear that “manufacturers will be the ruin of our rural manners” (p. 251).

Crayon, while agreeing that English character has changed since the time when the phrase “merry England” gained cur-

16 “English Country Gentlemen” is thus hardly the paean to an “outworn feudal system” that Williams implied it is. STW, I, 211. The recognition of similarities between Irving’s Bracebridge pieces and the de Coverley papers, similarities of character and situation, seems to have prepared some readers for an ultra-conservative Irving (see William Hazlitt, “Elia, and Geoffrey Crayon,” The Spirit of the Age). A careful comparison, however, I believe, would reveal Irving’s Squire as almost as much a parody of Sir Roger as Salmagundi is of the Spectator. Francis Jeffrey, reviewing Bracebridge in the Edinburgh Review (XXXVII [Nov., 1822], 340–43), though missing a good deal of the satire, at least saw the essential “neutrality” of Irving’s position in regard to English politics. This is notable in view of Jeffrey’s strong Whig commitment. He did not, like several reviewers, dismiss Irving’s representation of English life as a century or two outdated. Confessing that he was initially disturbed to see Irving using a Tory family as an “emblem of old English character,” he finally concluded that Irving really helped the Whig cause by trying to promote “benevolence” and “philanthropy,” the foundations of freedom. Jeffrey’s tendency is always to see Irving as the peace-maker—his role in “English Writers on America”—or the American cultural ambassador to Europe. The oversimplification in this view, of course, misses the subtlety of Irving, but it does not seriously misinterpret basic attitudes.
rency, attributes the difference not so much to "growing hardships" or to commercialism as (going back to the idea Irving had picked up in 1805) to "the gradual increase of the liberty of the subject, and the growing freedom and activity of opinion" (p. 254). Once again he speaks as the self-conscious, New World republican. His statements about gravity may not actually account for English character, but they reflect his American background: freer institutions promote heavy responsibilities; it is not easy for a Faddy, either in England or America, to act as an independent citizen. The conception belongs in the tradition which was to culminate in Tocqueville's remarks nearly twenty years later on the "astonishing gravity" of Americans. 17

Cooper, who was desirous of preserving in the United States the power and authority of large property-holders like his father in eighteenth-century Cooperstown, New York, found the manor-house ideal useful in fiction. Stripped of hereditary titles and privileges, but still brimful of *noblesse oblige*, the English squire proved adaptable to the American setting. The view of society that called on the well-to-do to set the tone of American civilization theoretically justified the extreme gentility or sensibility of upper-class females in fiction, a trait which Irving, in spite of sentimental leanings, was quick to satirize. And Cooper could use unblushingly a dialogue convention in which elegance and propriety of speech instantly defined the aristocrat, while dialect and bad grammar permanently froze the lower-class character in his place.

17 "I thought that the English constituted the most serious nation on the face of the earth, but I have since seen the Americans . . . ." Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, chap. xxxi. According to Tocqueville, "All free people are serious, because their minds are habitually absorbed by the contemplation of some dangerous or difficult purpose. This is more especially the case among those free nations which form democratic communities." Cf. Irving (B, p. 254):

A free people are apt to be grave and thoughtful. They have high and important matters to occupy their minds. They feel it their right, and their duty to mingle in public concerns, and to watch over the general welfare. The continual exercise of the mind on political topics gives intenser habits of thinking, and a more serious and earnest demeanor. A nation becomes less gay, but more intellectually active and vigorous. It evinces less play of the fancy, but more power of the imagination; less taste and elegance, but more grandeur of mind; less animated vivacity, but deeper enthusiasm.
The beauty of the formula of the Leatherstocking series was that it separated democratic faith from middle-class ambition, left freedom and equality shining on the frontier, and, as Henry Nash Smith has shown, tended to define the central conflict in American life as one between grand abstractions such as natural law and man-made law, wilderness and civilization, rather than as one between groups within society opposed for reasons that fell somewhat short of philosophical principle. In *The Pioneers* Cooper conveniently disposes of the potentially obstreperous small independent farmer or village shop-keeper by giving the moral supremacy to Judge Temple and by making Natty the repository of human dignity among the lower orders.

Irving was certainly sensitive to parvenuism and fearful of the blemish the factory might make on the landscape, but as an urbanite and an inhabitant of several years' standing in a country further advanced industrially than his own, he could not blink the future, even in his fondness for the past. Had he written a novel that actually represented the social situation as he saw it in Britain, it would have centered on a conflict between middle- and upper-class characters. The real issue in *Bracebridge* is between what Irving would like to think of as a benevolent authority, still potentially enforceable by the gentry, and what is in fact the erosion of that authority in the wake of the Industrial Revolution.

Without quite realizing it, Irving in *Bracebridge Hall* joins in that prolonged American search for a middle-class hero that reaches fruition in Howells and James. It is a complicated quest, and when the hero finally evolves, he comes trailing clouded origins behind him, compounding qualities that in the beginning belonged to stations both lower and higher than his own. He is asked to do the nearly impossible—which is perhaps what makes him heroic—to be middle class without being morally middlebrow, to be neither pure farmer nor pure bourgeois, but somehow a combination of rural innocence and urban know-how, to synthesize the apparently opposed but

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nonetheless essential components often fictionalized in "nature’s nobleman" and the "good squire." *Bracebridge Hall* does not advance American literature very far in this quest. But it does refuse, finally, to take the landed gentry seriously as the guardians and custodians of the social welfare. Its most substantial characters belong, curiously enough, to the middle classes.

In "The Rookery" Irving allegorizes the gentry as little better than scavenger birds, for all their pretensions to dignity. He may have intended to write about the rooks as a typical concomitant of the English manor, but once the satire starts, it seems to develop naturally. "The rooks," says Crayon, "are looked upon by the Squire as a very ancient and honorable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state. . . ." Much of the time they are to be seen "looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth." In spite of certain attractive qualities, they prove to be robber barons, who sometimes "defraud and plunder each other" and sometimes come down to perch on the heads of sheep, who bear it like "sheep." Whether the birds "requited" this "submission . . . by levying a contribution" on the "fleece," Crayon cannot tell, but he presumes that they "followed the usual custom of protecting powers" (pp. 284–88)\(^\text{19}\).

It is difficult not to read the behavior of the people of the village toward these birds as evidence of a latent hostility toward the gentry. The villagers try to slaughter young rooks late in May. The Squire won’t allow shooting on his estate, and his agent, the parson, tries to prevent it in the village, but he can’t keep order. Though the commoners aren’t very good shots, they swarm about "the old church" in large numbers, and there is great rejoicing when they get a "squab rook" (pp. 288–89).

\(^{19}\) "Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue forth from their castles on a foray, and lay the plebeian fields under contribution. . . ." *B*, p. 290.
Bird imagery elsewhere in *Bracebridge* complements the implications of "The Rookery." The Squire tries to honor an ancient custom by keeping hawks. Assisted by Simon, he pursues researches into old books to ascertain how hawks should be trained. But Christy and Simon, who are given, or simply take, charge of the birds, get into squabbles over methods of feeding and training. When a hawking expedition is finally undertaken by the whole company of the Hall, Christy makes the mistake of letting the hawk fly at a crow. It misses and then soars away. The inability of the Bracebridges and their servant to control the hawks suggests an aristocracy which, like the falcon, has outlived its original function. These gentry more closely resemble rooks, an inferior and seemingly degenerate line of scavengers, perhaps little better than the crows that Irving's imagery identifies with the gypsies.\(^{20}\) Ironically Starlight Tom, who ought to be classified with the crows, proves to be the only man possessed of hawklike daring and agility. And old Christy (and behind him the Squire) can no more control Tom than he can the hawk.

"May-Day," following hard upon "The Rookery," is further proof of the irrevocability, in Irving's eyes, of the passing of the old order. As the organized activity which the Squire seeks to inspire gets out of control, his desire to revive ancient customs is revealed as more quixotic than ever. Master Simon chooses as the May Queen a bashful, inarticulate country girl; she is supposed to crown the Squire's prospective daughter-in-law, Julia, with flowers, but the ceremony breaks down when the May Queen drops the crown and forgets the verses she was to recite, which is good fortune anyway, since she murders the king's English. The village radical, standing on the sidelines, reminds those who listen to him that elsewhere Englishmen are starving and denounces May Day as a social evil. Simon and General Harbottle try to out-talk him but are driven off, the General swelling into a veritable Colonel Blimp as he retreats. The festivities culminate in a grand free-for-all when athletes from

\(^{20}\) "... as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gypsy race. ..." *B*, p. 285.
a rival village crash the sports, and even the more important townspeople and the higher servants from the Hall, including Christy and Mistress Hannah, get involved in the fight. Significantly, it is Ready-Money Jack, the yeoman farmer, not one of the gentry, who finally asserts authority sufficient to quell the turmoil.

A small, independent, middle-class farmer with a sense of civic responsibility, Jack Tibbets combines the industry of the Yankee with the jollity and heartiness of Irving’s New York Dutchman. The satire on the gentry means that to some extent he encroaches on the Squire’s preserve as the symbol of social and political authority. Not only is he the one who restores order at the May Day brawl; he also has the good sense to set his son’s love life in order after his wife and the genteel atmosphere of the Hall have nearly ruined it. Tibbets’ wife thinks Phoebe Wilkins not good enough to marry into the family; at the same time Phoebe’s situation at the Hall as niece of the housekeeper has softened her and given her certain artificial manners which have alienated her lover. The father, however, letting no petty scruples stand in the way, promises to push through the marriage.

Ready-Money Jack is Irving’s closest approach to an English hero in *Bracebridge*. He is a sort of rural middle-class John Bull. Irving’s attitude toward him is akin to the feeling in “Little Britain” for the London cit, for all the unpleasant aggressiveness of certain tradesmen. Any middle-class hero would, for Irving, have to be above the earnest industriousness of a Robinson Crusoe, as well as the moral casuistry in which the Richardsonian heroine anchored her hopes for improving her social status. Although Tibbets at times seems merely a tight-fisted yeoman, he is a “ready-money” Jack when it comes to festive occasions, and his liberality gives him an affinity with both upper and lower classes.

But if Irving at times seems envious of those who have a clearly designated room or niche in John Bull’s mansion, he also has recollections, many of them fond, of a different order at home. “Dolph Heyliger” represents Irving’s attachment to a
view of life largely opposed to his original conception of the Hall. One could argue that it is thrown in merely as a sop to the American audience. But Irving has a penchant for putting American stories in final or climactic positions in his books. There are weaknesses in “Dolph Heyliger”: it is long and imperfectly constructed, the hero being too slight a figure to support so much narrative. Symbolically, however, his behavior is richly interpretable; in a shorter tale the lack of depth in his character would actually have proved an asset. For it is important that his actions seem largely unpremeditated. He is essentially a drifter, one whose good fortune depends on his not being too determined to possess it; he is not a hounded man.

Dolph is the real hero of *Bracebridge Hall*, a middle-class hero who marries a land-owner’s daughter, a traveler who discovers on an extended journey how to establish himself securely at home. He is also an early American boy, or boyish hero, who runs away to river and wilderness and the manly company of hunters and Indians. The picaresque narrative sets him loose in a rugged but ultimately benevolent American terrain, where a sense of spaciousness and boundless opportunity predominates. Though somewhat roguish, Dolph is basically good-natured, and, partly for his good nature, he is at last rewarded. There is an element of magic in his success.

But more is required for his success than pluck and luck, though he is notably endowed with these Horatio Alger assets. At bottom what is at issue is his relation to the past—the influence in his life of his ancestry, his parentage. His unconscious strategy is to ignore the past, to deny any excessive claims it makes on him. And in doing this, ironically, he makes the past yield him his proper heritage.

The action of the story, as in most of Irving’s tales, is largely an externalization of what is essentially a process of self-discovery. Dolph is a spiritual orphan: from his widowed mother, who lives in genteel poverty in New York, he has received distorted notions of the family past. Her ancestors have been mercantile adventurers and her husband a ship captain, but she cherishes aristocratic pretensions which are imaged
in “the family arms,” “painted and framed,” hanging “over her mantel-piece” (p. 376). Her pride, her horror of trade, and her “hoity-toity” cat make her something of a forerunner of Hawthorne’s Hepzibah Pyncheon. Dame Heyliger does not actually live in a haunted ancestral mansion, but she proves to be closely connected with one.

In her pathetic pride she envisions her son as a professional man, a doctor, but the practitioner to whom she apprentices him, Doctor Knipperhausen, is a quack, little better than a crack-pate alchemist. Dolph has no aptitude for medicine anyway. When the doctor buys an old house in the neighborhood and discovers that people won’t go near it because it is haunted, Dolph, who is bored and yearning for excitement, volunteers to stand guard there. He has the courage to hold his ground when an enigmatic ghost appears at the house. Later, however, a disquieting dream lures him away to the riverside, and, in what seems a combination of nightmare and daydream, he boards a ship on the Hudson for Albany, only to be swept overboard before long. Scrambling ashore, he at first gets lost in the forest and then is rescued by a hunting party, which he eventually accompanies to Albany. There he discovers the ghost’s identity: it is his own ancestor, a wealthy man who formerly owned the house which he now haunts.

In Freudian terms, the story is an unconscious quest for a father and rejection of an oversolicitous mother. Various aspects or degrees of fatherliness and motherliness are suggested in the narrative. Knipperhausen, whose household is a repository of contrasting symbols of sterility and fertility, is a kind of stepfather to Dolph, but, surrounded by the conventional props that Irving uses to indicate desiccation—skulls, a pre-

21 Like Hepzibah, Dolph’s mother, in her reduced circumstances, has to “cast about her for some mode of doing something for herself.” And her solution likewise is a cent-shop, which she opens in her own house—her neighbors being surprised to see in her window “a grand array of gingerbread kings and queens.” If Dame Heyliger is, on the surface, a fairly friendly person, what she lacks of Hepzibah’s scowling countenance is compensated for by her cat, the embodiment of her pride, a creature who at the appearance of an “idle vagabond dog” becomes as “indignant as ever was an ancient and ugly spinster on the approach of some graceless profligate.” B, pp. 375–76.
served fetus, stuffed lizards and snakes—he turns into the embodiment of male impotence. The balance of power in the doctor’s establishment—that is, in young Dolph’s life—is on the female side. The “strings of red pepper and corpulent cucumbers, carefully preserved for seed” (p. 380) by the old bachelor Knipperhausen’s industrious housekeeper, suggest more vitality than he can ever muster. A lame, half-blind ship captain appears in the youth’s dream the night before he goes down to the river and embarks. The next day he actually materializes on the deck of a vessel about to set sail, and issues an abrupt summons to the hesitant Dolph: “Step on board young man, or you’ll be left behind!” (p. 403). This commander, who is apparently an obscure reminder of the youth’s real father, himself a ship captain, cut off in the prime of life, represents both the fear (in Dolph) of, and the need for, an adventurous life, something Dolph’s mother has explicitly denied him.

Dolph has his affinities with Huck Finn—although the haunted mansion from which he escapes houses nothing like the horror in the squatter’s shack where Pap confines Huck. Each boy is a virtual orphan, with one real but quite inadequate parent and a variety of guardians functioning as the other parent. Both are plagued by “sivilizing” influences on the one hand and a lawless violence in nature or human nature on the other, although the threat of brutality in Irving is largely a specter, an illusion, a product of Dolph’s immaturity, whereas Huck’s fears are real. Both find temporary refuge and an almost idyllic contentment on the river; and even the mythic stillness which pervades some of Huck’s descriptions of the Mississippi occasionally develops in “Dolph Heyliger”:

In the second day of the voyage they came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat: the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues which mocked it from every cliff. (p. 404)
Though Dolph manages to save himself from drowning, his only refuge is the dark forest, where, after nightfall, he has the typical folk hero’s terrifying encounter with evil, nearly walking into a nest of writhing adders. Like Goodman Brown, who fears an Indian behind every tree, he moves on, “full of this new horror,” seeing “an adder in every curling vine.” When he happens upon a campfire, “the glare falling on painted features, and glittering on silver ornaments” warns him of Indians and gives him a further scare (pp. 408-10).

Fully lost now, he at last is ripe for finding. Anthony Vander Heyden, the Albany hunter, is the older man who helps Dolph complete his initiation into maturity and under whom he serves an apprenticeship, like a youth in Cooper who ranges the woods with Leatherstocking and Chingachgook. Vander Heyden, who is a teller of tall tales, dresses in a backwoods outfit, carries a tomahawk in his belt, befriends Indians, and, though a wealthy landowner, makes a boon companion of the vagabond Dolph. In the end Vander Heyden turns out to be a distant relative, in whose home Dolph, as though by magic, identifies the subject of an ancestral portrait as the ghost of the haunted house. Returning to New York, he recovers a treasure buried on the property years before by his ancestor. By establishing or discovering his own identity, he has made himself a rightful heir, a son to redeem his branch of the family from false pride. He marries Vander Heyden’s daughter and prospers the rest of his life.

Dolph is Irving’s perfect comic hero. Something of an idler, like Rip, he wastes time but not life. There are an essential energy and courage in him, though these qualities are not exaggerated. He has imagination, loves a good story, but does not let legends frighten him. His greatest talent is for making ghosts work for him. In Bracebridge Hall the search for tradi-

He tells the stories in the interlude called “The Storm-Ship.” He is not a regular frontier hoaxter. He does not use a vernacular style, and it is not in his character to pretend seriously to believe the fantasies he relates. But if he aims primarily at being appreciated for his ability to embroider a legend, he is not unwilling for the more naïve members of his audience to be duped, at least temporarily, into accepting his tales as truth.
tion in effect ends with Dolph, the representative of the present, succeeding nicely by refusing to be haunted by the past.

As in *The House of the Seven Gables*, a central concern in "Dolph Heyliger" is the bringing out of his exclusiveness and pretentiousness a dispossessed character living too much in the shadow of the past. Misfortune and humiliation do part of the job. The good nature, openness, courage, and common sense of a near relation—Dolph or Phoebe Pyncheon—do the rest. The story (though with a change of location it might have been shifted ahead a hundred years) takes place in the early eighteenth century, when Albany was merely a rural village. Country cousins like Phoebe, the Vander Heydens, by their freshness, conviviality, and freedom from affectation, offset the stifling nature of the town. Irving stresses the mercantile orientation of New York City; like Hawthorne, he situates in a seaport town his gloomy, secret-haunted house, built by a powerful and aggressive businessman. The preservation of a family pride basically rooted in greed has brought on, as with the Pyncheons, a moral and spiritual deterioration paralleling the physical decay of the house.

The disinherited Dolph, like Phoebe, is rewarded for the modesty of his pretensions. In both works, money magically allies itself with youth, open-mindedness, and good nature, regardless of the social station of the legatee. The cousinly relations which connect Dolph and Phoebe with wealthy families are not ways of giving these characters fancy pedigrees, not guarantees that they come from "good stock." The relations are rather metaphors, suggesting an equality of talents and moral worth which can transcend artificial social barriers. Significantly, Dolph's country cousins have largely disposed of family, class, and racial prejudices. His marriage with Vander Heyden's daughter recognizes the phenomenon of social

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23 Dame Heyliger's house, by a symbolic coincidence, burns down in Dolph's absence. She becomes helpless and destitute. Even her cat, its proudly worn whiskers singed in the fire, is humbled into a better disposition. *B*, pp. 440-43.

24 Considering the fact that Dolph has lost his ship-captain father, the resemblance of his background to Hawthorne's as it gave rise to *The House of the Seven Gables* is striking.
mobility in America and repudiates tendencies toward aristocratic exclusiveness. There are vulgar instincts in the one-time apprentice, if not, as in Holgrave, plebeian blood. Irving’s hero does not threaten, any more than do Holgrave or Vander Heyden, to try to play the fine gentleman.

The Dolph who emerges in a brief glimpse at the end of the story, the mature man and “distinguished citizen” (p. 447), is a generous, well-fed, heavy-drinking burgher. Only his rural contacts seem to have saved him from deteriorating altogether into a fat alderman with Gargantuan appetites like those depicted in *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*. Irving’s prose at the end treads a thin line between admiration and ridicule without straying in either direction for more than a phrase or two. And the final hint that the whole story may be nothing but a tall tale made up by Dolph suggests that his money-accruing propensity may be his most essential characteristic, that the story may be a way of softening or disguising it. Then one would admire the story more than the man, his vision of what he would like to have been or be more than what he has actually become. It is not with the whole solid middle class that Irving aligns himself, any more than with the rural gentry, but with the individual in either class whose spirit is not consumed in the grind of commercial competition or the effort to dignify, or preserve the dignity of, a family name.

Vander Heyden, who is, of course, a landowner, not a merchant, functions as an American foil to Irving’s English squire. He also contrasts strikingly with that other upstate New York proprietor, Judge Temple. Temple loves the land as much as Vander Heyden does and goes on hunting trips and has kind words for Natty and John Mohegan, but, conscious of his inherited position, he patronizes the town politically and keeps the lower orders at a distance socially. Irving sees Vander Heyden not as the bulwark of a social order but as something closer to the image of the completely fulfilled and free individual, who owes his identity more to his close relationship to what the romantics would call “nature” than to his connection with a particular social or political institution.
The image of a native land discernible in "Dolph," "Rip Van Winkle," "Sleepy Hollow," and the American stories in *Tales of a Traveller* (1824) largely anticipates the pleasure Irving was to take in his homecoming ten years after *Bracebridge Hall*. Like Dolph, in a sense he had had to leave home in order to discover it. The country he was to see in 1832 was the one his wishful thinking had been envisioning from Europe, and in contrast to Europe—a prosperous, expansive, warm-hearted land which guaranteed a considerable range of individual freedom, a land notably different from the nation of vulgarian conformists that Cooper would find awaiting him only a year later.

By the 1820's time and distance had enabled Irving in his American stories to transform the reality he had satirized in *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker* into dream or myth or (to use his own term) legend. In spite of the rampant insecurities which possess Ichabod Crane, Dame Heyliger, and Tom Walker and his wife, Irving was now projecting American life as more of a promise than a frustration. True, a modified mock-heroic was still his soundest approach to native subjects; he was still debunking overly intense Americanism. The Revolutionary War, for example, is slighted in "Rip Van Winkle," not because Federalist sympathies made Irving secretly long for a return to good old colonial days—the happy ending belies such an interpretation—but because, like "Dolph Heyliger" and "Sleepy Hollow," the story offers a world where strenuous heroism is beside the point. Irving's American dream is of a land which simply takes care of its own as long as it is not cared for covetously. Thus in "Sleepy Hollow" it overwhelms with abundance. The American stories reach toward a myth of deliverance from the Protestant ethic. The hero is the American who can be miraculously easygoing and industrious at the same time, who can enjoy life without resorting to "sordid, dusty, soul killing" routines or participating in sanctimonious status-seeking. This myth, as we shall see more clearly at the end of the next chapter, is in one sense a de-puritanized variation of the common one that glorifies rural America by somewhat nostalgically associating innocence, goodness, and happiness with
nature and a teeming land. Instead of pastoral, however, Irving offers comedy, a comedy flexible enough to shift from celebration to criticism whenever what Richard Hofstadter calls the "commercial realities" behind the "agrarian myth" present themselves.25

Cooper in 1833 had been away from the United States for seven years. He was angered by changes that had occurred in his absence, whereas Irving, his feelings softened from seventeen years abroad, was pleased at finding "home," regardless of changes, much the same as he remembered it. Each year Cooper's vision of Cooperstown as the ideal society was receding further into the past. Irving, however, from the beginning had been under no illusions about the purity or nobility of American motives. He was aware of economic and political tensions. His view that the "serving of one's country" was apt to be "a nauseous piece of business"26 had developed early. Recollecting the contentiousness of American politics in the first decade of the century, he may have been less inclined than others to see in the aggressiveness of the Jacksonian hangers-on the beginning of an entirely new era in American political behavior. Whig and Democrat appear to have given him as little to choose between as had Federalist and Republican. He retained connections in both parties, enjoying the political privileges conferred on him as an American citizen, and he responded to the obvious material advantages of American life, without, however, expecting free institutions and abundant land and natural resources to change human nature. As Salmagundi and Knickerbocker show, he had had his doubts early. Some of them had survived, but so had the nation. He had not cared much for Jefferson, but something in Andrew Jackson appealed to him.27


26 Letter to Mary Fairlie, 2 May 1807, quoted in STW, I, 96. See the explanation in STW (I, 95) of the misreading of this passage in PMI (I, 187).

27 Letter to Peter Irving, 16 June 1832, PMI, III, 22.