POE'S CRITICISM OF HAWTHORNE.

The following pages contain the result of an attempt to ascertain the significance of a few words in one of Poe's critical articles, preserved in the various editions of his 'complete works'. Notwithstanding the opinions of men so well qualified to speak on the matter as Professor Richardson and Professor Woodberry, most readers of Poe are inclined to pass over his work as a critic with a smile or a shrug. They transfer the well known weaknesses of his moral character to his intellectual character, although they would scout as narrow the application of the same rules of judgment to his fiction or his verse. They hold, that is, — although they might resent so bald a statement of their position — they hold that because Poe was intemperate in the matter of drink, he must have been intemperate in his judgment of a book; that because he was not very scrupulous in business matters, he must have been unscrupulous in what he said of contemporary literature. In short, they are very ready to put the stigma of insincerity on all that he did except what they distinguish as his 'Art'. This attitude is neither just to Poe nor profitable to those who assume it. Poe himself believed, apparently, that his critical work was his most important contribution to American letters. Many of his reviews are beyond doubt the product of close thought and earnest feeling: and the thought and feeling of Edgar Poe in a matter of literature is worth considering. Especially when he delivers himself on a contemporary whose name is great among us still, as in the pages on Hawthorne that appear in his collected works, are we interested to know what he had to say. Hawthorne was looked upon by Poe in the light of a rival: we cannot therefore expect impartiality in what Poe

says of him, but we may expect appreciation, earnestness, and insight.

The criticism of Hawthorne to be found in the various collected editions of Poe's works¹⁾ is not at first sight very encouraging to believers in Poe's critical powers; it seems a hopeless tangle of contradiction. At first he lauds Hawthorne as 'original in all points'; a little later we read: 'The fact is, he is not original in any sense.' The contradiction, however, is explained if not removed when we learn (as we do from the notes in the Stedman and Woodberry edition) that the traditional critique is a mere piece of editorial joinery. The part in which Hawthorne is declared to be 'original in all points' was, in its first estate, a review of the 'Twice Told Tales' published in Graham's Magazine for May, 1842; the part in which Hawthorne is denied any originality was first printed in Godey's Lady's Book in November, 1847, and is primarily a review of the 'Mosses from an Old Manse'. It is not my purpose here to explain why Poe changed his mind about Hawthorne between 1842 and 1847; it is sufficient to know that he did, and that the apparent absurdity of the 'critique of Hawthorne' is rather the work of the editors than of Poe. It does not necessarily damage our faith in his critical ability to find that he has changed his mind about a contemporary after five years. In the 'Mosses' Hawthorne had carried to its full development his method — exemplified, indeed, but much less strongly, in the 'Twice Told Tales' — of moral symbolism. Furthermore, our belief in the 'originality' of a writer is very likely to be conditioned on our ignorance of some other writer. Which of us has not, at some time or other in his reading, come across the original of an earlier standard of originality? This, it would seem, is what Poe did. Some time between 1842 and 1847 he discovered, or so he believed, that what had seemed original in Hawthorne's style was nothing more nor less than imitation of the German Tieck.

The charge of plagiarism is not expressly made, but nothing in the way of implication could be plainer. He is

¹⁾ Ingram (4th edition, Edinburgh, 1890) vol. IV, pp. 213—227. — Stedman and Woodberry (Chicago, 1895) vol. XII, p. 19 ff.

arguing, in his review of the "Mosses", against Hawthorne's originality, and at the same time trying to justify his own utterances in the review of the "Twice Told Tales" five years before:

"In one sense, and in great measure, to be peculiar is to be original; and than the true originality there is no higher literary virtue. This true or commendable originality, however, implies not the uniform, but the continuous peculiarity — a peculiarity springing from ever active vigor of fancy — better still if from ever present force of imagination, giving its own hue, its own character, to everything it touches, and, especially, self-impelled to touch everything. The fact is, that if Mr. Hawthorne were really original, he could not fail of making himself felt by the public. But the fact is, he is not original in any sense. Those who speak of him as original mean nothing more than that he differs in his manner or tone, and in his choice of subjects, from any other writer of their acquaintance — their acquaintance not extending to the German Tieck, whose manner, in some of his works, is absolutely identical with that habitual to Hawthorne. But it is clear that the element of literary originality is novelty. The element of its appreciation by the reader is the reader's sense of the new. Whatever gives him a new, and, insomuch, a pleasurable emotion, he considers original; and whoever frequently gives him such emotion, he considers an original writer. In a word, it is by the sum total of these emotions that he decides upon the writer's claim to originality. These points properly understood, it will be seen that the critic (unacquainted with Tieck) who reads a single tale or essay by Hawthorne, may be justified in thinking him original; but the tone, or manner, or choice of subject, which induces in this critic the sense of the new, will — if not in a second tale, at least in a third and in all subsequent ones — not only fail of inducing it, but bring about an exactly antagonistic impression."¹)

The intention of the passages in which Tieck is mentioned — two within a page — is plainly to insinuate that Hawthorne's peculiar style is borrowed from that of the German story-writer. The insinuation is of interest not only for

¹) Ingram, pp. 222—223. Sted. & Woodberry, pp. 21—22.

Hawthorne, but also for Poe. Hawthorne is a very problematic figure in the short history of American letters; he belonged to no clique or school, had so far as we know no literary antecedents with which his work can be closely connected, no master to whom he can be referred. He is as individual a figure as Poe himself. This fact gives value to any suggestion that associates his work with that of earlier writers.

But it is of at least equal significance for Poe. What did Poe know about Tieck? Was he in a position to say whether Hawthorne's style resembled that of the German or no? Had he anything like a critical knowledge of the German romanticists? Or was it merely a haphazard fling, a thrust in the dark? Inasmuch as Poe's comment on Hawthorne has been before the public for fifty years and no one (with an exception or two to be considered presently) has seen fit to take it up seriously, it must have been assumed that Poe did not know what he was talking about. But such an assumption we are not warranted in making without a pretty thorough review of the matter, and that, so far as I know, has never been attempted. If there is any truth in the charge, how comes it that writers on Hawthorne have either disregarded it altogether, or have contented themselves with simply poohpooing it, or at most have offered such very blundering explanation as Mr. Lathrop did in his "Study of Hawthorne"? If, on the other hand, it was mere wanton malice, assertion without foundation, on Poe's part, would not that justify us in putting down Poe's criticism as mere sleight-of-hand, without sincerity and therefore without worth? These seem to be the horns of the dilemma, by which either Hawthorne is a plagiarist or Poe is a literary mountebank. A somewhat detailed study of the current literature of that time, however, has led me to a belief which lets us out between the horns. I believe it can be shown that, though Hawthorne in no sense owed his style to Tieck, yet Poe was honest and not without some excuse in his charge.

The closest reader of Hawthorne who has never had the idea presented to him will be surprised at the notion that Hawthorne owed anything to Germany. There is extremely little allusion to German literature in his works. Goethe is

mentioned once or twice, but not in a way to show that the American was familiar with anything more than his general fame. It is hard to believe that if Hawthorne was really strongly influenced by Tieck his name or some reference to his writings would not have found its way into Hawthorne's tales, or at least into such critical sketches as "The Hall of Fantasy" and "P.'s Correspondence". But the only mention of Tieck's name is in his journal — a passage which will be considered presently, and which certainly does not confirm Poe's innuendo.

But the negative evidence is much stronger than this. We have every reason to believe that Hawthorne was not sufficiently acquainted with the language to have been influenced by anything Tieck wrote in the original German. It is true that we know but little of Hawthorne's reading. The ten years of seclusion in the old house in Salem in which, as Hawthorne wrote in his journal, "fame was won", are pretty nearly a blank to us as far as his reading, or indeed his intellectual development generally, is concerned. As he himself has said: "So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face".¹⁾ Yet the occasional glimpses of light that we do get on the matter are pretty conclusive against his having had anything like a mastery of German before 1843; and by that time the "manner" of the book to which Poe's criticism refers was fully formed. In the year 1838, before she became engaged to Hawthorne, Sophia Peabody wrote to her sister Elizabeth: "Mary invited him to come with his sister on Saturday and read German; but it seems he does not want to go on with German"; and again, later in the same year: "He said he wished he could read German, but could not take the trouble". These two quotations²⁾ prove beyond any reasonable question that Hawthorne could not read German in 1838. Sophia Peabody, however, who became Mrs. Hawthorne in 1842, before the "Mosses" were written, was of a family thoroughly devoted to the "new views", Emerson, and Transcendentalism generally, which involved a great

¹⁾ "Mosses from an Old Manse", *The Old Manse*.

²⁾ From Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife", vol. I, pp. 185, 192 (Boston, 1889).

enthusiasm for German literature and philosophy; and it would not be unnatural to expect to find Hawthorne, in the days of his betrothal to the gifted Sophia and frequent conversation with her "strong-minded" sister Elizabeth, led to the serious study of German, in which case Tieck might very likely become a favorite. Certainly the union between himself and his wife was more sympathetic, intellectually, than is the case in most marriages. But those who know how extremely independent and self-guided Hawthorne was in matters intellectual and aesthetic will not be surprised to find that the enthusiasm of the Peabody household for German thought made very little impression on him. Such at least is the conclusion I draw from the only other mention of the study of German that appears in Hawthorne's remains or in the various Hawthorne biographies. I refer to the entry in the "American Note-Books", April 8—11, 1843, where he writes that he was busying himself, during his wife's absence from home, with Bürger's "Lenore" and with an "interminable tale of Tieck's". What it was he does not say: only that he worked at it with the help of a phrase-book, and that it bored him dreadfully. Whatever interest in Tieck this may show, it surely shows one thing: that Hawthorne had not, in April, 1843, a good reading knowledge of German. He may have acquired such knowledge later (though we have no reason to suppose he did); certainly the "manner" of the "Mosses", whether by that term we understand the verbal style or the method of moral symbolism, was not learned after 1843. "Young Goodman Brown", for instance, was first printed in 1835: "M. du Miroir" in 1837; "The New Adam and Eve", "The Bosom Serpent", "The Celestial Railroad", "The Hall of Fantasy", and "The Birth-Mark", in 1843. All the variations of manner, if there are any, to be found in the "Mosses" are represented by these tales and sketches; and it is to the "Mosses" that Poe's criticism refers. Such resemblance, then, as Poe may have had in mind, could not have been the result of reading Tieck in the original.¹⁾

That Hawthorne learned and practised a "manner" "identical" with that of Tieck by means of translations from his

¹⁾ See Lathrop's explanation of this passage, below.

alleged model no one familiar with the processes by which a style is formed will readily be persuaded. A good many of Tieck's stories had been translated before 1843. A search through the British Museum catalogue and the principal libraries of the United States reveals some six volumes of translations wholly or partly from Tieck, beginning with "The Pictures, and The Betrothing", and including a translation of "Fermer der Geniale", London, 1837; besides "Pietro of Abano" in Blackwood's for August, 1839, and "The Superfluities of Life" in Fraser's for April and May, 1842. Some of these — "The Pictures", such tales as "The Runenburg", "The Elves", "The Goblet", in Carlyle's "German Romance", and "The Old Man of the Mountain", "The Love-Charm", and "Pietro of Abano", in a volume published in 1831, do contain fleeting suggestions of Hawthorne, glimpses, that vanish when we try to fix and realise them; enough, perhaps, to suggest Hawthorne to the random reviewer, but far indeed from enough to justify the language of Poe's review.

In fact, to one who has read any considerable part of Tieck's twenty-eight 16mo. volumes, it is rather surprising to find his name mentioned in connection with Hawthorne's. Seldom are two writers of fiction in the same age more unlike in habits of thought and methods of literary workmanship. The clearest mark of Hawthorne's artistic sense is the absolute unity of purpose in everything he ever wrote. His theme is always single and he works it out without looking to the right or to the left. No lover of Hawthorne will need proof of this. Tieck, on the other hand, is in the highest degree inconsequential and slipshod. The reader often wonders where he is going, whether the writer himself knows where he is going, or why he lingers so long on the road. In his long life as a man of letters Tieck had, it is true, many changes of aesthetic doctrine, many different "manners"; but this fault mars all of them more or less. Both writers employed the supernatural as an element in their art; but Hawthorne, as the keenest analyst of his style¹⁾ has pointed out, "delighted to let his tales waver between reality and unreality; he revels

¹⁾ Anton Schönbach, "Beiträge zur Charakteristik N. Hawthorne's", Engl. Studien, vol. VII, p. 301.

himself and expects his reader to revel in this dreamy sense of being afloat — one has but to thrust forth one's foot to be on firm land again": while "in Tieck's tales the portrayed and the portrayer are always filled with the same mood; once the real is forsaken it is forsaken altogether and throughout the story". Again (to mention one other only of the points of difference between the two), Tieck is polemical, always aiming his satire at the literary or social fads of the day; Hawthorne is moral, and his moral is as good and as applicable now as it was when the stories first appeared. The ephemeral, satirical note is indeed not often heard in the prose fairy tales of the "Phantasus", which in point of artistic unity are the least faulty of Tieck's work, and in which he most often suggests Hawthorne to the modern reader; yet the differences in moral purpose and in the treatment of the supernatural between these and the "Mosses" put identity of manner out of the question.

So it would appear that there is no foundation in fact for Poe's charge. Hawthorne, when he wrote the tales afterwards collected in the „Mosses", did not know German well enough to have caught a manner from Tieck; and the tales themselves bear, to such of Tieck's work as was popular in Poe's time, no sufficient resemblance to warrant the insinuation. Did Poe, then, write those lines in his review merely at a venture? Did he write something that he knew was not true, or something that he knew nothing about? Magazine reviewers have been known to do such things. But if he did, he falls to the level of mere magazine reviewers, and his criticism, being without sincerity, deserves no critical attention.

Such a conclusion those who understand the workings of Poe's mind will be very unwilling to arrive at. Poe was too acute an analyst of literary workmanship, too much an artist in style himself, for us to cast aside what he says without careful investigation. Doubtless he was not too scrupulous when he wished to "smash" an author; doubtless his scholarship was superficial and his utterance sometimes hasty; but he knew genius when he saw it and treated it with all the sincerity his nature was capable of, and he did see it in Hawthorne. There is, moreover, a definiteness about Poe's

language that makes it hard to believe he did not have some definite recollection in his mind.

Mr. Lathrop, at least, in his "Study of Hawthorne", seems to have felt that Poe's insinuation called for serious treatment, and he attempted an answer. The attempt was not, however, very successful. He was confident that Hawthorne did not owe his "manner" to Tieck; but he had observed the mention of Tieck in the "American Note-Books" and it occurred to him that Hawthorne, so far from having learned anything from the German before Poe's criticism was made, was led by that criticism for the first time to examine the author he was, in so pointed a fashion, accused of imitating. So explained, the entry in the "Note-Books", instead of giving independent confirmation of Poe's charge, becomes an argument against it. Hawthorne did not know Tieck — so Mr. Lathrop argues — and never would have looked into him if Poe had not nosed out a scent of plagiarism from him in Hawthorne's tales; then (i. e. after reading Poe's criticism, and so, of course after writing the tales Poe was criticising) he made the effort to get hold of Tieck recorded in the "Note-Book" entry — not before.¹) This would be highly satisfactory were it not for a few matters of chronology which, though he could not have been ignorant of them, he most unaccountably disregarded. The "Note-Book" entry is dated April 8—11, 1843; Poe's innuendo was made in what, even if Lathrop did not know that it first appeared in Godey's for November, 1847, was yet most plainly a review of the "Mosses", and these were not published under that name until 1846. It was an odd mistake for Hawthorne's son-in-law and devoted admirer to make.

The only other writer who has given the matter serious consideration, so far as I have been able to find out, is Professor Schönbach in an article in *Englische Studien*, vol. VII., entitled "Beiträge zur Charakteristik Nathaniel Hawthorne's", — the most scientific and satisfactory study of Hawthorne's literary method that has ever appeared. Of Poe's charge he says: "Poe's notion, which has been so persistently repeated

¹) J. P. Lathrop, *A Study of Hawthorne*. (The passage still stands unchanged in the "Little Classics" edition, Boston, 1891, p. 207.)

since, that Tieck was Hawthorne's model, is to me on internal grounds highly improbable", and gives as his reason the difference in the treatment of the supernatural by the two writers, which I have quoted in an earlier paragraph. He suggests that he may have been influenced by Balzac, and Walter Scott, and at a later time by Dickens; but not by Tieck.

Neither the American nor the German critic, then, gives any support to Poe's notion, or any justification of his utterance; the truth of it is denied, and the honesty of it left open to suspicion. Was not Poe a monomaniac on the matter of plagiarism? And is it not the simplest way out of the difficulty to assume that, wishing to deny Hawthorne all originality, he fell upon the name of Tieck as that of a writer but little known to American readers, one to whom the origin of Hawthorne's manner could be assigned without danger of detection of the lie? To answer this question in the negative it will be necessary to enquire briefly into the means at Poe's command of knowing Tieck's manner. Tieck was too prominent a figure in the literary world of that day, however thoroughly forgotten he may be now, for Poe, who was a quick and hard-working man of letters, to be without some notion of his work. But first a mistake common to all who have written on the matter since Poe's death must be corrected. Poe was not the originator of the idea.

Professor Schönbach speaks of "Poe's belief, which has been so often repeated since, that Tieck was Hawthorne's model". I have not found it very often repeated since; but I have found it in various forms in earlier reviews. The earliest suggestion of a resemblance that I know of was made in an article on "American Fiction" in *The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review* for October, 1843. Of Hawthorne the reviewer says: "A whole volume of collected Miscellanies of great excellence is here before us. We mean Mr. Hawthorne's 'Twice Told Tales', which will one day be naturalised into our library of Romance, if truth, fancy, pathos, and originality have any longer power to diffuse a reputation. He has caught the true fantastic spirit which somewhere or other exists in every society, be it ever so utilitarian and practical, linking the seen to the unseen, the matter-of-fact to the imaginative. To such a mind the commonest things become suggestive; the oldest

truths appear clad in a garment of grace and pleasure As a recounter of mere legends, Mr. Hawthorne deserves high praise. He reminds us of Tieck, in spite of the vast difference in the material used by the two authors". This article was reprinted in *Littell's Living Age* for the 19th of October, 1844; and the part given above was quoted in a paper on Hawthorne in *The Democratic Review* for April, 1845.

A few months later, in an article on "American Humor" printed in *The Democratic Review* for September, 1845, Hawthorne's name is again coupled with Tieck's: "The Tieck of this American literature of ours (though the gayer fancy of the German is clouded in his case by a slight tinge of the gloom of puritanical New England, in itself one of the sources of romantic interest and in his case of the softest tinge and mildest hues) has shown gleams and streaks of humor in his tales, his best writings by far".

In the following year *The Athenæum*, in a review of the "Mosses" printed in the number for August 8, 1846, has the following: "We have elsewhere¹⁾ said that they resemble Tieck's fairy tales, in their power of translating the mysterious harmonies of Nature into articulate meaning. They may claim kindred, too, in their high finish and purity of style, with the Genevese novels of the late Töpffer".

All these forms of the same idea, it will be observed, were put forth before Poe's criticism, which was published in *Godey's* for November, 1847. After this the idea seems gradually to have been abandoned, as English and American critics became better acquainted with Tieck and got a better insight into Hawthorne's genius. Lowell has a passing allusion to it in the "Fable for Critics";²⁾ a review printed in *Littell's* for April 3, 1852, from *The New Monthly Magazine*, repeats almost the words of the writer in *The Athenæum*; a paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the same year (1852) repeats the suggestion of resemblance to Töpffer, but

¹⁾ Where, I cannot tell. Not in *The Athenæum*; no review or notice of H.'s work in *The Athenæum* before this has any mention of Tieck.

²⁾ "A John Bunyan-Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck."

has Nodier's name in place of Tieck's; The National Magazine for January, 1853, says: "Saving certain shadowy resemblances to some of the Germans, his manner of working out a sketch is unlike that of any other author". And so the notion fades away. The strongest expression of it is in Poe's review of the "Mosses".

Poe may have seen all the notices antecedent to his own criticism that I have cited; the two in The Democratic Review he can hardly have failed to see, for he was writing for that magazine himself only the winter before. That the quotation from The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly in The Democratic Review article was what put the idea into his head is strongly confirmed, to my mind, by two facts. The first is, that in a passage on Hawthorne in the second instalment of Poe's "Marginalia", printed in The Democratic Review for December, 1844, — four months only before the article in question appeared — there is no allusion to Tieck. Poe writes there: "Mr. Hawthorne is one of the very few American story-tellers whom the critic can commend with the hand upon the heart. He is not always original in his entire theme (I am not quite sure, even, that he has not borrowed an idea or two from a gentleman whom I know very well, and who is honored in the loan)¹⁾ — but, then, his handling is always thoroughly original. His style, although never vigorous, is purity itself. His imagination is rich. His sense of art is exquisite, and his executive ability great. He has little or no variety of tone. He handles all subjects in the same subdued, misty, dreamy, suggestive, innuendo way, and although I think him the truest genius, upon the whole, which our literature possesses, I cannot help regarding him as the most desperate mannerist of his day". He adds as a post-script that the chief idea in "Drowne's Wooden Image" is "precisely that of Michael Angelo's couplet, borrowed from Socrates:

'Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto

• Che un marmo solo in se non circunscriva.'"

¹⁾ Meaning himself — in his review of "Twice Told Tales" he accuses H. of stealing the climax of "Howe's Masquerade" from his own "William Wilson".

Hawthorne is still to him "the truest genius which our literature possesses"; but the sameness of tone in his tales begins to weary his critic's versatile mind, and he is called a "desperate mannerist" and accused of borrowing — plagiarism was already pretty nearly an *idée fixe* in Poe by this time — from Poe himself and from Socrates through Michael Angelo! Not a word of Tieck. It is certain that the idea had not entered Poe's head up to the end of the year 1844.

The other fact is this: that in the criticism of the "Mosses" in which the idea is advanced Poe gives a list of reviews of Hawthorne which does not include the one in *The Democratic*. "I can call to mind", he says, "few reviews of Hawthorne published before the "Mosses". One I remember in *Arcturus* (edited by Matthews and Duyckinck) for May, 1841; another in the *American Monthly* (edited by Hoffman and Herbert) for March, 1838; a third in the ninety-sixth number of the *North American Review*". The precise manner of this list shows — if there is any need of showing it after the two reviews of Hawthorne that he had already printed — that Poe kept close track of the growth of Hawthorne's reputation. Is it likely that he was ignorant of the long and appreciative review written (if we may judge from one of O'Sullivan's letters to Hawthorne)¹) by Duyckinck himself, and printed, four years nearer to the the time of Poe's writing than any in his list, in the best literary magazine of the country, to which Poe was himself at the time a contributor? Poe must have seen it; and the only reason to be given why he does not mention it here is that it contained the hint for the charge of imitation of which he purposes to make the coup de grace, the finishing touch to his condemnation of Hawthorne.

It seems clear, then, that Poe got the notion from the article in *The Democratic*; certain, at least, that he did not have it just before, and that he did have it after, that article appeared. His language, however, is very much stronger than that of the English critic. The latter says: "He reminds us of Tieck"; Poe says: "— Tieck, whose manner, in some of his works, is absolutely identical with that habitual to

¹) March 21, 1845 — see "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife", I, p. 285.

Hawthorne". We wonder which of Tieck's works he meant; whether he was familiar enough with the German writer to distinguish his different styles: in short, what he knew about Tieck and about German literature generally.

To the question whether Poe knew German it will probably never be possible to give a definitive answer. There is at least a marked absence of any proof that he did. It is held by some that his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" got their peculiar title, if nothing else, from the "arabesken" of the German romanticists, and the "House of Usher" has been likened to Hoffmann's "Das Majorat"; but the former is merely a matter of name that might be learned from a book-cover, and as to Hoffmann, he was more translated and better known in both England and France, with the literatures of both of which countries Poe was undoubtedly familiar, than any other German author. In what we know of Poe's life there is nothing to show that he read German, and there is much reason, in his lack of regular education and his hurried, hand-to-mouth career, to believe that he never undertook what in those days even more than now was an arduous task, the acquisition of that language. He could make effective use of a name now and then, or of an occasional phrase, but there is nothing to warrant the belief that he knew German well enough to detect the "manner" of a German book.

From the beginnings of literary criticism, however, there have been other ways of getting at the significance of a foreign author than the direct and arduous one of reading him in the original. An aura of second and third hand knowledge surrounds every star in the literary firmament, even every considerable gas-light in our sublunary world of magazines and reviews. Who is there that has not formed some idea, more or less distinct, of the work of men whose books he has never opened? To an irregular and haphazard genius like Poe's, especially, fed upon scraps from periodicals, will sometimes come, through these intermediary influences, flashes of insight that outrun the steps of the careful scholar. So we are brought to the second question: What means had a man not master of German of knowing the character of Tieck's work? This opens the way to a wide field of research and one of great importance to the student of American culture — namely, the

kind and degree of interest in German literature felt in this country in the thirties and forties. A thorough study of the periodicals of the time, English and American, will throw much light upon it. I can give but a hasty sketch here.

It was a part of our inheritance from the mother country that Americans kept sight somewhat carefully of the development of French art and thought. At no time were we altogether ignorant of what was doing in the land of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Beranger, of De Tocqueville, of Fourier and Saint-Simon. But we inherited no such feeling of intellectual communion with Germany. England knew practically nothing of German romanticism till Mme. de Staël opened a vista with her *"De l'Allemagne"*. About the same time Coleridge began to show the influence of Richter and Schlegel as well as of Schiller and Kant; and in 1827 Carlyle published his specimens of *"German Romance"*. America lagged behind, as is always the case with a civilization cut from the parent stem and set in new ground; the *"Pantisocracy"* of 1795 finds its echo in the *"Brook Farm Community"* of 1841, and Carlyle's *"German Romance"* was reprinted for the American public in the same year. When the English periodicals were on a footing of familiarity with the work of the Schlegels and after three different volumes of translations from Tieck had appeared in London, the American reviews — mere distant echoes of the English magazines — were noticing Horn's *"Umriss"* and playing timidly about the edges of *"Wilhelm Meister"* and *"Wahrheit und Dichtung"*, leviathans from a distant sea. But a few years later all this was changed.

There were in the twenties and early thirties two distributing points in this country for foreign culture, Boston and Philadelphia. In the latter city was published *The American Quarterly Review*, which contained, between 1827 and 1831, six articles on German literature: one on Horn's book, one on Wieland and Lessing, two on Taylor's *"Historic Survey of German Poetry"*, one on Dwight's *"Travels in the North of Germany"*, and one on Bouterwek's *"Geschichte der deutschen Poesie und Beredsamkeit"*. The last mentioned has a superficial account of Herder, the Stolbergs, Schiller, the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis and Goethe. The character of the whole paper

is well illustrated by what the reviewer says of Tieck: "Of Tieck we can observe that he is an industrious and gifted adherent of the school of the Schlegels; eminently romantic. His *Genoveva* is the best of his poems, which aim at a general interest. . . . His brightest poetical side is polemical. Whilst the Schlegels criticised, he wrote humorous and ironical dialogues, poems, and tales." It is evident that the reviewer here is dealing with a subject which is new to his readers, and with which he himself is not too familiar. In 1836 there was published in Boston a translation of Heine's "*Zur Geschichte der neueren schönen Literatur in Deutschland*"; in 1837, in the same city, a volume of translations from Van der Velde; and in 1841 "*Miniature Romances from the German*" (translations from Fouqué), "*Fragments from German Prose Writers*" (a volume of "choice extracts") by Sarah Austin, and a reprint of Carlyle's "*German Romance*". The same year the Langleys, in New York, published a translation of Friedrich Schlegel's "*Lectures on the History of Literature*", and with this the tide of German romance may fairly be said to have set in. New York is now added to the list of distributing centres, and soon becomes the most active of all. The *Democratic Review*, probably the best American magazine of the time, settled there after some years of struggling existence at the national capital. Space in its pages had been given from the first for translations from German authors; and beginning with 1842 almost every number for six years had a tale or verses or both from the German, or an article on some German writer. Some of the selections, of course, were from authors long since forgotten — Harring, Stolle, and Madame Schopenhauer, mother of the philosopher, and "many more whose names on earth are dark" by this time. Uhland, Schiller, and Zschokke seem to have been the favorites. Of Tieck I shall speak presently.

The acquaintance with German letters indicated and fostered by this magazine excitement was to be sure pretty irregular and superficial. The *Southern Review* — which, being published in Charleston, was somewhat removed from the high roads of foreign influence that ran through Philadelphia and Boston — has in its number for January, 1845, an article on Hauff, in which the writer introduces his topic

with the following: "An acquaintance with the literature of Germany is becoming quite fashionable in our day; and in addition to the high intellectual gratification which it ministers, it is nearly indispensable to the reputation of those who move in our literary circles." This is delightful in its naiveté, and speaks volumes for American ignorance of German literature at that time. Yet that the northern cities were not so very far ahead of Charleston is plain from the following "Prefatory Note" to a series of translations from the German classics begun in *The Democratic Review* for June, 1848, more than three years later: "Western Europe, more especially Germany, is daily drawing nearer to us in commercial, political, and social affinities, and the taste which of late years has rapidly gained strength for her literature, has not been gratified by popular republications of her eminent writers. In some degree to meet this apparent want we intend to give some of them." The tide was running high by that time. There were really two currents: that of German philosophy, popularised by the Transcendentalists about 1840, and that of German romanticism, the advance wave of which was felt in Longfellow's "Hyperion" in 1839. The romanticism was more intelligible than the philosophy and spread more rapidly. Besides, it had a philosopher of its own, who, introduced to the English-speaking world by so interesting a person as Mme. de Staël, came in course of time to have an established place among our theorists upon art. Friedrich Schlegel's lectures were published in New York in translation in 1841; and in 1844 an edition "with preface by Prof. Frost — for the use of Schools" — was announced. America can hardly have been altogether ignorant of German romantic literature by that time. If we are to judge by magazine activity we shall set the year 1840 as about the time interest in German literature began to be popular in this country.

Besides what was printed in America, our public then kept closer track of the English periodicals than has been necessary since we have had a literature, or at least adequate literary magazines, of our own. In 1844 *The Living Age* began its long career of usefulness; and before that, in the golden days of *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's*, every magazine office and almost every man who pretended to literary culture

subscribed to or had the use of one or more of the English reviews. In them, as I have said, there was a more intelligent acquaintance with German literature, and especially an earlier interest shown in the developments of romanticism, than in American publications. If we watch the chief English magazines from 1830 to 1847 we shall see that the central figure of German literature in those days, in the eyes of Englishmen, was Ludwig Tieck. De Quincey began with a translation of "Liebeszauber" printed in Knight's Quarterly Magazine in 1825; many translations in book form followed, some of which have been mentioned in an earlier paragraph. Fraser's for November, 1831, has an appreciative review of "The Old Man of the Mountain, The Love Charm, and Pietro of Abano", which had lately appeared in English dress. Blackwood's for February, 1833, has a full critical resumé of "Bluebeard", with long passages in translation. The issue of the same magazine for September, 1837, has a review of "Dichterleben". The Foreign Quarterly Review for July, 1838, has an article on Tieck's "Novellen"; so has The Monthly Review for April, 1841, accompanied by an excellent estimate of Tieck's literary worth. The year 1845 saw three different publications of translations from Tieck in London: "The Rebellion in the Cevennes", "Tales from the 'Phantassus'", and "The Roman Matron". Evidently there was a strong wave of interest in Tieck about the year 1845. His later work, the novellen, had won for him from German critics the enviable title of "successor to the throne of German letters", left vacant by the death of Goethe a few years before. He was become the representative figure, to the outer world, of current German literature, just as Maupassant was to us of French literature a few years back. Poe's activity as editor and promoter of magazines must have brought him in touch with this wave; and when it was suggested to him that Hawthorne — "the truest genius which our literature possesses", the writer who more than any other in America challenged Poe's critical and artistic faculty — resembled the German celebrity, then at least, if not before, Poe undoubtedly took steps to ascertain the character of Tieck's work. If, as I believe, he could not readily approach him in the original German, there were still

open to him the second and third hand ways — translations and reviews.

It has already been said, in the discussion of Hawthorne's possible indebtedness to Tieck, that there was nothing to justify Poe's innuendo in such of Tieck's writings as had been translated up to 1843. Of the three translations that were published in London in 1845, two ("The Rebellion in the Cevennes" and "The Roman Matron") are regular historical novels and nowise suggestive of Hawthorne; the third ("Tales from the 'Phantassus'") was but a new translation of stories that had already appeared in Carlyle's "German Romance". With the exception of a reprint of Carlyle's book, no volume of translations from Tieck had been published in this country. In 1845, however, a rendering of one of his tales did appear in *The Democratic* — a rendering which is almost startling in its resemblance to the "Mosses", and which, I believe, Poe had in mind when he wrote his review. It will be considered at the close of this paper. In the mean time it will be worth while to see what Poe may have gathered as to Tieck's style from some of the critical articles mentioned above. It is to be remembered that Poe was a life-long magazine worker, and that no source of information about German writers would more readily suggest itself to him than the famous Blackwood's. If he consulted the files as far back as 1833, he found Tieck characterized in language that sounds now far more appropriate to Hawthorne. This does not mean that Hawthorne and Tieck are alike, but only that the imperfection of critical vision and still more of human language makes the reflection presented in a criticism so vague that the reader unconsciously gives it definite features from the gallery in his own brain. Poe filled in the outlines from Hawthorne, whom he knew, instead of from Tieck, whom he did not know; and the image seemed definite and congruous. Tieck's fame is faded now, and I have no doubt that modern readers will find a good characterisation of Hawthorne in the following criticisms of the once famous German.

In Blackwood's for February, 1833, appeared an article on "Bluebeard. A Dramatic Tale, in Five Acts. By Ludwig Tieck", which contains the following analysis of Tieck's method:

.... But it naturally occurred to him that it would be quite possible to combine the charm of a nursery fable, and all the dreams and associations of childhood, with scenes of interest which might find an echo in the bosom of manhood, with passions and incidents such as this visible diurnal sphere affords; — and thus

‘To clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.’

“In Tieck’s view, the marvellous of the Nursery Tale was to be reduced as nearly as possible to the standard of common life; no longer to remain the moving principle of the story, but only occasionally to manifest itself in fitful glimpses, sufficient to remind the reader or spectator that an invisible agency, like a thread of silver tissue, pervaded and ran through the whole web of human existence. The main interest was to rest on human passions, crimes or follies, and the ever-springing changes which the ordinary course of real life exhibits. The difficulty, therefore, was in such a case to find a subject which should possess the airy charm of a Nursery Tale, and yet where the human interest should not be entirely merged in the allegorical or the marvellous; — some neutral ground on which infancy and manhood might shake hands; and where the influence of the good and evil passions, which sway the heart within, should blend and harmonise naturally with the agency of spells or spirits from without The great aim of Tieck throughout is evidently to keep down the marvellous as much as possible, so as even to render it doubtful whether there be any marvel in the case after all; to pitch everything on a subdued and natural key, and to produce his catastrophes by motives and incidents arising naturally out of the contrasted characters of his piece.”

This recalls to the mind of the English reader nowadays a sentence from the preface to “The House of the Seven Gables”: “He [the writer of romance] will be wise, no doubt, to make very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and, especially, to mingle the marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual dish offered to the public.” But Hawthorne’s theory and practice of the marvellous in fiction long antedate “The House of the

Seven Gables." Already in "Twice Told Tales", in the old legend of the Great Carbuncle, we note the purpose "to keep down the marvellous as much as possible, so as even to render it doubtful whether there be any marvel in the case after all". In almost all the tales and sketches that make up the two volumes of the "Mosses" Hawthorne has sought, in most cases successfully, for his subject "some neutral ground on which infancy and manhood might shake hands, and where the influence of the good and evil passions which sway the heart within, should blend and harmonise naturally with the agency of spells or spirits from without".

Blackwood's for September, 1837, has a review of "Dichterleben", preceded by a general estimate of Tieck's work in which the following passages are found:

"Tieck's proper field lies either in the poetical treatment of chivalrous and devotional legends, or in the marvels and traditions of Fairyland and romance. His 'Genoveva' and his 'Emperor Octavian', though both in linked sweetness (too) long drawn out, are beautiful specimens of the art of reviving, in modern form, the spirit of the middle ages. A soft, luxurious grace, a play of gentle, kindly feeling characterise them. They call us back in manhood to the recollections of childhood, like old songs which we have been accustomed to hear in infancy He views these legends as embodying, in shadowy emblems, the universal tendencies and passions of men; deep lines of primeval feeling and imagination appeared to be visible to his eye, and often a vigorous moral, couched under the playful cover of the marvellous,

"..... dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto l'velame degli versi strani."

Hence he does not, like Musaeus, make use of them as vehicles of satire, nor invest them with the slightest coloring of the ludicrous. He throws himself back with seriousness and belief into the days of Fairyland, and communicates something of the same air of genuineness and reality to his delineations. He throws into his legends a spirit of love and devotion, or mild wonder, which imparts to them a singular charm, and invests what would otherwise be regarded as merely childish with solemnity and significance."

Might it not be truly, even happily, said of Hawthorne that he viewed his legends as "embodying, in shadowy emblems, the universal tendencies and passions of men" — emblems far more truly "shadowy" than any conceived by Tieck? Are not his tales characterised by "a soft, luxurious grace, a play of kindly feeling"? Is it not the plainest mark of Hawthorne's stories that they have "a vigorous moral, couched under the playful cover of the marvellous"? — though it is not always playful, for at times "he throws into his legends a spirit of love and devotion, or mild wonder, which imparts to them a singular charm, and invests what would otherwise be regarded as merely childish with solemnity and significance."

In *The Monthly Review* for April, 1841, is an article on Tieck's "Novellen", which are as little like Hawthorne's tales as could well be imagined. Yet they are described in the following language:

"In these tales, regarded as models in Germany, the Englishman will frequently be struck by the absence of the qualities he has been accustomed to consider the most essential in fictions purporting to treat of real life. He will find in them indeed wit, humor, fancy, subtlety of thought, felicity of language, and pervading them all, rather dimly felt than practically impressed, a kindly spirit of moderation in judgment and feeling, that, were it less obscurely transcendental — would it but more invest itself in the forms of palpable reality — would win from us the gracious names of common sense and charity. But this high praise is marred by the want of living interest in the narrative. Tieck holds up to nature no mirror reflecting with life-like accuracy the forms, the actions, and the passions of this busy world; he neither unlocks the deep fountain of our tears, nor agitates us with inextinguishable laughter The truth is, the story is with Tieck for the most part a matter of minor consideration; what wonder is it then if it should be of still less importance to the reader? Its principal use is to serve as a vehicle for light sketches of character, and witty sallies, and above all for discussions and dissertations on philosophy, literature, and art. Such a form, it is obvious, can have but few intrinsic charms; it imposes on the author difficulties to be overcome, rather than it rids

him, in attracting the reader's attention; and herein lies the peculiar triumph of Tieck's genius, that he does throw a grace over this unpromising form, and by the influence of a style in the highest degree clear, racy, and tinged with the warm colors of a poetic fancy, engage and long sustain the reader's interest. To this may perhaps in some measure be attributed the excessive praise bestowed by some English critics on Herr Tieck's later tales. Our admiration of them is somewhat akin to what we accord to the clever performances of the Italian fantoccini; the actors are but puppets; in the language they are supposed to utter we recognize the voice of the man in the box, under all the disguises it assumes, and our admiration of the skill evinced in making the most of such imperfect mechanism induces us to overvalue the intrinsic merit of the exhibition. The Germans indeed seem to consider the action of the puppets as more natural than nature itself; — according to them truth abides alone in the conceptions of the poet's mind, and the phenomena of actual life are but its travestie."

Compare with this what Hawthorne says of his own writings in "Rappaccini's Daughter": "His writings, to do him justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions."

If Poe read these reviews without reading the books that were the subjects of them, he would naturally conclude that Hawthorne had all the characteristics of Tieck's style. In fact, it requires a considerable familiarity both with the *märchen* and the *novellen* on the one hand and with Hawthorne's tales on the other to understand how it can be that these estimates of the German author are just and fairly adequate, and yet that his style and method, in the books here spoken of, are nowise "identical" with the style and method — with the "manner" — of Hawthorne. If Poe had read the *novellen* he knew that they were very different indeed from the "Mosses"; nor can he have had in mind any of the legends of the "Phantasus", not even "The Elves", when he wrote of "some" of Tieck's work as identical in

manner with Hawthorne's. But the notion, suggested by an earlier critic and greatly strengthened — for a reader unfamiliar with Tieck — by the reviews I have quoted from, gets form and substance from a tale of Tieck's that Poe in all likelihood did read — the little translation in *The Democratic* already mentioned.

In *The Democratic Review* for May, 1845 — the next number after that in which Poe first saw Tieck's name associated with Hawthorne's, as I have shown above — the thirteenth article in the table of contents is "The Friends, from the German of Ludwig Tieck". Poe, with the notion fresh in his mind that Tieck was the source of what had given him the "sense of the new" in Hawthorne's work, would be sure to read a story bearing Tieck's name and appearing in the same magazine from which he had received the notion. It is a fairy tale, allegory rather, of no very great significance, yet remarkably suggestive of Hawthorne's symbolical tales. It runs, briefly, as follows:

A young man, Ludwig, going to visit his dearest friend, who lies at the point of death, falls asleep in the forest on the way. "He forgot that it was Spring; that his friend was ill; he listened only to the wondrous melodies whose echoes flowed upon him, as from distant shores, the wildest tones blending with those most familiar, and his whole soul was changed. From the deep perspective of Memory, from the abysses of the Past, arose images that once had filled him with delight or anguish, those uncertain, formless phantoms which so often flit around the brain and overwhelm the senses with their perplexing voices. The sports and puppets of his childish days danced before him, covering the green sod, so that he no longer saw the flowers beneath his feet. His first love encircled him with the beamings of its early dawn, and caused its sparkling rainbows to fall upon his eyes; his first sorrow passed by and threatened, at the end of life, to meet him in the self-same shape. Ludwig sought to detain these shifting fancies, and in their magical enjoyment to remain conscious of himself, but in vain. Like the grotesque pictures in story books, suddenly opened and then in a moment closed again, these apparitions appeared to his soul, fleeting and unstable." — In his dream he continues the journey.

The glory of evening has filled the heavens and night is coming on, when a half-remembered figure appears before him on the path, and he is impelled to follow it. Thus he is led into Fairyland, a land of butterflies and flowers, of splendor and song, with a great palace in the midst. He is welcomed by gracious female forms into a life which is the realisation of his most ethereal imaginings.

"Art thou content?" the fairest of the ladies asks him.

"Oh, how unspeakably happy I am", cried Ludwig; "my wildest dreams receive their accomplishment; my boldest wishes stand fulfilled before me, and I live in their reality. How it has come to pass, I cannot myself imagine; enough that so it is".

"Is this life", asked the lady, "so different from thy former life?"

"The former life," answered Ludwig, "I can myself hardly remember. It has merged itself in this present golden existence, after which all my thoughts, all my anticipations, so fervently aspired; whither all my wishes flew, which I longed to seize in imagination, and detain by violence, in my inmost thoughts; but its image remained ever strange — concealed in clouds. And have I finally attained it? Have I won this new existence, and do I hold it as my own?"

Ludwig lives on in his dream of Fairyland. "At times it seemed as if the crowing of a cock were heard near by; then the whole palace quivered and his companions grew suddenly pale." At such times Ludwig dimly remembered the world he had left behind him, and his sick friend. Once he asked the fairy ladies if they could not cure his friend by their arts.

"Thy desire is already accomplished," they said.

"But," said Ludwig, "permit me one other question."

"Speak on."

"Falls there no gleam of love into this wonderful abode? Is there no place for friendship amidst these bowers? In yonder world the sundawn of love was too soon obscured, and men used to speak of it as a fable, but methought that in such a paradise as this it would live forever."

"Thou art longing then again for the earth?"

"'Nevermore,' cried Ludwig, 'for long ago in that cold world I sighed for friendship and for love, but they came not at my call. The desire for these sacred feelings must supply in me the place of the feelings themselves, and therefore when I turned my steps to such a place as this, I trusted to find both united in beautiful harmony.'

"'Fool!' answered the lady, 'in the Earth thou didst desire the Earthy, nor didst thou know thine own heart when thy wishes drew thee hither. Thou hast exalted thy lower passions, and thy nobler aspirations and passions are debased.'"

Ludwig is then given his choice between staying with the fairies and returning to the earth; and chooses to remain. One day, wandering in Fairyland, he meets a stranger who salutes him with the words, "It is good to me to see thee once more."

"'I know thee not,' said Ludwig.

"'That may well be,' he replied, 'but once thou didst right well; I am thy sick friend.'

"'Impossible! Thou art wholly a stranger to me.'

"'Simply for this reason,' said the Unknown, 'because to-day, for the first time, thou seest me in my true shape. Hitherto thou hast found in me only a reflection of thyself. Thou dost right to remain here, where there is no friendship, no love; where all is illusion and a show.'

"Ludwig sat down and wept.

"'Wherefore weepest thou?' asked the stranger.

"'Is not this reason enough for tears,' answered Ludwig, 'that thou art the Friend of my Youth? Oh, let us go back to the dear, dear Earth, where once again we may know each other, although in borrowed shapes; where we may possess the sweet illusion of Friendship. What do I here?'

"'What will it avail?' said the stranger. 'Thou wilt straightway wish thyself back again. The earth is not splendid enough for thee, its flowers are too little, its songs are inharmonious; not so richly there does the light blend with the shadows; the blossoms wither soon and fall; the birds are thinking of their death and sing but sorrowfully. But here all things are in fadeless beauty.'

"‘Oh, I will be content,’ cried Ludwig, between his hot gushing tears, ‘only return with me and be once more my old friend — let us escape from this desert, let us flee from this splendid exile.’"

At this point he wakes from his dream to find his friend bending over him. He has unexpectedly recovered, and journeying to meet Ludwig on the way, finds him asleep in the forest.

"‘Ah,’ said Ludwig, ‘I do not deserve your love.’"

"‘And why not?’"

"‘Because, just now, I doubted your friendship.’"

"‘But that was only in a dream.’"

"‘It would be strange enough,’ said Ludwig, thoughtfully, ‘if, after all, there were such things as fairies.’"

"‘That such things do exist,’ answered his friend, ‘there can be no doubt. But that is only a fiction which represents them as delighting to make men happy. Unconsciously to ourselves, they plant within our hearts those exaggerated fancies, those supernatural longings, which prompt us to misanthropic musings, and to despise this beautiful earth with all its rich blessings.’"

"Ludwig answered him with a pressure of the hand."

It seemed best to give this little moralised fairytale at some length, that the points of resemblance between it and Hawthorne's early tales might be perceived at once. "Die Freunde" is by no means a characteristic piece of Tieck's work. It represents, according to Haym, the transition from his earliest imitative period to the romantic style which his name stood for fifty years later, when this translation was made for *The Democratic*. How the translator chanced upon just this piece, so different from the *märchen* for which Tieck was famous and from the *novellen* which German critics so highly esteemed, is not easy to see. But in so doing he chanced upon a piece which bears an unquestionable likeness to Hawthorne's moralised legends that Poe was criticising. It is not the allegory only; others had written allegory long before. It is the psychology that underlies the allegory, the practical moral for the conduct of the soul, that makes the resemblance almost startling. How often in Hawthorne's tales and essays are we

warned against the egotism of the fancy! — against “those exaggerated fancies, those supernatural longings which prompt us to misanthropic musings, and to despise this beautiful earth with all its rich blessings!” Remember “The Bosom Serpent”, “The Virtuoso’s Collection”, “Young Goodman Brown”, “The Hall of Fantasy”. These are the closing words of the last-mentioned sketch: “I looked back among the sculptured pillars and at the transformations of the gleaming fountain, and almost desired that the whole of life might be spent in that visionary scene where the actual world, with its hard angles, should never rub against me, and only be viewed through the medium of pictured windows. But for those who waste all their days in the Hall of Fantasy, good Father Miller’s prophecy is already accomplished, and the solid earth has come to an untimely end. Let us be content, therefore, with merely an occasional visit, for the sake of spiritualising the grossness of this actual life, and prefiguring to ourselves a state in which the Idea shall be all in all.” It so happens, also, that the translator has given many of his sentences a turn that makes them sound as though Hawthorne had written them. No wonder Poe, with this in his mind, wrote that Tieck’s “manner, in some of his works”, was identical with that habitual to Hawthorne.

My purpose in this paper has been to establish Poe’s sincerity as a critic, not his competency. There is little likelihood that Hawthorne ever read “Die Freunde” in the original German, or that his style was affected by it if he did; certainly the style of the “Mosses” was not affected by a translation that appeared in 1845. He may have read, in translation, some of Tieck’s better known tales before 1843, may even have been in some slight degree influenced by them; but the imitation which Poe undoubtedly meant to charge him with remains unproved and highly improbable. His interest in Tieck in the spring of 1843, indicated by the passage in the “Note-Books”, has not yet been explained. Perhaps it needs no further explanation than is afforded by the general interest in Tieck felt at that time by English men of letters; perhaps it was aroused by a coupling of their names in some review earlier than that in *The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly*. At any rate it argues not for but against Hawthorne’s familiarity with German at the time the “Mosses” were written. Yet Poe — not ad-

mitted to Hawthorne's laboratory, and familiar only with the finished product; apprised by earlier reviewers of some similarity between Hawthorne and Tieck; forming his notion of the latter at third hand from the criticisms I have quoted; and, finally, chancing upon this translation of "Die Freunde" — might in all honesty and with very little exaggeration say that "Tieck's manner, in some of his works, is absolutely identical with that habitual to Hawthorne".

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